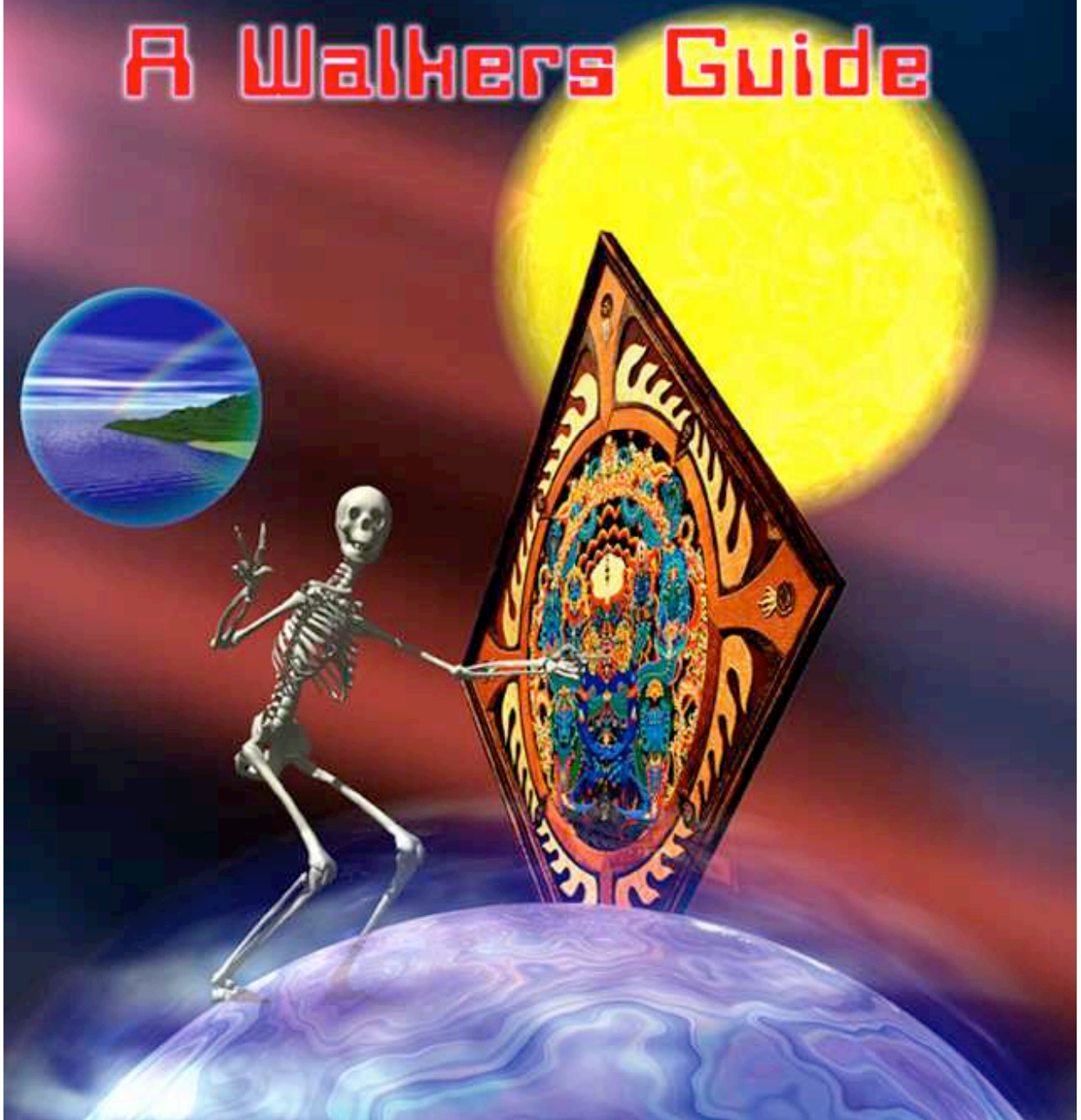


AMTREM

A Walkers Guide



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“O Sun, great Oriental, my proud mind’s golden cap,
how I love to wear you cocked askew,
to play and burst in song throughout our lives,
and so rejoice our hearts.
Good is this earth, it suits us!
Like the global grape it hangs, dear friend, in the blue air
and sways in the gale,
nibbled by all the birds and spirits of the four winds.
Come, let us start nibbling too and so refresh our minds ... ”

from *The Odyssey, A Modern Sequel*, by Nikos Kazantzakis

INTRODUCTION

In January '68, while living in the Haight-Ashbury, Phil Lesh asked me if I would do a cover for the Grateful Dead's second album. I was living in a house on Shrader Street, two blocks above Haight Street, that had canvas window shades. I removed one, stapled it to a 34 inch diameter piece of plywood and drew out the basic image in a week or so. Showed it to the concerned members of the band, they said "OK," so I began painting. I painted until May when Warner Brothers needed it for the summer release of *Anthem of the Sun*. Although the background was not done and much of the details were not painted to my satisfaction, we decided it would be fine, since the image would be reduced from 34 inches in diameter to about 11 inches on the album cover. After Warner Brothers had done what they needed to do with the painting, I gave it to a friend (Richard Kane), with the intention of finishing it "whenever," and began a trip that would not bring me back to the painting until some 20 years later. I finished the background during a three month session in 1989. Then after two more six month painting sessions, *Anthem* was completed in '96.

Over the last several decades, I have observed many responses to, and have been asked many questions about the painting. I understand *Anthem's* visual language is esoteric and not readily accessible, but I've been reluctant to explain or elaborate for a couple of reasons. Firstly, it just wasn't finished and it's awful easy to get carried away with descriptions and explanations about something that isn't complete. Secondly, I believe an intuitive or gut response to a work of art is the most insightful and of the highest level of understanding. However, now that it is finished, and in response to the numerous questions, I feel it timely to offer a guide in hopes it might be useful in providing a more fertile understanding and experience for those interested in the painting and where it came from.

For me, the painting has three interwoven and synchronous levels of import: The outer or direct, the middle or hidden, and the inner or secret meaning. In the following pages, I'll try to articulate these three ideas and the design and painting process. This guide was written as (and should be read as) a playful and quizzical passage through some of the various landscapes of circumstance, influence and experience from which *Anthem* grew. Sometimes the memories were fresh and fertile, and I felt as if I was on a pilgrimage to sweet and sacred places of earth, mind and heart. Other times, I felt like an archeologist rummaging through sedimentary layers of mind-rot for some detail of thought, experience or history. The writing takes a winding course, with many switch backs, staggers and crawls. As you pass through the following pages, keep in mind that *Anthem of the Sun*, means *Song of the Sun*, and the implied reference is not only to the great solar blaze that brings light and life to a darkened world, but also the illuminating blaze of consciousness that is capable of penetrating to the very heart of darkness.



The Image

“Then in my vision a voice said, ‘Behold this day, for it is yours to make. Now you shall stand upon the center of the earth to see, for they are taking you.’ ... I felt the riders of the west, the north, the east and the south behind me, and we were going east. Then I was standing on the highest mountain of them all, and round about me was the whole hoop of the world. And while I stood there I saw more than I can tell and understood more than I saw; for I was seeing in a sacred manner the shapes of all things in the spirit, and the shape of all shapes as they must live together as one being. And I saw the sacred hoop of my people was one of many hoops that made one circle, wide as daylight and as starlight, and in the center grew one mighty flowering tree to shelter all the children of one mother and one father.”

From a vision of Black Elk, Lakota Medicine Man.

The *Anthem* image is certainly an offspring of the social and cultural, exploration, and changes of the 60s. Anthem's foundation and roots however, reach back many years before. During the 60s, I was much less concerned about rebellion and revolution, than with seeking out what peoples had in common and what brought balance, harmony and contentment to our lives. As I saw it, the first step was to determine what personal changes of understanding and being were needed in order for me to achieve this state within myself. In other words, to expand my mental and emotional space in order to embrace it all. This attitude, and being unburdened by either gods or demons (I had reached the 'age of reason' relatively young), led to open personal and artistic exploration, and the assimilation and generation of whatever ideas, imagery, symbolism, and techniques I felt best represented this understanding in its most expansive context.

Anthem was a synthesis of diverse, distant and dissonant ideas, and modes of thinking about and relating to oneself and the world. The image incorporates elements that draw from not only

Eastern and Western art and ideas, but from man's earliest artistic expression as well (i.e., x-ray style in some prehistoric paintings). For me, *Anthem* represents a resolution of some of these apparently contradictory elements into a state of balance, harmony and rhythmic unity. Expressed within a tight symmetrical structure where controlled energy and wildness can not only abide together but complement, intensify and give greater import to each other. After all, the world is not delineated in just black and white, but is composed of a varied and rich palette of colors.

Design Process

The drawing unfolded intuitively and spontaneously. I didn't have to think about what I was going to draw—it literally projected itself out of my head onto the canvas. I had the sense that my eyes were merely transferring, out of a boundless and radiant space, the image onto the canvas, and all I had to do was effortlessly delineate or play the patterns I was seeing on the canvas. This sense of 'seeing' was not just a visual experience, but synaesthetic. Not that I saw the whole thing all at once all the time, but a dynamic sense of rhythmic unity and symmetry imposed itself and the patterns and color evolved out of that sense of resonant harmony and symmetry. When drawing, if that sense was not present, it was very obvious and I would take whatever steps were needed to get there. The drawing took a little over a week of very intense participation. Most often I had no awareness of day or night and recall eating only a few times. The symmetrical structures were drawn with both my right and left hands. The right hand drawing the right side and the left hand the left side. No instruments for measurement were used – nor an eraser.

I imagine the process as sort of like a conductor performing an orchestral piece. He should have a view of the entire piece, set the rhythmic and dynamic contour, and as the score unfolds, know 'the sound' and what every instrument should be playing at each moment in order to make that sound. If an instrument was not playing what it should be, it would be obvious. This degree of presence and participation in the moment, while still having a 'sense' of the whole piece, defined the space from which the *Anthem* design evolved. Unlike the conductor, I had the option to stop if it wasn't going right; however, without an eraser there were no rehearsals.

Painting Process

The aspiration of the painting process was to delineate, in a flat area of about 6.5 square feet, a transcendental experience of profound radiance, and harmony of being. Whereas the drawing was fueled by my immediate experiences, the painting process was energized by the post-attainment reverberations. After a year and a half of painting, I felt the piece had achieved an acceptable level of presence, (i.e., vitality, luminosity, and dimensionality). This process took four painting sessions, two of three months each, and two of six months each.

The daily challenge of the painting process was to achieve and maintain a level of physical and mental stability, calmness and attentiveness that produced a state of spontaneous concentration free of antithetical mental functions. (i.e., sluggishness, excitation and other forms of distracting mind-rot: I'm hungry, I'm horny, I'm bored, I want this, I gotta do that, bla bla bla and etc.), and still remain sentient enough to reside at the tip of a very small brush with enough momentum and authority to move it in a precise and meaningful fashion. Needless to say, application of the antidotes to these distractions was as much a part of the painting process as the application of paint to canvas. Considerable effort, a little help from my friends and maintaining a breath rate of 6 to 8 per minute I found were most helpful.

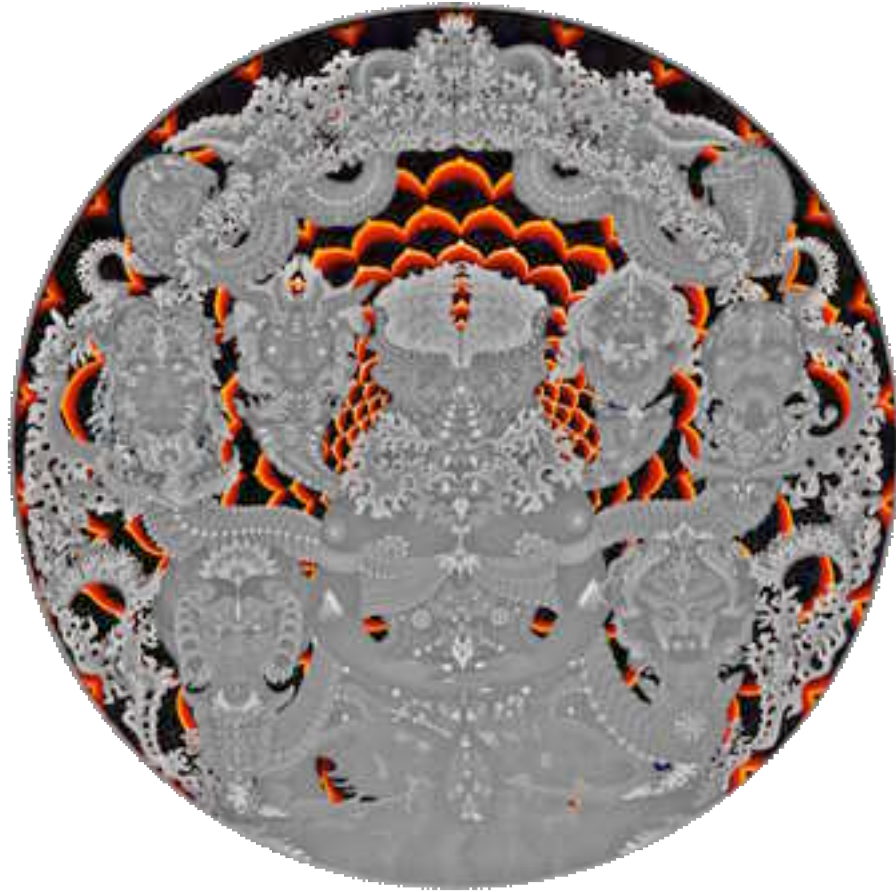
The image is 34 inches in diameter, acrylic on canvas and was painted mostly with brushes sized 1 to 4/0000. Some parts required 30+ layers of paint to obtain the color gradation, intensity and dimensionality I wanted. So it would often take all day to complete an area of just 2 or 3 square inches.

THE PARTS

The architecture of *Anthem* is based on six major structural components which I call: The Source, Potential, Beast, Masks, Serpents and Flames. In the following illustrations I have separated these structures for the purpose of making *Anthem* more understandable; however, they should in no way be thought of as being independent of each other as their meanings and functions are intimately interrelated. I view them as channels and pathways for the exploration, development and interplay of various ideas and psychophysical potentials ranging from the depths of inner space to the farthest reaches of outer space—easy to say! As metaphors, they represent the evolution of consciousness from the darkness of entropy and chaos through more refined and sublime expressions of rhythm, harmony, and luminescence to transcendental clarity and radiance.

In this context, transcendental means to go over or beyond. What is gone beyond is the conventional mind with its obsessive domination of consciousness by the ego (personality) manifesting itself as the continuous stream of mental dialogue that deals with the daily theater of our lives. Analyzing this, thinking that, reflecting on and imagining whatever – it's endless). However, without this internal dialogue dominating the mental scenery, other potentials are given an opportunity to express themselves in consciousness. It allows our attention to participate completely in the moment. From this view, all aspects of perception are equal and the entire world is experienced as an aesthetic wonder – *everything* is alive! From this view, the image of a deity or a national flag is no more sacred than a common stone, plant, or animal. This is what shamans and mystics have called, “seeing in a sacred way.”

I believe this is what William Blake meant when he wrote, “... if the doors of perception are cleansed everything would appear to man as it is, infinite.” The following are a few more examples that relate this view: “Beauty to the right of me, beauty to the left of me, beauty above me, beauty below me, beauty all around me ... I'm on the pollen path,” Navajo Pollen Path (the pollen is the life source). How about, “Are you experienced ... not necessarily stoned ... but beautiful,” Jimi Hendrix. And from an ancient yogic text, “It is Above, It is Below, It is to the North, It is to the South, It is to the East, It is to the West. It is in fact, this Entire World! And one who sees this, thinks this, and experiences this – is free. In all worlds such a one has unlimited freedom! However, those who do not see this, think this, and experience this, live in perishable worlds, and in all worlds are prisoners, who ever wallow in pain and sorrow.” Now that is some strong medicine, but it illustrates the radical transformation of mind and view that is required for recognition of the world in this way.



THE SOURCE

“What is here is elsewhere, what is not here is nowhere.” Vishvishara Tantra

I refer to the dark petaled structure in the background of the other images as 'The Source'. This is the most basic and symmetrical structure in the painting. It originates at the center and expands outward in reverse perspective. Although the simplest structure in the painting, it is the most intrinsic and expansive metaphor. It is in essence, the non-directional beginning/ending of the painting, and affectively represents the alaya or storehouse consciousness. The great repository of a lifetime of impressions and revelations woven into the genetic fabric of countless generations of ancestors and their worlds of struggle and beauty. Structurally, the concept comes from the 1000 petal lotus of yogic physiology. Unfortunately, it was not painted in time to make the *Anthem of the Sun* album cover.

The Source is history. I like this part because it's where I get to talk about myself alot. The events, influences, and ideas , that I remember, which I feel had a major effect on the path that led to *Anthem*. I see this path sort of like a tree made of dominoes. Activated by the underlying principal of cause and effect. The events, influences and ideas begin together as potential, branch off, weave in and out and finally join up together at the top of the tree – *Anthem of the Sun*. For me, the whole tree is the 'Song of the Sun.'

Cow pies, horseflies and other flights of fancy

I can still vividly recall a warm summer night at age 5, after getting my first pair of glasses, staring up at the vast star-filled night sky (this was 1942 when the Arizona sky was pollution free) and being engulfed by a profound sense of awe and excitement after being struck by some fundamental questions. What, where and why? Still, some 60 years later, I get the same feelings of awe and excitement when these ideas come around; although now, they don't seem to have question marks attached to them. Not that I really figured anything out, but the questions were replaced by exclamations and a profound sense of 'being here' and contentment. Yes! I belong here...this world suits me! Considering the alternative may have added some weight to this sense of presence.

Sometime around the third grade the idea of counting the stars popped into my head. During the summer my brother and I slept outside, and sometimes after being awakened by the buzzing and biting of mosquitoes, I would start counting the stars until I fell asleep again. I devised a system of taking four prominent stars, counting all the visible stars within the perimeter of the four. Then using two of the four and two new prominent stars for the next section, etc., keeping track of the total. Over the summer I was slowly inching my way across the sky and feeling very impressed with myself for having counted a thousand stars (there are about 3,000 visible to the naked eye), but the project came to an abrupt halt when one night I observed, with binoculars, an area I had counted the previous night, and found perhaps hundreds more stars and other weird stuff. It was a good time to stop counting, because I later discovered that within the range of telescopes if I counted one star every second, it would take me 3,000 years to count the 100 billion stars in the Milky Way. And, there are 100 billion galaxies of which the Milky Way is only one. On that one night, my world became a Universe.

Then a few years later I recall having a similar experience when observing a drop of pond water with a microscope and of experiencing a similar sense of expansion into the microcosm. So until sometime in the 10th or 11th grade with the startling discovery of girls, the focus of my attention was to see more deeply into the world and farther out into the cosmos. Needless to say, the amazingly tiny worlds of the atom and amoeba and the vast expanse of space and time, paled before the magic and mystery which I beheld within the female body and mind. I believe it was Yogi Berra who is reported to have said, "When you come to a fork in the road, take it." However, the concentration of my attention in the direction of human biology and psychology didn't extinguish the fundamental questions, but added whole new dimensions to them—all of which were pursued with passionate interest.

Uncle Sam's Misguided Children

After high school graduation in 1956, I opted to get my military duty out of the way. At that time, every warm-bodied male between 18 and 26 had a military obligation, which if you didn't voluntarily fulfill by age 24, meant you got drafted into compulsory service. Enlisting proved to be a wise choice. I was able to pursue all of my former interests, was given the opportunity to view myself in some extreme circumstances and visited parts of Asia and various Pacific Islands. The Asian and Pacific art and life styles, and later the literature I encountered, seemed to communicate to a very deep level of my psyche and poignantly addressed many of the fundamental conditions and processes of existence. During my last year in the military, while stationed at Camp Pendleton, California, I made two discoveries that had a profound influence on my life. I discovered the music of J. S. Bach at the base library music room and was introduced to yoga at Paramahansa Yogananda's center in nearby Oceanside.

Hire learnin'

When my tour of military service ended in May of 1960, I made a trip into Mexico then to San Francisco to check out the Beats. Since I didn't smoke cigarettes, or drink coffee, there wasn't much connection with the coffee house scene. Although, I thought some of the poetry was intriguingly strange (Ginsberg reading 'Howl'), the cool jazz and mellow long haired women I found most interesting. August arrived all too soon and it was time to start college. I entered

University of Nevada at Las Vegas as an art major. Many thanks to Doc Adams for the light bulbs and helping make the transition from military to college coherent.

Over the next couple of years I did the usual required curriculum and various other courses of interest. Some science, philosophy, psychology, logic and math. It wasn't that I was interested in numbers as such, but with patterns, and math is certainly about patterns. After four years in the military, avoiding very serious and authoritative people was akin to avoiding venereal disease. So I found myself hanging out with the more carefree riffraff around campus: the indomitable painter Farrell Walback, drummer extraordinaire Don Farr, the pianist Terry Ryan, Gypsy poet Bruce Rodgers, Antigone incarnate Nancy Jeffers, soldier of fun and fortune Doc Murry, and the Phantom Fucker. It was around this time that I first encountered the remarkable pianist and composer Tom Constanten, then at age of 16-17, who imparted to me a wealth of musical understanding and inspiration, and whose erudite wit and unique view of the world continue to be a treasured source of pleasure and amazement.

Although being a pencil freak since my first pair of glasses and learning cool drawing techniques, perspective and how not to use an eraser, I was still drawing mostly 'things' and starting to explore drawing 'ideas,' but had only a remote idea about drawing 'feelings'—the glue or thread that holds all the things and ideas together. Through the more expansive medium of painting, I was beginning to form a visual language that unified my interests. Interrelating and translating ideas from abstract subjects as diverse as theoretical physics and math with psychology and sex, and expressing them in a form other than where they righteously belong—cartoons—was proving to be challenging, to say the least. I felt a need for quick resolution, not something that would possibly drag on for years as cartoons often do. And after all, considering the times, it was not such an absurd leap of logic to go from, All is One / $E=mc^2$ = All is None.

Remember if you can, that this was 1960–61, when Rock and Roll still sounded like cowboys who had traded their horses for Harleys and Jack Daniels for speed, and the atomic cloud was ever looming just over the horizon. At the time, a lot of people seemed to be obsessed with the fear that we were on the brink of nuclear war at the hands of the Commies and/or Hollywood, either of which would certainly bring about the end of western civilization—as if there really has been such a thing as western *civilization*—even a Crazy Horse could see through that delusion.

X-Ray Vision

I now understand that living in Las Vegas off and on during the fifties and sixties tendered some bizarre views of the world. Certainly there was no moral or ethical high ground to champion, ever since the Mormons killed off or booted the Piautes out of the area to make it safe for the Mafia to build and operate casinos, and as a weekend retreat for some, who were even too strange for LA or Salt Lake City. As far as the threat of a nuclear holocaust, Las Vegas was about 120 miles from Jackass Flats (was that a prophetic moniker or what), more commonly known as the Nevada Test Site, where the Atomic Energy Commission was setting off nuclear devices through the fifties and sixties. The first 'shots' (as they were called) were quite exciting. It was 1954 and I was in the eleventh grade. My brother, a couple of our demented friends and I got up at 4 am (they always blew off just before daylight) and drove up to Sunrise Mountain so as to get a really good look at an exploding A-bomb.

Awesome it was! Out of a silent, cold darkness—in an instant! It was as bright as day for perhaps five seconds, after which the light seemed to contract into an intense reddish orange fireball which faded into a ghostly dull reddish gray rising column. Then came the sound of the blast, the shock, heat, and ground waves which were felt in every cell in my body. When daylight arrived there was a brownish gray mushroom shaped cloud reaching some 20,000 – 30,000 feet into the sky with white smoky streamers falling off the edge of the cap toward the ground. In a few hours the cloud had drifted off to the north-east dropping its lethal load sometimes as far as 2,000 miles away. And of course the people who got dosed along the way were never informed. But hey, it was all for National Security. After a couple more early morning shows, the novelty was gone, and it was certainly not worth getting up at 4 am for an X-ray.

After returning to Las Vegas from my stint in the military, I recall periodically being startled awake from a sound sleep into a room filled with bright white light with the panicked thought, “Oh shit, I overslept,” then it would go dark again and the house would give a shudder and I would think, “Oh, just another A-bomb,” yawn, roll over and go back to sleep for another hour. By then, no one seemed to pay much attention to the tests, and when required to acknowledge them, did so with humor. There were numerous jokes that I have long forgotten, but I do remember a gas station that had a sign on the inside of the door in front of the toilet that gave an insight into the general attitude, it read: “!!!Warning!!! In case of nuclear attack remove all metal objects: watches, rings, belt buckles etc., bend over and put your head between your knees, cover the back of your head with your hands and kiss your sweet ass goodbye.”

Being blasted off the face of the earth by an A-bomb was the least of my concerns. As mentioned before, I was trying to coalesce the abstract vapors of math and cosmology with the sweat and sperm of sex and psychology into a single image ... but was not making much headway. Fortunately help was on the way, although it was taking the scenic route and its own sweet time. The interim was not wasted (well not entirely). I slacked off on the academics, and intensified my study and practice of yoga.

1000 Petal Lotus

I encountered the concept of the Thousand Petal Lotus in a book on yoga. It was presented as a metaphor representing an energy center in yogic physiology that corresponded approximately to the pituitary gland and had something to do with experiencing cosmic consciousness. Because of my interest in math, and I had always considered just plain old consciousness to be fairly cosmic, it seemed only natural to consider the size of one. Like why not 999, 666 or 6 and 7/8 for that matter? Yes, my primary creative activity of the time was to find obscure ways to waste time. However, initial examination of a Thousand Petal Lotus was somewhat startling, and led me to waste lots more time doing long calculations. Remember, this was before electronic calculators and computers with a puny 128K occupied the space of a football stadium and were as rare as chickens teeth.

It was obvious that the diameter would depend on the diameter of the central ring or point of origination, and the number of petals in each of the successive rings, and the distance between successive rings. Starting small and simple, with only four petals per ring (representing the four cardinal directions) and the smallest entity I knew of for a point of origin, the theoretical Gravitational Quanta (G), with an unimaginably small diameter of about $4.0e^{-33}$ in., or .000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,004 in.

Starting with a ring of origin (R_1) of diameter G ($4.0e^{-33}$ in.), and extending outward in consecutive rings ($R_1, R_2, R_3 \dots R_{250}$), the diameters of which are to be determined by the sum of the diameter of the previous ring, and the product of the previous ring and pi divided by four, i.e., $R_n = R_{n-1} + R_{n-1} (\pi/4)$, for a total of two hundred fifty rings. This being one thousand divided by the number of petals per ring ($1000/4 = 250$). Stated more economically:

$$R_1 = G, R_2 = R_1 + R_1 (\pi/4), R_3 = R_2 + R_2 (\pi/4) \dots R_{250} = R_{249} + R_{249} (\pi/4).$$

In the above form it becomes apparent that there is a constant ratio between successive rings. Thus ratio (z) can be calculated by

$$z = \frac{R_2}{R_1} = \frac{4.0e^{-33} + 4.0e^{-33} \left(\frac{\pi}{4}\right)}{4.0e^{-33}} = \frac{7.14e^{-33}}{4.0e^{-33}} = 1.7854$$

Using the formula $R_n = G(z_{n-1})$, the diameter of any ring (R_2 through R_{250}) can be calculated, thus saving tons of paper, avoiding lead poisoning and it's still a decent waste of time.

For example: $R_{100} = G(z^{100-1}) = 4.0e^{-33} \text{in.} \cdot (1.7854^{100-1}) = 3.35e^{-8} \text{ in.}$

Well does $3.35e^{-8}$ ring any bells? Probably not, unless of course you happen to be involved in nuclear physics for fun or profit. One \AA ($3.39e^{-8} \text{ in.}$) happens to be roughly the diameter of an atom—not a quantity you can easily get your hands on – or eye for that matter. Looks like we’re getting nowhere really fast, but hang on ’cause we’re just warming up and there are 150 more rings to go ...

$R = 4.0e^{-33} \text{ in. } G$	$R_{172} = 7.03e^+ 5$ (703,000 mi.)
$R_{100} = 3.35e^{-8}$	$8.63e^+ 5$ Diameter of Sun
$3.39e^{-8} \text{\AA}$	$R_{180} = 7.30e^+ 7$ (73,000,000 mi.)
$R_{110} = 1.10e^{-5}$	$9.30e^+ 7$ Solar distance
$4.00e^{-5}$ Biological molecule	$6.21e^+ 8$ Solar System (diameter)
$R_{120} = 3.62e^{-3}$	$R_{199} = 4.40e^{+12}$ (4,400,000,000,000 mi.)
$4.00e^{-3}$ Living cell	$5.87e^{+12}$ Light Year (ly)
$R_{130} = 1.12 \text{ inches}$	$R_{200} = 7.90e^{+12}$
9.55 in. Basketball	$2.58e^{+13}$ Nearest Star (4.4 ly)
$R_{134} = 1 \text{ foot}$	$R_{203} = 4.40e^{+13}$
$R_{150} = 2 \text{ miles}$	$5.70e^{+17}$ Diam. Milky Way (100,000 ly)
$R_{162} = 2136$	$R_{220} = 8.50e^{+17}$ (85,000,000,000,000,000 mi.)
2155 Moon diameter	$R_{240} = 7.04e^{+22}$ Most distant observed Galaxy
$R_{164} = 6810$	(12-14 billion ly)
7661 Earth diameter	$3.00e^{+23}$ Diam. of viewable Universe
$R_{170} = 2.20e^+ 5$ (220,000 mi.)	(50 billion ly)
$2.38e^+ 5$ Earth to Moon	$R_{250} = 3.00e^{+25}$ (5,000,000,000,000 ly)

So, in only 250 rings (1000 petals in a couple of hours) the lotus grew from the smallest quantifiable entity to a size expansive enough to contain not only our entire viewable universe with a radius of some 20 – 30 billion light years (300,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles), but 100 more universes of the same size!

For a very graphic example of this size scale: Pull a hair from your head, (you older folks like myself, just check your comb) and examine the width of the hair. Now, the length of G is as many times smaller than the width of a human hair as the width of a human hair is smaller than the observable Universe.

I quickly realized what a remarkable metaphor the Thousand Petal Lotus was. Not only was it a tool that proved helpful for the development of other mathematical concepts (i.e. the Parapermutransformoricalmetation of similarly derived totally unrelated converging and integrating relationships), but also for conceptualizing a visual language that unified many ideas which would eventually become *Anthem's* foundation.

A Very Brief History of the Times

These were very exciting times if you happened to be interested in cosmology and theoretical physics. Quantum Theory and Relativity, the two great theories of the first half of the 20th century, had transformed centuries old views of both the microscopic world and the cosmos to usher in the atomic age. Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity of 1905, and the General Theory of Relativity of 1915 overhauled Newton's laws of motion and gravitation. The special theory established that space and time are dependent upon an observers state of motion and that an objects mass increases with its velocity up to the speed of light; and infact, that no object, force or influence can exceed the speed of light. After establishing the connection between mass, velocity and the speed of light, Einstein soon realized that mass could be expressed even more simply as an equivalence of energy. Stated more precisely, an objects mass times the speed of light squared, always equals its energy! Or as the elegant and infamous equation says it: $E=mc^2$.

It took awhile for this idea to catch on, but when it did, it struck the math and phyz heads hard. It illuminated a way to get their brains around certain fundamental aspects of nature that had previously been incomprehensible. To wit, the unimaginably large energy potential within the unimaginably small atomic world. For Example, if 1 teaspoon of sugar were converted completely to energy, the energy released would equal that of 20,000 tons of dynamite, or the nuclear bomb detonated at Hiroshima.

This idea inspired the imagination and ingenuity of several generations of physicists who busied themselves with developing the descriptions and behavior of the atom—Quantum Mechanics. After the first successful splitting of an heavy atomic nuclei in 1938 (which just happens to be my year of birth), followed by the beginning of WWII in 1939, the race was on to build a nuclear weapon. The top flight phyz heads, who were politically correct, focused for the next several decades on developing nuclear power and weapons. That is where the money was, and 'The Bomb' was definately a most convincing physical demonstration of the theory. Unfortunately with all the money and political drama that surrounded The Bomb, investigation of more benign implication of relativity were for the most part ignored until there had been enough bombs and nuclear waste created to toast the entire planet several times over.

Einstein, a staunch supporter of pacifism, was not invited to play with the Nukes. He, and a few other theorists, continued to investigate and develop other ramifications of reality. The theory showed that our universe (U) had a beginning and a boundry that is determined by the amount of matter and energy it contains. Quite probably U began in a horrendous explosion from a "Space-Time Singularity" some 15 billion years ago sending matter, energy and space flying out at tremendous speeds. All of which will eventually either collapse back into itself or keep expanding forever. Recent data supports continuous expansion.

General relativity reformulated Newton's 17th Century "Law of Universal Gravity," which assumed that the gravitational force is transmitted instantaneously. Remember, no object, force or influence – nothing – exceeds the speed of light...Its the Law! The General Theory upset Newton's apple cart again by showing that the terms "gravity" and "curved space" are synonyms. This has been a very difficult idea for people to get their minds around. The reasoning goes as follows: space is curved, and matter (which has mass) is the cause of the curvature, and matter is also the source of gravitation; therefore, there is a definable relationship between gravity and the curvature of space. In 1929 the American astronomer Edwin Hubble, using relativistic calculations, showed that the space between objects is expanding. If you are experiencing this phenomenon in your daily life you probably need your eyes checked, or should lay off the bong for a while, as this expansion is only measurable at very great distances—it does however indicate the age and gives a limit to the 'observable' universe.

Relativity added 'time' as the 4th dimension to the 3 'spacial' dimensions of our world. This usurped the popular 19th century notion of a 4th spacial dimension which had inspired the imaginations of many mathematicians, theologians, artists and science fantasy and fiction writers. Recall that 'Alice in Wonderland' was written around 1865, H.G. Wells wrote 'The Time Machine' in 1895 (the same year x-rays were discovered) and Picasso spawned Cubism with the

painting *Les Femmes d'Alger* in 1907 ending over 500 years of perspective dominated painting. Einstein's rerouting of the 4th dimension, and other relativistic propositions was to provide new seed for many fertile imaginations—and continues to do so. So instead of just plain old 'Space Warps,' we now had 'SpaceTime Warps!'

By the 60s, some of the atom splitters and a new generation of cosmo heads, armed with new data, talents, tools and greatly improved sense of humor, had begun to seriously confront some of the major cosmological problems; such as, the origin, composition, development, and fate of the universe. The first chore was to overhaul the cumbersome terminology involved. Now instead of things like: Space-Time Singularity, Completely Collapsed Gravitational Object and Einstein-Rosen Bridge; we have Big Bang, Black Hole and Worm Hole. Contemporary physicists and cosmologists have gone for this new nomenclature in a big way! If you wish to understand what these people are up to today, you must know the meaning of words like: gluon, funny energy, fuzzy logic, superstrings, quantum foam, machos, wimps, GUTs and TOEs—and the difference between a charmed quark and a strange quark. Although these names have made quantum mechanics and astrophysics cookie break conversation for preschoolers, they have not made the mathematics used to describe these ideas or designing methods and building instruments to test them any less formidable, nor has it made the U any smaller.

Einstein had spent a major part of his last 30 years working on what he called the Unified Field Theory. If he had been successful, it would have unified electromagnetic theory and gravitation into one fundamental equation which he believed would describe the workings of the entire U from beginning to end—a worthy undertaking in any language. After his passing in 1955, the quest for a theory that would unify not only electromagnetism and gravity but also quantum theory had become the Holy Grail of theoretical physics. Two decades of smashing atoms yielded ever higher energy levels that revealed deeper layers of fundamental constituents of matter, which in turn, illuminated deeper understanding of conditions closer to the origin of U. In 1965, the discovery of cosmic wave background radiation put the final nail in the coffin of the competing theories and left the Big Bang as the most workable cosmology. New technologies like satellites and radio telescopes were providing new eyes and ears that penetrated much farther into the cosmos. The general atmosphere was one of optimism and it seemed that a final unification theory was just around the corner...Well I'm still waiting...

As the sixties rolled on, my interests became more focused in the arts, natural philosophy and yoga. My house was on the outskirts of town and had become know as the Snake Ranch (I can't remember why). It was inhabited by an often undetermined number of people which seemed to enjoy laughter, loud music, good natured irreverence and above all, challenging ideas.



THE POTENTIAL

“ ... you mean the whole world is really mine?” Sunny Walker, age 5

The flowing, amorphous shapes and colors at the bottom-center of the painting symbolize cHAoS. Certainly chaos is one of the most intriguing and enigmatic concepts the human brain has brewed. I'm not talking about the garden variety of chaos like your sock drawer, or a simple state of mental confusion—like what to order off the menu at a Slabovian restaurant, nor do I mean pandemonium (which is chaos squared)—like the Macauhey household. I don't mean Chaos Theory or Non-linear Dynamics as some math heads prefer to call the formal scientific discipline involving arcane mathematical theories and computers with powerful number crunching abilities, used to study systems that exhibit complex and apparently random behavior like the weather, the stock market, plumbing and teenagers.

I prefer to play it safe and deal with the abstract idea of chaos. Recognizing the vastness and complexity of this boundless happening we are all part of, and humbly acknowledge that our frail and feeble selves are only capable of perceiving an exceedingly small fraction of it. This presents a mind-boggling array of unknowns and unpredictables, which many brains both facile and flaccid have attempted to explain, order, predict and control. The word *Khaos* is of ancient Greek origin and defines the vacant, unfathomable space from which *everything* arises. A very clear, precise and elegant concept, but a bit impersonal and lacking in drama for some, so they did a back step and had Gaia spring from Khaos and become the 'Mother of All Things.' This all came down centuries before the arrival of Big God's world around 4004 BC, but some 15 billion years after Big Bang.

chaos postulates nothing yet it holds the potential for everything kind of like a card game where the deck has an infinite number of cards and every card is a joker wild card and zero rules well there would be an infinite number of rules but they would be canceled out by the infinite number of fun rules in this kind of a game you would have an infinite number of players so unfortunately you would only get to play one card a joker although you could take an infinite amount of time to make your one play in any case there would be an infinite number of jokers being played simultaneously and they would cancel out because as the number of jokers approached infinity the number of non-jokers would approach zero thus creating a singularity at exactly one half way between nowhere and everywhere a point in spacetime of infinite density and infinitesimal volume as opposed to entropy with an infinitesimal density and infinite volume and spacetime would be infinitely distorted ...

No, I'm not plagiarizing *Finnigans Wake*, just indulging a will to be mildly weird to illustrate what appears to be a somewhat chaotic and confusing visual field. The form is not familiar without the punctuation and spaces. Don't bother decoding if you haven't already, because in all that jumble there are only two noteworthy ideas: First, you end up with a very heavy joker that you can't see or hear, but has a cosmic sense of humor. Second, as Bob Dylan sang, "If ya ain't got nuthin, ya ain't got nuthin to lose."

The Source, represents the Alaya or storehouse consciousness. The 'Potential' represents a view of this apparently unfathomable and chaotic realm of mind with an eye to possibilities. To perceive as a spontaneous reflection of self/truth, the life-sustaining patterns and modalities necessary to direct our lives to an ever-expanding view of, and conscious participation in our world. This is necessary for survival of individuals as well as the species. The alternative is extinction or devolution to something approximating a cockroach.

The primality of the principles of cause and effect is unquestionable. They are the most intractable laws of all. What is happening is exactly what should be happening, and the drama of human evolution will take place within this karmic theater. For humankind to continue in its expansive voyage towards the stars, it will require an equally expansive journey within. At this point in our history, to presume a view that could contain the universe is certainly pretentious and misguided. No idea system is expansive enough to contain boundless life. However, given the outrageousness of the human imagination, and the perpetuity of the Cosmic Joker whose singular dedication is to provoke change ... the potential is limitless.

The Lænd of Zonk

With the beginning of summer rains in June of '62, TC and Phil Lesh showed up at my door. Fresh from Berkeley, effervescent with enthusiasm, loaded with new, exciting music and ideas, and loaded ... TC and Phil had become friends at UC Berkeley and had taken a composition class with Luciano Berio, the composer in residence at Mills College in Oakland. They were planning to go to Europe in the fall of '63 and immerse themselves in the European avant-garde music scene (See TC's fine book, *Between Rock and Hard Places* for a very detailed and personal account of the avant-garde music scene of the sixties). TC's stepfather was a pit boss at the Sands Hotel in Vegas and TC hoped to get Phil a summer job at the hotel to make enough bucks to get to Europe.

Shortly after they arrived, Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra came to the Las Vegas Convention Center and performed Maurice Ravel's *Daphne et Chloe Suite no. 2* and Alban Berg's *Lulu Suite*. On the way to the concert, a joint magically appeared out of thin air. This was not only my first encounter with the notorious weed, but also of hearing a world class symphony orchestra playing some really great music. I had heard lots of live music before (this was Vegas) but I had never heard anything like this. Not only did it dramatically affect my hearing, but I also realized how much more opulent my vision had become. Objects seemed to be sources of light rather than just reflected light with very sharp contrasts. Thoughts seemed to be more colorful and more detailed and I could see the sound from the orchestra rolling through space towards me in

colorful modulated waves which transformed into intricate kaleidoscopic patterns in my mind's eye. I felt as if a whole part of my brain had been asleep and was now fully awake. Looking around after the concert, everything seemed so profoundly amusing, all I could do for an hour or so was giggle and laugh. Those THC receptors were not put in your brain just to take up space ... but to give space! I suddenly understood who the Joker, the Heyoka, Kokopelli, the Trickster Coyote and the 'no name' were. Also expressions like 'crazy-wisdom' and 'the cosmic joke' were no longer mysteries—just give space a chance and it will take over the world!

Neither the gig at the Sands nor staying at TC's parents worked out for Phil so he moved into my house which we shared for about a year. In order to keep from experiencing severe lack-of-culture shock in Vegas, he worked at a post office, dealt Keno at a downtown casino, recited from table top petrifying passages from Henry Miller's *Tropics of...* to unsuspecting plaster saints and the too-cool-to-be-real who unsuspectingly dropped bye, and composed *Foci*, an outrageous orchestral piece requiring the massive force of 125 instruments (with players) and 4 conductors (with metronomes). I'm convinced the reason *Foci* was completed in the Nevada desert was because the only place it could safely be performed would be at the Nevada Atomic Test Site.

One thing was certain, whenever Phil was around, there was music—usually loud music. After the aural initiation of weed and the Ormandy/PSO concert I was completely open to the deluge of music, ideas, laughter and general good will which cascaded through the house and overflowed into the neighborhood—I think the cops only showed up once. Phil and TC brought tapes of amazing 'new music' like Berio's *Epiphany*, Legiti's *Atmospheres* and Varèse's *Arcana*. And over the year we went through definitive recorded performances (or in some cases the only recorded performances) of the symphonies of Beethoven, Brahms, Bruckner, Mahler, Nielson, works by Richard Strauss, Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring*, *Firebird* and *Petrushka* and much more. I recall one 20 hour session of Wagner's *Ring Cycle* and after a few hours of sleep, *Parsifal* followed by *Tristan und Isolde*. Phil introduced me to reading and following a score which added another dimension to the understanding and pleasure of symphonic music.

During that year I read Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, Nikos Kazantzakis's *The Odyssey-A Modern Sequel* (the most cosmic book I have ever read), the *Cold Mountain* poems of Han-Shan, the *Writings of Chuang Tzu* (Genius of the Absurd) by whom I don't remember, wallowed in Henry Miller's *Tropic of Capricorn*, bumbled around in G.H. Hardy's *A Course in Pure Mathematics* and took showers with James Joyce's *Finnigans Wake*. Did a couple of paintings and spent a lot of nights standing atop the hierarchitectitiptitoptical (a Joyce word, which meant something like, the most lofty, very highest, absolute top, ultimate pinnacle and unequivocal center of the world and the direct point of connection between the earth and the cosmos—sort of like the Tower of Babble—celebrating the vast magnificence of space/time and hot fudge sundaes.

The Great Ignition (my uncle Doug Gunter) a half-breed Cherokee stuntman who worked on many Western movies during the 50s -70s, would bring weed to Las Vegas to trade for uppers (stuntman vitamins). I remember him and a woman named Diana showing up at 3 am, waking everyone in the house, putting joints in our mouths, and saying "Let's go to breakfast." At breakfast I asked, "...You mean you drove all the way from LA just for beans (pills)?" Diana answered "No, we drove up just for the trip back." Thanks to the antics, and generosity of The Great Ignition and friends like Bernardo Moreno, we were able to maintain a fairly steady stone. After about six months in the 'Lænd of Zonk' I realized why marijuana was illegal, certainly not because of any physical or mental harm it might cause—if that were the case, football and beer would be illegal—but because it can inspire one to think and question! And especially to question authority!! Marijuana is an outright threat to institutional bullshit. As far as being a lead-in-drug, after observing it for over forty years, all I can see it leads to is carpentry.

Phil finished *Foci* in late spring of '63 and headed back to California. I had successfully quit college after my sophomore year, and was having so much fun that the scene was definitely getting hot. It was time to get out of town and I was thinking of returning to Hawaii. Sweet and soothing memories of strolling down a deserted beach, the gentle trade winds, and the fragrance of plumeria were drifting through my mind. My visits to Hawaii in '56 -'58, while in the military, had

left indelible footprints through my mental landscape which I would sometimes retrace to a calm and quiet place of inner refuge. I was now feeling the need to bring my body along and flop it down under a coconut tree on the beach and really chill for a while.

About that time TC returned from Europe and we decided to meet up with Phil in Palo Alto. After a visit with Jerry Garcia and Willi Legate at the Chateau, we went to San Francisco and rented a house in the mission district, plugged in the tape recorder and started listening to some of the new music TC had brought from Europe, both his own compositions and works by various other composers. I think of Tom, around that time, as the quintessential Zen composer (although he may not agree with that). I had to approach his pieces as if they were Zen koans. They were usually brief and austere, but very enigmatic in their intricate complexity of sound, silence and smiles. Phil seemed to have maxed out the massive orchestral form with *Foci* and had taken to writing smaller, more performable pieces like *Six and Seven Eights for Bernardo Moreno*, a tribute to the Old Smuggler in the spirit of Chuang Tzu.

Mescalito and the Rainbow Serpent

I stayed in San Francisco until January '64, and although it was great fun hanging out with TC and Phil in the city, I began to feel a serious deficiency of dirt and sky. Also, it was either get a jacket or migrate south. I didn't have enough cash to fly to Hawaii, so it was back to the desert. The scene in Vegas had cooled out and I got a job at the New Frontier Hotel as a time keeper on the graveyard shift. Just the kind of gig I needed; essentially, all I had to do was stay awake from 11pm to 7am. This allowed a great deal of head space with long periods of uninterrupted silence in which I was able to process and integrate the previous years of feverish input, activity and change.

After about a month, I had slowed down enough to return to my hatha yoga practice from a year and a half hiatus. When my shift finished at 7am, I went to a hill near my cabin on Blue Diamond Road, where practice consisted of one hour of Surya Namaskar (Sun Salutation), a sequence of twelve postures performed as one continuous exercise. Each posture counteracts the previous and alternately expands and contracts the diaphragm, thus regulating the breath and simultaneously relaxing and invigorating both mind and body. The *Rig Veda*, an ancient yoga text, states that "Surya is the essence, of both the moving and unmoving beings." How could I go wrong after that recommendation?

The Great Ignition and a couple of his friends, Jim Shit (that's right) and Rapid Robert the river bottom rodent, visited around that time. Jim was born and raised on the Navajo reservation in Northern Arizona by parents that didn't speak English. When he was about eight, it was decided that he would go to school and needed an English name. The only exposure to whites he had was at the trading posts and a few fairs in Flagstaff. He had heard some whites called Joe, and shit was a word they frequently used that he liked the sound of, so he choose Joe Shit. Someone told him that he couldn't use that name, he said okay, then *Jim Shit*. Obviously he didn't keep that either, but everyone still teased him about it. Uncle Doug would sometimes introduce him as such—just to see people's reaction—after which, Jim would have to tell the story and everyone would have a good laugh.

Jim was a road-man in the Native American Church so I asked why he used peyote. "I travel the peyote road because it teaches me to live right," he replied. Now this struck me as quite profound—I knew that I wasn't living right. I had reached the understanding that although I didn't know where 'it' was at, I did know that where I was wasn't it! And I also knew, that most of the people who professed to be authorities on where it is at, were full of shit. Hummm, but here was a plant that supposedly could go beyond words and teach one to live right ... Show me!

Jim explained further, "Most people today don't have a very close connection with their real self and the real world and peyote can resurrect that connection." I was familiar with the concept of self realization through yoga but I wanted to know what he meant by 'real self.' He answered, "You see, you were not born Bill Walker, that's just the name of the personality you have developed to get what you want and avoid what you don't want in the world of people. Who were you on the first day you were born?"

I definitely decided that when the opportunity to do peyote came around I would try it. It might not show me where it was at, but it might show me where I was at, and that would help a little bit. Strangely enough, about a month later I was visiting Farrell when he received a call from a friend who had just returned from a trip to Texas with a Corvair trunk full of freshly cut peyote buttons and needed a place to dry them. We laid them out on a couple of sheets of plywood and some pieces of old tin roof, after about a week, they were dry enough for our friend to haul off. He gave Farrell a big brown paper grocery bag full of silver dollar sized dried buttons—half of which Farrell gave to me.

For about a year I ate the dried peyote, every couple of weeks, either by myself or with others (my ever-gracious Aunt Nancy, Don Farr, Ron Gouge) who were willing to share the sessions of nausea, vomiting or similar visceral joys associated with eating dried peyote. For the first hour or so I always thought, “Why am I doing this ...” but after a couple of hours, I knew precisely why. I had come to realize that besides influencing feeling, mood, and thoughts, certain music was capable of energizing pathways into inner visual dimensions of pure form and color. Fields of flowing variegated matrices and reticulated patterns where the sound would eventually disappear and leave me engulfed in a sea of changing patterns and color—peyote amplified this experience! After a session there was always a wonderful feeling of clarity of mind, physical well-being and harmony with myself and the world.

Although I had felt somewhat freaked by the first experience, it had opened up a great expansive view that was incredibly exciting and warranted further exploration. There was a sense of liberation from personality and all its baggage. Like Atlas on Ex-Lax, the world had been unloaded from my shoulders and whoever that nameless conscious entity was that had entered into that boundless pool of energy, I wanted to meet again. In some of my more enthusiastically delusional moments, I felt I was peering into the very fabric of the universe. With familiarity of the territory, I began to relate to the patterns as the lattices and pathways for excursion into the neural topography of mind and body.

About every other weekend I would go to Lake Mead, the Valley of Fire, Mt. Charleston or Red Rock Canyon and eat peyote. After a few months, at some point during a session, I would have an encounter with Mescalito (the Peyote Spirit) who would appear as a human, crow, coyote, and once a juniper tree. Mescalito’s language was a multilevel mixture of words, gestures and expressions. I understood these encounters to be pointing out experiences from very deep levels of intuitive consciousness that expanded or refined my conscious perception of myself and the world.

One of the places I began to encounter, after maybe a dozen trips, was a realm of pure form and color at the center of which was a whirlpool of spectral color. I would always be looking down into it— as if peering down through my body. It appeared like two coiled serpents spinning in opposite directions. There was an intense attraction to consciously enter the vortex, but it always freaked me out when I felt the incredible concentration of energy and power that seethed at the center. The fact that I couldn’t transcend the apprehension began to hassle me after a trip, so I decided to double the number of buttons I had been eating and maybe that would take me on through to the other side.

On New Year’s Eve ’64–65 I drove to Rogers Springs, a warm spring about 50 miles north of Las Vegas. After arriving around midday, I took a leisurely 12–15 mile run cross-country to the Valley of Fire and back, relaxed in the pool of warm water for awhile, then gathered an arm load of firewood. About sunset, I climbed to a small cave about fifty yards above the spring, left the firewood and continued to the ridge top to smoke a joint and watch the sunset behind the red, purple, yellow and white sandstone formations in the Valley of Fire. At last light I returned to the cave, made a small fire, took twelve dried peyote buttons from my medicine bag, cleaned them (removed the white fur-like tufts) and put them in a bowl of water to soak. While the Peyote was soaking, I busied myself with tending the fire and contemplating what an awesome circumstance this was. I was a very fortunate human being to be in this primeval place and have the opportunity to take part in this most profound rite of communion, that people of this land had performed ceremoniously for thousands of years.

The taste of dried peyote is unbelievably bitter—as bitter as bile—so just getting it down was an ordeal in itself. I had tried grinding it up and putting it in capsules, mixing it with other things to try to kill the taste, but eventually came to the conclusion that if I couldn't just chew the buttons up, I shouldn't do peyote at all. Soaking the buttons in water definitely made them easier to chew and swallow. In a couple of hours they had softened enough to eat. I carefully picked each button from the water and mindfully placed them in a circle around the bowl. With each button I repeated the mantra: It is to the East, It is to the West, It is to the North, It is to the South, It is Above as it is Below—It is in fact, this entire World!

I began eating the buttons slowly, one at a time, while mentally reciting the mantra to keep my mind from the taste. It was a struggle to eat the first six, after which my taste was gone. I hadn't eaten anything for about 24 hours, so when I began throwing up, all that was in my stomach was peyote and water and I kept drinking water so I wouldn't have dry heaves and get too dehydrated. After the ritual purging passed, I looked up at the sky and noticed the constellation Orion (the Hunter) low in the eastern sky. Sitting on my haunches, I began tapping out a rapid rhythmic pattern with a stick on the peyote bowl while chanting the 'Entire World' mantra. By and by, I heard a coyote yip several times from quite far off. I was starting to see the heat waves from the warm water rising up through the chilled night air when I became aware that there was a coyote sitting about 15–20 feet directly in front of me and looking straight at me. When I returned his gaze he lifted his head slightly, seemed to smile and say (though I never saw his mouth move), "Did you bring anything to eat." I thought, ah well, no I didn't. He stood up, turned around and slowly ambled off down the trail toward the pool. I considered how thoughtless it was of me not to have brought something for the local residents! After all, I had just barged in, built a fire and made all kinds of noise without thinking to acknowledge who lived around there—just being a typical human.

The encounter with the coyote and the following wave of regret that had flooded through me, completely knocked me off my mantra and stick tapping. I felt chilled and strangely uncomfortable. The fire had gone out and I was too spaced to rebuild it, so sitting cross-legged, taking long deep breaths forcing the air into the pit of my stomach, then visualizing my stomach as a fire place with my spinal column as the chimney, after awhile I no longer felt cold—just waves of blissfully warm energy.

After awhile the energy waves became colorful kaleidoscopic patterns which eventually led to the whirlpool. This time, I felt neither apprehension nor attraction. Maybe it was just asleep, and I should hassle or tease it a bit, like as a kid I had often tickled a sleeping cat or dogs toes. While being amused by this thought, my body began to shake and I realized someone was shaking me by the shoulders. I opened my eyes and was staring into the face of Jim Shit—who I immediately recognized as Mescalito! He was sitting cross-legged in front of me wearing jeans, a Levi jacket, red headband, shoes that looked like moccasins on top but with tennis shoe soles and a beaded shoulder bag. The design on the bag was a circle divided into quadrants by four white lightning bolts and circled by a rainbow. Each quadrant was a different color: top-left red, top-right blue, bottom-right green and bottom-left yellow. He took a pack of Camel cigarettes from the jacket pocket, took one out, lit it and handed it to me (I didn't smoke cigarettes, but I did that one)!

Mescalito just sat there looking at me, and I began to feel uncomfortable. So I began telling him about the whirlpool. After I finished, he said "That's the Rainbow Serpent and you shouldn't fuck with her. You don't have enough inner strength or control. She is the very essence of life within you and the world." I felt put down and started to argue that there was nothing that I couldn't handle mentally and physically, I could blah, blah, blah. After listening awhile to me rattle on about how together I was, he took a knife from his beaded bag and while looking me stone cold in the eyes stabbed the knife blade completely through my right thigh!

I gasped in surprise, horror and pain. Jumped up and hopped around on my other leg. I was totally freaked! Mescalito sat convulsing in laughter, alternately slapping his knees and pointing at me. I looked at my leg, there was no blood and no sign of a wound so I began to calm down, but I kept a good distance from him. He again fixed his eyes on mine and said "Until you can stick this

blade (he held it up so it flashed in the moonlight) through your own leg without the slightest fear, pain or revulsion, you do not have the stability and power to control the Rainbow Serpent.”

Putting my hands together in front of my chest, I bowed and sat back on my heels—I felt stone straight—and watched in amazement as Mescalito split into two shining bluish-black crows. Each crow was a mirror image of the other. When one moved, the other moved in unison. When they spoke, they spoke the same thing at the same time. “I’m Two Crow. Who are you?” I didn’t answer. Hopping around on one leg each cawed pitifully, “That’s Billy, he had his feelings hurt so he threw a fit.” They were obviously making fun of me, but soon flew off into the first rosy rays of dawn. At sunrise, still sitting cross-legged in the cave, I realized there was an excruciating pain in my right thigh; which incidentally, took a week to go away! I stood up and looked down towards the spring and saw a coyote slowly walking through the salt cedar, sedge, burro brush and lizard tail lining the small stream that coursed from the pool to Lake Mead a few miles off. I thought he was probably on his way home after a night of frog, rodent and rabbit hunting. After watching the sunrise, I slowly made my way down the hill to lie in the warm water for awhile, ate an apple and a few pieces of jerky and headed back to my cabin.

On the drive back I had lots to think about, but was too schizzy to sort anything out, and I did have to go to work that night. Mescalito had certainly kicked my ass, and even though I knew he was a hallucination, he was in some way more real than the 'real' people I knew—myself included. As for Two Crow, quantum theory (as pointed out by TC) does postulate ‘parallel nowheres’. I also realized this was just an introduction to the second half of the decade. Stories about a substance called LSD, that was reported to be as psychoactive as peyote, were beginning to surface. I thought if it didn’t taste bad, require elaborate preparation, and became easy to get—look out world! Also, I had recently heard from some of my old Marine Corps buddies that Vietnam was really heating up and a couple of guys I had known had already bought rice paddies.

Back at the cabin, which no longer seemed like home, I felt the need to cool awhile and let things catch up. I realized that LV was no longer where I should be; in fact, being in any city seemed totally out of the question. In the next two weeks I either sold or gave away everything except a tee shirt, levis and a pair of sandals. Then I bought a ticket and flew to Hawaii. On arriving, the sandals stayed on the plane, the levis became shorts and I hitch a ride to a remote beach on west Oahu. Before leaving for Hawaii I had stashed the remaining peyote and it would be about a year and a half before I again encountered Mescalito, Two Crow and the Rainbow Serpent.

May the Bird of Paradise Eat your Hurdy-Gurdy

I quickly became afflicted with a severe case of Polynesian paralysis and spent the next two months on the beach looking out at the ocean and making sure the sun and moon arose and set properly. The beach was lined with Kiawe (mesquite) and coconut trees. On shore a little further were a few mango (unfortunately out of season) and papaya. I slept just above high water line at the ewa end, and in the morning after making sure the sun was properly on it's daily journey across the sky, would walk down to a small coconut grove climb a tree and cut down half a dozen or so green coconuts for fresh drinking water and spoon meat. Then make a pass by the papayas to collect an occasional ripe one and gather a couple handfuls of Kiawe beans. This was it for a couple of weeks or so until meeting up with a family of Hawaiian fishermen that had lived for several generations on the big beach a couple of miles away. Raw fish, rice, poi, laulau and spam were a most welcome edition to my day. For the next six weeks I sat on the beach with Abraham Makapalau (the family patriarch) and listened to him talk about, the 'old days,' the ocean, the weather, fish and how and when to catch which ones. In the evening when no one was night fishing, the family would gather around a fire, drink Primo, 'talk story', sing Hawaiian songs and chants and hula.

As all good things must eventually pass, on the Ides of March I ran out of kala and went into Honolulu to work, like most of the young men from that area, because like the song says "...if you don't got no money, you don't get no honey." Being familiar with the building trades it was no problem to get work (the high-rises were just starting to sprout up in Waikiki). The next eight

months were spent hammering nails, mixing concrete, and developing a love/hate affair with the Hawaiian O'o (a crowbar designed for moving large rocks).

I was living out of a Volkswagen van and after work I would go to Ala Moana Beach Park to swim and use the showers then walk to a grocery store across from the Ala Wai boat harbor. Get Aku poki, poi and a beer, go sit at the end of the pier and grind while watching the canoes and sailboats pass by. After awhile I was infected by the 'sailing bug' and started looking for boats that wanted crew. As luck would have it, the movie 'Hawaii' based on a Mitchner novel by that name was being filmed on Kauai. Three square rigged sailing ships were being used in the film. I signed aboard the 137 foot Barkentine 'Carthaginian' and after the movie was filmed we spent several months sailing through the Hawaiian chain stopping at various places along the way, some really great places that were only accessible by boat at that time. After our trip through the Islands ended in Hilo, the Carthaginian continued on to California then returned to Maui six months or so later to become the Whaling Museum in Lahina. Not wanting to leave Hawaii yet, I stayed in Hilo. Did some drawings and a painting. The following drawing, a sketch for a painting, is one from this time that sort of summed up the previous couple of years.



Signed Aboard a Psychedelic Sailing Ship as Flunky or Supercargo...

During my time in Hawaii Phil and I continued to communicate via postcards. Phil, TC and I were all born in March: the 15th, 19th and 22nd respectively. We didn't celebrate our birthdays individually but acknowledged the entire period as 'the holy days.' I received a postcard from Phil that read, "GREETINGS TO THE AMBASSADOR PLENTIPOTENTIARY FROM THE LAND OF ZONK! ALL THE BEST FOR THE HOLY DAYS!!! I'VE SIGNED ABOARD A PSYCHEDELIC SAILING SHIP AS FLUNKY OR SUPERCARGO, AND JOINED A ROCK & ROLL BAND TO MAKE A MILLION LAUGHS...WELCOME ABOARD!!!! PHIL"

Well it sounded like there was a party of magnificent proportion happening and I didn't want to miss out, so in mid April '66, I left Hawaii for San Francisco. By that time The Grateful Dead were in full swing. My first Dead show was at the UC Berkeley gym sometime around the end of April.



THE BEAST

"...Fate is a fiery tongue that devours both earth and sky," The Odyssey.

The central figure in the painting, the dark blue human-like form seated cross-legged above chaos, I call The Beast or The Gatekeeper. Although shaped somewhat like a human body, the Beast's body should not be thought of as a material body, as in the waking state, situated in external space and separate from other objects; but rather, as a vacuous or illusory body, as in the dream state, immaterial, self-luminous, transparent, of the same substance as the containing mind. The quality of the body is of light and space. I realize this metaphor is vague, but to be accurate, it must be ambiguous in order to convey the many aspects and meanings that exist and interact simultaneously on different levels—as does the human mind and body.

Dead Beasts

The Band's awesome array of percussion at some point in its evolution came to be called The Beast; however, I recall back in the late 60s or early 70s that the 'entity' which sometimes manifested itself at a Dead show, when the Band and the audience seemed to achieve a transcendent state of rapport and unity, was affectionately referred to as The Beast. This was believed to be a manifestation of the sum total of energies of the Band, the audience and the location. The music was the breath and pulse, the audience its life and animation and the place gave its form (i.e., if the show was inside it had a different form than if was happening outside). There was no individual identity, one was just another part of the breathing, dancing, singing organism – like just another cell in the organism contributing your energy to its life, and the organism in turn nourished and animated you. Lorna Marshall in her wonderful observations of the Kalahari Bushmen commented

that, “The nightly trance dances of the Kalahari Bushmen camps draws the people of the band together as nothing else ... they collectively become like an organic being.”

The Beast sometimes achieved an awesome state of power and momentum, which could launch one into astonishing worlds of beauty and radiance, ecstasy and omniscience or take no flights of imagination at all, but simply abide in a natural state of balance, harmony and intrinsic awareness. Sometimes the Beast was struggling and incorporeal, and sometimes, never showed at all.

The Beast as metaphor

Beast, monster and similar real or imaginary entities, that possess (real or imagined) fierce, wrathful or horrific aspects, represent things that blow away our accepted ideas about safety, harmony and behavior. They symbolize forces, processes, actions and concepts too great for life or ego to endure or grasp, (i.e., death, dissolution and overwhelming power or ideas very opposed to our most cherished beliefs. When encountered they can cause mental and emotional states such as of fear, horror, panic revulsion and hatred. Every warm-blooded animal reacts to the threat of injury, and a good blast of adrenalin has saved many a life. However, morbid and chronic fears are definitely not helpful when dealing with some difficult situations—like daily life. They are aberrations of a healthy mental and emotional landscape and must be transcended if one wants to live as a free human being. Freedom is, after all, a state of mind.

An old Arab saying states that, “When the Angel of Death approaches, it is terrible, when he reaches you it is bliss.” And I believe it was Woody Allen who said, “I’m not afraid of death, I just don’t want to be there when it happens.” These are both transcendent views of the inevitable mystery which confronts us all. From the transcendent view there is no death, only the experience of life until it is no longer an experience. History relates many examples (a major theme in all mythologies), of extreme circumstances and near death experiences, where fear and horror are transformed into transcendent states of profound awe, bliss or maybe even enlightenment.

As the Gatekeeper, The Beast stands at the interface or threshold of transcendence. In order to pass (transcend) one must confront the Beast – whatever form the Gatekeeper takes is a reflection of your own mind. It is yours and yours alone! In *Anthem*, the Gatekeeper's blue color (a psychological primary), the color of perfectly clear sky or deep ocean, represents intrinsic awareness, the natural unmodified state of mind. The cross-legged posture symbolizes stability, repose and undistracted self-awareness amidst the turbulent spectacle of life’s dramas. From this state of being one can encounter life's challenges with skill, grace and benefit to not only oneself, but others as well. The wrathful aspect of the Beast’s face represents an attitude of fearlessness when examining one’s own mind and dealing with its afflictions and delusions. The dark center of the painting at the Beast's mouth and throat, with the devouring flames symbolize that philosophical black hole we call fate and the end of time.



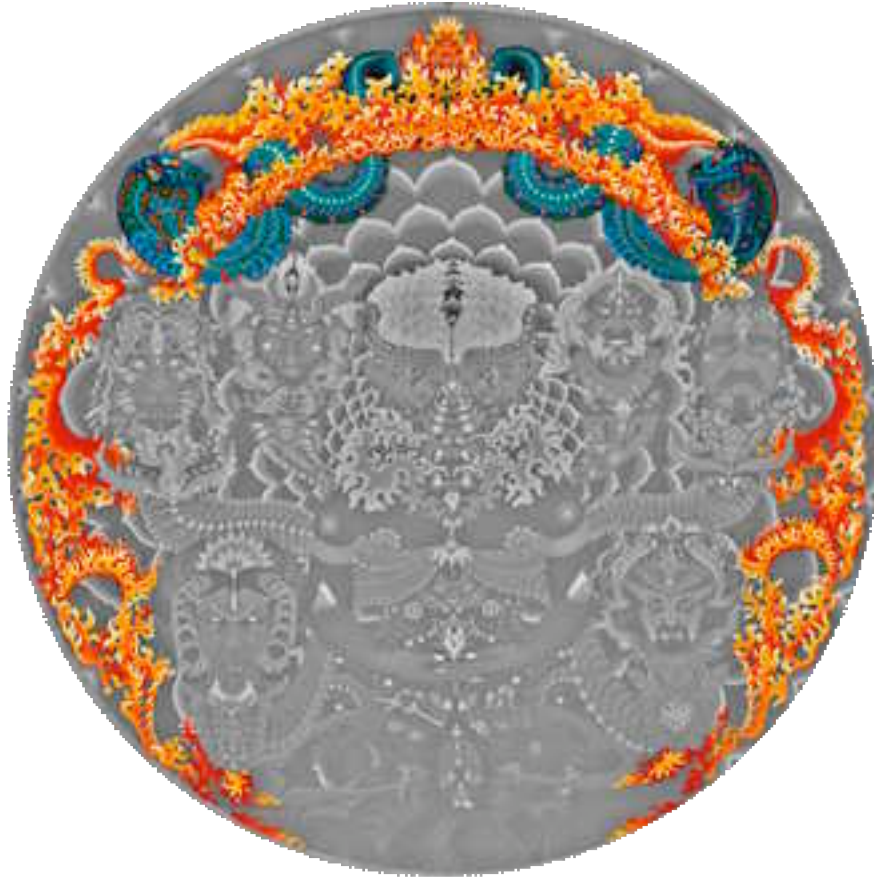
THE MASKS

“...Glad to meet you, hope you can guess my name...” Rolling Stones

The serpentine structures that radiate from the heart of the Beast out to and including the faces of the Band members, I call The Masks. A mask is a metaphor for something beyond words, elemental forces, ghostly or mythical beings, phenomenal manifestations of transcendent realization or the transcendent mystery of life itself.

The Masks represent the Band members within the context of a Grateful Dead Show. They are the Beast’s heart and voice, symbolizing the transcendence of individual limitation to achieve, as a part of the Band, more expansive realms of imagination and accomplishment. The serpentine pathways radiating from the heart and throat of the Beast represent the fabric of the music into which the individual players weave their sound designs, to create the entire musical tapestry.

The design of each mask was a result of an amalgamation of personal impressions of the Band members and my perception of their musical interaction within the band. The individual masks were drawn out in a few hours after returning home —immacu.lately stoned—from a Dead Show. The Band members are represented on the left side of the Beast, from top to bottom: Jerry, Bob, and Bill. And on the right side, from top to bottom: Phil, Pigpen, and Mickey. I have been asked why TC was not included in the painting. At the time the painting was being designed, I had not yet heard Tom perform with the band. It was not until the painting was well under way that I was able to hear him ‘playing in the band.’ The Belly of the Beast (discussed later) was directly influenced by Tom’s playing and his Promethean presence permeates the painting and this guide in many ways.



FLAMES AND SERPENTS

“... And every fool knows, a dog needs a home, a shelter from pigs on the wing.” Pink Floyd.

Back grounded by the Source, originating at the very top of the painting, and encircling the other images in bilateral symmetry, The Flames and Serpents form a protective ring around The Beast and The Masks. A flaming shield that protects the integrity of the transcendental view and experience from corruption by internal or external influence.

Flames and Serpents as Metaphors

In *Anthem*, the Flames and Serpents support multiple levels of meaning and transference. They symbolize threshold forms at the interface of time and the timelessness. The union of male (solar) and female (lunar) energies. Within the psychophysical landscape the Serpents and Flames represent the breath and its function within the body and mind; and more specifically, a balance between the right (solar) and the left (lunar) breath. Which as various yogic texts state, if unbalanced, ego as the embodied lunar consciousness becomes bonded to materialism, or ego as the universal solar consciousness is deluded by supernatural fantasy into believing that real life should be sought elsewhere in some imaginary world of past or future.

The recognition and understanding of this polarity of mind is necessary for maintaining balance and harmony with the natural world. The eminent psychologist Carl Jung stated the problem this way, “It is only under ideal conditions, when life is still simple and unconscious enough to follow the serpentine path of instinct without hesitation or misgiving, that the compensating function of the unconscious works with entire success. The more civilized and

complicated a man is, the less he is able to follow his instincts. His complicated living conditions and the influence of his environment are so strong that they drown the quiet voice of nature. Opinions, beliefs, theories and collective tendencies appear instead and back up all the aberrations of the conscious mind.”

The twin Serpents in *Anthem* are mirror images in phosgene form (trails), representing Jung’s “serpentine path of instinct” and the primal currents coursing through the physical body. The union of these attributes within an unconditioned mind gives form and definition to a subtle or illusory body, (i.e. the body of the Beast) within which resides the sleeping serpent Kundalini. The images of flame represent solar energy, the life force, illumination, and the great consuming blaze of humanity en masse. The flames, “...by a commodious viscous of recirculation...” intertwine and encircle the other images in a contrapuntal metamorphosis until they reach either entropy or are swallowed at the center of the painting, (the mouth and throat of the Beast, which is also the origin of the Source). They then leap up in a final blaze before vanishing into chaos to exist only as potential ... perhaps through chance, fate, divine intervention or whatever, they will take form as the first spark of life, the first breath and first light of consciousness within the transparent body of the Beast, which will in turn evolve into whatever entity necessity determines. The genesis of life is fire, and fire the final breath, and there between these two flames, in this lightning flash of time when life burns, we dance; then blaze up and fade, and are suddenly free to exist no more, and all time and space disappears leaving but an echo in the hearts and minds of those who loved us.

THREE VIEWS (How I relate to *Anthem*)

OUTER OR DIRECT ASPECT (How it looks)

“ ...So show me something that isn’t real?” TC

Visual perception and recognition

By outer or direct I mean, what you see is what you get, and I certainly don’t mean this in any diminutive way, but as a recognition of the amazing abilities and potentials of the visual sense. Visual perception depends on how the brain processes the information it receives from the eyes. Recognition of the face of your best friend or a pizza, which seems so easy and simple, is actually an extremely complex event. About one-third of the human brain is devoted to visual analysis and perception, providing us with information about color, form, location and movement– and we take it all for granted. Seeing is believing, right? There are many subtleties involved in the process of perception and recognition so some aspects are not very apparent. The understanding of which will make some of the painting’s more delicious aspects easier to get at. After all, *Anthem* is a painting and not a pizza. However, viewed from a distance of 50 feet in dim light ... would you like six or eight slices? And in this context, only form and color are concerned, which frees up a fair portion of the one-third to think about something else ... like pizza.

The entire area that you can see without moving your head or eyes is your visual field. Since visual acuity falls off rapidly in the periphery of the visual field, the only details of objects you can accurately perceive in a single glance are in the center of your visual field. This means that in order to see clearly an object larger than the center of the visual field, the eye moves very rapidly taking many detailed samples of whatever is being viewed and builds up a sort of collage of detailed snapshots. Try this, fix your gaze on the zero ... 0 ... and see how many words around the zero you can read without moving your eyes or head. Try it. You could probably read fewer words than you thought and it was difficult to keep from moving your eyes.

While your eyes are dancing around taking little photos, the light value information is being registered by approximately 100 million photoreceptors, each of which sends a quantitative light value to the brain about three times a second. Then the brain has the incredible task of trying to

determine what out there could have possibly produced that arrangement of values. Now let's name a particular array of values *P*, which could be of a person, pizza, painting or whatever, but in this case, *P* is a female person. After *P* jumps into the eye's photoreceptors, she is zapped via the optic nerve to several parts of the brain for recognition. If she happens to be a close friend, the recognition is instantaneous. If you only met her once a long time ago, and she is wearing something different and her hair is different and ... she is going to have to take the scenic route through your brain. You may have to settle for, "Uh ... I never forget a face, but I just can't remember names." Now if you are meeting *P* for the first time, she will take the scenic route and may end up hanging out somewhere in the miscellaneous person file in your brain. If you happen to meet her again you can say, "Uh ... I never forget a face, but I just can't remember names." Or how about when you are very busy and have a lot of things on your mind, so your brain doesn't have time to do a very accurate search and tells you that *P* is *B*, then you get to say, "Uh ... I never forget a name, but ..." or "Oops, I thought you were someone else."

There certainly are millions of other options. However, the main point is to bring attention to the fact that recognition of form and pattern requires more than accurate perception, and can be especially difficult when they are embedded within complex fields that have very little reference to anything familiar in the outside world. Consequently, like reading music, finding the derivatives of a differential equation, or separating out particular forms or patterns of a painting that has a complex and possibly unfamiliar visual language can benefit from skill and practice .

Metaphors

When the brain encounters images that have little or no reference to the familiar, and depending on how intense and persistent a stimulus they are, they go for reference into ever deeper layers of memory, from the realms of rational and easily identifiable forms into the more obscure and unfathomable abyss of dreams, apparitions and visions. Dream imagery is metaphorical of the more immediate psychology of the dreamer, while visions, and the like can be addressed more actively in the sphere of genetic memory. Jung named these images, "archetypes of the collective unconscious." They appear in local versions but represent universal or intrinsic ideas.

They are images that symbolize biological urgencies and life-sustaining patterns which were shaped by the same energies and forces that have created and continue to contour the world, and are the historically conditioned forms and language by which our lives have been shaped. Undeniably, this intransigent organism *Homo sapiens* with it's 6 billion or so living manifestations, has changed very little in the last 40,000 years. These fundamental metaphors of the species, which are biologically grounded, are the animating powers and implied references of the mythologies throughout the world, and are unchanged by one's address.

Metaphors gone astray

The reading and interpretation of these metaphorical vocabularies is essentially only to remind us of what we unconsciously already know. One must be mindful to understand that metaphors are not real entities but symbolic, referencing neither places nor individuals. They are states of being realized within one's own mind and body. The nightmare drama we call history is full of examples of metaphors gone astray. Through a literal interpretation of a metaphorical language, with its worlds of heavens and hells and phantasmagoria of gods and demons dressed in the guise of powerful and charismatic personalities, certain groups of people became dedicated to the purpose of enslaving or eliminating neighbors who did/do not share their version of the same metaphor. These powerful dramatis personae became the recognized foci of consciousness out of which all aspects of the local circus of life derive their being. Check out the evening news on TV for current examples.

Anthem as a metaphor

You might notice that the painting is not the usual rectangle or square, but a circle. Why? Not that I didn't know any better, nor was I trying to be different. Winter in San Francisco in a

house without heat was definitely an inspiration for the creation of a symbolic sun. Also, when faced with the prospect of sitting for several months cross-legged on the floor with this thing in my lap while I painted it, a round canvas made much more sense for purely practical reasons of comfort and accessibility. However, the most compelling reason was because it just felt right!

My natural visual field is certainly more like that of a circle than a square or rectangle—in truth—I can't find any corners in my visual field or mental landscape. My thoughts aren't formed inside boxes either and there is no part of my body which is rectangular. Both on a physical and a behavioral level, much of life is experienced in a circular manner. The cycles of going and returning, the day, month and year. Your awareness is a center around which the world revolves. But don't get too carried away with that idea, as abuse of it can cause serious grey matter atrophy and you could find yourself feeling very much at home in the Dark Ages. The circle has its root in the mind's process of self-orientation and search for the feeling of wholeness and completeness. In the religion and art of many cultures the circle frequently symbolizes heaven, eternity, or the universe.

Black Elk, the great Lakota Medicine Man, expressed it this way, "The Sky is round, and I have heard that the earth is round like a ball, and so are the stars. The wind, in its greatest power, whirls in a circle. Birds make their nests in circles, for theirs is the same religion as ours. The sun comes forth and goes down again in a circle. The moon does the same, and both are round. Even the seasons form a great circle in their changing, and always come back again to where they were. The life of a man is a circle from childhood to childhood, and so it is in everything where power moves ... Everything the Power of the World does is done in a circle ... This knowledge came to us from the outer world and our spiritual teachings ... the 'drum,' is especially sacred to us. Its round form represents the Universe and its steady strong beat is the pulse, the heart, throbbing at the center of the Universe. As the voice of Wakan-Tanka, it stirs and helps us to understand the mystery and power of things."

About the same time in Switzerland, Jung stated, "The circle symbolizes the processes of nature ... the circle is the most primordial and powerful image to mankind ... in considering the circle we are analyzing the self." Not a startling concept to ancient inhabitants of the Indus Valley, the Sanskrit word 'Mandala' translates as Sacred Circle. The traditional function of a mandala is as a meditational or inspirational device to help focus and center the mind, and to balance and harmonize oneself with the world. They are also sometimes employed to generate or develop specific psychophysical potentials. Mandala can be considered engines of change, releasing energy to the degree that the individual concentrating upon one, can identify with it. Ultimately, they are used to bring about the realization of the source of energy within oneself.

A typical mandala is constructed with an image at the center, representing the source of power or illumination, surrounded by other images that represent the manifestations or aspects of the source. The images and colors are metaphorical, and both structural elements and color are usually arranged with a high degree of balance and symmetry. The symmetry can be either bilateral or dynamic, well defined or fluid. *Anthem* conforms to the basic mandala structure. Although I was academically ignorant of the inner workings of a mandala in 1968, I "saw" my world, both inside and out, in a mandala like way. All phenomena were emanations of a central radiance, of the same essence, but resonating at different frequencies. All things were radiantly alive, interrelated, interdependent and synchronous—YES!

MIDDLE OR HIDDEN HIDDEN ASPECT (How it sounds)

Joseph Campbell paraphrasing James Joyce: "Epiphany, an aesthetic experience ... Put a frame around the object to hold it. Seeing it as one thing, you become aware of part to part, the whole to the parts and the parts to the whole. This is the essential factor—Rhythm, and when a fortunate rhythm has been struck by the artist, there is a radiance. That is the Epiphany—the showing through of the radiance."

What I mean by 'how it sounds' is the very intimate relationship between the painting and

music. The connection with the Grateful Dead is obvious, however, there are many compositional aspects of the painting that are based upon musical ideas and inspiration that are not as apparent. To compress a continuum or sequence of time into a single image presents some unique conceptual challenges—that's why movies were invented. Other than in a historical sense, paintings are not usually thought of in terms of time, however, music is. The visual sense is primarily oriented in space and sound in time. It would be quite silly to say, "This painting is about three minutes long or that song is 4x4 feet square, and yet there are many words which describe both graphic and musical qualities: tone, color, form, harmony, pattern, motif and rhythm to name a few.

"I see what you're saying," and "Oh, that sounds so sweet," are familiar expressions—for some these metaphors are literal. Synaesthesia means "union of the senses," and while any of the five sensory modalities can transpose into any other, sight and sound seem to be the senses most commonly experienced synaesthetically. Clinically rare in individuals over the age of seven, synaesthesia is a leftover cognitive function latent in all of us and was quite possibly a normal brain function in all humans but which probably began to disappear as we became less reliant on the sense of listening. The neural wiring predates the latter-day hypertrophy of the neopallium. It is one of the most intriguing occurrences in psychology, but reaches conscious awareness only in cognitive throw backs or by diversion of physiology. When the world is experienced synaesthetically, perceptual dimensions are amplified and there is a greater sense of interrelatedness, wholeness and completeness—it sort of rounds out awareness.

Some of the more celebrated synaesthetes were Rimbaud, Kandinsky, Messiaen, Rachmaninov, Scriabin, Liszt and Isaac Newton (who attempted a mathematical correlation of sound and color). Messiaen compared his color composing to painting and had this to say about it, "My secret desire of enchanted gorgeousness and harmony has pushed me toward those swords of fire, those sudden stars, those flows of blue orange lavas, those planets of turquoise, those violet shades, those garnets of long-haired arborescence, those wheelings of sounds and colors in a jumble of rainbows of which I have spoken with love ... such a gushing out of chords ... the sacred instinct of the natural and true harmony ..." Obviously, wherever he was coming from is now illegal!

Traditionally, the contemplation and visualization of a mandala is accompanied by the recitation of an invocation, prayer or mantra. This implants into the stream of consciousness a series of word images selected for their embodied meanings, carried by sounds selected for their sympathetic resonance, which affects not only the mental and emotional landscape but resonates throughout the physical body as well. This can greatly increase the efficiency of the practice towards achieving the desired goals.

There is certainly an unmistakable connection between mantra, music and the Grateful Dead. The unique ability of the Dead to create and sustain, sometimes for hours, a powerful and brilliant sound stream, masterfully weaving lyrics which beautifully and pointedly illuminate conditions and changes common to many of our lives, is legendary.

The composition of the Flames and Serpents

As mentioned earlier there is a very close relationship between the design of the painting and musical form and the Flames and Serpents represent the most refined and sublime expressions of this idea. The Flames were designed as a polyphonic composition in which the nuclear patterns or motifs are developed contrapuntally, sort of like a fugue. Examine carefully the flame structure at the top of the painting, and you will notice that there are layers of flames with somewhat distinct patterns that appear to be moving away from the middle in nearly bilateral symmetry (to the left and right of the middle). Now look to the bottom middle of the flame structure, where there is a set of 3 tipped flame structures (tipped in white), one of which is to the right and one on the left. These triplet motifs are the beginning of larger patterns or phrases which have undergone different variation. Now look slightly above and to the right of that first triplet motif to the right of middle and you will notice another white tipped triplet motif, which is the beginning of another phrase developed differently from the first. If you continue you will find this triplet motif and variations throughout the flames. Keep in mind that what is important visually is the interaction

of these elements within multi-dimensional space, which generates a sense of movement, rhythm, harmony and radiance.

Developing the musical analogy a step further, the space between flames represents not only rhythmic patterns, but also relative pitch. These patterns evolved out of a cacophonous twelve-tone explosion of sound representing the breaking on through to the other side. The various triplet motifs and phrases also reference musical timbres (the distinctive tone of an instrument or voice). Just for fun, I sometimes read it as a piano, sometimes as a string quartet and sometimes a guitar quartet or whatever instruments I am familiar enough with to hear in my head. Friends have been particularly inventive, providing some very noteworthy live renditions. I have heard piano versions, as well as saxophone, electric violin, flute, guitar and percussion renditions. However, my hands down favorite is the fart, burp, beer bottle and miscellaneous kitchen utensil performance at the Kane Barn in 1969.

The Serpents were sound and light patterns which coalesced out of the same explosive eruption as the flames. Cool, wave-like modal forms with subtle changes in rhythm, color, intensity and timbre (the twists and turns being syncopations or the shifting in and out of phase of the patterns with one another), that roll into perception and flow calmly and quietly through the rapidly moving and intense complex of Flames. Whereas the overall movement of the flames is downward, where they rapidly expend their energy and vanish into entropy, the Serpents develop slowly but potently and persistently into fully realized entities.

Now when I look at the Serpents, I think of fractals or minimalist music from the likes of Philip Glass or Steve Reich, and there are numerous examples of music I can think of that illustrate the Flames. However, the interaction between the Flames and Serpents could certainly have been influenced by the double fugue in 'Mysterious Mountain,' Alan Hovhaness's 2nd Symphony, which was often in my mind around that time. But then again, there was so much music both in the air, and in the streets.

INNER OR SECRET ASPECT

There is a great power within, which when used in beauty and immaculate purity, can cure, can enlighten and can cause miracles to happen! And when used, it spreads like a magic garden ... and when not used, it recedes from you!" Lord Buckley.

The Inner or Secret meaning references my personal experiences of illumination and transformation of which *Anthem* is an expression. Experiences, changes and the unfolding of vital potentials of both a physical and psychological nature that have contributed to my personal and world views. Produced through ideas, attitude, opportunity and the practice of ancient traditional techniques intended to develop awareness of, and entry into conscious dialogue with psychophysical processes one is not commonly aware of, to enable one to more consciously enter into the dance of life with the life force itself and the energies and processes that affect it. The body of the Beast represents my own mind and body and is the field or playground in which this dance takes place.

A seed contains coded patterns that will not only determine the form a plant will take (i.e., a sego or sequoia), but also patterns which determine the energy processes and their unfolding within the plant. If a seed is fortunate enough to find favorable conditions and escapes the digestive tract of some hungry creature, as it grows and passes through the various stages of its life cycle, there is a timely activation of these processes to form stems, leaves, flowers and seeds. A repeating cycle until the plant dies—this is the natural order of things. And although the essence of these imprints have existed for countless generations, the seed never exactly duplicates a past formation but expresses subtle new potentials. The life-cycle of a seed bearing plant may take a matter of days or for a Creosote Bush in the Mojave Desert, 9000 years (give or take a few) and still counting. Although I haven't visited this particular bush, I have been told that it only looks half its age. However, I do

recall what an awe inspiring and humbling experience it was in the early seventies to spend about a week camped along side 'Old Juniper' who had lived in the same spot in a remote part of the Sierra Nevada Mountains for over 4500 years.

The human lifespan seems incredibly short compared to that of the lowly Creosote Bush or Old Juniper, (maybe because they don't smoke cigarettes, eat Twinkies, listen to Rock and Roll or masterbate). For a human, the complete life cycle may take a few decades and life's clock will rarely tick past 100 years. I'm not suggesting that we should become vegetables or go around hugging trees, but consider for a moment the potency of the genetic patterns that have enabled life forms like Old Juniper to endure this long. I think most people would agree that these most ancient of beings should be considered as more than just potential tooth picks or firewood.

In the course of a human lifetime the body's vital energies unfold through various stages of intensity, quality and interaction which to a large degree determines how one relates to oneself and the world. The psychological imprints and patterns of these energies, expressing themselves as ideas, myths and images, have been chronicled (which is more than can be said for the Creosote Bush) in distinct constellations of symbolic motifs apparent in various cultures for over 4000 years. They remain today in the practiced traditions and actual experiences of yoga. Yoga means 'union' or complete identification with the energies within the mind, the body and the universe (try that hat on for size) and the ultimate goal is to achieve complete harmony with these inner and outer worlds.

An ambitious undertaking to say the least, especially within the scurry and worry of a complex modern tech/mo society that affords little value to endeavors which don't issue W-2s or file quarterly, and who maintain a downright hostile attitude towards personal autonomy and responsibility outside the claustrophobic control oriented canon of the powers that be. Regardless of whatever cloths it wears: gold, god, progress or power, don't simply buy into it! Question authority! And as Jimi Hendrix put it "...Unless you can die for me, don't tell me how to live my life..." So get out there and rattle them bones, and keep in mind that although you can throw a rock maybe 100 yards, a good enough idea can cross the universe in a instant...