

The Final Word

Last Posts of Steven Robert Boyd
On The Digger Forum Guestbook
February — October, 2004

MORE ABOUT ME

Hobbies: No...I'm fine thanks.

Latest News: You tell me and everyone will know.

Favorite Quote: "Search Me"

Bio: ...ah...degradable???? It's a trick question, right?

City: NYC and all points upward.

Marital Status: I do.. I do for now.

Occupation: Preoccupation

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Sun, Feb. 15, 2004, 23:23

Im'on!! Ah..that wasnt' so bad. So let me get this straight; this page will be "Spam" free? Hmm.. Im' sure we all could "Sell" somethin'. Hey Eric; w/ 20-20 hindsight I can now see why I may have ailenated and pissed off some of the more serious types,..but ya gotta understand where Im' commin' from: Its all up front with me. (I never blew up anything or robbed any banks). I dont give a fuck who knows where I live.. (at the moment)..As far as being "Up on it", Ive' picked up a few street sayings from the lower east side. It's not a "Capper" anymore...it's a "Mission". Also some weird lingo that Im' not into. I dont understand half of the jive and dont really care to. Folks ask me for sticks and chalk etc; I shin em' on; I dont know what the fuck they want. It's het "Bee", hooked up with a chicken-head who took her teeth out. Shit like that. Most of the Brothers call me "Bee" or "B". I fall in with the pld-school black cats but for the most part I pretty much stay away from the white "Youth" who the press seem to have dubbed the "Crusties". Its the fact that these "Poor Kids" have cell phones, lap tops and mom's credit card stashed in thier storage faciility that Irks me. Teen-age wasteland?. Homeless by choice??.Tracks from thier toe nails all the way up thier necks. Scary shit. Hey, Ive' been in KC for only a couple of weeks and am becoming "Rigid" already. Man, gone are the Guinise and Jamisons straight up. Its now Bud and Jim Beam. ("whatta' ya' mean ya' want yer beer in a glass????!!" Hey, heres one from a cat who has real "Ethics"...we were standin' in a hallway in NYC and he says, (In reference to our mutual friend George-the-Clip).. "Ya,..I never clip shit,..never did clip shit. I dont clip shit...never did,..never will. Its just not in me. Now; put a gun in my hand, and I do get busy!". Just ramblin Eric. Later.

Steven Robert Boyd

Tue, Feb. 17, 2004, 21:46

I dont' really understand the TOPIC stuff or replying to the TOPIC etc. so maybe I should stick to the "OTHER" page unless called over here for on a lead of sorts. Or, maybe just buy some post cards. Really, I may be on the road for the better part of the year. This china cabinet is raising alot of hell in reference to yours' truely getting into it as a side-line within the KC community and/or E-Bay. I dunno' if Im' ready to join Santa's helpers paintin' wooden toys yet. I got some high-grade livin' to do. "There's no sex like that with an EX". (I may make the rounds.) But no trading phone numbers. I trade only blood tests these days.

Wow,.. the Rev. re-newed my confidence, (among other things). It goes great untill she starts reminiscing about the dark days we spent on and after 09-11-01 back on West 4th Street. She' having a tough time of it. Having to be so strong for so many, so long. Etc. In any event, I will return to NYC and make some real choices. Wow... the way I feel, (after the Rev. put 6 or 7 real fast pounds on me (I was down to street wieght).. Not even the crack of dawn will be safe!. Hey Rena; keep up the good work. As I said, will keep ya posted on my NYC M-27 antics. My travel to major cities for some street action. Fuck it. Hey, A while back a NYC Korean Evangelist who had been saved by Billy Grayham tried to recrute an army of 5000 homeless thugs (I mean gentlemen)to march on the United Nations. It went real sour, real fast. No free booze etc. I was gonna join in on the Spiritual band-wagon as "Mutes For Christ's Sake" (dontcha' just love to swear in a cool way??. I 86'd it after questioning my own motivations. Heres one thing that I love about NY'ers. If they are pricks, Its up front. No back-stabbing. Its fuck you! from the get go. I may work on that abit. Not here of course. Remember kids; "Saying FUCK NO to others, is saying Fuck Yes to your'self. Think about it. Later. SRB Steven Robert Boyd

Wed, Feb. 18, 2004, 17:32

McMing, you savage. How are ya. Hey JAG, I could swear that weve' met ..(In NYC??)..Ah... nothin' new at this end. Kentucky???...there was a comedian who got busted for smuggling books into Kentucky. (He got off due to the fact that the D.A.'s prosecutor couldnt' prove that they were books.) Hey, I had Kirkland kin in Panther County way back. Looking for some small digs in KC (North-East). Old Italian section before they all moved north over the bridge?. This area was more Mob infiltrated than Chicago ever was. (and thats sayin' something.) Clinton??.. Ah, my spies tell me that he's hold-up in Harlem where the blow jobs flow like water. Hmm... Bush?.. he dont' even fool the old folks. The 90 year old across the street wants to squish his ass. She's got yellow ribbons hanging on her tree out front. Which reminds me... the death-toll. Not much about that these days,.. oh; and did ya' hear that the economy is just swell???... It amazes me how fast we all got fucked on this one. It all unfolded before our eyes. I cant believe it. That fast. Man... It's one for the books. (or; another one for the books I should say). We (the people) will cover the tab right George?..right George???...Ahh..George??...you' there George???

Steven Robert Boyd

Thu, Feb. 19, 2004, 22:00

Hey all; Just checked out the Photo page. Cool. Im' off from here to NYC and then up to Concord N.H. in order to clear up a fine so that I can get my motorcycle licence. N.H. had lifted the ban on me getting a valid licence (on a dead-beat-dad-rap) after they felt pretty damn bad for hindering me a lively-hood, as w/out wheels you are sunk in that neck of the woods. Thing is; I was haulin' Ol' Del around after he lost his for continued pile-ups due to sleep depravation. I was always riding shot-gun w/ him, and would be snoozing also, for lack of keeping up w/ his life-style. We (he) hit lots of parked (and stationary) objects. Lucky no one got killed. Once we were sighted cruising slowly down Main St. in Farmington, both snoozing away. Folks thought that that was the damnest thing. God protects fools and drunks. Oh, so after that, "we" kept putting about one junker a month in my name and running it until the sticker expired,..Ahh.. lots of them were towed etc. and after the Town Officials burnt Del's house down, some got ticketed for sure. Ah... last I heard was my old N.H. licence was pulled. Ahh...I dont know which state to set up "Residency".. a no-helmet law state would narrow it down a bit... any way: here's my point; while up there I will swing by my Daughter Devon's place and get some copies of the photos that I layed on her some years ago. Sweet Lorraine I on Dishonest John's Pan Head, Me,Bro. Stan in Golden Gate park... etc. (I had hair then). Will report back. Oh, the Lady Rev. turned me on to her copy of the I CHING. I was delighted. Bottom Line: NOW AINT THE TIME!!

Steven Robert Boyd

Thu, Feb. 19, 2004, 23:12

Hi yer'self!...ya, funny how things work out. I gave mine away on the bus and was some-what relieved as I didnt know how the Rev. would cotton to Hokus-pokus. But it seems that she's way ahead of me. (by light years). She's a Cancer also and it's gettin' real mushy. I mean REAL mushy. She's a sinners' dream. Later all. (or all later)...

Steven Robert Boyd

Thu, Feb. 19, 2004, 23:33

My last Hi-there was to Eileen,.. but Hi Donna. I was a Fella Hotel "Guest" myself. To this day I call it Fella Street. It was a dead end alley actually. Place??.. well; Il' buy that. I may have touched on this before; durring my "Stay" there I shared the bottom (basement) boot-legged apt. W/ Steve (Sonny) James. He had blown out with the Salt Lake boys. My running mate Bernardo was a "Usual" drop-in. A hermit lived in a utility room to the left (going down the corridor) and he was involved in a subteranian excavation project during that period. He has living in a earthen cavern that he had dug out beyond the cement block wall. Gary was the manager at that point and was termanilly ill. He had some top floor digs. My Bro. Stan became fast friends w/ him. Garry was hell-bent on Angel Dust toward the end. Jimmy (who had survived a Bay Area Bridge jump) was crashing in the crawl space above a hall closet (2nd floor?).. It was easy getting the "Floors" mixed up during that era. You most likely never made it to the basement. (damn it)... Ah.. as for Mills, I dunno,... doesnt' that name pop up in a "HAIR" song??.. I was the rare exception who didnt' do "Nick-Names". Ah... I did hire a hippy girl from upstairs to be my maid. It was neat, It was like a real job. It felt odd having an employee. Anyway,.. our place was where it was at. It had a secret dirt floor room under a trap door in the kitchen. The Hermit was burowing straight for it, (so maybe it wasnt' all that secret. ???!!!! I do remember that me and Bernardo did get some rather odd looks from the gals. We were a delightful mess at that stage. Alice Cooper's song 18 had just come out. (I'm a boy and I'm a Man)... No shit Alice!... (I mean No-Shit Donna). Glad you made it outa' there. Talk to ya' later.

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Feb. 20, 2004, 21:50

Stayed in KC in order to de-rail a Govt. Train;...Ahh... now where was I??...Oh, ya. Donna; I could have swore that Garry was terminal...(then again; we all were in one way or another). I was eatin' acid like candy during my Fella days and took a shot stink off to accompany Jim Long up to Seattle to sell grass to the students. We drove a jeep up from a San Jose dealership (no pun intended). They had a bunch from an auction that they paid folks to deliver. Jim was one wild bastard. We crashed at Bix's place. Bix was a Male Nurse who DIDNT fit the stereo-type. He had made a big drug haul from a cat who entered the emergency room who didnt want his shit falling into the wrong hands. I dont think that he made it. But Bix did. Funny thing; we all ate some shit an' headed over to a gals place. She said follow me. Bix rode with her and Jim me were driving in Bix's Chevy Nomad wagon. We were all peaking and the stuff was commin' on strong. Real git wrenching white lightning... so anyway,.. It started raining lightly and Jim and I were kinda' connecting the dots on the windshield when they stopped at a red light and we didnt. It's one of several psychodelic car crashes that Ive' "experienced". SSSLLLOOOWWW-MMOOOOO-SSSHHHUUUNNN.) Anyway, it blow them clean through the intersection. The front of the Nomad folded right up. The impact took thier seat off the runners and they were stretched out in the back. So heres this cop walkin' up to us and I get (get?) confused and fearing (fearing?) a potential dope bust I interrupt the cop and Jim and ask; " Hey Jim; should I eat this shit? (Whole baggie of acid in my mit). The cop looks real weird at me and then says to Jim: "If both vehicles are "Movable" I should'nt be involved. Work it out between yer' selves". Jim says: "We just did!". Shortly after that Bix bought a slick blue Super Glide with a sportster tank mounted on it. Road down to S.F. to

visit us at an Abby Road L.P. (or Let It Be?) party. Remember when folks would have parties where the latest Beatles album was the "Thing". The local "Boys" really flipped when Bix I road down Castro Street. Those were the days...or, rather nights. Later Donna.

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Feb. 20, 2004, 21:53

Ahh... make that "SHORT STINT". (am' I fucked or what?????)

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Feb. 20, 2004, 22:21

Actually, I was no where nearer those train tracks than I was to the Erie Unit Sub Station prior to the Black Out. Oh, the folks made contact and I may do Michigan in June. My brother Stan surfaced in San Fransisco and I may run him down as well. I should be at my peak by July and in rare form by August. Im' molting through the winter hybernation rather well. Hope you all are faring well also. Ahh.. any Fella alumni out there remember me?. After I post some photos it may bring it all flooding back. Visitors to our place included some NY Factory People also. Oh Donna, my "Miniture (private joke) bed room" window was at the bottom of the light well. Those folks pitched some odd stuff down their. It very well may be a 60's architectural gold mine by now. We also enjoyed the rickety wooden back porch with all of that Greatfull Dead Morning Dew. The Fella was one of the very few roofs that I failed to explore. I had a bad experience on a Church Street roof. (but thats another story). Later.

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Feb. 20, 2004, 23:10

Cool Rena; good to hear from ya'. I will no doubt get sucked into somethin' a bit "off" when I reunite my M27 kin. God they'r terrific folks. Real hell-fires some of em'. Screamers. I just wish that I could have been involved in more actions but my dance card seemed full. Looking back on it now, their was so many daily scenes comming down at the Peace Church which involved such a wide variety of Kulture-Katz, it seems like a dream now. It was all around me. Memory City for sure,.. the high point was your' legs. (did that come out right?).. ah, man, that place was a trip. I hold it dear. As you may know, Im' currently dwelling with the Peace Church Minister. She was in the thick of it from 1999 through 2002. She's no longer my shepard (as I am the WOLF)... It's all shits giggles. May fly her out to Michigan to reunite in June. Its wild doing husband stuff again. Im' use to little bodagas and NOT large super markets. Take care baby. ALOHA My best to you and your's. P.S. My spys tell me that the photo-copy of you and Lou is still hanging on the Church bulitin board. (In the Digger Corner).

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Feb. 20, 2004, 23:19

Hey Donna; sounds about right... during the light shaft voyage I donned a tight pull-over that was orange and had one long green sleeve and one long yellow sleeve. I wore it with some 30's

baggy pleated wool trousers with suspenders and freaked out years latter when I saw Robin Williams pull off his "MORK" thing with a VERY similar outfit. Was he in S.F. at that time? (or was Mork, rather?)... Nannu Nannu... see ya. Will look fer' the photo.

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Feb. 20, 2004, 23:25

Donna!!!!... I just checked out the photo. Damn, it looks like a typical Week Night in the Fella Hotel Basement hall way!!!

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Feb. 20, 2004, 23:38

Atta Boy Jag... hey I just checked out some of the photos.. Hey Tomas, thats' some Daisy Mae ya' had on the ol' Wagon seat. Wow... I mean; "CHORES!!!!"

Steven Robert Boyd

Sat, Feb. 21, 2004, 22:40

My Dearest Donna...Damn!!!!...I missed the shorts!!!! Ahh... anyway...the Chev wagon was "Movable".. the hood was wrinkled up so high that Jim had to nurse it a block or two while sticking his head out the side window. The radiator was nothin' but smushed led and steam. We ditched it and changed cars. In the rear, we held the front seat forward w/ our knees as the gal headed on out. (fairly pissed) I asked about the swampy rear floor-board and the mushrooms which were growing in the carpet. (she hadnt' planted them.) Aint nature wonderful? There was also a sign on here dash board that read WHIP WOMAN LIVES! (I later gave that Nick-name to Cincinatti Ken who went by the name of Kevin. Anyway.. We all ironed out at her place as night fell. In an effort to take the heat of of Jim Long, I turned my coat backwards and upside down, tucked the coat-tail up under my chin, put my arms up the sleeves, took off my lucky boots and stuck my hands inside them. Then I crawled under the Gal's coffee table... (dont' try this at home kids)... she was a little more than curious, I wiggled my eye-brows and started doing a little dance with my bottled-arms (as if they are legs). Well, this breaks the ice and within ten minutes she's falling out of love with Bix and in love with me..(In my mind anyway)..she pours wine for us all, scrunches up close and eggs me on w/ the dance routine. I lost Bixs' Jims' attention going from a French can-can into a show-stopping one man Rockette high-kick number when two stoned collage girl-friends of hers' bust in demanding to know what fucked up the ass-end of her car. They were tripping (hey...) and they howdy-doo w/ Bix Jim and then spot me and freeze. They go through all types of changes, then start weeping; all the while the gal is sayin' "Like; whats wrong??" So anyway, me being the perceptive type, I try to put some cheer on the bummer and start dragging one leg (arm) in slow circles and goin' Awww.. (like a shy act).. well that really turned on the water-works. Theyre' flippin' sayin' shit like "We gotta get outa here, this is too much, it's unbelievable, I cant' take it!" O.K. to make a long story short, the gal huddles w/ them and they all start whimpering whispering. The gal turns to me an' says "Steve, please get up" O.K. The girls start laughin' uncontrollably as I crawl out. See, they had walked into this scene cold, dig? From thier angle, my body was consealed from view beneath the coffy table. In thier twisted doped up condition they had halucinations that I was actually a dancing head with no body. That was the start of one hell of a night, lemme' me tell you!

Steven Robert Boyd

Sat, Feb. 21, 2004, 22:48

Hey Sponge!!... I wore Donna's top!!...Na,nha,nah,nah,na,na!! Lets see ya' top that one! Love always: The Incredible Dancing Head
Steven Robert Boyd

Sat, Feb. 21, 2004, 22:57

O.K.;...lets' see... I wore Coyote's hat, Eileen's "Witch Shoes", Donna's top, Bernardo's turquios ring, Weird Harry's Leather, JP's white painters over-alls, I could go on and on...ahhh... do you see a pattern here???... what am I, a fuckin' human Voo-Doo Doll??.man. this is real Stephen King material. Make a great book. Some odd visitor who soaks up other's pain. Come on! Watch those needles folks. Maybe my voice is gone for a reason! YeeOwwzzzaaa!!!!
Steven Robert Boyd

Sat, Feb. 21, 2004, 23:05

Hey Tom, to answer your' landscape "Photo Questions".. I would have to say: YES and YES. Hey, we got some good lookin' folks here. The "EYES" have it. (Right Rena?)
Steven Robert Boyd

Sun, Feb. 22, 2004, 18:19

My Good Doctor:... Intern Boyd here,.. If Im' in the city in October I can steer you to free digs and food. (if yer' not too picky). Hell, Ill' walk ya' through it. Whens the last time ya' showered with the wild bunch? If ya' dont wanna get clean you (we) could opt for the Bowery Mission, but in as much as Oct. might not be very cold we would have to gamble on the lottery to get beds. In winter they let about 100 fuck-ups sleep on the pews and on the chaple floor. I spent Jan. 1st 2000 staring up at that ceiling wondering what would unfold. Hey; Its' the Mission that the Bowery Boys use to duck into when hiding out. Remember "Satch" the gang? A better bet is McAuley's Mission. Ah,.. one thing though...(Id' "Dress-Down" if I were you). We could pick you up some street clothes. Also, It may go better for you if you act "MUTE". (It cuts through so much Jive Ass Shit). I plan on continuing to do New York on \$0.00 a day in an effort to re-build my 2004 travel fund. Think about it.
Steven Robert Boyd

Sun, Feb. 22, 2004, 18:40

Ahhh...Sponge, I just checked out yer' photo and get the EEERRRIIEEE feeling that you are "The Head" and not the body. Ahhh.. about the shower...ahh.. lets opt to go the funky route and crash at the Bowery shall we??... Oh, to answer an earlier question: I dont' know where in S.F. Ol' Stan the Man is. He's more slippery than I am. All of my City connections (no pun intended) are most likely dead or deadly; but I could delve into it. Cant use the phone damn it. (Funny thing is; I use to side track debt-collectors in writing: "I cannot use the phone".) What a twist of faith. Oh;.. while Im' on the subject of ME. (oh I love that word)... ahh.. I was thinking about the Odd Stranger

who soaks up everyones' pain comment,..and come to think of it; if that were the case, Im' over 2000 years late. Damnnn!!!! Hey Nik, will be back as soon as I finnish this China Cabinet. Will try to kite some pics of it. Later all.

Steven Robert Boyd

Sun, Feb. 22, 2004, 21:21

THE "HEY: NO SHIT DEPT." Eric, Zu-Zu's (sp?) Was a brand of candy years and years ago. Back in the 70's I gave my Dad a reproduction Tin Candy box w/ the ZU ZU Logo and a cartoon type picture on it depicting Kids enjoying the treats. He (my Dad) had flashed on it (as he had heard a funny jingle in his youth, something about: rough quote:.."MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE KITCHEN (I cant remeber threir names) WERE EATING THIER ZU ZUs" Ah... anymore trivia???? Come on, try me.

Steven Robert Boyd

Sun, Feb. 22, 2004, 21:47

Eric; I like this set-up. Instead of delving into past material by date, you (could) be directed to it by the PAGE NUMBER. Makes sense to me. (Scary aint it).. Oh, Hey, I just spotted the photo of you yours tying the knot. Man; thats' TOGETHERNESS. (The world could use more of it). P.S. What are the straights afraid of? Leary of getting REALLY screwed in a wife swap?...hey,.. that was rich. But no shit man. Im' very happy for you both. Could you use another bottle of high-grade hooch? Lemme' know. Again; keep up the good work. This site is outa' site. Hey, the DIGGER OUTA' SITE. Wow! Be good you two. OH, P.S. I wasnt putting on airs when I "SIGNATURED" by my full name. Hell, I didnt know that it was gonna print like that. Should I edit it?

Steven Robert Boyd

Sun, Feb. 22, 2004, 23:43

Thanks Eileen,.. I very well have (and are) alot of things to alot of people. For years Ive' found myself in the unhappy position of hearing about "Departures" before anyone else in my close circle, and as such was forced to play the bearer of bad news,.. though; not for a few years now. Example: At Black Bear, I spotted Onanda's truck plung over the edge and gave the alarm, I also layed it on the Olema People that some B.B. folks had cracked up their pick up and that the Black Bear Girl had fallen off the path that night and broken her leg, and that I had gotten word a few mornings after that that your' Indian Radical Freind had been shot dead in a bar in Oakland, and then back at Olema I spread the news of Hendrix's death, etc. I also had the misfortune of having every one who I ever hand-painted their Motorcyle for get dusted. (Except for D.J. but Bump got killed on that chopper after buying it from him)... I stopped painting Motorcycles way back when.... It goes on and on,.. then in 1999 I told Sweet Lorraine that I felt as if I were dying and get this, I met five people within a few weeks who I shook hands with and they all died within days of each other.. it got to the point where I wouldnt' shake. It's the gift that keeps giving. What a drag. Oh, the Rev. is thrilled about her china cabinet and said that she could never part with it, and I kiddingly mimed that she could be burried in it, to which she said "Im' going to be creamated".. I just smiled and pointed to the drawer. (Aint it the way?).... But enough about what I might or might not be., Im' gonna' be what I wanna' be. (Makes more sense that way).

Steven Robert Boyd

Sun, Feb. 22, 2004, 23:46

P.S. Ahh... Eileen; I like yer' ways. Most likely got some o' that pixie dust sprinkled on me while trying not to get underfoot those long years ago. (or was it yesterday?)....

Steven Robert Boyd

Mon, Feb. 23, 2004, 21:46

Well, Im' actually gonna leave Kaye-See-Moe...about the end of the month as it looks now. Ahh.. Will pass go collect, drag my left leg, do a 90 and hit N.H. on biz then hop-scotch down to Rhode Island to catch Don the Gong Master's gig from the 19th to the 21st. I told Randee that Id' dish out some Digger energy to help load stow gear now that my weight is up. Great folks. Im' sure that Ive' steered you all there way, once upon a time. If not: <http://www.holistic-resonance.com>

Steven Robert Boyd

Mon, Feb. 23, 2004, 23:15

To no avail! (I am a hound)... but really, It was a wild-assed attempt of cutting off the past and taking a giant leap into the future... but, then again... cutting off the future and taking a giant leap into the past is more my style. (but you knew that). Hey Nik!...ahh, after checking out your' canoe photo; I gotta say: MOVE OVER RENA! or were those kyacks? I tell ya, seeing and hearing things (a bit differently) can be a hang-up..I think.. Oh, Eileen, I will keep in touch for sure. Wow, I went shopping today and saw thousands of things that I dont want. Shit, I had steel taps (heel-savers) put on my lucky boots, but will have them replaced w/ nylon ones. CLICK,CLICK,CLICK,.. it's un-nerving. Man, I cant believe the LOW RENTS here. Later all.

Steven Robert Boyd

Tue, Feb. 24, 2004, 15:33

Well folks; Im' officially re-locating here by the end of August. It's Mousekateer Heaven. (The Lady Rev. is an Annette Funachello look-alike). Through some K.C. connections I have more than a good chance to hook-up w/ two local fast-track design-decorators. My days (and nights) spent hand-painting Pigskin trunks and coramandel screens for Chas Pollack Antiques on Melrose Place (the real street... NOT the show) are a real "IN". I plan on doing an Indian-Giver routine when I make it back to NYC and will most likely have to BUY back the bed that I gave away. Its a 1939 Deco piece that I plan on giving an Art Deco Motif Laquer treatment too after I ship it out here. Hey! The LITTLE BOY(d)'s Bed may come back! My secret side-track to St. Louis is called off. The Rev. turned out to have a Cancer sun, Pisces moon, w/ Sag. rising. I thought that she was a different breed of cat and was real leery of the chemistry. I plan on moving into her nieghborhood and if the game gets tough I can always take my ball(s) and go home. HOME. Wow... who woulda' thunk it! a small Apt. and A bed!!!... MY bed!!!... Ya know; the thought just accured to me; through anyone elses eyes: it may be, Ahh.. an apartment?...A bed?? wow; whats this guy hyped up about?..Weird aint it. Oh; to answer my own question: It very well may be me seeing the extra-ordinary in the ordinary. (Think about it). Hell, I may nail my feet to the Kitchen Floor. Ive' Found "Mrs. Right". Your's in silence. S.R.B. Ahh... make that "Mr. Jones"

Steven Robert Boyd

Wed, Feb. 25, 2004, 14:22

DREAM DEPARTMENT. YOUR' ORIGINAL FACE???. Hey motherwitch; I dreamed of you last night in full color and sound, (In the dream I could talk naturally). Ah... you were lying on your' back on an old quilt (fully clothed damn it) w/ a faded grey and burgandy plaid shirt on and very light robin egg blue dungerees. (dont recall your' feet?)... You also had teeth. I was feeling your' rough little workman hands (damn it) saying: It's really you isnt' it?!! and in an effort to recognize me you started sniffing me (above the shoulders damn it) like a cat. I remember commenting that I was surprized at the lenth of your' hair (as you had told us all that you had shaved it a while back. The color was an odd mix of champagne silver and ash blond. (no "grey or White"). Your' face showed very pronounced Nordic-Germanic traights. You never said a word and seemed to be very distracted and preoccupied (damn, damn, damn,)..anyway. It all took place outside, mild, yet w/ indirect light. Very pleasant. It was as if the planet was only the size of a large weather ballon, (us being on top) yet; I couldnt see any further that the quilt..(not that I wanted too). Weird aint it?!! Hey; you all out there have any dreams last night???

Steven Robert Boyd

Wed, Feb. 25, 2004, 14:48

Hey Claude; now thats what I call a back yard!!! WOW!

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Feb. 27, 2004, 15:30

Hey Nik;...(the Butler did it.) No shit...Ive' read the story a few times... all in all, I think that it puts a real stink on the death penalty... although, thats one of the laws that he seems not to have bitched about. Interesting sect that he was connected with. (DIGGERS???)...Ahh... who killed him???... the most feared and dreaded mammals under creation: HUMAN BEINGS! (Think about it). But really, It boils down to bearing false witness. That shit goes on to this very day. Want the "BOYDISM" (or "BOYDIST") slant on it? Here's my thing: Seems these days, I am my father, and I am my son. Just as you are your' Mother, and you are your' Daughter. (or auta' be)... Dig; If you respect your'self as an elder, and treat your'self as a child (with good-hummored patience) then it should all break even (at the worst). See, we (I think) tend to treat or Natural Parents and Children MUCH better than we treat our'selves. What's with that?. So, if we treat "OUR'SELVES" as if caring for "THEM", (or with as much loving kindness) then we have got the TRINITY thing down pat. Try it. (Whens the last time that you tucked (that's with a "T") your'self into bed; or did your'self a small kindness. O.K. now that Ive' opened the "RELIGIOUS CAN OF WORMS" have at it folks. Im' gonna' go look into the mirror and smile at the MAN CHILD. "WE" will see ya later. (Hey, the weather broke and I was transplanting rose bushes today (dont lagh) and I found three old pennys to toss the Oracles with. Sunny warn in K.C. I was out in a tee shirt.

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Feb. 27, 2004, 15:33

Hey scooter freaks; check out the time-machine retro-bike that Kawasaki has been putting out for a few years. It really takes ya' back. Type up Kawasaki W650 on the magic box and check it out. Fine machine.

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Feb. 27, 2004, 22:41

Mark; I skim the political stuff now that Im' down on the farm,.. so I dont know what that cat extended,.. but back to bikes! Man, that V8 is nutso. You are a Mad Man. But dig; even Tab Hunter (and that's saying something) will tell you that a Motorcycle is like a woman: "If ya' wanna' keep em' ya' gotta sleep with em'." Now that being said, I was always one who parked (and tore-down, painted and re-built) in the living room. (when I lived in shacks w/ more than one room....I somehow just cant picture that tractor in the front room. Now flat-heads are super-simple, dig this: a dude in Cal. (So. in think) is re-manufacturing Indian flat-heads. Also frames and leaf-spring forks. Thats' the ticket. Myself, I may just opt on two Royal Enfield Bullets to mix and match (in an effort to keep at least one going). I would slap on a side pipe and high bars and bob it "FONZ" style. Hell, a 500 single is fine for solo and I ride like an Old Lady anyway. Hey, I could keep the taps on for spark shows at night. Later all.

Steven Robert Boyd

Sat, Feb. 28, 2004, 14:43

OPEN LETTER TO AMPS50. This is Steve of the Olema People, aka Purple Boy, aka Silent Steve: (not the Wheeler's S.S.), aka Mr. Me, aka Steve The Bat, aka That Quiet Dude, etc. etc. The answer to your' question is YES. (aint it the way?)...ah,.. have we met. (or will we meet?)... Give me more than a hint? P.S. WELCOME!!!

Steven Robert Boyd

Sun, Feb. 29, 2004, 11:20

Monster Dept. Hey Tomas. Thanks fer' gettin' down. At one time to rule the oceans was to rule the world. Now.. to rule space is to rule the world. But let me get back to earth for a minute. Ahh...Wheres the line you ask? Im' not sure where it is now; but it was drawn at our feet. ("Fuck with us and find out, Gung-Ho Saturday afternoon matinee propoganda.)Etc... but looking at it in a more mature frame of mind I can clearly see that WE are and have been fucking with everyone else. (and they sure as hell found out). The most oft-slanted-twisted-misconcieved-out-and-out-turned-around-adulterated word these days (and in the 20th century) is/was WAR! It aint war; its aggression. An U.S.A. agenda of continual steam-rolling aggression. Pure self serving grab and take-over. It worked in whats now California and whats now Texas and whats now Oklahoma. Just to name three areas within "OUR?" borders. (not to mention everything between the colonies and the Mississippi River.) A U.S.A. agenda to keep the killing machine greased with young blood and to keep the old paupers scared shitless and in debt. War with Iraq???. (or anyone else) there aint no war. The war is only on the news and in the papers. Remember the Alamo?... Fuck the Alamo. It was served up on a platter just like Pearl Harbor was. Hey, then again I could be wrong;.. there very well may be a real war against our Constitutional Rights. (remember those?)...Or if the "WORLD"

had it to gether, ALL of the nations would Unite and declare WAR on the U.S.A. (no one likes a bully) Our allies?.. they suck hind tit. They ride the Tiger and wont' jump off for fear of being eaten. Fuck it. Scotland Forever!

Steven Robert Boyd

Sun, Feb. 29, 2004, 11:30

Dont get me wrong.. the fence?..Ahh.. the fence is good. On the fence you may be able to see and hear both extremes. And as for advice,.. well, Quintine Crisp said that you should always ask the opinion of a man in the middle: that way, even if you get a bum steer, you wont be very far off the mark. The fence?...better view higher up. Later man. P.S. Extremism is the real enemy. I fight it every day. Its one hell of a battle. Im' a fuckin' war-zone.

Steven Robert Boyd

Sun, Feb. 29, 2004, 11:59

Im' from Missouri; show me. (Im' from Michigan; blow me.) Hey, no shit, middle America has one hell of a crime rate! I felt safer in the heart of NYC. Man, watchin' the news out here is scary. Well Im' off to the city most likely tomorrow,.. may opt to take the train back. Its been like a month in the country,..ahhh.. (it has been a month).. that makes sence. Will contact you all from a Village Cyber den down on Bleecker Street. (and a shadow touched a shadow's hand)... PEACE.

Steven Robert Boyd

Sun, Feb. 29, 2004, 22:19

I screwed up one post...ahh... try again. Hmm,... Good words and vibes Tom. Focus. Hey; "If you can walk you can dance. If you can talk you can sing" - A saying from Zimbabwe. Ahh.. Reality?.. Garden??..ahh...where are we going and why am I in this hand basket?. But no shit.. the Ol' yin yang fence, or middle of road in Zenville. Hmm...Hey Nik; whats been comming down in the Big City? How about a written visual? I love your' words. Lay it on us; and none of that "No Life" shit. You've done enough living for two big mammas and a small girl. Tell us; what gives? (we know what cooks)... Hey; I could have my people contact your' people and we could do lunch baby. Maybe cut a million dollar deal. Nik, heres my latest hustle: which is Plan "B", if this K.C. thing goes sour: Dig; It's a class-act Summer time Central Park gig; first, (no shit, Im' serious) Im' gonna beg-borrow or steal a monkey skeleton. (spider monkey preferably)..Then Im'gonna dress it up in a velvet sequined vest and a tassled fez, put it on a brass chain with a silver cup in its little mit and lay the little bastard out on the side walk in front of me while dressed as a Gypsy Organ Grinder (with a real pro Retro-Hand-cranked organ a gold ear-ring and wax my moustash into a handle bar configuration) and the start grindin' and pull off one hell of a show. You know, w/ a "Hard Times" sign around my neck. The city permit should be a snap, and I feel that it would be a real draw; as I think that the organ grinders are all an extinct breed. Dig; the animal right folks couldnt' bitch, as the monkey is a basket case in the first place. Cool? Any input?

Steven Robert Boyd

Sun, Feb. 29, 2004, 22:24

WANTED: Monkey skeleton. Preferably sun-bleached and varnished. Will wire joint myself.
Contact: silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com
Steven Robert Boyd

Sun, Feb. 29, 2004, 23:00

Thanks partner. I was (am) very hesitant about searching the web for Organ-Grinders out of fear of inadvertently down-loading porn onto the Reverend's computer. Ya know, this Idea was spawned when I gave away my last L.P. collection. I had an album of organ grinder (Hurdy-Gurdy) music from NYC and on the liner notes they talked about the last organ grinder in Central Park. Its heritages like that that die away and change the fabric of a city. Hmm... Dead Monkey Productions. I could offer franchises with a complete set up. Off-load the concept before the fuckin' Mob moves in on me. (If theres money: theres Mob.) or if theres MONKEY theres Mob. He, he...Shit;.. the Teflon Don. How about the Monkey Don? Monk Malone, Chinp Schultz, or Jack Legs Monkey,...shit, its' so that a man with a dead monkey cant make an honest living in that town. OH,.. I keep forgettin'. It's the boys down town that you buy the vendor licence from that are the real crooks. Dont get me wrong; I can play. (or grind rather). Hey,.. no over-head. Dig? "When the going get tough, the weird turn pro." -H.S.T.

Steven Robert Boyd

Sun, Feb. 29, 2004, 23:26

Hmmm... if there's any such antics as those in NYC, it could "KILL" my act... but still..ahh... well-behaved people rarely make history, so hows this: I take it one step FURTHUR. Im' goin' for "Talk-of-the-Town" here dig? O.K. Hows this for an angle, I pick a corner in Hell's Kitchen. Dress him up like a "Westie" wire him to balance up on both legs and his tail; place a cap gun derringer in one mit and a one OZ. nip-bottle of Jameson Whiskie in the other mit with a sign that reads: "Up against the wall mother-fucker, this is a stick up" Whatta' ya' think Joe? You remember the Westies right? They were CRAZY! "Ireland Forever!!!!.. ahh... make that West Side forever!

Steven Robert Boyd

Mon, Mar. 01, 2004, 21:52

Hey AMPS50; Not to annoy: much to enjoy; a Digger welcome to thee. Ahh...it's me; the cat who was in search of a name... (Silent Steve). Hey; how about layin' some of your' poetry and prose on the tribe? Ive' thought of you now and again but didnt put two and two together or connect you w/ the AMPS handle. You may wish to remain annonymous if you have certain draw-backs though... (although I dont' know what they might be). Psssttt...(some folks dont' cotton to them thar' Diggers).... Hey, did the photo of the youngen' across the Isle and my Jinxs Proof Tattoo turn out?? Oh, get this, on a more personal note; It's a bit touching; (too me anyway);.. My Lady Rev. said that she knew that I was cutting out; (as when I arrived I had placed my alarm clock on her fire place mantle and it ran down)... (time seemed to stand still..for me anyway)..so, get this; she said that she knew my time had come as she noticed that I had wound it and set it this morning. Touching, and very insightfull. I hadnt' consiously even thought about it. Oh, Dig; I was just invited to the NYC M-27 one year anniversary of the "Die-In". I wouldnt' miss it for the world. The next event is

sure to please. In closing; hey, AMPS50, drop me another line and dont be shy,.. lay some o' that talant and wisdom on us. Long strange trip aint it? Until our' paths cross again, Im' headed for New York City. HAPPY TRAILS.

Steven Robert Boyd

Mon, Mar. 01, 2004, 22:20

Wow.. I just priced some organ grinders... Ide' do better booking the Beach Boys. Hmmm.. hey; anybody remember the Human Juke-Box in Berkeley? He usually set up near the New Deli Deli. Wait a minute!... Bingo!!... hows this?.. I play up my short-comming. That is I capitalize on my handy-cap. Dig; Silent Steve and his silent serenade. (sp?). Think about it. Maybe a stringless guitar... or a trombone tied in a big knot. Hey, that reminds me of an old Rock Roll make-up man that I chummed with named Steve. He was operative in L.A. and was pushing subliminal cassette tapes? He insisted that I review them for input. Input??.. ya; like I was gonna' say: "Hey man, this dont sound quiet enough" ...Shit..Hmm.. Crazy whan a man will endure for free drinks. Ahh.. A mute troubador...Has it come to this??... I need some coffee. Be back in a minute. Oh ya,.. I hear ya'.. "How about back to the factory Steve".. Hell..They'll never take me alive!!!

Steven Robert Boyd

Mon, Mar. 01, 2004, 22:48

RETURN OF THE GRIEVOUS ANGEL DEPT: I hear ya' Mark; dig,.. my final take on my fellow cancerian (Bush) is this: If he hadnt' stopped coking, boozing, waggin' his dick and fucking off in general, he wouldnt' be in half the mess he's in today. (either would OUR country.) Bottom line? If that little guy dont play ball, they'd give him a slow ride past the nearest school book depository building in an open-top convertible. (no matter who his daddy is.) It's BIG, real BIG. It's the song, not the singer. (but that dont make it right.) Its' when he seems to enjoy it that burns my ass. Hey; PETER COYOTE FOR PRESIDENT. HUNTER THOMPSON FOR VICE PRES. (gotta' keep the VICE in polotics)..Ahhh..Come on... give the singer some, man. Oh, hey Nik, Im' listening to Gram Parson's Grievous Angel CD and it brings you to mind. Come on; get on track and write some tunes. Really. And hey, Rena; I have a few burning car stories, but they would be a bit out of context here,.. and ahh.. Mother-Witch... It's still all good, aint it?. Hope to see some of your' work in the near future. Ohio Girl; WRITE, WRITE, WRITE. (nice photos. (the eye's have it). Back in a flash. (or..flash-back in a....) oh, just a thought...

Steven Robert Boyd

Mon, Mar. 01, 2004, 23:42

Hey Nik; my Holy Lady went to see the Gibson film; (I passed on that one, and told her that Im' holding out for Mel's X-rated version the rape and burning of Joan of Arch).. anyway; she (the Rev.) was compelled to go view it; as it is "Work" related; (and various flocks want her opinion). She's a hot-ticked in these parts and is called to speak at various Churches in this region. Anyway; She's fluent in both Arabic and Hebrew, so the heat was off of her to follow the sub-titles, which made it more enjoyable. (which reminds me of the Cool Hand Luke film that I saw in Puerto Rico with English Sub-Titles, (the real Zinger was in Paris when I saw the play Le Cage-o-phoe (the Bird Cage) or whatever; in French! Her take on it was very interesting. She's deep. (no pun intended).

Damn shame that she left NYC before you and I hooked up (no pun intended). I cant' say enough about her. It's terrific being a "Pair" and not falling into the "Couple" trap. It's a higher love than Ive' ever known. Amazing actually. Lets' hear it for Year of the Monkey folks. (No.. not that Monkey).

Steven Robert Boyd

Tue, Mar. 02, 2004, 13:37

Congrats Claude! Ahh.. AMP; Lizard??..If I were a lizard, Ide' be a belt or a wallet by now. Cant' remember where ya' got that from; did I bring up lizards?... funny thing is: I do plan on picking up a Snake-skin Jacket that I had priced from an Italian Clothier in NYC. Maybe slither on into A-7 / M-27 bash with it on. (I plan on dumping the drab look and sharpen my Image.) "Last Tango In New York?" (pass the butter Dr. Sponge)...Hey; the coin thing is simple. I can explain it in an E-Mail. Well, I dropped a line to my youngest this A.M. Ive' booked the first thing smokin' on the 3rd and will pull in on the 4th. AMTRAK. Hey; the de-railed Govt.train here in K.C. didnt shake me up a bit. You should have seem it. Army tanks flipped over on their sides. Several troop trucks also. What a riot. Hey Lizard Lady, drop the Crawlin' King Snake an E-Mail will ya'?

silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com

Steven Robert Boyd

Tue, Mar. 02, 2004, 13:39

Gotta' be cruel to be kind. Let it rip Sam. Chant hell!! Kick the dog!

Steven Robert Boyd

Tue, Mar. 02, 2004, 13:59

Eurika!!!... Hey AMPS!.. that Lizard-Snake seed that you planted just gave birth to a brain-child. Hows this: as a side-line to compensate my income and life-style: (swapping luxury for nessesity) heres the plan: I strip naked, wrap a white towel around my ass, put on a turbin, get a cheap wicker basket, a reedless plugged-up Egyptian flute and a cobra skeleton. Squat down and let the chump-change pile knee deep. You know, the Ol' silent snake charmer routine. Any input? Hmm.. or maybe a "Dead Puppet Show"..... time for some more coffee. Be right back. P.S. Hey Eileen, I might be ordering a custom miniture Bell-Hop costume from you. Let's keep it in the family, shall we? Hmm.. for some opium that Chineese Clint Eastwood Midget could may do my bidding for me. This is getting down-right diabolacle!

Steven Robert Boyd

Tue, Mar. 02, 2004, 14:02

I could have that little fucker push boot-legged Phillip Morris cigarettes in every major Hotel lobby in the city.

Steven Robert Boyd

Tue, Mar. 02, 2004, 14:34

PROMOTER OF THE YEAR AWARD: Show biz is in my blood. No shit. Damn shame that I have a criminal mind. The first gig that I ever scammed was when "The Twist" had just came out.

Anyway, I conspired with another no-goodnik and I drew up flyers (we must have been all of 10 yrs. old) anyway, it was billed as a "Carnival" w/ games etc and a "Twist" dance contest w/ valuable prizes. O.K. we sectioned off a two car garage with blankets hung from the rafters and set up folding chairs and plugged in a radio. We packed em' in and collected about five bucks (which was BIG money) we had held back a dozen or so ballons which we had filled with water and stashed em' up on a flat piece of ply wood which was above the rafters. Well, by show time it looked like a Little Rascals reunion. We crawled up from the other side and on cue we nailed the stampeding crowd the water balloons. A few kids got knocked down and hurt. Man, what a show! We split for the store and then laid low in the woods to gobble up all of the candy from the profits. Some parents were real pissed and some "Older Brothers" were after our asses for the rest of the summer.

Steven Robert Boyd

Tue, Mar. 02, 2004, 15:06

I keep screwing up and posting under NEW TOPIC and end up scrapping some great original thoughts;... ah, my latest flash was to dedicate this summer's free Digger energy in a series of one-man revolutions for social change. (or anti-social change).. or,.. hell; SPARE CHANGE.(maybe all three) You know, incorporate some street theatrics. Oh, That reminds me, Im' hooking up with some old cohorts again this year to march in the Saint Patricks Day "Other" parade, and may touch base with an established outfit called the Bread and Puppet theatre, or some such thing. They seemed a bit meek and mild on our last get together. Maybe I could jump-start em' with some fresh concepts. Remember folks, this is America!... Buddhism:"CHANT". Boydism:"KICK THE DOG! Later all,... I gotta' think this thing out. (or in rather)...

Steven Robert Boyd

Tue, Mar. 02, 2004, 21:43

Arlene: Arlene: The Lizard Queen. Hey, send photo's of that heavy-vibe carved totum of your's. Wow... want the truth? I had my eye out for you: as I was fortold (no shit) prior to leaving that I would meet a traveler on an up-coming trip who I would re-connect with. I didnt' weigh it out much: as I didnt' know that I was heading wet untill the I Ching said haul ass. I dont like to get into the heavy stuff much, and as such usually just skim the surface on the daily stuff that comes down along the way in my journey, but it's so on-the-mark lately that It even shakes me up. Throwing down the Life-Script, walking off the set, and into a new production, cast and crew has that effect. (It's a life-actor thing)..Dumping the directors and producers of the soap-opera is so cleansing... Im' ready for another season of "Life With Buckley" sit-com. I will return with a lighter out-look. VOTE YES ON NO. Hey AMP; thanks for the input and the sharing. P.S. Admit it; my Ghost Tounge is as silver as my alarm clock. Hey Sam; strangers who tread where they know they are NOT wanted, are not really strangers....(they are just down-right strange). Better hide the penny jar. (but you knew that). Oh; on that previous post, I meant "Trading nessesity for luxury". (it makes more sense that way). And now for a station break. Hey Erik; who' we got on the show tonight???

Steven Robert Boyd

Tue, Mar. 02, 2004, 21:49

Hey Arlene... I was thinking; (again?) and it just accured to me... I do have a tongue! (Its on my chest in the Three-Eyed-Cat's mouth). What an eye-opener... or mouth-opener rather. Hey, get comfortable. You are among your' own kind. Trust me on this one. Later baby.

Steven Robert Boyd

Tue, Mar. 02, 2004, 22:12

O.K., O.K. Eileen; have it your' wat: "KICK" and "CHANT THE DOG" ...but it makes more sence the other way around. Read up on Quintin Crisp's views on living alone. He's a roll model. As far as communal living; Ive' learned more from house cats than I ever did from human beings. Oh, which reminds me. There is/are happy endings; In my up-comming move back here to K.C. in a few months, there is a plot in the works to Cat-nap Cla"W"dia the famous Peace Church cat, and fly her out here to shack up with me after I set up my new digs. She can live out the rest of her days with me. Truth is: she's the only Gal (other than Little-Girl the N.H. stray) that I regret deserting. Ive' been having a ball with the Rev's six cat-kids. Show me a man who loves cats, and Ill' show you a man who loves women. Hey Sam; there's a fine line between "Homeless" and "Hopeless" try slapping the chickletts out that dudes' mouth right after he says "Good Morning!" tommarow. If that dont work, piss in his boots. After all; its' a territorial issue. Think about it.

Steven Robert Boyd

Tue, Mar. 02, 2004, 23:29

Wow; I just delved into Keenan's photo gallery. A few familiar faces popped up (from Olema Ranch in mid 1970), and more than a few from S.F. who I crossed apartment floors and hall ways with but never connected w/ their names. Most of those folks were more low-key than you might Imagine. Oh; when I logged on as "Steward Brandt" a while back, it was not a take-off on THE Stewart Brand; it was an actual name penned in ink inside the hat band of a cap that I wore this winter in NYC. It was a vintage Cracker Jack style Navy blue tam with a ribbon. I gave it away. Dig; Pop-Eye was my child hood hero. But as far as ever hooking up with an Olive Oil type; I took an old Sailors' warning; Steer clear of them skinny split-tails; they'll cross-bone ya'" I know good advice when I hear it. The old man who gave me the warning had a lip stick smudged kiss mark tattooed on the cheek of his ass. He was the Real McCoy. Of course he was from the era of Wooden Ships and Iron Men. But back to Keenans' work. Wow, what a body of work. P.S. Hey Rena; tell em' where it was REALLY at during the Human Be-In. (...under the stage...) wink, wink, nudge, nudge,.. Hey, I sure miss ya.

Steven Robert Boyd

Tue, Mar. 02, 2004, 23:55

Hey, this is the amazing dancing head again; signing off now. Will make contact from N.Y.C.

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Mar. 05, 2004, 16:29

MUTE MISSING. BOYD FEARED DEAD. BUSH ADMIN. LINKED TO February K.C. GVMT. CONVOY VENDETTA. NEWS FLASH!!!! Kansas City to New York AMTRAK train derailed. Film tonight on nightly NYC news. 03/05/03 ...Pssst.. (hey Nik;...you got a T.V.?... verify this whill ya???)... Will attempt to stay one jump ahead of hit-men. Sign back on in Early April.

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Mar. 05, 2004, 16:32

Ahh... make that 03-05-04. Typical case of Train lag?

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Mar. 05, 2004, 16:34

And you all wonder why I refuse to fly.....

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Mar. 05, 2004, 16:44

I hear ya' Mark... I did exagereat a bit on all the "Im'-A-Gonna-Do'a" home repair in K.C. I kinda started the ceiling, and never touched the wall paper...The Lady Rev. is "Very Handy", she pulled all of it off except the door knob, (which at that point was much like a Bob Dylan song). She's getting into the plumbing soon. I did how ever proudly milk the China Cabinet Job. Got two swing out doors and a pull out drawer front complete, plus the bonnet trim. Will attack both sides upon my triumphant return. In her sage wisdom she naturally gave me full artistic licence on the piece. (I like that in a woman). I swear, I finally found my shadow. She's the one. Im' holed up at the Riverside on Jane Street, and am going to divert some funds every month up north in order to finance my natural Daughter's wedding in November. Later all.

Steven Robert Boyd

Tue, Mar. 09, 2004, 15:59

Dr. Boyd here. Ya Donna, It was hard to tell the difference from the real fog and "THE FOG" at midnight in that alley. I actually rarely saw it in daylight. Hey, I popped back to let you all know that I lucked into a healing program for my soul. The body is fine: as the Rev. must have packed at least 10 pounds on me. I was like a mad dog when I showed up.... hey; dig: my journey just led me to the author Laura Day who's written a few well known books and we both kinda' pegged out on the vibe-O-meter. Anyway, We did a reading thing where she paired me off with a kindred spirit from her group and it was right on the money. I am now in her "Circle" that meets once a month to delve into the practical applications of the walk she walks and the talk she talks. She's a healer. Now get this: the gal she sensed who was on my wave-length said that she could see a Roaring Lion inside of me (she does not know about the roaring three-eyed wild cat tattooed on my chest) and she also saw me in Africa. Then she clearly saw me specifically "writting" (not typing) but "writting by Hand" a book for Children strickened with Cancer...anyway, the book is supposed to make it big time in Europe but NOT in America. (sounds about right; aint that so Madonna?)... Now dig: back in 1994 Allan Ginsburge looked me in the eye when we met in Boston and said: " Steve, Pick up a note book and a pencil...and remember: First thought; best thought" ...cool? (words to live by) and get this; before leaving K.C. Mo. The Rev. casually threw up the notion of me accomponying her on

her next African trip. And the kids cancer book?... well.. get this: No Shit!! Its' been on my "Back-Burner" since 2001. Fact it almost became a reality when I faced the big "C". It was gonna be called "Cancer Capers; featuring the Carsonoma Kid" (sp?) And I was gonna' opt for cartoon form as I didnt' know what the future held. I had planned on pushing the "Home Skin" consept to the little nippers; as I being uprooted and in the hospital is a real gut-wringer, (thanks Coyote) It got me through the last 34 years... So Anyway,... I opted to finish off a string of CBGB posters for pocket money instead before going under the knife. Oh.. as far as the Illustrations??... watch out Dr. Suesse. Im' radically (who me?) Re-thinking my life path as I find myself at one hell of a cross road. Im' now laying low in the Clinton district and seperating myself from the common down town bums; as having gained some self-confidence and esteem from a month of Jackie's spiritual guidance I now consider myself a very Un-Common bum. In fact; thats "Mr. Bum" ... hell; make that "SUPER BUM".... Hey Nik: It got to where I was bumping into Lou Reed and his gal so often that I started to avoid them! Man, you have some HEAVY nieghbors.. then again... (so do they). Anyway...Oh,.. ahh... where was I;...ah..big doin's on the 20th. Will check in after the riot. Hey... say ya' "Knew me when". God I miss Kansas City. Happy Trails. Watch for the sign of the God's Eye. Olema People Forever. Digger's hold what Digger's held. (.. hey,.. come to think of it; I knew myself "When".) Think about it.

Steven Robert Boyd

Wed, Mar. 10, 2004, 11:03

I get the picture. Happenstance ended me up in front of the Tic-Toc Diner this a.m. where Jacki and I had our honey-moon-hang-over breakfast one year ago today. I then walked hand in hand with myself down to East 8th and grabbed the V-Day card that she had sent to me. Strangers smile at me on the street; a man in love who is loved triggers it. And as to the book Im' going to write; it will only be written up until the Carsonoma Kid (who's niether girl nor boy) (it's not an issue)..looses the ability to speak, from that point it will be a picture book that the kids can interperet on their own; or perhaps a complete book without words which would give it a more universal appeal. Dig? Oh; the 20? Im' changing my Gong Gig plan to fall in with the one year aniversary of King George's war. On my own journey; Im' a rollin' stone. Not owning a winter coat has hedged my bet against getting cold. (It's a Gypsy Insurance angle. Man; the path is wide and the gate is straight; signs everywhere. Im' afraid to think non abstract thoughts; cause strangers(?) mumble them word for word. It's un-nerving. Im' seeing stark raving man men in a completely different light. Im' balanced, but realize that its a thin line to walk. Hmm... rubber suit?... Emma Peel style??... I can see that. Nik; go girl! Happy V.D. all.

Steven Robert Boyd

Wed, Mar. 10, 2004, 18:42

Nik; Ive' got a date with a needle right up the street at 7:00 p.m. That mad genius Von Rippen is inking over the inverted wings that covered up the original "Sweet Lorraine" tattoo by Cliff Raven. It will be a four hour session from elbow to shoulder. Hey; I broke a cardinal rule today: as a true New Yorker, I commited the sin of actually having a coffee at a STAR BUCKS. I drew a small crowd when two proud beuties from a group of lovely Christian Nymphettes layed hands on me and preyed for me. It was one of a dozen or so chance meetings with strangers today. Im' all set! Old bums blessing me etc. Anyway; as far shit happening: I make shit happen, and to prove my invincibility, Im' bussing just far enough out of the wasteland to put ol' Mr. Thumb out and to spit

on the center line. It's been four years. Im' rusty. Taking Ol' Mother-Road north into my future. Just the way I came in except this time within myself and not without. Clothes on my back, lucky boots on my feet and the same song in my brave heart. Should be rolling by midnight. Plan to bus just far enough as a good onramp. Rebirth! Learned more in twelve hours than in twelve years. I had to loose my voice to find my voice and loose myself to find myself. Now read this: I cant explain what I dont understand, but I sure as hell understand what I cant explain. Its a compromising compromise. Ive' decided to spend this leg of the trip in as much motion as the last.. (for fear of finding my ass on the curb as the streetcar named desire rumbles past. Past??.. make that rumbles ONWARD. Whats that folks??..Create the condition that I describe??? Shit;.. I am the condition. And Im' beond decription. Thats the difference of acting out a roll and living the roll. Life actor?... shit.. LIFE LIVER! (it's more honnest that way.) Too many human pretenders out there. Good by folks, later brothers and sisters, see ya' kids. Yer' a damn good family. One suggestion? Stick together by staying apart. (Its worked well so far). Togetherness?... can you spell crutch? Limp along yall'. Hey Joe; dont wanna seem cruel, but.."A lost leg never aches and there is nothing louder than a silent scream." -Boydism 101) Think about it. Keep the myth alive. Olema People / Olmec Tribe. That aint' no mis-spelling" that's OLMEC folks. Be good / be gone. Will make contact from the chilly wilds. Oh, ya... I had to loose my name to find it. Im' STEVEN ROBERT BOYD. (I forgot that back at the Oakland Colloseum). Boy was I on the center line. That explains the paralell universe and mirror image that gave me the glimps within. (Nice place to visit, but,...a well,.. you know... thats heaven for ya). Got ten minutes to get over to West 4th...ah.. make that an eternity.. (that way the pressure is off).. Nik; drink about 28 for ol' Dylan Thomas will ya? Thanks for thinkin' of me... (thanks fer' thinkin')...Hey Ohio Girl: THINK, THINK, THINK.

Steven Robert Boyd

Mon, Mar. 15, 2004, 11:04

Hammond: my "Original" patch-pants had Yellow Ducks (gauslings) lovingly embroidered by Lynn. Those Lil' Quackers stood on each other's heads vertically up the length of my fly. (beats "Sticky Fingers, hu, Kieth??.. And as for Boys Together: it was Outragiously; Often and Orgasmically,... Hey; I just scarfed an eye-load of the Atlantic Ocean, the granite out croppings, the pines, the timber swamps and salt marshes that jut the coast and the young birch that are thick as weeds. Windy and dry today. Talk about generation gaps??.. all my kids a driving brand new cars. Am in the process of copying some old photos from my daughter's stash. The ones from the Bernardo era were all glued onto S.F. wall collages years ago. Pages of history?.. try walls of history. Pine and Mason???. We all had LOTS of changes at 815 Mason (between Pine and California St.) Never forget the "Castle Wall" across the street. I "Often" forgot that the digs were on a sloped street and would damn near roll down the side walk. (dont' ya' hate when that happens?)... speaking of Bernardo, he never wore out his welcome at 815, he lived with his lady right up the street on Pine and I was among the select few who got the green light. The get togethers were much akin to an extended family; I remember the night that a local Radio Station covered the Pink Floyd concert and we set up the stereo in the 815 T.V. room and got the audio from both T.V. and F.M. I was also at a local party w/ Bernardo when they pulled off a semilar thing with the Greatful Dead Winterland show,.. I think that it was around Christmas, but what with the "Times" and the no snow factor,.. we were always confused about which holiday was comming down. Sounds insane now thinking back on it. Ah.. Hallowen was the biggy,.. or was that everyday??.. Humm.. odd clothing.. treats,.. Oh well,..Bottom line?... wanna' cut through all the shit??.. Bernardo was a hustler, I was a hustler, Peter Berlin, and Al Menetti were hustlers, we were all hustlers... but in the

same room, around the same T.V., we were just kids again,.. there was a certain "Club House" thing.. ya,.. it was unspoken, but it was as if we were all in the same club. Sure hope the kids today can pull that off. Jay Brian had the lease on the place and rented a "California Closet" to me. But we mostly partied at the Fairmont and Mark Hopkins. My favorite get away was the Huntington. (low key)...Jobriath??..My first opinion was that Jobriath was just a broken Statue.. (or the broken statue was just Jobriath... (go figure)...(if he's the one I remember).. anyway, his "Vouge" thing was light years into the future and was later copied by a pip-squeek of a thing (at that time) (if she has even hatched at all) who would later emerge as "MODONNA". (lets here it for Bay City Michigan)... Kenny Bunting's stomping grounds. Kenny was an 815 regular who died of a heroin overdose. Man the folks who came and went at 815! We had two full shot-gun flats out of three four-walled at one time. A little old lady was on the third. P.S. RENA!???. ah, were you by any chance ass-ended by two odd looking time-trippers in a Chevy Nomad???. or what??. "WHIP WOMAN LIVES"

Steven Robert Boyd

Mon, Mar. 15, 2004, 11:40

So Hammond; tell me;.. does this make me a "QUALIFIED OUTSIDER"????!... If so; Im' good with that. Its a rather refreshing change from my Unqualified Insider status. (Go figure)... but back to the "Club" thing... we both know that my true nature always led me to be a "B.A.O" (Boy Alone Often, Outragiously and Orgasmically etc. Hey, thats the way it is/was. Together by seperateness. (It's an Originality Issue) We were snow flakes, not snow balls. (as always please pardon spelling). P.S. Those patch pants were my second skin and were the main factor in the thirty year speration between my Natural Mother and myself. (no not Eileen.. she's Soul Mom)..ah.. it's a long story). Later all. Hamond: close yer' eyes; think way back. Picture the embroidered baby elephant spraying water from his trunk over a little duck who is holding an umbrella. Hold that Image. Thats' the best gift I can give you. Take care brother. P.S. Welcome to the Club.

Steven Robert Boyd

Mon, Mar. 15, 2004, 12:19

Oh ya; on the home front, I hitched into town undefeated. Will return to NYC in early April to finish off a two hour credit at Von Rippens torture chamber. The tattoo is a real killer. Hey, Im' holed up in the sleepy sea coast village of Hampton New Hampshire. Very relaxing. I saw a few minutes of the film The "MATRIX" the other night, and equated it to my New York City life and the REAL WORLD. (or is it the other way around??)... Anyway;..ah...I turned it off and had tea. Shit; watch it?... I live it. Ive' got the best of both worlds without a chip in my head. Dig, Im' crashing with an Irish Clan who keep me stuffed with boiled potatos, turnip, carrots, cabbage, Beef Brisket and beer. Life is good. Im' keeping on the wieght that my Lady packed onto me. Oh, my Libra daughter was like: Oh, Hi Dad. (it was as if we had been apart for four minutes and not four years). Very cool. Same game with my Scorpio daughter. Very Independant spirits. Im' proud to say that Im' co-financing her upcomming marriage and plan to also surprise her with a Boyd Original hand painted hope chest as part of her dowery. We can stuff it with wedding gifts etc. I havent hooked up with my Sag. Son yet. Will soon. Later all....It's been original.

Steven Robert Boyd

Mon, Mar. 15, 2004, 16:24

Hey Mom~ "DITTO"
Steven Robert Boyd

Thu, Mar. 18, 2004, 13:43

God makes mountains; New Hampshire makes men. Hey, I forgot just how damn tough these Yankees are. The "Frozen Few" are not only Mystics (as in "Those Who Talk To God").. but they also seem to serve God in an advisory capacity. No homeless up here,.. (they all kicked the bucket in wood sheds years ago.) This a.m. I mushed north to buy some sensible shoes at the Good Will and ran into two old acquaintences. Small world, but then again, I worked every shop and factory in these parts. Oh, heres why I logged in;... ah, Ive' had a couple of folks hook up via this web site. (thanks for kiting them to me Eric)...Ah...you all can FEEL FREE and just cut to the chase by E Mailing me at silentsteveboyd@hotmail.com

Steven Robert Boyd

Thu, Mar. 18, 2004, 14:11

Hey ebby,.. are you the NYC ebby? Come on, get in touch.
Steven Robert Boyd

Tue, Mar. 23, 2004, 12:23

WHAT????!!! This web site denying the Queen Goddess of New York City!!!!???...ah;... pay no attention to the man behind the curtain... the Great OZ has spoken! Now Ive' heard everything. Hey Nik, you sound good (or; read good rather. Hey Mark; the FLA jaunt will pop in early April. I may be able to legally drive the troop north to the Great Lake myself. Big lack of communication at this end. Oh, I never got the Bernardo thing (the heading must not have caught my eye) and I most likely blew it away w/ all of the other very strange sounding stuff that I get via E Mail these days. Im' in the process of setting up a base camp north of here in the NH Lakes Region and am going to clear the board to get a motorcycle licence but need to get perscription glasses first (as that was listed as a restriction on my last one). Anyway; Im' taking it by the numbers and re-entering the "NORMAL?" social flow. Dont wanna' end up like the Jack Nicholson's IRON WEED character. All those lovely ghosts. (I never caved in heads; only hearts).. damn. In any event; Im' working hard on the "RELIABILITY" issues in my life and dont plan on putting the cart before the horse. Hey; Ive' got some photos of me with hair and will post em' as soon as I can connect with a scanner. It takes a scanner and get walked through it. Cool?

Steven Robert Boyd

Tue, Mar. 23, 2004, 12:25

Hey Eileen: we typin' at the same time? can you spell "scynchroisity"... I cant. (obviously). Smile will ya.

Steven Robert Boyd

Tue, Mar. 23, 2004, 12:30

Outa' here!????... you' were born out'a here. (or got outa' here shortly after in any event)... aint' it the way?

Steven Robert Boyd

Tue, Mar. 23, 2004, 12:31

I gotta' get the last word in. (... in what??)...

Steven Robert Boyd

Wed, Mar. 24, 2004, 11:04

WHAT WAS THAT??? hey; I just got the word from the NYC pipe-line: It's official. They are trying to sell the Peace Church. I E-Mailed them and suggested that they list it as a House Of God and put up a sign out front that reads: "FOR SALE BY OWNER". Oh, and get this: that "EBBY" character wants to swap phone numbers with me. Hmm... Morse Code phone sex??.. go figure. Is it just my dirty mind??...I mean; like what??... tap out "Moan"... "Uhhhh"... "Mmmmm"... Hey, wait a minite. (I just got an Idea) A Mute Sex Line!... sure;..It's \$2.85 per minute and ya' get connected to some chick named Subliminal Suzie. Well... In any event, I E-Mailed Ebby back and didnt come down to hard on Him/Her, as he or she could be Super-Human or "Sponge-O-Matic". Read me?

Steven Robert Boyd

Wed, Mar. 24, 2004, 11:08

Damn Nik; I missed ya' by ONE MINUTE. We gatta' fine tune our' act. Read me Sister Woman??? Sure miss yer' preasence. Hell, just being in the same city some how made it all right. What-ever that means. Gotta' run. Things to do (for a change).

Steven Robert Boyd

Wed, Mar. 24, 2004, 11:20

Dreams of flying? Sure; had em' all the time way back when. Hey Ohio Girl; Happy B.D. The flying act? Sure; at the Fella you may remember the Black Opera Cape that I wore during the foggy winters. (I gave it to the 815 "Doctor" who was a very promenant S.F. Surgeon. He came to the rescue of any and all in-house acid freak-outs and bummers. In fact he moved from the Oakland hills to an alley right ontop of Nob Hill to really get into the scene. Anyway, I often dreampt that I could just lay back and fly on that cape like a magic carpet. The down side was that I couldnt control it in the dreams. That "Out-Of-Control" trip also played into a very strong theme in my Psychadelic Posters of that era. Some would depict my Elter-Ego (always peering from behind a mask) soaring to great hieghts via chromed wings; (which were always weighing me down and creating my fall). Go figure)...

Steven Robert Boyd

Wed, Mar. 24, 2004, 11:34

Nik; Big Debs layed one on me in NYC at the Peace Church early on, I stashed it away in the front parlor; as it clashed w/ my "Decor". Anyway, it was a read-out type of thing, but dig; it was only good for places that had that feature at thier end, like banks and Institutions I think. So it was

like one-hand-clapping. I returned it to her upon skinning out. Oh; Im' still up in NH wearing my new three dollar shoes. Im' Getting my teeth done, fitted for glasses and doing the straight citizen Drivers Licence thing; also scouting FURTHUR north for a safe harbor. The responsibility is torture but should pay off by 2005. Still not putting faith in any one but myself. (Not that my allies aren't faithfull) It's just a safe-guard to keep anyone from possibly letting me down. (That's my job)...anyway; this way It's all on me. No blame, no shame, no game, etc. Again; I miss ya'. You my dear, are a Blessing.

Steven Robert Boyd

Thu, Mar. 25, 2004, 13:00

Hey Nik; I will be in NYC to get my monthly Ink Injection from Dr. Von Rippen in early April, and will try like hell to make the date at Laura Day's Circle. Then I most likely will blow down to FLA and help w/ my Dad's re-entry from space until early May. Oh; Im' making great head-way up here and may puddle-jump FURTHER than I had thought (who me think?) and take a look-see at Calais in mid May. In my journey north I will attempt to touch base with Ol' Dell and see if Skip the Poet saved any of my rip-off poetry and also scarf at least one copy of the rare New Hamp Digger "Eat-Yer'-Thumb" Acid Flyers that his Daughter collected when I was passing them out. (dont' ask). Oh Nik...When I do hit your' Empire, Im' buyin' at the White Horse and will lay the "Steve Boyd with hair" photos on ya' so that you can post them. The photo scammer thing is way beyond me. Oh, ah...Hey Sponge; ah... ah... In my mind; Sponge-O-Matic would have to be the English equivalent of Boyd-O-Matic. Dig? I figure that anyone who wants to talk to a mute on the phone is "Highly Suspect and very Questionable". (That's something that we both have in common). Onward and upward.

Steven Robert Boyd

Thu, Mar. 25, 2004, 13:02

Jen; I missed you by 17 seconds. Wow, too much. What is it with you Wills Girls???

Steven Robert Boyd

Thu, Mar. 25, 2004, 14:18

Hey McMing, I saw yer' post about Belladonna. I Dropped a smooth-hump-backed-round-at-the-edge brightly speckled tab back in 72' on the Gulf Coast of FLA. A resident dooper swore that it was Belladonna. The effects on me were a total loss of fear... (which in 20/20 hind-sight, isn't saying much)...I cant remember why, but I robbed a sea food restaraunt of hundreds of pounds of frozen shrimp and red snapper which kicked off a local Motorcyle club's first annual fish fry. The shit dialated the hell out my eyes. Whats with that stuff? Is it a clepto drug or was it just the times????

Steven Robert Boyd

Thu, Mar. 25, 2004, 18:20

McMing; I just put on my thinking cap and the tab could have been for coloring Easter Eggs for all I know, but the closest I ever got to that kind of eye dialation was when I was tested for perscription glasses. Maybe an "Ingredient" in that "Easter Egg Dope" was Belladona. The "Proffesor" who I.D.'d the stuff was a fool named Norman (not "THE" Norman Bright from Flint

Mich.) but Norman from Patterson N.J. He and his "Wife" Dot were crashing at a house that me and my wife Cathy were renting in Charlotte Harbor. We had both hooked Jobs with General Development Corp. but we took some time off when the Storm Troopers rode over from West Palm to throw a party for a club in which I was a Probate. Ive' read since that the Trooppers were "Blood-Thirsty" or some such thing; I never would have guessed. Hmm... oh ya; the job??. Took time off??. ahh.. well; actually I forgot that I had a job. Dont cha' hate when that happens???. The Trooper Prospects were all drinking grain alchohol but the big thing in 72' was smoking shit laced with embalming fluid. (I missed those sessions, so I cant give any in-put.) Budwieser was my down fall. At the outing in question I unwittingly "Showed some Class" by swimming in an alligator infested canal. (I had just thumbed to FLA. and wasn't aware of that fact.) I was the camp site attraction for a while and thought that they were admiring my style of holding a beer can in my teeth and drinking as I dog-paddled, I was puzzled when I noticed that a key member of the gang (no pun intended) seemed to be "Guarding" the shore line with a chopped down M-1 para trooper carbine. I found out later that he was "spotting" for me while I took my little swim. My wife was very proud of me. (aint it the way). Fat Rat, the club Pres. cut a deal w/ me on a Triumph show bike. But thats's another story. How did I get off on this tangent;.. oh ya, a dear friend just E-Mailed me about some swim classes. No shit. (I guess that Im' all set)... Hows them fer' qualifications???? How about a Gator Merit Badge???

Steven Robert Boyd

Thu, Mar. 25, 2004, 21:33

Momma's in the kitchen.....

Steven Robert Boyd

Thu, Mar. 25, 2004, 21:41

Hey!! I just re-read McMing's post; "Jimson"?!?!.. maybe thats what I was given to chew to fight off the cold on the ride back from Black Bear back in 70'. I had it in my head that it was "Jinsing". The shit was long, dried stringy stuff that looked like fennel sticks. Think so???. They also told me that it was a "Psychic Energizer". I must admit that I rather got into myself on that ride night. Double Bubble, toil and trouble.....

Steven Robert Boyd

Thu, Mar. 25, 2004, 22:01

Buuurppp...hey honey; while yer' up, how about gettin' me and McMing a tall Root Beer.. straight up; and hold the Voo-Doo.

Steven Robert Boyd

Thu, Mar. 25, 2004, 22:20

Well folks; Im' doin' the Dad thing and as such; giving till it hurts. It will way-lay me here for at least untill the first of May, so I may be in touch more than I aut'a be. Will bide my time by perhaps starting a rough draft of the paint job that I plan on laying on Erin's Hope Chest. I can pull off the project up at up at Sweet Lorraine's place. Hey; it's only time and money. (..oh, there I go again; I forgot the LOVE part). This puts it all into prospective. Thank god that I cant' talk. There woulda'

been a riot days ago. O.K. Where was I?... Oh, ya'.. lets' hear it for FREE PARKING. Oh; as you can tell by the late hour; Im' no longer doing the Library thing. Im' crashing in my Ex-Father-In-Laws' den (can you Imagine?)..and he gave me the green light for his PC. Oh; heres' a good one: in order not to stand out, I picked up a free coat at the Salvation Army, and get this: It turns out to be exactly like his. He's a 6'-10" Irishman and now Im' like his "Mini-Me" or somethin'. Its' like that Devito /Swarznager "Brother" film. I just cant' seem to kick "The Truman Show" paranoia thing. It's as if God is watching the comedy and is tired of viewing tragedies and dramas. My payoff for the roll??..ah... No Pain maybe. Sure; that's it.....God compensates.

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Mar. 26, 2004, 12:38

BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME. I just tapped into some records that I had given my daughter some years ago. I just got an ear full of an album titled San Fransisco Roots. (VAULT LP-119 STEREO) Remember these? "Somebody To Love" and "Free Advice", (by Great Society). "Stick Like Glue", "That's If You Want Me To", "Don't Talk To Strangers", and "Sad Little Girl", (by the Beau Brummels). "Dance With Me", and "She's My Baby", (by The Mojo Men). "Anything", and "I Still Love You", (by The Vejtables). "Darkest Night Of The Year", and "Pay Attention To Me", (by The Tikis). and last but not least, "I" by The Knight Riders. P.S.Hey, If you dug the Lovin' Spoonfull, then delve into some of the obscure tracks that the Electric Prunes layed down. later All.

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Mar. 26, 2004, 13:06

Oh ya; The Tikis evolved into Harpers Bizarre and G.S. was in G.S. Foot note: most of the stuff was produced for Autumn label by Sly Stewart who later formed Sly and the Family Stone.

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Mar. 26, 2004, 13:08

Hey Eric; how can I change the "Steven Robert Boyd" thing at the bottom of my posts?...hows' Robert E. Lee sound??? just a thought. Oh, speaking of thoughts... ah,.. oh forget it.

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Mar. 26, 2004, 13:33

Check it out; im' spending some down time playing with my Grand-Son's Anchor Brand building blocks. I sent him both sets a while back from the Village. I highly approve and recommend them for girls and boys of all ages. The sets come packed in wooded boxes and are real pro architectural building blocks. The maker is: Anker-BAUVORLAGEN. -Rudolstadt/Thuringen-. Start out w/ the two basic sets: (No.6 and No.4) These babies are made in Germany and seem to be some type of soap stone. They would be great for creating castles and ruins etc. for fish aquariums. Take time to smell the roses and take time to play. Hey, I just dug out another album; Billie Holiday recorded live at Storyville, Boston, Mass. Its on the RIC label M2001 and was done real late in her carreer. Very raw and Intense... but not sad. Hell no.

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Mar. 26, 2004, 13:37

Hey; thanks Eric. oh, before I left NYC I noticed that Dylan had put out a complete CD package of his material w/ boot-legs, out-takes etc. It runs for about \$225.00 if I remember right. Check it out.

Steven Robert Boyd

Fri, Mar. 26, 2004, 13:49

Testing, one, two, three....

Steve

Fri, Mar. 26, 2004, 14:57

My ESP tells me that weve' got an old guest at the table wearing a new name...ah.. make that "New Game". (go figure)... beware the sting of the Scorpion.

Steve

Fri, Mar. 26, 2004, 15:34

Mark; Trolls lurk under bridges....remember?

Steve

Fri, Mar. 26, 2004, 17:22

Dig it my Sponge-O-Matic friend: Sexy is as Sexy does. What time is it in England??? (and dont say "Time To Fuck").

Steve

Fri, Mar. 26, 2004, 17:25

Opps!.. there I go with the foul mouth. Ive' been trying to curb that. A month in Kansas City was real good for me. Wish I was still there. I miss my Lady and her Cat-Kids real bad.

Steve

Fri, Mar. 26, 2004, 19:18

I dunno' where we are Sponge; but I have a feeling we're no longer in Kansas (city).....he, he, he....

Steve

Fri, Mar. 26, 2004, 19:27

Hey Sponge Bob; Im' gonna' go back to the building blocks; whatta' you gonna do?... go back to chewing on yer' led soldiers? But really, what do ya' hear from Scotland? And dont say "The pipes; the pipes". Really; whats goin' on up north? Anything?..or everything?

Steve

Fri, Mar. 26, 2004, 21:05

McMingski; aside from the beer and boiled dinners (which I mush up), I tapped into an unwanted (and unappreciated) stash of what is obviously Patchulli Tea. The stuff is individually sealed and comes off as super fresh. Hell, you can rub it on yer' arms like those tear-off paper perfume strips in lady's magazines. I can't drink it w/out thinking of Hybiscus (the man, not the flower). Anyway...The stuff is that potent. With tea, the H2O should be brought "Just" to boil. If you bring it to a full rolling boil, you lose the oxygen and the H2O gets "flat" dig? Now coffee is a different story. Also, pre-heat your' pot so that it doesn't suck up the heat and cool the H2O. Speaking of H2O, In as much as Ive' been in K.C.Mo., NY,NY. and the N.H. sea coast all within the last month; I must admit that in an effort to avoid the traveler's shits due to the change in tap water; Ive' been lacing my H2O w/gin nips. (good as-reason as any) (jolly good..what?)... I did that on the train ride east (in bottled water..Hmmm...) Oh; the "cerimony" of tea is age-old and I get into it like a Ghesha Girl. No shit; It's "The Take Time" thing. You know; make the tea, play with the blocks and all the time, not wishing that you had the last 15 minutes of your' life back. Hey; I can do "Uneventfull"; as long as it's "Unregretable", trust me. Later pard.

Steve

Fri, Mar. 26, 2004, 21:11

Hey, In my old age, Ive' turned into a Merlot man. Nothin' fancy. Hey, I used to trip with a cat who owned a Napa valley Winery. Can't remember his name. Looked like the cat who played Dr. Zhivago.

Steve

Fri, Mar. 26, 2004, 21:12

I wanna' say his name was Tom.

Steve

Fri, Mar. 26, 2004, 21:14

Aqua Vita. Hey, Im' wasting space.. and ink.

Steve

Fri, Mar. 26, 2004, 23:43

ah.. I dont wanna' come off negative or anything; and I think Ive' been doin' OK lately... you can all testify to that.... but the last time that I checked.. well.. (an' Im' tryin' to stay positive here).. I..ah.. well...it seems to me that the "Nations" are anything but "United". (and the ones that seem to be are only in bed to follow their own agenda... which is cool)... so how about this: I for one will not strap any bombs onto anything at any time, for any reason what-so-ever. Hey, thats a start. Hmm.. seems to have a certain ring to it. Lets see... I pledge allegiance to the flag of the Digger Free Family Nation, and to the Freakdom, for which it stands, I wont strap any bombs onto anything, at any-time, for any reason. Class dismissed. Hmmm....Telagram for Elmer Fudd...BOOM!!!

Steve

Sat, Mar. 27, 2004, 11:24

Paper Tiger Dept. Hey Tom; Im' not tryin' to come off like a hard-ass;.. but dig: I was raised with the drift that oppression must be fought with muscle. Here's the score on what all the notes, letters and telegrams in the world couldnt' have changed back in the winter of 1936-37. Im' goin' here with what hit close to home; (my home). It's what one historian called "The most significant American conflict in the 20th century" It was the sit-down strike in Flint Michigan. It lasted 44 cold days and won recognition for the United Auto Workers. When it got heavy and looked as if the heat and the Chicago goons were gonna' storm the plant, local supporters surrounded the factory with clubs, ball bats and axe handles, (not to mention what wasn't showin'). And children?.. hell, kids in snow suits as young as two years old walked in the picket line. They had signs that read: "MY DADDY IS A UNION MAN". And equality?.. hell, there was only one black worker who toughed it out, but his fellow white workers elected him to carry the American Flag out of the Bldg. after they won. No shit; Generating e-mail only keeps the Govt.desk potatoes happy. They kick back and watch our paper-ass-holes burn. But dig; you are on the right track; it takes Ideas, it takes focus and direction etc. But when push comes to shove, a human body throws more wieght than any piece of paper. A human must be contended with, and cant just be tossed in the oval file. Hey, look at the "Die In". Had we been paper, one street sweeper could have handled it in 15 minutes. It took more cops than strikers 15 hrs. to prosses the human trash. Throwing a ton of paper into the intersection of 49th Park Ave. would have made the back page. People in the street made the front page. E-Mails to anywhere wont make any page. Now that being said: am I saying UNIT?..well, its a double edged sword. Think about it. The folks who are blowing themselves up are very united, dig, the the US Government who's Illegally envading countries in undeclared wars and cheeing thousands of souls are the most united of all. Scary aint it? Hey, so much for unity. and "Security??" Home-Land or other-wise?...Shit, Its like having the world's safest automobile. All them safety features are nill, when some goof with zeal gets behind the wheel of the family Volvo and runs yer ass over while yer' layin' in the street protesting aggression. (oh ya, that did cross my mind)... Later Thom. Keep the vibe goin'. I say: Unite For Life, not death, Unit for EVERYONES' freedom; (not just Your" "Ethnic, Political or Religious Groups Freedom"). Or not.

Steve

Sat, Mar. 27, 2004, 15:46

Hey Eric, Ive' actually gotten some photos into some photo files via a scanner. OK, now it says: publish onto a web site. Cool, but how do I direct the files over here into my photo album? Lay it on me mister.

Steve

Sun, Mar. 28, 2004, 10:27

Thats' what we need Donna; "Balance". Hey McMing; .. want a shot of Love and Beauty??. check out Mark's photo album. He just posted a photo of me and my youngest daughter back taken about 20 yers ago.

Steve

Sun, Mar. 28, 2004, 12:20

Hammond; I see ya!!.. Oh; the Bernardo connection?..Ah..I dunno'. I get alot of obscure sounding E Mails that I fear are loaded with bugs, and as such I blow them away w/out opening them. The dude would have to label it "Bernardo" or somethin'... Dig? Hi Nik!!.. Bye Nik!!

Steve

Sun, Mar. 28, 2004, 12:34

Hey Mark; the photo of me with the sugar-bowl hair-cut and fuel tank was taken right after I had cut my hair "Above the Collar" to hire into G.M. The tank pictured is not one of my better examples. Its a sportster tank with the bottom touched out and patched flat with a low funnel welded on (This enabled it to hold more fuel and as such; it sat high on the frame "Frisco Style") and the one on the trampoline was taken after returning from the Islands in 71. The pool shot (skinny legs) was in Sant Rosa Cal. in 1970, a few months prior to hitting Olema Ranch with Stash. (dont' know what that Gal saw in me)..Ha!!! ah.. lets see..Oh, my Brother Stan the Man was the Don Juan of the clan Speaking of Don; hey Donna, does Stan's profile ring any bells from your' "Fella Days??. (DAZE) he always left an Impression. Later all.

Steve

Sun, Mar. 28, 2004, 18:18

Thanks so much for posting that stuff for me Mark. Ah.. lets see..the 75 photo was me at Jay "Jay-Jay" Allan's Hollywood hide-out on North Gordon. I lived next door and we both rented from an old Jazz Musisian named "Rahley The Roof". Rahley's wife Margerat got me to the side and said: "Steve, Jay just altered his house number out front to a different address; he must be one step ahead of "Mary-Lou". I was way ahead of Margaret and would always cut back and forth over the back yard fence. Jay moved shortly (very shortly) after I clued him into the two suits who were parked out front "Reading thier news papers". Jay was a Boston Con Man who was writting a tell all book at the time. He moved to Marina Dell Ray.

Steve

Sun, Mar. 28, 2004, 21:08

Hell, dont sweat it. The bike was jinxed anyway. The photo was taken when it was a very odd color. D.J. had broken his ankle after clipping a telephone pole on it and had also knocked his front teeth out on the M bars. He ended up replacing the springer with a real clean chromed wide glide front end that had shaved lower legs and a 21" wheel. The bike ended up in my living room where I painted winged H D letters on both side panels of the tank and a Rat Fink on the top. I think that was the bike that Bump got killed on, but aint sure. D.J. had picked the bike up from Stick. Back then bikes really made the rounds.

Steve

Sun, Mar. 28, 2004, 22:05

Sponge, you Welsh Bastard!.. what a fine looking spread. Fine country. I hit the Isle in 80 81 but only made London, Dover, Birmingham, Blackpool and points between..never made it to Wales or Scotland. (the "points between" took their toll). Ah.. is that ranch only seasonal??.. I thought that you were a Liverpoolian. ???!!!

Steve

Mon, Mar. 29, 2004, 01:18

Do you hear saxophone music?...

Steve

Mon, Mar. 29, 2004, 06:57

Hey Mr. personality; you finally opened up!.. got to run will comment later.

Steve

Mon, Mar. 29, 2004, 11:12

Hey DeVito: all bets are off big boy. (I dont' dig the metric system) But no shit, you seem overly cordial.. what is it Sponge?..the medication??? I was devastated to learn of your' groin-pull. Hey, speaking of groins; I just got back from a short hop into the interior of NH. This state is on top of one big rock. Sunny day, a bit cloudy. Always lots of sun in NH; (in my opinion). Well; still struggling to "balance" and trying like hell to separate and distinguish between emotions and feelings. My heart is in Kansas City. Hey; I saw my son yesterday and he said that he's got some photos of me and my brother in S.F. (I think in G.G. Park and at the Pine street digs) Anyway, he's gonna' fetch em. I will fire em' off to Mark when I get em'. My spelling seems to be improving: (although I stay away from the big words).. Hmm... Hey Nik; I do miss the West Village. Its still got a very raw edge. Oh, If ya' wanna' have coffee with Lou, catch him his most any a.m. at the coffee shop two doors down (south) from the White Horse, (on the same side of the street). Oh, It seems that his gal pal is actually his wife. I think that she's maybe a local artist...Dig; all the locals seem to ignore them (in an effort to be cool?)... (like I said before; "people acting bored").. but hey, break the ice; they are a very personable couple who im' sure prefer being "looked At" and "Talked To"" as opposed to being "Peaked At" and "Talked About". Super subtle. By the way; I know that you are one hell of a writer; but come up with anything lately that you can put music to? Think about it. Restructure some of your' existing stuff maybe. If it was good then; it's good now. Later all.

Steve

Mon, Mar. 29, 2004, 13:09

Sponge: I just re-read your' drift; and I gotta tell ya; first off; it was awfully Royal of you to offer to save a marriage,..ah..secondly;..umm...if in fact that Gals' husband was a scottsman; I think that you got off (no pun intended) lightly. And I mean lightly. To bring it down to yer' level: To a true Scot: "A man without a knife is like a woman without a pussy". Then again; If he was a Scot, he may have shuffled yer' nuts so hard and so fast that it took twenty-three-some-odd years or so for that hernia of yours' to really kick in. Wizard what? Capital!..Smashing!! Pip pip; cheerio!!...

Steve

Mon, Mar. 29, 2004, 16:42

Dont over do it on the vitamin D. The sun can really sap ya'. Try layin' up in the cool shade with the dogs. (how do they know??)...
Steve

Mon, Mar. 29, 2004, 20:39

Eric; I was sitting here wondering how (or if I should) answer Dr. Sponges' come-back; when I read yer' post and turned immediatly and grabbed the fist book off of my Ex-Father-In-Law's shelf. It happened to be "Walker's Pocket Estimator" I then opened it at random. BINGO! Page 4.21 MASONARY. It high-lights Labor Setting One Cu. Yd. of Rubble Stonework. Cu. Ft. Stone, Cu. Ft. Mortar, Mason Hours and Labor Hours, etc. Is that a sign???

Steve

Mon, Mar. 29, 2004, 20:55

Ah.. make that the "First" book... hey, has anyone noticed the change in me since my exodus on Clyde back in October? Im' at ease. Dig, I left my stilleto in K.C. in order not to get hung up by rail-way security, but 1 hour after hitting Hampton (Hampton England is our' sister-city) I came across a small Swedish red-handled hunting knife that had belonged to me some years ago and have no desire to carry it. The tooled leather scabbard is made in Finland. I had stashed it ontop of a cupboard way back when. Oh, Sponge, where is New Hampshire?... ahh, it's on a little Island called North America. Its kinda'like Olde Hampshire in England, (which it was named after) but without all of the... well;.. lets' just leave it alone shall we??..

Steve

Mon, Mar. 29, 2004, 21:11

Oh.. and Scottish G.M. connection?? Man, in my home town Charles Stewart Mott was Big Daddy. The Scots Invented the World ya' know.

Steve

Mon, Mar. 29, 2004, 21:26

Oh... one more and I gotta go.. Hey Sponge, cool you ol' block-head, I was in Paris France back in 1980 and I was wild in the streets along with the pastiest, pissiest, eye-ball bleedin'est bunch of Limmys on Gods' Green Earth. They were the home-town crews who had bussed in, rode, treked, swam, walked, ran, and crawled from England to see the Liverpool Reds beat Spains' ass. Man, those Britts were wild-in-the-streets!! They turned that city inside out that night. It even smelled like VICTORY!!!!!! Peace.

Steve

Mon, Mar. 29, 2004, 21:49

Hey, I just randomly picked up on this; I popped over to the Oct.31st 2002 entry and Claude's post caught my eye. Hey Claude, I was at the Autumnal Equinox Celebration up at Black Bear

Ranch back at the end of the season in 1970 also. Where did you crash? I was at, in, on, around and often under the Olema People's camp site. I wore an over-sized set of white painter's over-alls (nudity was kept to a minimum due to the changing season) and clomped around in a pair of fancy Polk Street Italian stitched boots that I later traded in for some bonified Witch Shoes. My question is: do you remember me? and also; what does that Gal wanna' know for her book? Im' no good with the names, but the Images are burned in like negatives. We had to have been in the front room together on the night of the feast. Sheep baked underground, wild berrys, yogurt, wine. (and other stuff)...P.S. Remember when we were PEOPLE???

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 09:04

Simple: each one of us remain as "OPEN" as we can under today's conditions... ya; keep it open by "Staying Open"...McMing, this web site is nearly a window; We are the DOORS,...DIG? (were then; are now)... if that dont make the hair on yer' arms rise a bit, then just re-think it.

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 09:24

Hey; Im' the most confident man in America...(or in the room, anyway)... Oh,... hey Mark, my Dad had a pace-maker put in this time around and says that he's good-to-go for another 15 years. The folks passed on my offer to blow down and help out on the spread, so I may jump back to plan "B"... (or was that Plan "C"?.. (a man without a plan is not a man)..Nitsche said that..... Im' already feeling the effects of the "Roaring Zero's; what with so many things "Prohibited". Later on that one. O.K. Lets see;.. Hammond, take a bow. Lets everyone give him some recognition and some well desearved attention. Ilean; shut up and keep knitting. (that auta bring her back on the re-bound and kick-start-her-back-into it). Ah; LIBRAS. My youngest is a Libra sun, Taurus moon and Aquarius rising... like a Moon-Maiden.

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 09:36

I wasnt' much into records at that point; as the Bay Area was piping in the best in the universe via F.M. radio. I haunted that musty little used book store on Eddy street. Donna, were you ever with the Fella Gang who would eat nightly at Pam Pam East? (not Pam Pam) It was a round-table of sorts. The joint was on Geary I think.. Great times there..(then again "The Times Were Great"). P.S. Does my face ring any bells? Bong! Bong!! Bong!!!???? (Eileens gonna kill me)...

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 10:51

Lets' not forget about the FULL MOON on April 5th. Ah... Blake??.. here's one that J.D.M. "borrowed" (from memory:) 'Every dawn and every night, some are born to sweet delight; some are born to sweet delight: some are born to endless night'...and he also boot-legged this one: 'Death makes angels of us all, and gives us wings where we' once had shoulders; smooth as ravens claws'.

He was also big on grabbing T.S. Elliot's stuff. But Im' not down on him; Picasso said something to the effect that: 'ammitures nearly borrow; whereas: true Artists steal'. Personally, I dine-out on alot of folk's material.

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 11:21

Hep Claude, at that stage I helped dig the pit and fetch creek rocks for. I was there when the sheep was wrapped and soaked and covered. I wanna' say that there were also goodies wrapped in some sort of leaves, maybe sweet potatoes?.. anyway, I think that the fire was kept burning all night. Prior to the roast, I was tagging along mostly with a Hells Angel named Julio (pronounced with a "J".) We were fast-friens. Remeber him? His cut-off was made of green suede. You may remember his brand new 71 model White Super glide. It had the wierd boat-tail ass end, and red blue stripes. Fresh off the show room floor in late 70. And yes I took the trip back "ON" the Studibaker flat bed. I remember it being called the 6X6??.. anyway, the wild man that I called the Buck-Skinner and the "Earth Woman" and the "Cookie Monster" (you??) were in the cab with maybe more packed in??..P.S. (I had "REAL" names for everyone.)... (I even re-named people's pet cats during that era) Any way, I was huddled in the back up against the wooden tool crib with some stragglers. We stopped off at several Free Family homes tucked away and I stole some parafin wrapped cheese at a local Cali-Foods and we all munched it down with some good wine. I remember the day after, sitting in a Free Family wild garden eating boogers while the Buck Skinner screwed the hell out of a real ripe gal who had let us all crash there. (I took notes)...(sounds like a Dylan song, dont' it?).. anyway, we proceeded to a well know artists' digs. He showed us his latest collage posters for some rock band....ah, we then made it down to Elvin Bishop's house in Oakland where we all got into some Tequilla, salt and lemons at the school down the street. Elvin broke my non-competitive streak by prompting to shoot baskets with him. (basket ball). We all ended back at Olema Ranch. Ring any bells?

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 11:36

Claude, did you make the run with us up to the lalcal saw mill that was run from the rear wheel of a truck? It was perched on hill. We went up in the Studibaker. I was also instrumental in cutting shake-shingles for the variouse small domes that were popping up. The place was really buzzing; what with prepping for the up-comming winter and all. I remember eating fresh smoked salmon from the tall up-right smoker. And those wild berrys, MMmmm. Were you there for the cold Steam Sauna that was set up? It consisted of bisqueen draped ofer a super-structure across the stream, and was functional by dumping hot rocks into the shallow spot. PUFF! Super Steam. If you remember, it had been intended as part of the Peyote Cerimony (which didnt come down, due to the Road-Man failing to show)...Ring any bells??? P.S. I was kid who Stash entrusted to drive the white sports car that she had (BORROWED).. awfully sweet of her Hmm??)...

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 11:42

So, our paths did cross in a very broad sence. Man, the Englishmen were all pissin' in the street that night. Theyed' block traffic in an effort to focus on unzipping, (as the locals would drive with

nothing but fog lights at night).. what was that all about?.. anyway, the Brits seemed to make the best of the low lighting (city of Lights?) to piss right in front (and often "ON" the terrified Frenchman's cars. It was a real hoot. It was what I termed "The English Invasion" I think that the busses stopped running that night... go figure??? Later, Boyd-O-Matic

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 11:54

Hey Claude; do you remember what that stuff was that they gave us to chew on to fight the cold on the run back from Black Bear that night? It was kept in a small cloth tobacco pouch. Also, at what point in the trip did you bail out? Oh, and the "Earth Woman" she had leatherey skin and usually had dead leaves in her flat black hair from sleeping out and she carried a deer-foot handled camp knike. Ring any bells? She smelled like rich loom and earth worms. A real goddess. She seemed to watch over me a bit, and often tried to steer me away from "MANNERS".

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 12:00

Hey Mark; I just forwarded you an E-Mail that Randee sent me. It should make yer' day. Spread the joy.

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 14:21

Wow; the Statue of Unequality Missing In Action. Maybe the Bush Gang labeled it as an "Illegal Alien" an is holding it behind the wire in Cuba.

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 14:52

Ah Sponge!!; now we've got yer' number!... that explains it!!....YOU ARE A HOOIGAN!!!... Hmm..... lets' see....."ALRIGHT! HANDS-ON-HEADS!!!" "WE KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH YOU FIGHTING TEDS!!!" -Bonzo Dog Doo-Daa Band.

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 14:58

My Good Doctor Sponge: I knew that you had to have a redeeming quality! Welcome to the Digger ward of the Free In-Sanitarium. Best Regards, Intern Boyd. More than one flew over the Coo-Coo's nest...(trust me)

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 15:51

Nik; I dont know what prolific means... ah, ya' mean prophylactic??...thats anything that prevents disease...but hey, I was just looking at the Atlantic Ocean from the kitchen window, it lays just a stones throw beyond the salt marsh. It appears to be light grey due to low cloud cover. Im' at ease

here for sure. I had forgotten how close to the edge that I was up in this neck of the woods. In the local paper, I just scoped out some digs in Portsmouth "Above a Saloon". Hmm.. also a "Roomy" situation here in Hampton. They want a "Quiet Adult" ...(well; one out of two aint bad)... I will look up prolific and get back to ya'. (I wish)...

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 15:54

Hey; I was blocked out also... so I gave it a break. Hey, I got to get my teeth looked at in the a.m. The radiation killed em' all. The saving grace is as the bust off, I feel no pain. (or is it just me?).. in any event, will be glad to get the Ivory out.

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 16:02

Hey Sponge; this neck of the woods would be like old home week for you: the surrounding towns are Dover, Portsmouth, Exeter, Manchester etc. etc. Lots of old yank families who set up camp here over 300 years ago. Real roots... dig?

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 17:52

She was VERY earthy. I stayed up all night with her, J.P.'s son Owl and several Angels up on the knowl. We were fried out of our minds and it was as if we were inside a 50' orb. Anyway; at Elvin's house, she road my ass for actually "Asking" him if I could use the bathroom. I was trying to show some sensitivity due to the fact that Elvin had had a falling out and his Ol' Lady had split. The window was busted out and his piano seat was gone. (out the window??).. any way, he put on a show playing the piano on his knees and he insisted that I set in his chopped off green easy chair. He was good host and turned me on to his comic book collection. Our paths crossed once again at the Carossel Ballroom when he and Micheal Bloomfield and B.B. King jambed after the Union band had split. I cant remember if Al Cooper joined in or not....anyway, they really cooked. Oh, dig this: At another pit stop in Oakland the Earth Woman actually tried to prompt a lonely kid of about 12 years old to climb down off of his balcony and roam free with us. The kid got rather shaken up and hid in his apt. and peaked out of the drapes. Later he must have told stories of almost being kid-napped by a band-o-Gypsies. Claude, did; I had just turned 18 that July and as such on the wrong end of the law for not registering for the draft, that seems like no biggy now, but you remember those days. Anyway, on the ride down, I was decked out in all new (used) duds that Coyote had scarfed from the free store up north. I wore a tight-assed pair of stripped 60's style mod pants and I had traded my polk street specials for a pair of bonified "Witch Shoes" that Eileen had turned her nose up at. They became my original (in a long line of) Lucky Boots. I wore a small Mexican blanket as a poncho. Oh... also, by the time the sheep slaughter rolled around, I had moulted into nothin' but a home made brown suede loin cloth which I had altered from a cut off which had been laid on me by a biker. I was in the clear light stage (like most mornings) and had "Dropped the blade and picked up the Budda" by cerimonally dismanteling my Italian stiletto and placing the pieces in a the shallows of a branch of the Three Forks of the Salmon. It was akin to the socks and hat offering earlier that week. Looking back on my "Hero Journey", I was a natural. This was years before flashing on Richard Campbells' work. It was very primal and the stage was set perfectly for

my coming of age. Man,... "HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION". P.S. were you in the woods when the dude was tattooing the clan? Remember the Olema man who got a Taurus sign inked on his cheek??? The last time I saw him on the Haight, I laid an OZ. of bunk-weed on him after returning from a Warlock (not G.D. but REAL wizards) birthday party where I was the present. Get back to me on that. Later all.

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 18:01

Warlocks?...Birthday Presents??...Earth Women????.. Hells Angels??...Man, I gotta get back to the MATRIX. This chip in my head is really buggin' me. Hmm... and those giant pods out back... It makes me wonder!

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 18:07

Claude, who was the veril Long Haired cat who owned nothin' but a pair of levis and a v-neck buckskin shirt. I dubbed him "The Buck-Skinner". He was always damn good to me. The Olema cubs were treated with good humored patience, thats for shure. Never a harsh word.

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 19:12

Mark, that had to have been earlier that season, because I was at Olema when Moose said that he'd pass on the run due to a court date. I wanna' say that he had thrown his land lord down a flight of stairs or some such feat. I liked Moose alot. I had known him from the city. In fact, it was amazing how many folks I ran into at Olema who were "Omi-Preasent" in S.F. It wasnt' a "Who-Do-You-Know" by "NAME". It was more of a "Nudge-nudge-wink-wink" thing. But looking back on it, I wanna say that our sauna was a bit improved, as I remember wooden studs as supporters. (those babys were at a premium in that neck o' the woods. Hmm... I was in the sauna with mostly women and kids, as it was more or less a pecking order much like domestic cat pack. Me being a mannish-boy, I do remember regretting not getting a hard on due to the chilly clime that was descending day by day. We were all goose-bumps upon coming out. But as I said; I pretty much mixed with both ends of the spectrum. But anyway, Im' positive that Moose wasnt there. The Frisco Hells angels who camped with us were delivering a birthday present to an exil. (but thats another story). Hey Claude; the night we split, we were accompanied by a carload of freaks who'd spent days down at the cinder block "Motor Pool" getting their heap road-worthy" I dont know where they ended up. Later Mark. P.S. Share the "Word of the Day"...

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 19:25

Mark; it had to have been in late August-early September, because I remember shortly after returning to Olema Ranch with a cockette named Harlow (who I Idolized) and over-hearing on the little red transistor radio that Jimmi Hendrix had just died. (Sept 16th).. anyway, I walked into the front room and broke the new to the folks who then started disclosing very personal accounts of Hendrix. Man, that was one down day.

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 19:27

Hammond: were they involved with "The Sixtys' Papers"???

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 19:49

Thanks Tom; Ill' mosey on over there. Hey, I just got an E Mail from the Village Voice indicating that I had "Credit" for their personal ads and should use them up. In as much as my "Ask Silent Steve" column was Eighty-Sixed" ages ago and I only met a few Voice reporters on the run,, I layed an E-Mail on em' and asked: "Whats Up???" . Will keep ya'll posted on what comes down as it occures. Steve Boyd, Cub reporter. (who would wanna' get personal with me??...and why??) Ebby, is that you???

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 20:12

Wow Mark; thats one tight little T-Bird. In my neck of the woods the often dropped Cadilac engines under the hood. Oh-Mamma.

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 21:42

Man... Claude, I just checked out the photo of that addition (project)...wow, that window lental is real ballsy. Nice work! And just think!.. no freezing rain or ice to seep in and expand the joints! What an enchanting environment.

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 22:05

Mark, I plan on visiting Ol' Dell up north soon. Way back in 57' he owned a Studabaker. I wanna' say that it was a Golden Hawk. In any event, it came off the line with a Packard engine under the hood. He said that it was the only car that ever scared him. He regrets ever giving it up. Ever heard of such a beast?

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 22:52

Ya, that was along the lines of the Baracudda, right?... fast back, lotsa' glass?... it's all a bit blurred. In Flint they dropped GM engines in anything and everything. Now Detroit; well...that was Ford country. Those cats who worked at the Flint Engine plant often cooked up some real Frankenstiens in their home garages. VW's and even Hillmans were chevy powered. It was a real scream. They use to burn fake tread patterns into slicks with thier kid's wood burning kits in an effort to get around the law. I think that Michigan may have been the home of the Original "Cheater Slicks".. but dont' quote me on that.

Steve

Tue, Mar. 30, 2004, 23:00

Gonna' hit the rack. Ive' got a date with a dentist in the a.m. Be good ya'll. (aint it the way?)....
Steve

Wed, Mar. 31, 2004, 09:38

Sponge you head-buttin' Hooligan; I got the same E-Mail which was pipe-lined through the Digger Web Site, thats the only reason that I opened it. Ivory Coast my white ass. Most likely some Mook up in Harlem. I give-em my "Prayers". Shiiiiittt. Well, Im' off to the Dentist. Catch ya' on the rebound ya' Ol' Teddy Boy. Hi Nik.
Steve

Wed, Mar. 31, 2004, 13:48

Bingo! Just got in. The Dentist was beside himself. He'd only seen pictures of this kind of shit in Dental Collage; he's hot to pull em' all out, four at a time. Im' good to go on May 14th for the first session. Hey Sponge, yesterday I went to MANCHESTER NH. This part of the U.S. aint' called "New England" fer' nothin'. Hmm... Spammers in our' midst Hmmm????... aparrently they take the "Free thing" all-to-literally. Im' not much for fighting crime, so I got no advice for ya Eric. Oh, when I said "MOOK", I meant "Muke". It's a term that I picked up from Buckley,.. I dont know exactly what it means, but every time he slurred it out, there were waves of ethnic unrest through-out the Building. Go figure.
Steve

Wed, Mar. 31, 2004, 21:25

No other way to describe him Clayde. During that particular period it was all fast and loss and like myself folks got comfortable in their "second-skin". It was like the series BONANZA. Same wardrobe for 12 consecutive seasons. It was "Re-Run" city. But no shit, all the cat had from what I saw was a pair of levis and a funky home stitched primitive (deer skin?) v-necked pull over (frontier hunter style) shirt. The ballsy young blond that you may be thinking of was living with J.P.'s oldest daughter at Olema ranch in the shed. He had a fine pair of work boots and always wore a long stag handled hunting knike at his side. He was bold but cautious and at first looked at me side-ways when I waltzed in and obtained the "Rank" of "DOPE MASTER". (I was just bumpin' 18 and had a clean slate) so I took on the responsibility for holding all (all?) of the green-tab acid and also the home-grown that had been buried after a spotter plane had buzzed the ranch...I also had the honor of rolling the family weed each night at dinner....(let me catch my breath). Anyway, he seemed to have been raised right; but was a bit negatively influenced by a real greasy hippy kid that I had often seen in the city. The original slaker: "Shannon". (his sister was so sweet, she lived at the ranch),.. anyway, It was all Shannon could do to keep out of Coyote's path,.. (Pete could really read the beads, if you remember right)... So heres the dirt: Shannon was jelious because Stash entrusted me with making in-town runs with (her?) sports car...and also because he couldnt' pinch "HIS SHARE" of the dope; get it? Also, once in the kitchen, Coyote bitched him out for not carrying his wieght, and Pete held me up as a "good" example. (which, looking back on it, my deal with Stash

was: Sure; Ill' help out.) So I was "Set" to help out from the get-go. No shit. A deals a deal,..Anyway, although they were both about my age (or a bit older) they rode my ass (peer-presure) to let them drive and tap the High, dig?.. we'll, me bein' trust-wourthy;; I didnt' cave in. I did how ever fall from grace after the "Crooked Man" (J.P.'s running mate) had mistakenly thought that some dope that some of the youngen's were chewin' on had come from me. In as much as he had bestowed the title on me in the first place, he dethroned me so-to-speak and reclaimed the family dope. That incident was compounded by the fact that the Sgt. AT ARMS of the Hells Angels had seperated the Men from the Boys the afternoon prior, by passing around the Angel Dust. Well, I proved that I was a man. (A DEAD MAN) I got so loaded that I was christened "Zombie For A Day" and was really shamed. Odd; for some time after I did all of my drawing (art work) by moon-light),..Hmmm...In any event "That young Blonde" didnt make the run. Hmm.. Im' rambling...The wild man that Im' talkin' about would have been in his late 20's, a real strapper. Ragged-but-right. Tough but tender. A prime example of the hybrid branch who formed what Ide' say was the nuclius of entire fuckin' Free Family. THE OLEMA PEOPLE. (The adult male end of the spectrum) .. easy now!... I can say the same about the gals!...the whole motly crew exemplified the pioneer spirit and rugged fuckin' Individualizm. Him, Coyote, and a few more were my roll models. Follow me?. Off-handedly; Ide' say there wasnt' a single Olema Man that I didnt swell with pride over just being with. It was so tight that it was loose. Names?.. fuck names. It's feelings dig? I dont know if any "Ranch Kids" my age (I was emotionally young) could say that about any of the other mentors in their "Communes???" around those parts. To put it prospective, the word "Commune" is a joke. (Im' off on a tangent)... To make a long story short, I was in the woods with "Diamond; you say??.. when he got that tattoo. The "Tangiers Girl" also got inked with a crescent moon on her "chest". Myself, I had just reached the dawn and wanted who I deemed a spirit guide to be inked on my arm but I had no barganing power, as all I was down to was a fuckin' loin cloth and a home-made turkey-bone pipe. I didnt get that graven Image under my skin until many moons later. Lemme' see...Fact is, I think that I dubbed "Diamond" the "Cookie Monster"...nah.. wait, I wanna say the cookie monster was the freak who drove Anonda's panel truck over the cliff. Hmm.. its getting blurry. In closing, if you rode down in the flat bed w/ Earth Woman to Oakland, then I was right there bouncin' along with ya'. You didnt by any chance keep yer' Ginseng Root in a Bull Durham cloth tie-string bag did ya??? Now, dont ask me what I had for dinner last night...(I cant' remember)... P.S. ya' gotta' remember Shannon, he wore a purple varsity jacket w/ a large Pot leaf embroidered on the back. Wow, I feel a Bob Dylan song commin' on. Hey, Nik; hows that for prolificy???? Later Claude.

Steve

Wed, Mar. 31, 2004, 22:31

Thanks guys; ah.. sure, I can send a few more,..

Steve

Wed, Mar. 31, 2004, 22:58

Mark, the picture that Im' sending with my self kinda' pasted in over that gal standing next to me is so that she' not disclosed to the poparatzie. If I had by chance already e-mailed you the original, please disregard it (or regard it)... in any event it was taken in Boston on Charles Street in the winter of 76. Oh, the stunt that Im' pullin'??.. well, later on that evening, I got her to take that pose

and hold it. OK,.. the other photo is my Mother's Dad. He had native blood via the Huckabee Clan of Kentucky. His branch of the Kirklands had settled in Panther County early on. Will send a few more...

Steve

Wed, Mar. 31, 2004, 23:24

151 posts!!... man, I need therapy!... hey Mark, the "Ape Hanger" photo is little Johnny Cake pullin' my whiskers out. We called him Stretch Armstrong. Actually he was named John Wesley after my Dads' Grand father who was a Methodist Preacher. Later all,... (a hundred and fifty one),... ow; thats gotta hurt.... Oh, dig my golf shirt??.. and those white sport pants. My hair was bleached out from the FLA sun as I was doin' a stint as a life actor on the back of a garbage truck during that sit-com. What a gig.

Steve

Wed, Mar. 31, 2004, 23:44

Hmm.. try the theme from "JAWS". How the hell did you handle that ride??? Christ... it must take both hands and one foot to count to ten???... But no shit, what sign(s) was she??? A triple Scorpio????? with three Leos rising?????

Steve

Thu, Apr. 01, 2004, 01:02

Cool,.. ya, Donnas great. Hey Donna, (if you are the same one).. sorry that I went off the deep end about (1-1/2???) year ago. If you were my pen-pal. It was just that some goon-squad was play-ing real mind games with me and gettin' me paranoid. They really had me going. It was terrible. They turned me against the folks who were close to me and I suspected the church staff, etc. It was very un-nerving. Sorry that I doubted you or your' intentions of getting an insight into my nature. (If in fact you are the same Donna)... Im' not baitin' ya. Wheather it was or wasnt, you; I feel bad just the same. That being said; my faith in cats still runs higher than than in humans. Dig; I re-named my lady's Cat-Kids: Tom Terrific, Tiger 1 and Tiger 2, Granny, Little Girl (the 2nd) and hell...I forgot....Hmm...damn,... well, gonna' sleep on it. Thanks again Mark, Go'night Donna, count yer' digits (and yer' blessings) Claude. (maybe Ill' drive next time.) Happy Trails. P.S. Hey, Eric; speaking of horse-shit E-Mails that get pipe-lined through the Digger Web Site, I was thinking about that weird one from that ebbby person. It was forwarded in the same manner I think.. (or was it??),... anyway, I only skimmed it, but looking back on it now, it may have been a "Come-On"... I dunna-o'. Hey ebbby; you wanna stand up and be counted?.. come on, nows as good as time as any. Take the floor. Im' listnin'. Come on, Ill' even give ya' my phone number.

Steve

Wed, Apr. 07, 2004, 13:11

Eileen: ya' just snapped me out of it. Why order fantasy Fish chips when I can take a big bite out of a State-Side reality sandwich. Im' gonna' get atrsy-craftsy also. Direct the energy into productive viens. Hey Rena, hey Nik, hey all. (well; almost all) enjoy April). (enjoy April???..I hardly know her!!)...

Steve

Thu, Apr. 08, 2004, 09:13

Sponge(s); your' tactics border on genius; In fact; I think that they all bought it to the point of sympathizing with you. Enjoy the weekend and consider me "Backed-Off". (way off)

Steve

Thu, Apr. 08, 2004, 09:58

Nik: Its not about gathering up sides or forming a team etc. Its one-on-one (or one on two, maybe)... Like I said; I dont draw lines in the sand or judge anyone by the company that they wish to dine with. Hey; break bread, drink the wine and enjoy. Lets just take it from the old master and call it "A primitive attempt" to draw the poor ol' under-dog into "An Argument". (we all know that he's above reproach and that stirring the honey is beneath his dignity).. wink, wink, nudge, nudge... Later kid. Hugs scrunches.

Steve

Thu, Apr. 08, 2004, 10:05

To quote that expugnable Englishman prior to high-tailing it out of the country and leaving Red Neck to swing in the wind : "Enoughs Enough". (that outa' fire up a rambling ditty for sure)

Steve

Thu, Apr. 08, 2004, 10:16

For the record: I never meant to imply the he was either Jag, or Travis. That was just him putting a bit of smoke on the mirror in his last post. Very subtle. In fact; slick. A real spin artist. I give him (them) that much. Good luck with whatever comes down the day-job pike Nik. Hope you flag a progressive outfit with like-minded co-workers. After all; it's one third of your' life.

Steve

Thu, Apr. 08, 2004, 10:23

Hey McMing; as far as nature taking its course... it just makes ya'wonder dont it???

Steve

Thu, Apr. 08, 2004, 10:40

Hey Nik all; I guess I owe ya' this much: It was an ace in the hole that I never planned on playing; as I had hoped to pull something socially redeeming from Sponge(s) that I felt could maybe round things out and give some balance to the flow of things. Heres the bomb shell (believe it or not) OK. Early on when I logged into this web site; sponge had at least two handles (that I know of). Fine; whatever rocks yer' boat. Well, that being said: he must have taken me for some kind of real fuck-up and e-mailed me with a proposition of fucking with everyone's minds on site, dig?.. well; I played along enough for him to expose an Ohio based group of sick-os; who came down hard on me with death threats etc. after I told em' all to fuck off in a big way. Dig; well; I went on to

not only decieve Sponge, but I also exposed one of his handles (which he dropped).. I cant remember what the name was.. anyway, this prick was fucking with everyone on site. So there ya' have it. In time all was forgiven (at my end anyway) and I was trying my best to bring out the real human in him; (which he seems to show at the least expected times). Well, then the big Head-stomping skin-head thing popped up in which he is apparently pro; where-as Im' con. I dont cotton to the HATE thing in any form. I am however into the "Dislike" thing (from experience). (I aint no angel). So; there ya' have it. Now; he's hidding his bruised ego (or alter-ego) out in a run-down trailer in the Welsh boon-docks and Im' the big bad bully. (aint it the way?).. Now, Red Neck; lets see ya' rhyme that one.

Steve

Thu, Apr. 08, 2004, 11:56

No... but you do!

Steve

Thu, Apr. 08, 2004, 12:05

Nik; the weather finally broke up here; nice couple of days; but we had a week long gale; with rain at each end. Very soothing actually. Lookin' at the cold stormy North Atlantic from the kitchen window (3rd floor) really brought me back down to earth. (which is where I plan to stay). No big shakes. Hey; if the party in question dont wanna' play for keeps, so be it; but his (their) days of baiting me and then backing down are over. Wont' get a nibble from here on out. P.S. Hey Red Neck; we could use a few more Steves. (think about it false-face). Later to all of my friends (imaginary and otherwise). Good Luck again Nik.

Steve

Thu, Apr. 08, 2004, 14:03

Eileen; dont turn "ADULT" on me. I love the little girl behind those eyes. Like I said: from here on out I wont even nibble. And fer' all of you side-liners: come on, delve right in. Its' no shame to hold back yer' legal names; Im' sure that you'all may have yer' reasons for annonymity; fact is: in the 60's, thats what THE DIGGERS were all about. Myself; I made the scene on the verge of the "WHAT WAS THAT" era of their long strange trip. (which keeps getting longer and stranger thanks to Eric Noble and those who remain nameless. Which reminds me; since Bush got into office, I gotta' ask ya' all "WHAT WAS THAT???". God; folks dyin' as I speak, and me bitchin' about a faceless Limey who-knows-what. do I have to dig that deep to grind out the frustration?.. Im' gonna' take a walk through this hamlet that Im' nesting in. Hey, my reputation succeeds me; (if thats the term)..Dig; I was invited to do the sun-rise Easter thing w/ some local Methodists who have apparently followed my antics (from the side-lines). (If they're listning) I plan to make the scene without slipping out of my sheeps' clothing) ie. I will not attempt a hostile take over of their church;... I promise). Later all. MUTES FOR PEACE!!!

Steve

Thu, Apr. 08, 2004, 14:29

Ah... make that "Preceeds)....(I think)....

Steve

Fri, Apr. 09, 2004, 02:33

Hey Donna: one mans' jelly is another mans'...ah... well ya' got me there. Oh; dig; No desision can be a good desision; that being said: if ya' feel any panic to make a change: Dont! Make the change with a level head and consider yer' options. ei. if shit dont happen: make it happen. Hey Mark; as I very well know; the body can be one hell of a battle-field. Its' the command post stationed in-between yer' ears that you gotta' really dig into and take no quarter and give none. (The "Head-Quarters)... hey Eileen; thats some strong medicine. Some balancing act. Walkin' the wire with no net is the gal that I knew. Congrats! Looks like the Big Time fer' you. Hey; Think Promo: Your' out-put (original textiles, rugs such) combined with a slick pamphlet outlining yer' own personal history should make yer' creations reach under-ground collector status over-night. Hear that folks??... place yer' orders now!!! Hey, they should crank up a HAND MAKERS courner on site here for home spun Folk Goods. Even make room fer' the Kids and Grand kids crafts such. (remember the Hand Makers of Knob Hill fame??)..HEAVY! Just a thought. Later all. P.S. Hey donna; can you can? (Jelly that is) Hmm... Lets see; Donna's Fella Jelly.. hmm.. maybe "Fella-Jella"...no thats not it,..ahh... Il' work on it. Hey! maybe "Fell-O" (there's never room for Fell-O") Oh shit.

Steve

Fri, Apr. 09, 2004, 02:45

Hows this: "Donna's Sweet Spread"...nah;.. no good. That Bass Player would most likely break my drawing hand. Hm..well; you get the picture. How about "Haight Mate",.. you know; like Coffee Mate, but; well... instead of being a non-dairy creamer; it could be a... well..I, ahh...I better work on that.....Hmm...think, think, damn it.

Steve

Fri, Apr. 09, 2004, 02:49

Mayo-Daze???? (LSD Mayonais)... we could sell it to Hellmans!... Donna!..Were' gonna' be rich!!!!

Steve

Fri, Apr. 09, 2004, 02:53

Ah,.. the "Old Steve"...I missed him. Hmm.. I wonder if Hampton Beach is ready for a Dead Organ Grinder Monkey Act? It could prove to be a long hot summer.

Steve

Fri, Apr. 09, 2004, 11:24

OK; FROM THE TOP: a. listing whats right with me would be a much shorter list. b. Apology accepted. c. Deleted?..(you followed my lead)..good move. d. I know the difference between compliments and popularity. e. Your' lack of seeing good features does not apply. f. Singled out, NO. Stood up to, YES. (come on; I like IMAM, he has soul. g. Personal violations of the dignity of undignified people cancels itself out. h. Bully?; make that King Bully. I bully bullies; you found out the

hard way. I. Popularity as a weapon...Hmm...dont give me any ideas. j. Crawl away sulking? (its one of my enduring qualities). k. Others having it in for me? No shit Sherlock!. l. Im' not interested in what works for you. m. Can, will and do? thats comendable. n. I picked the wrong person? You picked me, remember? o. Force you?.. sure! lets add Jedi Knight to my many titles. P. Post here?.. feel free. q. You painted yer'self into this corner. r. As personal as two strangers can get. s. check out yer' last entry on last months final page. (where'd I get such a notion). t. My attempt to reach the man behind the curtain failed. u. Who and what am I?...ahh.. what time is it now?. v. Man; the Boyd's have been a bain to the English for one thousand years. w. Ive' insulted 98.7% of the worlds ethnic groups from this web site. In my fervant (sp?) efforts; I may have over-looked niggers (of all colors) and rag-heads) They make the best coffee, god love-em. x. Real?, Im' as real as an nerd's death threat. y. Proof? Im' pushing Boydism, not McCarthyism. z. I do not trust you. za. Im' pleased that you are pleased. zb. Ruthless?..nahh.. she's right here. zc. petty?..only w/petty issues. zd. Address; I had your's and dumped it after refusing to answer yer' weird shit. Remember? In fact I threatened you to stop harrasing me. ze. Right?..Ive had it right from the beguinning. zf. Selective truth; sure, its gotta' be!... your' side aint truthfull. Think about it. zg. My motive is to connect the hoop and round-up Digger strays and drive em' towards the light. It pisses me off to weather the shit storms that bush-wackers like you kick up. zh. Achieve is just a four letter word. zi. Im not acting. Fear? Fear is good. Fear loves you. wink, wink, nudge, nudge. zj. You WERE my problem. zk. Me free?.. why thank you. Now it's official! zl. Cant stop me?..then why try? zm. Thats one hell of a belief system mister. zn. You judge??...NNNOOOO!!!!. zo. Lined up?; hell; i kinda' thought that you'd keep rotating in the mindless auto-pilot circle-jerk that youve' been locked into. (silly me). Dont push?...YES SIR!

Steve

Fri, Apr. 09, 2004, 12:01

Sponge; it's showtime. Heres the two passages from yer' March page 32 entry that sent my ass flaring up like a fuckin' sky-rocket. "WE didnt discriminate- if you were there at the time WE insured that you participated, old, young, black, white, man, woman, children, AND disabled if you were there you got your head kicked in." later in the post you said: "So picture the scene of a youth on the floor nine or ten others struggling to put the boot in. Oxblood Doc Martins stomping away and a calling card left on his bloodied torso" OK; Sponge; thats the one entry you should have remembered prior to getting out the no-more-tears-baby-shampoo ya' Limey Punk. That didnt happen because the March folder got locked down. P.S. I aint sqashin' yer' right to spew what ever garbage that comes to memory; All Im' sayin' is: Keep yer' words short and sweet. Ya' may have to eat them later. Now Id' like to apologize to the Limeys; Hey; guys; sorry that sponge is tainting yer' fine name. P.S. Sponge; a proprietor of the Tate (or National?) Gallery in London, busted his ass to save my life (along with blacks, old, young, white, man, women, children, and disabled.) It was in reference to an IRA bomb threat. Think about it the next time you get the notion to to stomp him half to death, ya Limey Punk.

Steve

Fri, Apr. 09, 2004, 13:48

Will do Mother Witch. That shit sandwich was gettin stale anyway. It was spread way to thick. Sam, I admit that my judgements of the men and women at the table, whether Hip, hipper or un-hip are completely, sometimes brutally, frank. That being said: as you know; I lavish with praise

where it is due; devastate with criticism when it is not. No grey areas. "In these days of toil and strife learn to read whats black and white". blah, blah, blah,.. Hey, Happy Easter. Now please pass the jelly. P.S. Do you hear saxophone music?..(I dont know what that means)...

Steve

Fri, Apr. 09, 2004, 14:04

Hey Eileen; lay the finer points of yer' counter-culture capers within the Nor Cal (and all points FURTHUR) art movement and Ill' throw together an Olema Style flyer for ya. You know: real Electric Ozone Poppin' pen and ink melt-in-yer'-hand-not-in-yer'-mouth type of thing that I was known for. (or; "Little-Known" for). Ive; all but shelved the Cancer Caper Comix for now and would like to dirrect energy to creating something... anything!!... Better yet, if yer' not feelin' too boosterous these days; have yer' worst critic to write it. (then again; you may be yer' worst critic).. am' I even close? Give me somethin' I can work with. You did do some of Janis' tie-dye stuff if I remember right. (or was that the Quick Silver Girl?).. in any event; think about it. P.S. Years ago I was gonna silk screen some tee shirts w/ you and Coyote as "American Gothic" w/ Olema Ranch as a back drop.

Steve

Fri, Apr. 09, 2004, 14:53

Mark; I just jumped over there. Sorry; I couldnt resist. (Cancer Sun, Sag. Moon, Cancer rising, year of the Dragon)... Damn shame; one of our's getting blamed for Nailflakes' fucked up life. Go figure. Now my fucked-up life???..... I blame myself. (makes more sense somehow). Hey Nailflakes; Please pass the jelly.

Steve

Fri, Apr. 09, 2004, 15:48

When Hammond talks: people listen. Consider it "Left Alone". Hey; as you know; I dug IMAM and was the one who originally slammed him into IM-A-MOUSE status; which he (upon personal merit) was dubbed with the Digger Handle of IM-A-MAN. I miss him. Later all. Im' gonna' enjoy the holiday. Say a Mother's prayer; and dont leave Bernardo out. He was on far-out Mother for sure. Im' sure that that yellow-booted angel is kickin' up clouds with Frank Zappa at this very moment. BOYS TOGETHER OFTEN, OUTRAGIOUSLY, and OTHERWISE. (and Hammond; you know very well that boys will be boys).

Steve

Sat, Apr. 10, 2004, 13:04

Nailcakes: this is Steve; (the self-appointed welcoming committy). I just came back from the third floor kitchen where I realized that the Eastern Horizon was sagging in the middle. Upon FURTHER investigation, what I have mistakenly identified as the horizon line is actually a very droopy telephone wire, which means that the North Atlantic has been only a patch of sky. Bummed out? Not me. This only shows one of the many gifts that one can recieve if they put it within the

proper frame work. (I now have my own private Ocean). I may just clue my Grandson in on it.. (he's worthy). I heard last night that Jesus was known to have said that the Mind is between the soul and the spirit and that "It's all in the mind". As for me: Id' like to think so. WELCOME
Steve

Sat, Apr. 10, 2004, 13:57

Nobody let nothin' out on me...I was just stickin' up for a dead man. Sharlitans on the Haight?.. sure, and everywhere else that a migrant population ever flooded to since time began. Dig; Emmitt's blood kin as well as his extended family and tight bonders pop in here from time to time and may not let you off as lightly as I did. You dropped his name so many times as pure poison; then you say that you praised him in print. (??!!) Is that (your') view of the "Big Burn". Read me? And as far as "US" padding our own "Click" and Who did we ever help but ourselves; well; that would take volumes which leads me to this question: Dr. Sponge: is this your' creation????
Steve

Sat, Apr. 10, 2004, 14:41

Mark: I just got my bearings: the kitchen window faces south. Wow. Het nailcakes: In NYC we hosted a slew of mid-western massage therapists who (dont laugh) worked shifts around the clock down at ground zero. They did their thing on fife fighters, cops and rescue workers as well as setting up shop in the Peace Church Sanctuary and offered their services to a hoard of stressed out local folks (me included) I wasnt' all that stressed but was real bound up by scar tissue and was partially paralyzed (neck sholder etc) I later went through p.t. when I gained my strength back. My point is; there were a few in the group who were A-1 healers. (all of whom would actually weep upon laying hands on me). It was real heavy. No shit. I could tell you some wild stories of the healing touch sometime. Its amazing. Later; (whoever you are). P.S. Its not an issue. Im' just keyed up after dealing with hacker. Later Kid. Give my best to Texas.
Steve

Sat, Apr. 10, 2004, 17:20

Nailcakes: I wasnt aware that you were addressing a topic. As usual: I dont read (I skim) and I dont see (I look) and I dont listen (I hear)..that being said: I do feel. And as such: extend my heart-felt sympathy to your' loss and that of many others here among us. Later. Hang in there. Endure.
Steve

Sun, Apr. 11, 2004, 21:23

Hey NC: I was a "Wess" and "Star-Eyed Stella" fan myself. (keep the beads baby)... Myself; Im' hittin' 53 (in July) and being a "Yougen" here on sight, I seem to throw a somewhat different slant in the historical aspects of a very short (transitional) period in Marin County X Files. ie. the break up (clean up?) of Olema Ranch..... Prior to that I lived with the Haight Street Psych-Shop crew over on Page Street untill they made the Clementina Street move (where I also migrated). Al Alvarez was at the helm of both shops (the Market Street Psych-Shop also) at that time: as Ronnie and Jay were in and out, but Ernie was still hanging in. I "Took-a-Break"??!! from the frenzied S.F. life-style and hit Olema Ranch (which as Eileen touched upon; If anyone would have mentioned "Hippy Commune"

it would have gotten more than a wink and a nod)...any way, it was out of the frying pan and into the fire. Ive' been quoted as saying that the original Diggers that I came in contact with were damp sparklers at that point (summer of 70') Damp; sure...maybe.. but long after "Normal Humans" had all but fizzled out. (they were definatly running on fumes). Down with bad habits and raked with disease they were still the first to arrive and the last to leave the party. (Toughest damn folks Ive' run into as of this typing.) Dig, NC; through my eyes (young peepers) The Olema People were the Heaviest within what I considered the Free Family Circle of that particular era: namely: The Berkeley People, Black Bear People, and the Cockette People: (who were the loosest by far).... Anyway, (sorry for leaving out the earlier and "Original" ranches, farmes and houses; (but you know who you are, and from what I saw; you were all for the most part doing the "Titty-Mouse and Taddy Mouse Play House" thing)...where as the Olema Tribe were the disfunkcional within the disfunkcional, (black sheep of the black sheep) Out Laws of the Out Laws etc.. but the bottom line was "Rightousness" which was constantly tested, stretched, folded, shot-gunned and often mutilated...anyway; I "Lived" for a time with Coyote and Eileen and their baby girl (along with a revolving-door cast of animated characters (privilaged and otherwise) in a "House" ..(shack?!!!!.. ah... "Dwelling" ... (Make that HOME).. known as Olema Ranch before I "Took Another Break" from the frenzied life-style of Olema. You guessed it. Out of the fire into the Incinerator: I migrating up to Black Bear Ranch and came into my own and found out who I was. (but thats the part that I just cant remember; (or place)... Blah, blah, blah,.. you get the picture. I dont know where Im' going with this: (which in it self is proof that I was there)..Ha, Ha,.. Oh; I remember!.. Ive' got a hair trigger when it comes to anything that I view as a slant or put down to the survivors or those who made it..dig? Its a classic "Be True To Your' School" (Fool's School)...(inside joke). Most have been through hell and back and it burns their ass to be forgotten or worse: to be cast in a "Hollywood Version" of what was comming down during the cross-roads of their lives. Dig? Now that being said; I dont think that I ever even met Emmitt (unless he was the Red Haired Cat who drove the volvo????!)...that being said: I can sympathize; (as a former thief and liar myself) Dig? Havent we all been so many things to so many people??.. Think about it. And Hey: Be true to your' school. Later. All my best to you and your's. Steve. Self Proclaimed Under-assistant West Coast Promo Man (of the End Of The World Mob.)... "sittin' here thinkin' just how sharp I am". Oh, NC; the "Silent Steve thing is not a Moot Issue; (Its a MUTE Issue) Wink, wink, nudge, nudge. Hey Nik; let me introduce you to "En-Cee".

Steve

Sun, Apr. 11, 2004, 21:32

Make that "MOOT POINT" ... Hey Eileen: Im' a bunny everytime I turn my front pockets inside out. Hows yer' eggs?

Steve

Sun, Apr. 11, 2004, 22:34

If that was Emmitt; he turned me on to some red acid up at the B.B.R. feast and we almost dropped part of his wallet also...(long story)..anyway; this cat had balls and had had recently dumped a Gallopin' Gooses purple chopper (which he had ripped off) right in the center of a busy intersection. (long story)...(I only knew one Goose at that time ((Frenchy from the New Oreans Crew))... anyway.. (Emmitt??)(if it was him) left a lasting impression on me: standing there in his cowboy boots, no pants on; a crazy-pazley shirt w/ tails tucked into a red pair of bikini (French-

Style?) underwear (Panties??!!)... anyway; when asked by a very dry Berkeley man "Whats with the Get-Up?.. he replied: Im' In Mourning. (fact is the word had spread (by me) that a radical native American had just been murdered down in the East Bay. But hey; I wanna' say that the volvo was a cross between titty-pink and flesh-tone. In any event; this cat had a brief case which rivaled the local drug store and possessed very good drafting (mechanical drawing) skills. He was high energy and fun to be with. Invigorating actually. Hey: I had some good times in Berserkely. What a melting pot. Pot??...hmmm...

Steve

Sun, Apr. 11, 2004, 22:48

I hear ya' Eileen; I was in a bit of wonderment when they took the group photo at Black Bear. (I stood out of frame ((with BAD COMPANY))... now I wish I hadnt. Oh; here on site I once said that (L-Z???) Mary ZEE?? or Elsie???) lived in a cottage on the north-east hill up at the entrance end of B.B.R. I meant to say north-west hill where the water line ran. Anyway; she was an artist who told me to get into (no pun intended) Joni Mitchel's music. The stories she spun as she fed me (dont laugh) Goat milk and fresh baked cookies, makes me wanna' say that they were very close. Ring any bells? She was pure. Ya, pure. Thats the only word for it. Man; the "What-Was-That" era was something in itself. That being said: Ide' give anything to remember what you've forgotten. (Aint it the way). P.S. Hey "Mary"; you hit on the real thing. Promises??.. I cant make any... Later all.

Steve

Sun, Apr. 11, 2004, 23:04

When Altamont came down I was pearl-diving (washing dishes) at the Red Ball Truck Stop outside of Adairsville Georgia. A Baptist Preacher and his wife ran the place. It was 75 cents per hr. w/ room and board. The local Black folks would enter though the back and eat in the kitchen. They all refered to me as "That little Eskimo Boy". Anyway; I thumbed into Cartersville to buy some Dickies work clothes and ended up in Miami Beach Florida (dontcha' hate when that happens?)... I was washing dishes at the a Hotel owned by a Jewish Rabi down their when I heard the news at the Mayflower Bar. I saw the film some years later in L.A. where my wife got miffed when I pointed out several "A J's" by name. (what is it with straight girls??!!) anyway: ... over and out.

Steve

Sun, Apr. 11, 2004, 23:25

NC Mary: I was in and out during your' stay there: by that time the Haight (Hate) (the way I saw it) was nothin' but busted glass, burnt out cars, dog shit and roving bands of truant multi-colored children out for raw meat. It was ugly. Junkies were mugging junkies. I lived toward the bottom of Haight near the party Apt. with the swimming pool in the living room, and also on a side street in the heart (the street was named after a woman).. Ide' have to have a map to point it out. But I will say this: Man; the summer of 70' and 71' made it all right. Fantastic summers. I often woke up in the park at Union Square as the Haight was nowhere to be after nightfall. (say what they will about the Filmore district). Just a thought. As far as the "Multi-colored remark; how else can I put it. It was a real mix. More for the better, Im' sure.

Steve

Sun, Apr. 11, 2004, 23:28

I wanna' keep my worm farm. (I need all the help I can get)... but really, I think they all rounded up and headed to Montana years ago.

Steve

Mon, Apr. 12, 2004, 01:41

Thanks Eileen; I had it in my head (at the time) that it was L-Z (El-Zee) judging from how Coyote pronounced it and the got her mixed up with "Mary Z. ??) anyway, ah; hey...are you sure that the black tissue spots werent' poison summack or some such??... speaking of spider bites from Mars: I skinned up my arm once on a shingled roof and then rubbed the bloody skinned-up part on a bunch of funky moss from the tree that I was using as a ladder to climb down; within a week the scabs had healed but I had what looked like spider bites which kept traveling the full length of my arm. (I finally got a pro opinion when the palm of my hand broke out. An anti bacterial fungaside knocked it out. Hey NC Mary; Im' gettin' the remaining teeth that I have left in my head all pulled soon; (damn things all died due to some heavy Radiation bombardment many moons ago). If I could talk Id' say: CANCER AINT SHIT. (and Id' smile when I said it)... Hmm.. maybe a tee shirt will have to do. But no shit. I got off lucky; no bone or glands involved. Cancers no joke.

Steve

Mon, Apr. 12, 2004, 02:42

Hey Tug Boat Anney..ah; I mean Nail Cakes Mary, Im' sure glad that you connected and made some fast friends. (Can ya' feel it?)... ah.. hell; where's Claude??!!... hope the Pecos didnt' rise on em'. Maybe I missed his latest post. (any word of the flodding in his neck of the woods?).. well, good night all. Its about 3 a.m. here on the east coast. I still havent named my private Ocean yet. Its south; hmm... maybe "The Massachusetts Sea?"

Steve

Mon, Apr. 12, 2004, 08:35

Jag; ahh.. I missed that... recomendations for what? Worms??.. I always thought that eating a handfull of raw uncooked rice three days in a row would expell them. Hey; I will go back and re-read the stuff, I must have missed something rather grave. Be right back. Someone here got cancer?

Steve

Mon, Apr. 12, 2004, 08:59

Wait a-minute??!!... are we on the same page?.. Ahh... is merrie and NC (Nail Cakes) Mary the same person; and what did I seem bitter about.... ah.. the Cancer comment? if so: hell; it was my cancer. But no shit; The Big "C" is a bitch. My deepest sympathies go out to loved ones of Michiel Landon, Steve McQueen, Frank Zappa, Pete Knell, Lou Gotlieb, etc, etc... ah.... should I skim back further than page 16??.. or just (bitterly) shin it on. Hey Jag; Bitter??.. you aint seen bitter yet. But really; as I said, my bad habit of skimming through other folks' posts and entries can back-fire in the same manner as overhearing half of a verbal conversation and then throwing in my two cents. It's down-right peasty at times. Sorry to bug ya. P.S. Did I rub you raw as to a health issue? In any

event thanks for bringing it up. I love feedback and enjoy the chance to clarify some of the "Off-The-Top-Of-My-Head-Moon-In-Sagittarius" zingers that I fire off. Good Morning all. Hey Nik; you up and about?

Steve

Mon, Apr. 12, 2004, 09:35

Dont look now but I rather think that we may have just gotten broad-sided from Liverwort...ah... Liverpool. Im' gonna' go sulk. Consider me a fly-on-the-wall; this could get ugly. Good luck folks.

Steve

Mon, Apr. 12, 2004, 11:01

Sorry about the mix-up and crossed wires at my end... but it went from Nail Cakes to Mary to merrie...and as I was paranoid about the vendeta of the century from Dr. Sponge and your' entry clocked in to his exit; I had my doubts. Now if my take on the fool's paradise known as Hate-Hashberry bummed ya' out or if anyone read any bitterness into my slant of the way it was during 70' 71'... all I can say is : maybe we were dropping different things. It was a fuckin' mess. The pan Handle and G.G. Park were heaven-sent, but the hood was to be avoided for the most part. Everyone was beating up on their own Image. (alot like I do here)... Hmmmm..... Nik; you continue to amaze me. In closing: NC; what would you prefer being called here?; Nail Cakes; NC Mary, or Mary? (choosing one may cut the confusion factor.) As always, pardon my spelling. P.S. Most of us here are trying to get the healing done. Myself; I get cornered by Karma everytime I slow down, and I just found my ass parked in N.H. for a spell. Well; that being said: Im' gonna' go Iron out by gazing at a "Sky" ocean beneath a "Singing Wire" horizon. (same as it ever was)...P.S. whos merrie???

Steve

Mon, Apr. 12, 2004, 11:27

Hey Eric: educate me here. Wouldnt' it be possible for some turd to log in here under two different handles using two different E Mails and zig zag from two different PC's???. I dont know the "Where-Too's" so maybe the question sounds naive or down-right stupid. My question stems from the fact (fact?) that I swear that Dr.Sponge was/is Red Neck Poet from where-ever. Read me? Am I way off base on this???

Steve

Tue, Apr. 13, 2004, 13:19

Donna; You're "IN"...(Fella Hotel was as experimental as it could get)...Trust me. Hey Claude; Im' no expert; but maybe you should try entering Earth Woman's photo under the category of "PLACES"...(think about it)... Hey; I feel great; my ex-wife is a case worker (as luck would have it on both counts) at the local Salvation Army Post. She's been laying (no pun intended) Liquid Ensure on me in an effort to stabilize my weight. She's also pushing to get me public housing in Portsmouth NH (in an effort to get me FURTHER out of her local??)..in any event; Im' very thankful. Hey; Ive' re-evaluated my current stance and plan to let down my guard and be more

positive here on site. The "negative thing" seems to cause an unruly mirror effect and only muddies the water. Hey Claude; no wash-outs? Later all. P.S. That volvo was the late 40's ford style. In any event it was the one that the Red Haired cat drove Coyote up to in order to make the scene at the 1970 Autumnal Equinox Celebration at Black Bear Ranch. I was somewhat let down that he didnt ride his bike up; but then again; he was very sluggish and still trying to regain his health, which gave him a very short fuse as some of you may remember. Later all. P.S. I dig the way that you gals get along; there's gotta be more to it than just air signs merging with fire signs. (or is there?)

Steve

Tue, Apr. 13, 2004, 13:40

I dunno' Claude; Ive' jumped to two seperat computers here at the local library in an attemp to scarf an eye-load on "H'Lane" but gey the big red "X". Here magic is still potent. Hey Eileen; the reason that Im' back is: I was exiting the library and you crossed my mind as I passed a "FREE" book shelve. The one I grabbed was National Geographic Vol.180, No. 4 October 1991 which displayed the graphics depicted on the xerox that you sent me with a note one time last year. (the Indian praising the sky w/ turtle clan symbol above) anyway, I thumbed straight to page 83 where the full page layout of the cover graphic is. (Im' still on the mark and must not be too damn far off the path)...maybe its a small reward for getting positive???!! In any event, Im' taking the issue home with me. Ahh... did I say "Home"????!! See ya.

Steve

Tue, Apr. 13, 2004, 14:24

Nic: Im' "Home" now and will try again. I was on the next page and every photo popped up except her's. (The red "X" was there w/ a blank frame. (the "RED HEX????!!)... hey; I will try again right now. P.S. I swung by the "Sally" and grabbed some FREE cookies and powdered milk.

Steve

Tue, Apr. 13, 2004, 14:43

No Dice; still getting Red Ex'ed. Must be Karmic Pay-Back for such a flattering description of her willy feminine charms. (I left the part out that would have detailed her flat shoe-pollish pre-gothic hair which was off-set by bride-of-Frankenstien type shocking white skunk tail high-lights.) Oh shit!...there goes my positivismmm!!!! But really; in 20/20 hind-site; her constant corrections in reference to my (un-nervingly?) good manners, may have been well founded. (In a twisted post-apotholictic way). Man; looking back on the time that I did spend with her....well...that gal was straight out of "MAD MAX". I wish her nothing but the best. She's a prime example of DIGGER ENDURANCE. (dont' you kids try that at home)... Later, for sure.

Steve

Tue, Apr. 13, 2004, 15:53

Hey Donna; I was thinking about yer' "Credintials" (or lack of them) comment. (Haight Hey-Day era or otherwise). Althought this web site is knee deep in nostalgia; its about NOW (same as it ever was) and not THEN. (Id' like to think so).. In any event; Ive' been known to say that Anyone who was excluded excluded themselves; but Eileen is right; there were more than a few two-legged

Bull Dogs who beat them to the punch. What Im' saying is age old: It's the "Wearing-out-yer'-welcome-syndrom". On that note; Everyone is welcome here and I hope that they dont take it on face value as a bunch of oldsters bitching about thier health (or lack of it) dig? Myself; Im' chomping at the bit to get into whats comming down minute by minute as opposed to decade by decade. The babys been thrown out with the bath water for most of us. Hell, time to draw a new tub full. Read me??? Get into the mix. (I hate to be the only one at the table to show my ass. Oh, mark; feel free to re-post my lovely photos. I particularly like the one of me and Stan back in 57'. (The shape of things to come). I promise I wont wipe em' out this time. See ya. P.S. Come on you side-liners; get involved.

Steve

Tue, Apr. 13, 2004, 16:19

Well; I waited and waited and waited and still no H'Lane image (radiant or otherwise)...hmm...its a clear-cut case of Cosmic "No photo-for-Stevo". Oh well... maybe if I highlight her good point(s)??!!.. Hey, as you all know; since Iv'e laid (no pun intended) low within the straight world again; I took off my Activist hat; but from the snippets that Ive' seen on TV, Ide' have to say that the latest "Water Gate, Ollie North, Pussy Hair on the Co-Cla' can, Oval Office head-Bob, Kangaroo tribunal" is in the proecess of boiling it all down to the fact that "We The People" (legal, alien or otherwise) have just too much damned FREEDOM!! (dontcha' hate when that happens??... Man; they gotta' whittle down our personal rights and privacy if they wanna' curb terrorism... (dont they??...(dont they??))...Hmmm...think about it. The Berlin wall helped all them Easties from the westies commin' into town and goblin' up all their cold soup and cutting in the 5 block line to get a few slices of bread Right??..right>>> Class???...class??? Pay attention children!!!

Steve

Tue, Apr. 13, 2004, 16:28

Ah, make that "Co-Cola" can... oh, watch out for the roving wire taps and the E Mail invasions. Spying is now legal. (For the Government; but not for us.) Think about it. Warrants??..We dont need no stinkin' warrents!!! I see a revolution: a revolution and rebirth of the original Minute Men, Sons of Liberty and the Ol' Swamp Fox; to name just a few. King George has subvertly colonized us. We need to UNITE the states. (makes more sence that way)... or is it just me???

Steve

Tue, Apr. 13, 2004, 17:40

Thanks Eric. Yep: I tuned right in. God(s) love her. The eyes' have it. Very heart-warming, for sure. Best set of peepers this side of Rena Morningstar. Fairy Grandmother material for sure. Bet she can really spin sweet-mellow-cob-webbed-dreams over the cribs of all the young sleepy-heads out there. Seeing her Image was well worth the wait. Check it out folks: this aint no Freaky Side-Show by any stretch of the Imagination: but Step Right Up and See The INCREDIBLE EARTH WOMAN! God; thats as real as get (got). Pure Gypsy. Always ate with her knife and fingers. Hey Claude; she'd most likely remember our pit-stop at Elvin Bishops' house in the East Bay. Hope to hear from her soon. Later all. P.S. Amps50 has the latest "Silent Steve sighting" photo that I know of. It was taken this season on a bus somewhere between Chicago and Kansas City. Might be to spooky to post though. BOO!!!!!!!

Steve

Tue, Apr. 13, 2004, 17:45

Speak of the DEVIL!!... Hey RENA!!... (I missed ya' by about a minute..(damn Im' good)..or is it you????.. "US" maybe??... The media thing rings a bell from my NYC days (and nights). I wish the A-7 and M-27 crews the best in an up-hill stuggle.

Steve

Tue, Apr. 13, 2004, 19:25

For all of the new-commers to this web site: DIGGER DISCLAIMER: (this has nothing to do with pregnant and/or nursing mothers). I Steven Robert Boyd in no way intend to imply that I now or ever did represent the original notions, intensions or aspirations of iether the Cromwell era Diggers, or that of the mind-set of the Nucleus which was comprised of several elders of the (in)Famous San Fransisco DIGGERS (circa late 1960's). I did however single-handedly spur a Lakes Region (New Hampshire) Digger movement which prompted a arther large mob of short-legged inbred Farmingto riff-raff to demanded free beer from a local tavern in the mid 90's. (that in itself was mere childs-play as they were on the verge anyhow)...ahh....Oh ya...I also spear-headed a re-vamped New York City branch under the DIGGER banner at the turn of the century...(complete with Tee Stirts which I laid on a group of mentally retarded half-way-house men and women who I dubbed "THE SUPER HUMAN CREW")... (thanks Bob)... ah,.. bottom line???... Im' very pleased to report that it was all a miserable failure. No one was in the least bit interested...(in Diggers; now the free beer, well thats another story).....which brings me to my point: TIMES OF NO BEER WILL UNITE US CITIZENS RATHER THAN TIMES OF NO DIGGERS. Think about it. Its priorities, dig? P.S. "Theres No Success Like Failure: And Failures No Success At All" -Bob Dylan). "Theres no beer like no beer; and no beer is no beer at all" -Steve Boyd

Steve

Tue, Apr. 13, 2004, 19:41

I dig it Mr. Man; Hey; I had just skimmed that artice and it gave me the inclanation to highlight my failures in reference to the Digger Thang'... I didnt get anything from the article but will go back and really read it now. As far as my roll as any kind of front-man or mouth-piece: Ive' put away the soap box. I will say this about the Dr. Sponge's among us: I have been somewhat humbled. (just who-in-the-hell do I think I am anyway)... (think about it). P.S. Thanks for the lead (or in this case "The follow").. man; the ESP is pegging out today. Later partner. Give my best to Joe. Hey; not to sound like a wise-ass: How's married life???" P.S. All of those articles may give the new-commers a good orientation of the jist of the Digger-Do. (hope so). Later.

Steve

Tue, Apr. 13, 2004, 20:01

Small World Dept. Here's the thing McMing...hey, (Im' a poet and didnt' know it) ..ah; In NY's East Village I ran into a member of a North Shore motorcycle club.... (Armagedon M.C. if I remember corectly)..anyway... I had met this cat at Desperados Saloon in Farmington N.H. Well; a kid upstairs had plugged a lamp in and was playin' "Club-house" in a closet and set some towels on fire

which burnt the shit-house down. OK, Desperados (on the ground floor was still somewhat intact but was ancient history as the whole bldg. was written off and slated to be bulldozed. Well; here's the clincher; the authorities investigated etc. and sealed the place off, dig. BINGO! The insurance company paid up but insisted that they dump ALL of the existing (smoke smudged) hard liquor and bottled beer and ALL of the now room temp. (loss of electricity) beer on tap. NOW... me being the religious type (Boydism) well; I saw that as a sin; (wasting good booze) and .. well I xeroxed some Digger hand bills and damn near ensued a riot. Man; they wanted Free Beer and they wanted it NOW!. Actually, the insurance had paid it all off; so in effect; free wasn't even the issue. Well;... that prompted the local town fathers (who had just burned down the house that I had been living in).. (by court order) to have a long hard look at who and what THE DIGGERS were, as they had always looked at me sideways when I wore my old Olema Tee Shirt to court dates, dig?. To make a long story short; a dark cloud formed over Farmington; and I left under that cloud. DIGGERS
NEW HAMP

Steve

Tue, Apr. 13, 2004, 20:25

Hey Eric: I give achievement a very low score. Trying is where it's at. Like Mr. Jimmy says: Success is not a destination; it's a journey.

Steve

Tue, Apr. 13, 2004, 20:26

The Prez is on the tube NOW. Check it out.

Steve

Tue, Apr. 13, 2004, 21:03

No big loss Mc"M"...he's got on his dancing shoes and has given the terms "Threat", "Intelligence", and "War" a whole new dimension. Bottom line: George Bush is a terrorist responsible for "War" crimes and thousands of deaths (both American and Middle-Eastern).

Steve

Tue, Apr. 13, 2004, 21:49

Donna; cool!... I hope that she watches her step. Damn shame that it's come to where Homelessness is a viable and lucrative life-style and career choice. Bob Mitchum said something to the effect that: "If you remember the Great Depression; then you've got it knocked". Myself; being raised by a depression era mother was no picnic either. It scared the souls of those poor kids and left plenty of dull eyes. It's today's third generation welfare bums that burn my ass. (oh... don't get me started)... In closing: please say a prayer for all those who haven't got the ways, means, or moxie to keep their asses fed and covered. Good night Donna.

Steve

Tue, Apr. 13, 2004, 23:17

Eileen; I was going over to page two; it just wasn't materializing (her photo that is)...
Fine?...ahh....(fine as frogs' hair).

Steve

Wed, Apr. 14, 2004, 00:41

Yep..she took the cake! (literally). Trying to talk that kid into saying Fuck-The-World and running away with us was the clincher for me. Man;.. Hey Claude: Its very apparent that you flunked out of the "H'Lane School Of Charm. Your comments here are a testament to that. Ahh... lets see; I was up at Black Bear Ranch for some time before she showed up. The Olema people were helping the Black Bear People gear up for the up-coming winter. At first I wasn't into it; as I was still very spacey from Mooses' Angel Dust elimination process. I remember after she got me on my feet, ambling (floating) out to the back porch as Moose and Coyote (packing the Denim Girl) cranked up and twisted it on. How they could ride their bikes is beyond me. The Olemian die-hards were all cranked up on exotic weed ala' Moose, uncut cocaine and angel dust, (and that was a down day. "Thanks For The Memories"... anyway; ..where was I; ... oh; I haven't come down yet. Oh ya; my ass! ..ah.. Rena and Nic have seen me shirtless and in levis: (report back girls) please leave the Frankenstein references out... but hey: the scars are really fading. Rena; remember the chalk dust that was smeared in me. Snerttt, snerttt... later all. Oh, ya;... here's what I was gonna' say: I was spacey entering Black Bear and got spacier from there. At one point I was in the middle of the wildest mix of West Coast Heavies imaginable and there I was; curled up in the shade reading a Doc Savage novel. It was the first book I ever read cover to cover. I had skimmed a copy of it years earlier.. it was Doc Savage: Man of Gold, or some such title. (most of them folks thought that I was a bit "tetched". That's when Onanda sided up with me. She was a very comforting soul during that stage of the game. Boy; that little girl of her's was one tough little monkey. Hung to her like an ape. (who wouldn't)..just kidding. Later all.

Steve

Wed, Apr. 14, 2004, 00:43

Froidian slip: make that "TOOK the cake".

Steve

Wed, Apr. 14, 2004, 10:54

NC Mary: I've thumbed MANY times across the Texas pan handle on Ol' Mother-Road (40 Rt.66) and between two stints in Europe (1980 81) I squeezed in a road trip throughout the mid west which took me from Louisiana over to Houston and then down to Corpus Christy, Harlingen, Brownsville??, Larado etc. and all along the border towns on up to El Paso. Up until that time I had no idea what DUST was (the gritty kind anyway).. one of my natural Sisters lives somewhere in Texas, but I haven't seen her in decades. She married into the Borell family who are involved w/ a Swiss firm (of that name I believe) They manufacture some sort of tools or something. I may check it out on the web. keep spreading yer' vibe. Its good to read yer' thoughts, outlooks and observations. Happy Trails.

Steve

Wed, Apr. 14, 2004, 11:00

Hey Nik; "You Turn Me On: Im' A Radio"...-J.Mitchel Hey; new company??? (wait till' they get a load o' you, you ol' coffee achiever!! But really: I predict a wide horizon opening up on the job front and something better beginning. Theres about a million folks who would kill (ok.. hurt) to get your' position. Remember to work WITH them and not FOR them. (but you knew that)...

Steve

Wed, Apr. 14, 2004, 11:26

Thanks Mark; my oldest Daughter got in touch and will drop in with some photos of me Stan The Man on Pine Street and in G.G.Park around 71' I think; also some of Stan after he deserted and had been granted political assylem by the King of Sweden back in 68'. Stan walked away from the Stockholm branch of the National Deserters Committedy and flew to NYC where he surrendered and was put in maximum security and stood up to a trial that would have made Jesus proud. Anyway...Stan had gotten out of Levenworth prison while I was up at Black Bear and after I left Olema I visited Ed Sherman's Eddy St. Apt. and found Stan crashing there. (he had followed up on my last known S.F. address).. anyway, He had drunken all of Eds Jack Danials but was replenishing the stash by hooking money from a grill cook job that he had landed at Playland down on Market Street where I had worked as "mop boy" in the back room peep show. (yeechhh) Anyway, from there he made solid friends among the local speed freak population and had moved up a few rungs to a better paying grill job FURTHER up the street. His refusal to put back on the US Army uniform and finnish his time was compounded by also refusing to get his status dropped to "Undesirable Discharge" and has since turned down various status purges offered by President Carter (and others) (by doing community service etc) In true Boyd fashion he's proud to have fucked Uncle Sam and flattly refuses to scrub toilets to make ammends. Thats where "The Man" monicer stems from. Damn I miss him.

Steve

Wed, Apr. 14, 2004, 11:37

Hey Eric; Cool! The "Thing" is to find yer' "Thing"...thats where the peer-pressure comes into play. To quote Joe Jackson: "You cant get what you want, till you' know what you want". That being said; for all you High-Hatted Hipsters and Kulture Kittys who arent sure what yer' "Thing" is; take Noel Cowards advise: "Follow Your' Secret Heart". Lose??.. how could ya'??? That being said; I was always picked last on any team; (I was physically fit but non-compedative as a kid)...On that not: three cheers for the poopy-pants, snot-nosed looser that I sided with. Did I ever tell ya' the story of Goat Boy?

Steve

Wed, Apr. 14, 2004, 11:38

P.S. NOT Giles: Goat Boy, but a super human that I went to grade school with.

Steve

Wed, Apr. 14, 2004, 12:16

Mary: REVOLUTION is CHANGE. Embrace it without loosing yer' home-spun characteristics and thats' sayin something. On that note; as kids we were taught (for the most part) that REVOLUTION meant violence, upheaval, unrest, distruction etc, etc, by a system that was spawned from revolution; yet DID NOT want REVOLUTION to usurp their Old-Boy system. Poor kids died overseas where-as rich kids were boot-legged into National Guard Units long after the doors were closed. You remember when Dr. Spock was hailed by the system for telling Mothers how to potty train Jr. right?... Well, history shows us that the same system really ailed his ass later when he warned those same Mothers not to let Jr. get blown away in NIXON's War. On that note: Hey Nailcakes; "Keep The Beads Baby" "Ya say ya' want a Revolution???" Welcome to THE DIGGERS!!!!!!

Steve

Wed, Apr. 14, 2004, 12:18

Ahh.. make that "NAILED" his ass.

Steve

Wed, Apr. 14, 2004, 14:00

Hey for what its worth; everytime I log onto the Digger web site I get swamped with un-wanted pop ups and sexually oriented material swamps the screen. The virus scan seems to miss this shit and although I jot down the source files and deleet them ; they reload automatically each time I restart the P.C. (and they slow it down big time.) The problem coincided with the untimely disapearance of a Welsh Bastard who's near and dear to me. Hmmm???!!!!!

Steve

Wed, Apr. 14, 2004, 14:27

I dig the Dutch... Oh; my "Bastard" slant has nothing to do with being born out of wed-lock. Thats no sin. Keep Wales clean: Dump yer' trash in England. Actually; I strongly suspect one of my teenage ex-nephews of screwing this magic box up. The nipper logged onto the computer history tab and sent some rather unsavory E Mails to a fantasy game playing partner. I caught that when I noticed the "E Mails sent" thing and opened it. (He forgot to delete that when covering his tracks)... anyway; Im' in the proecess of wadding through in an attempt to smear the shit out of this P.C. Wish me luck. If worse comes to worse I may gut the whole thing and reload the original disc system back ups. Any help would be appreciated. I got ot of computers back in 94. Its a new ball game these days.

Steve

Wed, Apr. 14, 2004, 14:30

Oh;.. he sent them from MY E-Mail address. Slick kid, very savvy.

Steve

Wed, Apr. 14, 2004, 14:56

Thanks Mary. P.S. (how about casting a spell over Crawford Ranch?)... lets see how the boys down at homeland security deal with that! Extra! Extra! Read all about it!!! Bush transformed into Frog!!! Extra! Extra!

Steve

Wed, Apr. 14, 2004, 15:53

Hey McMing: ...Dutch Bastards??...Hmmm... maybe yer' on to somethin'...I have my suspicions...I think that they may be in the 1.8 percentile ethnic group that I havent' Inselted yet. Hmm.. the Dutch;... yes; the Dutch...but really; what I wouldnt give for a pair of lucky wooden shoes. Think about it. Hey Nik; you kinda cold and damp down in the city? Its a real New England drizzler up here. Hmm... the Dutch. As a child I spent countless hours alone in a bright semi-gloss yellow kitchen playing with two yellow plastic "Washer and Dryer" salt and pepper shakers and gazing endlessly at the cups, saucers and plates which were detailed in blue and orange hues which depicted a Dutch provincial scene with a milk-maid, and wind mill. Ive' searched junk shops for years in an effort to find a piece of that plate ware. Anybody seen any?

Steve

Wed, Apr. 14, 2004, 16:06

Mary; Im' way ahead of you; about a year and a half (or two) I was holed up at the Diggers West Free Street Radio Staion deep in the bowels of the Free Church (sans tower, sender and reciever) and I actually Invited George Jr. to defect to the DIGGERS. Naturally with his "High" profile and everything; he must have deemed it political suicide; (as He never got back to me on it)... aint politics a bitch! Oh; by the way: as I clued that gang in on this one (they may have known anyway) Your' creed is steeped in the antiquity of the runes and was ferfantly grasped by the love generation in the 60's. Roughly defined as: "Do what thou will; but harm no one" which the PRESS grabbed onto and twisted around and fed to the scared-shittless hippy-fearing puplic at large to read as simply: "DO WHAT THOU WILL" Chopping off the full message of coures sent Charles Manson shivers down the straight's spins. The press... ya; press this! Later May.

Steve

Wed, Apr. 14, 2004, 16:09

Mary: heres the updated version which Ol' Carl Perkins cashed in on: "You can do anything; but stay offa' my blue suede shoes" (Think about it)... (nothing is really new).. Later.

Steve

Wed, Apr. 14, 2004, 20:04

Nik: yer' Kilt wont' go up???(I could fix that)...Hey Red Neck; that last diddy was very solid. Now that I know that you are a seperat entity (of sorts), lets talk. Hey; that last one beats any Nilly Vanilly lyric to date. Really; theres somthin' catchy about it. Are you musical also. Seriously. P.S. Are you into Irish Limericks? (or any other kind??)..Later

Steve

Wed, Apr. 14, 2004, 21:51

"High" priest maybe....none of that horse shit at Olema. Sorry; I cant' give ya' a lead. The women were the soul-senders in my book. Hey Eileen; Oackland Frank who Ive' mentioned from time to time was a state funded artist who was working on (off) of a grant back in 1970 at a bay area collage think-tank. (I dont think that it was Berkeley).. anyway; the jist of his angle was the human vibe (coupled with) electronic air waves etc. which he was trying to connect with "Good Vibes" etc, alot like the power of prayer. Anyway; he told me that he was real close to proving that an auditorium of avide fans could (would) keep the drunkest-stoned rock star from bombing. (I guess no one informed Aerosmyth).. Hmm. I dont know how far he ever got on it. I had another connection named Will Castleburry of the Castleburry Group who were boot-legging LSD 25 from the research crew at San Jose State. Me and Will did our own research; read me? (ever seen a two headed zebra) (outside of Olema I mean)... p.s. Does Nail Cakes know that shes' in the presents of the Queen Goddess of New York City and the Digger Mother Witch??? (not to mention The Fool of West Free Street)...but realy Mary; I dig the Imagery and would dig hooking up, tunning in and focusing. I do draw the line at trying to levitate the Pentagon thow. Bottom line: Count me in. Hey Claude; you in?...Jag?..fellas??...

Steve

Wed, Apr. 14, 2004, 23:15

Good night Mary. (..OK; here a prediction of my own;...some wise-ass is bound to say "Good Night John-Boy" ... ha!!! Beat ya' to it. But really; good night Mary. Thats a lovely name.

Steve

Thu, Apr. 15, 2004, 12:08

Fresh!!!!... Nic; I was just ooooozzzin' at the seams with "ONO" ... Rena; is that anything like "OH-NO!!!"... Hmm.. Bozeman, Bozeman, I blew through there while driving Cliff Vargas on a whirl-wind mid-west spree during the Great Circus War. (1981 season). Lets see; not much to report: Im' hitting close to 300 entries and may let ya' all do some catching up. Claude; yer' scoring high points here. Endure. Later all. P.S. (Its in the cards).

Steve

Thu, Apr. 15, 2004, 12:38

Ha, Eileen; I got a wierd green home page and also a "Search Bar" at the bottom that I cant get rid of; it keeps flashing promos across like up at Times Square. I will check out that lead. By the way; this P.C. is on the comcast wireless system and does not have a conventional phone modum connection. Hey, maybe if I place my head between the the reciever and the transmitter I wont need a P.C. (add a new twist to the term "Personal" (as in P.C.) Wheres Oakland Frank when you need him?. Ahh... any of you gals out there having Kilt trouble?... Im' an old hand at pleats. (trust me)

Steve

Thu, Apr. 15, 2004, 14:03

Eric; Im' one for the hands on approach with the coins. I often use lucky coins that I find. Its more connected that way. I also comfort the book in my hands and treat it like an old friend. (no mater how new the edition).. it just a channeler anyway... Its the only written material thats ever talked to me. As for the Dead; the last time that I saw them play free was not in the Pan-Handle, but inside the park (G.G.) along with the starship in what had to have been the summer of 1975. I was with Roger Trudoue (of Warhole Factory fame) and a whole gang of Jean-Geenies who worked out of the same moleling agency as we did; although he was working the ticket booth at the O'Farrell theatre at that point I think. Anyway, the Angels of light were there and carried their thing over to another area after things ebbed. (I dont know where Im' going with this...)..ah..Hmm...Oh, I remember showing up for a free Hot Tuna gig at a small ampitheater in the park, but the city screwed em' on an electrical permit or some such thing. Anyway, the show was great; I was living over by Delores Park on Cumberland street at the Bldg. that Rick Brown owned and was awakend "Early" in the afternoon, with "Hey man; check out the Dead in the Park". Anyway, we didnt know exactly where in the park, as it was word-of-mouth, but stopped when we heard J.S. playing White Rabbit. Well, along with a throng of folks we ditched our wheels and cut through the overgrowth as the music kept getting louder and louder the closer we got. They ended up playing White Rabbit again later in the show. The Dead really cranked up and stomped-it-in with Saturday Night. Great day all-in-all. Now where was I???...

Steve

Thu, Apr. 15, 2004, 15:01

Hammond; there are "Signs" every where. What I miss most about NYC is getting thrown out of the rack at McAullies at 5:00 a.m. eating stale cereal w/ watered down powdererd milk and hitting the streets at 6:00 a.m. flat broke. I would walk (in all types of weather) and follow the green lights and "Walk" signs wherever they lead... and by doing that cut down all barriers the "Blocked" me. I would really work the cob-webs out (mentally) thinking of where ive' been where Im headed (while staying tuned into the dangers all around etc) and not loosing my sense of where I was in the cosmos and staying keyed into my street-smarts, dig? Well, anyway.. I would walk until 10:00 and then enter Barnes and Noble Book Store to continue my straight education. "ITS ALL IN THE MIND".. dig; I cant go into how rapid-fire these "Coincidences" would accure (from 6 to 10).. but heres a typical one. The term "Original Face" had crossed my mind in reference to Van Morrisons song;...and I was pondering what type of fog had dropped on me and the tens of thousands of my generation who had made the same scene (and mistakes)...(in reference to "THE SEVENTIES" (dont let em' give ya' that "Wild 60' shit kids).. which made us loose the glimps of our original faces... (sound dunmb???).. humor me. Anyway;.. I concluded that perhaps "we" for the most part may have been all mezmerized and side-tracked by a mirror of sorts; then I (talking in my head now) reframed the thought as: "gazing into a reflecting pool" ... (Ego thig?..Image thig?? fashion thig? peer-group thig??) anyway, I gathered that worldly events had clouded the pool and it had a distorted ripple effect and we lost focus. OK follow me so far?.. heres the pay-off. I no sooner conclude this imagery in my mind when I looked up and saw in a store window a poster for some musician which depicted a siloette of a lone figure (a man) walking beside a long granite lined reflecting pool and in the distance was a full moon which held the distorted image of a mans face. BINGO! : Me walking along the curb; the musician connection, the clouded pool, the blurred face. OK, I could go on and on about that type of shit that went down prior to heeding the I Ching and skinning out to Kansas City on a moments notice without a winter coat. The signs are everywhere. Ya just got to walk (and work) it out sometimes.

Steve

Thu, Apr. 15, 2004, 15:04

P.S. I was so taken aback by that experience that I neglected to jot down the Musicians name or the CD that the poster was promoting. I may have lost a chance to get into some life-altering tunes. I do play the fool dont' I?

Steve

Thu, Apr. 15, 2004, 17:40

Hey Mary; you got goats?.. theres a goat farm up here that I coulda' sworn that made Goat soap; (I think it was from the milk and not boiled Goat fat.. but what do I know??)... ah;..Nik; havent seen the book. I did however read some Joseph Campbell stuff which was right on the mark; (having lived it without having read it first..((no seeds were planted))... ah;.. Red Neck; hmm.. whats' yer' point?...ah; oh; heres what just crossed my mind; (it popped up on T.V. (which I listen to but rarely watch).. "Gay Marriage" OK; now correct me if Im' wrong: a lesbian can marry a straight cat or a gay cat. A gay cat can marry a straight gal or a lesbian. A straight cat can marry a straight gal or a lesbian, and a straight gal can marry a gay cat or a straight cat. (let me catch my breath)...See where Im' going with this??? The government (civil) is blocking A gay man from legally making a vow and bonding with another gay man (religious) and a lesbian from hooking up with another lesbian. Now; as some of you may know; my past view on marriage was: "Im' not married but my wife is".. I thrive on the stability that the Institution of marriage offers, which tends to make me think that the Government (although they recognize the huge gay voting block) do not want the gay community to be stable. Come on folks; a vote for gay marriage is a vote for stability. P.S. Sorry to leave out the bisexuals; (but I didnt want to split hairs). Hell; screw it. lets pull out all of the stops and let straight men marry straight men and straight gals marry straight gals. Shit; who cares?? After all; any married man will tell ya that it dont have much to do with sex (sigh)...

Steve

Thu, Apr. 15, 2004, 22:19

testing 1,2,3....

steve

Thu, Apr. 15, 2004, 22:30

Wow; I screwed around with my registry thing trying to change my signature to "ONO STEVO" and locked my self out??!!... anyway, thanks fer' puttin' up the photos Mark; I just dont' remember how to get in to write the descriptions. Hmm... Red Neck??..wires and copper??... fat chanch; In my minds eye I view him as a CIA mutant project gone sour. I picture a straight-jacketed dweeb with a hockey mask duct-taped on and typing on Big Nurse's keyboard by clenching a pencil between his teeth everytime she pops out of the office to fetch his dixie cup of pink pills. Hmmm... am I warm R.N.???? (Ive' been known to be wrong)...yep, goats milk oatmeal soap.. Ive used it.

steve

Thu, Apr. 15, 2004, 22:54

ahh.. where are the upload files listed??...there seems to be some stuff missing from my screen,.. for instance; PHOTOS read: P O ... or some such thing??!!!
steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 03:50

quote:

Originally posted by Steve

Go Flower Children of Amerika, the anger is not done. Why should the Hippies stay? The war mongers are masters of the earth, and the time of the Diggers has not yet come again. Our day has been too long. In the morning I saw the sons and daughters of the Free Family happy and strong; and yet, before the night has come, have lived to see the last warrior of the wise race of the Olema People. Steve

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 03:55

Psssttt... James Fenimore Cooper was a Digger.. (pass it on.)...
steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 04:14

quote:

Originally posted by Steve

Who enters here do not lose hope. Who leaves do not rejoice. Who has not been will be here yet. Who has been here will not forget. Steve

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 10:32

ACHTUNG DIGGERS!! (and you know who you are)... I just read some ancient history that Eric posted titled: A-Political Or, Criminal Or Victim Or" and couldnt help but notice the jab (or is it just me) in reference to "The associates of the Psychedelic Shop". That being said; having not only frequented the store, I lived, dropped and fucked with the Haight Street Psychedelic Shop crew; so, as an "Associate" I gotta' ask: what was the beef? Not gettin' a 1% cut off the top or what? Hell, I

hadnt' been there a full five minutes when the "Management" laid a free M 14 brass bullet roach clip on me. That same night found me sitting at the cable reel table drinking their wine out of cut off beer bottles, smoking their grass and eating thier food over at the page street house where I was given the green light and welcomed to set up camp. Now maybe I read too much into it or took it the wrong way; but they were my original people before I defected to the Diggers. Any insights as to the rift?? (if in fact it was?)...Hmm..

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 10:43

Oh... if its any of that "Establishment,Capitalist, Money-Changer-in-the-Temple" bullshit, let me remind ya' that the Page Street rent, utility bills, food, dope, booze, fuel for the wheels and sugar bowl money was all derived from the PROFITS of the shop. Hmmm... "Profit".. what a concept. Think about it.

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 10:58

P.S. Now Im' aware that the article in question was printed prior to my arrival on the scene; but that being said; Ronnie Theylan was always warmly welcomed at Olema Ranch. I never heard anyone so much as hint that his buisness ventures were a downer in any way shape or form. Fact is: I viewed the Shop as an "In Your' Face" statement to straight merchants in general. Lots of home spun wares were pushed (and given away) from behind those counters. Oh; I was saddened to here about Ron. (we called him Ronnie).

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 11:38

Hey Mark; I just checked out yer' photo of the Digger 1% Free poster and feel that we should start a grass roots movement to have it printed as a U S Postal Stamp. Of course it would be a hustle to get any and all kick-backs to Planet Drum, dig?? That Non-Profit shit just sounds... well;... so "Non" to me. Think about it.

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 12:40

Thanks for the history lesson guys. As I said; I hit with the new wave (that was coined from the album notes of a Joan Beaz record album)..ah...the issue must have been dead and buried. The only FREE night in my recollection is when they forgot lock up and the Loco Folco ran a 100% Off Sale. Hey NC Mary; you got me all wrong; my Motto is: "READY CASH IN HAND". Im' an extremist. My shoes cost either three dollars or three hundred. Hey; this just in from The Babel Express (thats me folks)... I just listened to a snippet of the latest White House Circle Jerk and have come to the conclusion that George Bush is the best damn President that England has ever had. (I just hope that all of you Limeys out there realize that its him and not Ol' Tony whos sending yer' asses off to the front lines.) This is King George's "WAR". Think about it.

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 13:36

Hey Eric: here's the Digger drift that I recieved from Coyote a couple of summers ago while visiting the folks on the Great Lake. I had E Mailed him and clued him into the fact that I was about to attempt a one man revolution and FREE the Washington Square United Methodist "Peace Church" in NYC. (The Good Shepard who had granted me sanctuary had left the flock unattended).. so anyway; he got back to me and said that he was sorry to hear about my troubles (cancer) and (knowing that I might be entering deep water?) went on to state: (I cant quote because the E Mail letter is now history) something to the effect that the whole thing was never intended to be a viable social solution, and that it was merely an art project to open people up to the possibilities. Now; as I stated once before: had I known that back in 1970, I most likely would have been working for Haliburton today. Dig??.. some folks are better off in the dark. Anyway; he also added (roughly speaking)that from the juggernaught effect of the diggers, he sees how religion got all messed up. In closing: Hey Coyote; if thats not a fair access of yer' drift; please, by all means straighten me out on it. And yes: I was in deep water. (still am)... "Better start swimmin' or youll' sink like a stone, cause the times, they are a' changin'". P.S. I abmire your' work Pete. Drop in. Come on. Ya' got the ace in the hole (High Priest Card). Pull it outa' yer' sleeve. Its' dealers' choice. (No wild cards I hope). In closing: watch for the God's Eye folks.

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 13:49

Ahhh... make that fair "Accessment".... Oh; Hi Eileen. Comforting to know that yer' never far. (far out, yes...far, no)...

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 14:01

Hammond; I got a bit commercial in NYC by picking up several sets of bronze chinees coins in variose sizes (reproductions of ancient ones) but that seemed so phony. I gave them all away. Ive' had the best on-track route with copper pennies that I seem to find in threes(??!!) Even ones found placed in a row on my front steps (???!!!)That being said; if you look at them as I do: (Misplaced and/or lost coinage; they are in effect "Not in circulation" dig? P.S. It is a wise man who knows the value of a small coin". P.S. Hey NC Mary, let me introduce you to Hammond Guthrey. He's the author of "AS EVER WAS" among many asseys, observations, reports and reviews of the counter-culture inwhich he was balls deep. Quiz him on the funky world of publishing. He may have a lead for ya'. I think that someone once said that "He brought back memories that I never had"... Dig? P.S.S. BUY his book. Wink, wink, nudge, nudge. As always Hammond; a pleasure hearing from you.

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 14:12

Hammond; my guess as to the copper coinage would be the connection in reference to the electro-magnetic energy of the body. Ive' seen home made copper dowsing rods used on multi million dollar Govt. funded municiple construction projects. (so much for modern technology) They were used to detect underground water pipes. If seeing aint believing, the dude let me have a stab at

it and zing! it was amazing. Lacking any As-Built prints, we detected the angle of the main line and several feed-offs and marked them in the dirt w/ our boots. After the back hoe carefully trenched the area out according to our lay-out, they hand dug and bingo! we were dead nuts on the money. Of course there was no way of guaging the depth.

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 14:17

Hey McMing; hang in here. Remember; if yer' out of frame you dont exist. P.S. Go for an Oscar. Hey; I smell a Digger Handle!!...Hmm... Sir Oscar McMing... It has a certain ring to it...

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 14:31

Heres how the rods worked. They were both copper about 18" long with a short j-hook configuration at one end of each. Well; ya' hold the hooked ends ever so gently and cross balance both rods straight out in front of you parallel (horizontally) to the ground at waist level. Then you start pacing down the area and Boing! the rods drop and swing like pendelums. You then mark the spot and rebalance the rods and move in a wide circle and Boing! they drop again. From those two points you draw a straight line and work from in both directions from there. As I said seeing it is one thing, doing it is another. Man the feeling of those rods going limp and just swinging there was very heavy. But then again: feeling an unseen force always is. (kinda' like this web site: wink, wink, nudge, nudge).....Do ya' feel it???

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 14:58

For what its worth I layed (no pun intended) a fresh copy of the I Ching (and three Chinese repro bronze coins) on Amps 50 on route though a dark mid west night. I half expected the bus to break through the Twilight Zone sign. Anyway, (she later indicated to me via this web site that she was somewhat trudging through it) First off Amps: he's how I approuch it. I never ask for a yes or no. And I work each query from all aspects. Example; In skinning out to the chilly wilds of New Hampshire It was Inevitable that contact with Sweet Lorraine would be unavoidable (my second of three straight wives and mother of our only natural children). So, short of putting on a bullet proof jock strap and going blindly where no man has gone before; I consulted the Oracles. I ased "WHAT ARE MY PROSPECTS" of turning on the old Boyd charm? AAANNNNTTTTCCCCTTTT. Wrong answer. I then asked (in the same manner) how about if I just pretend that I dont have a dick? BINGO! Celebicy is our man here! The approach worked. We are both civil to one another and co-exist in the same bldg. which shares common areas and communal kitchens etc. The sexual tension is at bay. The days of fucking for my dinner are long gone. The I Ching shot down every hustler oriented angle that I threw at it. But heres the clincher! She WAS Catholic and I WAS Protestant Episcopal. NOW Shes' Baptist and Im' Methodist. Aint it the way. Oh, for anyone who's not following my soap opera life; Im' saving it for my Kansas City Saint. She's a blessing, and her trust is being rewarded with loyalty. Aint it the way? Bottom line; if you us moxie, you can aske the same question from different prospectives; but asking it the same exact question twice in a row can really get yer' beads read. (Its the only sorce of reading material that Ive' ever appologized too. Dig?

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 15:03

McMing:... is it my wild Imagination; or did you in effect answer to your' Digger handle before you actually recieved it????? P.S. Sure.. as in Hog-Wilde. Do ya' feel it???

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 15:06

Oh.. I get it!... you altered your' original entry... man; ya' had me goin' there for a New York Minute.

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 15:16

Wow Nik; what a wonderful way to be remembered. The Ronnie that I grew to dig was comforting to be around. He seemed always tuned into an inside joke. No smirks or knee slappers. just a wry smile... a more subtle, toned down version of the Cheshire grin of the oft' rather dressed down yet High-Hatted Zen Poet of the family. Nice day up north here Nic.

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 16:13

Hey Mother Witch; great minds think alike! I was floored when I got Coyote's slant on the thing. Fact is it surfaced once at the Peace Church and I blew my top here on the web site in reference to me bein' a lil' gypsy joker as as kid and marching through through life leading an Invisible parade...well, hitting Olema only cemented and reenforced my concept of creating my own self tailored realm... and I went from there doing just that.... all-be-it heavily financed by the almighty buck. (I was dumb but not stupid).. anyway, heres where I set myself up for the fall; I left Olema the same way that I arrived; (a Free Ride) dig?? Well; I let the four winds blow me (no pun intended) where they may...and my extitensial ambling led me broke and with only the clothes on my back and a pair of lucky boots (which I gave to a homeless black man) through the doors of the Free Church on West 4th Street and into the heart of a soul mate. I played by the rules and was Baptised by Holy Woman that I grew to love and cherish. Well; the trauma soon set in after dancing with "Mr. D" and the "Big ""C"" Band" and comming up mute, then 9-11 etc. Then my Good Shepard eloped, hung up her white collar and left me to my own devices.. well, as a lost sheep I vowed that given a new lease on life and being touched by Rev. Jackies spirit that I would somehow make a difference. Bingo! I cranked up the Digger 100% Off Sale to replace the clothing closet that had been shut down due to "Lack of staffing", I enitiated an underground rail-road homeless shelter for Privilaged Characters in the very same shelter space that had been shut down due to the cieling caving in, I fed the hungry in the "OFF Hours" and fed folks tons of free fresh food in the park that my "Fellow" Christians were going to throw away rather than bother with.(rainy day Christianity pisses me off) and I put Cash in hands not in collection plates. All the while counting my blessings of my shepard who shoed-me-into a slot on the Board of Trustees, as well as a Staff Position. Bingo! The Un authorized Nomad Branch of The West Free Street Diggers was quakin' and shakin'. It printed up tee shirts crediting the North. Calif. Diggers and took it one step FURTHER I to flattery turn down time and time again \$15.00 per hour (gift) not taxable to front and sponsor (host) a wide

variety of counter-culture groups who rented (and from time to time) offered free space to host meetings, wing dings, and riots. This got me elbo to elbo with High ranking Buddists and human-oid-hip-types. and I physically saved more than a few by fending off the droves of Insaine street people who were constant crashers. I made it very clear that the Diggers were not yer' average Peace Creeps by throwing snivelers out on thier dead-beat asses and worked the press after they were time and again excluded from the more radical shin-digs. I doped with the dopers, Commed with the Commies, (what ever that means) and prayed with the faithfull. I spear headed the Super Human Crew and was welcomed into their fold. Where am I going with this??.. It was no art project baby, did I open folks up to possibilities??.. fuck; I was the possibility. If its one thing I learned: If yer' not a possibility; you are an Impossibility. (...or.. well,.. possibly... that is to say; anythings possible... Owww.. I blew that one. Hey thats my point! I blew it. Which is no point at all. Follow me??? I mean; please dont follow me. Mother Teresa put it into focus when she said "In the end, its just between you and God" (somebody up there likes me). Art Project??? I am an art project!
DFFD

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 16:24

Oh; Hi Nic. I was just backing up Eileens point of FREE being a viable working social sollution. In the "Blowing my own horn Dept." I did down play it a bit and left out some real goodies. My Peace Church Years are golden. Thanks to you, Rena and Eric for bearing witnes to the fact that I was (am) a real person and not merely copper wires and electrical cords. As luck would have it when you all' popped in it was always very still and tranquil. (What are the odds??).. Peace. Ahh... Make that FREE PEACE.

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 16:26

Hey Coyote: on second thought;.. no need to drop in on my account. I think that Ive' got it all worked out. Psst. (And he said to "Cut it loose")..Hooray for Hollywood!!!!

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 16:30

You may feel free to quote me Brother. Oh, ya; I nailed some text to the descriptions of the photos. P.S. Hey NC Mary; do you remember me???

steve

Fri, Apr. 16, 2004, 17:50

Eileen: my magic box is somewhat cleaned up. But I get a slew of strange crap that really screws with my efforts at entering my drift on this site. Ive' had more than a few get blown into Cyber Limbo. Hey, I just listened to some very Insane rap on T.V. by a cat named Hank Harrison who was tied to the Dead and the Free Clinic. He's apparently a writer; man; I walked away from it wanting to break my typing finger in three places. Hey Hammond; do you know this cat?.. (or are you

willing to admitt that you do??).. Later all. I always shined Oregon on for the most part as just a haven for those obnoxious 60's 70's Jesus Freaks. Shit; born again on acid. Go figure. New Hampshire; LIVE FREE OR DIE. (Cow Hampster, PAY THE RENT OR DIE.

steve

Sat, Apr. 17, 2004, 08:01

For what its worth Dept: Ive' had more than a few strange-ass things happen at my end while connected to this web site. But as I said I just figured that it was a teen at this end who jumps on this thing about once a' week. That being said; I only gave one trusted friend the key to my mail box and have erased all of my contacts anyway, so I only "Return" E-Mails from folks who contact me first, dig? Bottom Line: If anyone gets an E Mail from "Silent Steve" DO NOT OPEN IT!!!! Eileen: it pisses me off that ANYONE would try to ruin your' dinner here at the table. Eat up Folks. Enjoy!

steve

Mon, Apr. 19, 2004, 10:48

Fly on the wall Dept: (W/hand raised. Ahh... here at the library and just noticed three pennies by the keyboard... Shit. CENSORSHIP? well.. .."Ya' know they refused Jesus too..but they said: 'yer' not him!!" ... -B. Dylan. Now myself, I see alot of talant (Ill'-timed or not) in Red Necks work. My issue was a paranoid delussion that he was also Dr. Sponge. R.N.P.s' minimilist style and direct to the point approach is real slick. That being said his somewhat back-stabbing use of his craft comes off a bit like some little bastard throwing candy from the fuckin' balcony. As far as content: Hell; if they havent banned or censored my input; hell; it aint gonna happen. P.S. Some of my closest friends were at one time or another hung up on kids. That aint my bag and I distanced myself from them the minute..(make that second) that I got the word. (that is after confronting them in a big way and hearing it from the horses mouth.) That being said; R.N.P. showed his digger-Disdain-Hang-Up when he threw a dark image into everyones mind that may be hard to erase: (the kiddie thing in reference to Grogan). Myself; I will never know and as such; will be the first to stand up for any Dead Man. Fuck you Red Neck and the quill pen that rode in here on. (rhyme that Mr. Wizard). And before ya' get out the poison pen; remember that his blood-kin may be reding this, ya' cold-hearted prick.

steve

Mon, Apr. 19, 2004, 11:03

"A truth thats said with bad Intent; beats all the lies one could Invent" ..or somethin' like that (-W. Black). My guess is that Red Neck just wants to play Cat-In-The-Had Doctor Suesse rhyming games. He's not much for asking questions or giving answers, which most likely stemmes from being in a closet for too long. (Or he's a Fed)... think about it.

steve

Mon, Apr. 19, 2004, 11:06

Ahh.. make that -W. Blake. Hey Red Neck. Here's a straight one: what (if anything) do you have (or ever may have had) against the Diggers (in general) then or NOW. Come on; work it out man. Speak english.

steve

Mon, Apr. 19, 2004, 11:28

hell; myself;.. I never really connected the "Grind Yer' Ass" diddy to any rape sceane; I looked at it more like a Rap Hip-Hop Digger Cheer-Leading squade type of angle. You know... the Ol' Go Team!!... which brings me to this point; there are all types of folks who zone in on this web site; hell; I tried to connect for about two years if I remember correctly; but I was pulling down Factory and shop gigs as a life actor and was into the Temp. Agency Thing. (Temp my ass) I showed em' what Temp was. I worked 13 jobs in 12 months, (In between Cort Dates from the Town wanting to burn the house down that I was living in)... Anyway; the thing is; some come here out of "Curiosity" (ouch that hurts)..while other (like myself) were attempting to connect a hoop of the wildest-weird-est-loveliest Fucking souls in the known universe (who were at one time sucked into the Digger orbit), While others were actually founders which formed the nuclius of the Digger Thang'. Now, that being said; I worked out alot of Ghost-ghosts by unloading my head (I needed a dump truck..- ((thanks Bob)) here on site. (Or here Outa' Site" if ya' catch my drift... Hmmm.. oh, heres my point. No one can form a body and lay down a purpose or core statement in reference to this web site. This aint no corporation..but, I for one would like to see it in "Co-Operation. Dig. That being said; its' bitter sweet; I cant apologize for any broken hearts or broken hymens,.. (well; OK.. hearts maybe)... but well... I lost the train of thought... anyone else care to take up where I just left off??? Oh;... and In reference to the FREE COFFEE that Im' drinking here at the library; I just had one cup and DONATED \$4.00. so feel free to slide on a few cups at your end Red Neck. Later all, and I mean ALL!

steve

Mon, Apr. 19, 2004, 11:37

Missed ya' by a minite or two Nik. I will definatly take ya' out fer' a few (he, he,..) drinks some where local in the West Village, (within staggering distance to your' place.) But really, I will see that you get a cab saftly home. Myself I miss the Riverview on Jane Street. They advertize that its "Popular With Writers and Artists" ...Hmm... anyway, I will blow down to NYC after I get all of my teeth pulled. I still have a date with the sinister Von Rippen who will ink me for another two hours which I have comming too me. (and who says that I dont have credit?) Later Kiddo. P.S. I predict a good year for you. If ya' do move; I may be able to fanagle that Lil' Bed that ran away back; as the Church is up fer' sale and the cat that I gave it to has no Idea of it's value. Crazy how things work out.

steve

Mon, Apr. 19, 2004, 12:01

Eric; I picked up the book at the NYC Library and was riveted to the first part which involved the Street Game in Little Italy, but soon lost interest in the rest of the book and just skimmed it. I dug the Photos of Coyotes' bike (the one that he had when I knew him). (I dont know him any more.. wink, wink, nudge, nudge,...) (In fact; I dont remember him)... Oh, thats gotta' hurt. Any- way, I tried hard to place Emmits face, and the closest that I recalled who resembled him was thw Red Haired Chopper Thief who drove Coyote up to B.B.R. from Olema on the run that I made with the clan. Anyway, I was wondering why Grogan published a photo of himself riding a min-bike

and not his chopper (which Ive' never seen).. Oh, that book lead me to "Playing For Keeps" which was to Mickey Spilain for my tastes. I thumbed through that. Anyway, most of the underground books have been (pulled??) and written off as STOLEN at the NYC library, sure; stolen and never REPLACED. Get the picture. Case in point "Buttons; the making of a President" etc. etc. Anyway, I did xerox a book photo of Emmitt strolling through Little Italy. Its now history. P.S. Double Sag??.. hey, I cant' comment as Ive' never met two Sag.'s who were alike. (I have a Sag. Moon) Go figure.

steve

Mon, Apr. 19, 2004, 12:12

Wait a minute... I seem to remember that The Ringalevio book was sub-titled "A Life Played For Keeps" .. hmm.. dont' know;.. the other book by Emmitt must have been titled something else... well; what ever. I know that you know that I know what I mean. (know what I mean?)...

steve

Mon, Apr. 19, 2004, 12:25

Hammond; sounds about right;.. I lost it when the gal hiked up her skirt just before slamming the ball peen hammer into the dudes temple. When the CIA shit gets deeper than my hip-wadders, I bail out real fast. Hey Red Neck; about my question: forget it. My advice to you??... ahh... NEVER take Steve Boyd's advice. Nuff said??.. yer' on yer' own.. (but you knew that)..... Hi Eileen. Seems like Emmitts FICTION turned to FRICTION. (aint it the way)...Hey, speaking of History being re-written; I once heard from an underground souce that the body of John Wilkes Booth (killed in a barn) was later I identified by locals as being in fact; a " A Young Fella' Named Boyd". (go figure)...

steve

Mon, Apr. 19, 2004, 13:03

Hey Ileen: I was rather in a dream world (was??) and always held back my Free Family adventures and Involvement (as they seemed to ranckle the haunches of those who I disclosed the various life-style antics too) and as such played it tight to the vest. Even up tp 1994 I was under the mistaken I mpression (wishfull thinking) that the hoop was noever broken and the Digger Folk were thriving in variouse stages and phases of obscurity) Anyway; I had some asperations of writing and actually asked Ginzburg about the guilt-factor of blabbing what I did, heard and saw while at Olema, Black Bear, the Bay Area and all points FURTHUR. As I said before, he was rather aggravated due to poor hearing and I was some-what talking under my breath as EVERYONE had an ear out for what we were rappin' about (to the point of thaking notes) to make a long story short; he broke my bubble by saying that: "It's all over. Coyote is still around, but its all gone. Didnt you know that??" Well, there I was, wearing my beatnik beret with a black coffee button on it. Well; he, seemed to feel the loss and letdown, and then added; "Look Steve; 'First thought; best thought', get a pencil and a note pad and write; thats all." And well eileen; some of my writing seems to just go full circle. As a matter of fact, it often makes sence. (scary aint it)... Hey Ohio Girl; WRITE, WRITE, WRITE....

steve

Mon, Apr. 19, 2004, 13:06

Im' outa' here. See ya' tommarow.
steve

Tue, Apr. 20, 2004, 14:02

Well... I was close. (the pencil gripped between the teeth that is)...Ahh.. THE WATERS???? you tested them for sure...(and then some)... Now; I aint' sayin' ya' SOLD IT: cause I aint really buyin' it. But you know what the truth is; and that should be good enough for you. OK; in as much as ya' only spurred Dr. Sponge on; and never personally stuck it up my ass on this web sight; heres' as far as I will go; No peperoni pizza jokes. Fair enough???. Why am I bein' such a prick about it? I cant really pin-point it. Maybe its the Ol' Ohio Corn Stompers Cult connection... you boys got fairytail nasty on me.(if it the shoe fits). Remember Kid; its' first Impressions. Im' not saying that you cried "WOLF". But myself... I will proceed with caution in reference to leaving you with the keys to the store. Later all. P.S. Red Neck; how about sharing some real serious poetry with us. I see talent there. You have a gift for sure. One more thing. It aint about the shell, the pod, the wrapper or the covering. (The Eyes have it). Pull up a chair.

steve

Tue, Apr. 20, 2004, 14:33

Resonable Doubt Dept. Heres the thing R.N.P.: ya' dont have to be a veteran to log onto a WWII web site. Fact is, you dont even need to have even been involved (or born for that matter) in reference to World War Two. The thing is to "Contribute" and not to ditract. Dig? Now me; I was born after the war but could still lay some wild ass antics (VIA Old vets who Ive' talked to) ..(long gone now).. dig? I knew Battle of the Bulge cats who wasted all their ammo shootin' at each other, and were out of dry goods, food and hope. I also knew a WWI vet who took turnes pissing in his commrads eyes in order to wash out the poison gas. You can be a conduit of sorts in any given "Happening" in this century in the traditional Folk way... (handing down stories). So do yer' thing. P.S. The angle that may spur the most energy could very well be a simple question. Dig? Feel free to ask and NOT Imply. Example: Hey; I dunno' but I heard that so-in-so wrote dirty books etc. You know, dig below the surface. Write porno??.. hell, look at Annis Ninn, Jim Thompson, etc..etc..etc.. It's only words.

steve

Wed, Apr. 21, 2004, 10:19

Dig; After not hearing from my Lady for a long spell (I thought that I had written to her last and she was most likely tied up in the straight-world day-to-day horse shit, she laid this on me by simply writting:"Silence is argument carried on by other means.... -Che Guevara.

steve

Wed, Apr. 21, 2004, 10:34

Im' at the library and I just opened up a a small 1957 hard back copy of Alan W. Watts' THE WAY OF ZEN. Myself; I dont plan on delving into it; as I think that his dedication says it all and perhaps stands on its own. Dig: "To Tia, Mark, and Richard who will understand it all better for not being able to read it.

steve

Wed, Apr. 21, 2004, 11:28

McMing: Straight??... ah.. how about "FORWARD"??!!... That always works for me. Oh; and when I refer to the "Straight World" I actually mean the World as it is. (which was referred to in the the 60's as the "Square World". Dig? No down-slant on hetrosexuality. Cool? Well, not even a nibble at this end;.. my radar must be off. Will drop in tomarrow after noon.

steve

Thu, Apr. 22, 2004, 11:14

Bluefin; I had been driving truck (long story) in NYC and had migrated to Georgia and FLA on a whirl-wind dish washing gig toward the last half of 69' prior to bouncing back up to to Flint Michigan where I bumped into an 13 year old girl who I would eventually marry three years later. (a longer story) She was/is a LIBRA! (...a longer story still...) anyway; I hopped back to NYC and thumbed back down south with Eddie Dutcher; then we rode our thumbs to SO. Cal. and up the coast. After loving the Haight, I then made some very swift solo thumbings by zig-zagging Irratically back and forth across Amerika and was on the rebound (northern route 80) which I usually shunned for the love of Mother Road, yet as fate had it) plopped me right in the middle (of a side tracked leg of the journey) in Boulder Colorado where they (the University folk and local freaks) were pulling off one hell of an "Earth Day" celebration (April 1970). I had no Idea that it was a national thing... anyway, I dug the free food and was fascinated by all of the short skirted gals who sat cross-legged and was somewhat tickled by Swami Satchadananda's speech and I later accompanied him and a small army of heads up into the foot hills. It was a very "Enlightening" pit stop. Anyway, I hit the City in record time and made some scratch pouring cement for a very promenant Santa Clara politicon and his wife who were putting a swimming pool in their back yard. (what with FREE city cement; we layed the whole yard.) The weather that year was phenominal. P.S. Hey; Eileen; speaking of "Reading" into it: I read "MAIL BOX" as: "MALE BOX" and will throw caution to the wind. (aint it the way??)... Nik; Sam, you girls came to far to cut it loose. Lets hear it for LIBRA POWER. Keep an even keel. Hey; anybody here remember the Colorado Earth day thing???....

steve

Thu, Apr. 22, 2004, 11:51

Well; Im' into this "Reply" thing and forgot the question(s)...ah.. Politico?.. Ken and Mary, they were the real McCoy. Older couple who had a history... grown kids maybe... Hmm.. He was an ace-of-a-man and she was Old-School Hot. Fed me hard liquer like it was running water. Ken had helped my room-mate-partner-in-crime; Ed Sherman in the early days. Ed had been cheesed by an Irish S.F. cop after he had robbed some cat at gun point in a Tenderloin alley. The cop started low as Ed did a 3 minute mile. He was hit from the ancle on up. The Cop was all pro and used "English" to drop Ed. (He really drove home the point by ricocheying the slugs off the pavement to cause the slugs to dumb-dumb into mushrooms, which hit Ed at a slower velocity which really knocked the meat off of him. I saw the scars which went from his ancle on up. Ed said that he stopped after the 3rd or 4th shot was placed just below his ass. (now thats crime-fighting). Anyway; Ken helped him get squared away after a stint in Folsom (or S.Q.???). Oh; Cambridge??.. I did make a hop East and

befriended a Cambridge Professor named JET. (James E. Thomas). He turned me on to some African Weed which I later blew some minds with in Mich. Jet also introduced me to some family/ friends in Mexico Missouri where I spent the 4th of July???... Ah;.. next question??...hmmm.. something about Boulder??. I hated the Northern route, as some states banned thumbing and ya' had to mooch rides at gas stations etc. Give me Ol' 66 (40). Hmmm...Oh; did I say Santa Clara??... I meant Santa Rosa. (Got my Santas' tangled up)....

steve

Thu, Apr. 22, 2004, 12:08

Shit; I wish that I had saved the "ECOLOGY NOW" tee shirt that the Psych Shop folks layed on me. I was present during the silk screening at the Clemintina Ally digs. The limited edition batch was sold out of both shops; (Haight St. and Market St.)... along with a larger patch of bootlegs of the "Co-Caine" (Coca-Cola logo) motif shirts. I had a whole selection of Mouse Studio Tees also; my favorite was the Von Dutch style Flying Eye which read "Rolling Thunder". Those were the "Pirate Days" for sure. Calif. seemed to be ground zero for the national green thing. (John Lennon called 1970 "Year One").

steve

Thu, Apr. 22, 2004, 12:31

MUCHO MACHO DEPT: Ah... hey Hippy Historian. From my point of view; it wasnt all style, poise, muscles, or wardrode. STATUS was key. Example. One afternoon when the front room at Olema Ranch was vacant and still (rare happening).. I layed down on my(?) small mattress underneath the loft bed and just looked up. ya; looking up was easy. (still is)..Anyway...in a flash, some locals whirled in with three dudes who resembled the Furry Freak Brothers from Dope Comix. The couch filled up fast, as did the piano bench, sawed logs at the chopped down table and the other mattress on the far wall.. Well, these three sauntered on over and sized me up; read each others minds and the mouth-piece spoke from the brain that they all shared and said somethin' like this: "Hey kid, Move. Were' gonna sit down". To which I said: "This is my(?) bed!" They looked at each other and the mouth said... "Ahh....you mean you live here??" I said "Ya". Well, they beemed and sat on the floor and offered me a joint. Get it??? It wasnt about black leather, or motorcycles, or tattoos. It was about "Clan" (by pretence of blood or place of dwelling Dig?). Sure, there was a pecking order; but that being said; bottom line?...I was one of the "Olema People", end of convo., get it?. Heres' three hombres walkin' straight out of a Clint Eastwoon Western and all but kissin' a teenager's ass. Ya; short of wearing colors on a cut-off; it wasnt so much "WHO" you were as it was "Where" you were. That being said; "Olema was "Where" it was at. I think that I may have touched on this once before,.. in my mind the Olema connection is/was way under-scored. I once saw a video where Janis Joplin said onstage, something to the effect of.." I dunno'.. seems like eveybodys' goin' to Olema". In closing; see ya' in the funny papers one o' these days....

steve

Thu, Apr. 22, 2004, 12:41

Jag, I worked a rolling mill in Rye NH one cold-cold winter. Old Yankee family. Wood beams, roof and no walls. They kept a 12 ga. Remington pump loaded w/ slugs to nail big bucks that came nosin' around. Fine deer. Hard work. Also Langdales's Pine down in Valdosta Ga. Talk about some

big snakes. By the way, I would have had a fine spread in Gunstock NH that had been the hide-out for a friend who had inadvertently gotten on the FBI most wanted list (paperwork error)... anyway Dick Fisher was gonna' let me steal it in order to start a home-stead to raise my children but the local Mill up there that I would have done time in failed and folded. Thats the saving grace for my Calaise ace-In-The-Hole. A big mill in Bailyville Maine I believe.

steve

Thu, Apr. 22, 2004, 12:46

Forestry??..Timber production??..Ahh... "Take Some/Leave Some". No biggy. Why cant they get it right?... oh ya; GREED. (I forgot)

steve

Thu, Apr. 22, 2004, 12:49

Ahh... hey; anyone seen my fuel rods??... I know I layed em' around here somewhere... shold be easy to find;...(they glow in the dark)....See ya' all in the a.m.

steve

Thu, Apr. 22, 2004, 13:01

FLASH! The U.S. has now killed more Iraqi women and children than Sadam Hussein. Military Victories ARE NOT Political Victories. Collective Punishment is a WAR CRIME. NO CHILD LEFT UNRECRUITED: U.S. Army Recruiters Target High Schools. Under a mandate authorized by th Bush Administration's NO CHILD LEFT BEHIND ACT, the Bush-Whackers are now entitled to get names, addresses and phone numbers of H.S. juniors and UNLESS parents OR students sign a form request that the data be withheld. PARENTS, SIGN THAT FORM TODAY! THEY ARE COMMING FOR YOUR CHILD. Ok, folks; Silent Steve here;;... my question is this: Why dont they tell ya' this shit on the nightly news???... or do they/... Im' out of it.

steve

Thu, Apr. 22, 2004, 13:16

The fuel rod comment was a slam on Vermont Yankee Nuke Plant (I think thats their handle) anyway;...ahh.. it seems that they are "MISSING" some spent uranium fuel rods that will really light up yer' life if you come in contact with em'. Ide' check the local land fill if I were them.

steve

Thu, Apr. 22, 2004, 13:36

Nik; I checked out yer' plaid photo. Stunning. I cant pin point the tartan... generic?? Anyway; I did make it to the Scottish Parade (two years ago?) in NYC which was a big turnout and although Im' mute I connected with some Boyd Clansmen from Scotland when the whole thing wound down in Central Park. I showed them the Boyd name that I had signed on the inside lable of my pea coat and gave em' the ol'Chief's benedictory salute. They were a stout breed for sure. As you may know, it was/is a Highland Clan tradition to invite friends to wear their plaid, but some some families such

as the Boyds and Johnsons for example were always down on anyone not of the blood to wear the colors. That being said; I will score a Boyd Tartan shawl to drape on yer' rockin' chair. Now,... hmmm... where we gonna' get you a rockin' chair???

steve

Thu, Apr. 22, 2004, 14:15

Hmmm... as far as the Mind Believing What The Mind Believes; ahh... Ide' have to say that NO connection may be the BEST connection. Drugs are for sick people. (but you knew that)....P.S. Smoke if ya' got em'. P.S. Sam; did I ever thank you for those three healthy Hash Goat Pills???... I gave one away, smoked one and shared one. A real trinity thing. Nothin' like gettin' high in church. Later all, I gotta' run. Glade yer' all here to tell the tale.

steve

Fri, Apr. 23, 2004, 10:27

Tim (Hippie Historian)... I said it before; restraint (believe it or not) was key. The thing that boggled (and let down) more than a few fans was the Mike Jagger syndrom... (as cool as he was (or seemed to be) the fact is that real men only viewed Ol' Liver-Lips as "The Other End Of His Dick", and even to the construction crew crowd; that is "The End As Man". Read me? Here's where its at (and always was ((in my book anyway)): RESPECT PEOPLE AND RESPECT RELATIONSHIPS. Now that being said; I always respected others and their relationships (while at the same time smearing mine in dog shit)... (but thats just me)... Im' trying to generalize here... which may answer the question. Its all personal; not general. Myself; I lived alone, I coupled and I lived communally. That being said.. (let me catch my breath)... When I was alone; I was alone. When I was shackd up with some Ol' Gal (or some svelt fish-netted queen): I was alone. And when I was in a sea of faces and B.O. at any given ranch or "Commune": I was alone. So... my input may be unique and not a "Mirror of the Times" so to speak; but then again: the "Communes that I fell into were somewhat hybrid and were hotbeds of the tried and try of the bay area (so to speak). It wasnt a bunch of excited wheezers driving volvos through the pines thinking that they were "Roughing It" or some cheese eating squeekers playing house. Ahh... where was I? (Oh, Sam; I coulda' sworn that the Moose-Poop was from the triangle, no shit. Creeper city. Not knock-down; but real Drag-Out fer' sure. Sweet as honey. No rasp-and-burn...Ah..where was I??..ahhh.. Oh; heres the thing. The "Communers" who I tangled with were not the breed (or didnt play the role) of "Me Tarzan; You Jane". In fact, the gals seemed to pick and choose from what I saw. The "Guy" thing was to prove yer'self "Worthy" (the pussy was that fine: read me?) I got the feeling that If any of the women were "Conquered" it was by there own choice, dig?... (discounting the star-eyed fancement and the mentily ill)...(which in those days was hard to distinguish). Now-a-days it would be "Wow, she's stark raving mad!!...She's Insain!!..She's psychotic!!... but back then it was: Wow!, she's gone,!! she's far-out,!! she's too much!!.. ie. (Being CRAZY was looked on with awe much like in Native American Tribes. Now, Man-Man??? As I said; The rougher the cat; the more poise and restraint he showed. This was by far the "Safe" stance; as posing any sort of "Threat" in any shape or form at digs like Olema Ranch would have proved nearly fatal. That being said, CONFIDENCE in respect with NOTHING TO PROVE was the thing. Conduct? No rules were drawn, no speeches or sermons. You never fucked with the shotgun (not because you were told not to).. but because ya' shoulda' been raised NOT to fuck with it in the first place. They had their hands full raising babys and had zero tolerance in "Raising" teens or adult children. Ahh... more later. Im' gonna' grab some FREE coffee.

steve

Fri, Apr. 23, 2004, 11:24

Hey Eric; with the "End Of The World Mob" the lines were really blurred, so my input may seem a bit skitzoid. Now,...if any of the gals were bumping pussies or the men folk were doing any sword fighting; well I guess that it was their buisness and not a front page Item. Getting it on had its place. Dignaty was key. As I said before; after being welcomed, fed, bathed and boarded at that nice Point Reyes ladys' house; I ambled down the pike toward Olema and hung a left at the Gods' Eye and free-fell into a page in history, the first thing that I saw walkin' up the road was a ripe gal in her early 20's naked from the waist up. It got better as the day progressed. My heart is still pounding. As I said; no stamped cookies, the only mirrors were the Hells Angels, and although they flew the same banner, they were VERY individualistic (S.F. crew anyway). The real wild card was the Cockette people at Olema Ranch. What a mix. That being said; it was TOGETHERNESS and TOLERANCE in the most fragmented sence. Most didnt know my name, and I didnt know thiers. Being there was enough. Now, bach to the MACHO thing again: from the frailest, sequins-studded, boa ruffled cat to the beefiest bike rider, had anyone at Olema Ranch "Commune", (boys included) witnessed a guttless punk snubbing a butt in a plate of chow in front of a hungry frazzled prego, he woulda' got an eye-poke, a three stooges slap and a jack-ass-hands-on-the-floor-double-booted-chest catapult. (dont you kids try that at home.) In closing; Nailcakes; my advice??.. DEFECT TO THE DIGGERS!

steve

Fri, Apr. 23, 2004, 11:47

Oh; hippy historian: I think that I catch yer' drift as to the underlying question:... a the "Give-Away-Thing".. well, I hadnt' been at the Ranch a full 15 minutes when I was "Lightened" so to speak. A cockette kid begged my pocket change; the worlds' youngest hippy was awarded (by me) my prized hash pipe, I gave Coyote my leatherette fake alligator skin zip-lock stash wallet; (he said that it would keep his I.D. dry when riding in the rain) and I donated my German Helmet to J.P.'s upcomming Flea Market. (I in fact ended up swapping it with to H.A. Prospect for a police badge) I kept my knife, boots, socks, velveteen pants and swopped my purple tank top for Stash's blouse. (sounds a bit odd now... hmmm).. Oh, heres my point; whether or not all of this parlay got me points, remains to be seen; hell; I was just being ME. (which was also KEY).. as it turned out. So, there I was, flat broke, with nothin' but what I wore and I had my blade. Not a bad start. Not bad at all. Remember; the word of the day was SHARE THE WEALTH. Which brings me back to this web site time and time again. There may be a long, long, list of DONTs. But if ya' can pick out the itty-bitty nuggets of DOs, then ya' may just have it knocked in the ass. KEEP DIGGING YA'LL. Ah... does that answer yer' question???.

steve

Fri, Apr. 23, 2004, 12:08

Hey Nic, hit Hammond up for a Guthrie Tartan shawl. Anymore Scots in the mix??
steve

Fri, Apr. 23, 2004, 12:25

NC Mary; I dont want to come off a condescending; BUT, maybe healing others (as noble as it is) is only an "OUT". You may be mearly skin-popping goodness to to hate-junkies. Please try an "IN". Mainline the goodness that you push. Give yer'self a hot-shot of TRUTH. Get the healin' done sister woman. Again; Its not a "Big Me Little you thing", BUT, My drift on you (from what Ive' read) is like a 1950's Doctor chain smoking while giving someone a physical. Im' not down on ya', its just that the venom that others have injected (those long years ago) does them no harm yet seems to be slowly leaching from yer' bone marrow. Hang in here and remember, the oldest teacher can learn from the youngest student. Im' no Psych or M.D., but I am a Graduate Of The Olema Ranch Fools School. That it froim an Ol' Fool Mary, whether ya' hear the word from an old Johnny Raye record, or from Van the Man Morrison; you'll feel better if you cry. (how am I doin' Sam??)... Should I try plain english next time??

steve

Fri, Apr. 23, 2004, 12:36

Mary; the Boyds all but ruled Scotland for a four year period while protecting the young King-To-Be from being murderd by his own family. The Boyds are just now being re-entered into the Scottish picture in reference to The Original Earl of Arron (a Boyd who Married the Kings sister) being not only exiled by the little prick that they harbored but by suffering the loss of land, castle and Boyd's teenage son who was murderd by a rival family because of the hier apparent factor. The Boyds supported Fitz Allan, Wallace, Bruce and the Stewarts. SCOTLAND FOREVER! ahh... I mean DIGGERS FOREVER. (that was then; this is NOW! (what was I thinkin'??))....

steve

Fri, Apr. 23, 2004, 12:41

Lets not forget Clan Ewing! So THATS where ya' get IT from!!!!... Ah Ha!! Makes me proud.

steve

Fri, Apr. 23, 2004, 13:07

I hear ya' Thom. The STATUS thing rears its ugly head. The Dudes and their ladys. The thing was on a CLASS system for some. ie. WIFE (#1), RIGHTIOUS GIRL FRIEND (#2), and OL'LADY (#3), (not to mention a few that just wouldnt let go).. (or some one elses' wife etc).. I must confess, I was guilty of playing that system out for a while. Not out of a control issue but well,... they just seemed to fall into those rolls at will. Who was I to question it. I couldnt have coriographed it if I had tried, dig? I may have mentioned this before, but at my prime, I was in FLA. giving Stick a "Ride To Live" - "Live To Ride" tattoo at the kitchen table, Stick was shaking uncontrollably. I was rock solid. OK, picture the sceane. My "Girl friend" was talking to my Ol' Lady, while Barney Boot's Ol'lady (some one elses' wife) (who I had also tapped and ended up under a super glide for my effort) was playing tootsie with me when my Wife dragged her ass in after thumbing down from Michigan. At that point Stick's eyes got big and he went rock solid. I started to shake uncontrollably. Well, the game got tough when the Ol' gal that I was living with pulled up to give me a birthday gift a few months early. Noting the panic in my eyes; Dishonnest John's wife took it upon herself to take advantage of my weakened condition by grabbing a feel. Bottom line: I was vulnerable.

steve

Fri, Apr. 23, 2004, 13:12

OK Mary; I will get off of it. Its just that yer' gettin' blood all over the place. Like I said; try tears. No shame in it.

steve

Fri, Apr. 23, 2004, 13:14

Lashing out with pent-up scorn and then gettin' defensive about it is way to yo-yo for me. You girls carry on. Im' in the wrong kitchen.

steve

Fri, Apr. 23, 2004, 13:46

Later Eileen; I keep fergettin' that you have a life. Myself: I just crave someone to talk to; (no pun Intended)...bla, bla, bla....

steve

Fri, Apr. 23, 2004, 14:02

If youve' all had a much to big portion of past hurt and grief; heres a healthy slice of the shit sandwich thats gonna' be force fed to "We The People" in the this century; if "THEY" get "THIER" way. I printed excerpts of it a couple of years ago and some one else also did if I recall; it involves an 80 page document that the Bush Gang fired up way back when. It "THIER" agenda and "OUR" tax dollars, dig. Take the time to delve into and note who the pukes who concocted it are. Makes me sick. Brace yer'selves; ah... ready for "Multi-Wars"???... Im' not. One "War" is one too many. <http://www.newamericancentury.org>

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 07:00

Eric all;.. dig: Massachusetts will make same-sex marriage legal as of May 17th. which will resolve the discrimination thing. They say that any official who tries to hassle or throw up any red-tape can turn in thier badge. In order to work the kinks out, they also plan to alter the forms to read: Pary A and Party B and lay it out not pronounce you "Husband and Wife" but rather simply put it that "You are now Married". OK, lets hear it for these Yankees. Thats why I have a shin to the original 13 Colony States; Its my experience that States Rights tend to cover the folks fundamental rights here in New England from the get-go; where-as some (many) States who got in bed with the Union at a much later date seemed to take alot for granted in thinking that yer' Constitutional Rights are trump tight: Im' tellin' ya' folks, delve into yer' State rights and see that yer' ass is covered. I found that out back in the early 80's when I single-handedly sued three New England Companys (Mass. Maine and N.H.) who I had worked for during a joint venture of theirs. Politics had gotten me black-listed from the Nuclear Power Indusry and anywhere in general that required a security clearence. They cut me loose in a heart-beat and get this: each company denied that I had ever worked for them, (as my checks were drawn from the Joint Ventureship and not one Company

dig? and they had dissolved thier Joint Venture circle-jerk by the time that they had stone-walled me for a few years). Thats how fucked it can get in the fast-track. Thats why I had to sue each of them in the first place. Man; they didnt' know me...dig??? Strange feeling....

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 09:07

Good to hear from you Claude; you were on my mind. Hows it goin' in the land of the Sun?. Hmm... Abortion?.. Im' with Denis Miller on that one. ("One Dick = No Vote"). If men carried Children; Id' say that I had voice in it. Myself; I was only involved with the issue once; and that was something that haunts me to this day. Personally; Im' glad (thankfull) that my Mom didnt have one. There was a time when it was never attempted yet the folks (christians) would abandon the child to the elements. Where do you draw the line? Throw out the fixins' or dump the fresh baked cake. But like I said: its not my oven. OK Ladies; have at it. Claude just opened a new can of ovaries and I just smeared it all over the kitchen wall....(just another manic Monday)...P.S. I cant even beguin to picture an unwanted child. I can however picture millions of unwanted parents. Hmm... how about offin' some those fuckers??? Think about it.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 09:14

There I go gettin' negative again. Hows this: Abortion should by no means ever be an alternative to birth control. ie. Birth control is any given method of PREVENTING pregnancy. (not ENDING pregnancy). Am I making any sense????...

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 09:27

NC Mary; I appeared befor Judge Goode.. (and that was BAD). One day it was to be prged from my file and a back-dated resignation was to be bootlegged in, pluss mucho back-pay and a good position at a facility in FLA. My lawyer was a harp (a Mick) who smelled money and was representing me free w/ a cut of the final take and therefore was gung-ho to keep pushing. Bingo. I was out on my ass. Up side; after remarrying into a connected Revere Mass. "Family" I was rehired with the parent company after they were given an offer that they couldnt' refuse. I soon rose to the top of the heep and was granted a 25% pay increase (thats twenty five percent). \$2.50 on top of every \$10.00 that I pulled down. That was prior to Angullo doing big time and all of his people getting State Jobs. (life was good). Bottom line???... "Fuck Legal action. Go with Lever action" Hey, I actually waved my dick at an MBTA Project Manager and he appologized for pissing me off. That aint the norm. I miss Revere.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 09:43

My Revere Wife was 15 years older than I was and gave me the best advice that anyone ever did; she said: Steve, only you can change it. She had been into politics (by assosiation) in her youth and was a former silk stocking model (nylons)...great legs. Anyway, she knew Kennedy Sinatra and all that crowd from FLA and Vegas. I met her in the early 80's at a Race Track where she was a

Union mouthpiece. (Toys and Doll makers Union of all things). She was a Taurus. She had been rail-roaded through a family dispute and her children had been adopted by her first husbands' new wife in a cover-up which was sealed by court order. We divorced by mutual consent and she took back her Italian married name (she was Irish Catholic) and Legally adopted one of her natural born daughters who shares her last name, (who's daughter happens to be my God Child). P.S. Im' a "GOD FATHER". Hey; thats' how it is being a Life Actor.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 10:19

Hi Nic. Holdin' down the fort in NY???... that town just aint the same without me... or... ah... I aint' the same without that town. I miss the High-Rev vibes of that the millions of souls crank out. Im' holed up in a very tight safe strong hold that my Ex Father-In-Law built up from an old' Yankee homestead. There are three family units within a converted modernized farmhouse. (same family). He's got emphizema and a nagging Irish wife; so Im' his side-kick and trusy aide. He's a Scorpio and as such Im' very leary of his potential sting. I worked for the out that he owned in FLA back in 73' after I met his daughter who worked w/ the same construction company as I did. Actually, I first met her in a bar where she was autioned off for 17 cents. (the old cat who put in high bid was in no shape to claim the prize.) I was living with an Iron Horseman named Franco The Loser at the time and we were laying trunk line (buried phone cable) for Burnup and Simms. I made some points with that crew after Franco had jambed his battery into the H.D. oil tank cut-out using a sliced rubber inner tube in an effort to isolate the vibration. I was rewarded handsomly. I also saved another cat some time by diagnosing (on the spot) his siezed-up H.D. He new it wasnt a tranny issue; as it went through the gears when the clutch was depressed. I told the cat: Look, pull both of these screws and pull yer' generator off; ten bucks says that its frozen and not yer' engine. Bingo. I was right. I also told him to turn his engine bolts the right side up. (its better to lose the lock washers and nuts than the bolt and the whole works; dig?. I dont know cars, but I know bikes. (or knew them in any event)....

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 11:04

Oh; my point was that I was the one who un-jammed Franco's battery afer the positive post had gotten mashed off.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 11:22

Nailcakes; I heard a cat lay it down on T.V. (of all places) the other night. It was this drift; The machine is lulling us to sleep with a constant side-track of information over-load. We didnt wake up after 9-11 (of if we did we are now back asleep)....which in a dream state makes us more interested in viewing "entertainment tonight" than watching whats comming down overseas. Also he brought up the fact that Bush is distancing himself from the "Wounded" vets and pointed out that the ittsy-bittsy word "Wounded" covers the spectrum of maimed, blinded, disfigured, amputees whos images will never make the news or papers. (They are Govt. Property remember????) Think about it tonight when ya' check out the best and worst dressed gals in Hollywood.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 11:40

Hey Mark; I mistakenly deleted yer' last E Mail that you sent me without reading it. It was below one titled "Increase the quality of your orgasms". (or was it quantity??..) in any event; Was it Important? (your' E-Mail I mean)....Hey, whats a few orgasms between friends??? Or E-mails for that matter.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 12:21

Ha Hammond!... ahh... like Reader's Digest Condensed Books. Hmmm... "Readers Digest Condensed Books???" ... ah...hash it around will ya??

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 13:00

Eileen; I straightened the E Mail thing out. My mistake. I told Mark that I plan on putting selfish motives aside and will direct some Digger Energy in setting up a Free Family stage coach depot in K.C. It would aide cross country trekers who could benifit from a free pit stop at a safe house to shake travel nerves etc. I will most likely opt for a hole in the wall near the Train Station etc. As you know "Travel" was killed by "Tourism". I plan to change a little piece of that in my own weird way. Hmm... a new religion?... "Weirdism" ...ya... Im' a "Weirdist"...ahh... make that "A Weirdist Monk". (WHAT is "Weird"??... "Weird IS!") Weirdly yours' Brother Boyd.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 13:05

Eileen; Also, never pump the pedal (to prime it) prior to starting the engine (if it is fuel injected)... and never kick it in the ass (floor-board it) as this can blow the injector seals. (but what do I know?)...

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 13:09

Own what??.. a nagging Irish wife??.. oh!!... a yard!... a yard!!.. I forgot. (ever consider a yard sale?). or just lay slate. Or one big Zen stone garden. Ah.. maybe a desert motif w/ cactus???... Hmmm..

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 13:13

Oh; speaking of lawns; I plan on buying a riding lawn mower for my soul mate which should double as a marital aid. (Oh look mamma; that man is giving his wife a ride on the mower)...I already suggested the washer on spin cycle and found that she's more creative in that department than I am. Ah,... the machine age.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 13:33

Did you say Pick attachment or dick attachment??.. I dont have to check it out to tell ya' that it aint' got nothin' on a Briggs and Stratten. Im' with the "Home Improvement" Crew on that topic.
steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 13:43

Hey Eric; in reference to the Photo Albums; is there any (easy) way to tag on a flyer that would indicate whether or not a Guests' photo album has any photos in it without having to plod through and open up each each one (only to find it empty?). (As if you dont have enough to do). Just some input. I get half way through the list and wander off. (or is it just me). P.S. As far as the politics, religion and sex topics.. (which I may be guilty of bringing up time and time again).. lets get off the dildo thing OK?.. I would hate to lure Dr. Sponge back here with a topic that I know he just cant resist. Think about it. He was always hung up on dick size; remember???

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 14:05

Cool; how about picking pearls of wisdom from "Others" entries and posts and not choosing yer' own? That would kick the Ego thing in the balls. Also; run it past the "Originator" in order to clarify and/or clean up the spelling and let them clearly state that its not a case "Retro-active plagerism" (someone stealing yer' Ideas and concepts 50 years before you thought of them).... and maybe let the pros condense and edit them. You know, stream-line the train of thought, so to speak. CHOO CHOO.....Oh; lets skip my "One Shot/One Bullet Sniper Theory" shall we. (talk about out of the ball park)... although my two man Zen Buddist sniper teams (who dont aim) was right on the money..... (I thought so anyway)... Hmmm... and the dead Monkey.....

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 14:22

Hey Hammond: in reference to ruffling any feathers with the shit that Ive' speeled out for a couple of years; in looking back on it I was right more than I was wrong; case in point: I put down the Booze Fighters M.C. in reference to the stamped-cookie syndrom and selling tee-shirts etc. I was let off of any hook that I may have put my self on (by an East Coast Prez).. but dig this; I later found out through a sourse that an unauthorized Calif. branch of the club is still on the course. (as they have brotherly ties to Ol' Wino Willy) who originally granted the charter for the (then new) National Booze Fighters chapter in Texas. Now dig this: Wino had originaly stated directly that he wasnt into promoting the B.F.M.C. by selling any chicken-shit stuff like Tee Shirts. Dig?. These fucks all but screwed him and his wishes. Bottom line? My money is on the "Unauthorized" Booze Fighters of Calif. Aint it the way? Ya give folks a break and they all but franchise a way of life. The Booze Fighters were first and foremost Original free-thinkers, highly Individualistic creative (and sensitive) bike builders, racers and hell raisers. B.F.F.F.B.F. P.S. I saw a whole gaggle of "13 Rebels" M.C. up here in N.H. I wonder if they got off the mark as well??? Anyone know any Rebels?

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 14:27

OPPPPS!!!... now Im' back on the Booze Fighters' shit list. (Aint it the way??)...
steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 14:49

Nik; I saddly feel that any "Talks" would peg out on the "Who Cares? meter, dig? I think that the Digger Thang' should remain as an untapped under-current (still waters run deep) which; for the most part it always was. My folks and nearest and dearest dont know or cant fathom the lives that Ive' led. That being said: maybe It should be sought out, so to speak, and not an in yer' face thing. Most would sooner forget those of yer' ilk, (even some of yer' ilk, dig?). Those who seek shall find. Trust me on this one. P.S. I keep getting glimmerings (remember those) that some big fish are watching (and not because they are in little ponds). I say we keep it on the table and dont do any pik-niking unless solicited to take it on the road. (ants are a BIG problem)... how do they know? Besides; some one could bomb the bus and cleanse the whole continent. They cant hit us where we aint'.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 15:05

Heres one; some years ago when my daughter was younger, she was to do a report on ancient history (the "Hippies").... cool?. Well, I had dropped in to see her mom and I told my daughter to fuck the hippies; the Diggers were where it was really at. So anyway, she took my advice and pulled the ol' switcheroooo and grabbed some info off of this web site (which I had no access to at the time). Anyway, she was proud of her work in progress and I picked up on it and said that those on the inside refered to Peter as just "Coyote". Upon questioning me she was surprized that I had had dug it with (the former Diggers) as late as 1970 and was proud to enter that in her report. So dig; upon stating that fact in her oral report to the class, her ass hole teacher interupted her and asked how old I was. After pumping that from the kid, she embarassed her by saing something to the effect of "Im' afraid that your' father may have been pulling your' leg." Hey teach; this is Silent Steve: pull this! Its the same ol' shit. I was comming out of the Court house on Center St. in NYC after my 3rd or 4th hearing in reference to the "Die In" where I represented The New and Improved 10% brighter 21st Century Diggers when an ol' blouser remarked on my funky Digger North. Calif. Tee Shirt. I proudly pointed to my chest and gave a power salute to which she said " Diggers?.. yer' to young to remember those cats". Fuck. Aint it the way??? Im to young to me!!! (dont ya' hate when that happens?)...

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 15:11

Ahh... make that 1% brighter... (but you knew that).....Hey, anone else out there a bit too young to be where ya' said ya' were, and too have done the things that ya' did??.. odd feeling aint it??? Beats bein' to old I guess.. Hmm... that dont make sence... but if it does' you might make the Diggers yet. Think, think, think!!!!

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 15:14

Nik; I fear that outsiders will say that we are just a cluster of turds who cant get over it. But then again; who really got over it???...Not me baby.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 15:45

Eric; I will be 52 years young in July. Im' a 1952 baby. (year of the DRAGON). What I always dug about my FREE art was the fact that there was NO deadline. And no one (very few) ever looked a free drawing in the ink. Dig? Im' all for a project that pulls down enough bread to cover costs, plus beer and pizza money. But also I dig any revenue over and above that to go to charities and causes (cause were' broke?).. ha, I still dig the 1% FREE stamp Idea. Hey, were you ever able to run down an original hand bound copy of Homeskin???... I scoped in on the copy that Coyote was turned on to in the kitchen at Olema Ranch when the trucks pulled in at the end of the 70' season. Thats gotta' be an intelectual gold mine. (weird scenes and all) ... ah make that "Gold Mind"... (thanks Jim). Later Eric.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 15:56

Mark; I dont wanna come off negative; (as I use to pull that shit with my "Advertisements against your will" program. If I dug a restaraunt or a struggling mom and pop out fit; I would plaster the community with "Diggers' Choice" posters that promoted the establishment of my choosing. The problem there is that you open yer' self up to every copy-cat anti-hip cheese eater who has a stick up thier ass and is out to print outrageously bogus flyers that depict a real fucked slant on anything and everything and then "Approve It" by THE DIGGERS. (as if we aint fucked enough already, dig?). Originally, I had planned to log onto this sight in an attemp to raise funds (money) for a boot-legged homeless out reach program that I was spear-heading at the Peace Church in NYC. It shot down the Idea myself. My advive. Spread yer' mula around the kitchen table at home. Dont pipeline it to NYC or any other city. Make yer home "The City". Fight poverty; get a job.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 16:14

Eileen, Eileen, you Hula Queen!. Book? no. Comic Book maybe. Perhaps a toilet paper cover...hmmm... maybe zig zag papers. No, that was the logo of the U.A.W.M.F. Hmmm.... I fear that when it comes to getting only three peoples signatures to commite a person, it would only take one person submitting three pages of "My Book" to do the job. Then again; I could always fall back on "My Book" as an Insanity defence for anything short of suicide (what would the point be?)..... Hmmm... Book, book,... Ive' let so many unfinnished manustcripts behind: Assays for the mentally retarded and the Red Chineese" is one that comes to mind. Also, a 25 volume set of "Things that I dont know". My best was the "Dictionary of short stories" inwhich I started with "A" (along time ago I was a little kid etc)... (short story. "B" before I could ever remember anything, I was real happy

etc. (short story. "C" Cant ya hear it?.. saxophone music?.. (short story).. (still dont know what that one means).. etc. etc... Bottom line? So many words and such short time. Hey Ohio Girl!...WRITE, WRITE, WRITE. Dont write what ya' think. Dont write what ya' know... JUST WRITE!

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 17:24

I welcome anyone who wants to help. Its all Intent dig? Remember I was drawn into the Bay Arer Digger magnet, (after the fact) and in the process I gained a rep as a "Man" of my word among the Marin County Freaks at the ripe old age of 18. Truth is; to this day the more I find out about the Original S.F. Diggers that I lived and traveled with; the more of an enigma they seem to be. (Psstt...It worked ya'll)... That being said; my "Intent" from the get-go was to HELP the Olema People with thier "Clean Up" and I went as far as getting a hep-hot-shot in the butt cheek. I entered their sphere of influence by hooking a free ride and an open invitation from an insider and got out the same way. They were impressed with my youthful stamina and my free spirit. Truth is; the very few times that I even heard the word "Diggers" was in reference to Coyote's cheer-up pep talks which realy raised the Olema moral. Remember at that stage of the game (late 1970) they were for the most part some very sick puppies. Dig; It was the low ebb of a five year (or more) alchodelic hang-over. (the junk had stolen alot of joy for sure)...Anyway, Having pitched in and proved my worth and being dubbed "A Rightious Artist" in the process, I was invited to go on the road with "The Olema People" who were at that moment in time comprised of a loose mix of local "Ranchers", "Truckers", "Cocketts", and patch-holding Hells Angels and Prospects who were in one form or another all connected to the former S.F. Diggers, not to mention yer'-run-of-the-mill UFO's.. (and you know who you are). Now, Claude pegged the Black Bear Autumnal Equinox Celebration as one hell of a party or some such.. (which it was, too be sure).. but the bottom line was that it was a Free Family effort to HELP the Blackbearians to gear up, brace and hunker down for the up-comming winter. We all HELPED. I am proud to say to that end; I complied. My reward was serinity, tranquility and peace. (inside joke).. but really; bottom line? Its INTENT. Good intent (no matter how off-key it may seem) really counts. Ya;.. it counts. HELP?.. help yer'selves kids.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 17:37

Eric; what comes to my foggy mind was that the article in question was about 5" X 7" and the cover and back page color was brown sepia and the texture of dried autumn leaves, and very rough-hewn. It seemed to be hand drilled with frazzled twine laced around two tree twigs which ran the length of the spine. The scripted word HOMESKIN was hand written across the front. The paper was definatly hand made. Coyote read me some "Words of the Day" type stuff from it that I pretended to understand. He picked up on the puzzlement on my face and in a somewhat rare "fatherly" or "Big Brother" moment took the time to explain to me what Ive' always refered to as "The Homeskin concept". That being said; It may very well be an original (or one-off) draft of something that was run off in quantity. The Holy Grail of Diggerdom?... Hmm. grab yer' gloves and fan. The search is on. P.S. Coyote's drift on it changed my life. The plot thickens.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 17:42

Hey Eileen... "late for school???"...(I like that in a woman)...
steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 17:57

Sounds like yer' dance card is full. Ive' waited 34 years,.. I can wait a few more minutes. Ha, ha...Hey, the thought of a play which was acted out at the Peace Church just crossed my mind; the main drift of the play was based upon chewing gum that is found on the sidewalks of NYC by archeologists in a thousand years or so. Anyway, they scrape up the gum to gather dna for cloning dig?... Hmmm... my question is: would they come up with mostly blondes? Answers, answers,... hell; we need more questions. Come on folks. Free yerselves'. Wake up. The "Roaring Zeros are now in full swing!" Why?.. (because I said so)....

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 18:17

Eileen; my contact to was through an E mail adress that had somethin' to do with SFTREEHOUSE??..or some such. I think that I wrote a poem on the back which I later ditched. I wasnt rubbed wrong by his selective memory (in reference to who the fuck was I) but I saw red when I got word (from a little bird).. (a lovely dove to be exact).. that he instucted a certain someone to "Cut it off" in reference to corrisponding with the likes of me. Bottom line. He dont owe me nothin'. (I do however owe him a hat). He knows where I break bread. I stay out of his kitchen for the most part and apparently he stays out of mine. Same with Yule Gibbons.. Ahh... I mean Big Daddy Berg. No big shakes. Hows the Take-Out up there fellas?. Any bad fortune cookies lately? P.S. Eileen; I do remember Judy. Who could I forget? Judging from the recent photo; the years have been very kind to her. There I go inviting questions and not willing to ask any. Im' a real shit aint I? Forgive me, but dont' forget me.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 18:31

Mark: the Hula Queen comment is in reference to the Digger Poster Child (Eileen topless in a hula skirt of sorts) which she said that she wore at the "Invisible Circus" Digger event which was held at a Methodist church in S.F. (Glide Memorial I think). Its real French Post Card material. Why aint it in yer' Photo Album??? The homeskin concept is so simple its silly. But the bottom line is once you realize it, you can and never will be homeless. (bout' as homeless as a bird in any event). Thats one thing that always burned my ass in filling out papers where I had to be pigeon-holed as HOMELESS. Hell; no such thing. No Digger is ever Homeless. Well, I was "out of my body" a few times while delving into Diggerdom;.. but I still felt as though I had just entered a bigger space. Seeing with no eyes and hereing with no eres was a real WOW. It was my first intro into "Voicelessness" to which Im' now very snug whithin. Remember; there are many mansions in our Fathers (mothers') house. Later all.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 18:53

Mark; Coyote was in no way shape or form giving me a run down of the contents of the book; (as he had just been presented with it).. from what I saw and heard him quote from it, it was in fact a series of short zen like sayings? And the term "HOMESKIN" may mean diffent things to different folks. Coyote may have been laying down some racks in reference to my nomadic life-style at that time. Dig' "Homeskin" means that yer' body is yer' home. Any man made or natural bedding down area is merely a shell. Dig?. So no matter if yer' in an 8'X 8 solitary confinement cell, or stranded outside of Barstow; YOU ARE NEVER AWAY FROM HOME. With this realisation, the foot of every apple tree is your' living room. (Lets see Martha Stewart beat that). The big fear in everyone is "Lost Child" dig?, (no matter what yer' age) Fuck that fear. Embrace Homeskin and that dark ally is yer' hearth. Welcome to my world. This of course runs paralell to yer' body being a temple etc. In closing. Yer' body? Dont leave home without it. Hey, print this on my head stone. DONT BOTHER TO KNOCK Im' NOT HOME.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 19:03

Eileen; as a teen, I drove Buicks alot. Just reach in through the window, turn the key and Vrooom. Thats why folks bought Buicks. Most heeps even new only fired up after the excelerator was pumped. Like I said; do NOT pump the gas pedal on a fuel injected auto prior to turning the key. Also, unless its a save-ye-ass situation, do NOT rail-road it by floor-boarding it. Excelerate only at a firm but steady pace. Dig? Good luck. Man... Ive' seen some very large Exotic wooden looms here in New England that are works of art in them selves.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 19:31

Damn; gone are the days of tweeking the carb half way up the mountain?? Im' a fossel. Diesle??..Hey, after etherizing the beasts, I drove my share of High-Rail vehicles (diesle trucks converted to run on rail-road tracks) Talk about chitty-chitty-bang-bang! What a blast. Right out of a Mad Max movie. I through in the towel after touring the west in a new 81' computerized 4-6 and 8 banger Cadillac. What a night mare. Later Mark. Thank for the update.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 21:52

Mark, that Caddy was a Mutha. Vargas and I flew to Vagas to pick it up brand new after an L.A. dealership had it sent there to beat the taxes or some shit. All of V's vehicles were registered out of Oregon. Anyway, this fucker was a pearl white work of art with a brushed steel landow top. The bastard was forever "Shuting itself down" due to "Over-heating".. and would flash the four-ways and start honking which would naturally blow the power steering) but it wasnt overheating, dig? It would also blow into high revs at any given moment and slam into gear. My main bitch was when climbing out of that boat I was forever hitting the lock latch and locking myself out. But oh the memories. Blowin' loaded through Texas at over a buck well past midnight with all the windows down while blastin' the Velvets' White Light/White Heat on that unreal sound system.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 22:50

Go Mark!!.. I drove over the state line to Shreve City to get the life version of that tape. Hey Eric; that very well may be the animal. Could be that Im' flashing on a fuckin' hippy wedding announcement or some such.... but I coulda' sworn that it was as I said it was. Hmmm.. maybe Coyote's copy was a limited edition or some such. The truckers who dropped it off were warmly welcomed. I cant wait to hear more "Homeskin Tales"... as read by Ol' Uncle Eric". Thanks fer' runnin' it down my man. Hey Mark; Lou Reed is not the creature that he appears to be. (or appears not to be the creature that he is)... ah... you know what I mean. Wow... HOMESKIN!... after all these years. Like fuckin' WOW!

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 22:56

Hey Eileen; please tell Ariel that we are all so proud of her. Tell her that more than a few "Old Teachers" are learning from the "Young Students". Youve' done well Sam.

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 23:30

Jag; for tha last six months or so, I was forever bumping ito Lou Reed and his gal just a hoot-n-a-holler from Niks' West village bldg. (I crash a couple of blocks north of her place on the corner of 12th St. and Jane St.) When not at "Shelters" or under the stars. I was plesently taken back by his ease and "Normality" at each meeting... (as I had heard some some slightly twisted first-hand accounts from a few the Warhol people who I had knocked around with in S.F. back in 70' and 71'. That being said,.. I ahh... well; I also heard some rather twisted first-hand accounts involving myself from folks who had no Idea that I has me... and, I gotta' tell ya; theres a little bit of truth in everything. (where theres smoke, theres fire). Or; more oppropreatly; where theres White Light, theres White Heat. "Were' Gonna' Have A Real Good Time Together"

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 23:38

Toulain??... hell, I painted the inside of a silo at a secondary waste treatment facility with some very strange two part "paint" mixture that I they joked about containing Toulaine. (The Idea was to "USE IT UP". My tongue swelled up and I started to scramble my words and my speech got to where I was damn near talkin' backwards. What a high. I hadnt felt that poisoned since drinking coffee out of a mug (pencil holder) that my teenaged bride had glazed and fired in her High School art class. That mud tasted like pure lead. No wonder my tounge rotted off. Ill' be son-of-a-bitch!!! I deserve everything I get!

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 23:43

Hell; If yer' wife's arts crafts projects dont kill ya' a non union job will. Damn!

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 23:53

One of a kind? We were ALL "one Of A Kind". (remember?). God; the commings and goings at Olema Ranch. It was a sureal hip version of Dr. Suess' "And to think that I saw it on Mulberry Street" for sure. Hmm... Thats IT!!... The BOOK TITLE!! "And to think that I dropped it, smoked it, snorted it, screwed it, stewed it, blued it, tattooed it and damn near blew it At Olema Ranch" By Steve Boyd. We can sell it to Hellmans!!!! Eileen; were' gonna' be RICH!!!!

steve

Mon, Apr. 26, 2004, 23:57

Was that a little over the top??... hmmm.. now for a good sub-title... hmmm.....

steve

Tue, Apr. 27, 2004, 00:05

Valiants.. cool, (except for the Pee Wee Herman fun house body styling. Rubber band clutch and all. Every Dodge and plymouth that I ever screwed with had one hell of a high pitched vacume whine to it. Sounded like hydro-electric turbines. What was that all about Mark?. Damn carbs whould suck the hat off yer' head. High compression ratio????

steve

Tue, Apr. 27, 2004, 00:09

Ahhh.. so let me guess what the flame-retardent Jump Suit whispering campain at school involved:..Hmm... asbestos panties?. Those GI's. Ya Gotta' love em'.

steve

Tue, Apr. 27, 2004, 00:12

Hey Hot Pants; Im' checkin' out now. Nice to trade words again. Later all. Wow, Homeskin!

steve

Tue, Apr. 27, 2004, 00:17

ESP Dept: Hey, the scene??? We use to be big??? shit, Nik and I didnt get our crescent moon and big dipper tattoos from the Alaskan State Flag. Big?? We are big. Its the scene that got small.

steve

Tue, Apr. 27, 2004, 02:20

I couldnt sleep. I read the wrap up of Homeskin and cant help but get the odd feeling (psychodelically speaking) that I may have been inadvertantly the human bi-product of some Digger Mad Scientists who werent into actually transplanting chips into our young heads; but perhaps seeds of perception; (no matter how foggy or dim and dormant) I am one happy unwarry volunteer to this very day. (some of the seeds took root folks.) After my Wonderful Adventures in Digger Land I remember reuniting with some old school friends(?) back in Michigan. They really

put me down and thought that I had two heads when I ragged on em' all for littering. No shit. Hats of to the Free Family of Free Thinkers. In rethinking the whole thing. Fuck the people; we'll all climb back out of the premordial slim and pop up again like bad pennies. Hell;... Save the trees. Hey Planet Drumers Drumettes; about that grand that I owe ya.... Lets talk. Hows an installment plan sound?

steve

Tue, Apr. 27, 2004, 02:24

GROW YER" OWN DOPE: PLANT STEVE BOYD! (thats a real close "Im' Sorry")...dig?

steve

Tue, Apr. 27, 2004, 02:26

I think that I feel a "HOMESKIN" tattoo comming on. (Im' having an "Ink" moment.)

steve

Tue, Apr. 27, 2004, 02:28

Goodnight. Ya.... stars..spring.

steve

Tue, Apr. 27, 2004, 02:47

Eric; many thanks again fer' lettin' me talk this all out. The last 2-1/2 years have been primo therapy for me. I fell out of life and into love and documented it here. "I need a dump truck to unload my head" - B. Dylan. Hey; dig this; I heard the other day that Dylan said that he felt as though his wife never really knew what he was talkin' about. So how do I explain all of this to my Methodist Reverend common law wife???... or should I??...ahh... I realize that its all behind me now, but ya' see; I got eyes in the back of my head. What would J.C. do?...Hell what would B.D. do? Hey Nicole, get Dylan on the horn will ya?

steve

Tue, Apr. 27, 2004, 02:50

Hey Eileen, Im up! Stars ya' say? cool. I got a planetarium in my skull.

steve

Tue, Apr. 27, 2004, 02:55

Wow, I gotta' write that web site down. Ya know; its odd; but when I type my thoughts out to you all I often forget that I cant talk. This site is big medicine for sure. Thanks for the star lead Sam.

steve

Tue, Apr. 27, 2004, 03:26

Merrie; as a youth I often thrilled in B E. On one such outing I got my sticky fingers on some fire arms (which I altered a bit. Well after my untimely captue, my P.O. was miffed that I hadnt been taught the Golden Rule and went on to flatly state that I would damn sure memorize the ten commandments; to which I replied; I think that im' all set with the list; but where in there does it say "Thow shalt not saw off the barrels of 12 guage shotguns". Dig? Good night Uncle Arthur wherever you are.

steve

Tue, Apr. 27, 2004, 03:40

Motherwitch; I was waiting up for a Kansas City E Mail. (Which I got). Bottom line in the disclosure of past lives Dept.??.. all things in good time. Nuff said? God she's a bright and shinning sun. Goodnight.

steve

Tue, Apr. 27, 2004, 20:40

Eric: it would be casting pearls to swine. Everything that Ive' ever owned I dont have now. Thats why I get tattooed; (I wanna keep something). I plan on getting HOMESKIN inked above the crescent moon and big dipper thats on my left knee. Im' all set; thanks so much for the offer. Printing it here on site was a gift in it self. Again I thank you. Hey Mark; just deliver yer'self, the little woman and perhaps a hitch hiker or two. And the beat goes on. Hey Hammond; I cant keep up with ya. Claude,.. Rena... you out there???....

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 08:14

Jag; Rule One: No names!!! Ive had "SWEET LORRAINE" covered up twice. My latest inking (an oriental flame engulfed demon blowing cloud swirls and flowers) covered-up a cover-up. My reasons??..well; its a second..no; make that a third or fourth childhood issue. Most of the new ones are retro (old-school) style. Man; remember when pool halls, motorcycle shops, tattoo parlors and barber shops were all-but male sanctuaries???. everything has become "Boutique" now. I still have the itch to go threw with the tattoo apprenticeship thing,.. hell; I had a funky set of guns from Sweden lined up. It could be an ace in the hole for retirement.

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 09:00

Jag; half of the art is in jigging yer' own needle bars and not getting the mail-order ones. The sinister Von Rippen goes with a "Tight Eight" when doing the old-school ones. Ive' found that the pros dont like copying others work; but mine are mostly from the Old "Sailor Jerry" scrap book designs, and they dig that shit. Nik has one from legend (Hardy) and I HAD an original Cliff Raven (now covered up). As for pain, Ive got a large full rigged ship at sea w/ anchor, rope and flags on my stomach (that hurt in a very ticklish way). Im' still up in the air as to what to put on the banners above it, its a toss-up between "Tracherous in Calm - Terrible in Storm" or "Time and Tide Wait For No Man", or "Wooden Ships - Iron Men" Oh, the new ones on my chest were a breeze (as Im' still some-what pins needles numb from getting cut up back in 2001. Hey, speaking of dates; it will be

two years in June since I first turned up here on the Digger web site. June 9th I think.. I was on Va-Ca in Michigan. Wow; great two years. The next two will be more grounded but more introverted than extroverted; as Ive found (re-found) a holy, stabelizing, reasuring, loving element in the flesh which has been a blessing to my life. We had parted ways and by shear balls (on my part) got reunited. At the cost of ending our friendship, I said fuck friendship, I want more. Well; I got more ten fold. The future?I plan on doing some real creating from here on out. Again; I give thanks to everyone who's listened to my rants, raves, and dream weaving these past two seasons. Now that being said: we all know that I should LISTEN more, and to that end, I will (try) to comply. Come on ya'll, Im' all ears.

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 09:22

Ha McMing; its not that ladies were not excluded from those dens.. its just that they dared not enter. Back to tattooing: I must be a traditionalist at heart, in my view; fine art has its place: on canvas dig? The two original (traditional) tattoo styles of America (from what I gather) were based upon a very old "Japanese folk (peasant) art style (almost cartoonish) and also take-offs on early advertisements (copied from publication Illustrations) such as "Gibson Girls" etc. not to mention the patriotic armed forces symbols. Sailors tattooed every limb with a religious symbol to ward off shark bites etc. The cons would put the same on thier back to ward off getting stabbed from behind etc. Its a subject that could fill volumes and I wont get into it here... the down side is that alot of bad-press is tied into some of the interpretations such classics as spider webs which are now viewed as an indication that the wearer is connected to a murder. Thats bullshit. (or was anyway). Same with tear-drops indicating revenge killings etc. The jail-bird element has all but bastardized many Interpretations on some very Inocent Images. My self, I may opt for elbo webs and I have a clean conscience, dig?

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 09:25

Hey Jag; My tattoos??.. bottom line?.. HOME IMPROVEMENT. Hey, some folks paint thier house, I paint my body. (go figure)

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 09:50

OFF THE WALL DEPT. : look; weve' all got the guilt/anziety thing going..ie: the world is turning to ashes as we speak and here we are rapping about slant sixs, tattoos and what we smoked in the sixties. Hay, if its therapeutical; I say COOL. The "ENEMY COMBATANT" thing scares the fuck out of me. Some Government piece of shit who bears false witness against you can slam yer ass behind the wire indefinatly without representation. WAKE UP AMERIKA and smell the nazis. They said that it could not happen here. Well it happened. Think about it. Homeland = Fatherland. They are creating a common enemy (and we may be it). RESIST. UNIT. ENDURE.

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 10:18

War on Drugs = War on the American Constitution. War on Terror = War on the American Constitution. America terrorizes a whole civilian population in revenge for the acts of a small majority (with under-lying agendas to dominate the mid-east) and America trounces on the civil liberties of citizens in a bogus "War on Drugs" while dealing them in our "man-made" ghettos in order to raise funds to arm rebels who do our bidding. Reagan bootlegged arms that are today are possibly being used against our troops and Clinton was damn near ousted for gettin' somethin' that he couldnt get at home. Ollie North is gigging as a fuckin' talk show host. Wheres the logic and rationel?? Wheres the sanity??? (or does that count these days?)...Oh, thats right; we are all suppose to be broke, unemployeed and to hard up to question it,.. not to mention being in a dope haze to fight off the hurt, detachment and constant Government aggitation which is heaped upon us. Silly me. Enemy combatant?.. hand me the boxing gloves; where do I sign up???

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 10:22

Come on George, slip into that olive-drab padded crotch jump suit and but yer' hand on the parachute pull cord; Im' givin' ya' the first one right in the nuts. Im' callin' ya' out!

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 10:24

STEVE BOYD FOR PRESIDENT. (I nominate myself)... well; thats one in a row!

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 10:58

Mark I didnt see it. Ive had a bad taste in my mouth from dealing with the likes of the U.A.W.M.F. and thier SDS bed mates. I did meet some Weather Underground folks in NYC last year and wasnt Impressed. Heres my slant on "My Vision" .. First; chand the name. "The United States of America" has a shitty rep. dig? Besides; we are not united. So whats the point. Second, get off of the manufacturing/ production base. The Cineese will/are steam-rolling us and nothing can change that. OK,.. the millions that are spent on campains to promote our Govt. mouth-pieces should kick in mandatory matching funds to feed the poor, house the drifters etc. Our "schools" should dump the white-elephant bldgs. and hold "Classes" in apple orchards and at the sea side. Parents should be urged to attend the same classes, no grades, no age limits, no "Condenced Historical accounts" (written by the victors). Lets hear the Germans', Japs' and Russians side also, dig? Exhibit greater diversity, greater antithesis of character, and delve into the native warrior aspects of warfare (nessisary evil Im' affraid). As a true Nation without "STATE" boundries, underlay a mission statement that would encompass in war: daring, boastful, cunning, ruthless, self-denying, and sef-devotion. In peace: justic, generosity, hospitality, superstition and modesty. We should look to the clouds, the seasons, the birds, the beasts, and the vegetable world and to some fuckin' TV advertisement. (for starters).

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 11:05

Ah.. thats "Change" the name..and "Chineese" and Not some fuckin' TV advertisement... etc.. bottom line; we will never be a country while chpped up into "States". United we stand?? Dump the state boundries and bingo! we would be UNITED. Thats a start. THEN and ONLY then would a president get elected by POPULAR VOTE. Statehood is a very convienient "Electorial Vote" scam. Hey, it is what it is.

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 11:15

Hey; were' back on track! Sex, Religion and politics,.. pass the jelly please. Hey, this site is bound to make the Algonquin Round table look like a wake. I like this, pluss the fact that we arent turning it into a mutual admiration society. Ya, I like that. Oh, the bad taste in my mouth??.. I definetly got the Impression that the feeling was mutual. My boot-legged Digger Tee Shirt got em' all whispering. (I dont like whispering). Of course I would never urge anyone to print Weatherman Underground shirts... that would rank right up thier with Mafia logo jogging sweat suits or Manson Family tropical cruise wear.

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 11:35

Riotous antics??..hell yes Eric! I was in Flint, holed up with half of the white population armed with squirrel riffles and shot guns while the "Minotity" (Im' being kind folks) (gotta' remember "The Times") danced in the streets of Detroit while lugging couches, mink coats and house-hold appliences on thier backs as the "White Press" filmed them in front of a flamming back drop. The audience was the American public. For the most part; The cops formed lines and did not move while the shit went down. How do ya' arrest tens of thousands??? They were already in a fenceless prison called Ghetto anyway. The "Actors" were screaming "burn Baby Burn" and the cops (suporting cast) were chanting under their breath: "Let it burn Baby, Let it Burn" (white form of "Urban rennual", dig? Oh, the cops did deal with what they saw as real "Perpetrators"; they opened up thier 12 guage riot guns on some loud speakers that some white "Hippies" had mounted in the windows and on a roof top which was blaring "Light My Fire" by the Doors. As far as me layin' out the "Black and White" thing; like I said; ya' gotta' keep it in context of the times. P.S. the mellowest NYC "Blacks" that I know were former Black Panthers. Man; they are anti-drug to the max. Thats a Govt. conspiracy which will never be fully exposed. Methadon "Program"; give me a break!!

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 11:49

Hmm... "George, Im' givin' ya' the first one right in the nuts!"... Threatening in nature???.Hmmm...you be the judge. But dig; "They" can dust an entire civilian population with "weapons of mass destruction" (in a bogus scam to eliminate thier ability to "Use" thier weapons of mass destruction which have never been discovered to date) and "WE" stand the possibility of being locked down with no representation for "Seemingly threatening" them with words... Have I got that right??? Hey George... Shoot me! Im' an American!

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 12:07

Yesss...yesss... Americans are bad for America!... ya'.. we must destroy the Americans. Hmm... I think I understand Rumsfelds' point of view. Freedom is bad for freedom.

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 12:25

Ahh.. make that Rumsfeld... Hmm.. I have them exactly wher they want me..(???)... Can ya' feel the frustration?.. Hey, I checked out Coyote's web site again; he looks to be in good form on that road race bike. Nice photo.

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 12:38

Nik, I had the pleasure of meeting the Bread and Puppet Theatre folks in NYC. Check em' out. Also my friend Dan who fronts the Kiros (sp?) Theatre at the Peace Church. Hes' a Scorpio. You'd love his wife Ronnie. They were both very comforting to me when I was laid up. A real credit to Methodism. Dan pulled off the Plowshares play that I attended a few times and is hailed for his years of social activism. He also eye witnessed both towers falling; before and after the event. ("True Street Theatre??) Great legal defence Sadam. Anyway, you be the judge. Crazy world aint it?

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 12:52

Two Million Dollars for each 30 second advertizing spot on the final episode of the TV show "Friends" and there are hungry people in the street. WAKE UP AMERICA!!!! WAKE THE FUCK UP!!!!!!

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 12:58

Our (well, yours'.. I dont pay taxes anymore) Tax Dollars are being spent on the leveling of an entire city by U.S. "Forces" as I type. Dig?.. drop the junk food and turn off the I Love Lucy Rerun. WAKE UP!!!!!! WAKE UP!!!!!!

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 13:03

The last time that I paid "MY" taxes was in 1999. (in the last century). Im' a tax rebel now as I feel that Im' a victom of Taxation without representation. Thats what sparked a revolution at one time. To the best of my knowledge not one thin dime from the sweat of my nuts ever went to buying a bullet. Im' standing firm on this issue.

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 13:37

Go Mark!,.. hey Hammond; I may be wrong;.. it could be 1998... in any event Im' re-thinking this whole "Straight World Mr. Jones Act"... and may revert to the old ways. I am very close to rejecting the concept of being ruled by any local, "State" or national guide-lines. A FREE MAN who is "Governed" is living in a fools' paradise. Free?.. A "Licenced" individual is never free, a "Taxed" individual is a whipping boy. I may cut loose any minute. As Ol' Henry Miller stated in reference to getting past the current empassé; (rough quote from memorie).. " If we were aware, that is if we were sudenly awakened, we would see the horror that surrounds us; the horror in the day to day tasks that we are required to carry out,.. if were were truly awake, we would drop our tools, walk away from our jobs, obay no laws etc. etc." Hey Henry; I can dream cant I??? Bottom line???...If Bush gets four more years, I swear to everything holy that I will single-handedly light up the night sky in red caps which will read "FREE".

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 13:42

Draft Card??.. watch me burn an SSI check. Feel any double standard??..fuck no, they are kicking back the money that I payed in for all those years. I sleep real good at night. At this rate I should break even by the age of 90 or so. Drink to my health.

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 13:50

Name Game???. once I witnessed the Methodists read of the names of the 9-11 victims on the front steps of the Peace Church; I walked away from it. Being mute; I could only ask myself where is the list of names of the men women and children who were torchered raped and murdered by the many death squads who were funded, armed and trained by U.S. tax dollars. What goes around comes around. The chickens have come home to roost. Think about it. Not with my mony fellas. George; the blood is on your hands. God, I think he's a Methodist. I may turn in my card. Hey, anyone know how to pull off an antibaptism???? Does it involve blood or piss? (or both)....

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 13:56

I cant (in good concience) pull off the lawn mowing, dish washing, fuck the little woman routine while plying my chosen trade and expect to sleep well at night. I gotta' be able to live with my self. I may attempt to pull off the Digger Ideal of FREE (as defined on my terms) wish me luck folks. I will most likely become oprative again in NYC. (everywhere else is Cleavland). Its a tough road, Christ could tell ya. Real tough.

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 14:03

Im' pegging June 9th (?) as a two year spring board where I jump out of this pond and into the Sea of activism. I dont see the need for water wings anymore. Thanks for saving my drowning ass Eric. I dont feel that this site will revert to a painted boat on a painted Ocean; as there are some real

Mermaids and Tridents to stir the water. Followers? you ask; no thanks, I lead myself. Im trading words for action. Use E-Mails to get things jaggy; myself... Im' gonna' use my body. No one can tear me up and throw me away. (Its personal).

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 15:14

HOMESKIN: Revision No. one. "The bark of History smothers the Digger tree ring of colective consciousness... we must carve our initials deep within it to expose the truth. The sap is our life blood." - Written and formally submitted by S.R. Boyd. P.S. Hey George; I cannot tell a lie; Im' gonna' chop yer' fuckin' cherry tree down.

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 15:17

Hey Hippie; throw another one my way; Im' feelin' creative. Go on; try me. The butterflys scream out for Revision No. two.

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 22:56

"Crying Like A Fire In The Sun"..-B.Dylan. Well;...I..ah... (Dont look now folks, but I think that I just had my 20 minutes of fame)... and those far out Road Agent handle bars... wow; totaly crusified...Hey; as a kid in the 4th grade, I laid down in front of a school bus. I caught eight kinds of hell. When asked "Why did ya' do it????!!... What were ya' thinkin'????!!", I gave the ol' Zen answer (the truth).. I said "Ah.. I dunno". Go figure.

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 23:23

Ahh... hey Tim; Myself, ahh... I missed any hint of dead people myself... ah... the dead people in Korea?.. the dead people in Viet Nam??...ah... the dead people in Somalia???. those dead people???? Those three that we lost. Not to mention the dead people in the countries (game-boards) where we "Won". Ya, now; it seems to me that everyone and thier brother has been contitioned into the role of "Arm-chair General" and sit back and play monday afternoon quarter-back for the Sunday afternoon "Game" (which is now Fallujah; a city of 300,000 "players". Ya' see; we are "Sold" whole-sale slaughter as 100% new and Improved "WAR". We sit back and channel serf for the best "Live" coverage which is presented like a world series or or super bowl. Naturally we are of the mind-set that its a missdirected, displaced, out of whack grudge match. Bottom line? Winners live. Losers die. Oh, did I mention that the home team dont wear uniforms? How any marketable U.S. product can be pushed and hawked during the commercial breaks should be boycotted. Pulling that shit with the final eposode of "Friends" is one thing. Pulling that shit during the leveling of a civilian populated city (to dust a mear 2000 "Bad Boys" is uncontionable. Send yer' E-Mails in folks while I will run interference. Its game time. No more rules.

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 23:38

Hey Coyote; how about coolin' it with the spring water, bananas, luxury autos, La La Land wildlife fuckin' comentaries and the anti-decongestant commercials and pull off an anti-war sound bite. I heard that "Friends" has an open time slot...or better yet, maybe during the Dresden..(ah... I mean Fallaja) bombing live coverage. Come on; make it a free-bee man. Give the people some. (you can thank me when ya' accept the Oscar; Im' one of the little people.. remember?).... Sound bitter???... not much.

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 23:49

Really Pete; what do I know??.. ah... hell, maybe nailing down the exact date of the final Greatful Dead free concert in Golden Gate park could actually save a few lives??!!... you must know what the priorities are... But I gotta' ask ya' this; its been on my mind for two years ever' since ya' told me that you dont visit this web site any more. WHY NOT???? Simple question. It makes me wonder. Come on Garbo... ya' "Vont' to be alone?"

steve

Wed, Apr. 28, 2004, 23:55

Hey George W., hey Dr.Sponge, hey Travis, bring it on!!!!

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 00:04

ALL RISE!! Fuck this "FOR" stuff... I dont "RUN" "FOR" anything... I now deccare myself PRESIDENT OF THE FREE NATION. Democracy??... Fuck no! This is DIGOCRACY. A one vote deal. And Im' the one that gets to vote, dig? ...and seein' how Im' feelin' VERY popular, Tag! Im' IT!. No chards, no dimples, no crooked brother in Florida. BINGO!!! Now, as President, my virst official decleration is as follows; I demand a recount! (Emmitt; how am I doin'???)

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 00:10

Hey Jag;... I just experienced a sane moment;..... hows this for the poster; An unfair Economy, an unreal Democracy and the same old Party. Ruining the old minority from the top down. P.S. (I dont wanna' set the bar too high)...

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 01:02

Form and modify???... hows this... I demand a DNA probe on every person in Amerika to determine thier main area of origin; then declare a national emergeny and evacuate the entire country. The cubans can catch the next banana boat, the Hatians can grab anything that floats, the Scots can pack thier skirts (the pipes are calling lads), the Italians can give the travel agent an offer that they cant refuse, the Polacks can give the custom agents an offer that they cant understand, the

chicanos can start swimmin', the Micks can ride the rails, the Jews can start to wander again, the native americans can trek their asses back across the siberian Ice flow. The only ones that will remain will be myself and my first lady and my cabinate and thier wives, girlfriends, kids, husbands, insignificant others, better halves, and boyfriends; Here the appointments: Berg is now director of the Interior which includes parks and recreations), Mark; motor pool and highway patrolman. Coyote is the King of the Gypsies and the talking head "NOWS" comontator, Nicole; will rule supreme in her capacity as Queen Godess of NYC; (a realm that has Vatican status), Eileen; Dept. of the Exterior.(whatever that means) Hammond; under assistant West Coast Promo Man (lookin' sharp, lookin' really, really, sharp... Claude, minister of Com-Co propoganda, ah... make that Minister of Andy Panda,... Eric; "HIS-STORY-and"???...Oh ya, IMAM; forign correspondant and last but not least, Travis.. (we need at least one Mother Fucker.) Any new borns will automatically be granted Gypsy status. Now, I decree that the the Free Nation be left dormant for at least 500 years or untill the rivers and stream self clean themselves. All man made power will cease Imediatly. Oh, mark, the Highway thing is a snap, as Im' redesignating them as very wide side walks. Hmm.. am I missing something. Oh ya... the part where we all half starve, cold, hungry and in the dark just prior to being eaten alive by grizzly bears.. Hmmm... let me rethink this. Ahh.. Im' a reasonable man... any suggestions.???

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 01:14

Psssttt... (Marx was NOT a "Communist"... he was an "ECONOMIST").... but you knew that. Hey, Eric, lets start a Digger Think Tank. We gotta' brain storm to the max. It's only a matter of time before they put me inside the wire. Ban Web Sites???... Banning = Burning, dig?? A very wise man said years prior to Nazi Germany "Anywhere they burn books, they will some day burn people" It makes the fuckin' hair raise on my arms. Think about folks. Hey George; ban me, burn me, Im' an American!!!!

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 01:25

McMing; I too am gifted with the terrible burdon of "Feeling" words as opposed to merly "Reading" them... but I didnt' catch that drift from HippieHistorian. It may be the anziety factor or the mirror effect of my keyed-up speel... whatever... let it ride. OH;... having thought it out (about 2 seconds) heres my latest Presidential decree; I demand that a survey be made to determin the exact centerline of America. Then a border be established fextending from the east coast to the west coast, dig?. Then I will GIVE the northern fronteer to the Canadians and the southern fronteer to the Mexicans, the entire fuckin' population can stay and let canada and Mexico deal with thier welfare suckin' asses. Me and my cabinet with go into exile behind the wire at Guontonimo Bay. Save everyone alot of time and effort. I hearby declare America null and void. National debt???...EAT IT!

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 01:32

Sorry, too late. Im' now the Ex President. (BOYD GATE) I Impeached myself for trying to suck my own dick. Seems that I got some on the blue dress that I slipped into. Ahhh... I mean for the record; "I did NOT have sexual relations with myself".... Wow, glad thats over. (the pesidency that is)... the responsibility was a mutha'.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 01:54

Look, we all know that in the last couple of centuries alone there have been hundreds of self supporting communities (the Imanas, the Roycrofters, etc) and they lived it out fairy harmoniously... that being said; in my view; (as one of the near mythical Olema People, it was about harmonics of diharmony. Undressing girls with our eyes, hearing joyus harmony of fingernails on the chalk board, a knike on the china plate, the squeeky door hing, feeling the electric tickle of alumi-num foil on the fillings of our teeth. dig? Idealism???.. fuck no, we stunk. We were the animals of creation. Sweaty, brawless, lawless, ball swingin' clapped up, Dick Nixon Before He Dicks Us, american nightmares. Life was a joke. A joke that had no punch line. And ME???! (correct as usual???)... well, that only proves one thing!... Im' no Methodist,.. IM" A DIGGER!!!! ACID LOVE!

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 01:56

Ahh... make that: Harmony of "DISHARMONY"..(it was/is a Yin Yang thing)..

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 02:02

Say Goodnight Steve... Good Night Steve.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 09:00

Eileen; again you play the humble roll of the voice of reason. I thank you. NC Mary, having left you out of my short-lived Pesidential Cabinet; I assumed that as an Aries; you would self appoint yourself as the Minister of Compassion, (a Dept. that the Bush Administration is sorely lacking). IMAM; in my final seconds as the President of the Free Nation, I pardoned you for excluding yer'self from this web site and took it one step FURTHER, I elevated you to the Life Time position of Digger Minister of Forign "Affairs". Report in on a timely basis will ya'?? Oh...P.S. As for me... fuck with Coyote?;... sure... fuck wth Eileen?..NEVER!!!

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 09:19

NEW ENGLAND UPDATE: The State of Maine has just passed into law granting both Hetro and Homo couples who are partners the same rights as married couples which include Inheritance rights. Its an anti-discrimination thang' dig? Calais is calling. Ah, what a difference a day makes. Its so refreshing being out of the political gut-wringer. How those Pol-Cats can hack the pressure is beyond me. P.S. I knew a gay couple way back when (in S.F. Cal) who had spent a life-time to-

gether. One mate died, which brought out the worst in the family vultures who swooped in to clean up and cash in, the lawyers all but cut the surviving mate out of the whole deal. He naturally could not come up any receipts as to mutual property, etc. and in the process lost a life time of personal items, keepsakes, heirlooms, sweat equity of real estate, place of dwelling, plus the many undocumented final wishes of his lover. A true American nightmare. Lets print (or make) some good news for a change, shall we????

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 10:37

Hey Nailcakes; Rodney Dangerfield yer' not. Look, lets get it straight; Its not about the Diggers. Its about ME!!!... (but you knew that). Hmmm... perhaps I do come off as a bit uncouth at times... but so did/do the Diggers. Its a well documented fact that thier lawlessness and unbridled combativeness just about riled everyone, but hey, that was NOW, and this is THEN, dig???, check it out; at the front door of this "New and Improved 1% Brighter Guestbook, Travis the Texas Blood-Hound detected the funky whiff of the Three Branches of Government with no appeal system....or some such... myself, I feel that the well spent 4 cents that was just kicked in on McMings' behalf proves him wrong. Read me???? Respect??... come on, jump over to Martha Stewarts' web site if yer' lookin' to have yer Hippie ass kissed. Olema???. The Haight???... it wasnt where ya' were at, it was WHERE ya' were at. (but you knew that. Speaking of KNOWING; ahhh...Somethin' tells me that Bluefinturtle KNOWS ALL!!!!!! (but what do I know???)....

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 10:53

McMing; thank yer' lucky stars that I abolished this web site as a Democracy and demmed it a Digocracy when I did. I said it once and Ill' say it again; those who are excluded, exclude themselves. Hey,... heres one that I missed....Hunter Thompson for "VICE" President. (makes more sence that way.) P.S. Hey Nic, I was planning on pulling off a stand up thing as a Mute Poet at the Bowery Poets Club. No miming or sign language, my drift was to pass out my xeroxed poems and having the audiance read them to me in unison while I lip-sycyed thier collective voice. Dig??? (pssstt. How am I doin' Emmitt?)...Later kids. Bottom line?.. If not now; when?.. if not us; who?

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 11:16

Saint Stephen?..hey,..they stoned his ass... hh... hey Nailcakes, tommarow Mercury turns direct. That should tweek yer' Aries fantasy for destruction and may very well make you capable of eating lard and shitting soap. With that in mind; I dont peak until July. Bottom line?.. Next to Eileen, you are the no. 2 lady that I do not want to lock asses with. Ive' had it up to here with, curses, hexes and poison pins. Now click yer' ruby sneakers and repeat after me..."theres no place like Texas, theres no place like Texas"....(Texas is no place at all...wink, wink, nudge, nudge...) Thanks Nik. THE WAR IS OVER!

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 11:20

OK!! THATS IT!!... let me guess; you were raped at Woodstock right??? Come on Nailrapes,
Bring it ON!!!!!! Jesus fuckin' Christ!!!!!!

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 11:31

Shit; heres the score on Hippies; the media created the Hippies but it took The Diggers to animate them. The Diggers held down Beatniks, jacked off on thier boots and kicked it in. Hippies, give me a break. Throne???... hell, Diggers stole the Bishops' golden ball and Silver key. Diggers hold what Diggers Held.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 11:47

Where "WE" put you on the outside???...hey, I gave the Department of The EXTERIOR position to the wrong sooth sayer. Tag, yer' it. Mary, (thats a nice name)...Let me tell from one who has had his nose against the frosted window pane watching the other kids open thier presents..... Its cold and lonely out there. Heres a simple fairytail that you may take to heart and hopefully follow. Once upon a time there was a Golden Age. In a land far away stood a great castle with a large thick barred door upon which a Star was mounted beneath the words ROCK and ROLL. It so happened that a young Prince named Elvis approached and the door mysteriously opened and he entered and was crowned King. Shortly thereafter, a young fool named Jerry Lee Lewis approached but the door would not budge. So... he just smiled and KICKED THE FUCKIN" DOOR DOWN!!! Go for it Mary!!! Saint Steven hereby dubbs thee with the Digger Handle: "MARY, QUEEN OF SNOTS".

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 11:56

Ahh..Nik; in as much as you will be involved; ah; I gotta' rethink ythis...hmm...ahh..how about an alternative strip tease show. Dig, I sit on stage get drunk and leer at the audience who all proceeds to slow grind and seductivley disrobe to some bump and grind drum rolls. Dig??? As I am a bit near/far sighted, You can have front row center. Oh,.. as to my "Knowledgable Innocents".. Mary; you are too kind. P.S. Nik; I remember hearing about the scream in. Remember, on West 4th and MacDoogal I was smack in the center of the NYU urban blight. 10 bucks says that they grab the Peace Church parcel in a snap.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 12:06

OK Snot Queen; Ive' given you a very wide birth; that being said: heres the score. Putting down Emmitt; strike one. "Living" in Texas: strike two. Now, the third stike would be finding out that yer' Husband's name is TRAVIS! That would put you out of the fuckin' ball park. Im' up at bat tryin' for a Grand Slam to put an end to WAR in the bottom of the ninth, and yer' slingin' empty bottles and yellin' Hey Battta' Battta', hey Batttta' Batttta. You really bug me, ya'know that? Now lob me one in the strike zone. Come on wind up and give yer' best fast ball.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 12:26

Labels are what they are. Labels. My intentions are clear. I am attempting to reconect to an Identity like a drowning man grasping at razor blades. That being said; I question my own motives almost minute by minute. I you were ever within the hoop you would understand that our seperatness was for the good of the tribe. Togetherness??... we sought togetherness within our own skin; not with a "safety in numbers" logic. No recruits, no hard sell. Their alwas and always will be born Diggers, natural Diggers, self made Diggers, phony Diggers, rainy day Diggers, cool Diggers, square Diggers, mellow Diggers, tough Diggers, Etc. Etc. Yer' left-handed compliments come off like "Diggers" are/were NO BIG DEAL. That being said..... the driving force for the most part was (and is) MORE female than male, so, Miss Womans Lib, New Age Witch, Farm Girl.. (opps names.. (I mean lables)... contend with them on thier "Higher" level. I have serious work to do. Oh, the name calling;..I forgot, yer' a human being. My advice? act like one and you may get the fuckin' respect that you seem to crave. Respect???...EARN, dont Yern!! Diggers; no big deal???... We ARE big, its the deals that got small. Mr. DeMill; Im' ready for my close up now.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 12:37

Mary, here... FREE FOOD FOR THOUGHT!!! take my place setting. I just lost my appetite. Theres some grease on the spoon, and lipstick smudges on the glass. Bon Appititte. Hey EGG MAN, ha left out the "And WE are ALL together" part. Burrrrrrpppp!!!!

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 13:10

Heres desert: (ala mode)...c. 1970 (year one) Digger excesses were well-documented and continually improved upon. The all-night rap sessions, week long parties and sexual exploits that titilated the media. Digger girls cultivated first rate biker royalty for breeding purposes. The mistresses of Peter Coyote. Digger life actresses who lived in mind-boggling Rock and Roll luxury. All of this contributed to the escapist mystique so prevalent in the press and the public's imagination. Nuff' said??? Now please pass the jelly. I hate take out orders. Hey, Bush is ready for his sound bite. He's hinged at the joints and sitting on the V.P.'s knee (who has one hand up the back of his jacket.) My guess is that strings would be a dead giveaway. Steve Boyd, Digger Cub Reporter takes you there LIVE.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 13:17

Hey Red Neck, you scab pickin' moron. Syphlis on the brain??? Take off yer' gloves and deal with the heartbreak. Soriasis my ass. Digger gut feelings are never wrong. You are one shit-heel.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 14:27

Three people (and Im' being kind) on this web site have shunned the Digger Handles that I dubbed them with. Dr.Sponge; (Proctologist of Diggology)...Courious; (Delirious AND Serious)...

Nailcakes: (Mary Queen of Snots)... Oh; Claude dont count (Stray Saytr); because;..well,... Claude is Claude. That being said. It is what it is. And Mary, for the record.... you cant possibly be my peer. Im' Peerless. (but you knew that)...wink, wink, nudge, nudge. If my Digger lingo is whats rattling yer' sensibilities; here it is in English: Fuck you and anybody else who cant take a joke. Heres another parralel to the gang of three; they all threw the "You can dish it out; but can you take it" horseshit at me. Take it??..whats to take???? I dont get it? I really dont get it? So Im' running a one man traveling EGO-Ramma road show. Heres what you dont get: Its true guerrilla theatre;.. I baited yer' nameless, faceless asses right out of the cheep seats and on to the Digger web site center stage. Get it??? THE WEB IS THE STREET!!! THE FUCKIN' INFORMATION HIGHWAY. Layin' my bald ass down here beats the intersection of 5th Avenue and 49th street. Got that? Here, Im' blockin' fuckin' global traffic. Special???...hell no; Im' just another fool in the street! Hammond gets it!! "THERES SOMETHIN' HAPPIN'IN HERE" Etc, etc., etc. Dont thank me... just take a bow. Thank yer' self. I (apaul) ahh...aplaud you. Come on... BROVO!!! be a trooper. Break a leg kid. Hey Claude;... only one thing beats building. Rebuilding. (but you knew that). I just layed out a rough draft of a brand spankin' new Triumph Thruxton with short rigid struts to replace the rear springs, thin line rear wheel under a skinny Royal Enfiels fender, solo seat, R.E. tiny tear drop tank, small hexagon headlamp and extended forks with a tweek bar to compensate the rake effect of dropping the ass end. Nill in the chome dept. but mucho polished metal and barbaque black pipes with shortys. Custom?; never! Modified? Always. I can dream cant I??? Hey, it could happen if I can settle down long enough. End of Homeskin Act one, scene one. Now; INTERMISSION.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 14:40

Hey Nik, those 80's 90's Olds could go and go. The trick was to keep the rear shock mounts from rusting threw the bottom of the trunk. My last two automotive production jobs were at Kingston Warren and also an outfit that layed phony "Plastic Chrome" on Olds plastic grills. Heres the deal with the later models. Grab one that was assyembeld in MEXICO. Man, those Mexicans were fresh up and as such were of the post war rosie the riviter "V" teams before the fall of Amerika, and as such, thier Quality Control people would return a huge percentage of hacked Amerikan "UNION" production parts where as the USA facilities were wrenching the things together blind folded, dig. Color me Proud to be union, (until the Union stripped the pride from me.) Aint it the way.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 15:12

From the top: I am anything but a "Typical Male" ... Im' a fuckin' miricle of modern science. You mistook my reaction as a response. I only offer what you are willing to accept... (which narrows it down to a frogs hair),,, Hmm... You drew me out??? Honey, I was born "OUT". Maybe you better take the wayback machine to June 9th, 2002 and work up from there, sweet chips. Intimidate you???... ah,..Oh; like this??? "Pink, Pink, you stink! I see London, I see France, I see Nailcakes' under... Oppps! (she aint wearin' any!!)...Ah.. Im' at a lose at the "See You" aspect...uhhh... By all means; SAY MORE, SAY MORE!!! Come on, Lose it on me!!!! TRavis???... I know yer' in there,... come out, come out where ever you are. 10 Digger Dollars say that "Shes" Courious. Think about it.

(she drew ME out). Something is rotten in TEXAS! Wow, what a phsyho bitch??? ahh... make that Psycho-Witch. If ya' can pull the broom stick outa' yer' ass long enough to fetch put yer' husband, lets even it up.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 15:19

Nailcakes; yer' the type that put the HATE on Haight Street. Pure venom. Dont spread yer' fertilizer in the Digger field. Go shit in yer' own back yard. Come girls, will ya talk her down???? What the Fuck.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 15:26

Eric, pull out the ZONAR; is this change-of-lifer really beeming out of East Texas??? Right when I get rollin' BAM, broad-sided by an un-gloved knuckle enema. Typical Travis/Curious style. Is there a U.W.M.F. vendeta at play here. Come on, humor my paranoia. I couldnt have made an enemy that fast. I was "Drawn Out" for sure. Read between the lines. Feel "Her" words, dont draw the line at just looking at them. "SEE" her???? I sure cant.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 16:39

When Hammond talks; people listen. ALL RISE! I come to praise Diggers, not to bury them. As to the "Senate gone mad", I urge any and all of you to keep yer' daggers consealed beneath yer' Hippie Togas until you can materialize into a more formitable entity. I am a man to be reconned with. Hail Steven. This is not a Democracy, this is a Digocracy. "The Emperor Has No Clothes" (and I have the Tattoo to prove it.) Hey, ...WHAT WAS THAT????????

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 16:44

Take my name in vain again you crusty scabbed-up stagnant pool of piss and I'll stick my fist through this screen, and down yer, shanker lined throat and ripe yer' fuckin' lungs out. You aint no pussy, come on stand up like a fuckin' man.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 16:48

Red Neck, I represent the Olema People, I dont know what the fuck you represent. Off hand; I get the drift anything short of an earth worm would be false representation. Go on...Play yer' best game. Tag, Im' out.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 16:58

I hate to talk with my mouth full;...but; Im' officially moving my June 9th spring board up to right NOW!. As far as eatin' the vile shit thats being served up in heaps at this table, Id' be better off to just slam my nuts in the dresser drawer. This is where I get off. Excuse me. Its been original.
steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 17:13

Why do my brothers mourn?...why do my sisters weep?..my race has gone from Olema, and the hills of Marin County,...gone from Black Bear and the Three Forks of the Salmon....but who can say that the serpent of our tribe has forgotten his wisdom? I am alone.....
steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 17:34

There once was a Red Neck Poet, Who loved it...wouldnt you know it?...When you'd want to Six Nine... His penis would pine. "I just can't; theres a scab covered over it" Piss in the
water. Then drink it.
steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 17:54

Im' just bein' a Drama Queen;.. I live here; they'r (THEY by choice) are merely visity. Im' a lifer doin' the book. They got a thin magazine. I aint goin' now where,..(although, a little begging would be nice)...God, oh god, why couldnt that looney lady have been raped by women??? Just my luck!!!!!! Hey, RNPFB; I hereby dubb thee, "Scabby Hayes"
steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 17:58

Remember a maggot brain named Juice???...he shut up a little too fast.....I wonder.....
steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 18:03

Eric; no shit, I may take a hyattis for the good of the tribe. I get the egotistical feeling that the work maybe out to the weirdo element to brush up on thier Hippy History, hike up thier skirts and pose with soap and candles and log on here and fuck with Silent Steve's head. This is a bit beyond the realm of REAL. And the "TRUTH" word ejaculating from those mouths??..come on. Playing dumb is one thing... playing Stupid is another. Hey, Nailcakes, send me yer' book, Im' fresh out of toilet paper.
steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 18:09

The blue lightning bolt vibes are getting me physically ill;...survival of the brashest???... close but no cigar. These are some heavy words... "LOOK WHO'S NOT TALKING" Think about it. Hey Blufinturtle...I feel ya'...Its all good aint it?

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 18:15

AHHHUUMMM... Nailcakes;.. Im' sitting right here at the table,... yer' talking as if Im a third party out to lunch alshymers patient. Final score.. and look at me when Im' talking:... I DID NOT, HAVE NOT, OR WILL NOT EVER RAPE YOU OR ANY OTHER HUMAN BEING. Got That??? So a Digger, or two??... or someone playing Digger for a day rough wooed ya' or more than likely turned ya' down. Dont rag on my ass about it. Sew it up with bailing wire.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 18:20

Still here? ya, Im' sad to say... wiser for it??..Lady, you are more than WEIRD. And comming from STEVE BOYD; baby;..thats sayin' something.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 18:22

Later McMing... give my best to Superman...opps!... I forgot;.. (Im' Superman)...Aint that right Nailcakes.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 18:27

What a thourolly delightfull Intermission. Home skin; a Digger three part life drama. Act Two,..Sceane one,... lights, camera,..sound...speed,..ACTION!!!! (a little saxaphone music please)..... Red Neck, stop throwing candy from the balcony. Yer' talent is miss-directed.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 18:30

Mark; hows the view from where yer' sitting???....oh.. be a pal and comb the seat bottoms for old wads of gum will ya???;.. I have a Digger DNA project that Ide' like to conduct at the end of act three. Cool?....

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 18:32

Tap, Tap, Tap...Oh Miss Cakes;.. curtain call in five minutes!

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 18:36

Gift??.. hell Eileen, I have a great view of the Southern Massachusetts Sea right outside my window. Its comprized of a patch of sky and a telephone wire horizon. Its extraordinary ordinary... (but you knew that)... Motherwitch; Name the littlest bird Bluefinturtle~ will ya'????

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 18:37

SSHHH... (the shows' about to start)....

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 18:39

Hey!.. down in front... an' take off that silly Earth Hat will ya??...

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 18:44

Eileen; I swear to everything holy that you you are the only woman who could almost whisper with the written word. Theres magic here. Thats one element of the Digger Thang' that will never be comprehended by the straight world. Never. Theres somethin' happenin' here... Mercury turning direct??... I wonder, ya' I wonder...

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 18:46

Good night Eileen; you hula queen.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 18:50

Jag; I misstook you as the Digger Theatre Usher...(what with that flash light and all)... I hearby Dubb Thee, Digger Truant Officer. Round em' up. Lets take this heard to East Texas.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 18:55

May Day;.. big Commi shin dig. I one fired myself from a very high paying job on may day... Or was that on the 10th??... I dunno'.....Oh, Hey Red Neck; NO!.. it was nothing that you said... You havent really SAID anything yet. Im' waiting.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 19:20

Damn;.. I attempt to make out in the theatre and someone shines a flashlight at me after my date screams SURFS UP!!! Is this gonna' be a double feature???... Hey, Merries Daughter;.. at the cost of comming of as some chovanist pig, or worse yet, a fuckin' snitch; the current feud was sparked when Mary first logged onto the orriginal Guest book page... It was fuckin' head to head from there on out with me and her. I being the most vocal swinging dick on sight was naturally the encarnante of some thik fingered farmer that she'd been goosed by 50 years ago, dig?.. That being said: I already laid it out... but as I said; just by skimming the issue, we could all come off like a

raving pack of lunatics. Dig? But back to EMMITT;.. ya' cant smear HIM on HIS web site (ya' you heard me right) and then say.. "Oh... gible-giggle.. I said good things about him in my (unpublished) book.." .. which brings me to this:.. Hey NailCakes; Rule One in WRITTING. NEVER WRITE ABOUT THINGS THAT YOU DONT LIKE. Garbage in / Garbage out. Now,.. what if anything GOOD do you have to say about Diggers???? I relly wanna' know!!!

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 19:30

Dig this Nailcakes; if we were rappin' over the fence I WOULD TALK TO YER' HUSBAND, Dig? TALK. Now be a good submissive little thing and say Homey, please read every entry on the guest book to get the full picture of whats comming down with this horrid Digger, then like a good, noble hubby, give some direction. OK,.. he reads it and says; A. Now see here Boyd. or B. Honey, what the fuck were you thinkin'?. or C. Buuurp... honey, you knoe I cant read...buurp...get me another beer. Come on. run it down to that Man with a dream. I dare ya. P.S. I now dubb thee: "SHE WHO MUST BE OBAYED!!! (sp?)...

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 19:37

Expain Myself to you??!!!!... I dont complain and I dont explain!...thats not my job. But I give ya' this...To know others is wisdom; to know thyself is Enlightenment. Is that explanation enough??? What is a Digger? A Digger Is??? Lord help us if we all pass away and you are left to tell the tale. History? I am History! Digger??. I AM Digger!. The last Amerikan Digger!

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 19:42

Femanine side??.. honey, yer' more woman than I ever was; but I was more of a Lady than you ever were or ever will be. My advice; dont let yer' Gorrilla mouth overload yer' canary ass. Print the fuckin' cards but damn well heed em' also. Tell the Ol' man to pack a bag lunch, once I grab on its an all day thing. He gets the first one right in the nuts.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 19:48

Its me the "POWERLESS" "BOY".. come on put Mr. Wonderfull on the tube. LUCY!!... YOU GOT SOME ESPLAININ" TA" DO!!!!

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 19:52

First, Juice, the Travis, the Dr. Spong, then Red Neck, and now this little piece of Texas!... shit,...Being the self appointed Digger web site bouncer is a thankless dirty job, but someones gotta' do it.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 19:55

GOOD NEWS TRAVELS SLOW.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 20:01

Mary; I detected a note of sarcasm in yer' voice. Here's the Joker that you obviously overlooked in the deck;...you are excluded because you have just excluded yer' self. P.S. Any True Texan will tell ya' that fuckin' a cow in rather awkward... (ya' gotta' walk all the way around to the front to kiss them)... Later... no.. ah...make that never.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 21:27

NOWS CAST. The dual that you have been following rages on the Digger web site and across the world wide web, and in social and political inner sanctums of the FBI in Washington D.C. It is played out, too, in the conflicting loyalties of former hippies who have defected to the Diggers; and in one man who can break the deadlock; Mr.Eric Noble. The time is NOW!. The web site vibrates with rumor, intrigue and political in-fighting as the Diggers are shaken by near riot, unrest and crises. The old, dynamic self-empeached President of the Free Nation, who has been swept away by by a tide of conservative feeling, is determined to take swift action. But he is blocked- overruled again and again- by the Wiccan Texas Hippy Supreme Court. Frustrated and angry, he attempts to "pack" the court. We NOW take you live as ex President Boyd declares: "Hey, Eric,.. I say we burn the fuckin' witch at the stake". And now for station identification.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 22:09

Oh, I get it,.. the teacher reenters the class room and ya' do an about-face snap, then ya' pull the dagger outa' my back after twisting it. Read these cards Jailsnakes: Too little too late. Unconditional love??. too damn restrictive! Ive' been pitched by the best. And you aint the best. If you had half the brain cells that Ive' burned up, you'd be a very smart woman. Book??? Check out my forth comming one; HOMESKIN TWO: AND A PAIR WONT DO. Ghost whitten by Hammond Guthrie. Its the story of a Digger of conscience caught in the complex machinery of the Digocratic process. It is, as well, a fascinating and knowing look at the tensions and pressures, the powers, personalities and politics behind the scenes of the the countries most far-fuckin'-out weg site. DIGGERS P.S. This is a history book. Thanks for about one chapters worth. Royalties??. hmm.. how about 1% of FREE you stupid, stupid woman. Hey, Mary's sister. Thanks so much fer' the reading. Its more than right on. Im' trying to me a better man,..

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 22:55

Smooooth as EX-LAX. And NOW a Digger Review. The appearance of Silent Steve's memoirs have been one of the most eagerly awaited publishing events in the last two or three minutes. As the book will show, rarely has such a sense of anticipation been so amply justified..wink, wink, nudge,

nudge,..Homeskin Two: And A Pair Wont Do is, first and foremost, a brilliant first-hand portryal of the events and personalities of his two years on line at the Digger Web site. He gives riviting accounts of the great critical arguments during his stint as a subversive Digger social activist within the sanctuary of the land-mark Washington Square Peace Church in New York City. But Homeskin Two: And A Pair Wont Do is as much an argument as it is a record or a series of character portraits. No Digger in this century has sought to change the Diggers and thier place in the world as radically as he did. His book, he says, is about the application of Boydism (a philosophy) and not an admistrative program. He sets out here with forcefullness and conviction the reasons for his beliefs and how he sought to turn them into action. Not the least interesting aspects of the book are the author's incidental insights into Diglomacy.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 23:10

Nailcakes; if its any conselation; Im' turning yer' on line antics into a comic book. Shit; You woulda' lasted a full ten minites at Olema Ranch. The chicks woulda' booted yer' ass out pronto. You under estimated me, the Diggers and our place within this fuckin' crazy cosmos. Now yer' sister,.. I ahh.. well, I have a good feeling about her. Try this Cakes; check out Van Morrisons' Too Long In Exile CD. Then report back. Then, jump back to June 9th 2002 on this web sight, read my entries and you my dear will get more that a mere glimps of my original face Peace. Oh,.. "Homeskin Two" referes to the the new age rebirth of the dead and buried Homeskin concept of the old age..and "A Pair Wont Do" refers to the knives that I used to carry in both of my lucky boots. Dig this:... I dropped the blades and saw the light. Trim yer' claws lady, the WAR is over.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 23:21

Eric; dig this; Im' the fuckin' spin artist of the universe. My "BOOK" was thought up tonight to burn Nail Cakes ass. I aint into baitin' anyone for a quik buck down the road. My words, thoughts, and ciber-actions on this site are my gift to anywone who wont fold, spindle or mutilate them. Im' CREATING here; thats what the Diggers were.... mad scientist of the new age!!!!... I love you all, but as I said I fear that there are hirelings in the camp. I now call upon all architects of the new age to put yer' sholders to the wheel and resist, resist the negative, energy sapping Nailcakes, Travis' and Dr. Sponges who stalk the internet jungle. Digger soul survival is at stake here. WAKE UP!!!!!!

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 23:30

OK... where was I??.. Oh ya'... any fuckin' Irrate hippy husbands out there wanna' go a few rounds??.. P.S. Eileen; DO NOT ever let some seemingly sweet Witch of the East lure you or any of the family down to any East Texas Garden of Eden, dig???....We gotta' think this shit out. Im' gettin' chain saw massacre vibes. Theres freaks out there who did more than chop off hippies hair with rusty razzor blades. They might wanna finish the job they started back in 66'. Lets get tight ya'll. I knew that Mary was too "Yo-Yo" to be real. Know body is that Bi-Polar.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 23:42

Ahh... yer right as usual... that being said: Whats' yer' point? P.S. Are you the bitch who accused me of being whats wrong with America about a year ago???..she started out just like you did, the puked rabid Republic bile all over my blue suede shoes. And really, you DIDNT' expect to find DIGGERS on the digger web site???? Play dumb,..sure..play stupid,.. ya' show yer' ass. Im' waiting for an appology. And dont say that you love me, unconditionally or otherwise. Thats a lie.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 23:46

Mary; youve' never talked to me. You talk at me, you talk around me, you talk about me,...read me??? You say Im' no Digger, you say Im' living in Steve world, etc. you say on one hand that the times are changing, yet yer' on a sixties dirt farm scrathin' sand out yer' ass. Think about it. Change? I embrace change. Theres two types of Diggers; the changed and the dead. Think about it.

steve

Thu, Apr. 29, 2004, 23:50

Oh "THE GROW UP TRIP" ya' you fucks throw that at me constantly... If yer' ADULT material, I will remain a lost boy in Neverland. You Grew up.... Jesus Christ!

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 00:00

Oh... and back to the "MY AGENDA" comment; Ive stated over and over that Im attempting to reconnect the Free Nation Hoop, now you very well may be who you say you are and as such, a lame ass soap salesman,.. I never questioned a womans trade; that being said; if you think that the 1960' or anyone involved with the underground movement owes you anything for you gettin' yer' unwise ass force fucked a few times; get ofer it. You have met the enemee and he aint us! Now shit or get off the pot. What are yer' intentions here? Ya' wanna fuck with eagles ya' better know how to fly. The balls in' yer' court. And Im' being kind. I was in the middle of projecting the fuckin' U.S.A.'s bombing of a civilian populated city and you side track me with yer' P.M.S. issues. Lady, you bug me. You really, really bug me!!

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 00:11

Folks; back off, no pig piles. This is one to one. The TRuth;..the truth...Oh... the truth!! why this is gonna' be easier than I thought. You just step on yer' yer' own tits baby. Yer' dealin' with a DIGGER,..or;.. dont you believe that????? Is that it??? Not keepin' the faith are we????... Heres a gods' honest quote from Coyote that heard him mutter right after a snake like you accused him of not being righteous and not talkin' the truth. he Said "Talk the truth???...I am the truth". Then he fucked her right on the floor. She was relly pullin' him in,.. but as far as yer' "TRUTH" goes;..thirty Four years later she may very well remember it as one ofv yer' Digger rapes. Common'... gimmie some truth.

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 00:13

She's got me stuttering as I type... what a fuckin' pain in the balls...
steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 00:18

RETROACTIVE E.S.P. DEPARTMENT: ACHTUNG DIGGERS! NAILCAKES SUCKS! DO NOT TALK TO HER! SHE IS NOT LIKE US! ITS ALL ABOUT ME! (but you knew that)..wink, wink,..nudge,..nudge..
steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 00:19

Oh ya,.. I forgot;... YOU ARE ALL UNDER MY CONTROL!!!!!!
steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 00:28

For yer' edification (education and information) I held true to the Creek Native American custom, (I have Creek blood) of "Allowing" my offspring to be raised by thier Mother's people. I journey all of my adult life. (Show Biz).. (Life Actor)... I connected with them when they were tall trees, fine and strong. They were rasied communaly in the true sence of the term. Within an established Bostn Irish Catholic Clan. They were surrounded by loving father and mother figures and all sucessful in the straight world. At worst, they view me as a bohemian accentric, at best, tha cat who boght them beer while under aged and smoked dope with them. The national minor laws are not my laws,. So sue me. Nuff said?. Where you dragged yer' kids or what you subjected them too is yer' hang up lady, not mine. Hey; this has inadvertantly turned into an actual conversation.
steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 00:39

I reget that you are female,..I regret that you are in yer' own way attempting to portray a female I have a very long list in my head of untruths that you've spewed about me in yer' twisted, distorted "View" of me as a beromitor of the times. Taking it blow by blow would only cause you embarrassment and belittleing whithout even mebtioning gender or body parts. I got you pegged as a very sick woman who views every mans glance as a potential rape threat. Its been nice and its been real, but it aint been real nice. Oh, Sam.. Im' only runnin' on two cans of condensed milk. Im' waiting for my GOVT. CHECK which is bestowed on me for actually beating the odds and living. Damn shame. If I was dead, Im' sure that Nailcakes would no doubt tell everyone of my fabulous rape and pilliage and plundering in Never land. Over and out.
steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 00:46

Look Cunt;... Ive' accomplished more in twenty minutes than you have in two years,.. more in two years than you have in twenty. Hide behind yer' ovaries and go fetch Daddy. I got enough commin' to fly to Texas. Try me.

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 00:51

Ya fergot Texas... I ran down Texas. Hey, pass the no more tears baby shampoo. I dont buy yer' act fer' one minute. Diggers never kissed ass, Diggers kicked ass. Go ask the Up Against The Wall Mother Fucker Crew, Ask The SDS, ask the Panthers. Diggers hold what Diggers held. Who the fuck do think yer' talkin' too??!!!!... WAKE UP!!!!

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 00:55

Jailsnakes:...Before ya' get yer' husbands nuts in a vice, check out BigRedMachine web site,... ask the 4th St. Crew em' about Silent Steve. P.S. Dont cry on their sholders.

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 01:03

4th st. crew is an inside joke... but you knew that....Somebody tell her shes' gettin' real close....choke up on the chain...come on... this aint gonna be pretty..

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 01:05

I was a dead-beat dad. Thats the truth. It is what it is.

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 01:13

Excuse me for a minute Contrary Mary; I simply have to kiss everyones ass here on the Digger mutual admiration society web site. Be right back... Oh... pucker up Butter cup, yer' next in line.

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 01:15

Terrorist Killer???... ah... are we on the same page??.. hey, compliments will get you everywhere. Enemy Combatant maybe... Terrorist Killer??...oh MARY!!!!!!!!!!

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 01:20

Im reaping strange fruit by shakin' yer' peach tree. Love, Peace, ta ta, toddloooo I gotta be goin' now... It just climbed above my hip wadders. Give the Ol' man my best, kiss the kiddies fer' me.. see ya in the fall if I see ya' at all....Theres a Yeller' Rose in Texas.. that I am gonna.....

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 01:33

Eric; if this phsyho bitch calls the man in reference to "Terrorist Threats" and "Murder Plots".. real or imagined, Im' fucked...those cats dont question it. Ha' gotta' buy yer' innocents in AMERIKA. Ive' been there. Im' layin' low for a bit. Oh... maybe I also raped her calf. This is some scary shit. Some livin' room ya' got here. Later. America where are you now???

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 01:56

Pay NO ATTENTION TO THE MAN BEHIND THE CURTAIN.. THE GREAT OZ HAS SPOKEN! ACHTUNG!!!! EVERYONE!!!! I swear to everything holy that I will never "Debate" Digology, Digocracy or the Digger-Do with ANYONE. Ive' learned my lesson. I am now morphing into a legend that became a myth. From this day forward; Steven Robert Boyd was/is a creation formed as a cover in which several anonymouse Diggers used as a pen name. I did not make Terrorist theats or threaten to kill anyone. Steve..??..Steve who???. THATS WHY NO ONE REMEMBERD ME!!! BINGO!! THE HOOP IS NOW CONNECTED!!! Thanks Mary!

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 01:59

Well folks;.. do I rate the rank of EXORSIST???... wink, wink, nudge, nudge.....(boy did I run)....

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 02:01

Hey ADMIN,..ah.. whats yer' sign baby?...

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 02:02

And to think... some poor bastard is married to that... Yikes!!!!

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 02:04

Good night folks;.. I gotta' think up a new name to log in under. I played the S.R. Boyd out for damn near 52 years... Hmmm... Ill' sleep on it.

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 02:08

How about everyone logging on as Steve Boyd. Ego??.. hell it would have an anti-ego effect. Like Catholic school uniforms. Hmmm... God, wouldnt it be a blast to get faint inclings and glimmerings of the REAL Steve BOYD. Hell, its wild!!!!

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 02:10

Good night all,... hey Sam;...SSSMMM0000CCCHHHH!!!!!! Boing!!!!!!

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 16:28

OPEN LETTER TO THE DIGGER. I say Digger; in as much as I am (as far as I know) the only one to date who has "STOOD UP" and declared it to be so. Former Diggers??.. sure, the woods is full of em"...former Hippies?..DITTO. Thats why that righteous cat checked out. He IS a Hippy, and as such, STILL true to the Hippy "Love" ethic that the DIGGERS found so vapid and shallow. I admire his conviction. Now;..back to MY reference as to ME being a DIGGER. (or rather the lone Digger)...Sure, you may say that at any given moment, Im' a Methodist and then flip-flopping as a "BOYDIST", then back to the rock solid exemplification of an OLEMA MAN etc. etc... Botom line: WHAT AM I NOW???...ah... what time is it??? Its just my nature. Dig? There are many here among us who get it,.. and,..well.. some that dont. That may very well be due to the fact that they READ ABOUT "IT" as aposed to ever having LIVED "IT". That being said; the young' en's cant get into a time machine, BUT;.. the TIME IS NOW!!! (but you knew that.) Now; as to the ol' "He said that she said that they said" shit...This is ME talkin. There is YOUR' truth, MY truth and THE truth. Take yer' pick. As to CONTROL; I take a certain (EGOTISTICAL) pride in somewhat single-handedly controlling a roller-coaster style stream of consciousness that seems time and time again to draw out true COLORS of many who consceal them untill yer' over the edge clinging by yer' finger tips just prior the them "Hoisting at full mast; Flying Them High" and then stomping on both yer' hands. The latest example of which, is a typical case in point where I exposed an underlying AGENDA of a person who (In Time) would establish herself (VIA this web site) as an INSIDER and therefor lead, or rather MISLEAD those who follow them down thier East Texas Republican Born Again Wiccan Love Goddess Primrose path and straight into thier congregation to fill the pews. That being said; this type of self serving subdervision dilutes the DIGGER ethic (ya, there were ETHICS) and is furthermore, wholly misrepresenting The DIGGERS (or DIGGER) if I am the sole (soul) "SURVIVOR"...DIG??? Hey, DIGGER(S), past, present and future (YES FUTURE) They were, are and will be the most "Highly" self motivated, Individualistic, creative creatures on the planet. (Ego?...not much)... That being said: if those attributes just aint yer' thing, or if you wish to quell, or extinguish any or all of them..The Line starts on the right. Come on try me. Names, lables..sure, it makes sence. Think about it...Saying wow, I just witnessed a Wiccan Vrs. a ballsy Digger show-down as oppossed to Wow, I just witnessed a Gal take on some dude. Hey Nailcakes: as to some of yer' personal remarks in reference to my NOT CHANGING, within the first three years of this century, I single-handedly infiltrated an established religious organization, bootlegged a feeding program out side the "Established" feeding program (off hours), set up an underground-unauthorized homeless shelter in a space that had been vacated due to the fuckin' ceiling falling in, I then set up a Digger 100% OFF clothig sale to replace a free clothing closet that had been removed and CLOSED due to LACK OF STAFFING. Now, I ask you, other than the hogs and dogs who do did you feed, cloth and shelter within those two years? Dig this Wicked Wanda; This web site is about DIGGERS get it?... "THE DIGGER WEB SITE" DhUUU????!!! (but you knew that) Hey,, if it aint, I am NOW declaring it to be. And in my capaity as "Saint Steve" Its now written in gold on the cloud the Saint Bernardo now lies upon. Go with my blessing children of the hoop. P.S. Hey Claude, for

the record. I take 1% responsibility...wink, wink, nudge, nudge. Very respectfully submitted.
STEVEN ROBERT BOYD. The Last Amerikan Digger. Any questions or comments, please advise.
and as usual, please pardon my spelling. Dig It???

steve

Fri, Apr. 30, 2004, 16:40

Nailcakes; you FINNALLY got one thing right. The Bout/Bus DID sink. WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUBMARINE!!!!!! (but you knew that...NO, on second thought;..I really dont think that you did know that. Hey; Im' through givin' you and education. I have real work to do. Hey Hippie Historian. I beg you.. PLEASE record every aspect of Nailcakes HISTORY... (otherwise our children maybe doomed to relive it.)..God, what a night-marish thought. AMERIKA WHERE ARE YOU NOW?

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 10:20

THE OUTER LIMITS. Do not attempt to adjust yer' monitor... we have full control of yer, set. Hey; Check it out: I just recieved an E Mail labeled with a short notice indicating that I had sent an E-Mail which contained a virus. I did not open the referenced "Notice" as it seems a bit suspicious in itself. Again, I repeat: Please do not open any E Mails sent by Silent Steve Boyd,.. At this point Im' only answering and sending E Mails to a sole party who happens to be far from the loop (hoop). Not to be rude (who me?) but Im' not into back fence whispering campaigns. Im' not even answering E Mails from "Known Associates". Dont get me wrong how I say this, but anything anyone has to say to me can be said while the world listens. Not to drag anything out here (too late) but hey, Eric; Id' like to address the "BAN" issue; I meant what I said about banning leading to burning. Not good. That being said; we all know (or should) what the repurcussions would be from logging onto a War Veterans Web Site and calling them baby killers, or a Church Web Site and spouting Satanism,..etc, etc,..PUSH COMES TO SHOVE. That being said; setting up a designated "Free For All slap and punch room" would never work; as the personalities involved would NEVER respect those boundries. They wanna' fuck us where we breath. (no question in my mind)...Bottom line; I vote that NO ONE (whatever there motavation or agenda) should ever be banned. (short of physically (or cyberly) crunching, crashing or jamming which would shut down or melt this site, dig? We can all (me especially) maybe learn, and grow from the sucker-puch paralel universe squad, Dig?... and in the process perhaps form a thicker cerebral skin. Now Back to yer' regularly scheduled program.

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 10:24

Ahh... make that Sucker-PUNCH parallel Universe crew;..Dig?

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 10:29

"Those who are exclude; exclude themselves".

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 10:37

Check it out, last night an Ex-Inlaw got my bunk (pecking order) and as such I was bunched up one flight and slept in my daughters room upstairs, my grand son slept over and bunked with his grandmother in the next room. she prompted him to say his prayers (which he does silently..his choice)...and then his grandmother said to him: "Who do you love" Dig, this; he said "My Nanna" (her) and Steve (me)...then he added, heck, I love the floor boards, I love the walls, and I even love the spiders. Hey folks, this is yer' Ol' Uncle Steve sayin': theres hope for this world yet. Now, my personal take on it?? Bottom Line????... my life if worth living. I slept very well last night.

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 10:50

Motherwitch: I just broke my own rule (its a Digger thang') and I made an exception (you are exceptional) and opened the E Mail sent from you. Thanks. Rock-solid advice; which only underlines my Exclusion policy. Keep the faith.

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 11:03

INCOMMING!! just after I typed the last entry, I rechecked the mail again and found that I had recieved three more E Mails indicating "RETURNED E MAIL" "See transcript for details" ... Hey; I aint touchin' those with a ten foot pole. What next?? Anthrax????? Anyone else out there gettin' blitzed??.. If so, ya may wanna just keep it to yer' selves; in an effort of not given em' the satisfaction; dig??? Hey, it could be worse; look what they did to Wintstanley's crew.

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 11:19

Cool Mark... well; thats one in a row! Me??... I dont count. wink, wink, nudge, nudge,...Ahhh... what a difference a day makes. Oh, not to speak ill' of the dead, but Ive' been mulling the card reading done by the Untouchables, sister (who I have a good feeling about) and heres my question to her; (or any true gypsies among us who can interpret the issue involved.) Noe Dig; I found the reading that Mary's Sister layed out to be right on the money. Dead solid perfect,..now the Question: Where would N.C. (miss un-ego) ever get the opinion or wild Idea that she would in anyway, shape or form be reflected or represented in the reading of my fortune???. As I said: I take stock in these matters and restate that he reading is a perfect picture of me and my sole mate (oh, I forgot; I "Dont Have A Woman") and as such; I am trying to see things as they are and NOT how I wish them to be. Bottom line: I am trying to be a better person. P.S. Hey Mary's sister; aside from yer' glowing sibling character reference post script; you have displayed an amazing gift. I would never suspect a stacked deck. Your' reading was perfect. Please feel free to pull up a chair at the Digger Soul Kitchen Table. V.T.Y. Saint Steve. Self appointed Digger Welcome wagon Host.

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 11:27

Rena; we both know that it was The Gypsy Jokers and Not The Hells Angels that took advantage at yer' spread once upon a time. (that being said, I did welcome G.J.M.C. to an open invitation to crash in my(?) front parlor at the Free Church.) "People Change, Times Dont" -S.Boyd. Just wanted to through that in there. Lang loose. Bottom line?...sleep with dogs; wake up with fleas. Aloha

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 11:29

Ya Rena... I hear ya;... its like pumping black coffee into an alchy to sober him up!... Hell;.. all ya' get is a wide-awake drunk!!!!

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 11:31

WEED YOUR' SOCIAL GARDEN" - Quintin Crisp.

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 11:43

Welcome friend! Digger, welcome! Bring no grief for us tonight! While our voices bid thee, welcome, Every heart with joy is light! Tell use every fault and failing we will bear thy keenest railing, So we sing--so we sing--Thou shalt tell us everthing! Welcome, friend! Digger, welcome! Welcome to this merry band! Happy Hippies, greet thee, welcome! Thou art glad'ning all the land! Fill each empy hand and basket, 'Tis thy little ones who ask it, So we sing--so we sing--Thou wilt bring us eveything! (nuff said?)

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 12:09

Hey Joe: I hear ya;...man, gettin' booted out of the Digger web site has gotta be the Eighty-Six of the Galaxy!!... Real Ripley's believe it or not!... Oh, hows the wife? Hey Joe, as far as being to young to have been there; I just gotta' (just gotta) say that you are here NOW! (that counts, that really counts)...Hey, once upon a time I had a life actors' bit part as design draftsman and I layed out loads of shit for installations on board Sub way cars. Dash board recievers and under carriage transponders (AVI systems) These cars were all Italian made. (Transporto Ansaldo)... Real works of art. I did em' justice. Hey, the ones in NYC that I rode in 69 are in museums now... (they were old then)...

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 12:18

Ahh... maybe I was banned and somebody just fer'got to tell me...????!...

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 12:32

McMing; the spruce trees means good health and happiness to everyone who understands.
Thats a gift that the holy one brings to us. A dark spruce sapling.

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 12:37

Joe; hope the summer heat dont get her down;.. hey Admin; once upon a time in Berserkey I had a small clear see-through rubbery type of thick guade vellum or some such that advertised a Cockette show titled "Tinsled Tarts on a hot coma" or something to that effect. Let me guess??.. I should have saved it right????

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 13:02

Dig; I was at a Bavarian ho-down amoung about 1000 stoned German Americans. In between vorst and more than a few pitchers, my eldest daughter said that the ballon that I bought for her got away... well, I looked up.. (we were in a very large circus tent and I noticed that there were dozens of ballons that had floated to the top of the tent (helium) and had for the most part settled in the highest peaks of the canvas where the thick wooden tent poles were strung. Well, I sized it up, threaded my way through the sweaty Polka Dancers and shimmied up one of the four centerpoles. Having no sooner gotten back to the bottom with her prize floating above me with its' string firmly between my teeth, the whole place turned into a beer-garden fiasco as drunken fathers scrambled to scale the poles on the same mission. I was one proud dad. (and she was one proud daughter) P.S. dont you kids try that at home. P.S.S. One word about the Germans; other than the baloon rescue donny-brook that I ignited, there was not one verbal hassle or knock-down-drag-out the entire day (or night)....I learned from those folks that beer is good food!

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 13:05

Hey Jag, back in 67' I went deep sea fishing off of new port. We caught Benita. Hell, I would have settled for eating the bait, they were live silvery fish with a white spot behind there eyes. Ya' put the hook through that spot and they stay alive. The crew also "pepper" the water with hand fulls of em' and man when a scoll of benita hit, they HIT!

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 13:14

Ya, Rena, the photo that you sent me of her was amazing. The Eyes have it. (and for good reason). I leave you with this: Morningstar Ranch, O cheering sight! Ere Thou cam'st how dark the night! Acid-laced titty milk, in me shine; Fill this child with clear light devine. wink, wink, nudge, nudge... (I can keep a secret)....P.S. Ever get the feeling that no one will ever understand us??....or would they really want to???...Hmmm.... Aloha

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 13:15

The baloon story was in reference to the May Pole... (but you knew that)...
steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 13:24

Thats it McMing; bring it on home.....Teach us, O'Digger, we ask,..... Cheerfully to do our task..... Make us love to delve and toil..... Like the tiller of the soil..... Like the oxen, strong and steady,..... like the watchman, ever ready..... Make us like the shepard wise..... To know the warnings in the skies..... Make us stubborn as the ass,..... Merry as the gypsy lass,..... Like the potter at his wheel..... For his handcraft full of zeal. AMEN!
steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 13:27

Guilty As Charged Dept,: Well...ah... I baited a little holy fish, to snare a larger holy fish. (which I then ate)...Wholly! Shit, with my luck God will turn out to be a carp.
steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 13:31

Id' send em' on a journey with a knuckle sandwich. (unwrapped at that)... no need for frills. Hell.....maybe its a guy thing!
steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 13:33

Hey Merries Daughter; you sound like a reasonable person. Thats refreshing! P.S. Whats yer' sign????
steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 13:36

Paying Dues??.. Hey, did I tell ya that I once formed the O.M.U.?? (One Man Union)... christ, they loved me on that job! P.S. Ive' been hearin' ya' all along.
steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 13:49

Wow,..two fire signs under the same roof;...did the house burn down??? Ah;.. Ya, those Benita would hook up and pull! I regret not being able to do the water thing due to "Flipper" blow hole in my neck. Damn, I wish I had gills. Hawai??.. I did some snorkeling off of Honolulu. Crystal clear water,.. so clear that you could read the labels of the various discarded house hold consumer items that floated by. One large (any other kind) baracuda eye balled me up close. Talk about a mug. I have fond memories of ice fishing for pike and muskie in Michigan,... god, give me a small lake, an ol' wooden row boat and plenty of time... Hey, as a free youth, I often Indian fished with just a line.

The sensitivity that you feel through yer' fingers beats and bobbin made. I also caught them with my bare hand after they would venture to far up in the shallows and get flounderd in the lake grass. Oh, and batter fried smelt. A whole mess of it. MMMmmm.....

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 13:51

Hey,.. when I take my time I can spell pretty good. Make that "ANY" bobbin made.

steve

Sat, May. 01, 2004, 16:46

Yep Jag;...like they say;.. Its all "INTENT" ...god it makes me cringe. And think that they said that it couldnt' happen here. America where are you now???? Well Im' checkin' out for today. I Thank you all for heading the cards and trying a little tenderness. That counts in the "INTENT" Dept. as well. You fuckers are all right. Im' not worried about you. Thats the best compliment that I ever got...(or gave). Have a blessed Saturday.

steve

Sun, May. 02, 2004, 20:09

Amy Goodwin (Democracy Now) will be on Night Beat, Monday May 3rd, on CN8 TV at 7:00 Eastern Time. Check her out.

steve

Sun, May. 02, 2004, 20:36

It's the Ol' "Turd-In-The-Punchbowl" scenario. A pacifist will use a straw to avoid the "Oil Slick" on the surface....A Hippie will consider smoking it. A Republican will offer his cup full to an unsuspecting person (in an effort to gain thier' vote). A Democrat will pretend to drink it (the ol' "didn't inhale" routine), a news man will write about it and exaggerate the width, length and odor....and a Digger will scoop the turd out and rub it in the shitter's face. This web site bears truth to the statement.

steve

Sun, May. 02, 2004, 21:46

"Ya' gotta' know how to play the game... its easy; All You Need Is Love." - Lennon Mcartney."
"Heres what it takes: Ready Cash In Hand" ('makes more sence that way') - Silent Steve

steve

Sun, May. 02, 2004, 22:15

"Missed me, missed me, now ya' gotta' kiss me."

steve

Sun, May. 02, 2004, 22:36

Dishonest John contacted Sweet Lorraine and got the run-down on my condition(s) ???!! He came through like a brother and gave me an open invitation to crash at his spread on the Gulf Coast until I can bank-roll my own hole in the wall. He has prospects and high-hopes of me Tattooing with him. He's a very talented long-time established Tattoo Artist (he gave me my Original Spirit Guide Tattoo)... We both have alot of milage together and both slung alot of ink in the thread and sewing machine needle era and use to do alot of local thieving together. Now FLA in the summer you ask??... sure: (thats what Im' asking myself)... Now would be a good time if I wanna' snag a hole in the wall of my own.(and beat the snow-birds). John's new wife (his former foster-daughter) is a realstate agent and has very fond memories of me (her sister was one of my girlfriends). I gotta' think this thing out.

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 00:45

Tomas has been on my mind. As I said: I feel that he's a righteous cat who checked out based upon an ethic that he embraced. Without putting words into his mouth (again); my guess was that it was the "Hippie Love Ethic"...but no matter what his reason for self-exclusion; I respect him for patiently watching, listening and then making his call. Hey Tomas, ya' can be strange; but please dont' be a stranger. Please come back will ya'. Damn shame that there was even a single casualty in the Saint Steve/Virgin Mary war. Real damn shame.

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 11:52

Plump Faggot Morality???... Those Texas Mother Fuckers can kiss my B.T.O. White ass. Up Against THIS!! MOTHER FUCKERS!!. Fuck with a Digger and find out! I new Travis had to be a Bandito!!!!

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 11:55

Ahhh make that "KNEW"...(but you 'new' that)... Want my take on it??.. Unless youve' hade a dick in yer' mouth and up yer' ass; ya' got NO right even slurring the word "Faggot". That hate monering horse shit really stinks. Faggotts For Peace. S.B. Boyd. Sole Proprietor.

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 11:56

Ahh... make that "Mongering".

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 12:03

Hey Mother Fuckers: "Those who are busted: Bust themselves" - S.R. Boyd.

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 12:05

Hey McMing; Im' just responding (reacting) to the 68' M.F. Manifesto which was just posted by Mark. I see now why Travis plays it close to the vest.

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 12:40

Yep; not to speak ill' of the dead (again).. but Travis was always "Big Me-Little You" (when it came to dealing with me anyway)... or trying to deal w/ me rather. Hey Eric: heres a real Ying/Yang zinger! The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has just legalized gay marriage and in the same breath pushed a bill in order to allow DNA results to re-juvenate and bring back to "Life" the Death Penalty. (go figure). P.S. I met a few former "Crazy Fuckin' Cowboys" or some such in the Lower East Side last year but dont think that they were Ex-MF's (?!?!)..

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 13:07

Hows about three flights, there.. Im now on the grownd floor. I feel better. Mark, dig, I fully realize that from here on out; every word that I say about the gang of three will be "Talking behind thier backs" and as such will be beating up on my own image and those who may feel that I represent a voice within' the hoop. That being said: I also understand that sticking it up someones ass for what someone else most likely wrote 36 yrs. ago is real shitty. That being said; Hell; the Diggers may have cranked out worse! If that gets put in my face, I will respond as my conscience dictates. Nuff said?.. oh; back to Travis, Sponge and Nailcakes; its not about "Them and Us' its about "Them and Me". It was and is personal. (do yer' homework). Thanks fer' talkin' me down. (its a dark dirty job, but someone's gotta do it. (bout time)... Later partner.

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 13:56

Hey "FREE FOR ALL".. nice ring to it...ah; as far as blowin' the roof off; I am the worst offender. (that also has a ring to it). Guide lines??.. hell; during my first years of a two year stint in the first grade I was punished fer' not coloring within' the lines and have been revolting ever' since. (revolting to look at??)... hmm.. but hey Eric; its' your' living room, call the shots. Heres a quote: "Look buddy-boy, if you dont like the way its goin' around here, you can hit the road" - M. Boyd. (thanks Dad; thats the best advice that ya' ever gave me)...heres two more quotes: "Talk the truth?; I am the truth!" - P. Coyote "Write a book?; I am a book!" - S. Boyd

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 13:59

Then the Cynic sung-- "Honour Genius is all I ask And I ask the Gods no More."

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 15:00

Well;... I ahh... OK, I promise to stay well within the line.. (they better be thick lines)... ah... hey, wouldnt' staying to far within the lines be just as bad as staying to far outside the lines???? That being said: where do we draw the line??.. at our own feet???... Hey, I smell Democracy "inaction", not "Digocracy" in action. Loose quote.. 'We're democratic...Hell; we're so democratic that sometimes we cant get nothin' done' - S. Barger H.A.M.C. (think about it. Myself;... I aint no membership man. Hell, when I started the 21st Century All New and Improved 1% Brighter Diggers of West 4th Street, I didnt have in mind a larger package with less content but rather an Industrial Formula,... you know; like "Digger In A Drum". Not "Stronger than Dirt" but rather "Dirty and Strong"... am I gettin' through to anyone????...Bottom line: Fuck em' if they cant take a joke. And that being said; if they or the live(s) that they are leading and/or have lived are jokes (that they cant seem to take) well... they've already fucked themselves. Dig??? DIGGERS HOLD WHAT DIGGERS HELD! STAND UP!!!!

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 15:11

Call me "PUFF".

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 16:10

THE VOICE OF REASON: Hey Mark, nothing is keeping the Gang of Three from logging back in under assumed ID's and new E Mail Addressess; that being said; When you asked me about how to "deal" with it; well... that boils down to a "Control" issue; which I can only ad this: "Control your self or others will". That being said; If "WE" (me especially) can set that as a frame of reference, well; it is what it is; any host will tell ya' that ya' dont set some folks next to each other at dinner... My food fights with the "People" in question is a case in point. Heres the choice; either reserve a seat at the positivists' banquet for some, and tell others that its take out to go only, or just.. well, I lost my train of thought... myself, I cant bitch about a greasy spoon after throwing the slop around and then wallowing in it. It gave me more heart burn than the hungry folks who had thier noses to the glass window dig. I just hope that theres no (just) deserts headed my way. I dont like the taste of crow. Pass me the Pepto "Dismal" will ya???. P.S. Am I making any sense; and if so; scary aint it. The guidelines??.. I say keep em, flexible or they will break. The youngest saplings with stand the strongest wind while the old oaks stand firm and break. Later pal. Oh, and remember the Diggers are now only in thier 4th year. (think about it).. I know that I am.

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 16:53

Hey mark and all: heres a feather in Tomas' Hat; dig his cool responce to THE HAIGHT 66-67 entry on the discussion page. Tomas' responce to Nailcakes' glowing account of Violent Emmitt, the "Heat Drawing" Diggers, the Rude Pranksters, the vermin and drunks who her and her temperance league ran out of dodge on a rail is real stand up stuff. Like I said: I respect Tomas' ethics. P.S. Hey Nailcakes; I reference to you "Lasting Longer Than "THEY" Did"... ahh... I dont think so.. then again,.. what do I know. Oh, and by the way, as to yer' other entry: Im' sure that Captain Trips'

affinity for "Titty-Twisting" is one that even Hippie Historian may have to question. P.S. Heres' my two cents for Nailcakes retirement fund and another 2 cents for Tomas' home-comming. Welcome Tomas.

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 17:05

DRAGON WANTED. MUST HAVE SHORT CHAIN BUT LONG MEMORY. MUST FORGIVE BUT NEVER FORGET. NO PAY; NO BENIFITS. FREE BASEMENT LAIR PROVIDED. Hmm.....Ahh... Eric; about that basement... ahh,.. does it include an old furnace with an elf that pisses out of the motor housing vents? If you can provide a reasonable fascimily there of;..well, mister you got yer'self a deal! P.S. The Koliflower vision still beams. (theres no acception for experience). Silent Steve only talking to folks who dare seek him out makes alot of sence to me. Alot of sence!

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 18:03

ACID RECOVERY SYSTEMS. Hey Eric; dig my take on the "Guest Book" turning into a full-fledged Shit Fest. Dig: Lets call it what it is: A Guest Book. That being said: at one point guests (hopefully) turn from visitors to bunk mates. The "Guest book should be for visitors and passers-by who (naturally) may chose to come or go, and hopefully in the process making some fast-friends, solid ties and heavy connections. That being said; in an effort to question the situation and not the people; I feel that we could take on a system of "Identification" (in reference to personal prefernce) Dig: Case in point; Motorcycle club members have long held a tradition of displaying either the Number 13, or a 7 Club patch to signify whether or not that they are a pot smoker as oposed to a straight boozer. (13 being the "M" letter of the alphabet which was an abrieviation for Marijuana and 7 being the "G" which designated "Grass", dig? wel my point is this; these patches were no ego thing, they quelled any and all in-club hastles which may have ocured within the ranks. Example: If you passed a joint to a member of another chapter for example, you could very well experience "GET THAT FUCKIN' THING OUTA" MY FACE" (so much for brotherhood) BUT, thats the point! If the cat was not wearing the patch, you simple walked by him and offered it to patch holder avoiding any hard feelings. Dig? Heres my point: Perhaps start "ROOMS" here on site (as already suggested) which would let the unwearry know what they are walking into. Example: a Music Room where Nicole could really lay down her Rock and Roll circus act to all interested parties. She could single-handedly wow em all. (the psychedelic music scene was 99% of "That Era")..and have an Alchemist's Corner where Eileen could swap potions with like minded folk, and bootleg a spinning wheel by the fire place for her where the gals could knit and weeve thier creations via cyber space, and have A Garage, or Motor Pool for Mark to get real greasey with like minded Monkeys (no disrespect),... and perhaps an adobe Pueblo Cave for Claude to piece together his Digger History brick to by brick. Dig? That way, folks could focus their input into venues of interest and perhaps avoid "Un-Like-Minded-Folks" ... you know: this could be the word of the day: "Ah..I get the hint and know where yer' commin' from; but...well.. I hear ya' on that subject; but I wouldnt take it beyond this room dig???" (Its like this: (your' personal view) could cause some real hell in the camp.) Follow me???. P.S. In my references to any and all of the above personalities being "Pigion-holed" into a certain bracket (or room); that was only off the top of my head. In closing; Ill' tend to the Dragon's Lair in the Basement if you dont mind. Thanks for even considering this.

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 18:31

MEMO FROM THE WEST WING OF THE DIGGER HOUSE: Eric; in an attempt to FURTHER explain my logic and rationale: we could set up a Digger emergency ward where fatalities like Nail cakes could perhaps recuperate and recover from not only the trauma of the 60' but the trauma of Silent Steve's mute wall of sound. Dig; those types could arrive in tow with their bag full of love/hatred and perhaps with some TLC they could realize that the Diggers never did nor ever will wear uniforms or subscribe to the "Pack Mentality". I'm not talkin' brain-washing or conversions here, but perhaps a place where she could shadow box as opposed to waging a full scale search and destroy mission, dig? Bottom line??.. I don't know what Emmitt was or was not; he won't be posting here anytime soon, dig? I mean come on, want some 60's shit??? We all know that Martin Luther King was into young white chicks; but does that dilute his status as a visionary or one of the all time great spiritual leaders? Not in my book. Come on. Negativity breeds negativity. Fuck love: eliminate hateful energy and the rest will fall into place. Let's BUILD some rooms, some GARDENS, some fresh air open arenas,...let's let some light in!... the sky is the limit. (but you knew that).....

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 20:20

Hey Blew Finn Girdle, thanks for drawin' the line. At 598 posts, that puts me right under the wire as a solid contender as Digger Dragon. Oh; by the way; I don't see it as a Solution/Problem thang'; but more of a Cure/Disease thang'. Hey; I feel another Tattoo comin' on. Who you gonna vote for?... Dr. Sponge?, or Scabby Hayes?

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 20:30

Seein' as how I've only got one more post before being knocked out of the running; (600 post limit) I ask you all to VOTE NOW!. My campaign slogan is: "Ya' want me here?.. Or in the Basement?" Vote, vote, vote until it hurts!

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 20:32

Final transmission. If nominated I vow to never show myself. I must be sought out. Far enough? (fair??... what a concept)....600 !! Right on the money!

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 20:37

Eric; I've been over-bearing, over-extended and over-the-top. In closing: Nailcakes was close: 6 hrs?.. 6 days?... Hmmm...try 600 posts. Ill' be in the basement if anyone needs me. (need???... what a concept)....

steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 21:37

Now I know how Al Gore feels. Final score?.. Fuck Me! (I cant' take a joke)... A two stiff land slide!... thats gotta be a first! (Im' over the limit anyway)... always have been; always will be.
steve

Mon, May. 03, 2004, 22:36

Up Front?... ya'...ya'.. thats the ticket! Hey; didnt Wavey Gravey promote "NO ONE FOR PRESIDENT"???...(on the basis that "No One is Perfect?)"... Hmm.... I wonder??... Shut Up Steve!!!!
steve

Tue, May. 04, 2004, 10:04

Claude, I was at the main house (B.B.R.) eating home made apple yogurt when some truckers pulled in with the news. It also closely coincided w/ the death of a Native radical (Free Family Friend) who got shot in Oakland, and with an argument involving the B.B.R. "gate man and his "Three shot signal warning plan".. etc. Lots of views, lots of out side aggitation. Thats what turned me off about "Truckers" in general. A truck, a woman, a dog, a gun and a big fuckin' mouth....In any event; the folks who spread the word had a child with a bandaged up head. Also news of a pick up truck gettin' totally smeared. (same wreck?)... anyway;....Hmmm... as for the Diaria of the mouth diagnosis; I have a self cure. (which also parrallels a protest)... protest??..remember those??.. Heres my slant; In as much as it takes two to tango, I cant see hanging around at the Digger dance marithon, while Travis, Red Neck, Dr. Sponge and Nail Cakes get their dance cards revoked for "Dirty Dancing", dig?. I am now officially banning myself until: a. Those four taxi dancers all get free tickets. or b. Bluefinturtle reaches 600 posts. (which-ever comes first). In the mean time; I will be gearing up for my peak (positive cycle) in July down on the Gulf of Mexico as I delve into an up-comming life actor roll as an Itenerate Proffessor of Tattoooing. Im' opting to save a heafy deductable by getting Dishonest John rummed up enough to pull my teeth. So it is written; so it shall be. I leave you all to dance to this tune:... "Weary of Boyd's waltz?...and his Mashed Potatoe schmalts??... Board with his' "Begin"??... and Steve's Tango aint yer' thing???...Do the switch-eroo if you feel blue,... slow dance with a Guru,... bump and grind to the Digger-Do,... but stay true to you-know-who." Love, (and I do mean Love;)Steve

steve

Wed, May. 12, 2004, 11:23

SEEK ME OUT!...(or not).....gggggrrrrrrrrrr.....

steve

Wed, May. 12, 2004, 11:59

OK Nik;....ah....hey Ohio Girl; Ahh... what wreck?.. Im' out of the loop. (hoop?).. are you saying that you lost yer' husband?. I will review the pages gone by... so no need to fill me in; as it will unfold as I delve into the back pages. Car wreck?. In the light of this, I dont feel like spouting off much about my Ill-fated escapades, other than to say that Im' still holed up on the Seacoast of N.H.

(untill the hotel rates jump in June) and then I will head out to K.C. Mo. Ive' lost touch with the Lady Rev. of my Dreams as I dont save E-Mail Addresses, but am keeping the faith (always)...In short, Ive' put D.J.'s free parking offer on hold and have opted not to take the fool's approach (who me?) and will shell out the bucks and have the pros pull all of my teeth. The Ol' Home Life???Well;...I successfully thwarted Sweet Lorraine's effort to "Off-Load" me on the Ol' Florida Crew and had my daughter drop me off on I-95 South and then I spent the night in the woods (conveniently located between a North and South Bound State Liquer Store) and then looped back North at day break and am now laying low on the Enemy's Home Turf. I keep my one set of clothes washed in the shower and am taking a Va-Ca from a Va-Ca. Oh;...In the woods I only picked up one Deer Tic and a touch of some sort of ring worm on my right leg real close to my nuts. My bones ach and I may have the fever. Damn!...Oh;...Heres' the Exit Stage Left scene as it came down; Dig; Sweet Lorraine had been on an emotional roller-coaster from day one and felt that my presents was upsetting the household;...etc. etc. She took it a step further and expressed her Fathers' concern that he didnt want the responsibility of dealing with me in the event that I should "DIE" while under his roof. (made my day!)...Do I look that bad???... anyway; this is all nothin' compared to Ohio Girls vibe; and on that note; this may sound odd;.. but perhaps if you write about your' loss it would perhaps well... help???... I dont think thats the word;.. but,.. well,.. you know what I mean. Later all. The Sad Dragon.

steve

Wed, May. 12, 2004, 12:01

Eileen:... how do Mothers' know???...

steve

Wed, May. 12, 2004, 12:25

Well Eric;.. ah.. in as much as I sink when I try to float and float when I try to sink, and gasp when I try to hold my breath etc. etc. ... lets just say that STEVE IS FRONT!!! .. (shall we)... Its a Push-Me-Pull-you Thang'. Dig? (wheres' Allan Watts when ya' need him?)...

steve

Wed, May. 12, 2004, 12:45

Wait a minute.. Im' lost here... is Fran Ohio Girl??.. Im' confused. I saw a post by Thomas??.. on page 19? I think. Ah.. is Fran actually Ohio Girl??.. I need a score card.

steve

Wed, May. 12, 2004, 12:54

Hey Tomas;.. are you around?

steve

Wed, May. 12, 2004, 13:27

Ah... I found the tic within hours and had to dig em' out w/ my fingernails (as I had given my knife to an old tree that I had climbed)... god knows how I had the strength to climb it. Anyway; the

knife is a story in itself. See; I wanted to be true to my convictions (dropping the blade and seeing the light (or Bhudda, or whatever) and as such, had given my ol' Sweedish Peter Pan hunting knife to my son. The same afternoon, I was strolling (ya' I stroll) through Hampton when I came across an old knife that someone had apparently dug up while tending with thier flower bed and had pitched onto the sidewalk. Well, the knife was an ancient folder w/ a busted off cork screw and an extra clip blade. The sabre bade was well worn due to sharpening. It was rusted w/ the blade open. It had the remnants of a white handle and ornate silver bolsters w/ a small silver shield on the handle. In any event, I wedged it between a single playing card sized piece of bark that was held by a lone branch with the hope of establiishing the tree as a home base (between the North and South bound State Liquer Stores) for another vision quest that I felt was long over due. (didnt count on a hotel room)...ah... Im' off track...anway, at this point; I feel that the ol' blade will assure that I return some day to retrieve it,.. but that being said;.. I never went back to claim or assymble the one that I took apart and placed in the stream of the Three Forks Of The Salmon up near Black Bear those many years ago....where am I going with this?.. ah... oh! the tic bite. Well, it was fresh, but I had to dig one hell of a crater to get it all. (no rash around it yet. The other thing formed a perfect circle and dried up, but then started next to it and formed an outline that looks like the fuckin' State of Florida (which I DID NOT take as a "Sign").. Florida in the SUMMER!... Im' not that crazy. any-way, I will pick up an anti-fungeside and really lay it on. Maybe score some at my first dental apt. on the 14th. (the teeth issue has to be addressed and put to bed). Oh,.. ah.. Claude; as far as den-tures;.. due to the effects of them saw-cutting and putting my jaw back together with a plate, I cant open my mouth wide enough even for them to make the molds, dig? My jaw is twisted up and dont really hing right. Its a Mutha.

steve

Wed, May. 12, 2004, 13:36

I had a co-worker who had Lyme Disease back in 1988. Layed him up for months. Totally drained him. He use to install insulated joints on railroad tracks. put him out of biz. Didnt help his marriage none either. Deer tics are a real hassle up in this area. I dont know whats with me,.. I get chills, and both of my hips ache like hell... but then again, the hotel has central air and I did over extend myself by climbing that tree. (truth is;... I ah.. I was gonna' retrieve the knife;.. but after the second trip to the Liquer store, I couldnt climb it)... Damn!!!! So I "Offered" it to the Ol' tree.

steve

Wed, May. 12, 2004, 13:56

Well;... Im' headin' back to the Ol' tree..ah... I mean Ol' Hotel... Im' all stocked up on provisions and can have enough to pay for the the first four teeth to go south. In June, I will opt for maybe a shelter up on Rt. That one grabs 30% of yer' take-home and opts the "Inhabitants" to pull maintainance details etcetra. (A jail within a prison within an assylum, within a system, within a machine, within a... well; you get my point). Got to stay focused and get the health care thing over and done with. Hope to be ruff ready by late June. Ive' got a birthday to attend and need to tone up my birthday suit. I prey to get word from K.C. soon. Over and out. (far-out)....

steve

Wed, May. 12, 2004, 13:58

Hey Nik; anything is possible. (this web site is living proof of that).....Later all.
steve

Thu, May. 13, 2004, 12:38

Heres the odd thing; I seem to have gotten the original round (size of a nickle) rash BEFORE the tic hitch hiked; (a few inches from the original rash),.. but then another rash seemed to really take off and now its like I have Gorbochovs' forehead on my leg. Oh, the little crater that I dug to get the bastard out is showing no signs of infection and has all but dried up. Hey, I confermed my apt. for tommarrow and will be getting four teeth pulled. As I said; Im' making an all out effort to follow though and stick with the program of getting four out at a time untill my chin touches my nose. I will pick up an anti-fungaside. Hey Jag!, HELLO Rena, Hi,(high) Claude, Wow, Eileen, How ya' doin' Nik?, Eric my man, hey Hammond, hey Mark, Joe, Tomas, Ohio Girl, etc. etc. etc. (you know who you are)...OH... hey Donna; I knew a very serious (strange)...(straight?) cat named Jim who was a cable car driver in S.F. and may have haunted the Fella around 70' and 71'. He had burnt brown thick hair and a rather bushy moustash. If memory serves me; he was in a battle with the city in reference to the length of his side-burns or something. He was an odd duck and I never could figure out his game. He was one cheap bastard, I do remember that. The last time I saw him was in late 1980. I was visiting from LA and was dressed all in black and was wearing my Pearl Heart boots and Kieth Richards "Musical" black and silver scarf. OK, dig; I had picked up some erotic posts cards to mail from up north, and I had stashed em' in my top, (it was double breasted Randolph Scott style) and I ran into Jim; he Immediatly recognized me but was taken back abit by my Zoro get up. OK, before he could get in a word, I gave him a deranged glare and whipped out the nudie girl post cards and said: (as if he were a stranger) "Psstt... wanna' buy some French Post Cards??" Well, his eyes got big and he noticed that some tourists started to whisper and point and he damn near tripped over himself. I had to chase him down and try to convince him that I wasnt serious. He was very paranoid. He said that he was still getting fucked over by the city and thought that it was "Entrappment" or some such shit. Sound like the same Jim???? (????!!!)... go figure? Oh, as far as the California Trip, I have a notion to perhaps thumb it later in the season. I would dig looking up some Old Friends in the city and kick this feeling of being a sole (soul?) survivor. but for now I gotta' go by the numbers (four at a time) untill I rid myself of this dead Ivory. That fuckin' radiation killed my teeth but not my spirit.

steve

Fri, May. 14, 2004, 11:26

Donna; Jim??!!...most likely the same cat; never with a gal or a guy, a real singalo. Very inverted and a bit voyeristic as a "side-liner" to all of the scenes that transpired during that era. I do however remember him with a big stash of Panama Red that was so spicy that I can still smell it. No wait... thats another Jim. Oh well,.. the Jims of that era seem to melt together into one big Jim pool. (some were deep; some were shallow). Speaking of trollys and street cars; the thing was that the trollys (cable cars) were (for the most part) a big tourist draw and the conductors lucky enough to "Conduct" them would ring up about 4 in every 5 riders and pocket the rest. All of the "Locals" would never pay, and just smile or wink when hit up for the fare. It was an S.F. perk, so to speak. The Idea naturally was not to let the out-of-towners catch on and scream Foul!!! I loved that town. The visitors were not hep to the street car "Transfer" tickets and would end up paying twice upon catching another car (in the same direction). You had to ask for a transfer (at that time). As for me, I always

gave alot back to the S.F. Community and did alot of charity work in the early 70's for variose sexual liberation groups. I worked the door at big fund raising events for an upscale group of gay buisness folks who were involved w/ politics and such. Cant remember the name. They often booked the entire building on Castro Market (old Bank of America Bldg?) and the structure (one in the same?) which was converted into La Kooka Racha Restauraunt. Fantastic banquetts where the ludes kicked in before desert arrived. Sea Bass, etc. Very formal. Christ, when I think of how many vital energized souls gone forever due to aids it really brings it back home. I was long gone into my third marriage(faithfull for all of the right reasons) when it came down but heard via telephone what a wipe out that it was/is. Shit. Oh, today I promised a dear one that I will in fact get checked for Lyme disease, as my achin' joints have been too long and drawn out from being the result of scaling an Ol' tree. Dig; my hotel is right next to a Methodist Church, and the ladies are really laying it on me (from the food pantry). The Methodists are my saving grace. (again)... aint it the way????

steve

Fri, May. 14, 2004, 11:39

Eileen; I had the pleasure of meeting and hearing Amy Goodwin in NYC a couple of times... the last run-in was at a wake I think,... anyway, talk about vibe city. She's got my vote. Its amazing how simple the truth is. She rocks the house. As for voicing my opinion on the WAR (??)... (its' not a war.. its packaged and sold as a "WAR")... (and everyone is buying it!).. opps... I was going to say that my days of debating/and/or laying my drift down are over. (That in it self seems to generate war.) ... Im' drifting here a bit. As Mother Teresa said; "In the end, its between you and God". And on that note; "God Bless Amy Goodwin". To truth, be true. It still pisses me off though that Bush is a Methodist. Fuck;... read the Methodist docterine sometime;.. that fucker is totally 360 degrees off the fuckin' path. I just dont get it! Bottom line??... I feel that George Bush Jr. is the best secretary of Defence that President Donald Rumsfeld has ever had. (or ever will have),... think about it. (oh George... Its safe to come out now).....

steve

Fri, May. 14, 2004, 12:21

Thanks Sam;... hey; the "HEAD" of the "UNITED?? Methodist Church". Heres' the thing; in the Tradition of the "Fighting Methodists", we (they) duked it out with the likes of the Baptists and even slaughtered some of their own (Northern Methodists vs. Southern Methodists) when they "Split". That being said; the (militant) Salvation Army was started by a Methodist. Its not about what Jesus did "THEN"; its about what "WE" are doing "NOW". Im' a direct descendant of John Wesley Boyd who had the moxie to be not only welcomed by Baptists, but even preached at Baptist Churches dig? To date, The most "INWARDLY" militant "Religious" (NOT zelous) folk that I know are female Methodists (my lady-love is a prime example) who risk thier carrers, livelyhoods and public standing by saying "Fuck the Church",... its all about "PEOPLE", not institutions, not buildings, not Icons, dig? Oh,.. The Lady Rev??...I havent heard a word. Off hand Ide' say that the finnest man I ever met was Rev. Dick Parker who came out of retirement to take the helm of the NYC Washington Square Methodist Church after my Lady Love booked. She left the flock in good hands for sure. Dick gave me some solid advice on the eve of launching an all out "Save The Church" Digger campaign which would have really fucked with the newly installed Rev. Hoopers' program. I privatly sought Dick's advice as to "Fighting City Hall" and he indicated off the record that its

bigger than all of us (the all-mighty dollar) and closed by adding: "Steve, Its time to move on". And as such; I respectfully stepped down from the board of Trustees, passed the tource to the next Sexton, packed up Ol' Legally Clyde and "Moved On". (with no regrets)...and in closing; Im' still moving. Hey, Ive' got untill 4:00 p.m. to thumb up to Portsmouth, feel like talkin' anyone???... anyone??...

steve

Fri, May. 14, 2004, 12:25

"UNITED" Methodist Church??.. dont make me laugh.... P.S. If not now; when?...If not us; who??... In closing; I think we all know that "MY" methods arent "Standard" methods of U.M.C. or any other wine and bread distributor. Dig?

steve

Sat, May. 15, 2004, 11:03

WHAT ME WORRY???... O.K. Dig, A DAY IN THE LIFE: I split yesterday at 2:00 or so which gave me 2 full hrs ahead of my 4:00 aptt. Before I go I play E Mail tag with Rena (who lays a good-vibe Island whammy on me which is a equal to any known monkey paw. I hoof to Rt. 1 feeling triple blessed, where a fuckin' Hawian picks me up, admires my hula girl tatto and starts explaining the native Hawian and tropical plants and flowers that he Imports. He goes the extra mile (off route) and drops me off at the front door of the dentists' office. ALOHA!!! Its now 2:45 (Im' now 1 hr. 45 Mins. early). The receptionist smiles winks and gives me the mute-pity trip and waives the \$20.00 co-pay which leaves me with \$100.00 (\$25 per tooth) and sizes me up, scopes in on my address and seductively suggests that the tooth fairy may leave something good under my pillow tonight. That perks me up and I give her my last franklin just as a lady w/ 5 kids enters and splits (after giving me the "Be a dear and keep an eye out will ya' sweetie" look). Wrong move lady! Within 3 minutes the scamps are wheel chair racing, stomping my feet, bouncing off walls, throwing kiddie coral toys and blitzing out in general. (they dig the fact that Im' mute)... (no threat).. we trashed the place...anyway, by 5:00 the kids were worn out and my 4:00 appt. has almost arrived. I get hustled in (its all "Hurry Up" now) and inquire in writting about the Lyme disease issue. He says show me. So thinking its man to man I pull down my pants (without writting about the no underwear issue) just then a slinky lady all dressed in black (very unprofesional) is ushered in and I naturally cover the danger zone with the tail of my striped pirate pull over and strike my best Rudolph Nurieve pose. The Dentist not only splits but closes the the door behind him (very very unprofessional) the spider woman now gets on her knees (very very very..well you know).. she says in a Marlaina Detrick voice; "Diz iz NOT Lyme). OK, at this point Im' thinkin' (from past experienes with Oral Hygenists) that Ive' just fallen into a nitrous oxide den. What furthers my suspicions are the fact that the Dentist returns, harpoons me four times, pulls my teeth in "Record Time" while telling crude fungus puns (fungus among us,.. fungle in the jungle) etc.. which have the very professional (dressed in white) assistant giggling her head off. Bingo; he packs my mouth w/ a bale of cotten then we settle up in the hall like a dope deal or somethin'. I show him the reciept for \$100.00 and he says "On the Money;.. as I pulled 5 but only charged you for 4. I gave hime the "WHY" eyebrows and he admitted that he reluctantly dropped one down my throat. SO, heres the tally: we got the Hawian savior, the vampire alergist, the mad hatter and miss giggle gas. I think; what a perfect day. OK, I walk to the highway, get passed by 5000 southbound yankees, find 3 pennies and figure that the Island charm has worn off and the only Hawian in the state is most likely in Maine

by now. BINGO! A slick convertible stopes. Im' asked "How far' ya goin'". The cat looks like a bookish professor so I do the sharaid's thing: One-word-two-syllables-sounds-like-Tampon. (Hampton). He dont get it. (the string may have thrown him off...) Anyway; he tells me to climb in. Then starts staring at me and says that he feels that we were fated to meet and has a stong destiny vibe going. He then raps about the love of his life (his wife) and says that shes a top of the field speech pathologist who could hook me up with a "World-Wide-Voice". We swap E Mails and turns out that he is a Visiting Scholar at MIT in Cambridge, Mass. We talk the same politics and I find that he's heavy and has the Malcom X tattoo to prove it. Bottom line is he has a book thats going to be published in 2 days or so and I invite him to push it on this web site, he Imediatle picks up on the Digger-Do as he dug it with Van Morrison eons ago down by Palo Alto. He then shyed off and said that he would not log on at the risk of appearing self-serving and/or self-promoting. I offered to push it here, and with some reservations he gave me the green light. Bingo; all this talkin' put us south of town which meant that I had to cut past the Salvation Army. I did my best James Woods Onion Fields "Slow-Walk-Run" but was spotted by two of Sweet Lorraines' spys who busted thier asses diving through the front door (no doubt to report that a. Im' not dead yet and b. Im' back in town. OK, I get to the library to log on but its closed, I swing by 7-11 to verify that my AMT balance is 50 cents. I run into my son on the way out who Ive' seen only twice since Ive' been up here, he offers me a lift, I pat the cement dust off of his broad chest, we shake, kiss and hug as a friend who he hasnt seen for years approachess wondering whats up(?!?!). I indicate to John about my 5 teeth and that Its just a short hop to my digs. I leave those two to thier own devices, hit the hotel, repack my mouth, lay on the bed and think of Ohio Girls old man and the countless millions who dont have any more days left on the chart. Hey Ohio Girl, write about him, animate him, his adventures can go on long after we are all gone. Think about it. Hope that you can smile again soon. P.S. The writer is named Dana M. Dunnan, his book can be found at www.burningatthegrassroots.com Check it out will ya' Hammond?. Later all; I got a big day ahead of me. Real big.

steve

Sat, May. 15, 2004, 11:05

Hey Sam, I may opt for Brittish Columbia if they'll have me.

steve

Sat, May. 15, 2004, 11:14

Hey Nik; out of pure disgust (and some good advice) I washed my hands of The Peace Church. Its a classic bag job. The reason that they dont go "Historical Site" status is that if ya' keep failing that the "SOCIETY" ends up owning ya' or some such. As I said before its most likely a new foot print for NYU in thier hostile take-over land-grab of the village. The stained glass and organ will more than likely be donated to another Methodist church as well as all of the salvagable marble and architectural antiques. But hey; check it out. The full history of the place is amazing in reference to the long tradition of "Fuck The System" scenes that came down within those walls. From its origins as an 1860' underground railroad to Canada to the 1960's CBS?? Televised Christmas "LOVE" Mass Celebration. For the most part the Reverends there tend to down play all that, when my goal was to promote it with fuckin' pride. Remember that word? But hey, feel free to contact thier office and get a walk through. Sell it kid.

steve

Sat, May. 15, 2004, 11:18

Bottom line on politics??.. "OPEN CONVENTION"...(spread the word).....
steve

Sat, May. 15, 2004, 11:26

P.S. Hey; I clotted like an Irish Girl, no swelling, no pain, no drugs,...I am NOT normal.
steve

Mon, May. 17, 2004, 10:06

Heres the thing: no antibiotics, they told me to pop Ibuprofen (which I didnt do). Drive??!!... hell Claude; Im' from Flint Michigan. (I can drive anything and fly most)... If I wasnt booked up until June 3rd in a Hampton N.H. Hotel, Ide' say save yer' dough and hook down and steal it. Not possessing a licence wouldnt hinder me a bit but the fact that Im' slated for oral surgery (they are pulling four (OK; 5) at a time until Im' toothless) is a major hang up which Im' committed to taking care of before it takes care of me. Prior to Cancer surgery they pulled ten. I had a full set (you do the math). Luckely Im' a genetic throw-back who never did have wisdom teeth. Ah,.. lets see ... from memory:... questions, questions,.. Oh, dig this: last night I get a phone call; I pick it up and its' Sour Lorraine; she threatens me that I should leave town in reference to me being a Dead Beat Dad with long standing Traffic Tickets etc; she says that I tore apart her house-hold and they are all drawing up sides in reference to her driving me out with hyped up stories as to her father's true feelings toward me. (She really thought that she had exiled me to FLA.) She went one step further by adding never to see her again (can do) even if Im' starving. (those fuckin' Baptists).. anyway; It was the "One tap for yes and two taps for no" thing and I couldnt explain that Im' hanging in here in order to get my teeth pulled and to once in my life actually follow through with something. Dig? Its a cruel twist to "Lion In Winter". Hey, maybe I could join a convent and become a Nun. Hmm... P.S. Hey Travis; would ya' please pass the Jelly??? Hey Eileen; whats the scoop on becomming an ex-patriot? Would Canada look upon a decade of foul treatment by State, Local and Governmental agencies as a form of persicution??.. could I opt for refugee status??.... still dont know if they will grant me a pass port. AMERICA WHERE ARE YOU NOW????

steve

Mon, May. 17, 2004, 10:14

Bottom line??... I honestly dont know what, when, where or why Im' doing anything....(for any reason what-so-ever)... Been there have ya'????????

steve

Mon, May. 17, 2004, 10:16

Good luck Jag;... got a job??? KEEP IT!!!!!! My money is on the fruit cocktail.

steve

Mon, May. 17, 2004, 10:32

Wow!!... Sun, Moon and Mercury in Taurus as we type..... Talk about "Earthy"....whats that all about???? Should we really get down????

steve

Mon, May. 17, 2004, 13:12

I saw/seen/looked at/heard/and experienced Led Zeplin on an origin "Gel Slide" which was about 8 times larger than the "Four-Way Window Pane" of the 69'-70' bay area era. Transparent root beer glazed little job. The kinda thing that would soak into a sweaty freak via skin contact. Ah.. lets see??.. Manson??... before my time, although the New Hampshire family (who claimed a connection) was known to be a little more than spooky)... Manson??... It took that little puke mind altering drugs to influence weaker minds. He was a one-eyed-mental-midget who ruled a sick world of blind zombies. Some pair-a-dice hu??... Hey; Nik; you will suridly go to heaven cause' ya' spent her night in hell. P.S. Hey Charlie; FUCK YOU.

steve

Tue, May. 18, 2004, 11:29

Well the three pennies were calling. I ignored the last few "Sets" that ive found, but mustered up the three grungiest of the lot (barely readable) and actually had to scratch which sides were tails. I then did-the-do with a library edition of the Wilhelm/Baynes "I CHING". At this point I dont know when my next oral surgery appt. is (as it was well past operating hours when they pulled off the session with me) but the Edward Scissorhands of the Dental Underworld promised that he would E Mail me. So heres the coin drift. Blow down to NYC on the first thing smokin' in June; (check three months of backed up snail-mail at my East 8th Street "Suite"), finnish the Demon Tattoo and blow back up to NH and get in bed with "The Open Door" shelter up on Rt. 1 until Im' toothless. Then; take it as it comes. Hey; beats anything that a school councelor ever came up with. Think about it. Hey Fran; you look lovely. Simply lovely. Hey Eric; the State of Mass just became the first in the NATION to treat Human Beings EQUALLY, but Ol' George is gonna' fuck with it in a big way. (anything to score a few red-neck votes.)

steve

Tue, May. 18, 2004, 12:25

Hey Eric; something just dawned on me in reference to "Reconnecting the Hoop". Man; this web site IS the hoop. The originator(s???) connected it the day that it went on line. (think about it).....

steve

Wed, May. 19, 2004, 11:23

Ginsberg told me back in 94' that his Mantra (chant) was not OM (or Ohm); but rather HA; (Ahhhh). He even wrote it out for me. He spelled it "HA" with a circle around it. Dig; He said that it came more natural to him. (go figure??!!).... He also said that upon his death he would consentrat and focus on his breathing and clear his mind; chant and picture his teacher's face. It was then that

I got it into my head to picture my third ex-wife's face. (something that I never told her but looking back on it now; I should have.).. Damn; all the things WE SHOULD have said. "IF" is truly the saddest word that I know of. Sorry if I brought you all down.

steve

Wed, May. 19, 2004, 12:05

Dig Eric; the other day when I was at the "Dementist's" office; I took Eileen's lead and controled my breathing and pictured her (from memory). Did it help??.. well, a calm flooded over me; but I did however hold both sides of my lower jaw bone in order that it didnt seperate at the chin where it ws saw-cut and gratfed back with a plate. You woulda' thought that he had hooked a marlin. But boy was that cat fast. P.S. I dint hold a silly putty party to recover the swallowed tooth as I dont need a Mo-Jo at this stage of the game... but hell' maybe Bob Dylan coulda' used it. Damn!!! There I go with the "IF" again!!!! Hey, did I ever tell ya' about my poceline tooth retrieval system (china cap) that I perfected during my last marriage. I get shivers everytime I see someone strain spaggetti. WOW!!!! (make mine El Denti)....

steve

Wed, May. 19, 2004, 12:08

P.S. I may have a lead on a rather condensed non-credit Journalism course. Ive' got my eye on covering the National Conventions. Scary aint it??? Move over H.S.T.

steve

Wed, May. 19, 2004, 13:51

Shit; I just got an E Mail conferring that my next dental oppt. is on Wed. Aug. 18th. Looks like I gotta' tote dead Ivory for a while. Maybe the dude is in jail??!!!! Wow... well, anyway; the "Tooth Fairy" (who never showed) said that she will hook me up with a gal at the Community Campus who has some pull w/ low cost housing. I tried through normal channels and was put on a five (5) year waiting list. I dread in a way getting back on the NY streets as I now have a perspective on it that highlights every shit-bum as "Competition" for resourses, shelter and a warm place to shit. (ever see what 48 men can do to a table holding only 32 peanut butter sandwiches??... It aint pretty. Makes a Filine's basement one dollars sale look like a qualude convention. Speaking of the compitition, a woman with a bad back (and front) and an unitentifiable species of man damn near stomped me to get to the head of a three person (counting me) free food line at the Methodist church this a.m. (I took that as a sign). Competition in all walks of life. Damn! I gotta' find a sleepier town. (at least until August.) P.S. I suspect that the Rev. Lady in K.C. MO. may have researched the Digger web site and my cover may have been blown. (Lost more than one that way).. (ladies, I mean).... could it have been something that I said???!!!!!

steve

Wed, May. 19, 2004, 13:53

Later all; I gotta' run. (or swagger rather).....

steve

Thu, May. 20, 2004, 09:20

GINSBERG: Hey Hippyhistorian; as I said, he spelled it "HA" but pronounced it (verrry drawwwwn out as: "AAAAHHHHH". He told me that it just came naturally to him. I never saw the documentary in question (but he conveyed this to me around June of 1994.) I had just four walled a neat little apt. on Commonwealth Ave. and Exeter St. in Boston. There was a big time Zen Hangout; (I think the Tempura (chineess food??) Institute or some such thing around the corner which he was know to have haunted, but I seered clear of it and never walked in. We met and talked at the Public Library a few blooks from my place. One month later, I up and ran off with an ex girlfriend that I hadnt seen in 20 years I left everything there including several original pencil and pen and ink drawings that Alan had posed for. His only comment on my style was "Raised Eyebrows". Anyone who knew him would catch his drift. Hey Eileen; a new dentist sounds about right. Oh, I saw a Lorraine Day MD. interview on TV and her cancer studies are more than interesting. Lets see;... oh; NAKED PEOPLE??... man; Ive' got a NYC naked story thats unbelievable. Thats why I didnt' clue ya' all in on it last summer. Just un-fuckin' believable. Man; the stuff that just DONT make the 11:00 news!!!!

steve

Thu, May. 20, 2004, 09:33

Ya Eileen; the Reverend is a Moon Child for sure;.. my guess is that she either got the Digger drift and read up on some of the squirrel shit that Ive' been cranking out on this web site, or is just hunkered down with projects. She's a carpenter, plumber, electritian etc.. (which let the air out of my Mr. Man balloon real fast.) Then again; K.C. MO. is right on the storm belt and has gotten really slapped around with floods etc. She's on high ground up by the cliffs, but if I know her (and I do)... she's most likely involved w/ bailing folks out and/or packing sand bags etc. She's a real doer for sure. Hmm... speaking of astrology; the Sun is going into Gemini which means that Rena is most likely peaking. (no pun intended)...

steve

Thu, May. 20, 2004, 09:45

Mark; the name does not ring a bell; but I remember some photos of a group of Women (young and old) who were stripping in a balcony to protest some sort of ruling or some such. They were dressed real hokey (like menonities or somethin'... you know; flaired fish-tail ladies 1950's eye glasses etc).. anyway, it seemed like mostly women and no men???? sound about right???

steve

Thu, May. 20, 2004, 11:16

Hi Nik!! I will most likely get Inked down on West 4th and spend some nights at the table up in Hells Kitchen. I prefer to hang where Im' a minority (white American Male); rare breed in that neck O' the woods. Shit; dig this: I Just unwisely opened an E Mail from Mungo DeBastard sent from: mungoelvis_breastplate@yahoo.co.uk which dangled the promise of "Pic of Sponge(s) and others" The measage only read "Mirriam says Hi". I tried to open the attached zip file which came up with "NO VIRUS FOUND" but couldnt' seem to down load it. (????!!) Who is Mirriam???... whats with these Limies anyway????

steve

Thu, May. 20, 2004, 11:30

Hey Mungo; one strike. Yer' OUT! Fuck you Mirriam.

steve

Thu, May. 20, 2004, 11:43

Hey Mark; the photos that I refered to were from a book and may very well have been taken in the late 50's or early 60's judging from the square clothes, classes and rocket brassiers; dig? My comment on the subject was not in reference to any of Berg's stuff. Dig??? Cassady??.. the Bposter of him prowling w/ his bass strapped on and signature head-band round shades was a real Berkeley favorite that was in many windows and doorways. Remember???

steve

Thu, May. 20, 2004, 12:08

See you all in the a.m. or.. "Read" you all rather. (what was I thinking??).. Is it just me;.. or do I really connect here? (Its the singer; not the song). Happy Birthday Rena; hey does it hit around June 21st?? (Mucho "Sunshine" on Midsummer's day.) (no pun intended)...

steve

Thu, May. 20, 2004, 12:32

Hey; something has been eating me for a while; whats with the E Mail thing. Is an E Mail "account" FREE?... Mine was layed on me at the Peace Church way-back-then and I have never gotten any sort of bill, dig? Heres the thing. Im' in the procees of knockin' down the walls and getting back into the mainstream flow of society and as such want to drop the "Silent Steve" thing and give it back to the original Wheelers Ranch "Silent Steve" (who I never heard of untill running across him on their web site, long after I had "Created" the handle to suit my vocally challenged lot-in-life, dig?)... well; my bottom-line-question is this; Is the church footing the bill for my E Mail "account??"... see; I want to shift to a new E Mail and tighten up the hoop in an effort to keep the Parallel Universe Sucker-Punch Squad from blind-siding me. Whats the scoop on new E Mail "Accounts??" any fast answers would be cool, as I dont want to research it if I dont' have to. P.S. Hey; I drug that poor soul's name through enough cyber-space dirt, dig? Sorry Steve. Later.

steve

Thu, May. 20, 2004, 12:40

Hey Mark, take it from a man (me) whos' sittin' it out in a hotel room with "Nothin," as well as very low red blood cell counts (from masive bombardments of radiation poisoning)..... REJOICE!!!...REJOICE!!!! that drummer is now FREEEEEEEE!!!!!! Tell him that the DIGGERS are back. (and front)... Read me??!!... Hell; possessions? drums??.. shit; he can beat on anything at anytime. Think about it. Drums??... we dont' need no stinkin' drums!!....

steve

Thu, May. 20, 2004, 12:46

Thanx Mark. I will jump to a new one and then lay it on the fortunate few. See ya. P.S. I hear ya' Claude; its sickening. Whatta' ya' say folks??... Can you spell C-A-N-A-D-A?????.. (did I leave out an "N"????? Hey; I love all you fuckers.

steve

Fri, May. 21, 2004, 09:52

Wrong Cassady??.. (story of my life)... I was thinkin' J.A. (skimming has its down side)...Hey, speaking of down-sides; TV really pisses me off; I saw the folks (Code Pink) get kicked out for protesting Rumsfeld's Senatorial Dance Recital last week; and then not a word until last night when a very prominent Talk Show Host had a suit on who labeled Code Pink as professional protesters and un-American activists. Was one Code Pink Gal present to tell him to fuck off??... Hell no! That aint the way that the Bush Machine opperates. Dig, the Suit went on to add that although it is a crime to Impeed Senate Hearings etc. No one was arrested... and he thought that they should all be in jail. Arrested??... Hell no! That aint the Bush Machine's game. By arresting them it would have only spread the Code Pink name and folks would check em' out to get the REAL drift. This one-side name-calling sucks as much as the Puke Show hosts who conduct one-sided slam sessions. At the cost of sounding like a broken record (a one sided one at that); I was on a real peace dove trip in reference to volunteering as host to a hoard of Tibetan cultural capers at the Peace Church (until my Boydism conflicted with thier Buddism).. see fer' the most part they were young students who hadnt obtained the real life experience to hone and perfect thier personal "Ism" yet; (and as such were still heavily reliant on the "Big 'Z'").. anyway; the timing for my back-slide was right (as Rev. Hooper had just signed a Methodist plea for Bush to start acting like a Methodist and not a Nixonist, dig?)... OK; as a trustee, I helped slide the vote to give free space to wide variety of radical (and pasifist) Anti-War fanctions in NYC who were gearing up to UNITE into mucho affinity groups which comprised the A7 which morphed into the M27 (fertile ground for spawning of my Mutes For Peace mono-cell, dig?).. Im' getting off track...Ahhh... Oh; the trustees voted it in but were all rattled by the scene so I cut a deal with the Rev. that if he would four-wall the place to the tribes on the weekends I would provide my services as host and waive my hourly fee, dig??.. (me being the ONLY one in the congregation who didnt distance myself from reality)... anyway, those were the weekends that it was actually a FREE CHURCH dig??.. (and here I thought that I failed!)..Hmmm... anyway; the Rev. had scored high marks with the gang by getting busted and jailed w/ about 80 other clergymen at the UN, and he had made his point, kept his nose out of it and gave me Carte Blanch. So the sessions (after hours) went all night at times, after the kinks were ironed out. See, I started off with a BANG by representing my branch of Diggers and walked out on the original meeting (protesting a protest of a protest??).. when they kicked out the Press (while the FBI sat smuggly intrenched no doubt).. I wrote on my Maggna-Doodle "Your' excludivity really drags me", then gave em' all (hundreds) the finger and walked out. My saving grace was the fact that I cooled off the 86'd press out front with the first Magna-Doodle interview in history. They got thier story and left happy. OK, where was I?... Oh; things were up-hill from there and the Digger(s?) gained trust within some really heavy circles; (CODE PINK being one of them.. not heavy but very cute)... Bottom line?? My money is on CODE PINK. Check em' out on the web and get the OTHER side of the story, dig?. Steve Boyd, Digger Cub Reporter. Hey; I was planning to enter Bost via Salem to lay some "Boydzo" journalism on ya' in July (Democratic National Convention)... ah... when is the Republican circle jerk comming down??? (JUNE???)...

steve

Fri, May. 21, 2004, 09:55

I never met a Code Pink gal that I didnt like. Un-American??.. (if they are, Ide' like to get into some un-American activities myself!!... WOOF, WOOF!!!!

steve

Fri, May. 21, 2004, 10:26

Shit!.. that may have been the PINK BLOC who I hung out with and not Code Pink... go figure... but hey; everyone looks the same in pink. (seen one; ya' seen em all!)

steve

Fri, May. 21, 2004, 10:29

Im' queer for pink and fish-net stockings.... and the Pink Bloc "Girls" had both!!! wink, wink, nudge, nudge.

steve

Fri, May. 21, 2004, 11:03

Great!! maybe I can make both events. I plan on making Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas look like Good Times at Ridgemont High. The entire North Shore of Boston will be closed and tied up in by Bush's Republic Of Texas Homeland Security Agency in an all out effort to block the flow of American Democracy. (security??.. who's security??)...I plan on creating my own Digger credentials and comming off with a Three Stooges Type "PULL" instead of "PRESS" pass, dig?? Fuck Journalism Class.. I may opt to get a text book and do the opposite of what it lays down. Hmmm... no type writer, no note book, no tape recorder, just my brilliant mind. Damn; I miss activism, Buckley, Miz Nancy, the Super Human Crew and the M27 folks and most of all New York City. I must get back in step and feel the beat again. Steve Boyd, Cub Reporter. ... fuck it; make that Editor and Chief. Digger Com. Co. 21st Century. You are THERE!!!!

steve

Fri, May. 21, 2004, 11:26

(thats some Birthday suit)... hey; It must have been the "Real Girls" of Code Pink who I remember;.. if memory serves me; the Pink Bloc were a cross between the Cockettes and the Dallas Cowboy Cheer Leaders. (but that didnt make em' bad guys)..... they were very cool. Flashy but cool. God I miss the City. Oh, dig; I saw an old Charlie Rose interview with Lou Reed's gal. She is his wife as it turns out. Man, one in a million I tell ya. What a talent.

steve

Fri, May. 21, 2004, 11:28

Hey Eric; the Diggers now have a Communication Company: "ME". Dig???

steve

Fri, May. 21, 2004, 11:29

"DONT DREAM IT: BE IT." -Rocky Horror Picture Show.
steve

Fri, May. 21, 2004, 11:30

Its gonna' be one hell of a summer. I guarentee it.
steve

Fri, May. 21, 2004, 12:18

Yep Nik; Ive'(weve') seen that and done that. Hey Rena, remember when I escorted you that night to 6th Ave. wearing only pants and an open front blazer after our heavy chalk board session??? I think that you said .."Ah.. how about standing behind me" .. (after several empty cabs actually sped up as they passed us by). Hell; on the way back some locals actually tried to snort me. Man, West 4th was a real gas at night. I gave up the chalk board after that. P.S. Kids; when trying to flag down a taxi; wear a shirt and brush off all of the white chalk dust will ya'??? Hey Nicole; thanks fer' speaking my language. "The eyes have it". See ya' in the a.m.
steve

Fri, May. 21, 2004, 12:20

OK, OK,.. I miss Nicole. (who wouldnt?)... So hows the new work environment?... cool??....Hope so. If not; make it cool. Dig?
steve

Fri, May. 21, 2004, 13:44

Mark; I scarfed an eye-load on it and will delve into it in the a.m. but my gut feeling is this: "I AM an American: but I am NOT America". Think about it. Hey Mark; Its' great to see someone toss out a ball that we can all kick around abit. I like it, I like it. Hey; you fuckers' ready for one ballsy summer???... Lets DO IT!!!!!!!!!! D.F.F.D. STAND UP!!!!!!!!!!
steve

Sat, May. 22, 2004, 13:24

Eileen; remember the little cottage at Point Reyes Station that had the peacocks in the yard and on the roof???..
steve

Sat, May. 22, 2004, 13:33

Hey; you ladies stay tight and take care of yer' selves. If you dont; who will? Hey, I had the luck of stumbling onto a variety of National Geographic maps which show fault lines, prevailing winds, continental lakes, rivers, water drainage, seasonal tempratures, bio-regional facts and all sorts of

weird stuff in general that I may base THE BIG MOVE on. Im' looking at longitude and latitude in an all new light. Made take away the boundry lines and ya' come out of it with a bigger picture for sure.

steve

Sat, May. 22, 2004, 13:46

Final memo to Mungo DeBastard; Well, well,...yer' all-out attempt to get me side tracked by yer' silly E Mails in reference to Dr.Sponges' "Other" handles on this web site are as vapid, shallow, plastic and transparent as you are. Its not my concern. At this point It registers nill on the Digger Who-Gives-A-Fuck Meter. You are judged on Earth long before you are judged in Heaven. (makes more sence that way). P.S. Thanks for giving me the final nudge that I needed to get a new Address. England???... I shit bigger than England.

steve

Sat, May. 22, 2004, 14:38

Will do Sam. Hey,...ahh... Oh; I just (re)found my wings and as such Im' dropping the Digger standard (again?) and will fly full-tilt-boogie under the MUTES FOR PEACE banner. In as much as I may draw some very bad press (if any at all) this summer; I would like the Digger Thang' to stay traditionally annonymous. The Tee Shit thing was a bit much; but the fact that only Super Humans wore them was ...well; it balanced it all out. As for the unconditional love that my West Free Street crew beamed with, well...the 21st century NYC Retarded Branch of the Diggers was more than successfull.... we trully inherited a little piece of the earth, dig? Im' amazed to this day what was dropping all around us. It comforts and warms my heart. As far as embarking on the greatest adventure of my life in June; I fully expect to make my last entry on the two year aniversary on my first entry. I just dont know if it was two very short years in a long life or two very long years in a short life. I lack a frame of reference (free or otherwise)... as far as the "Diggers" who chose not to even contact or talk to me; well, it is what it is. Shit; there must be a gold mine of untapped speachless folk out there who can say more with thier eyes than the average theologin can with thier text books. High Time that they found a voice and spoke up. Hell; Im' their' man. Sorry for the bail out, but judging from the last dozen or so entries; Ide' have to say that the Healin' is all but done. Wheeeww! Im' over it... an' yer' all way ahead o' me... so; it's just about that time.. (though I left both my silver pocket watch and alarm clock in the mid west);.. Im' ready to wind and set somethin'... dig? Your's in TOGETHERNESS!!!! S.Robt. Boyd, M.F.P.F.F.M.F.P.

steve

Sat, May. 22, 2004, 15:13

Yep; May 2002 to May 2004 is/was the best two years of my life in this new century. 2000 to 2001???; well; thats another story. 50/50...hmmm.. balanced,... but at both extreems... ah... I gotta find middle ground. Get to the center of this pin wheel world of ours....yes; OURS'. Hey; this may seem odd; but when Sweet Lorraine told me on the phone that she never wanted to see me again (can do), It was as if a great weight was somehow lifted off of me. Very odd. I finally have closure. Although she will never know; I do thank her for that. Its the nicest thing that she ever said to me; in a twisted sort of way.

steve

Sat, May. 22, 2004, 15:26

Hell ya'... Moore is a house on fire; the "Roaring Zeros" are startin' to perk in a big way for sure. Hey Hammond; hows the script?.. Oh, I just picked up on the fact that Dana Dunnan has logged in. Way to go Dana. Get in on the mix will ya? Eileen; glad to see that you've built up some steam. Jag, where ya' at man? McMing; stick to the old ways.. they are like old friends; ("The Oldest are the best").. Ohio girl; .. ah.. I mean Fran, are you home yet? Please tap on site often and let it all out; the girls will hold thier' end of it up. It may get worse before it gets better. Its not WHAT you write; but THAT you write. Dont wilt on us, OK? Hey; lets get back to that Bio-regional and political stuff. There was some real goodies thrown out here by Mark and Claude, its a drag that everything whizzes by and gets lost between the cracks. Kick it around some more.

steve

Mon, May. 24, 2004, 10:29

MUTES FOR PEACE UPDATE. Mungo DeBastard aks Robie Robert aka Sprog aka Sponge etc. etc. E-mailed me and says that he's gonna' sook some Glasgwegian (??) Heavies on me if I "Threaten???" him or his ??? Family again(??!!)... Again??... well; anybody know what thats all about???... First off; I dont know him (nor want to) and If he has a family, I only feel pity and compassion for them. Sponge is playing real dirty now. Im' gonna just watch for a while. P.S. Again; if anyone gets a "Silent Steve" or "Steve Boyd" E Mail: DO NOT OPEN IT. (but if you do; please consider what may be the real source.. Dig???)

steve

Mon, May. 24, 2004, 11:11

Ah screw it... Im' just gonna' let down my guard and feel the love. How unknown hateful agents can rock my boat at this stage in the game is beyond me. Ive' delt with enough lunatics in my time... But these sickos are sane and thats what really eats my ass. They are totally sane. More than sane... (the worst form of sanity)...If they were "Tetched-In-The-Head" it would be one thing. But I know it for what it is: a very structured attempt to disrupt the connections and good will that the Digger Folk and the Nations' Family Of Free Thinkers are establishing here. They find that threatening somehow. Very threatening. They want to scatter the hoop. No doubt in my mind. In closing; FOCUS ON PEACE. M.F.P.

steve

Mon, May. 24, 2004, 11:16

Hey Nik: I missed his latest entries also; so I cant' comment. Please watch out and and follow my lead by perhaps changing or getting an alternate E MAIL address etc. Spooky aint it???? Do you smell a FED????

steve

Mon, May. 24, 2004, 11:45

I hear ya' McMing; hey; for the record, I never even replied to the latest onslaught of E Mail from "ROBR Trobie" and his English Invasion... so I dont really know where the "Threat to his Children" is coming from. Perhaps someone made remarks using my name. In any event; thats his problem. He also accused me of "Using ""REAL" Names" here on site which would put his family at risk, or some such.....(????) in reference to his Identity and somehow indicated alot of other rather puzzling stuff that was beyond me. He unsuccessfully tried to make me think that Spong was someone that I will not repeat. (as it is an obvious side-track). Must be the Ol' Curious trap that he's trying to bait. (wanting me to get to the bottom of it, dig?)... Well; better luck next time. Ive' always found that liars are very-very easy to deal with. (alot easier than truthful folk)...In closing; BETTER VIEW HIGHER UP.

steve

Mon, May. 24, 2004, 11:47

Actually; the fact that Im' even writing about it now is a small victory for their kind. Nuff Said???

steve

Mon, May. 24, 2004, 12:08

Hey Eileen; I will never be far. (far out maybe...)...Hey, I crave the wilds of the concrete jungle. The small town Day Dream is to damn dillusional/Illusional for me... no put-down; as its all what you make of it I guess. Hell; I spent six hours channel surfing when there is green grass and high tides all around me. My fear of becoming an arm chair spectator to life is frightening. Ive' got to get back out in the mix and live it. My dream of a yellow kitchen, salt and pepper 50's era naked Donna Reed wife with heels and an apron have all but crumbled. I must see it as it is; not as I wish it too be. "Im' goin' back to New York City, I do believe Ive' had enough" -B. Dylan

steve

Mon, May. 24, 2004, 12:09

If only I could relive that six hours.

steve

Mon, May. 24, 2004, 12:12

Ya Fran;.. you OK?

steve

Mon, May. 24, 2004, 12:42

BIG BROTHER AND THE HOLDING COMPANY: Will do Eric. Hey Nik; I remember when yer' contacts' cover was blown. Hope that his position wasnt' jeprodized. And I sure hope that you didnt loose the up to date happenings that he may have been kiting to you. Eye twitch??. whats yer' caffine intake. I havent had caffine for over two weeks myself. Hope everyone gets squared away w/ clean mail boxes.

steve

Mon, May. 24, 2004, 12:55

Hey Eric; In 20/20 hind-sight, the on going word war with the various Sponges (not counting Texans) who have infiltrated our tribe was made me some-what more ceribrally (if not spiritually) resilient. But then again; I always seemed to set myself up to be head-butted by the Parallel Universe Sucker-Punch Squad, while others among you did nothing to deserve it. My EGO was as such that I always thought that they were trying to Imped my momentum when on one of my many down-hill "Anti-Bush"/"Anti-War" snowballs which I was turning into an avillanch, dig? My take on it? They are definatly Pro Bush, Pro War. (not to mention Anti-Digger)...Dig??? Just my take on it.

steve

Mon, May. 24, 2004, 13:05

Hey Hammond; in reference to my up and comming M.F.P. "Boydzo Stand up Journalism" of the up-comming National Conventions; should I post the blow by blow action here, or give you an exclusive to edit via E Mail??.. my coverage may not be broad in scope but... hmm... I usually end with a twist...Hmm.. (scope in on broads??)... oh hell. I lost my momentum. Go figure.

steve

Mon, May. 24, 2004, 16:57

Things are really comming my way via the most amazing avenues. I will contact you all from Boston. Dont E Mail me (no body home). Until then.... "When it comes to Peace; Dont be Mute". P.S. I had a good line on www.opendebates.org but I cant seem to locate the site. Later all. Steve

steve

Tue, May. 25, 2004, 11:49

False start; no refund. Waiting to live out my rent until the 1st. Hammond; notes??... (what a concept!)... Will do!. Hey Eric; you are somewhere man, you are somewhere. Hmm.. E Mail address????... lay one on me pronto. Nic, Im' gonna blow down to NYC and then swing up to Boss-Town for the convention on the \$15.00 China Town bus shuttle. I may make connection with my Mafia wife (No. 3). Over and out. S.Boyd, M.F.P. Cub Reporter....ah;.. I mean Editor and Chief, Mute Free Press. Eric; email me at my old "S.S.B." Address. Cool??? P.S. Hey Nik; recieving decoy E Mails will most likely be the norm from here on out seeing as how the Sponge has been Eighty-Sixed and he seemed to have maybe had an unhealthy desire towards you. (just my take on it). Hope it dont' morph into cyber-stalking. Please watch yer' back. Later all. Ohio Girl; keep on keepin' on. (ah... ya' wanna trade brains???)... How about two for one???

steve

Tue, May. 25, 2004, 11:52

Well; looks like you folks have got me untill the first of June. Ahh.... whats new??? Anything??

steve

Tue, May. 25, 2004, 12:16

Hmmm... no news is good news. See ya' all in the a.m. Thanks again fer' the E Mail offer Eric. This time around its a go.

steve

Wed, May. 26, 2004, 12:32

Eric; I answered yer' E Mail and layed the name on ya'. Will I need a pass word??... If so, please advise. On a more personal note; I just recieved the saddest news that requires me to seek solitude to heal for a while (a life time?)... anyway, its not death of life; but death of love; not murder or assasination, but rather a lovers leap. Dont Inquire or give the ol' "sorry" thing. No pity partys please. I will endure. See you all again when the Ol' Steve hits the side walk runnin' like a cartoon cat. Later all.

steve

Wed, May. 26, 2004, 12:52

In a word: "ENDURE".. did I spell that right????

steve

Wed, May. 26, 2004, 13:07

In an all-out attempt to sepearate feelings from emotions, Hampton N.H. is still a ghost town in so many ways,..... the various homes and apts. where I once nested with my branch of the Boyd clan, as well as my many visits and reunions over the years..... my daughter's name scrawled in the cement side walk down town,.... the old granite hitching post that had an ancient childs marble jambed into the drilled hole that once held an iron ring; (my son made local history as a youth by freeing that good-luck marble). In the final annalysis I will walk away from the Sea Coast as I originally entered it: on two good legs. I sincerely hope and prey that you all fare as well on your' sepearate journeys.

steve

Fri, May. 28, 2004, 12:32

Cheryl Lynne; Its me Steve, remember?.. I was the most forgettable teen ager in Amerika. Once upon a time we shared space in the universe at Olema Ranch during the end of the 1970 season. You were always "Sherry" to me and being an aspiring underground artist, I drew more than a few pictures of you at that time. We shared one more thing; we were both rather shy. (which was definatly not a plus in that environment)... You often let me wear yer' Indian mocosin house slippers. I think that you were crashing in the barn with yer' folks at that time, but I respected boundries and only ventured there when J.P. needed something from his "Work Bench"... (ahh.. I think that there was a bench under all that stuff)... anyway...at that time yer' Mom was always soft spoken and heavily into writting in her note books and seemed so gently introspective. She had such a nice manner. I cant say if she was keeping a journal or doing the poetry thing. Your sister was staying in the shed and seemed very grounded and happy. I dug yer' Dad and was his No. One Go-Getter when we set up his Olema Ranch flee market. It was during the clean-up and things were winding

down. The first Flea Market I remember you wrote the word Psychadelic on the the fence rail with a piece of chalk. I decided to sell or trade my black german helmet and hung it on the fence post above it. In a way, it was art. Speaking of which, your' Dads "Junk" sculptures were so far out. Lady; your' Dad was proud of you girls. He told me that a few years earlier you were both flower girls at the Death of Hippie Parade. Cool! Dig; I only knew your' brother as "Owl". I didnt' meet him until the Black Bear road trip later that year. We spent lots of time together. I was the human guinee pig who took the test run (test flight) on his scooter. (long story). Owl always seemed to Pop up... rather than come and go. In closing; the last time that I saw you was at a camp fire one night at B.B.R. I was tripping with Julio, (longer story).. You tapped me on the arm and said "Look; thier' screwin'" ... I gazed over to the left and sure enough saw four arms and four legs! Man, talk about prime time T.V!! Keep up the writting. Owl?.. I feel that he's in very good company. I will look him up when I make it. All my best to you and your's. Take care.

steve

Fri, May. 28, 2004, 16:38

Cheryl Lynne; you sure seem to be on top of things. Hey; I looked up to yer' Dad, along with so many "Older" Olema men (late 20's early 30's' Ha, ha!!)...well, they seemed old then didnt they??..Hey Nik; I love me too!!... Oh, ahh... my plans are changing as I speak... ahh...Hey; when is the West Coast get-together?? in June??? Alot gets by me.

steve

Fri, May. 28, 2004, 16:44

Closing time;... gotta' run.

steve

Sat, May. 29, 2004, 11:41

HANGING OUT WITH AUNT JAMMIMA. As a kid, both my folks worked and as such I was farmed out to babysitters and as my brother had already started school; we were also seperated. Being a sensitive kid, I would hold my breath, turn purple and fall straight back and slam my head on the kitchen floor everytime Mom would leave (so they tell me)... I was too young to remember... Apparently; It was an endless cycle of rejection, anger and detachment; (in my young mind). Looking back on it, I blammed Mom; for as I grew older, I realized that in our newly built Flint Michigan neighborhood of GI tract 1950's GMC shop worker cookie-cutter cloned homes, everyone's Mom was a house wife but mine. That in it self emotionally distanced me and Mom from the get go and she was hostile to me for causing friction between her and my "Sitters"; as I didnt fare well with any of my keepers except a thin black (bronze) woman named Matty. I had my first real cup of coffee with Matty. Her baby sitting style consisted of her just doing her thing and me just hanging out at her kitchen table. I cant say that we talked much. Just hung out. I sat there like the little man of the house drinking coffe and fine tuning the radio while she would putter around doing dishes and cooking what I later learned was "Soul Food". Life was getting good. Real good. The last Image of her that I recall in my mind was that of her standing outside on a summer night at the top of a wooden stairway at the dead end of a row of dull grey structures. I was in the car and car while Matty recieved her final payment. She didnt wave. Either did I. She just stood in the doorway at the top of the stairs with a flood of yellow light silloeting her figure. She had her

turban around her head and her long colorful robe on. She appeared to be an exotic version of the Maxwell House Coffee Arabian printed on the blue can of that era. ("our" brand). OK; where does Aunt Jammima fit in??...Well, Matty was all but lost from memory until one day Mom took me to an AStore where they had a display table set up with a griddle that featured "Aunt Jamima" cooking silver-dollar pancakes. I had more than a few and couldnt take my eyes off of her. I naturally thought that she was the real McCoy as I do believe she was the lady in the T.V. commercials, and actually asked her if she knew matty. (small world??)... well, she didnt, but Mom was amazed that I could even remember Matty. Ok.. fast forward about 45 years; Dig; I saw a T.V. special about the history of Aunt Jamima products and the lady in question was featured just as I remembered her. It seems that she toured nation wide in the 50's and in fact cooked millions of sample pancakes. Anyone else out there "Hang Out" with Aunt Jamima???... or Matty for that matter?.....

steve

Sat, May. 29, 2004, 12:01

COME DOWN, COME DOWN FROM YOUR' IVORY TOWER. Yep; two-tone Charcoal satin and pink Plymouths, second-hand smoke from Chesterfields, screen doors, the smell of corn bread, beans and butter, tuning in the radio and sipping percolated Maxwell House. Ah; those were the days. Hey, Im' gonna' run. Have a safe Memorial day... and many more.

steve

Sat, May. 29, 2004, 12:03

Welcome Birdi. "Feel Free".

steve

Wed, Jun. 02, 2004, 11:35

Hey Lancescape; the two tone may have very well been a Dodge and not a Plymouth;.... and the coffee brand was most likely Hills Brothers and Matty's name may have been Manny or Mandy. Ive' given new names to things all of my life. Hell; I even fine tuned my extensive vocabulary down to two words at one point; "Studebaker and Roast Beef"... man, talk about a pissed-off school teacher. I was labled "Emotionaly Imature" or some such thing... I did however put on shows for my class mates and as such, they didnt call me "Stevie" they called me "Tee Vee". But as for the real world,...Ol' Aunt Jamima was as real as it got. Hey Travis, Its a new year; lets keep the hatchet buried shall we?.... Oh Mark; Im' dug in up in Ol' New England and may stay entrenched as I heal from a Dear John letter that change my known universe. My advice?... beware of unconditional love, as It may have dead lines and penalties for non conformance in reference to tardieness and punctuality. (but you knew that).... In 20/20 hind-sight, I thought only of myself.... (but you knew that also).... Have a good June all. Hey, check out that Crazy Moon will ya???....

steve

Wed, Jun. 02, 2004, 13:52

BACK TO THE FUTURE. Hey Travis; Three Black Stars it is!... Hmm.. I feel a tattoo comming on. Hey, speaking of methane, the Red Haired cat at Olema who turned me on to his concept drawings of a post apotholiptic long range road Mother Ship shuttle may have indicated

that it would run on Methane; or some such. Anyway, this fart mobile was one wild rig. Then again; I remember that he said that it could be re-fueled in transit without stopping, (so I assume that it may very well have been Gasoline via droid pumping vehicles)... but that alone (approx. 8 lbs. per gallon) would have been one hell of a payload in itself, which would have defeated the purpose (fuel economy wise) of M.P.G. dig??... Later, when I saw the film Mad Max, I flashed on you crazy fuckers doin' two-eighty with the dogs, wild women and no where to go but wild. Damn. Hey Eileen; it aint her, it's the times. Its taking its toll world wide. (I think)... Hey; who am I to say???

steve

Wed, Jun. 02, 2004, 14:11

THE POSTMAN RINGS TWICE. Hey Eric; this a.m. I deleted over 130 Viagra E Mails on my old address. (heavy week-end??)...I cant take it. Can I tap into the Digger mail bag while logged on here???... Does the fact that Im' at a Public Library have anything to do w/ it? I Will try the avenues that you originally suggested again.

steve

Wed, Jun. 02, 2004, 14:20

Eric; I just got into Pegasus. No sweat. Hey Eileen, July 5th. 1952 at 6:07 a.m. E.S.T. in Flint Michigan, (it may have been a Saturday)...hey, just my luck; Im' crashing in one of many local "Motor Inns" that was bought up by the Talaban,...well, thier from Syria or Afganastan I think... anyway;...great folks,.. really great. They have a very relaxed opperational procedure... a cross between the Bates Motel and Faulty Towers. As far as giving up creative writting for creative living; hell: Ive' got the best of both worlds. Gotta' check the mail. steve@diggers.org

steve

Wed, Jun. 02, 2004, 14:22

Shit!... I just gave it to the world!... DUCK!!!... VIAGRA INCOMMING!!!!!!

steve

Wed, Jun. 02, 2004, 14:30

hell; Pegasus and Netscape just seem to be pushing thier' mail services. I cant crack into them. Any leads????

steve

Wed, Jun. 02, 2004, 14:35

Same with Eudora; all sales pitch and no way to enter. What gives????

steve

Wed, Jun. 02, 2004, 14:36

I log onto Hotmail and BANG! Im' in. So whats the difference?

steve

Wed, Jun. 02, 2004, 14:47

Oh Mark; Nor. Cal. in mid June??... Its' in I CHING's hands not mine. Will take it under advise-ment; but its already indicated to should just let the world do the moving as I build up inner strength this month. A vacation from a vacation from a vacation from a vacation....(Ive' lost track) How the hell did Bhudda pull it off???.....and did they make Hawian shirts back then????

steve

Wed, Jun. 02, 2004, 15:16

Eric; I got through from hitting it from here, but this computer will not give access to URL stuff etc. Example, if I type,... Oh hell, its a long story... bottom line; the only way that I can even get to the Digger web site at all is to just type the word diggers. Man, that Digger mail thing is a mutha' to try to dealeat the spam that Ive' already gotten. Mark, I returned yer' message. Whats with deleting messages???...It says that you must open them to delete them. Whats with that???. I dont open weird, unsolisited stuff. Any way to beat that????

steve

Wed, Jun. 02, 2004, 15:24

Ive' got 16 unwanted sales hype E Mails. Do I really have to open them to delete them?????? I dont want a full time job! (am I being a bit demanding???)....Hey Nik; as it stands; in the a.m. I may pay for a day, a week, or the full month. Cant say when our paths will cross. Damn, seems like only yesterday.

steve

Wed, Jun. 02, 2004, 15:29

706 post later... broken tailgate?.. thats a sign. Bingo; I just tapped into it from the outside; see, I was typing <http://mail.diggers.org> with no luck. I then tried just typing mail.diggers.org and got right in. Boy am I dumb.

steve

Wed, Jun. 02, 2004, 15:41

Well... I deleted them all by trashing them ... (I think thats how I did it anyway).... It will come to me in time. See ya' all in the a.m. P.S. Eileen; you makin' a voo-doo doll, or what??? Hey, how about a Bush Voo-Doo rug??.. we could all wipe our' feet on it. But no shit; a second term means go north young man, go north. This is all too much. So whats with the weather anyway?

steve

Fri, Jun. 04, 2004, 12:07

Hammond; ...how many tattoos???... ahh... what time is it now??...hmmm... well,... its a draw between too many and not enough. You know; kinda' like one fella looking at a shot glass of whiskie and thinking that its half full and another fella looking at it and thinking that its half empty

and me looking at it and thinking that these two fellas are both out of luck and in about two seconds Im' gonna' need another drink. Dig? Hey Mother Witch;... how do Joe's brother and I fare in the great cosmos.... a bit better in the here-after than here I Imagine???? City driving in the snowy Northern climes?... give me a 1967 Saab wagon made in Trollhatten Sweden by trolls. High seats, pop-out windshield, front wheel drive, four on the tree, manual choke. Hell, mash a front fender in??? Tear off a sturdy fence rail and wedge it back out. Bottom line?... Iron Men and steel cars. Country driving in Southern climes? Hmmm... any 1980's era Toyota/Nissan pick up truck. Hey, On the local front, I used my Boydist Philosophy (all the intrigue of a spy thriller) to get Winter rates all summer at the Taliban Motor Lodge, but hedged my bet by only booking until June 16th. At this stage of the journey one month is too much to commit to. Hey Joe, give her my best will ya'?. Later all. P.S. Hey Donna, this may sound like an odd question; and please dont take it the wrong way, but are the "True Stories" published in "True Stories" actually "TRUE"???? (wow; that rated four question marks)....

steve

Fri, Jun. 04, 2004, 12:24

Wow Mark!!!.. never thought Ide' say this, but THOSE WHITE WALLS REALLY MAKE IT!!! Hmm... ever think of boosting it up a few inches??... (low looks slow). But no shit, thats real parade material. Hey, as far as my advise about punching out one set of lights on each side to route air intake ducts, it would be a sin. God thats lovely. (if you ever re-paint in a non-stock hue, you may consider the early 60's era Oldsmobile cream color). Hey Nik, remember the Womens Detention Facility in the Village??? They wrote poems about it.

steve

Fri, Jun. 04, 2004, 12:33

Hey Eileen; hmmm...a loose nut behind the steering wheel?? Ha, ha, ha....hmm.. details, details... hey mark, if you photograph the 65' with all of the windows rolled down you will achieve the full effect of the "No post" design. Dig?... there wont be any vertical chrome window trim showing to break up the flowing roof lines.

steve

Fri, Jun. 04, 2004, 12:42

Mark, the full chrome trim and refrigerator white is perfect for the Wolf in Sheep's clothing angle, but if you ever go full tilt muscle on it you may also consider passing on the strapped cotter pin hood clamps (unless you go the fiber-glass rout with a one piece forward tilt front end) and just to re-hinge the hood to pop open at the rear (like the 58' Fairlane). Yer' Ford is lower than stock, right?

steve

Fri, Jun. 04, 2004, 13:05

Hey Tavis, hey Claude,.. back in 1980 I spent some high quality time in Amsterdam as the guest of the American ex-patriots Charles and Cathy Holland. Charles was very well known in the States as the Black Othello. (we was in fact a real black cat; Cathy was a white red-head). They

raised a fine son. Anyway, during one of our nightly gin fueled rap sessions I remember Cathy saying that they housed some of the Rainbow People (Warriors of the Rainbow??)... who crashed at thier place before teaming up with the Green Peace folks or some such. Ring any bells. I got the distinct Impression that the group in question were more than just crusties eating out of dumpsters. Now, myself, I was invited to a R.B. "Family" gathing in Upstate N.Y. while at the Peace Church, but I considered the source and passed. Word of mouth is the best advertizing, but man, what a mouth! Dig? This 21st century fansion gave hippies a bad name. Dig?

steve

Fri, Jun. 04, 2004, 13:48

Wardrobe Dept. Hey, In addition to my pants, shirt and rain slicker, Ive' actually accessorized; I now have a bandana (to cover the hole in my neck). Ive' all but shunned them since the early 70's when the color and placement was seen as an "Indicator" dig? Well, its a wonerfull thing. Pick a few. As any sadle tramp will tell ya'; they are great for: masking from sun, wind and dust. Strainer for muddy water and coffee. Sweat band. Gun cleaner. Hey; it makes me wonder: If Kirk Douglas was really in character as bonified "Cowboy" would'nt he have used his bandana to blindfold his spooky horse in the film "Lonely are the brave"???... (think about it)...Ahh... arm sling, bandage, turnaquet strap,(binding for a splint), hat tie-down, food fly cover, cold ear warmer, mitten wrap, hot pad, cold pack, dish towel, makeshift belt. Trail marker, lunch wrap (hobo bag), tote for cow chips (fuel). Sadle bag liners, signal flag, wash cloth, feed bag, (large bandana).. gate latch, wound compress, muzzle, diaper (that'll be the day)... hat band liner, shoofly to hang on the bridle, painter's canvas.. (Chas Russle painted on more than a few)... Hmmm... wanna' add to the list?... (come on, lets keep it clean)...

steve

Sat, Jun. 05, 2004, 11:19

WHAT TIME IS IT KIDS????!!...ahh,... how about this one?.. HE RODE A FIREY HORSE FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT!!!!...hmm.. Oh Donna, Im' mixing you up with Ohio Girl (Fran).. she writes "True Stories".. (I think)... Ah, soft ware??..I was at one time a high grade certified solderer at a computer factory up here in N.H.(pre-wave Dept.). Ahh..hey Nik, I left out the table cloth and napkins on purpose (Macho Thang').. hmm...Damn I miss living with cats..(ya, we live with them; they dont' live with us)...Ahh... Hey, on the way down to the Library this a.m. I passed a very large stuffed Grizzly bear (not a brown bear) a HUGE Grizzly. He was mounted standing on all fours on an elaborate slat platform in the parking lot of a local antique dealer. I took time to pet him and admire his claws. OK, dig this, the very first book that I laid my eyes on when I checked out the free book rack was a book on Grizzly Bears. Makes me wonder. In fact Im' filled with wonderment... filled I tell ya.

steve

Sat, Jun. 05, 2004, 11:23

Hey Mark; its come-as-you-are right? (or rather; come-as-I-am.) Check in Monday with you all, Im' off to see the wizard.

steve

Mon, Jun. 07, 2004, 10:59

TRUE STORIES!!!!...Hey; lots of great input! Well... I did get back to the Taliban Motor Lodge without getting bit on the ass by a Bear; but dig this; when I awoke from my nap, I turned on the tube and the first news report that I saw was Ronald's passing which also pictured the California State Flag. (Bear and all). Im' sure that thousands of Ex Traffic Controllers threw one hell of a party. Hey,.. if Joseph Campbell had been required reading in the fifth grade, my journey would have been smooth sailing. The library is still my second home. BOOKS??.. check this one out: "THE EXCEPTION TO THE RULERS" Co-Authored by our Amy Goodman. It made me rethink my stance as a cub journalist. I cant do it. I would (could) NEVER be fair or balanced. I would merely be mirroring the slam-sheet bile that I detest. Dig?... so, its back to square one: dump creative writting and take up creative living. But not before I walk over to her NYC China Town Fire Station and request a "Written" Interview for the Free Mute Press. Hey, Patman, thanks for the insight into Rainbowism. Another miss-understood clan. I can say this about one that I met while sheltering from rain beneath a bridge while camping in Riverside park last year. I offered a self proclaimed Rainbow cat a wad of money and he flatly refused it. Said he didnt use it. (and looked the part). In as much as Clyde and I were getting to most of the fresh top layer trash ahead of the horde; I observed his route and steered clear of his pickins'. (rules of the road)...(MY road). Well, Sam; Im' gonna' pass on the June Pow-Wow because my son swung by yesterday and offered me his digs in a nieghboring village. Im' good untill July 1st and will have half of my June bank roll as a grubsteak. I may do the NYC parks again in order to free-up and sort myself out in an effort to orient myself in the cosmos. (Earth is such a shitty reference point)... Oh how I miss the stars as a blanket. Ive' been more than tempted to sleep in the local grave yard but dont want to spark a scandle. Hmm.. NYC,.. Riverside Park...I may likely score a Clyde Clone for the summer. That was one sweet two wheeler. PEDDLE POWER. DIGGERS WELCOME RAINBOWS!!!

steve

Mon, Jun. 07, 2004, 11:52

SOLD!!! I will fly out on or near the first of July. Hell; the world is my park. Dont worry about my connection. It will be a natural one Im' sure. I may see if Bella is still in the flower Biz. on Castro Street and seek out the more notorious tea-roomers such as Malcolm Warren. Once Im' firmly established I will drop by etc. Until then I plan on trusting my instincts, getting plenty of rest, maintaining a healthy diet, staying organized and calm, standing my ground and sticking to my beliefs. (not bad for the most un-together man in America!)... Thanks for planting the seed Sam. Talk to you all in the a.m.

steve

Mon, Jun. 07, 2004, 12:56

Mother witch; It gets better!!.. I just returned to my lonely room and had mixed some Liquid Ensure, powdered milk and a butter roll into some sweet Mute Mush and was contemplating a Frisco Chapter of Mutes For Peace/Mute Free Press and was pondering the signs as-to the "Bear=California" connection. I then turned on the tube and a show called the Granite State Challenge was on. (two rival highshool teams answering questions for points). OK: the first three

catagories were: Animals, The Alamo, or Couples. The team that was up picked Animals. The MC then asked a question in reference to a BEAR roaring! I flew out of there and almost ran back here. P.S. Make that Bear + Bear + Bear + Bear. Bottom line???...California here I come.
steve

Mon, Jun. 07, 2004, 12:58

Talk to ya' all in the a.m.
steve

Tue, Jun. 08, 2004, 12:38

Smoke horse shit???...Ah;.. well, I started out by firing up pissy Hampster saw-dust shavings in a plastic Pop Eye bubble pipe; so who am I to judge? Smoke if ya' got em'. OK, now; OPEN LETTER TO THE SPIRIT GUIDES: I looked for Bears all the way here and NONE. Figuring that the signs had been all but to kind, and having picked up on the calling, I naturally put it out of my mind...dig?. OK, I get to the library and find that every computer was being used (limit: 15 Min. at a time), so I did my best James Dean against a book rack. The first book that caught my eye was about Great British Novels or some such and then second book was titled THE BEAR WENT OVER THE MOUNTAIN. At this point the amazement factor is down to a dull throb, but I feel that the sign of the Bear has gone from extreme to ridiculous,... Great Spirits:.. I HEAR YA', I HEAR YA'. OK??? Bear + Bear + Bear + Bear + Bear = Enough already! P.S. Hey Eric; how about that! This may be the dawn of the Digger Web Site becomming Spirit friendly. Think about it? Combined consciousness etc. I have had subtle hints of it off and on from time to time. Open yer' minds folks. In any event: DIGGERS WELCOME SPIRITS! (no need to log in. Ha, Ha,..)
steve

Tue, Jun. 08, 2004, 13:48

JIVE BIRDS. Hey, McMING; as a kid growing up in Michigan, I use to play alone in a large orchard. I wore nothing but pants and I carried a hand carved apple wood knife in my waist band. I perfected my "Disapearing" stratagy; I would be there one minute and the next would find me on my belly in the shade and cool dirt of the corn row that bordered the west end. My scouts were an odd variety of bird (drab brown, but larger than a sparrow). At first I mimed their simple two-tone chirp, which was similar to a Bob-White, but as time went and I became their playmate of sorts they naturally stopped attempting to give away my position. Over the course of that magic summer they changed their tune and copied my answering call which consisted of a drawn out high-low two-tone note followed by a long warble which slowly rose into a high note. (using my finger to flutter my lips). Any Bird watchers out there care to comment?... or Indians for that matter??
steve

Tue, Jun. 08, 2004, 13:53

Looking back on it... I was a Chief unaware. I had a tribe. What a warm feeling. Clan of the birds. Oh, Im' drifting now. If only it was that simple. Well, Ive' got a cheese-eating teen ager looking over and reading my screen. Im' signing off. (the kids these days).....
steve

Thu, Jun. 10, 2004, 13:28

(thats easy for you to say)...ha, ha,... but really, after being deprived of one of the senses, Ive gathered that it is in itself a form of new found freedom. (if computers didnt exist I wouldnt be constantly showing my ass to the free world... dig? Off hand, I feel that our eyes block us (for the most part) from truly seeing, and that our voices keep us from truly speaking. Likewise our ears block out a lot as well. That being said; it goes without saying (no pun intended) that our senses are merely doors that we must use to open. Not to merely remain within and peer outwardly, but to escape through and peer inwardly from the outside looking in. Oh; the body???... DONT LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT!!! More later.

steve

Thu, Jun. 10, 2004, 15:04

As a child I had the ability to render myself invisible. No shit. While playing hide-and-seek I would merely squat into a fetal position and close my eyes tightly. It was only when I opened them that the world around me would come flooding in. This course of action would naturally get my ass tagged "IT" every other time. They got a real laugh upon demanding an accounting of my odd actions. Now in more primitive times it most likely boiled down to the visible and the dead; (as saber-toothed-tigers no doubt grew fat on "Invisible Children". But that was a learning curb along with "Dont stick yer' foot in the Dinosaurs' mouth"... ah... where was I?... Oh, my cloak of invisibility was not taught to me, but conceived in my young mind. And that being said was a somewhat magical aspect of my reality. I lost the "Power" so to speak when the other children reinforced "Their" reality on me. Hell; if no one had bummed me out with truth, my nick-name would have been Invisible Steve. To answer yer' question Eileen; I feel that J.C. nailed it in the ass when he supposedly said something to the effect; "In between the Soul and the Spirit lies the Mind... It's all in the Mind." Celine also touched upon getting to the other side by merely closing yer' eyes. "See" you all in the a.m.

steve

Fri, Jun. 11, 2004, 13:00

Invisible Ray, Berkeley Micky Mouse blotter Acid, and the concert that I passed on. The Agency crew told me that Sister Aretha was at the Carousel Ballroom that night. I was invited. I passed. Next day they were all still high. Said that she had warmly received Ray Charles on stage that night and the show had been taped for an upcoming live album. It was a nut house. Another none-memory for me, in a long line of live performances that I missed out of pure laziness (haziness)... (the Derrick and the Dominoes live album show being the real-kick-in-the-ass). At that point they were all starting to wonder about me. Oh well... I imagine that I could still pick up a CD of the event and just close my eyes. Ya... just close my eyes. "Talk" to ya all in the a.m. Later Ray. (catch ya' next time)...

steve

Sat, Jun. 12, 2004, 11:39

Nik, Im' gonna' celebrate my Birth Day in S.Cal. I will fly out to LAX from NYC after picking up three months of backed up snail mail and a fast session with McEvil Von Rippen.. Gonna' knock around West Hollywood for a spell. Coincidentally Ive' seen a few of my one-time-use-to-be's on prime time interviews, commercials and bit-parts on T.V. The years have been kind. Dont know how long that I can stand the flat land of tinsle and burning eyes,...my smog-filled lungs may need to recover up north long before the end of the season... will play it by ear. P.S. Hey Mungo; in reference to yer' E Mail question; .. ahh... Im' shakin' all over. Fact is,...I think Ill' hide under the bed. (nice try)... glad to know that Im' not out of the parallel universe sucker-punch squads' minds,... ahh.. did I say minds???? Hey, why not contact me here??...scared???...Oh ya,.. I forgot,... you are not who I think that you are... (I keep forgetting)... wink, wink, nudge, nudge.... See you all in the a.m. (well,.. not all)...

steve

Sat, Jun. 12, 2004, 11:58

Hey Uncle Ronnie; nice suit... ahh.. no pockets???.....Hey; what if God turns out to be an Air Traffic Controler??.... Uh OH!!!!.....(Heaven is one Union that ya' cant bust).... think about it.

steve

Sat, Jun. 12, 2004, 15:51

Damn!!.. I have no right to feel this good!.. oh; a.m.??.. well; its a.m. somewhere... hell, its a.m. in alot of places. Feelin' frisky to get goin' again. This Taliban Motor Lodge life is all too cushy. The proprietors' wife checked in on me this morning (said that they hadnt' seen me yesterday)... nice feeling being "Checked In On" but in as much as Im' still within Lorraine's jurisdiction, the motel staff may be on her payroll. Got my hair cut real short and trimmed the Ol' tickler into a Lakers' Coach Jackson Zen muff. Hey, what about those Pistons??... screw Detroit. Hey Mark, Dagmar may still be in Santa Barbara.... dont know. The last I heard of Redondo Don, he had dropped the midget lady and had impregnated a young lesbian. They were bound to be wed. One night Rodney said "Hey Steve, check this out!"... being up to adventure (L.A. does that to me) I crawled on all fours behind him into the guest room where he turned on his flash light, lifted the covers off of Don's sleeping fiance and closley examined her pussy. His head blocked my view for the most part,.. I got bored and crawled back out. (of the room that is)...It was all too Charles Mansonish for my blood. That Rod was a real card. Last I heard he had also married and was pushing a working script of "A Brief And Stolen Life" which I had done a loose story board on back in 79'. Seems that a studio was interested. Going to also canvas Beverly Hills. Perhaps Flo is still alive up on San Yesidro. That was the good life. Fred Astair lived down near the bottom of the hill and Raquel Welsh was on the other side below Pickfair as I remember. Perhaps Ernest is still at the Numbers. Hey,..picture this; one night I bought over 200 lbs. of bagged ice cubes at Ralphs Market. (Thats L.A. for ya')...now wheres my dark glasses??....

steve

Sat, Jun. 12, 2004, 16:01

In old Hollywood I lived on North Gordon and also Fountain Ave. In West Hollywood I lived on Kings Row and also Orlando. In B.H. In lived near the top of San Yisidro. In Santa Monica I lived in

Dagmar's VW camper. I screwed her standing up at the museum out there once. It was the closest that ever really got to performance art. (thought that I would just throw that in there)... (its all part of feeling good)... remember??? wow, hey...almost 730 entries... is that healthy??...

steve

Wed, Jun. 16, 2004, 10:07

SO.CAL.???... Hell NO!!!;... the signs are everywhere. (just gotta' know how to read em')...Dig this: No.1 They are now questioning the "Seperation of Church and State" issue in reference to "The City of Los Angeles" (city of the Angeles). No.2 The LA Lakers got totally tromped. No.3 An ocean earth quake hit off the coast south west of the City. Bottom line??... I left my harp in Sam Clams disco. (you know what I mean). Its the dock of the bay for this boy. Will not come knocking with my hat in my hand. Will contact you all when I recover from orbital burn and get established. Ahh.. whats the fashion in S.F. these days? Clothing optional??...(oh;.. thats Hawaii). P.S. hey Rena, its July the 5th. I turn 52 (and Im' liking it also). Later all. P.S.S. Happy Trails Claude. P.S.S.S. Hey I once saw a photo of the striped down 50's style Norton that one of the Rt. 66 fellas had owned. Some thrill-seeking freak bought it and road it off of a very high cliff (in a parachutte stunt) and let it crash. Weird.

steve

Wed, Jun. 16, 2004, 11:04

Thanks Mark, thanks Nik. Hey,...I just listened to the book. (I Ching) and it indicates that I may have zigged and not zagged; or beter but: Yined and not yanged. (its a Macrocosm vs. Microcosm thang')... anyway, it snubbs flying to S.F. and seems hot that I should bus to L.A. (???). Maybe travel agents should offer an I Ching travel brochure. A kind of cosmic taxi service. Anyway... S.F. was always known as the Los Angeles recovery ward. I will use my instincts on this one. In any event; wheres my banjo???... Later all.

steve

Wed, Jun. 16, 2004, 11:31

Right here silly... Oh; I get it. Ah.. Im' at the Hampton New Hampshire public library... and dig; I just walked over to the free book bin and picked up a magazine (the sail boat on the cover caught my eye) and get this; the boats name is Elizabeth Muir (home port San Fransisco). I gotta' wonder... maybe I should send a copy of the I Ching via bus to So.Cal. and just fly to Nor. Cal. Hey; for an uncomplicated life; I sure am making it jaggy.

steve

Wed, Jun. 16, 2004, 11:37

Making the name "Los Angeles" a seperation of church and state issue!!!!.... who are those people???

steve

Wed, Jun. 16, 2004, 11:58

I Ching schmi-shing. Hey Mark; this computer is loading slow etc. and I seem to be getting hung up on the E Mail thing. The digger one seems very tempromental etc. In answer to the call and the cause: Fuck it. I will fly out of Boston with my ready-cash-in-hand account within the the next couple of days. We can get her moved in high style. (I was with North American Van Lines back in 79'). P.S.(Talkin' dont get it done... gettin' it done gets it done). Oh... as to Mr. I ching;... a book?... I am a book!

steve

Wed, Jun. 16, 2004, 12:35

Hey Jennifer; did you ever know Mrs. Blackmore who wrote for a local paper in Willits for years??... I had the times of my life in L.A. with her son Rod back in the mid 70's. She had some daughters also. Rod's nephuew emptied a six shooter into a party goer back in 1980. Ring any bells? Hey mark, run the dates by me again. Fear not: I will get to yer' place in a timely fashion and organically arrange myself at the positivists' banquet as the center piece. (who would ever know)...P.S.My ESP style hitch hicking abillity is uncanny to this very day... hell, yer' mother-in law may drop me off at the door. Word of the day??.. organization within diversity. See you all at the table.

steve

Wed, Jun. 16, 2004, 12:51

Mark; Im' gonna' go with my ready-cash-in-hand. I only shot half the wad at the Taliban Motor Lodge and was living on food pantry powdered milk, Ensure and raw eggs. The second party frequent flyer mile thing might draw suspision from the Gestopo. As it is, with no luggage or carry on, the Riech Land Scurity Agents will most likely probe my ass hole for explosives and try to make me "Talk". This could get good.... real good. Damn, It makes my journalistic blood boil. P.S. thanks anyway. When does she need to be moved???

steve

Wed, Jun. 16, 2004, 13:03

Mark; as to the date; our' entries seem to have over-lapped. I will be there in plenty of time. As to the moving; Ive' all but regained the strength back in my left arm. Oh..Ahh... make that the "Reich Land Insecurity Agents". P.S. come July the 3rd. another cool grand kicks in. (thats when the real party starts)... hey Eileen; yer' retirement fund may be a go after all. In as much as Cal. damn near stretches the equivilant of New York to Georgia, I can spread myself real thin. Maybe do a yearly migration. (or nearly a gyration)... thats more like it. P.S. for all of you straights out there who arent' really living;... no big shakes. We will do it for ya'. (easy once ya' get the hang of it)..... Stay tuned.

steve

Wed, Jun. 16, 2004, 13:10

Heading for a small inland village to visit my son. Will book ahead, then bus from Portsmouth N.H. to Boston Ma. by Friday and do orbital re-entry by the week end. Should hit the street running like a cartoon cat by Monday morning. Later all.

steve

Wed, Jun. 16, 2004, 16:26

I just dropped in to see what condition my condition was in... hey,..I hear ya' loud and clear Sam. I reconoitered with the book again a few minutes ago and it now seems that No.Cal. No.Cool or No.Anywhere in general is a go, provided that I catch the first thing smokin' tonight for NYC and scoot from there. The timing made the difference. (can do.) It will enable me to grab my backed up snail mail. Hell, in K.C. Missouri I saw a Govt. train derail on TV and after catching my train east we were stopped due to a fire in the first car and the train KC to NYC train behind us was derailed. Hell, it was like a spy thriller. Oh,..My son should be here any minute to pick me up. I will have him drop me off at the Portsmouth Train station pronto. P.S. my knife is wedged in the crook of a stately tree out on I 95... a grand Ol'tree at that. Maybe a good reason to pass this way again someday. "Im' comming home California, will you take me as I am?" -Joni Mitchell

steve

Thu, Jun. 17, 2004, 16:09

I no sooner entered my last posting when my son said "Hi Dad". I handed him the note indicating that I couldnt' make a new start in New England (as I havent' finished the old start yet)... he took it as fatherly advice. Well, the "Train" station actually turned out to be a bus station. (what was I thinking??)... I was south bound by 5.30 and touched Ralph Kramden's statue on 8th. Ave. by midnight. What litter, what filth, what foul odors, god its good to be back. A few blocks furthure south I noticed the initials "L.A" scrawled on the side walk. (no shit). I booked into the Riverview on Jane St. only to find that the toilet needed a toilet. Had it changed??.. or had I??? I split at 9 a.m. and was drinking espresso with two of the worlds most succesful tramps who clued me into what came down and the various views, predictions and theories as to my sudden dissapearance a few months ago. I picked up an old levi jacket to blend in with Nor. Cal. and bought a new copy of the I Ching. You guessed it. As I approached, Right there on the counter was three pennies that someone had ditched from thier change, they were placed as a close triangle. I let it ride untill after my purchase and seeing that I was only returned bills, quarters and a nickle. I picked up the pennies, exchanged smiles w/ the girl, pocketed them and walked into the future. I plan on placing my N.H. road-side tooth-pulling pennies right here somewhere on Bleecker Street; take some / leave some. Dig, upon leaving the store I noticed the Initials G.H. + L.A. That being said, Im' gonna' reconsider the southern route again. Damn, its like a sauna here in Manhatten. Will check my E Mail now.

steve

Thu, Jun. 17, 2004, 16:17

Mark, for some odd reason, I cant get google or yahoo to pump me into the mail.diggers.org thing. Catch me at my old S.S.B. Hotmail address will ya? Thanks.

steve

Fri, Jun. 18, 2004, 10:14

Three Pennie Opera. Hell, I missed Nik's post and the cactus juice. Mark, I just copied yer' address (which was good): as I had every intention of making a Zen hitch hikers' sign which would

have read; "Laspo Apso". (thats a dog aint it?)....Aptos Ca.??.. opps; wrong universe. Hey, this a.m. found me pondering (yes, I ponder)..by the River.. shouldnt one ponder by the pond??... well, maybe I was Rivering;.... in any event, I was going to consult my new I Ching for the first time, well,...I could only find one NYC I Ching pennie (from my left pocket) and thought "screw it" and dropped it into my right pocket which has been getting heavy from various other exchanges... well, shit, wouldnt ya' know it; I rechecked my left one and sure enough, the other two NYC pennies turned up. So I tried like hell to retrieve and match up the mixed up coin which was nearly mint (like his brothers), but there were more than a few bright shiney ones, so I made a wish and threw them all into the mighty Hudson. Now heres the good part. I figured that I would tell you all what I wished for in order to put the cabosh on my wish and NOT get it. Follow me??.. Dig; I wished for "NOTHING". Cool?.. this way I figured that by NOT getting NOTHING ie. "Anything" I would in fact get something. Then Bingo!!! I remembered that I had forgotten to stratigically place my three NH lucky roadway zen pennies down on Bleecker Street as I had planned, now thats "SOMETHING" ...but then I thought again... damn, I hadnt told you all of my wish yet...Hmmm... odd,...well,...I then dug deep into the safety of my watch pocket and was startled (yes I get startled also,... but hardly ever while pondering... ah,.. rivering I mean)...OK; I find that ALL three of my NH coins were gone!!! So, I fully expect SOMETHING soon. Its this City I tell ya;.. Im' tuned in. Yesterday I was walking and pulled the deck of playing cards from my back pocket and thought, "I use to travel lighter" when I no sooner glanced up and saw the spray paint written words "DUMP THE CARDS". well, I left them right there on the stand pipe after taking out and pocketing the Joker. (did they mean the St. Lois Cardinals??)... Signing off now, Im' heading out looking for SOMETHING. See ya' all real soon.

steve

Fri, Jun. 18, 2004, 10:28

I finally broke into the Digger Mail bag and found a back log of junk mail, but I just cant seem to delete that stuff. Its not as Idiot Proof as Hotmail. Will mess with it later. Hey, In a way I did find something after all.

steve

Mon, Jul. 05, 2004, 10:02

Thanx Rena baby. Hey; I seem to have picked up walking pnwmonia or some such. Most likely from holding up for over a month at the Taliban Motor Lodge. (central air). I went as far as blocking up the vents, but cleared them again in order to hear the sounds of fighting and "Making-Up" through the duct work. My right ear still has groove marks on it. God it brought back wonderful memories of my various "Couple Capers". Anyway; I seem to be coughing up what Doctor Boyd deems to be a vast quantity of fluid from my lungs which is a straight through shot; (in as much as it doesnt' need to travel through my throat or mouth). Its not thick, but rather thin and clear like water. (????).... Anyway, Ive' really tried to lay low and not to Oppose Saturn (in Cancer untill July 2005) and have been staying structured and very balanced. No Booze, no Caffine, etc. Ive' boosted my daily intake of Liquid Ensure and am downing alot of organic juices etc. Early to bed at the Mission and early to rise. I walk miles every day, grab the ferry to Statten Island and mingle with tourists exclusively. (Having donned some straight Leisure wear, scandles and a cabana hat) Im' an odd mix of "Our Man In Cuba" and Leon Redbone. Everything seems to be falling in place and I have gained a quite heart (rare for this localation on the planet). Dig this; there aint three pennies to

be had on the side walks of the entire city. I accordingly dumped the book. Entertainment??...The birds are my music, the sky is my "Wide Screen", and my life as an "Actor" seems to be at a close. Life acting????... hell; Im' into Life Living from here on out. (makes more sense that way)... no cews to miss,... no lines to blow....ahh... as far as the critical reviews; well... some things never change. Damn; In as much as I missed the California trip, I also missed the "Rebound". (I had promised a "One-Time-Use-To-Be" that on the way back through we could heat it up like two Kansas City Rats fucking in a wool sock.) I gotta' talk to that lady. Later all. P.S. Hey Coyote,..... good man; the hoop has connected. (but you knew that)....

steve

Mon, Jul. 05, 2004, 10:29

Hey Eric; Im' having one hell of a time w/ the Digger Mail bag thing. Its the only complecation I have in my life. Im' gonna' walk away from it. Phew; I feel better already. Nothin' personal, and thanks fer' the shot at it. Please pull the plug on me will ya?. Thanks Pard. All my best to you yer's. (or Him his)....

steve

Mon, Jul. 05, 2004, 10:41

Eric, just saw yer' last post. Hey, it seems that I was at the gathering after all... (in "SPIRIT"). Yep, God created Whiskie in order that the Irish would not rule the world. Hey; Ive' decided not to go through any more Winters in the Northern climes and as such will no doubt stick to the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf Coast rim; (Eastern Sea Board, Fla. and Calif. Coast) and migrate w/ the weather. The home-town bum trip is playin' thin. The Republican NYC Mayor (who I voted for) is out to register all of the homeless and issue I.D.'s in order to "Track" them. (the writting is on the wall). Anyway, I like this new phase that Ive' entered. (Im' diggin' this leisure wear.) Talk to all real soon. In the mean time I gotta' cover my tracks.

steve

Mon, Jul. 05, 2004, 14:01

Boy this city is constant change! Von Rippens' studio has been converted into a sex shop!!! I will run him down in Jersey. Ya Eileen, I have such peace of mind after getting the final send-off from Sweet Lorraine. Its odd as it turns out; but the last cover-up tattoo that I had put over her name consists of a Demon Mask and wind-swept Cherry Blossoms. Now gat this; I just found out today that the mask represents a woman scorned from jealousy and anger etc. and the Cherry Blossoms represent lost love or some such... I cant remember, but it was right on the money. I had no Idea of the symbolism at the time. Oh, the lung thing; no pain, just spewing clear fluid. No appearant fever. Then again, Ive' been showering daily and perhaps its condensation from steam?????. And also, I wear a silk cravet over the stoma (hole) these days. (very Reginald VanGleason). Hey, this leisure wear!!!... Christ, it should be called "Victim" wear. Every Mook around tries to get his hand in my pockets. I have "Tourist" written all over me. Luckily my travelers shirt has inside stash pockets. Hell, I should have stuck to "Mugger Wear". And these sandles!!! No wonder the Roman Empire fell!! (these are made in Italy)... my blisters have blisters. Hey Nik; sure, see ya' around. I love floating around the W.V. Will pop back in a minute ya'all.

steve

Mon, Jul. 05, 2004, 14:29

Heres the word-on-the-street. Its an all out Republican Gestapo-State funded Hobo Rodeo. They've been penning up the local riff-raff in an effort to sanitize the city for the upcoming Convention. Even sleeping sitting up on a park bench in broad daylight gets ya' canned. Being transient with no "Proper" I.D. gets ya' four days in jail. (even a city issued authorized "Benefits" photo I.D. wont cut it with the wrong cop). Its one hell of a sweep I tell ya'. Hell, what next? sew on Star of Davids??... Christ; maybe little Shopping Cart patches or the time-honored Hobo stick w/ bandana bag insignia. Sign of the times I tell ya'. In closing; HIGH RENT = HOMELESSNESS. Think about it. Got a job?...KEEP IT!!!

steve

Mon, Jul. 05, 2004, 14:39

Signing off from Bleecker Street. Talk to you all real soon.

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 10:09

Sam; yep, 7 East eighth Street, Suit 369, NY, NY 10003. Hey, Im' going to follow through on my Folk Journalist angle and do a one-on-one thing with Amy Goodwin later in the week at the Fire House. Im' starting a series of very short interviews called ***"Three The Hard Way". (3 questions that is). I will be bugging the hell out of established NYC Activists as well as turds on the street. I had a short run-in with Curt Cobain's widow as she walked out of the court house last week, but I failed to have the for-sight to have printed Form Letter Style "Three The Hard Way" questionnaire. I also missed a clear shot at G. Gordon Liddy last year as he snaked along Wall Street on his belly. Man, that cat is scary!!!...Hey, short of the one-on-one in-person gigs, I will in some cases have to resort to reality P.C. via the web. For startersIm' posing three the hard way to our Peter Coyote. Hey Pete, have a seat,.. relax. O.K. First: why did you mount yer' horn onto yer' chain guard? Second: why didnt you ever install a pair of rubber donuts onto yer' tubes to rain-proof yer' lower legs and keep the tops of yer' fork gattors from flopping around. And third: (and most importantly) how could yer' answers to these questions ever stop war and lead to world peace in a parrallel universe? There; that wasnt' so bad was it? (opps, that makes four questions)... ahhh... skip that last one. Hey Berg; I have three tree fungus questions for ya' if ya' can climb out of the shrubs long enough to answer them. Which reminds me,.. remember that freaky rash that I had?... hell, it spread to my upper left leg (and it didnt swing over) It took the direct over-land route. My bag looked like the Chisholm trail. In an effort to save a buck I pondered the healing affects of saliva, but in as much as my glands are dried up from radiation exposure and Im' not married or dont own any pets, I parted with the coin. After lathering up with lotion, my scrotum resembled an exposed human brain that had been whopped with a fire-place pocker. Bottom line?... The stuff worked. No more red spots. By the way, the up-coming Amy Goodwin Interview will NOT be about choppers or parasitic grung. Trust me. I do have a serious side. Oh, and for you who feel that I may be playing favorites; I plan on throwing "Three The Hard Way" at everyone on this site. (Including myself and Andy Warhole). O.K. Andy is dead. Thats a given. But I feel that my questions will be cooler than his answers could have ever been. Dig??... *** The following interviews titled "Three The Hard Way" will be posted exclusively on the Digger Web Site and will consist of an individual expressing his or her personal

opinions. This does not imply the participation or endorsement of any organization with which they might be identified or affiliated. P.S. Hey Travis; yer' next. You up for it??? P.S.S. Eileen; winter plans??. hell, I had thought that winter was my low point, but Ive' learned that its actually the hump in my yearly bridge crossing. Most likely So. Cal. (to many bugs in FLA.)....

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 10:38

Ahh... make that: Fire-Place "POKER"... (you get the picture). Hmmm... more information than you required???.. ya;... I often get the "Need-To-Know" lines blurred. How does Heraldo ever get it right?.. oh, I shook hands with him after he had returned from being "Entrenched". (the fucker got booted out) Show me a man who gets kicked out of Afganistan, and I will show you a fellow Cancerian. Yep, sign of the Crab. "We FEEL"!!!!!!! (scary aint' it??)...

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 10:40

H.S.T. is a Cancer. Hey Hunter... you out there????

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 10:43

Ya,... Inverstigative Reporter... Folk Journalist... ya,...I like the Image.... no deadlines, no pay.... Hmm.... I may start drinking again.

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 10:44

"DONT DREAM IT.... BE IT". (Rocky Horror Picture Show.)

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 11:18

Jag, I feel the hurt also. Im' picking up a FUCK BUSH tee shirt today to wear to the demonstration at the upcoming Rep. Nat. Convention. I will naturally conseal it until the oportune moment for full effect. (This ones for you man). Damn,.. G.W. is a Cancer... well, three outa' four aint bad. Hell, he missed it. I gave him his chance at defecting to the Diggers. Remember???... Any man who opt to keep world class leadership in lue of obtaining Digger Free Family Status is a damnable fool. Hey Mark,.. Im' sorry (in more ways than you will ever know) about burning my K.C. Mo. bridge. It was a mid-life (ya; like Im' gonna' make 104) cross-roads so to speak. I made the choice of marrying "I" and "ME" and plan on serving without becoming a servant. Hey, Eileen, Im' dead-solid-perfect on the spiritual track, hell; "Im' about to ride that mornin' rail-road,.. perhaps Ill' die upon that train"... now dig; its been forseen that a "Family" window of opportunity will open wide for me from Oct. through Nov. so dont sweat the details. Maybe see you and yer's on the 32nd. of Eileenuary. Hey,... Im' breezing around the inner city without any weapons. God, Im' light as air. But Im' naturally putting my finger nail clippers through nine kinds of hell. A good blade is an everyday tool. Later all. Hey, word on the streets was that for all of the 4th of July happenings here

locally you could "GET IN" but were "PROHIBITED" from "GETTING OUT". Shit, lets hear for the Canadian Govt. They have the balls to say that American Government "Holds Its' Citizens Captive". Any Canuks out there care to comment?

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 11:26

Mark; listing "Three The Hard Way" seperatly in its own slot would be cool, as I plan on interviewing a wide cross-section of humanty both known and obscure. Damn shame for thier words to fall through the cracks. Thanks for showing an interest. It would also perhaps give us all a glimps of our selves. Later all. I gotta' go pick up a piece of wardrobe. (official Buisness expense). Hell, I may just start paying my taxes just to be able to write off a FUCK BUSH tee shirt. Naaa... thats to radical.....

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 12:06

Happy Trails Mark. As for the K.C. thing. hell; I fully intend on Interviewing Rev.Jacki Moore. Her activism has charged, motivated and helped multitudes in her day (I for one owe her my life). She's pure Holy-Woman. Its deeper than anything that Ive' ever experienced, or ever will most likely. It blows my mind. I love her whole-heartidly. Its so pure. Clear light. Its' Grace I tell ya'. Big Sur was Henry Miller's Apex. My Acme was at the top of the New Yorker Hotel. Thats where I first silently said AMEN. Hey, Jacki is all-knowing. She corrected me (and rightly so) in regards to me miss-under standing unconditional love with unconditional sex. We are one. She completed me. And what did I do for her??... hell;.. I plugged up her toilet! Lets see,... while Im' on the subject of toilets... ah...I mean intimacy;... as you may know, Im' a veteran of three successful marriages and divorces. Heres what I learned from each one. (conseculatively)...No.One: Never Marry A Teen-Ager. (they grow up). No.Two: Never Marry Yer' Best Friend. (thats not what friends are for). No.Three: Only YOU can change it. (her motto was: "Treat every fuck like it was yer' last".) Well;...Gotta' run... watch the road Mark. Hey Claude, you home yet???... Hey, that hooch goes down real good with a chaser of cold spring water to sip. I will see what I can come up with for the next pow wow. (and to think; It's LEAGAL!!!!!!)... hey, the last Coca Leaves that I scarfed an eye-load of looked like bay leaves and had a thin white powder covering them. (from age?)... not my area of expertice.

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 12:18

Goodman Schmoodman;... you know Im' discriptivley dyslexic!!! Short circuit somewhere. The L. S. and the D. must be diverting the wave lenghts. (all for the better Ide' like to think)...Shit!!...Drawing pictures and cryptic symbololism was the ORIGINAL UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE. To which; Im' a fuckin' Shakespear. Oh;.... sorry to raise my voice...ah.. raise my words that is. Sam.... Its just that when I could talk I NEVER mis-spelled (mis-spoke) any of the words. Ya know; that final morning when I walked side-by-side with Jacki up to St. Vincents Hospital just prior to the death of my voice;.. I said something to the effect of "Jacki, ya' know, its odd, but I cant think of anything to say". She was there for me. Still is. P.S. No Doctor yet, Im' working my way around it.

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 12:22

Thanks guys!... hey, I may get work a volunteer angle with Democracy In Action or take my knocks on the street with my M-27 Kin. The flow will know. Speaking of which, I stood them up (who me) prior to my compusive visit to K.C. I will check out M27 Coalition web site now.

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 12:36

I just skimmed their web site. Hell; they put their asses on the line and got busted while I was in the heartland eatin' hot buttered sweet potatoes. That aint right. Hmmm... my Ideals,... my Ideals.... gotta' think,.. gotta' think,...now the way I see it is that Im' chaffed between pasifist E-Mailers and Human Battering Rams. The In-betweeners all seem to be trying to change society by dressing funny. Hell; how do I find middle ground? Hey, what ever happened to that Hippie Guy who got fed up. Is he back yet? Thomas?.. that was it right?.. Thomas?... Hey Thom, you out there. I need some direction. A voice of conscience. (God knows that I have none).....

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 13:00

OPEN LETTER TO PETER COYOTE. Hey Coyote; I was only fuckin' with ya'. Heres the REAL "THREE THE HARD WAY". Q. As an Actor/Activist, what are one of the questions that the straight press cannot; should not; and/or will never ask you,... and more importantly, why? Q. From one creative being to another, I find that the current administrations' global agenda has distracted and seemingly stolen the joy of my chosen craft. In what way, if any, has it gotten you hind-bound or thrown off kilter? Q. Please post a personal message to the teenagers who are within the Digger Web Site sphere of influence who maybe unknowingly be the next new wave of draft bait. Specifically detail a plan of action or technique that they may follow where-by in good conscience not be duped into giving up their young lives as pawns in a trumped-up killing game, thinly veiled as "Patriotism" Thanks Pete. V.T.Y. S.R. Boyd Cub Reporter, Mutes For Pease, Mute Free Press, a Joint Venture.

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 13:03

As always, Pardon the spelling and any gramatical errors. Lay it on em' Coyote. Yer' words could save lives. Think about it.

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 13:15

Oh,.. I thought you meant a Dr. for my current lung condition. Hell, that Nazi Bitch!.... christ;...she only hissed "Diz Iz NOT Wringk Whoreeeemmm!!!!" then got off of her knees. It brought back memories of my girlfriend Dagmar. The dentist returned so high that I didnt inquire further. I took someones advice from here on site and sprung for a tube of athletes foot cream. I was damn close to just folding my bag and rubber banding it in an effort to maybe starve the growth of

oxygen and perhaps torch both upper thighs with stick matches,... (I am handy in my own way)... but hell. I pride myself from stemming from one of the five civilized tribes and as such headed over to Walgreens Pharmacy. God, I can complicate anything!

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 13:19

No,... wait a minite... she hissed "Diz Iz NOT Lyme Dizeeeees!!! ya,... that was it. God I love those Agnes Moorehead types. Give me a shrew anyday. Tamming... ya, Im' love a challenge.

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 13:24

Bottom line?... never did get any word on it other that "FUNGAAAAZ". It had to have been ring worm. Concentric circles that kept expanding like Zuni Pueblo Rock Paintings. Damn;... I destroyed art!!... Well, it was unsolicited. The skin is still off colored a bit. Hey, a nature tattoo.

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 13:26

Am I making any sense??. or does sense even play into it. I wanna' know!

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 13:37

Oh, to answer yer' question Eileen, I dont even know if that Frawlien was even a doctor. She may have been the Camp Comandant. It was past closing time and she was dressed like a Domatrix. Black satin, tight w/ heels. The day turned out reminiscent of the Seinfeld episode where Kramer had novacaine and a pair of special shoes. On the way back to Happy Hampton I made one hell of an impression on a political writer who picked me up thumbing. Anyone ever hear from him???? Hey Hammond, wheres it at????

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 13:47

Nik;... take it from one muti-facetted-gem-of-guy; you my dear are the Pearl under the Dragons chin. Dont cha' ferget' it! Hey now; I warned against forming a mutual admiration society! Hell, what would the Parrallel Universe Sucker-Punch Crew have to say about that???... we would be playing right into thier' hands. Unity by division folks. Strength through Individuality. God this is a collective conscious thing. I can feel it.

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 13:58

You got it Doctor Sam. I load up daily on Odwalla Juices. Super Protien, Carrot juice, and Green Machine, as well as "C" Monster in addition to Ensure liquid diet. It was either eat healthy of book four walls and a cieling. I cant handle solid food from the free pantrys. Im' crashing vie a

gamble (nightly bed lottery) at an adult Orphenag for lost boys. Its directly across the street from Amy GOODMAN's fire house digs. As I said I may commit to some volunteer work for Democracy in Action, Pissed Off Voters, and a few more outfits. Do my bit ya' know? Hey, I got the time. (the TIME is NOW) If not me. who,... if not now,..when? Hey, no meat, no booze, no nicotien, no caffine, no white sugar... Im' getting there. And mentally, hell, if it wasnt for the Digger Forum here, hell;... "Baby,..Ide' need a Dump Truck to unload my head". (thanks Bob).....

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 14:07

Ya folks;... check out the League Of Pissed Off Voters. Boy, I had my head so far up my ass in New Hampshire that I got way out of the mix. Im' due for another swan dive. Stay tuned folks. This is Reality P.C. (hey Ozzy, get up off yer' fat ass, wake up before noon, drop yer' childish felt pens, and get that ornamental wife of yer's to USE her show as a bully pulpit. Come on ya' Birmingham brain-dead hulking dollup!!! Wake up!!!!!! ... opps, there I go,.. making it personal. Shit.

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 14:11

Oh Nik;... hmmm... financial advice???... from me???... well, you asked for it. First,...grab the cool million and imediatly forget all of yer' friends. Hell;...You can buy new ones!... hey,... its only natural!

steve

Tue, Jul. 06, 2004, 14:17

Sure Nik, the White Horse in midweek. I will skip the mission and just stagger over to my Jane Street Base of Operations to sleep it off. Sure, thats doable. Im' over-due. Drinks are on me. Signing off now from Bleecker Street...Greenwich Village... New York City. Good luck at the audition!

steve

Thu, Jul. 08, 2004, 09:55

Right on Birdi!!... hey Jag, let the four winds blow...ahh..(make that five). Hey Cotote, thanks for the prompt responce to "T.T.H.W." as I said; you spun it into "Three the Easy Way". But dig; I couldnt for the world of me tap into this web site yesterday and I had deleted yer' E-Mail imediatly after I had transfered yer' answers to a paper napkin... (which I ended up mis-placing). So it seems to have taken on a life of its own and morphed into a TAO subliminal report. Shit, on my first interview I hit pay-dirt and then turned around and lost the nuggets. Hey, Susan Saranden's husband greets me daily in Courtlandt Alley (an old open-air bedroom of mine) and it dawned on me this a.m. that if hes' half the pro-activist that she is, why hell, I can pitch "T.T.H.W." at him. Christ hes' tall. Oh, B.T.W. Amy was out but her people seemed more than receptive,... its just that I felt like John Hinkley standing in line waiting for a clear shot. Something pukey about this Reporting gig,.. cant' put my finger on it. Man, second day on the job and Im' considering a carreer move. Oh, check it out; I almost passed out on my feet at Barnes Noble. I had my head tilted at an odd angle reading over the librarian's sholder (I call her that cause' she works there)... anyway, she was (we' were, rather) on the first chapter of a Victorian Porno-Journal when it hit me. She turned nose-

to-nose with me (I had jotted her vital stats down last season following up on a human-interest lead, but had let the trail run cold)... anyway, see gave me the moon eyes (thinking that I was into her instead of the book) and I,.. well, thats not pertinent...O.K., heres my theory: Its a recurring condition which I had experienced post Surgery. A doctor once told me that it may be possible that scar tissue or one of the transplanted tendons from my chest may be putting pressure on my Vargus (?) or Vagas (?) nerve, which in turn can cut off the oxygen to my brain. (Like the G.Bush pretzel incident). Its remeniscent of the 50's era when I would let the big boys pull a hymlikan type manuver on me after exhailing about 25 times as they chanted the count-down. Man Ide' drop like a rag doll. Anyway, last night at the Mission Revival meeting I was experimenting with holding that pose for extended periods of time in order to duplicate the effect (cheap thrills) when the Uros Markovic Gosple Jazz Group hit the stage unannounced. Uros immediatly jumped down into the second row, pulled me to my feet and gave me some sort of Ukrainian Bear-Hug. (coincidentally Rev. Jacki had prompted me into drawing up some flyers for his gigs at the Peace Church back in the summer of 2001. (pre 9-11) Anyway, as the memories (and consciousness) came flooding back, a Little Richard stlye Ghetto-Gang street preacher, sided up to me and whispered "If ya' wants dem' bones to come to life, ya' gots' to clear outa' dis' fuckin' valley". I HEAR YA' BROTHER!!!!!! ...Hey, in the village I ran into the Poster Boy of the Republican Party;.. ya,.. you guessed it: BUCKLEY!!! he recoiled in horror when I flashed my Tee Shirt at him. Christ, think about it!!...in a single term Bush has transformed "OUR" country into the Divided States of America. On that note, Im' goona' check my E-Mail after cocking my head at an odd angle for a while in order to do some quality thinking. Stay tuned folks. S.R.Boyd MFP/MFP

steve

Thu, Jul. 08, 2004, 10:50

Eurica!!!! I just opened the ol' mail bag and Pete had rebounded the original message back in order to respond to an off the record question that I had in reference to his motorcycle frame. (guy stuff),... so anyway, it gave me another shot at his answers. (which I will now roughly interpret from my chicken scratches into the Boyd dialect. (for Digger clarification)... (Hip Lingo)....Here goes:...Q.#1 No Idea. Q.#2 The repercussions of the Bush Dynasty Warlords' new patented deluxe new-and-improved Rumsfeld brand Cosmic-Karma bazooka has damn near rattled him out of his lucky boots. And as such; his tribe have all rolled up thier sleeves and have stood up to be counted as architects of the new age. (good man Pete). Q.#3 No big shakes. The Digger kids not only read whats black and white, but more importantly, whats between the lines. Always did, always will. Its' the stamped cookies that worry him,... the ones' (like my Bro.) who will get given an offer that they cant refuse. i.e. "Do Time" or "Do Big Time". Not to mention all of the unemployed who are lead by the carrot on a string lure of "FREE EDUCATION"... sure... at Killers' Collage??? Now heres his bottom line. (and I now quote:) "The best thing we can do with anyone, is reason, talk softly, and be supportive. In the long run, thats the only thing with any hope of success". P.S. Hey Pete, I hope that I projected yer' drift right and did yer' vibe some justice. Ya' do us all proud Pete. Real proud. Thanks again Coyote.

steve

Thu, Jul. 08, 2004, 11:11

4000 A.D.
Melted together to something new

When Science and Art are entirely
When people will have lost their

Remembrance and thus will have	No past, only future.	
When they will have to discover everything	Every moment again and again	
When they will have lost their need for	Contact with others...	
Then they will live in a world of only	Color, Light, Time, Sounds and Movement	
Then color light space time	Sounds and movement will be free	
No Music	No Theatre	No Art
No	There will be sound	color
light	space	time
movement		
steve	-Poet Stanley Brouwn.	

Thu, Jul. 08, 2004, 11:14

Later all... hey, I just met Blue Blake, he's at the P.C. right next to the one that Im' on. (small world) Steve Boyd; On the beat. Bleecker Street, sighning off now.
steve

Thu, Jul. 08, 2004, 11:28

Psssttt... who the fuck is this guy anyway???... he introduced himself as "Blue Blake"... he's a sawed-off, shaved headed version of Tim Curry. Can anyone clue me in???.. (I half-ass acted like I recogognized him.)...bad habit. P.S. Hey Nik, Ill' White Horse it this P.M. Maybe see ya' on the merry-go-round. Hey Doctor Sam, ya' feelin' about right at the moment?? Please hold tight.
steve

Thu, Jul. 08, 2004, 11:32

The thought just accured to me... maybe lack of oxygen to brain is hanging me up.... but then again; I havent' had a head-ache in over three years. Ant Pnerologists care to comment?
steve

Thu, Jul. 08, 2004, 11:33

Ant??.. (try any)....(case-in-point)...
steve

Thu, Jul. 08, 2004, 11:41

Whoow!!... I gotta' fly,... just got a hot lead on scoop. (reporter lingo).... and imagine; there are thousands of young, green, wet-behind-the-ears media-spinners out there who all have heavy student loans hanging over their heads that would just kill for my next story. Stay tuned. (on-the-job-experience is invaluable). (ya' cant' put a price on it either).. yuk, yuk,....
steve

Thu, Jul. 08, 2004, 11:50

Hey, glad I doubled back to wish Mark the best of luck and to thank Eric fer' hosting the big show. Park??... I steer clear of em' these days. The mood in these parts in reminesent of Curse Of The Spider Woman. Hell, the convention is weeks away and expect to see the heat jaming transient-types into the trunks of their patrol cars. Shit, they have the balls to cruise with bearded cats dressed in Hawian shirt riding shotgun. Its making me rethink me leisure wear get up. See tonight. Im' buyin, and will escort ya' to yer' corner on my way to my Writers Rooste. Till then, If I cant find any news, Ill' bite a dog.

steve

Thu, Jul. 08, 2004, 11:53

Hey... my words (letters) are starting to slur. Im' gettin' a stiff neck.

steve

Thu, Jul. 08, 2004, 11:58

Hey AMPS50,... you still on the bus????....

steve

Thu, Jul. 08, 2004, 18:56

Mother witch; mucho thanx fer' opening the gates of Olympus. By the way; "NIK" is the Queen Godess!... Rena is,.. well... Rena is a trade secret. (Indescribably Deliciouse).. or was that M????... Teeth?... tilt??... no problem; the bottoms ones that are still left all crumbled down to the gum line; now my lower jaw is back on track for the most part. Nik; star material???... hell no wonder the locals were fallin' all over him. Psssttt... (he was fallin' all over me)... that makes my day in a twisted sort-a-way... what a pervert. Must have a Grand-Dad fetish. Now where was I???...Oh;...Jenn; Bear Hug?... can to. Except that I smell like a Hells Angel's pup tent. Let me explain. OK;.. bare with me here... I gotta piece this all together... you know, flesh this afternoons antic out. OK; first off; I missed a hot scoop in an attempt to cement a pass the bucket session with yer' sister. (So much for professionalizm)... I gotta' work on that,.. so anyway, after bruising my protostant work ethic, I ambled on over to a village cafe and embibed on a couple-few Fin Du Mondes. (it was a beer-kindaday)... and anyway, it primmed the pump, dig? OK, being some what of an intelectual, I researched the warning lable and found that this shit is triple-brewed or filtered or some such..... anyway,... noting that and taking the alchohol volume into account, I naturally set my cloak-of-invisibility to stealth "3". (in an effort to successfully manipulate my carbon unit over to Barnes and Noble undetected and all in one piece. Well;.. you know me;..(or do you?)... well, I made at least 15 seperate landings in order to pet every pissy-legged dog this side of 6th Ave. (actually, I was initially drinking in an effort to establish an air of authenticity in reference to my new-found capacity as an Underground Boydzo Journalist. (local Image,.. you know.) Ok,... now I swoop in to a shop and pick up an old Swiss Army Map pouch to keep my notes dry, which explains the oily oder. That thing is treated with some pre ban deadly chiminal rain retardant and what with that coupled with the Dawg Vitalus hand cream that I picked up,.. well; bear hugs may be a tall order. Phew; that was like pullin' teeth. Writting can be a chore!!...OH fuck!!... Jen, follow me on this... it gets better. I pause at the corner of 5th Ave. and East 8th. to check for snail-mail at my 8"x4"x4" Suite. I then find myself back out side undoing my travelers shirt in an effort to drunkenly manipulate the lanyard strap button on the sholder in a stupifying attempt to secure the map pouch carrying cord... follow

me?... well, a very feverish mid-40ish middle-easterner starts jabbering "Say Cheese Please!!! so I follow his lead and open my shirt furthure while he snaps a shot of my Fuck Bush Tee Shirt. I then point proudly to my Statue of Liberty Button which reads "The Dream Will Never Die" and "LIBERTY". Well, he's beside him self and is all but praising Allah, when I up the anty by giving him the one-finger "Wait-A-Minute" gesture. OK, I reach into my kangaroo shirt pocket and patiently unwrap my bandana (make that one-thousand-and-one-uses) and I then display the hand grenade that I found in the janitors closet of the Taliban Motor Lodge. I hold it in full public view, dig?... kinda like a bowling trophy or somethin'... so anyway, Shake Obdul aint fuckin' believin' this and almost shits his toga dig?... he goes into a fanatical bug-eyed dance (you know those types)... anyway, he starts sweating mint tea or some such and starts chanting "YES, YES, VERY GOOD, VERY GOOD" after which he feverishly starts firing off exposures that would rival the fashion shoot in the movie 'Blow Up'. At that very moment the heat starts in withan ear-splitting-inaudable-incoherant-fuzzy-bus station-reverbe-type disertation over a bull-horn; (which turned out to be a non-related civilian-pedestrian infraction of minor importance. (guess jay walking takes presidence over live ordinace in NYC.)... Theres hope for Liberty in this city yet. (New Yorkers love novelty)...Anyway, that static-Police-state aggitation only served to amplify and stress a certain sence of urgancy to the situation (which I can Identify with)... ah,... oh, to make a short story long; we wrapped the impromptu session up after I reccieve a thousand thanks. I walked away hoping that If I do make the front pag of some rag, that the head line will be in any other language but English. Fuck, Im' ready to go International. Ya'... Mute Free World Press,.. thats the ticket!! ... OK, cut to Barnes Noble; I find my "Librarian" wearing the same (wrinkled) outfit, her hair is matted in the back, no lip stick on...(if I said that her glasses were fogged up; Ide' be stretching it a bit)... (I dont think that she went home last night)... where was I?.. Oh ya, she spots me and turns on the coy act; (or maybe she had a leg cramp, I dunno').. anyway,..my reasoning abillity was slightly impaired. Hmm... where is this going???...or where am I going rather???!... OH!... the White Horse, the White Horse!!! Wish me luck tonight in reference to Dylan Thomas' all-time record. Hey, If I do wake up tomarrow I plan on hitting the FEGS building in an effort to recruit any surviving stragglers of my Positivily 4th Street Super Human Crew. They should make up a solid grass-roots brain-trust which could inturn form the nuclius of the fledgling Arrested Development Department of the New International Mutes For Peace Mute Free World Press. ...or,... maybe not. Hey; things change!

steve

Fri, Jul. 09, 2004, 11:11

Well, I woke up!.....Oh Nik; I cased the place three times and the bouncers' sixth sence was honned in on my "Pinapple" bulge... having waited in various nooks crannies throughout the area the booze lost its effect and I drug my ass over to the Riverside around 9:30ish (I think).... I awoke in one of the few rooms which is actually larger than the bed (cot)...Oh! Doctor Sam!!.. Medical Update! Headline: "RAW HIDE!" bi-line: Round em' up boys". Eileen, it seems that the ring-worm wagon train has circled my rectum in an attempt to fight off the hostile war party of Atheletes Foot Cream that I entend to spring on them at nightfall. (I havent purchased the tube yet)... Dig; I stood on the bed, stradled both walls like Spider Man and positioned my ass to reflect in the small fun-house mirror that was screwed to the wall about eye-level. The procedure is far from routine, so Im' glad that I checked. See, I was a bit suspisious while at the P.C. station yesterday... I observed that my typing finger was spending more time South than North. (Maybe that what attracted "Blew" Blake???. (I knew it wasnt' my looks)...P.S. He just walked in complaining over his cell phone about

the love letters that got slipped under his door last night. (loud enough for EVERYONE to hear of course).. anyway, after the surprise anal uprising, Im' sure that a war dance will be in order. Now to Biz. DISCLAIMER!!!! The hand Grenade is not "Live Ordinance" and I didnt get it at the Taliban Motor Lodge, in fact I stayed at the Red Coach Moter Inn. Dont get me wrong, its no dummy or practice grenade, its real except its now guttless and without a primmer. I picked it up at the surplus shop when I swung in to grab the map pouch. The rest of the story was all true though. (who could make that up?).. Oh, well, the "Librarian".. ahhh.. see, well,.. actually, .. she's like me. (The "SHY" type). We have two things in common though, we both share a "Yearning" which borders on mad desire and we both wore the same set of daily attire for about two years in a row. (Me w/ levis Tee shirt, her w/ black skirt and lime green sweater)... lets see,..other things in common...Oh, we also share an interest in Underground Victorian Pornographic Novels. OK, in as much as I missed a hot scoop and an Interview with Ralph Nader who was uptown last evening, Ide' like to make it up to my readers (or reader)....Heres the BIGGIE folks! INTERVIEW WITH STEVE BOYD. Moderated by that Charly Rose of the Vocally Challenged: STEVE BOYD (his self). Q.No.1 Steve, as a self-styled Privileged Character, whats one question that the straight press cant; shouldnt; and/or will never ask you. And more Importantly, why? S.B. Thats simple!. The question would be: "Look Boyd, how in hell can a drop-out, draft-dodging, security risk, tax-evading, dead-beat-dad like you get arrested for engaging in acts of civil disobediance, get booked into the largest state-of-the-art criminal data base in the world and then get let off scot-free to persue a downward spiral of laying about in the guise of an SSI bum???" S.B. OK, fair question... and Im' a fair man...well,..Ide' have to say that they fear the answer naturally. Moderator: Q. And that is?? S.B. Plain as day!!.. both the American Public School System, Selective Service System, IRS, Child Support Services Administration, Nuclear Reglatory Commision, Department of Home Land Security and the NYPD are all over funded, under staffed and very ineffective. Moderator: Q. You left out the CIA. S.B. They' OK. We have a deal. Q. Deal? S.B. Yep, I get the CIA/SSI "Dividend" by having provided them with some very ground-breaking drug results. Q. Thier L.S.D. program in the 60's ?. S.B. No, that was in the 50's, Im' refering to the fact that if it wasnt for me they would never seen the need of upping the strength of the Jack Ruby "Little Black" Cancer pill back in 2000. In that respect, I was a CIA failure. (which is one thing that they never fess up to)... or didnt as of 2000. Times are changing though. Moderator. Q. Steve, inquiring minds wanna' know; are you a fed? S.B. FED!... NO!...FED UP??...YES!!! Moderator. Q. Fed up of what?. S.B. Fed up with local, state, and federal "AGENCIES" guarneshiering my wages, denying me bonding, valid gaming licences, a US pass port, deeming it a Class B felony for me to leave the State of New Hampshire, denying me access to on line Nuclear Power facilities!!.... Fuck the State! Moderator. Q. But you your' self said that after nearly four years in exile, you volunteringly walked away from sanctuary at the nations most radical Church and ventured back to New Hampshire,..now does that mean Two class B felonys for leaving the 'STATE" again "Unauthorized"???" S.B. Fuck No!!, hell!.. no one ever "Authorized" me to go there in the first place. I was under the oppinion that it was my constitutional right. Man them Canadians nailed it on the head!. The American Govt. DOES hold its citizens hostage. OK, next question. Q. As one creative being to another, I find that our Governments current agenda has distracted me from the true joy of my chosen craft. In what way, if any, has it gotten you hindbound or of kilter? S.B. Its had the exact same effect. Im' you, remember????!! Moderator. Q. I forgot. (I really get into this)... ok,..Q.Two more questions, firt, please give the teenagers out there some solid "BOYDIST" advice for saving thier asses in the upcoming American initiated "21st Century World Wars". S.B. Hmm... look kids, if yer' all so fired up about givin' yer' young lives in a vain attempt to save my old life, well, dont bother on my account...then again, hell,.. Have At It!...

good enough cause as any I imagine,... maybe better than most. Hey Moderator. Ya? I got a question fer' you. Moderator: Ok, Steve, shoot! S.B. Are you my shadow? Moderator; Odd you should ask that,.. that was my next question! S.B. I know!

steve

Fri, Jul. 09, 2004, 11:34

Damn, Im' good! Hey Hammond, Im' gonna' be lookin' yer' way fer' some solid writting advice,... or perhaps more importantly, some solid living advice. What makes you continue? Wheres yer' drive boil up from?... Wheres' it' at?...hell, this interviewing thing is catching. Remember as kids; we were all investigative reporters werent we?....

steve

Fri, Jul. 09, 2004, 11:46

Nik, I think that I got to the White Horse about 7 p.m., I figured that what not knowing exactly how many chyros that yer' doc was gonna' practor, and coupled w/ the normal NYC flow that I would be EARLY. Hey Eric, this is some show ya' have here. My hat is off to you.

steve

Fri, Jul. 09, 2004, 11:57

My interview??... purly speculative. All of the penalties that have been levied on my head are factual. Hell my Crime(s).. DEBT!.. ya, debt and refusing to be searched for narcotics. Hell If someone owed me some scratch and then refused to let me shake them down for dope, and I turned around and in direct retaliation for thier actions, pulled half the shit that "MY" Government pulled on me; why hell,.. Ide' go up for extortion, discrimination, rights violation, criminal threatening, loan sharking, false imprisonment, and several moral codes that arent on the books. Govern??.. Govern this Uncle Sam; I plan on hitting a multi-million dollar lottery and then burning the ticket on national television. Thatll' show em. (I mean; thatll' show me)... Hmmm... I gotta' rethink this whole thing. Im' inna' lotta' trouble. Talk to you all later.

steve

Fri, Jul. 09, 2004, 12:15

Nik,..Dont get me wrong, who am' I foolin'.. I dont need no Drivers' licence, no pass port, no certifications. Hell, I dont need freedom. Its all in the mind. Its just that I feel for the poor working stiff who think that they do need all of that.... Or worse; the ones who actually do. And as to my writting; hell,.. H.S.T. is the ying and S.R.B. is the yang. I suspect that Hunter and I fear the same thing. We fear the fear of not being capable of fear. Not recognizing the true root of our "Fear". The Fear of Fear" Afraid to be afraid you may ask?...Its actually an inate courage of sorts,..in fact, it very well may be the pure form of terror. I fear the day that fear washes over me, until then, I will remain fully exposed and bleached white by the Suns truths' while Hunter will no doubt peer at the moon from the safety of his shell of falsehood. (if that dont bait him, nothin will)...come on hunter, you still owe me one fer' that wild ride. How about "Three The Hard Way"????

steve

Fri, Jul. 09, 2004, 12:19

Claude, yer' livin' the good life.
steve

Fri, Jul. 09, 2004, 12:26

Nik, In the city I walk. Nationaly I take highway, waterway or rail. (Im' a down to earth kinda' guy these days). Subways??.. I got my fill in my design/drafter days back in the 80's on Rapid Transit Projects.
steve

Fri, Jul. 09, 2004, 12:29

Later all,.. Im' gonna' go snoop up some news. If I cant find any, Im' gonna' make some. (trust me).... No.. one second thought, thats not very solid advice.... Trust yer' selves. (makes more sence that way).... T.T.F.N.
steve

Fri, Jul. 09, 2004, 12:41

SAINT JOHN NEW BRUNSHICK.
steve

Fri, Jul. 09, 2004, 12:42

(ahhh...New BrunsWick)... makes more sence that way.
steve

Sat, Jul. 10, 2004, 10:32

Got to hit and run;.. Hammond; ya,..we make our own luck. Travis; will get back at ya' with six loaded questions. An M.F.Revolver Interview of sorts. Sam, will follow up on the RX. Hey Eric, my in person, NYC one on one interviews for July will enclude Thomas Frank, Hendric Hertzberg, Jim Hightower and Robert Byrd. Till then, this is Americas' Most Dangerous Reporter signing off fer' now.
steve

Thu, Jul. 15, 2004, 10:34

VISIONS OF JOHANNA. BROADCASTING LIVE FROM THE NEW YORK CITY PUBLIC LIBRARY. Hey all!...I havent' delved into what Ive' missed or dared check the ol' mail bag yet. Big Doin's here in the Big Apple. The Police Commisioner fears that "Anarchist Lunatics" are planning a large scale invasion of the convention. Hey, its' refreshing to see that the "FOX" news people have spilled the beans in reference to having thier' dicks in Fox's back pocket. OK: now after some soul-surching in reference to Nik's question about me being bias (as to the interview with myself)... here it is kids: Why do I owe the "State"?,... why do I owe the IRS?,... why was I labeled a Security

Risk?... Fuck, pure and simple: I was not man enough to "Pay Up". I let the State support my kids, I let the IRS's dead hand slip outa' my pocket and as to the NRC thing, well, I flatly refused to be searched for dope that I wasn't even holding. I was clean! I had a zone three clearance and a zone four ego. In reference to be detained until the the drug sniffing K9s were hauled in, I told a "Gold-Hat" U.E.C. Man that if any pow-wow was gonna' cold nose me that it would be a French Poodle Bitch with pink toe nails and a bow in her hair. After and only after a nice candle lite alpo dinner,.. (I added that Im' man enough to do the sniffin' myself)...Bottom line? Arrogence, and a cavalier attitude. I fucked myself. But visions of her bring back her words: "Steve, only you can change it". Kids, Im' gonna' start payin' up. OK. Medical update. I feel like Ive' been kicked in the ass by a bare-footed Magic Johnson. (but I no longer squeek when I walk. Thanx Do. Sam. Oh,.. Im' adding George McGovern to my Interview line up, but I have to drop the title of the series. See, the last sighting of my slant-sholdered parallel universe librarian found her reading a compolation of three sexually explicit novelet titled "Three The Hard Way". So I may title my series w/ something original;.. like ah... "Interviews". (Has that been used???)... Oh, how am I roping these big names? Heres my plan for the July line-up. Its as inguiniuose as the Connie Chung "Can I use yer' bathroom" routine. See, all of these folks are scheduled to be promotining thier latest books in a public appearance at different lacals in my area. So, I blend in (maybe even listen to thier blurb) THEN, after the question and answer session, I mossy up to the book-signing table where I slip them three hand written querries and indicate that Im' not only mute but also DEAF!. They natuarally turn red and comply by jotting down three fast off-the-top-of-thier-pointed-little-head answers. If they try to blow me off, I pull a stunt that will make yer' average Courtney Love melt-down look like the latest flavor down at the frosty Freeze. Dig?...I then; in turn post them here on this web site WORD FOR WORD and LETTER BY LETTER. Pure reporting. Nothing slips through the cracks. Hey, be right back.

steve

Thu, Jul. 15, 2004, 10:51

.....Little Boy Lost he takes himself so seriously- he brags of his misery, he likes to live dangerously and when bringing her name up he speaks of a farwell kiss to me He's sure got a lotta gall to be so useless and all muttering small talk to the wall while Im' in the hall how can I explain? Oh, its so hard to get on and these visions of Johanna..... -B.Dylan

steve

Thu, Jul. 15, 2004, 11:54

Hey Coyote, about yer' horn being mounted on yer' chain guard... I just scoped in on a photo of your bike here at the library and it clearly shows that the horn was in fact snugged up in front of yer' tranny shifter ratchet. (so much fer' my memorie.) Be right back. Gonna' check out the back pages.

steve

Thu, Jul. 15, 2004, 12:17

Just skimmed the back pages... Nik, Im' still holed up at the Old McAulies Rescue Mission (now the NYC Mens Shelter) on Lafayette White st. Its the oldest Christian Shelter in America. McAulie was a real corker. He pried open the lid of his daughters' coffin and stripped her nude and sold her

cloths to get money for whiskie. He thought up the Christian Mission angle while in prison and to date, its one of the most lucrative rackets on the planet. Hell, leave it to an Irishman! Hell, I even have a suspision that he decorated the place. The bunk beds are world war one vintage. Really,!...old dough-boy barracks bunks. Rock solid. Oh, I still have that Mad Man stalking me. I made the mistake of letting him crash on the pews at my boot-legged shelter at the Peace Church. Well, he followed the "In late/Out early" routine, but attempted a coupe in a hostile take-over as Sexton.(my job). The Rev. Hooper had to straighten him out. Well, Angel's latest angle is get me to sponsor him in his bid to swim around the Island of Manhatten. He estimates fame and great prizes etc. He's an Iron-Curtain type Insane-Orphan. Very pushy. Very pushy. Nik, I won the five day bed lottery and as such, if Im' not in by ffive forty-five, I loss my bed. See folks, life can be a gamble. Lost the lottery, you sleep out in the rain. Try that with the kids tonight. (See if they dont cleaning their room.) Think about it.

steve

Thu, Jul. 15, 2004, 12:20

Im' starting to slur my letters. I better be goin'.

steve

Sat, Jul. 17, 2004, 10:11

Hey Rena; Im' "IN" also. The NYC Public Library has my forte' down as Journalism. The card that I was issued is great photo I.D. Oh; heres one fer' Ralphy: Ah, Ralph,... no matter what party affiliation; I view the on-going struggle against war and aggression as mere by-products of what we are all up against; namely POWER AND AUTHORITY OF PATRIARCHY. In yer' oppinion; am I cold, warm, or hot? Care to comment? Hey Rena; hows that fer' being thoughtfull and objective?... my latest calling is really rounding me out. Speaking of latest;....Later baby.

steve

Sat, Jul. 17, 2004, 10:17

Hey Travis;... Im' cooking up six questions fer' you, titled: INTERVIEW WITH A MOTHER FUCKER: or; A United Where?-Wolf Mango Fondler Tells All.

steve

Sat, Jul. 17, 2004, 12:39

Im' back!...Hey Coyote, fer' the record, I dont remember you ever saying that it was mounted on the chain guard. (thats just the way that I remembered it in my mind(?) as it sat leaning in the shed at Olema way back when. As far as "The" picture here at the Library; I was refering to the photo of you on yer' sled that was printed in the first edition of Emmett's book. Ringelerio; (or whatever it was called.) As I said; being a detail man, I could have sworn that it was screwed onto the top of the chain guard just behind the oil tank. (a different bike from that era perhaps)... ring any bells? Oh, I just grabbed a bunch of literature from the trash which was printed up as "Zen Notes" from an NYC Zen Foundation (circa 83' and 84') but I dumped them when I read thier concept of visualizing the full moon at arms lenght. It refered to the moon as "Light bearing" and "Full" of light, or some such. The moon is a touchy subject to me. (Sun in Cancer and A/C (Cancer rising)... and as

such explains my Mother/Son thang' with "Her". That being said, recenty in my journey Ive awak-
ened to find that the moon in actuality only reflects the suns rays, and at times the sun's reflected
rays that bounce off of the earth's surface. Now, I dont mean to be gettin' wierd here, and Im' not
sayin' that the ol' Girl is a cold baren rock;...but thats the jist of what I was refering to when I im-
plied that Hunter Thompson "May" be moon-struck on falsehood. Dig? Myself;..Im' walkin' in
sunshine these days. Blah, blah, blah,... what got me into that??.. oh,... the "Z" word. Bottom line?..
Im' a "DOER",... and that aint Zenfull. Seems, I gotta' have rules that I can bend or break. Damn
shame. Later.

steve

Sat, Jul. 17, 2004, 12:46

Latest on Caffine. They say that the high we get from the bean is different in males than in
females. Research found that it actually speeds the female heart rate (cranks up the pump) while
with men, It constricts the blood vessels (like pinching a garden hose) which makes the blood race
(high blood pressure). Wild aint it??... Coyote; I lost track of Onanda back in 70'. (or she lost track
of me rather)...

steve

Sat, Jul. 17, 2004, 13:11

Coyote, I originally hit Olema Ranch in the summer of 70' with Stash and her daughter. I was
somewhat of an aide to her. She entrusted me with wheeling that white little sportscar that she had
lifted from her agent/manager (?). I wanna' say that it was a Triumph, but may have been an MG
Midget. We parted ways when her folks retrieved her from (our?) evil clutches at Black Bear Ranch
around early September of 70'. She was a nervous break down waiting to happen. Or maybe the
wait was over, ... hell, I was no judge of women at that time. Upon arriving at B.B.R. I bitched to
you that she had promised me that she would scrape up a bed roll for me (as I had none). Being
what I call one of the original Daddies of the what the "Beat" thang' had morphed into; you natu-
rally gave me some fatherly advice: you looked at me with Bob Dylan eyes and said: "Ya' want
somethin' done right,.. DO IT YER' SELF". (and now thank you).

steve

Sat, Jul. 17, 2004, 13:13

Eric; white beach?.. turquoise sea??... palm fronds???... I tried that. (It burnt me out). Be carfull
what you wish for.

steve

Sat, Jul. 17, 2004, 13:19

ah.. make that "You being what I now refer to as one of the original Dadies of what the Beat
Thang' had morphed into" .. etc.

steve

Sat, Jul. 17, 2004, 13:30

Hey Coyote; a couple of years ago I e-mailed you and crowed about stepping into a power-vacuum that had opened up at a NYC church when my Good Shepard dumped the flock to marry a millionaire. Well, being more of an Opportunist than a Methodist the whole damn project spiraled into a whirlwind campaign of self-aggrandizement. If this journalism angle doesn't pay off, do you have any angles that a goal-orientated self-starter like me could look into?. No letters of introduction needed. I can boot-leg those. What are the actors equity dues these days? (narrations and voice-overs are out)... any leads? I was tight with Stan Kammen in L.A. He still around?

steve

Sat, Jul. 17, 2004, 13:32

Ah... Eric, yer' married right??... (damn, why are all the good ones hitched?).... ah,.. I could bring the pine-apple.

steve

Sat, Jul. 17, 2004, 13:42

Coyote, was "Dick the Burglar" a thin wirey goateed cat who wore an IRA cap and limped? If so, I called him "The Crooked Man". He had a knarled shallaly wrapped in snake skin and used a small drafting compass as a roach clip. Very tight with J.P. while at Olema. Same man? He was a hustler's hustler. Very trustwourthy. Strong ethical code. A real deligator. Cant say enough about the guy.

steve

Sat, Jul. 17, 2004, 13:44

Ah... we were all burgalers in our own small way....

steve

Tue, Jul. 20, 2004, 11:21

Coyote for President!!!!... now to the Who? What? When? and Where? AMY GOODMAN UPDATE. Dig, Im at the corner cafe when I see Amy slide by with a male escort. I jot down a fast querie on a guest check and approach them at the curb. I indicate to the dude that this was no stick-up. He's cool with that... I then hold up the guest check and she reads: "Amy, Im' Silent Steve, did you get my note?". Well, she looks at me as if I have two heads, then the dude stammers; "Yes,..yes,.. "WE" got your note!" Amy then turns to him with the same look. Then the cat turns red and says; "Yes,..yes,.. "WE" got the note,..thank you Steve,..thank you". OK, I turn and walk. Now for any of you unperseptive types, she never got the note,..dig?. Now I ask you all; isnt' that an issue that Amy herself is tackling?...you know; the media giant's current methods and measures of resstricting independant-minded journalists???... Now, without getting into a critical analysis of Amy's personal and/or political relationships; can anyone tell me what gives that stuttering underling of her's the right and/or authority to drop me like a turd from a tall cows ass, without Amy's knowlege or consent? But look, really,..whether Amy was in left in the dark or not, she will always remain an inspiration to me. Hell, she motivated me to get into this racket in the first place. (that, and I read somewhere that murder leads job-related deaths for journalists,..I like the action.) More later. S.R. Boyd. New York Beat.

steve

Tue, Jul. 20, 2004, 12:48

Will do Eileen. My guess is that "HE" got to my original Interview request first, and was attempting to shield "HER" from the "REAL" world. Maybe he was her Ol' Man?? Anyway,..(Lotta' nuts in this city)... cant' really blame him. I mean a mute reporter;.. come on. Give me a break! "Talk" to ya' all in the a.m.

steve

Thu, Jul. 22, 2004, 10:19

A spectre is haunting America--the hollow-eyed and moaning spectre of our nation's decline. It haunts the expanding waistlines of our increasingly obese citizenry. It lurks among the ineloquent yo's and ho's of our popular discourse, a diminished national conversation of ghetto kabuki, ryming doggerel and whiteboy ebonics. It peeps from the crusty, ragged piercing holes in the flesh of our self-mutilated youth. It rattles its chains at the hubris of our foreign policy and the imbecilic pap of our summer blockbusters. It stalks the parapets of our crumbling democracy, howling at our low voter turn-out and groaning at a republic of television-entranced morons with little knowledge of or interest in the world outside their cycles of compulsive consumption. All true patriots shiver in dread when confronted with this spectre that no jump in GDP, world-changing Silicon Valley tech innovation or smackdown of suicidal terrorists can dispel. Conservatives decry a decline in family values while Librerals, a decline in social justice. Many are the scapegoats incorrectly identified as responsible for the invocation of this spectre, and many are the forces that fruitlessly attempt to exorcize it. But it endures and grows in strength of presence--- a recurring visitation, an adumbration, the ghost of America's future. It endures and grows because this malaise has yet to be correctly diagnosed, nor has a workable remedy been proffered. Until now. (check out EXPATRIOATE MANIFESTO BY ZACH PASSI (as presented by Porfiro Witherspoon). JULY 21-27 NYPRESS.COM

steve

Thu, Jul. 22, 2004, 11:14

NEWS FLASH!!... ETHICAL LAPSES ERODE BOYD'S CREDIBILITY. The word thief's response?: "Kiss my ass!... ethics are lived, not learned!". EXTRA, EXTRA, READ ALL ABOUT IT!! MUTES FOR PEACE SPOKESMAN NAVIGATING IN WEB OF DECEIT! Society of Professional Journalists credentials totally unfounded! Boyd's reaction?: " Hey, Im a life actor!... sue me!" DIGGER REPORTER PLAYING CHICKEN WITH CREDIBILITY! Boyd quips: "Source??. I am the source!!" DATE LINE WASHINGTON. Social Security Administration shoots down press junkets. (UPI) Government officials refuse to pick up tab for travel and hotel expences. Boyd cancels coverage of 2005 Academy Award Cerimony. In closing, I leave you with this: "Change the world by any media necessary". (it was the slogan of Scoop Nisker, whose underground radio news on San Fransisco's KSAN was the first of its kind that you could actually dance to)... He also advised: "If you dont like the news-- go out and make some your self." P.S. I dropped by Amy's fire house but a large mobile Television Bus was out front and I figured they were doing their thing. Until next time, this is NYC's lazy, often drunk, unenlightened, uninformed, irresponsible, reactionary, self-serving, no-good reporter saying: "There are a million stories in the naked city.... so were are all of the story-tellers???"

steve

Thu, Jul. 22, 2004, 11:20

Embersglow:... hell no!!.. If its spelled right, and makes sense, ya' can bet yer' ass that I didnt write it. But I did live through it. (that counts fer' somethin' dont' it??.. But hey, check out that cats' Manifesto. Seems there may be a CID funded Ex Patriate thing in Mexico City soon. (New Conquistadors, or some such)... I may tag along, cash my checks on the Texas border and bus back and forth. Write about it. Canada is to sanitized. Im' building up some cabana wear wardrobe.

steve

Thu, Jul. 22, 2004, 11:23

Ah.. make that "Where" are all of the storytellers. and "CIA' not CID. Later all.

steve

Thu, Jul. 22, 2004, 12:36

Cool Char!.. I ask you; where are all of Mark Twains?.. the Will Rogers??.. Oh, by the way, as far as the Hippy Museum getting the skinny of where it was/is at,.. I havent' dropped in for a spell, but as you may know, the "Baby Boomer's" holy trinity was "Sex, Drugs, and Rock 'n' Roll".. that being said; I have to go along with Sandy Darlington; In the end "Middle-Class values were stronger than acid". In closing, dont ferget' yer' roots kid!. P.S. Speaking of dope: Thank god that I was into the straight marriage thing when designer drugs hit. That shit will give ya' instant Parkinson's desease. Hey Mark; you poppin' little white pills that resemble George Washington's tomb stone???... SLOW DOWN!!! Yer' makin' me car-sick! Catch you all in the a.m. Im' gonna' head on out and see what the destitute, psychotic and addicted are up to. Later all.

steve

Thu, Jul. 22, 2004, 12:44

Char;.. I dont expect the Sigma Delta Chi Award for Journalism in this lifetime, but...dig: In as much as "Journalism offers a skill essential to all writting: the conversion of information." I say this; Lay some Info on me baby; and I will sure as hell convert it. (Im' a natural). See ya'. P.S. WEL-COME OLEMA PEOPLE!!!!!! (Its amazing how many actually lived through it.)

steve

Thu, Jul. 22, 2004, 12:48

Rena; Ide' try to learn it, but I dont know any Mutes. Who would I do hand play with??.. I get that from alot of folks, they just assume that I know it. They start throwing hands and fingers and it tottally screws me up. Its a public embarrasment. Im' thinkin' JEEEEZZZ!!!!.

steve

Fri, Jul. 23, 2004, 10:22

NOTICE! The term "MOTHER FUCKER" is used in the following interview in reference to explicit song lyrics of the famous MC5 (Motor City Five) of Detroit Michigan and/or the Infamous Up Against The Wall Mother Fuckers (U.A.W.M.F.) of New York Cities' Lower East Side, and is in no way referring to acts of mother and son incest. OK, here go!!: Hang onto yer' mother!!! ACHTUNG!!! First, A three part Musical question. TRAVIS: Q. In reference to the MC5's lyrics "KICK OUT THE JAMS MOTHER FUCKERS": was the lead singer implying: (a) Dance children dance! (as in kick out the toe jam). (b) Come on gang, lets crank out the tune! (as if prompting his band-mates to really pound it out). Or (c) come on U.A.W.M.F.'s Pull out all of the stops! (as in kick out the door jams and tear down the fuckin' 68' Chicago Convention!). Fourth Question: Its no secret that the U.A.W.M.F. has taken a shot in the neck for years in reference to "Every thing that they did wrong". My question is: What did you Mother Fuckers ever do right? Fifth Question: Why dont Texans trust folks who wear straw hats and lace up boots? Sixth and final question: You once indicated that I may very well be some sort of far-eastern diety or some-such. Then you turned around and flat-out stated that I was an idiot. My question is: Did you use yer' uncanny sence of character judgement in picking out the mother of your children; and if so, did your' kids experience the miracle of live birth?. Opps... time up, I gotta' go. (Library P.C. time is limited. Will drop in later. MFP/MFP Cub Reporter signing off.

steve

Fri, Jul. 23, 2004, 10:52

Im' not exactly what ya' would call A Barbara Walters "Hold-Your-Hand" type interviewer... (But you knew that!)

steve

Fri, Jul. 23, 2004, 11:08

Travis: GAMBLE!?!?.. I told ya'; I only gamble with love. And like I said; sure I lost at love, (but then again; I was up against High Odds and Low Women.) Oh, again last evening, the same TV bus was out front. (Big Doins'??).. and as far as me dropping the ball with my original July line up of personalities to interview; why hell, Im' a mess! But Ill' tell ya' this: as an under cover old time wire service reporter, Ive' gotten one hell of a boost in the self-image department as well as a new-found confidence in myself. Now Im' drawing the line at strapping a wrist watch on my dick, dressing up like John Cammeron Swazey and performing a Timex tourcher test on a nude manakin in Macey's window; (as that would surely lead to ideological and personality conflicts within the close-knit NYC Journalistic community, but I am considering a less contraversial avenue... Hmmmmm.... Fame,... Fortune,... great prizes!!... Hmmm....

steve

Fri, Jul. 23, 2004, 13:33

Hey Travis: if I rankled ya' with that line of questioning, then Im' sorry as a pus-eyed potatoe. (What would you like me to ask you... "Hows yer' Mother these days??")... But really, If I got to personal, forget it. Oh, heres one; Q. If Bush does steal the next election via Homophobia and a Tail-Wagging-The-Dog scenario, could you suggest somewhere North of the river where any and all of

us future 29 day expatriates could set up aa base camp?? You know, a Burgh that boasts a Bus station and P.O. Box set up. Any leads would be cool. Its been 22 years since I was on the border, and I never did jump the fence. Also, any poop on Mexico City??? See you all in the a.m.

steve

Fri, Jul. 23, 2004, 13:50

Rena; I thought that I had met some "Code Pinks" at one or more of the NYC Peace Church rallys before the "WAR".. but as I said, there were so many wild ass fancies represented that most seemed to just blur into the mix at that point. (or was it just me?)... ALOHA. Hey Nik!.. hey all!. P.S. Hey IMAM, drop in will ya?. Hammond; get him on the horn will ya??

steve

Fri, Jul. 23, 2004, 13:58

EXPATRIATES UNITE!!!! Now Ladies; repeat after me; "THE ONLY BUSH THAT I TRUST IS MY OWN"!!!

steve

Fri, Jul. 23, 2004, 14:17

Rubber Babies??? hell; hearing my fellow orphans hit the concrete floor from the top bunk is a nightly event. Those fuckers chomp down methadone waffers like I use to eat saltines. Shit, Im' half expecting them to smear on some peanut butter and chase em' with tall glasses of milk. Man, those cats bounce!! Not a scratch or bruise. Its amazing. Simply amazing. They are however suffering from bone mass lose. Hey Cheyrlynn; I remember Michale Bloomfield tunning up yer' Dad's banjo on the back stoop at Olema and pickin' away on it. The afternoons were dry that season. The dust was also somewhat stuck to the grownd as if magnetized. The sun was never really hot,.. but rather warm. It made up fer' some really clean sweat. I remember wearing your' hat which had no band and sported a rim rather like the one that Harpo Marks wore. You know, kinda' like a Rat Fink hat. Do you remember any of the pictures that I drew at the ranch??? Im' now 52 yrs. old. How much younger were you than me?, if you dont mind me asking. During that era the old folks were in their late twenties, remember?? See ya' all in the a.m.

steve

Fri, Jul. 23, 2004, 14:40

Im' squeeeking by w/ some extra time here on the library P.C..... Oh, Travis; I just delved into the back-pages and read that in reference to your six interview questions, that you wanted "Three flippant and three in a more serious vein". I will work on that. Hmm... lets see, sex, religion, polotics, the weather, sports, health,..blah, blah, blah... gimmy' some time with this. Oh, check this out, I know dozens of shady cats who have no record what-so-ever of getting into this country legally and the security guard at the library checks the inside of my Uno-Vac thermos every day like clock work. The dude uses a mini-flash light. If I had a voice, Ide' scream "BOOOOM!!!" upon uncorking it. Give me a break. Whats he after??.. Dynamite or a dildo? I just dont get it.

steve

Fri, Jul. 23, 2004, 14:47

Hmmm... exploding dildoes!!!... Shoe Bomber move over!!! Its diabolical!! Hmm.. Miz Nancy and I at the terminal gate....the heat would most likely be to embarrassed to confiscate it. (especially if it looked "Used"). Hmm... thats where a third party would be needed. Buckley????

steve

Fri, Jul. 23, 2004, 14:50

Jenn, Im' silent 24/7. Protest??.. hell... I am a protest! (but you knew that). Hey all the sun has entered the fire sign of LEO. My Sag Moon is already taking chances. Oh speaking of Miz Nancy, she gave up a golden opportunity to wallow in the depths of despair with me.. More later; times up!!

steve

Sat, Jul. 24, 2004, 10:33

NIK!! Its' NOT from me!!!!

steve

Sat, Jul. 24, 2004, 10:39

I took a few notes last night but will report later, as I jumped on the Library P.C. "Betwween" times and as such, short changed myself by several minutes. Nik; its good that you checked w/ me first as to the "Selent Steve" E-Mail. Good thinkin'. Im' not into the E-Mail loop any more. I much rather air things out here on site. But if I should attempt to yak at ya' from across the back fence I will send ya a line from here first. Cool? Later all. By the way, Having just had my thurmos violated, America is a safer place today. You can all rest easy. Hey Travis! You with us??!

steve

Sat, Jul. 24, 2004, 10:41

Nik; what is an MP3???

steve

Sat, Jul. 24, 2004, 10:51

ACHTUNG!!!! Beware of the Paralell Universe Sucker-Punch Squad!!!! Ya' can bet yer' ass that those twerps aint done with us yet. (they dont' cotton ta' Diggers)... (but you knew that)....Hey Eric, I think that someone may be tracking me when I get off line, because I often dont even have to log in to post. And sometimes my pass word pops up automatically. Paranoia?.. or a loose nut behind the wheel???

steve

Sat, Jul. 24, 2004, 10:52

Gotta' run. Times up!!

steve

Mon, Jul. 26, 2004, 10:16

Char; I dont get any connection with you and the P.U.S.P.S. I must have missed something. I was refering to some puke sending Nik an E-Mail addressed from me. Dig? I Dont know where ya' come off with that "Who, Me??" stuff. No biggy. OH, dig; Its with a heavy heart that Im' removing myself from Political Reporting as I cant live up to the code of ethics in reference to Truth, Comprehensiveness, Loyalty, Confidences and Freedom. (That coupled with the fact that I just got the real skinny on the Amerikan Political Scene.) Dig; Fasco "King of Thieves" clued me in during a session in Courtlandt Alley of all places. He ID's himself as "Italian" but his odd accent and Russian criminal tattoos are a dead give away. Heres roughly the way it came down; (I para-phrase from memory)... "Its rigged tighter than Pro-Wrestling. Bush gets to hold the Title Belt for another term. The pay-off is that Hillary gets to dust Kerry in the tag-team of the century by opting for an obscure female V.P." I eye-balled Fasco as he placed the jay backwards in his mouth and slowly blew another dragon plume into my empty thermos. "Yep, Its' in the bag;.. oh, stay clear of the Convention Boyd my friend,.. the only bums up there will be dressed-down Navy Seals". I held the thermose up and took another dirrect lung-hit through my neck stoma. "Hey, that coffee jug beats the Ol' Vodka bottle, aye??" I noded afirmative and pondered my future. Oh folks; bottom line? In as much as NYC has taken on the air of Paris before the Occupation, Im' already a "World Expatriate" of sorts and will naturally take up a carrear of sorts as an artist. I will remain living a structured Institutionalized life at McMauleys, but will wile away my house in cafes and back alleys while documenting daily activities in a series of journals made of the finest hand made paper, hand ground water colors and sable brushes. My writting? just notes on the back of each picture to spur memories when I convert them to full size Oil on Canvas paintings in my old age. Hey Travis; No big shakes; unanswered questions are not nearly as dangerous as unquestioned answers. (but you knew that. Good bye my friends.

steve

Tue, Aug. 03, 2004, 14:55

Nik... Steve who??.. Me??.. hey, this SoHo Artist gig is in my blood. Im' even dressing like an artist. And as far as far as my "Ima'-gonna'-do'a" routine. Im' now doing, then telling. (It always works out that way) Theres the latest; I had/have the good-fortune to have hooked up with Koho Yamamoto. She's in her eighties and has taken me under her watchful eye. She's now my "Sensei" (pronounced sen-say) which means Teacher. She puts on bamboo flute music, serves tea and is in the process of teaching me how to breath and sit etc. Tomarrow I will be taught how to prepare the ink for sumi-E and Calligraphy "In the finest traditions of Far Eastern Art and Zen philosophy". She's also gonna' show me how to back the paper in whats called ura-uchi. If I can get this stuff down I will continue on to learn water coloring under her wing and also an abstract form of Sumi-E. I cant say enough about Koho. Her father was a master calligrapher and poet. She learned her art from the famous Sumi-E artist and professor Chiura Obata. Thats where she earned her name She was given part of Prof. Obata's art name, Koho, which is a symbol of spiritual succession and to teach Sumi-E to the world. Its the break that I was looking for. Remember kids; A brush and Ink will get ya' farther than a comic tee shirt and a dummy hand grenade. Use yer' heads, will ya'??

steve

Tue, Aug. 03, 2004, 15:08

"as far as far"... (what was that???).. oh, dig; I weeded my social garden and havent seen Fasco King of Thieves, Two-Ball-Cane, or any other of the Cortlandt Alley denizens. I hang out in SoHo and China Town now. Oh, dig, I blacked out twice and they sent my ass to the emergency room. I figured that it was from the effects of what Fasco called "Sea Weed" (the bale was said to have been fished out of the harbor), anyway, they didnt like what I was spewing from my lungs and so they ran some X-Rays. They found no signs of infection but rather a "Mass" on my upper right lung and a round "Spot" (circle) on my lower right lung. They wrote up some paper work and want it followed through over at St. Vincents. Time will tell. Its gonna' be a wild summer. Im' up to it. Life is good, and so am I.

steve

Tue, Aug. 03, 2004, 15:13

Sure Nik,.. any evening. Where ever. New York!... ya, lets meet in New York. White Horse? Hey, I bumped into Lou Reed over on University Place. He offers his hand now upon seeing me and must be under the inpression that Im' somebody. Oh. in the Name Dropping Dept. I ran into Rip Torn in Tribeca. He's one serious dude. And tall too! Lets get together. (hey; thats right!... I AM somebody!)...

steve

Tue, Aug. 03, 2004, 15:22

Claude, I just jumped over to yer' photo page. I had forgotten how stunning those photos were. That country is the land of enchantment for sure. No doubt about it.

steve

Wed, Aug. 04, 2004, 10:12

Ya Claude, breathing is good. I dont plan on stopping anytime soon. Hey Eileen, I always heard that when the student is ready the teacher will find them. As you may know, I was somewhat influenced by some very mellow Tibetan Monks but Koho is Japanese, and seems like shes more "User Friendly" ... not as exotic, or foreign, dig? She's also female (duhhh)... which is like liquid sunshine to me. She was listed by N.Y. Art Review as one of the leading Artiats in NYC. Her Japanese Brush Painting achievements are too long to list. Over the years shes been an adjunct lecturer, and held classes at for Columbia University, Drew U. NYU, Fairleigh, Dickenson U. U.of Hartford, Bridgeport U. Parsons School of Design, Educational Alliance Art School, Japanese American Society of N.J. Nippon Museum, and N.Y. Open Center. Bottom line???.I plan to make her proud. Oh; dig, LITTLE BOY LOST FINDS HIS RUNAWAY BED!!! I dropped in at WSUMC to see sister Louis and Cla"W"dia the cat who I both love dearly and the dude who replaced me as Sexton said that he's splitting soon to live and do maintainance on a large boat. I told him that I would buy the bed that I gave him and would ship it to the mid west as a surprise gift to Rev. Jackie, he said cool and then went on to add that he wants to put a good word in for me as his replacement in order to cover his ass. Word on the street is that the Peace Church has a few solid buyers and the closing will be this September. Im' praying that Rev. Hooper will let me back into the flock. If I do get the green light, ya' can bet yer' ass that I will play it straight and not pull any Digger antics at that address.

("Never trust a Prankster")...hmmm...Ah... lets see,.. Oh, Lou Reed??.. ya Eileen, I was running into him so often that it was starting to get edgy. I was getting paranoid that he may have thought that I was casing him or some such. (lotta' crazies out there). Oh, back to the art work. I plan on fully embracing Ink, Water Color and perhaps draw the line at Egg Tempra. Im' hoping that the fluid style will really cook with painted fabric. Speaking of fabric, In my "Artist" mode, Im' now into wearing only Emile Lafaurie cottons and linens and may dump all forms of leather such as belts and sandals. (dont wanna' wear dead things). Hmm... what else?... ahhh... thats about it. Hey Mark, the true joy of travel is getting back home. (but you knew that)... all my best to you and your's. Hey Eric; "Whazzz Up??" Oh, Nik, Do yer' thing!

steve

Wed, Aug. 04, 2004, 10:26

Well, now that Im' an "A Political" artist,.. I ah... have no comment on the lesser of two evils who may or maynot get elected, other than to say that the very thought of Fasco's Bush title belt holding prediction still spooks me. And Channey????.. hell; my DICK would make a better Vice President. Opps.. Oh, remember "Dick" jokes??... Gotta' pencil Dick?.... got any gum on ya' Dick?...Oh; freedom to assemble and free speech will be only excersised behind barricades and fences in "Empty Quarters" here in NYC. Hell, If I threatened to set my balls on fire, the Bush Gang would boost the Terrorist level from Orange to Red. Its there latest rating tool. When Dubbya dumps a few points in the polls they boost up the terror rating and it all seems to find its own level. Hmmm....

steve

Wed, Aug. 04, 2004, 10:43

Oh, Dr. Sam; as far as the lung thing goes; when I was told a few years back that I had throat Cancer, they also mentioned that the tops of my lungs were "Peppered" or "Salted" w/ the Big "C". I believe that the radiation treatment blew that away (as I was given a clean bill of health). In any event, Im' gonna' play out any hand that Im' delt. As you very well know; You aint danced till ya' go toe to toe with Mister "D". So whether its the Last Waltz or a shimmy, I aint about to hang up my rock-N'-Roll shoes anytime soon. Lungs?.. I got two of em'..... Hell, Im' feelin' charitable! They can send one to Bangladesh.

steve

Wed, Aug. 04, 2004, 10:46

Oh darling; that Steve Boyd is such a horrible man!!! Oh, speaking of ethnic groups, Im' getting along famously with the Russians. Their calculated view of the universe at large is very interesting.

steve

Wed, Aug. 04, 2004, 11:14

I hear ya' Eileen. NYC???... in NYC I am considered NORMAL. (scary aint' it). Hmm... or is it that New Yorkers are too cool to stare???. ALOHA Mother Witch! Hmm.. perhaps I could teach you when I reach that fork in the road. Man, that Japanese stuff is cool. Even the simple things in life evolve around "Cerimony". Its an awarness that the westerners seem to all but shrug-off as merely "routine". See ya' all in the a.m.

steve

Wed, Aug. 04, 2004, 11:19

McMing; Political Information Over-load can be beaten by merely following the Political Cartoons. (They speak volumes). Ya, Donna; aint this web site the shits!! It a miracle. Ohio Girl; is yer' writting helping w/ the healing process??? Hope so. Gotta' run!

steve

Wed, Aug. 04, 2004, 12:06

Live From Bleecker Street. This is addicting!... hey Birdi; SAND???... I knew a heavy cat in FLA. who built a weird dwelling on the sod house concept. He reenforced a simple structure with burlap sand bags and then coated those w/ several dustings on concrete mix while sprinkling the whole she-bang with a fine mist of water from a hose. He continued the process until he got the desired results. (just plan ahead and dont let any rain showers or such delute the mix while it cures and sets up. Also, it goes without saying that the walls should rise at an inward angle from thick on bottom to thin on top and be shored and sheeted to avoid cave-ins etc. "SAFETY FIRST". Also, bear in mind a high ground location w/ a good trench-dug drain off in order that yer' earthen foundation doesnt get undermined by water flow etc.

steve

Wed, Aug. 04, 2004, 13:11

Headin' over to MacDougal Street to Kohos' digs. Man, had I ever thought that my path to perfection would be via "My Art" I woulda' just flipped! And had someone (anyone) ever told me that I would put down the blade; hell; It wasnt in my nature. But perhaps that was always my greatest obsticle; "MY" mature was never "THE" nature. Dig?...could it be that simple??. Man, this Japanese trip is opening up deep wells of knowledge. Im' gonna' let it wash over me like a wave and strive to a better person. I shit you not. Gotta' run!

steve

Thu, Aug. 05, 2004, 09:12

Donna; I had originally held reservations as to carrying around "INK" (as I might inadvertantly drink it in a fit of delerium or fall on the bottle) but the Japanese Ink comes in slabs about the size of a juicie-fruit gum pack. Just working it into liquid form w/ H2O is a creative process in itself. Its like the lifes blood, dig? Oh, to paint Bamboo you must "Become" bamboo. Hell, Im' way ahead of the other Round-Eyes in class, way back when, I "Became" many things. Which makes me think that the Psychadelic Experience is one hell of an advantage if not a prerequisite to Sumi-E. The Western form of teaching stresses "NO SCREW-UPS!" where-as Koho stresses "MAKE MITAKES... make plenty of mistakes!". Man, she put on some Zen Jazz that was a cross between Treenie Lopez on Opium backed by the Doors. And when she served me hot tea I wanted to kiss her feet. I never envisioned that breathing coencided with brush strokes. Its a new vista for me. Oh, heres some ground-breaking Medical Science; Fasco has a plan to rig-up the locking mechenism on the micro wave at the corner bodega and cure me while heating up noodle soup. Ya!!... NOT until I see a sticker that reads: HOT DOGS 1. POP CORN 2. LUNGS 3. Later all.

steve

Thu, Aug. 05, 2004, 10:03

Check out the Village Voice on the web. The heat is gearing up to arrest one thousand per day during the convention. (Im' not planning on making it 1,001).... ahh... on second thought;...Dare me?????????

steve

Thu, Aug. 05, 2004, 14:10

Cool Birdi!... Ah.. EDGE CITY!!!.. Orchids, Bamboo, Thorns and unexploded travel bags. Well, after doing some home work on Japanese Ink Painting,I was "Detained" abit. My crime? I offered to buy a cop a cup of coffee. Suspicious!??.. (hell, he said "NO" which made me wonder if he was for real.) Dig, I had gone out on the NYC Library terrace to take an oatmeal and yogurt smoothie break. When I started to walk away, the cop said "You forgot yer' suitcase". I gave him the "What Suitcase" eyebrows. Some freakoid had left a brand new carry all near the out-door concession stand. Well, I was asked kindly to remain near the potential 100 Lb. package of C-4 while Officer Tootie argued with the high command about the address. By the time I had finished my lunch, a Brooklyn version of the bomb suad showed up. (one hung-over beat-cop with a ciggarette hanging out of his mouth). He kicked the bag a few times and then ripped it open like an animal to reveal a pile of worthless crap (Street folk's collection)??? of weird stuff. I was free to carry on. No more free coffees for the likes of them. Take a Cop to dinner??.. ya!... sure!

steve

Fri, Aug. 06, 2004, 10:19

Thanks Nik; I will let ya' know prior to dropping in via this site. Hey, it happened again after I went to the other branch! Some fool left a gym bag under a table and it was like an Elvis sighting! This towns' goin' nuts!! Hey Dana! Silent Steve here (from Hampton New Hampshire). Glad the book birthed. I would interview you but Im' out of that racket. Back to my first love: ART; (as in Art Work). Later all.

steve

Fri, Aug. 06, 2004, 10:50

I hear ya' McMing! ZZZZEEEEENNNN!!!! Its in Coyote's acting, Hamonds observations, Ohio Girl's True Stories, Eileen's textiles, Nik's voice and Rena's eyes...(and legs!).. etc. etc. Hell, I never could "Meditate" myself, due to an over-active mind and an un-settled heart, but true Sumie IS a form of meditation. Breathing w/ the strokes, concentration, focus, awareness, getting out of yer' self etc. I had to shake off my first thoughts (an inbread "Commertial" desire) to delve into "DECORATING" such as rice paper screens etc. and am going to opt for the traditional route by depicting local holy women, sages, imortals, and the common folk in and around China Town doing zen things such as selling, eating, toting, exersising, fishing on the East River. Also, the trees, water, birds, clouds, flys, dogs etc. Daily goodies. Dig? Its the interaction between artist and environment that

nails me right in the loop. Im' not connected. Im'part of community life now instead of an average City "On Looker". Its as if I just arrived. Like Ive' just come out of a fog. Like I busted the T.V. screen and climbed into the set.(or out of it)... ahh...dont' you kids try that at home. See ya.

steve

Fri, Aug. 06, 2004, 10:53

Ahhh... make that: "I'm NOW conected"

steve

Fri, Aug. 06, 2004, 10:56

See ya' in the a.m.

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 18:06

I havent checked in since Aug. 5th Or 6th (??). After my last post I walked into the St. V's ER. They imediatly placed me in a negative atmousphere Infectious disease room (they thought that the mass was a "Fuzz-Ball" of bacteria and I was coughing up blood. After x-rays and CT chest scans, two full body bone scans, a 360 degree chest bone scan, a brain scan, and a lung needle biopsy I was diagnosed with Metatastic lung cancer which has eaten into the full length of one rib and envaded the lumbar region of my spine. My decline has been rapid. I was released from St. V's on the 16th of Aug and transfered to an assisted care facility out in Far Rockaway right acroos from the beach. Right now Im AWOL due to the fact that they are more incompetent than I am. (and thats saying something). They failed to get me to my Sept. Appointment and would give me nothing but liquid tylenol until the pain was such that I couldnt walk. Then they put me on Vicodin but it wore off fast and I was only down for three times daily. Yesterday I was rushed to St. Johns ER and given a shot of morphine and given three 72 Hr. Duragesic patches. Todays appointment at St. V's was fucked up due to the fact that they the Care Center didnt transfer untill 1:00 for a 1:30 appointment. I was 2-1/2 Hrs. late and the DR. had left for the day. I was to be told today if my condition will be treatable by surgery, Chemo Therapy, radiation treatments or any of the three. I gave these fuckers a no confidence vote and with the aid of one two cool ladies a Dr. and a social worker)I stiffed the ambulet drivers and was hustled out the rear exit with the promise of getting the "WORD" tomorrow at 10 am. Im'protecting my own interests and will get there on my own speed, dig?. Im camping out at the Riverview Hotel down on Jane Street tonight and plan to write my Death Song tonight. I missed the convention but will vote via absentee ballot if Im' still "Around". Hey, dig, I saw the scene on the convention floor on T.V. I had the honor of being jailed last year with one of the cats who infiltrated the wing-ding. Small world aint it? I will hang in here for a while to see if anyone picks up on my vibe. Dig, 34 years ago tonight I was sitting around the fire at the Olema People's campsite at the Black Bear Ranch Autumnal Equinox Celebration. Thats one night that I will never forget,.. and hell,.. tonights no different. Hope to make contact in a while. If not, tomorrow.

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 18:07

Hey, I just noticed that you all logged on during the writing of my last post!!... TALK TA' ME, Ya'll.

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 18:09

OOPS!!.. I was wrong, the page seems to be running upside down. (last post at the bottom)..(????)

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 18:26

Dig, I entered this world helpless and naked. I plan on leaving this world armed and fully clothed. Im' goin' shopping tonight. If I am told in the a.m. that my condition is terminal I have some options to consider. (its Shakspearian thang' dig???)...

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 18:48

Mark, its a one night stand. The pain patch will most likely wear off, if not I may hang onto another day of freedom. But the Dr. at St. V's seems cool and even asked if Ide' like some dope before shoving off this afternoon. I declined and will definatly stay clear of any hard liquer. At this point I havent been told if the cancer has spread to the glands (liver, pancrias, etc). I had been having back pain in N'H. and had attributed it to heavy yard work at my former father-in-laws place and had thought that I pulled a muscle while drunkenly climbing that Ol' tree to enshrine that Ol' knife that I had found. I further thought that the pain was compounded by the tourcher racks that they call beds at the Rescue Mission. Aint it the way? Shit, I gotta' contact Sweet Lorraine; her last words to me were "Dont come to me even if your starving". My final act was to place a rose and a baby ruth on her desk. I gootta' ease her mind. I cant leave her hanging one her final words. But hell, thats what it took to get it through my fat head. I dont know how to break it to Rev. Jackie or my folks. SHIT!!!!

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 18:53

Yes Merrie, I feel as if Im' already gone. The signs are everywhere. Hey, I missed the hurrican! As you may remember, I came close to moving in with Dishonest John and Cindy-Lou-Who in their new double wide in Punta Gorda Fla. I just wonder how wide the fucker is now? I know that D.J. must have stuck around to do some manditory looting. Dig, the other day at the care center a 300 year old mushroom who didnt appear to have three words left in him, leaned over and said to me: "DONT GET OLD". Aint it the way?

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 19:15

Mark, I screwed up my reply under "New Topic" .. so here goes again: Thanx but no thanx partner, the Dr. who engineered my escape assured me that if I am terminal that she will place me

in a hospice, because after hearing how Ive' been fucked over she knows that the facility is geared to alzhiemers victims and the emotionally disturbed. Fact is we all wear electronic braceletts to insure that we dont "Wander". Mine was cut off when I was rushed out the door to the S. John's ER. Speaking of wandering, I have a paranoid sczhitzophrenic girlfriend named Mary Roeder. Her father was a promenent Newsweek journalist. Mary's hippie days were spent on the "FARM" commune in Tenn. which got a bad cult rap after a "Leader" took em' down the wrong path. She just transfered to the center after a hip replacement. She's spent the last nine years in a State Mental health facility. We keep each other together. Thats where its at. Oh, I pulled out a grand from the ATM after going on the lamb. And the lady Doc indicated that I have Carte Blanc on Leagal Narcotics. Aint life grand???

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 19:18

Hey Elzeen... if anyone can make Dying marvelous its me! This is on hell of an adventure!!! Lets see Ozzie and his family top this one! Stay tuned folks!

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 19:20

Mother Witch: it does get better and better. No shit, it does!

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 19:28

Mark; truth is that you all are the only ones that I confide in. I must be the passive aggressive type, (as I tend to keep my natural family and loved ones at arms length). Dont' know why. (???) Any shrinks out there?

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 19:30

Thanks kiddo, oh, as far as my comment about only confiding to you all, I forgot that my words can be read world wide. WOW!!!!

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 19:38

L-scape,.. its the thought that counts. If you wish to honor my memory, please make a donation to Planet Drum. Hey, its not everyone that gets to write their own Obituary; Hows this? BOYD Steven Robert. Longtime resident of Homeskin. Founder of the FIFTY TWO/FIFTY TWO Club. (Born in 52, died at 52). Mr. Boyd expired from a long bout with experience complicated by life. Final words; "NONE" ...(he was mute, get it?)..."NONE". Hey, if Im' gettin' a little morbid, it goes with the territory.

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 19:43

Eileen, you were Wendy and I was a lost boy remember?.. youve' played yer' roll so gracefully. The shows over, thats all. This earthly stage aint the only venuew in the universe, I truely believe that. Hey, think of it a me hittin' the bog time! Hell, your' n original Trooper. The show must go on! Hell, all of the good titles have been taken... lets see; Death On The Installement Plan, They Shot Horses Dont They?, Terms Of Endearment etc. Please take it easy Sam.

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 19:45

Ah.. make that "Me Hittin' The Big Time"... (makes more sence that way)... but you get the drift.

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 19:49

Eileen. Get the hell off of the ceiling, grab a smoke and do whatever Nor Cal gals do. Im' the Drams Queen on this site remember???... P.S. Smile will ya'.

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 19:54

Ah... make that "DRAMA QUEEN"... ah, right now im' on the loose flyin' low with a pain patch, Im' lovin' myself for a truckload, and am going to park Homeskin at my old haunt on Jane street. (a hotel prefered by artists and writers).. ha, ha). Im good with that, really, I am. PS. You will be in my death song,.. cool? It going to be an Irish Limerick of sorts written to the Ol' tune of "Dyin' Crap-shooters Blues". Its been in my head since the Morphine hit me.

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 19:56

Like I said, I dont want to get to morbid here; so,.. ah... WHATS NEW?????? What did I miss? I havent checked the back pages yet. Care to recap anyone?

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 19:58

I will stay untill closing if thats what it takes. Smoke if ya' got em'.

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 20:30

Hows this for a rough draft? ONE PERCENT FREE BLUES by S.R. Boyd (sung to the tune of Dyin' Crap-shooters blues. *** Id'e like Coyote to strum a mornful durdge as Eileen weaves my funeral shroud, and if Hamond would write my epitaph, Ide feel both honored and proud. As a life actor, Ive' paid my dues, Im' checkin' out with the 1% Free Blues. *** Ide' like Cheryl Lynne to meet

me at the station, to deliver the home-spun shroud, in the wee hours of a Sunday, far from the madding crowd. As a life actor who paid my dues, the Lord gave me some bad reviews. *** Ide' like Rena to walk me to the turnstiles, bare-breasted, veiled in balck. As nine men enter the subway, and only eight come staggering back. Holding my lucky boots and swiggin' some booze, singin' the 1%Free Blues. *** Ide like H'Lain to mix my ashes with a ground up black cat bone, before Claude heaps them into my lucky boots for thier final journey home. Then roll a number and chug some booze, and sing the 1% Free Blues. *** Ide' like Mark to dump a handfull on the center line of O' Sixty Six. In order that my soul can get its last un-earthly kicks. Then point the Tee Bird East, win, draw or lose. Burn some fuckin' rubber and sing the 1% Free Blues. *** Ide like Nicole to place my lucky boots upon her perfumed knees, as she sits at the bar at the White Horse, and says: "ONE WHISKIE PLEASE!" Then pour the booze into the boots and turn around and leave, and when they say: "WHO'LL PAY FOR THAT??!!", say: "IT'S ON SILENT STEVE!!" Then empty the boots on Jane Street, free what was once my flesh and bones, so that the ashes may blow in the wind and dissolve on the rain drenched Belgian stones. *** Please ask Eric to post my Obit. upon the world wide web, to inform the Free Family Nation that an Olema Digger is dead.

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 20:33

Ya,.. Im' here. (everyones gotta' be somewhere).... by the way, I "HIGHLY" recomend those patches.

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 20:43

Ya, Birdi, the bitch was not knowin' if i was/am terminal. I had planned to wait until I got the word, which was supposed to be on the 10th, then the 22nd. And FINALLY tommarow. Ive' got the definate feeling that its "Worst Case' dig. At this point it better be, hell, Ide die of shame if this is a cry of "WOLF!!". But no shit, it hit me like a ton of bricks. The tumor is compressing my right lung. For the needle biopsy they jabbed straight into the left oak leaf of the flying acorn sprig of my O.M.M.C. tattoo which in itself symbolically grounded me. Since then another lump has appeared on my lower back next to my spin. Thats the one that all but crippled me. No shit, without dope I cant even walk.

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 20:49

Het Eileen; DITTO! Hey Mark, I dont know what the patch is laced with, but to waylay that kind of pain for 72 Hrs. it must be Alice In Wonderland Grade, dig? Im' as clear-headed as ever (or I think that I am,) which makes me finally understand Claude's credo. Hey Claude, I finally got it!!!

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 20:52

Mark, you made me think of an old Pink Floyd line which went something like this: "The memories of a man in his old age, are the deeds of a young man in his prime; we shuffle in the gloom of our sick room and talk to ourselves as we die." Thanks for the reminder.

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 20:53

I didnt mean "Het".. I meant "HEY".

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 20:56

Hey all, Im' splittin' to buy some fresh dudes. Ive been livin' in these for over one month. We are only allowed two showers per week but it has a flip side. The Island Girl nurses and care givers have taken an interest in assisting me. That in itself gives me reason to live. See you all in the a.m.

steve

Wed, Sep. 22, 2004, 20:59

Sam, I will post in the afternoon. I will be getting the word at 10:00 a.m. at the St. Vincents Cancer center on 15th St. between 8th and 9th Ave. Chant yer' asses off. Thanks.

steve

Thu, Sep. 23, 2004, 11:25

Hey Happy B-Day!. Hey Nic, the social worker just gave me the note that you left. She said to call and tap on the phone etc. But her supervisor let me use the computer. Heres the word: Surgery is out. They will consult a super pro to see if chemo and/or radiation is the ticket. The drift is that even if it is called for that it will only shrink the cancer and relieve some pain. They want me to look at it in a new light. Not of merely prolonging my suffering, but relieving it. In any event I will know on Wed. the 29th. Hey dig, the heath care center had the cops show up here last night trying to hunt me down. The cops and the security folk here said: He ant no nut ir crimmlinal, whats the beef? They may be covering their asses. (???). The Sociol worker here is certain that Im' staying at the wrong place and is trying to assist me in freeing up my SSD which there have glombed onto. Its a real racket. Dig, the doctor that I saw today imediatly doubled the strength of my patch. In any event the folks at the center are hiring a car to transport me back and the "BIG NURSE" threatened to come get me herself. Lets see; COOL HAND LUKE; "HE's OUR BOY NOW!"... or how about "One Flew Over the COO COO's nest?. (What a life I lead). Hey, this beats tapping on the phone dont it???

steve

Thu, Sep. 23, 2004, 13:25

Thanks bob. Hey dig. The folks at the rest home got wierd with the guilt trip all and said that if I do elect for treatments that they would not transfer me to an care home. (thier way or the high-way). With some backing from the great crew here at St. V's we dropped em' like a turd from a tall cows ass. The St. V' crew is laying double dose patches on me free and my Wed. Apt has been boosted up to today at 3:00 p.m. I plan on booking a room on Jane Street untill the end of the month. Im' free again!!! Dig, the Dr. (Big Gun) who Im' seeing at 3:00 is a cat who handled me 3 years ago. He's so tough that his last name only has two letters. I swear that he could preform open

heart surgery w/ his bare hands! He' one bad Chinaman!!! All of the staff at this wing remember me. Im' in good hands. As I said before they told me at 10:00 that surgery is out of the question. Basically I get the drift that its Aloha on the steel guitar. But hey, "THATS LIFE!!". (boy am I lovin' this praise and encouragement). Almost makes dyin' worth it. P.S. Ohio : WRITE, WRITE, WRITE!!! Contact you all this afternoon. Luv ya' Nik!

steve

Thu, Sep. 23, 2004, 13:32

Jenny Wren; great poem! Very nice. Love?... ya' we can do love!!! (comes so naturally dont' it?)., I gotta' try to revamp my hotmail account and contact my soul mate. Rev. Jackie is the one that its gonna' be hell to tell. , I gotta' chose my words carfully... or tenderly rather. Come on three-O'clock!!!!

steve

Thu, Sep. 23, 2004, 13:42

Hey Eric, thanks again fer' havin' me. Your' hospitality on this web site makes it. Emmitt put some faith in the right cat for sure. Give Joe my best.

steve

Thu, Sep. 23, 2004, 13:45

Hey, in time this will blow over. Its a real crazy world and gettin' crazier by the minute. Lets talk about your' lives and how the world scene is effecting them. (or whatever).. I just dont want to get to hung up on the dyin' aspects of the vibe. Cool? I fear for all of our sons and daughters. Tell em' to vote will ya??

steve

Thu, Sep. 23, 2004, 13:47

See ya' all this afternoon. Ill' keep ya' posted. Later. (ahh... freedom!!)...

steve

Fri, Sep. 24, 2004, 10:32

Cool Nic; and my thanks to you all for the warm words, thoughts prayers. Dig, I may recieve my first radiation treatment today. Heres the scoop; Its like the scene in "BRAZIL" where the fly drops into the typewriter and the wrong man gets d. (were' all right???). First they had me listed as Stephen R. Boyd (a dude who was born in 49 not 52 and had just died), then they had me down as Steven R. Boyo instead of Boyd. Had my ol' St. V's Dr. gotten my records on Aug. the 5th he would have started radiation imediatly. First off, heres what happened. I checked into the St. V's ER on the 5th with the note from the NYC Downtown Hospital after I started coughing and mildly halucinating. The tracers were getting heavy, the walls were flapping like electric flags and the ceiling was doing some heavy breathing. They freaked out and screamed "WHY DID THEY RELEASE YOU!". OK, After ten days of tests, they thought they were doing the right thing by steering me to an assisted health care facility temporarily until a treatment program could be set up.

Bingo! Lost in the system until I escaped the other day. See the place was like Stalog 17. I couldn't even obtain a day pass to buy a fresh change of clothing and the ers had me on liquid tylenol until the day that I collapsed from the pain and was taken to the second floor where I was confronted by a staff member who seemed to be in the throws of a nervous break down. Having never seen an male in that height of hysteria I almost when he was introduced as my "Personal Care Physitian". Upon hearing that I couldn't walk and was coughing he reluctantly wrote a script for Vicodin and seemed put out as if I were dipping into his personal stash. He then scheduled me for a series of tests at St. Josephs Hospital. When I tried to explain in writing that I had gone through a whole series of tests and had been diagnosed at St. V's the month before, he refused to even read my note. I toughed it out until the mourning of the St. Joe's thing, when I flatly refused to go. I got it through a nurses head that the xrays, scans etc would only be duplicate exams of what I had already gone through at St. V's. I further wrote that I was on an out patient status and that my entire medical history and records were at St.V's and then lost my cool about getting stiffed two times in a row for the care centers incompetence in coordinating two scheduled St. V's follow up appointments. At that point the pain was such that I was tempted to cut my right nut off and jump from a fifth story window. I said you and yer' St. Joseph kick backs. Well, that got me put on the list and they slowly d me with only three Vicodin a day. One angel upped me to five per day on the side. I reached my breaking point one night when I was told to wait four hours "Until Midnight" as I had already had my three and couldn't have another one until another "DAY" rolled by. I had been balled into a fetal position and had been missing meals due to the fact that I couldn't walk to the lunch room and was suffering from sleep depravation as the pain kept me up. The next day they picked me up off of the floor and I was admitted into St. Joes E.R. where a sain M.D. jacked me up on Morphine and prescribed pain patches. I went AWOL in an effort to make my 3rd Re-scheduled St. V's follow up and the rest is history. I saved my own life, or what is left of it anyway. Yesterday the social worker here at St. V's fully realized what I had been up against. Upon hearing that I was refusing to return to the facility and would like to be transfered to one that would better suit my needs I was told that "IF" I returned they would transfer me, BUT If I did return and was infact going to undergo treatment at St. V's they would not release me and I would be REQUIRED (???) to stay with them. I gave it the down, and then "BIG NURSE" really showed her colors. On the speaker phone she said "Mr. Boyd, Its either go here or the street", I wrote: "I AM THE STREET". (My new social worker smiled). Bingo, a while later my 72 Hr. patch wore off FAST while waiting for my new script to be filled, the pain shoot into my right testicle, hip and upper leg. I leaned against the hallway wall and wept as I didnt want the folks in the waiting room to freak. By chance two angels who I was tight with back during my 2001 sessions walked by, hustled my ass into a Chemo bed in the adjoining clinic, pulled the curtain, took down my history, hooked me up to a Dylauidid I.V. slapped on an industrial synthetic Morphine patch which had just arrived via U.S. Calvalry to the rescue, and hand fed me Oxycodin like grapes at a Roman . Within seconds I was belly surfing upon Dylauidin waves with Rena Morningstar. Within minutes you could have used my right nut as a ping-pong ball; hell, I would have served! Me and the gals talked about ol' times and I was informed just how aggressive my 01' treatments had been. (I was their Heroshima Poster Boy). Fact is the radiation had damn near broken my spirit. Reverend Jackie was the one who got me through that. But still, I managed to skip my last sessions and the gals never did get to give me a send off. It was tough to be reunited under these circumstances. The women in my life were always and will always continue to be a blessing. Rather than go trough the red tape of general admissions, they just let me crash in the clinic last night. Im' in the best of hands folks. Dig, on top of the super-duty patches they just layed a script for 240 Dilauidids on me plus some steroids that I have to take daily. Hell, thats a reason to keep on livin' right there! At this point, Dying is no longer an issue with me; "Gettin'

There" is! The Doc told me yesterday that the treatment of the large tumor in my upper lung may pose a problem as the radiation will overlap the area that the zapped back in 01' and may do some real nerve damage to the muscle that control my arm. Hell, remember that ol' hillbilly song that goes "Give me one hand loose and Ill' be satisfied"? (my needs are small) Talk to ya' all A.S.A.P. My posts may be few and far between, hence the long length, dig? Love Steve.

steve

Fri, Sep. 24, 2004, 10:35

Again; Happy Birthday Motherwitch!! Sorry that I unearthed some bad memories,... but hell, I learned something while at that rest home; Bad memories beat no memories at all! Talk to all soon.

steve

Fri, Sep. 24, 2004, 12:42

Thanks again all. Ya, Hammond, Bernardo's Cloud will be heaven fer' sure. Oh, Nik; dig! I just had an I.V. Hot Shot for the road and am heading out now with enough Patches, pain pills and steroids to supply a coast to coast Rolling Stones tour. I come back on Wed. for the first radiation session which Im' not sure will be coupled with chemo or not (???). Oh, the Doc thinks that the lump that formed on my right temple may give a clue as to the visuals that I was/am "Experiencing". He's gonna' review my brain scan. (Lets hope that all he finds is a beautiful mind). Hey, they filled all of my perscriptions a few minutes ago and just layed em' on me. Im' now the most desirable bachelor in manhattan! Ive' now officially reached Dope Fiend status. Again folks; Im' in very good hands. Its like Ol' home week around here. I highly recomend the NYC Saint Vincents Cancer Center. Read up on it some time, its top notch. Well Im' now Free and clear to come and go, as I signed a fax today which lagally disconnected me with the "Wealth Care Center" out in Far Rockaway. Man, I got a real taste of "The Workable Lie" in action out there. Well, Im' gonna' float on down towards the Mighty Hudson and book a room. I may drop in later from the cyber cafe on Bleecker street. Nic, we will hook up fer sure, but Im' havin' H2O instead of booze, dig? Later Sister Woman.

steve

Sat, Sep. 25, 2004, 11:21

Hey Birdi, she made the connection! Oh,.. Elzssn, get well soon! Hey Eileen, I dont even beguin to look at this leg of the journey as anything close to being tragic ect. What I deem tragic is when we loose folk suddenly; murder, O.D. accidents etc. Motherwitch, I was amazed to find that Im' only a hair above 5'-8 inches! I shear that I was 5'-10" in my prime. Hell, back in 1994 when Sweet Lorraine and I reunited (after about ten years) she said "My God!.. You Shrunk!!". Perhaps Im' naw stooped a bit??.. Dont get me wrong, I aint gonna' get "Little Man Syndrom" anytime soon! Hey Jennifer, Ide' like to think that he's in a good place! Traditionally sailors refered to it as "Davy Jones Locker" but the Irish Fishermen and such refered to it in legend and song as "Fiddler's Green". Hope he finds his way. Wow, Nik swung by and we were off!! She pointed out the moon the very second that my eyes caught glimps of it as if she raised her hand and flicked a switch! When I was introduced to Brandy I had the overwhelming feeling (which Nik had also gotten on thier first meeting) : that of having ALWAYS known her. She is truly a gifted healer. Ive' been consiously applying the breathing exersise and as my mind seems to lead my body, its very fruitfull. (Hey Jag,

yer' Voodoo prediction was spot on! That lady is strong medicine. I plan on meeting her around noonish w/ her ol' friend from the Peacs Church (small world) who also has the touch. Its a hit or miss thing, not etched in stone but I will try to show. Speaking of the Church, I swung by yesterday to explain why I had been a no show in possibly covering when Shawn flys the coop. I was told that a dear friend who I met through Rev. Jackie will be notified and most likley lay the news on Jackie. (I am a chickenshit aint I) I just dont know how I could have told her. She's closer than close. A real part of me, dig? Good what a wonderful night! Then evening w/ Nik was so wonderful and touching. So uplifting...so soothing... infact at times real shits-and-giggles. She told of a dream in such a way that I not only visualized it but felt. (under the radiator???) Wink, wink, nudge, nudge. Hey Nik, speaking of paths being cleared (was I?)... After hitting my place last night, I asked an ol' pal specifically thinking the question and putting it in writting: I wrote and thought; "Am I on the RIGHT PATH? Please advise." Heres the answer that I recieved. "The path that I now travel will only lead to success through gentleness. To get around small obsticles I must use friendly persuasion to exert any influence. I must take precausionary measures. The time has not come for sweeping measures. I may be able, to a certain extent, act as a restraining and subduing influence. To carry out my purpose, I will need firm determination within and gentleness and adaptability in external relations. I must refine the outward aspect of my nature in small ways. I must not return to the way of pressing forward, but return to the way that bests suits my situation, in order to be free to advance or retreat. I must not try to obtain anything by force. I must be contented with what I have already achieved. In order to achieve I must take this occasion for inner enrichment and education. I must retreat and yield. I must seek fellowship. I must surround myself with helpers and turn inward and raise my being to a higher level." P.S. Hey folks, that Ol' Pal was the I CHING, (but you knew that! No shit, I picked up the book yesterday. And for anyone thinking that I may have fished around awhile to come up with that answer, I gotta' tell ya'. I only asked one question and recieved one answer. As for my next question??.. I really cant think of one. Im' good with that. So ya' see Hammond, The deree of "Tough Mother Fucker that Im' sootin' for; well.... strength aint just in strong arms, (ask the meek) Its something beyond the physical. Thats what Im' grasping at.. the metaphysical aspects, the spiritual strength. That being said Im' reuniting with the Peace Church crew on Sunday. P.S.S. Hey Rena, they still have yer' phota posted on the Digger section of the bullitin board. (maybe my works will follow me? Back in a minite folks.

steve

Sat, Sep. 25, 2004, 12:09

Hows this for taking advice?.. Im' walking the streets of NYC with over \$900.00 worth of legal narcotics in my pouch (which I sleep with) and Im' totally unarmed. Ive' left the blade on the old path. Ironically this seems to parrallel another juncture in my life. These inklings always take me back to year one (1970) and to Blackbear Ranch. that was the first time that I put down the blade. Shortly after becomming one of the people (a person), I dismantled my knike and placed the pieces in a helter skelter (oops! Charley fucked that term up!).. O.K... I placed the pieces in a rather unstructured pattern in the shallows of a fork of the Salmon River. A real metamophisis had taken place. In ditching the knife, I was in no small way ditching a secret fear (or fears??). So as far as being armed and fully cloathed, I may opt to leave this world as I entered it; defensless and naked. I mean hell, that method proved highly successful, why reenvent the wheel? Back to the blade freak syndrom. See, even with a knife at my side, I was truthfully actually HIDDING BEHIND it. Thats why I have perhaps always be edgy and a bit uncomfortable in relationships, almost as If I were hiding behind a skirt Dig?? Oh well. Go figure! Oh, speeking of drugs, this shit is super addicting,

but Ive' started a Dope Log and am in fact (other than the Fentanyl Transdermal System) i.e. "Marks Contact High",... Im' actually taking fewer of the Hydrmorphone and Dexamethone tabs as required. Now for the side effects,.. Hmm.. lets read the lable: CONFUSION??? ..(cant tell). HAL-LUCINATIONS???... (to late!) EUPHORIA??? (I blame that on Nicole's perfumed knees) God she looks better than ever! SPEECH DISORDER???... (stop laughing!) ABNORMAL THINKING???... (is there such an animal?) ABNORMAL GAIT???.. (well, if you can count "The Bernardo Shuffle", sure, and then some) ABNORMAL DREAMS???... Hell, ask nicole, or better yet the 12" tall eight year old who crawled under the radiator) ABNESIA???.. (who? Me??.. ah what was the question???) PARANOID REACTION???... (paranoid reaction?!, whata' mean by that??!, Huh???,!!!, Whata' ya mean????!!!!, I know what yer' thinkin'!!!!) Well, Im' gonna' shove of now, Hell, Ive' missed the noonish pow wow. Hope ya get this measage Nik. I will contact ya' via this site and touch base with ya next weekend. The stuff seems to be putting me in a night owl mode any way. Im' feelin' like a cross between Bela Lagosi, Peter Lori and Kieth Richards. Round about dusk is when I put my sun glasses on dig? Oh, dig this. I left Niks place last night with a few momentos, among them were an open dated authentic RX from a local Doctor indicating that Ive' been confined to bed for the next 48 hours and will be unable to work. Hell, I may hook a straight joj just it use it. Lay that on em' on the first day! Man, that beats the hell out of the Monopoly Game Get Out Of Jail Cards that I use to give as gifts. (Its the thought that counts). One more thing Nik, I was so comforted in finding that your' home environment is so warm and loving. You are rich in so many ways. Thanks fer' havin' me. Give my regards to Brandy and the cats. And thank her for me. The breathing is the ticket. And on that note; BREATH ON FOLKS!!!! Talk to ya' all on Monday.

steve

Sat, Sep. 25, 2004, 16:17

Gotcha' Donna! Hey Eileen, the blade thing was false confidence, (kina' like Beer Muscles). Purely a symbolic thing as spears are a big no-no in our society. I didnt mean hiding "IN" a skirt, I meant hiding "Behind" one. (but you new that). As to my one and only Sumi E lesson, I naturally donated my full tuition to her and her cause and feel so proud just to have been in her presence. It was key in getting onto the path, a path which I had only touched upon a short while before stumbling upon her workshop. See, I was in the habit of walking over to the East river at sunrise and wedging myself between two seperate groups of local China Town retired folks who were being lead in thier a.m. Felun Gong (Felun Dafa) exersizes beneath the Brooklyn Bridge. Ok, after a few days they seemed to notice me and smile, (as I was attempting to copy thier moves) but I naturally converted to my own "Boyd-Body" style in order to relieve the back pain prior to getting the word that it stemmed from the effects of cancer. Well, a few days of that rolled by when I got my own giggle and smile going. I noticed that they were copying MY moves! I shit you not. As I said: (I read this somewhere).. "The oldest Teacher can learn from the youngest student". Ok, dig this, I left the cafe this afternoon and journeyed East and scored two more essentials for my path, The CD version of Bob Dylan's Highway 61 and Bringing it all home. Then Im' sitting in the triangle of the Father Demo Square here in the Village, taking more medication (As prescribed) and a Hells Angel from Holland walks by and we symotaniously give each other a power salute. That was the first in a series of total strangers giving me an odd nod of support. Could the vibe be that strong? Dig this, it was topped of bay a third party informing me that my Dear Friend Louis Fawcett is trying to get me set up with some digs at Saint Mary's as my next months SSD check will no doubt be sucked up by the "Wealth Care Center" out in Far Rockaway. Hey, as far as the Peace Church connection goes, in my heart I feel that my Beloved Reverend Jackie is pulling strings. She was always "The

Man Behind The Curtain" during my visit to Emerald City. I picture her soulfull face as I type. No paer work, no legal handcuffs, no rings; just our vow to love each other "ALWAYS? ALL WAYS". Thats the berries for me;.. as good as it gets. As usuall, the women in my life have and will remain a blessing, a true blessing. In any event, I will get the particulars and details in the a.m. at Sunday Service. Hey, it seems as if my Zap Cartoon existance is slowly evolving into a Bible Story, ... I feel more spiritually tuned in than any other time of my life, which tells me that THIS is the time of my life. Again, I thank you all for lending an ear. Later for sure, ya'll. Monday it is! Love Steve
steve

Sun, Sep. 26, 2004, 14:28

Ive' found my salvation! ..or rather it has found me. Pay no attention to the man behind that curtain!.... the Great OZ has spoken! Folks Im' now trump tight within the safety of a living shepard. I will not go into details because this area and aspect of my life is not an open book. Its as personal as it gets. But trust me; Ive' been delivered. I may contact you all from my top secret hide out or more likely through a second party. I plan on doing some creative (aint it all?) writting. Im' now into a short piece which is dedicated to Peter Coyote titled "Ode To A Trickster", and also one called "Appologies To A Hun" (the OTHER Pete). Ok, I skimmed the latest: Hmmm... Yep Lancescape, the eyes have it. They were obviously "Waiting Fer' The Man" (but not THAT man).. ya, that was our Bernado. BTO/F F/BTO. Hey Claude, I once heard that right before Dylan Thomas died while demonstrating his ability to drink (while lying on his back upon the floor of The White Horse Tavern (using no hands) he was said to have shouted "A Toast, a toast to Me!... a toast to my good health". True??.. who knows. But on that note, Open up that jug pronto mister and toast to me and mine! "Times a' wastin' " - Snuffy Smith. Hey Rena, yer welcome! and by the way, thanks fer' the nude dreamland belly surfing lesson. Hmm... telepathic surfing lessons??!!... there could be a few bucks in that!! Think about it. Hey Ohio Girl; Dearest Fran, those of us who never even met him can actully miss him,... through your' words and stories. Its crucial that you consider your' first though, your' best thought. You are OUR Fran, got that?? WRITE ON! Hey Eileen, your' train of thought reminds me of something that Bob Dyan once expressed; something to the effect that we dont so much fear nuclear war as much as we fear that our niebors may spot the latest gossip tabloid which weve' just bought and stashed under our arm.(sorry if I miss quoted you Bob, but that was the drift that I got)). Hey Jag, I hear ya; lets hope so! Oh, Merries Daughter, Well Spoken!!! Hey Donna; Keep Hoping Sister!!! Cat Stevens?.. Cat Stevens??... I was super tight with his one time manager Berry Krost and crashed many a night at his place above Sunset. He always called me an Ol' Sod, or Sot (??!!). Theres a warm place in my heart for Barry. We were mates in the true English sence of the word. If anyone crosses his path please tell him that Steve Boyd said that " I didnt exactly get knocked down by an inexpensive automobile, but it was damned close!" Thanks folks. Oh, by the way, there are so many arrangement to make at both ends etc. that I may be out of touch with you all for some time, but in the meanwhile, please dont get hung up, come on gang, rap about auto repair, gardening, food recipies, child care, coping with life (ok, ok, and death)... but you know, the little details in everyday existance,... after alla wise person once said: "God is in the details". Untill then. Enjoy! Love to all, and I do mean all! your' Steve. P.S. Eric, I will remain eternally gratefull for having experience the hospitality of yer' Digger web site "Living Room". Hope to see ya' in the basement someday. Ive' got a real "In" with the furnace primming elf. Carry on my man! ENDURE!!!

steve

Sun, Sep. 26, 2004, 14:30

Hey Elzeen,... It's all good ... aint it??!!
steve

Mon, Sep. 27, 2004, 10:44

Eileen!!.. I told ya'; "OLD LADY" -OUT!!! "ANTIQUÉ LITTLE GIRL" -IN!!!.... Got that??? Hey Donna, Barry also handled Elizibeth Montgomeri (Bewitched). ACHTUNG HAMMOND: Heres a rough draft of the word play that I came up with at the Riverview Hotel; (which is conductive to writting (nothin' else ta' do!).... Anyway, feel free to alter it for rythmic flow, spelling, and structure etc. Think of it as prime raw material. Hell it's not cast in stone. Ok, here goes, (drum roll please:..... "ODE TO A TRICKSTER" QUIET ON THE SET!!! ...Lights, ON! camera, ROLLING! sound, SPEED!, ACTION!!!! * 20th-century * year one * Fast Sun * Summers gone * Autumns on * Sun low * Harvest Home * moon bow * Twin peaks flanking a telephone dial * William Bonnie alias * Wry Digger smile * Rough and Ready road trip * Olema country mile * Earth Angel chopped hog * Gypsy Nor. Cal. style * Silver stud ear ring * Cool yer' heels awile * Bizzarly skewed vision through my tattooed black ink eye * Ursa Major creasent moon * Ink dotted stars * fleshtone sky * LAP, DESOLVE, FADE OUT, the new age has come about * Life acting as a T.V. Host * Tattooes eradicated * Sepia moon ghost * Now flying solo on yer' own * within yer' skin * Yer' always home * Yer' telecasted image * Reach the ends of earth * The marketable charm of yer' trade mark voice * Resinates gitty zeal * God gifted thespian * timber boot achilies heel * Cooly objective * Cast indepth * Weirdly relevant somehow * No mere talking head * Never fframed reel to reel * Going for the long burn * Freyed yet no sign of frazzle * Yer' a trooper man! * Give em' the Ol' Razzle Dazzle! * LAP DESOLVE, FADE OUT, THE END, CUT! IT'S A WRAP. ROLL CREDITS. "ODE TO A TRICKSTER" STARRING PETER COYOTE. TRICKSTER- Based on the character created by Peter Coyote. EXECUTIVE PRODUCER Fentanyl. PRODUCER Hydromorphone. WRITTEN BY Steve Boyd. A PRESENTATION OF www.diggers.org
steve

Mon, Sep. 27, 2004, 11:01

Make that: NEVER "FREEZE FRAMED" ... dig! Hey I bumped into Nik yeserday as she was commin' out of the store. Hi again! Hey Nik was she involved with any of Dan Kinch's documentary Feminist projects. I hugged Dan and Ronnie yesterday at the Peace Church. They plan on renuing thier vows this Sunday. I wont miss that. Good folks fer' sure. Well from here on out its no more uninformed decisions fer' me. I hear ya' nik. If I had my way, Ide' like nothing more than to see in my mind's eye a fat bear cub rolling my skull on the forest floor. Happy Bee Day Billy Tee!!!! Hey Nik, heres my drift on the "Right To Die Issue" : Hell, Im' still tryin' ta' justify my "Right To Live Issue"!! Dig, Humanism can only be restored singlehandedly. (think about it). I will contact you all when I contact you all. (makes more sence that way).
steve

Mon, Sep. 27, 2004, 11:06

Nik, a drop behind each knee will give the time-released effect. Word on the street is that "GIN" fragrance is the next big thing! (I love the dirt!).... Hey, My new partner is a hitch-hiking caterpillar who hooked a ride at Father Demo Square this a.m. I looked down at em' said "Fuck Or Walk"... (just shittin' ya!)..... It loves to petted. Hey, the office thing may be a go. Il' get back ta' ya' on that.
steve

Mon, Sep. 27, 2004, 11:09

Yep, checked it out again. The ones that I cant get out of my head are in Claudes. Its real "View Master" material. The old one of the kids in the kitchen. Wow, Life Magazine missed out on that one! Goota' run now.
steve

Tue, Sep. 28, 2004, 09:49

Thanks Hammond! In reading it, I feel that the original version was more than likely better suited as a live Stand-Up "READING". Its like Ginsberge, Hey, reading his stuff was one thing, HEARING him actually "HOWL" "Howl" was the berris, as good as it gets. That the "Life" of Poetry dig? Thats what gets me when I hear folks say; Shakespear??. I read shakespear and dont dig it. Well, come on!! Lets not forget the Intent! The intent was to SEE and HEAR it PERFORMED!!! So hey, one and all,.. try it at home; READ, ACT and STRATE POETRY to the KIDS! Get em' to make up their own!.. oops, ramblin' .. gotta' watch those tangents... Hmm... Oh,.. hey Eileen, In as much as the miniture Harem-Bell-Hop-Dead Monk Costume was a flop, perhaps you could weave a miniture kimono fer' the little Acorn Hatted Silent Steve Doll. HEELLLOOO BARBIE!!!! (G.I. Joes got nothin' on me!!) Hmm....Denim?... in the City Grey is "IN" (or so Im' told). Hey Claude, in as much as Im' planning to spend my final days "Living" instead of "Dying" (makes more sence that way) any documentary thing would seem,.. well,.. I dunno'..I cant place it. But hey, keep throwin' Ideas out there, thats whats cool about these sessions, battin' it all around. Ide' prefer that you all make documentaries of yer' Grand Children. (Ring out the old, ring in the new) More on George Harrison further' down the page.... Ya see, Ive' seen a few Aides related things of that nature and was personally turned off by the very nature of the content, Oh, not at the Reality aspects, or the stark imagery, as I fell that turning a blind eye leads to complicity. But its like that Bangladesh Concert thing, or the latest Jesus film, sure, I recognize the worth (and positive aspects) of "Shock Value" as much as the person, but that being said; my posts here on site may very well get morbid enough without any 8x10 color glossies Dig? (not to mention the vanity factor) See, I practice what I preach, example. I felt bad and was afraid that I would seem small in my friends eyes when I bowed out and passed on visiting my dying friend Wayne (from the Peace Church) when he was on his bed. (On those very grounds) See,... I wanted to remember him as he "WAS". And, to that end; I do!!! I hope no one takes that the wrong way. It may seem so selfish, but its a "Feeling over-load" protection mode most likely,.... Oh,.. Man, Claude, I gotta' tell ya' again, being one for Sea-Scapes myself, Im' rivited to the photos in yer' scrapebook. Now hey, Ive' tripped in that region, collected petrified wood, cactus, stones, sprinted with rainbow lizards etc. But that was then, this is now. Yer' photos are very enchanting for sure. I talked to a Russian Imigrant in the square (who seemed facinated with my Caterpillar friend) and he showed me some photos of your neck of the woods and specifically where he had witnessed the two Greek Letters that syblolize The Lord Jesus (which had manifested above and below the setting sun. It led him to spread the word. He headed East. Oh, keep a look out, yer' newest nieghbors may be Tibetan. Good Vibes. Oh, while

Im' on the subject; I feel blessed that I have been granted the "Time" to make my peace with one and all, you know, to write to whom it may concern and say the un-said, etc. Sure, the bonds and under-currents of those who are tight with us "Go Without Being Said" ... but, "Saying" it, finalizes it, confirms it, seals it. (but you knew that). Current Photos of me??... Hey, after I hit town this last time, (the last time??..Ha, Ha.) I was down at the Hudson with my shirt off soaking up the rays when a photographer asked if I'd sit for a . He was all pro. He planned on selecting a few for publication. I lost his card, but by chance perhaps the pics will surface in their own good time at the most unsuspecting place. Oh, Nic, speaking of the Mighty Hudson, I risked my life prior to that Pic shoot by climbing out over the edge where the rain had washed away years of dirt scrub to retrieve three pennies that were left exposed. After cleaning off the built-up grime I found that they were all wheat straw pennies (which really filled the bill of "Out-Of-Circulation" status in reference to the I CHING oracle coin tradition. (Just can't figure out where I misplaced them?) aint it the way? OK, folks, here's where it's at with "ME" at this stage of the game; I woke up this a.m. wondering why the lights kept blinking on and off and then realized that it was "ME" who was blinkin',.. dig? The thing is with these opiate patches are that (according to the graph) my body will be sucking up more of the "Juice" as time goes by, the graph depicts that typically it's a steady climb for the first 10 weeks of application at which time I will more than likely level off for a while and then dip slightly. Now, dig this; being in "HOT" temperature really kicks em' in, and if I was a freak (who me?) I could "Double-UP" on em'. But hell, Im' good! Lets see, Oh Eileen; my "COLORS" are many and varied. Dig;...(My Chinese Black Dragon Colors) are Black, Grey and Imperial Yellow. (with Orange as the dark horse). My Natural Colors are; Silver, White, Sea Foam Green and Pink Coral (Salmon). (But my Sag. digs Burgandy/Purple). OK;... Lately, between passing out Peace Church Manhattan-Wide Street Sheets (where to look for soup kitchens, drop-in centers, clothing distribution and showers), I've been writing and fine-tuning some original short Poems. Im' working on one now about a white feather and a piece of red ribbon that I found on Jane street right after seeing Nik at the store. It's in a William Blake mode, Ill' lay it on ya' when it's done, but fer' now, here's one that I penned last night: Its dedicated to Rev. Jacki Moore. "WORDS" By S.R. Boyd. "WORDS"- The most profound words ever spoken to me * Will be not of "What Was", but of "What Will Be". * I patiently wait for her to so poignantly lean over my bed and whisper "Last Rights" to me.

steve

Tue, Sep. 28, 2004, 11:37

Well,.. I just had a pow-wow with one of the fine St' V's Social workers here on 15th St. It's now in the works and their professionalism coupled with the coordination of the Heavy Hitting odist Spiritual leaders who are championing my cause is a heavensend. I can't say that what's coming down now in reference to my placement is a life saver in itself, because hell,... Im' just now fully recognizing that my life was saved over three years ago on the very second that I looked into Jacki's eyes. As I most likely told you, she opened the church doors and her heart to me, a process which I saw repeated countless times leading up to the morning of September 11th when hundreds of stricken souls flocked to her. I saw a good shepherd among so many sheep that day. It was a religious experience that I will never forget. As I also may have mentioned, some months before that she welcomed me, gave me a meal in which to serve my stomach. After witnessing several of her sermons, I was deeply moved. Her personal words, actions and feelings opened my heart and I came to recognize and actually begin a relationship with the Christian God that I had questioned since childhood. That being said, it was not so much as the "Word Of God" that got me to choose the path (which being mortal I stray from daily)... It was Jacki's words, her faith in action, the

feelings that ated from her as she Spoke,.. hell, she conducted the first sermon in my life where the crowd whistled and applauded. Man, some were even stamping thier feet! Well, bottom line is that (through Christ?) Jacki opened my heart, and a void was filled that enriched me. Oh, sure there were daily distractions from the local unrepenant sinners; (takes one to know one)...in 20/20 hind-site, those freak almost overwhelmed me. Hell, at times they did (physically but never spiritually). The sharpest blade is faith. (you can quote me). Many of my daily trials and tribulations are no doubt documented here on site. But underneath it all was that connection. The connection that did not end when we parted and she dropped out of the roll of shepard. She left me in good hands with Rev. Dick Parker. Back to my salvation: It goes full circle, back to when she gave me a warm meal to serve my stomach and then later when I sought her out for bread and wine to serve my soul. I was not lead, pushed or pulled. I made that first step. She alloted me a warm place to conduct my art and craft. She couniled me in my time of despare. She lead a group who preyed and layed hands on me to free the pain. She granted me safe haven and sanctuary where I recovered, prospered and spiritually matured. I honored her trust and confidence with loyalty, and was rewarded a thousand times over. Remenber, all of this came down within the back-drop of one of America's most deeply entrenched counter-culture nieghborhoods on the planet; Greenwich Village. Again I made the first step, a step which lead to our vow of "ALWAYS"-in-"ALLWAYS" which in a way can be best explained in the dialoge of an old Montgomery Cliff film that I saw as a child. Where am I going with this??... well, the great Enigma of my journey has been solved; I have at last found my home. It is within a living, pumping, human heart. A heart of gold. My greatest wish for human-kind would be that everyone, everywhere find their way home. The key to entering an open heart is to open yer' own. Otherwise you will merely be "IN". To complete the circle you must also be "Around". And folks, that the Yin and Yang of it!

steve

Tue, Sep. 28, 2004, 13:21

This is nuts!... my last two post were the BIGGIES!! The first was Cast in Stone and his lost brother was a very short recap. This it TOO MUCH!!!! They never made it to the board!!!!. TESTING ONE TWO THREE!!!! TESTING ONE TWO THREEEEEE!!!!!!

steve

Tue, Sep. 28, 2004, 13:38

Ive tried again and again to get through. The machine gods are not allowing me to lay it on you all. I will attempt to give you all the news from a different local.

steve

Thu, Sep. 30, 2004, 11:52

Eric! Im' back!! It had to have been the Hospital Computers. (But why they shut out the long posts and not the short ones is beyond me??!?. OK; Ive' just read what I missed and here goes: Im' now at the Cyber Cafe on Bleecker Street, yesterday I saw a cast of dozens! Small world! Buckley, Angel and the Super Human Crew (there was not a familiar face among them)... the original West Free Street Digger Super Human Crew are now but tales to be told. I prey that they either advanced to a more self supporting life style (which was a goal) and that the have all found placement in a conductive creative environment, or moved on to another worth while project, in a way, the

scattering seems to reflect the "End Of An Era" of sorts on Ol' West 4th. as the whole tammaly will most likely vacate the Bldg. by the end of the month which also which coencidentally coencides with the expiration of my Park Avenue East 8th street "SUITE" address. Oh, Speaking of coincidences in my daily life; they have been far to numerouse on an hour-by-hour basis to recount. To damn bad that Grotski aint in the mix; it would have made fer' one unbelievable hell of a documentary of sorts. The T.V. screen was a bit scrambled but I swear that my number came up again in the NY lottery (but not exact).. I may check the papers to verify. in fact I MUST!!! Naturally I didnt play it. Shit, I would have wheeled it had I. Oh,... In reference to the upcoming closing of the life actors stage which you all know as the Washington Square United Methodist Church, yesterday, I retrieved Randi's bells which I had placed as a hanging door bell above the Fresh Art doorway. I can only hope that she gets word that I plan on placing them next to her man's (Gong Master Don) peace bell in K.C. Mo. which he presented to Rev. Jacki in gratitude for the Peace Bell Project presentations and live concerts that she spearheaded at the the Peace Church. I feel that Its very fitting. Ah... Lets see, oh, sister Nik; I will return the photos of you, Jenny Wren and Claude that you layed on me because I have done take-of-drawings in my journal from the originals Dig?. And also, Im' almost done writting a "Road Tune" fer' the C.D. that you will be involved with (am I' warm??).....Hmmm... ah..Hey Eileen, "Smoke if ya' got em'!!!" You cross my mind so often....Hammond, DO YER" THING!!! Hey, building yer' soul structure from my words give the poem new life, feel free to make the poem "Inhail" by "Additions" or "Exhail" by "Deletions", that way it becomes an "Entity"... ya.... kinda' like its' "EVOLVING".. (but you knew that). Good man, partner. Words: hey, why cast em' in stone??" Oh by the way, Travis, I welcome you back also. Thanks fer' the three stars. Eric; terrific Pol. Connection! Where have the checks and balances gone in our system??? Oh, Cheryl Lynne; You got it kid! I will ask Rev. Hooper to have the flock raise yer' mom in prayer at this Sundays' service. Im' makin' on over there to witness Dan and wife Ronnie as they renew thier vows and my Ol' Out Cat partner Paul said that he will also get together w/ the chior and pull off the song that he wrote and performed for me back in 2001. (again, the "Full Circle thing pops up)....Oh, Im' drifting.. Hey Cheryl Lynne, (I still wanna' call ya' "Sherry"... ah...I remember yer' mom as being so sedate, so mellow, as I may have mentioned once, before, as a "Non-Whirling-Dirvish" type (at that time) like myself, I would sometimes find my self alone in her presence in the front room, (rare for Olema Ranch, very rare, anyway, she would often look up from fer journal and gaze upon me while deeply consentrating as if frozen in thought. Bear in mind that she was into her note book alot during that period, and recoving from ill health,..well, during thoughts spaces in time, I would match her gaze and experience the wonderment of her eyes, well, you know, like when yer' lost in thought and yer' not really focusing on what yer' actually looking at? Well,...Not anything like the way Cotote could LOOK INTO/THOUGH a person, I mean that it was different dig? I never once broke my gaze, fact at times I was mezmerized myself. Such far-away vision, dig?... (it was not a stare down or anything like that) Nothing sexual or weird....but I marveled at how comfortable, comforting and non-intimidating the eye contact was. If you can call it contact??!!... Im' rambling again,.. but no shit;... see, in context; during that period of my jurny I hadnt yet' fully recognized myself as a person and would oft-times-not hide from eyes. Perhaps thats why I am (was) rarely remembered (??!!). Anyway, Oh... not to worry, I emerged into who I was at Black Bear Ranch a few weeks later. And no longer needed drugs and such to melt the mask. Oh, as I also said; I dumped the knife and the mask at Back Bear. But, naturally picked both up again as I reentered straight society and needed a sword and shield in the "Savage Land". Dig??... In closing; I hope that yer' mom is up and dancing soon. Oh,...by the way, hey Travis, speaking of Swords and Masks; I also hope that they soon load a calibre big enough for you and yer' "Where-Wolves" to all hide behind. No put down man,...just an uninformed (as usual) observation. (Or

"Boydservation" rather)...(ZZZIINNNGGG!!!!). Oh, hey Donna, never a dull moment Hu???.....Hey Landscape, Woo Woo Ginsberg!!!! Hey Tomas, as I type, the door is open, they are piping "New Age" tunes?!?! on the box, the traffic is trafficking yet I still hear the birds chirping out side,.. ya!... REAL BIRDS! To hear real stuff, ya' need to use a real ear! It makes more sence that way!!! (ya' can quote me on that one partner). Hey Mark!!...untill I am soon reunited w/ my silver pocket watch out in K.C. Im' using the T.V. to guage the time that I take my medications. I saw Waits on T.V. the other night and he showed some snap-shots which reflected the extraordinary within the ordinary. Musically, his recent material really breaths. Very earthy. Lets see...Birdi, speaking of arms, my left sholder is now pretty much freed-up because of the Dexamethasome that Im' dropping daily. And oh ya! If walls could talk! Your' post reminded me of my mural :The Three Temptations of stEVE which I painted upon the Front Parlor wall at 133 West 3rd. West 4th. (It was "Scraped" not too long ago.) Poetic Justic?... Oh, in doing inside murrals, try to catch the "Magic Hour" around dust. Cut the lights and the room will glow. Its fleeting (as is everything), try to catch it. Hey Birdi, I worked alot with Silica back in 94'. It was heavily used as a dry lubricant at a glue factory where I worked. Nasty stuff. The gift that keeps giving! Well, my posts may be few and far between. Again, I dig the car talk, the gardening, the observations, the details, the glimpses of you all through yer' words, etc. Not to mention the rare oportunity to communicate with fellow humans and actually "SPEAK". The Fellow Ship aspects of this hoop are manifesting constantly. Hell, who needs a campfire. Gather round children! Oh....Big day today, (arent they all??)... gonna' run. Later fer' sure. Focus on PEACE. P.S. Hey Rena, all my love to you en' yer's and please give a hoot a holler' to the Morningstar Tribe fer' me the Olema People, Cool?... The Olema People you say????... Oh, I fergot to tell ya... THEIR' BACK!!!! (what was that???)....

steve

Thu, Sep. 30, 2004, 12:10

Nik, I just read the post that you entered while I was compiling mine. Kid, I gotta' stay focused withe the K.C. connection etc. Its going hour by hour at this point. St. V's is gonna' stock pile me with dope this afternoon in order that I dont go dry due to any snags at the K.C. end. Dig. I am keeping up a head of steam at this end by not getting into radiation. I will naturally delve into that once Jacki gets me connected in K.C. They are very concerned that the tummor that exyends into the lower lumbar region of my spine could paralyze me (from the waist down???)... anyway, thanks so much fer' the invite. God what a blessing, see, Jackie has extended what I feel is her own form of "Methodism", dig? Having taken a sebatical or some such from the "Organized" Church, she's now spearheading her own spiritually oriented out reach program, wich includes Alzhiemers folks, terminally ill, etc. She's on the cutting edge of what I prey becomes a trend in our society,... its a hands on home spun take off on the Hospice concept. I feel privilaged to be a participant. And can only hope that she can perhaps get funding, grants or non-prophet status in achieving her goal. Truely her works will follow her. I cant say enough about her. She has a true calling. A true calling for sure. Will stick around to get feed back. See ya' in a few.

steve

Mon, Oct. 11, 2004, 22:43

LIVE FROM KANSAS CITY MISSOURI!!!!.. Hey Eileen; "Anytime Now"... OK!!!! Well, Jackie has worked miracles in contacting and easing my folks into where its at and they have the ball rolling at their end and plan to swing on by on by on their way to visit Kin in Saint Louis prior to

thir seasonal migration south. My natural children are the next to get the word. As I said; things have been clock-work perfect and so mellow at this end. Im' home. Oh, I just skimmed through some back pages here and am continually amazed at what this web site is and what it continues to be. "WE ARE THE WEB SITE". Hey Hammond, check out the Treaty of "Arbanauth" (??).. (dont know if I got the spelling right), but it was a very heavy Scottish document which I think was partly an Inspiration for our American Decloration of Independance. Hey, the blood is strong! Dig; you may already know that the Clan Tartan was outlawed by the English and that Scottish "Clansmen" were not allowed to assemble in groups of over half a dozen etc. and when they did regain that "Right" the naturally hailed the Tartan for more than just District, national or Family symbol of association, but more a badge of Independance which they held very personal and near and dear...yet in modern times as a rule the Highland Clans welcome friends to wear their Clan Tartan as a symbol of friendship; yet to this day the Boyds and the Johnsons frown upon it. (???) Go figure! ...But anyway mister; you can wear my Tartan any day. Got that? See, being a Lowland Family and not an ancient clan, the Boyds were a sept of the Stewarts, and our Tartan wasnt even officially established untill the late 1940's. Hey, I hear ya'!!! when it comes to Scotlands Independance, Dig, the English never abolished the Scottish Parliment, they merely ajourned it or some such...anyway, as to the "here and now"; Its a damn shame that for the most part the Scots Irish of the U.S.A. are written off as Red Necks. Opps, Im' drifting... Hey Tomas, having Kin in Metropolis Il., I went over to Paducah alot for hot dogs and root beer in the mid sixties. Hey Elzeen; listen to the doctors; but for a second oppinion; "listen to your' body". Nik; there may be no words that could ever express our feelings for the Hannas of this world. Hey, the transition from NYC via Atlanta Ga. to K.C. Mo. was as smooth as silk. As it so happened my last Sunday service at the Peace Church landed on World Communion Sunday or some such,.. I will write about it soon. Oh, I envited a great lady to check in with us here at the guest book, she was Atlanta bound. Give her a Digger welcome if she shows up! Hey,... I will contact you all by mid week. Sleep well.

steve

Mon, Oct. 11, 2004, 22:45

Hey Eric; I will be here for about 15 Min. Give me a shout.

steve

Mon, Oct. 11, 2004, 23:03

Wow Eric!!.. I tuned in on the head and then started blinking my eyes real fast (a motion picture thing that I picked up as a kid) and I could almost picture lightning striking and the rain drenching it. But in the shape that its in, I would Imagine that it had for the most part been sheltered out of the weather (????!!) Amazing condition!! WOW!!!

steve

Mon, Oct. 11, 2004, 23:14

No Eric; I done rode my last bus, flown my last flight and thumbed my last mile. I need'nt be there for you'all to be here and you'all need'nt be here for me to be there. The keyboard is our voice and the screen is our campfire. All in all this is one hell of a get together! Think about it. Please Be

reassured that here in the American "Heart Land" I feel that Im' mid way between two extremes, and as such I feel very balanced. I shit you not, and Im' so glad to see new folks show up here and remind us that we are in a new century. (I keep fer'gettin').

steve

Fri, Oct. 29, 2004, 19:51

Hey Elzeen; INCOMMING!!... a fresh dose of STEVENESS!!. Hey Tomas my Brother, we were Brothers before we were Brothers (but you knew that!) Yer' a good brother man. A damn good Brother. I had to log on tonight as last night was almost my last. I was on that rock in that lagoon. The ocean trembled. Jackie tried like hell to walk me through the Zen breath wave riding method that Coyote turned me on to in an effort to escape my dyin' body, but as I was drowning in my own lung fluid and suffocating, that route was blocked. The adrinalyn "A" bomb made me fight it and she resorted to meditive touch and vocally talking me down and into a relaxed state. I was a weeping victim of pure terror. She brought me down Pronto. Hey Coyote, such a deal: I will list "BIRD DOG" on my resume' right after you and Jackie list "Raisers of the Dead" on your's. Boy Pete, yer' E Mail really got me with it. P.S. Two types?? Hell, Im' up to three types now. Im' leaving you all now with a final farwell; Heres my thoughts on all of you shamans, healers and holy folks who have emerged and have stood up as my helpers. Its from the Book of Changes. Hey, If the term GOD rubs anyone wrong, please substitute "Great Spirit" Creator, or what ever you Identify with. Cool? OK, here goes: "The supreme revelation of God appears in offering sacrifice to God.. the supreme revelation of God appears in prophets and holy men (people). To venerate them, is true veneration to God. The will of God, as revealed through them, should be accepted in humility". And on that note folks; I truly am greatful to your' words, feelings, blessings and prayers. I have been humbled. Oh Eileen! I had the most wonderfull thought! Last night I striped naked to die and remembered that I had at one time asked for nothing more than to die in your' arms. Well, In as much as you are creating my multi-colored-dream-coat, hell; the very thought of my being is already snug within the arms of the garment that you created. Dig? Its not even important that I ever wear it or not. Dig?Fact is, the entire garment has already harbored me in so many ways. Dear Rena, I still picture a beach with the rumpled clothing of our bodys lying by the shore. Sister Nic, your' the one baby. Your' the one. Hey Char~*, heres to synchronisity! Hey Fran, thanks so much. Again, thanks. Donna, the flags are now part of the living room decor. Terrific! Merrie; all my best to all the best. Hammond, ya, Bernardo was one hell of a Peter Max tripper weaving a golden thread through the fabric of many lives. Keep weavin' the words Hammond! Mark! interesting book by an interesting human being. Fer' sure. Hey Eric. Do yer' thing man.

steve

Fri, Oct. 29, 2004, 19:54

Hey, I know that I forgot to thank some folks, but you know who you are. It aint no popularity contest Dig?

steve