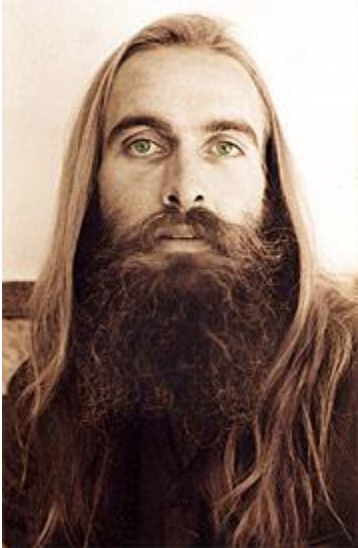


danYello Seas

reminisces of an intensely laid-back wandering hippie

About



Too busy living it to write memoirs, I'll make notes here — confined to the decade before Reagan became president. Time spent wandering ... not looking for, but rather looking at — looking at what is. Mostly North America, but also a year in Europe and a year in Asia. A snail carrying my home on my back. Sometimes I lived in the country, sometimes I lived in the town, sometimes the wilderness. People of all stripes took me in, gave me a ride. Or I just walked, following the water-course ways.



A variation of Loggins & Messina's "*Watching the River Run*" was a recurring favorite with the nightly Music Group when danYello was at the Rajneesh Ashram in Poona, India.

Here's the mantra tidbit danYello came away with:

*And I've just begun watching the river run,
Further and further from things to be done,
Leaving them one by one.*

*And I've just begun ...
Run, river, run.*

13 Can to Can'ts

for 13 days
with a 70 pound rucksack on his back,
a hundred miles a day
danYello rides a ten speed bicycle
from sunrise to sunset,
from can see to can't see,
from Fort Lauderdale, Florida to Calico Rock, Arkansas.

...a strange sight for the times.

He didn't start out with the rucksack on his back. danYello had fashioned a carrier on the bike for the rucksack out of scrap copper tubing, but before he was 15 miles out of town it drooped over like hot taffy.

old Florida flat highway 27 should be an easy ride,
except the head-on wind is thinking differently.
though encouraged by the occasional Harley rider giving him a thumbs-up,
danYello still surrenders to the wind by the time he reaches the Ocala National Forest

Cuts left through the panhandle.

figs and dates
long sun-baked sweaty Straw Yello hair windblown stiff & brittle
sleeping in ditches, under bridges

fleur de lis

No shoulders on the narrow two lane country highways, truckers blow danYello off the road, some just to be mean.

On 49 outside Magee, MS big black rural Bubba stops danYello to tell him he has a masters in economic and he's going to be somebody someday, danYello tells Bubba to, —G for it, man!" and keeps going.

Crossing the river near Memphis, it's a treat to be your feet on the Mississippi mud...

Climbing the Ozark Mountains, the locals tell danYello, —It's not that the mountains are so high, it's just that the valleys are so deep."



Florence ... via Oslo with Stormy and Buffy

Stormy, Buffy and danYello are heading to Florence, Italy ... via Oslo, Norway. Never mind the 1112.8 miles as the crow flies from Oslo to Florence. Never mind it's dead of winter. They've got discount airfare.

Buffy and danYello have dropped out and Stormy is on Christmas/New Year break from school. Stormy's father was a Dade County judge, Buffy's a high ranking military brass. Buffy plays a mean slide guitar and wants to pick up some Flamenco riffs in southern Spain. Stormy consistently wears a red knitted hat. I mean ALL the time. Eccentric yes, but she's an honor student at University of Florida and will become a Veterinarian. She loves her dogs more than anything, more than danYello, though they have been an item for a while.



danYello has holes in his sneakers when they land in Oslo. He grew-up in the south, he doesn't know for winter. danYello shivers in a wool blanket, Buffy plays the blues as the trio hop a train to Goteborg, Sweden then ferry to Amsterdam, Holland. They buy a little hash and a beat up old VW bug, they affectionately call *Bodiddley*, and head south through Belgium and France to visit Thomas, an old friend of Stormy's — a third generation graphic artist living in a five century old farm house, or rather a serf's quarters in a vineyard outside of Florence. Thomas knows Stormy and maybe a boyfriend is coming, but will be surprised to have three guests. Upon their arrival Thomas is a gracious host. After the guests burn his complete supply of firewood in the huge medieval fireplace on the first night, not so much.

—If you take empty bottles up to the main house, they will fill them with the house red wine for a nickel a piece.” The scruffy, unwashed trio take dozens at a time.

Bodiddley made daily trips into the historic center of Florence. At a cafe Buffy picks up a pair of NYC street-wise Jews, Rosie & Bernie and brings them home. Fortunately for Thomas, Stormy needs to get to Paris, France to fly back to school. She says she's okay taking the train by herself. danYello's torn, but decides to stick with Buffy and the New Yorkers and extend the adventure to Spain. The four guys and four backpacks pack into Bodiddley with Buffy at the wheel.

Running into a number of Farmacias for Quaaludes, past Pisa and its leaning tower, Bodiddley stops at a



cheap pensione in a seedy section of the port city of Marseilles, France. After the first night a beautiful, sweet young Romanian girl, Daciana joins them. Bernie met Daciana in a cafe and claims first rights. Though tempting, danYello is staying out of the lottery.

The next night Buffy & Bernie take Daciana for a spin in Bodiddley. Rosie and danYello are out walking a promenade when a tall, lanky north African approaches Rosie and asks him if he wants to buy. Rosie likes the price, so we walk to a back street where the buyer grabs the goods and the seller grabs the cash and neither lets go. Rosie at a hefty six foot two is proud of his street fighting abilities. But he'd never seen a kick boxer before. In seconds Rosie — no goods or cash in hand is on the ground clutching a profusely bleeding broken nose. danYello so intent on helping Rosie, he doesn't notice the African running back to punch him in the head. danYello staggers back in the universal hands up —I don't want to fight” posture. A crowd of men who having been watching from

the stoops lining the street yell, “No, no, no, no ...” and the kick boxer on second thought, turns and runs away.

When Buffy, Bernie and Daciana get back to the pensione Rosie tells them, —“You’ve got to take me to the hospital.” But the police have impounded Bodiddley for being unsafe. One head lamp is held together with a wire hanger and packing tape and the brake lights aren’t working. Buffy puts Rosie in a cab and takes him to Hôpital de la Conception.

A few nights later, with 2 black eyes, a bandaged nose, Rosie and the other four are out walking the promenade when once again they brush by the kick boxer. Rosie is startled and gets paranoid, —“We gotta get out of here!” On the spot they hatch a plan to steal Bodiddley back from the cops and peal through the night to Barcelona, Spain. Their surveillance finds Bodiddley parked just inside the gate of the Police compound. Buffy and danYello distract the guard posing as confused tourists asking for directions as Bernie and Rosie stealthily push Bodiddley out the gate and around the corner where Daciana is watching the bags. On the get away drive, the others knocked-out and fast asleep, danYello too is nodding off, shaking himself back awake, nodding off, sticking his head out the window into the cold night air — miraculously they all arrive alive.

On the Ramblas, Buffy panhandles with his bluesy slide guitar. danYello listens and sips liter glasses of cerveza that cost a quarter U.S. a pop and is mesmerized by the throngs of animated people debating politics. Even still, Barcelona is a stronghold of Catalan separatism resisting the legacy of Franco’s suppression of their language and autonomous institutions. Life is teeming, easy and good in Barcelona. But Buffy is getting restless to go study flamenco guitar at it roots in southern Spain — Seville, Cádiz, Córdoba, Málaga, Granada. Buffy takes Bodiddley and the other 3 south, as danYello hitches to Paris to fly home. Hitching through the cold damp Pyrenees, danYello develops a severe ear infection. Suffering and penniless, danYello arrives at the Charles de Gaulle Airport exhausted. The one flight a day that accommodates his open ended ticket leaves in 3 hours and 22 minutes — check-in is in about 2 hours. danYello tries ardently to stay awake, but passes out stone cold. When he does reawaken, his flight has left without him ... he’ll have to wait another day. danYello freaks. He *can’t* wait another day. No way. danYello makes a desperate crazy-man scene and is put on the next flight that connects him up all the way through to Gainesville.

Wabi Sabi



nothing lasts, nothing is finished, nothing is perfect ... [\[!\]](#)

Supported by a densely flowing sphere of unending Aum ...



Yoga and Yogurt

Yoga and Yogurt were both new to America when danYello first started practicing. Most people didn't know the difference. He began by teaching himself from BKS Iyengar's [Light on Yoga](#) and later would get immersed in Kundalini Yoga as taught by [Yogi Bhajan](#).

After six months of washing dishes in Yogi Bhajan's west Hollywood *Golden Temple Conscious Cookery*, danYello retreated alone to the Arizona desert outside of Tucson, AZ. Everything seems to defend itself with thorns in the desert. It's broiling hot with little shade. danYello's only solace was a shallow pond of water he shared with a family of turtles, but he had to use it sparingly, so as not to disrupt the routines of the other locals.

It was a full Autumn Equinox moon and the crickets were out in force. danYello could not but align his inner sound current with the powerful wall of their electric noise by day, and allow the natural kriya to animate his every move. Magnified all the more at night, riveted, danYello sat bolt upright for the fortnight supported by a densely flowing sphere of unending Aum.



There are a number of yoga poses — the Cobra, Frog, Downward Facing Dog, Cat & Cow, Camel Ride, that draw from animal experience. In one sense, the Sun Salutation is a brief series of poses that lead you through an experiential sense of animal evolution from the lowly worm to an exulted eagle and back down to earth to the modest mystery

of the upright walking man. Polarized by sun and moon within a penetrating field of inner/outer attunement — practiced by yoga, danYello walks out of the desert wilderness with a jaunty stride.

At the *Food Conspiracy Co-Op* on 4th avenue, stirring blueberries up from the bottom of a Danon yogurt danYello wondered, —What *is* the difference between Yoga and Yogurt? —

Oh My Mind (lyrics)

Oh my mind love the Lord, oh my mind.
Oh my mind love the Lord, oh my mind.

Oh my mind love the Lord,
oh my mind love the Lord,
oh my mind love the Lord,
oh my heart ...

Oh my heart feel the LOve, oh my heart.
Oh my heart feel the LOve, oh my heart.

Oh my heart feel the LOve,
oh my heart feel the LOve
oh my heart feel the LOve,
oh my mind ...

[...]

Overland to India

Ron was both surprised and relieved when danYello caught up to him at the youth hostel in Munich, Germany. The night before a guy he'd recently befriended walked off with his wallet, he was penniless until he could get more money wired to him. He was considering giving up and going home, but now Ron was re-inspired to make the trip overland to India.



Ron and danYello had slightly different sadhanas. Ron had been a devotee of Swami Muktananda and still did aspects of his practice that included a variety of animal sounds and movements. He was going to India to spend some time with [Haidakhan Babaji](#). danYello was wearing a Sikh turban and doing a practice centered around Kundalini yoga. In close traveling quarters this slight difference would prove to be irritating to both and a test of tolerance.

In short order the traveling duo trained through Austria, Hungary and Romania. Communist Bulgaria only allowed westerners passage via bus and only by cover of night fall. When the sun rose they were squarely on the Silk Road in the dazzling port city where west meets east, Istanbul, Turkey. Ron and danYello took a few days to rest, soaking up some of the magnificent sites, such as the Blue Mosque before heading on to a few side trips on the way to Ankara.

Dysentery from eating local melons hit the travelers hard. First one then the other, then both. Exhausted from a week of sever diarrhea, danYello and Ron were knocked out for much of the train ride to Tehran, Iran. Checking into a cheap tourist hotel, danYello discovered his duct tape wallet was missing. A nimble fingered thief must have untied his draw-string pants, unzipped his money belt and lifted his wallet with all his American Express Travellers cheques while danYello was passed out on the train.

danYello found that being in the middle of the Iranian Revolution with its strikes and demonstrations against the Shah, which had virtually paralyzed the country was not the best time to try and recoup stolen American Express Travellers cheques. The banks needed a police report and the police stations were occupied by the military. Being weak with dysentery wasn't helping, nor the Sikh turban he was wearing. After a week of being turned down by one bank after another, a determined danYello was shouting, "I need to make a police report!" at one end of a bayoneted rifle at a soldier on the other, who only shook his head and shouted back, "No English, no English!" Fortunately, a good Samaritan took danYello by the elbow, pulled him aside, listened to his dilemma — "I think I can help." A few blocks away the good Samaritan whispered covertly to a bank manager — the first woman manager danYello had seen. At great personal peril she took danYello's information and returned half an hour later with half the amount that had been stolen saying he could get the rest when he got to New Delhi. So relieved was danYello, he would swear this was not a woman, but an angel. It certainly felt that way. Only back at the hotel did danYello look closely at the transaction slip that came with Travellers cheques, it was signed, "Motherlove."

Before the Russians got there Herat, Afghanistan had the stoic charm of a humble ancient city that catered to Silk Roaders with unfailing sweet, if not duplicitous hospitality. The weary travelers took refuge in a thick adobe walled villa near the bus route. A boy younger than 10 appeared, "Ganja, baba? Ganja?" Sure, why not. Turned out it wasn't hash the two smoked, but opium. danYello didn't get stoned, he for all intents and purposes turned into stone. Like cosmic clockwork Ron and danYello simultaneously turned un-stoned — clear as a bell in the same spark of an instant, both were sitting bolt upright and as if choreographed, both leaped to their feet and ran laughingly to catch the departing daily bus. Right on time.

A handsome young man approached the dusty, bone-weary traveling duo as they got off the bus in Lahore, Pakistan with a big, warm smile, "Hot baths, free massage?"

"Aaah, yes! Thank you! I'd love that," sighed Ron.



Oh so tempting, so sweet ... but something didn't feel right.
danYello said flatly, "No. Sorry."

Ron was incredulous, couldn't believe it. Protested vehemently as danYello lead him away and harshly told the persistently charming salesman to — "Fuck off." Weeks later they'd come across a Dutch traveler in a hostel in New Delhi who went for the massage, only to have all of his possessions except the towel they'd draped over him for the massage stolen.

With all the remaining traveler cheques now in hand, danYello with Ron in tow headed to Amritsar in the Punjab. danYello wanted to pray at the [Golden Temple](#). After an intense week it was clear inside and out, danYello's dharma was distinct and separate from the Sikh's. He took off the turban.

Ron and danYello headed for the Himalayas, but soon after split up. Ron to seek out Haidakhan Babaji. And after some reflection, danYello decided to look up [Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh](#) and see what he meant by [Only One Sky](#)."

Crazy Wisdom Schools – Naropa Institute

From the bed of the pick-up he was hitching in on, danYello was flush with excitement at the familiar sight of the flat-irons of Boulder, CO. There was a new school, Naropa opening in town around the Tibetan meditation master, Chögyam Trungpa Rinpoche, which brought together a stellar cast of teachers in that summer of 1974. Besides [Ram Dass'](#) course offering *The Yogas of the Bhagavad Gita* the faculty included Gregory Bateson, Jose Arguelles, Jack Kornfield, Krishna Das and Paul Gorman.

Trungpa asked poets [Allen Ginsberg](#), Anne Waldman, John Cage and Diane di Prima to found a poetics department at Naropa during that first summer session. Ginsberg and Waldman, who roomed together that first summer, came up with the name for the [Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics](#).

Ready to see what lay behind Trungpa's [Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism](#) and thrilled at the prospects of sitting at the knees of the luminaries of the day, danYello was a kid in the candy store as he trudged up to enroll. But stunned, shocked when told all courses were full, except for a Chinese inkstone painting class. But of course they would be full, what was he thinking? As Jack Kornfield said of the event, —"We all had this romantic, idealistic feeling that we were at the beginning of a consciousness movement that was really going to transform the world." danYello was going to have to be satisfied to transform the world grinding ink and brushing it onto rice paper.

Not Ram Dass, not Allen Ginsberg, not John Cage – danYello would take instruction from an obscure artist he'd never heard of. From day one something was off, didn't feel right. As much as danYello had hoped this would be a seminal event, it felt one-off and slipping. The first assignment was to go out and paint a landscape — "be one with the landscape, be the vehicle through which it paints itself." This was a new media for danYello, he experimented with technique. Rather than mimic the classic Chinese brush style, danYello held the brush vertically from the very end and from the one last pointed hair let the ink drip into the rice paper one tiny drop at a time, juxtaposing dots, witnessing how they absorbed and composing the landscape before him in a pointillist style. Back in class the teacher berated danYello. —"Everything in nature is connected, everything touches something else, there is no empty space. Go back and connect the dots."

The next day the teacher was gushing over a rather sparse floral arrangement. —"Rinpoche honored us with this floral design this morning that he himself arranged. Look at it ... it's a masterpiece! Everything the master does is a masterpiece!" danYello wasn't seeing it, wasn't feeling it.

Trungpa would ultimately die of alcohol-related illness embodying the alcoholic patriarch with all the violent, sexually inappropriate dramas that comes with that lifestyle. In the wily Rinpoche guise of a respected tradition surrounded by enablers who did not know the difference, Trungpa blurred the lines

between wisdom teachings and drunken crazy-making. Coming from an alcoholic immersed upbringing himself, danYello intuitively knew in a visceral way not to trust the wisdom that comes filtered through the bottle.

danYello hung in for a few more weeks, but sunk deeper and deeper into despair. He couldn't put his finger on it, but there was an all too crazy-making pattern at play here. Disillusioned, but ardently wanting to connect and belong among this elite vanguard — torn, but unable to pull away, danYello finally completely broke down. Incapacitated, the final resolve came as his mother drove from Saint Louis, MO across the Great Plains to pick up danYello and take him away.



Chögyam Trungpa Rinpoche, Ram Dass, Allen Ginsberg, Anne Waldman,
Gregory Bateson, Jack Kornfield, Jose Arguelles, John Cage

Intentional Community – Mystery Schools

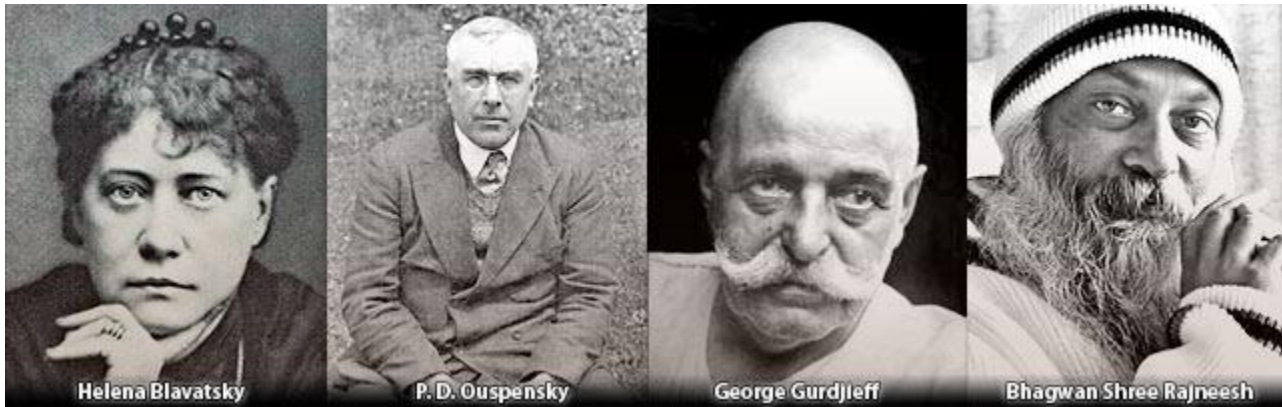
danYello found himself attracted to a lineage of “European Transcendentalist” mystery schools that could be traced back to [Helena Blavatsky](#)’s [Theosophy](#) through [Rudolf Steiner](#)’s [Anthroposophy](#). Unbeknownst to danYello the path he was tracing was an [Individualism](#) movement leading towards [Individuation](#).

This became embodied for danYello via [George Gurdjieff](#)’s “The Work” as expressed in [P. D. Ouspensky](#)’s [The Fourth Way](#) and tangentially found in [Oscar Ichazo](#)’s [Arica School](#) — culminating in Osho’s ([Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh](#)) ashram in Poona, India.

Briefly danYello helped build an actual school in Fairfax, CA – an esoteric school continuing Gurdjieff’s Work. As we hammered and sawed, we were taught the principles of the Fourth Way. That itself, being self-aware as you do your daily tasks, being a method.

There are three recognized ways of self-development generally known in esoteric circles. These are the Way of the Fakir, dealing with the physical body, the Way of the Monk, dealing with the emotions, and the Way of the Yogi, dealing with the mind. What is common about the three ways is that they demand complete seclusion from the world. According to Gurdjieff, there is a Fourth Way which does not demand its followers to abandon the world.

Though they were very lovely people building the school in Fairfax purporting powerful tools for self-remembering, danYello wasn't ready to settle down and continued on his Way of the Fakir — packing up, moving on, moving ever closer to being mindfully in the here and now. Mysteriously, paradoxically, the only school there is.



No Longer Troubled (lyrics)

I'm no longer troubled by space and time.
 World's created outside my mind.
 They're just another love of mine.
 There's really nothing to it.
 We're just going through it.
 So let your heart be like the sun,
 shine alike on everyone.
 Let your heart be like the s u u n,
 shine alike on e v e r y o o n n n e.

Now there's been so many things said and done.
 I'm sure I'm not the only one,
 having wondered who and where and what I am,
 found myself lost in space _n' time,
 world's created outside my mind,
 feeling it's all rather quite sublime,
 just learnin' to shine-on in other's minds.

There's really nothing to it.
 We're just going through it.
 So let your heart be like the sun,
 shine alike on everyone.
 Let your heart be like the sun,
 shine alike on e v e r y o o n n n e.

Poem Fragments – remembered

As he wandered danYello kept sketchbooks and journals to catch thoughts, poems and doodles. They have virtually all fallen by the wayside. Here are some poem fragments imperfectly remembered.

Making Seed

Light & Sound in fair embrace
 Bound within nowhere space
 Every all in its place.

And I know as I sleep
 There is nothing here to keep
 Life good with dew
 From making seed
 To with the present living
 Merge.

[...]

Reading the Good Food Store's bulletin board in Missoula had turned danYello onto his first Rainbow Gathering in the summer of '76. He hitched in. danYello's exit is a bit more colorful.

The last ones out, thirty-some-odd (perhaps a dozen too many) wasted revelers climb onto a brightly painted converted school bus late in the evening after the last round of clean-up — still beating make-shift drums and singing something or other about Old Zion. Stuffed to the gills around iron-framed bunk beds and staggering dancers, the old bus rocks on downed muddy country roads. But apparently the driver is one toke over the line. After a few miles, in the pitch black moonless night, he hooks the front right wheel, then the back over the soft shoulder, and s l o o w l y she rolls over — hippies, dogs and all. Miraculously no one is hurt, except the bus. Broke an axle.

In the morning danYello pairs with an old long-haired-bearded-queen-street-poet calling himself "Baby" wearing a rather elegant cocktail dress and stick a pair of prankster thumbs out for Berkeley. As luck would have it, a vintage Rambler in the possession of the Rainbow Family gets to them before the locals do and takes the pair all the way in one hilarious forgotten ride

Touristing Italy

In a stone quarry cave near Fiesole, danYello awoke a couple hours before dawn. Wrapped his turban and practiced a Kundalini Yoga sadhana. After some Chai tea and oatmeal mush cooked over a propane stove, danYello rolled-up his bedding and stuffed a day pack, including a water bottle, a tattered copy of Irving Stone's *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, a bandanna full of gorp.

Hiked a couple of miles up the trail to a bus stop. Rode half hour into the Florence Youth Hostel to get a shower. Soaked up Stone's fascinating account of Michelangelo, who some 500 years ago walked on the same cobble-stoned streets danYello had the day before.



Refreshed after his shower at the Youth Hostel, danYello studied a city map on the wall when a blond-afro-ed California surfer dude with a big Cheshire cat smile puts his finger on the map, "Have you seen the Duomo?"

For several days, tourists Ron and danYello took in the sites — collections of art in the Pitti Palace and the Uffizi, the replica of Michelangelo's *David* at the Palazzo Vecchio; strolled the River Arno and frolicked in the Duomo.

Still a student of community, danYello was entertaining going to Israel and joining a kibbutz. Ron was heading to India via Germany and invited danYello to join him on the overland journey. "Let me think about it. If so, I'll catch up with you at the youth hostel in Munich."

danYello headed to Rome to contemplate Michelangelo's *Pietà*. Pope Paul VI had recently died and parts of the St. Peter's Basilica in the Vatican were closed to the public as the Cardinals elected a successor. To pass the time, danYello headed towards Naples to contemplate the city of Pompeii. When he got back to Rome a few weeks later, the next Pope, John Paul I had died. danYello took this as a sign — wasn't meant to be.

danYello flipped a coin.
Heads — to India with Ron; tails — to Israel to find a kibbutz. Heads it is.

Purge Yourself of the Devil, Darling (lyrics)

Purge yourself of the devil, darling,
I don't need your blues.
It's about time you decided how you're going to choose.
Say whatever you need to darling,
you've got nothing to loss.
I'm just a sweetheart, sugar ragga-daddy,
I don't care which way you choose.
I'm just a sweetheart, sugar ragga-daddy,
I don't care which way you go.
But I ain't gonna spend my life now bringing you up again,
ain't gonna bring my knees to the earth for every time you've sinned.
I may be a sweetheart, sugar ragga-daddy, but you ain't gonna take me in.

Unhm, mmmhnm, unhm, mmmhnm,
no way mama, mmmmmm mmmhm ...
I'm through with the blues

So purge yourself of the devil, darling,
join me and my jazz band.
This sweetheart, sugar ragga-daddy's gonna get too fine to stand,
Just s i i i i n n n n g i n g jazz, man ... just s i i i n g i n' jazz,
just s i i i n g i n' jazz, I'm through with the blues.

Food Politics — “Eat nothing with a face”

Growing up danYello was fed meat & potatoes, and a lot of sugar. It wasn't easy for him to convert to being a vegetarian. danYello didn't become a vegetarian for health reasons, but rather out of compassion for animals. See [Earthlings](#), a documentary about society's treatment of animals, you'll understand why.

Early purification regiments included juice fasting, dates & figs, Dannon yogurt and sunflower seeds, but cravings for a big, fat greasy, salty burgers still persisted. Looking for a stable diet, danYello studied [George Ohsawa](#)'s Macrobiotic and short grain brown rice became the center of his universe. He later joined followers of [Michio Kushi](#) at a summer camp near Wheeler mountain in Vermont for a total lifestyle immersion. Slowly danYello's blood chemistry changed and he no longer saw fast-food joints in his landscapes.

Thanksgiving became kind of awkward. danYello was no fan of naming vegetable with faux animal equivalency — veggie burgers, tofu turkey, etc. Twenty-five years after becoming a vegetarian, danYello's mother would ask, —~~A~~ you getting enough liver?" But then a lot of non-vegetarian just don't get it. Many still somehow lump fish and chicken in the vegetable category.

A good portion of the politics of food is breaking bread together. Many customs and traditions are built around the foods we eat and whole ethnics are identified with their diet. When you don't eat the same things there's not that easy conviviality that the joy of shared nourishment can convey. And indeed, if you are what you eat, you do in fact become different in significant ways. Being a vegetarian who principally didn't what his vegetables to share a meat kitchen, danYello's dining out options became extremely limited.

Let's face it, life for the most part is about who you eat and who eats you. As *it* becomes you, the most intimate relationship is eating another. Life eats life to be life. Even if it limited who he at *with*, danYello wanted to see how far he could go into eating others with respect and compassion. It just seemed like the more that caught on the more it would make for a better planet.

Be a Passerby

On the bumper of his hippie van, danYello had scrawled, "Be a Passerby" and indeed inhabited the "hermit soul," the "pioneer soul," the "wanderer soul." Longing to belong, yet picking up and moving on, not grounded in the spirit of any one place.

Eventually danYello would returned to the "ordinary man, Dan" and take residence in Sam Walter Foss' [House by the Side of the Road](#) — "...let me live by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

But in the decade before Reagan, danYello touched lightly, repairing those deep, fulfilling friendships he never had. Looking at community, what we held in common — seeing what is in relations one to another, touching lightly ... passing by.

Intentional Community — The Farm



Attaching to a charismatic "father" figure, Stephen Gaskin's intentional community, "[The Farm](#)" near the town of Summertown, Tennessee seemed to be perpetuating painful cycles of poverty consciousness.

Mid-Fall in the early '70s, danYello stopped by The Farm for a visit. After a brief tour of the place, he helped bring in some sweet potatoes. Hard work made easier by the company of a colorful group of hipsters.

Next morning at dawn there was a religious service on the side of a hill facing the rising sun. The Farmers were not atheists, they believed in some form of God, though danYello wasn't sure what, apparently some kind of a peculiar blend of Eastern religions and Christianity — smoking marijuana as a sacrament. On this Sunday, the Farmers sat in silence on the hill, then Stephen gave a talk.

Even wrapped in a blanket, danYello was a bit cold as they sat silently on the hillside. To help warm himself he did some flowing hand movements under his blanket. After Stephen's talk, where he talked about the feeling of power between your legs when you're riding a motorcycle and how to kiss good-bye as if you're pulling apart a big wad of shared chewing gum, the congregation offered up questions and comments.

One Farmer commented that he couldn't get into the silent mediation because he was distracted by this guy (danYello) "fidgeting and putting out weird vibes."

—Yah, I noticed him too,” Gaskin’s said to the crowd as if danYello wasn’t there, —he’s a wizard — you want to stay away from him. Don’t give him any energy.”

From some distance through the forest on his way back to the visitors house danYello saw a young man, probably in his early to mid 20’s, viciously beating a child with a switch, out of control.

danYello yelled, —Stop that! That’s not cool!”

The Farmer stood stock still, glaring through the woods, trying to get a better look at danYello. Then he roughly grabbed the kid and shoved him through the door of a tiny shack.

That night at the visitors house danYello was chatting with some new arrivals, telling them about his experiences so far on the Farm. A Farmer come up and said, —We’re observing silence now.”

—You can’t tell me I can’t talk to these people!” danYello exclaimed.

—Oh, yah!”

A few minutes later a half dozen Farmers escorted danYello to the front gate house. Throughout the night, one after another the farmers laid a rap on danYello. —Man, if you don’t lose your ego ... get with this communal scene ... stuck in your ego you’re consciousness just won’t evolve ... —In the morning they finally relented and let danYello go.

—Man, if you don’t take a vow of poverty and join your brothers and sisters here, then you’ve on your own out there in the capitalist system.”

—I’ll take my chances,” danYello muttered, as he slung his rucksack onto his back and ambled out onto the dirt road.

Thinker Metaphysical

Thinker Metaphysical

As he wandered danYello kept sketchbooks and journals to catch thoughts, poems and doodles. They have virtually all fallen by the wayside. This image of the *Thinker Metaphysical*, which was replicated some years later into a 3’x4’ painting is a rare remaining piece from that period.

category: Picture This!

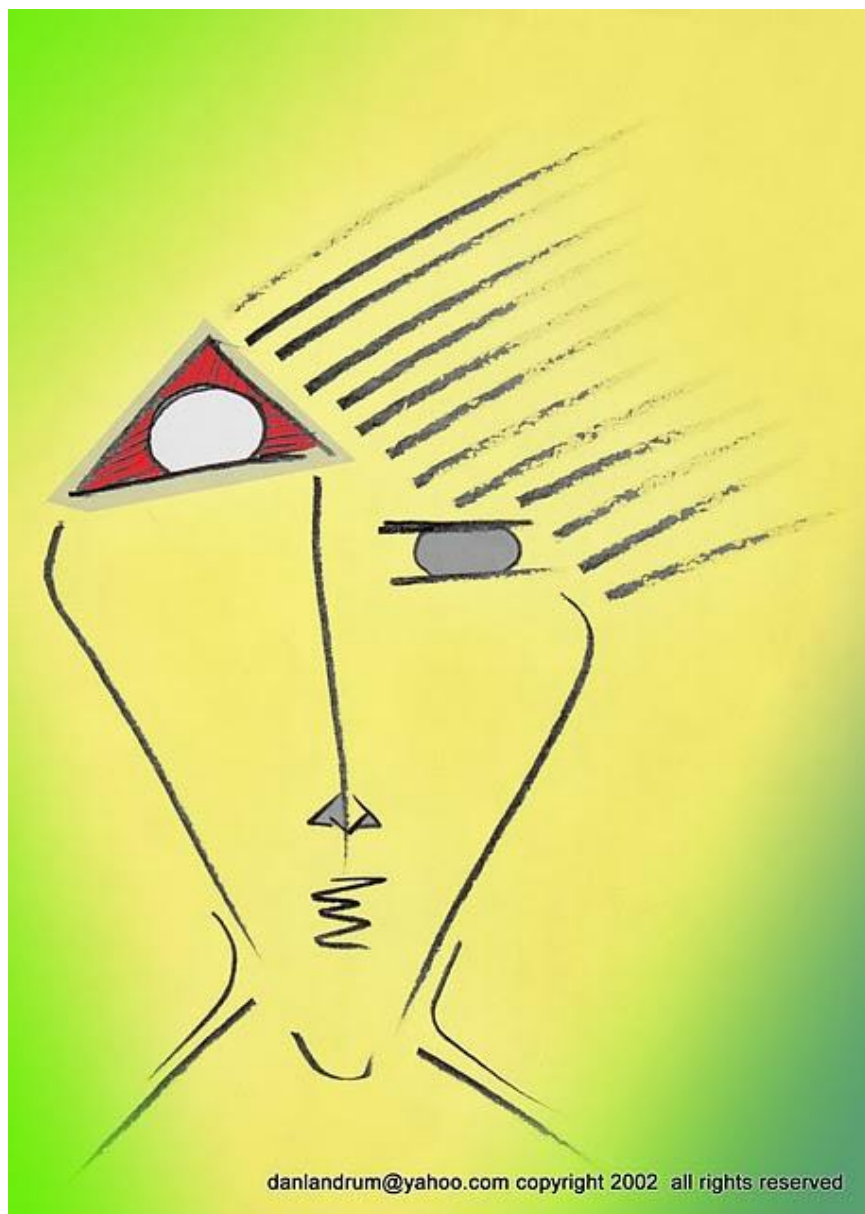


1975



1989

The Faces of danYello Before He was danYello (#01)



category: Picture This!

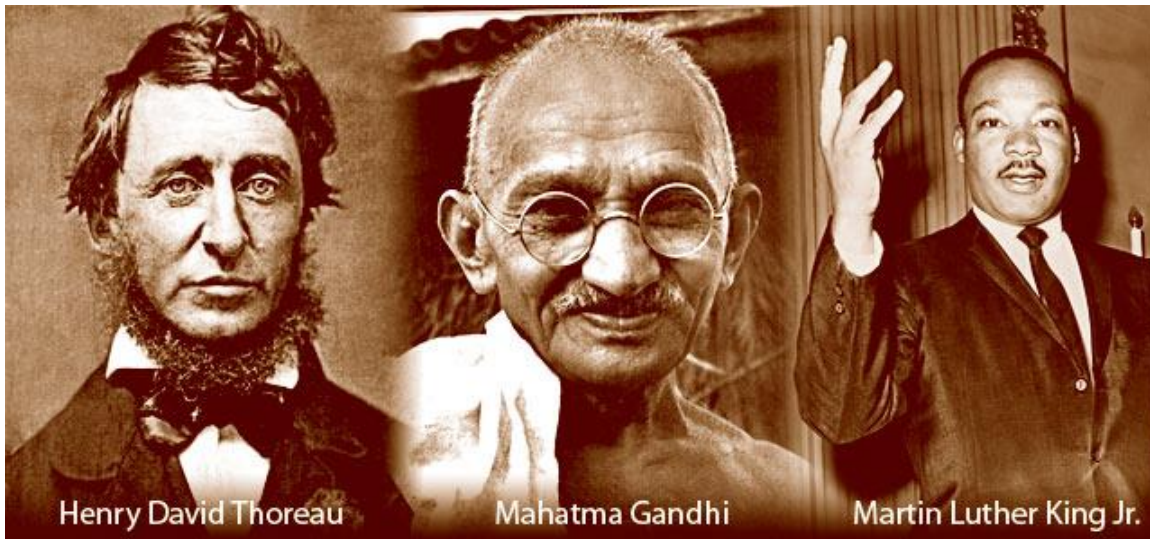
Just like a Bird (lyrics)

Just like a bird is bound to the sky,
the fish is bound to the sea.
Just like a tree is bound to the earth,
we all struggle ... to be free.

Can't be free 'til we're all free.
Guess I'll be me 'til then.
To spark a life is no small thing,
just learnin' to play again.

And again ... and again, I say enjoy!
Enjoy this day, my friend.
Walk on the earth,
swim in the sea,
soar with the bird on the w i i i i n n g.
Soar with the bird on the wing.

Non-Violent Civil Disobedience



It's said the [Mohandas –Mahatma”Gandhi](#) looked to [Henry David Thoreau](#) and [Martin Luther King Jr.](#) looked to Gandhi for inspiration and guiding principles to liberate their people from their respective oppressors. Gandhi pioneered [satyagraha](#), defined as resistance to tyranny through mass [civil disobedience](#), a philosophy firmly founded upon [ahimsa](#), or total [nonviolence](#).

danYello was a steadfast non-violent, civil disobedient, conscientious objector to all the wars America played a part in during his lifetime and Vietnam in particular. The U.S. under Nixon had reinstated drafting young men into the military using a lottery system for induction. Even before he was assigned the 32nd round in the draft, danYello had written to his draft board, "Fuck no, I won't go! I am a sovereign nation of one. Fuck you and your imperialist war!" Mystifyingly, given the tone of his refusal,

and after weeks of near catatonic days of petrified fear in facing long prison time, danYello was granted the conscientious objector (CO) status.

Eventually, U.S. Secretary of Defense [Robert S. McNamara](#) in the documentary film [“The Fog of War”](#) [cite] would state, “We were behaving as war criminals.” “What makes it immoral if you lose and not immoral if you win?” Which underscored the then post-danYello’s sense that not only was he on the right side of history, but also on the right side of the evolution of compassionate human consciousness.

category: Ah! the Reminisces

The End of Suffering

The ultimate aim for danYello was the end of suffering. He didn’t make it.

A post-danYello Dan made a good run at the end of suffering following the path [Gautama Buddha](#) laid out. He eased onto that path by catching the stories in publications such as [Tricycle](#) and books such as Stephen Levine’s [A Gradual Awakening](#). But it became clear that the true benefit of the Buddha’s teachings were not so much in the literature as in the practice.



So a post-danYello Dan slipped into a daily morning & evening Vipassana meditation practice and occasional long retreats — on his own and with groups such as the [California Vipassana Center](#). During one such retreat [Metta Forrest Monastery](#)’s Thanissaro Bhikkhu (Ajaan Geoff) impressed upon the then post-danYello Dan that, as far as Dan had gone on the path to end suffering, he hadn’t even begun. Than Geoff asserted that an adept only begins with the complete commitment to the monastic order.

After a bit more putzing around, the post-danYello Dan finally concluded that Than Geoff was right.

category: Ah! the Reminisces



Sex, Drugs and Rock & Roll

Okay, what would a conversation about the 60’s-70’s be without a mention of Sex, Drugs and Rock & Roll? Surely, danYello participated. But as that infectious clown [Wavy Gravy](#) said, “If you remember the 60’s you weren’t there.”

Hmmm, yah — well, danYello was there ...

category: Ah! the Reminisces

Voluntary Simplicity

–Live simply that others may simply live.” – bumper sticker

Winnowing down his possessions to what he could carry on his back, danYello could not help but consider just what is really important, really essential. It was a reductive process of discovering how little he actually needed. It’s not that danYello was planning for a perpetual camping trip. It was a conscious philosophical response to the over-consuming culture he was immersed in. —“What resources do I want to make a demand for?”

In the early years danYello lived satisfyingly on less than \$5 a day, which was not much for a middle-class American at the time. Clothes came not from Wall Street’s Saks or the The Gap, but from Main Street’s Goodwill or the Salvation Army. As he moved from a meat centered diet to being a vegetarian, danYello would seek out Co-ops and buy whole, non-processed foods in bulk. For entertainment, rather than stare into electronic boxes, he looked to make meaningful connections with people and often slept under the stars.

For danYello, voluntary simplicity was not about doing more with less, but rather doing less and being more. Slowing it down, chewing each bite completely, savoring. Not trying to stick some of it in his pocket, but absorbing the ambrosia of it all as he passed by.

category: Ah! the Reminisces

Psychedelics – not for everyone

LSD is something of an urban psychedelic. It has a very different head than psilocybin mushrooms or peyote cactus. I have nothing but respect and admiration for Native American culture, though I don’t pretend to say I know the true spirit of their ways. I am deeply saddened by how my ancestors treated theirs, and the loss forever of those wisdom societies. Any borrowing I may have picked up from Native Americans are merely a tiny bit of quilting in my tapestry, certainly not the whole cloth of those precious world views. My own mosaic was of course informed by mindsets irreconcilably different from the aboriginal consciousness. Thus, as far as peyote goes, I feel it’s best left to those Native Americans who know that sacrament and hold the practices and heartfelt drumbeats that put them in good relations with the peyote vision.

Ah, but psilocybin mushrooms. Now here’s a blithe and happy, seemingly universally accessible deva spirit.

danYello was a few miles south of Gainesville, Florida, hiking into town. There was a row of little shanty cottages every quarter mile. Behind the cottages, an open range of cattle grazing in the meadows surrounded by a thinned Pine and Oak forest. He knocked on one of the likely shanty’s screen door. After a few minutes a big burly guy comes to the door, totally naked. danYello inquires, —“Mind if go in back and look for shrooms?” The big burly guy is totally silent, staring daggers.

danYello raises an eyebrow, as if to ask, —“Hmmm?”
—“Get the fuuuck out of here.”

danYello takes this as a no answer.

Once he gets to town, danYello hooks up with an x-professor friend, whom he affectionately calls Bubsey. Bubsey says, “a friend is lending me her country place for the weekend, want to join me?”

Yah, sure, cool.

Bubsey and danYello spend the drizzly winter Saturday catching up while cooking pressure steamed short grain brown rice in the old macrobiotic way they used to when they lived together and were practicing Yogi Bhajan’s Kundalini Yoga. Sunday they wake up early to a crisp, clean clear glorious day. “Hey, ya wanna go forage for shrooms?”

“Nah, I don’t think so, but you go ahead.”

Within a short walk, danYello has filled his bandanna with loads of small, a few medium and one large golden capped fungi with a purple ring around their stems. Plucked from nearly fresh cow pies, he walks a few more feet to a nicely flowing creek to give them a good bath. Feeling the blessing, stating appreciation danYello chews, sits back and watches. A bit of rumbling in the tummy, but nothing comes up. Then the celestial orchestra strikes up the band. Whoa hoo, this is going to be a good one.

His happy feet following the heavenly soundwaves, danYello finds himself being lured in by the choir of a little country church. Voices divine, he steps in — fresh beatific faces turn to greet him. danYello finds a seat in the middle of a pew near the back. The heavenly music ends. The hymnals close, the vibe changes, the preacher starts yammering, danYello’s happy feet tug for him to go back outside. As he stands up and begins to step past his neighbor the recently beatific faces turn sour. What for most would probably register as expressions of slight annoyance, turn into hideously monstrous aliens to danYello’s heightened sensibilities. Oops, wrong place.

Back out in the pasture, danYello sits half lotus. A big Brahma bull ambles towards the creek. He stops, turns his horned head and lets out a gargantuan bellow — but no sound comes out. Instead a puffy, 3-D solid cloud of Hanna-Barbera cartoon-like lettering: —Mooooö. The letters just hang there in mid-air for a minute or two until the old bull looks up at them and winks — the letters waft into other forms. The old bull turns to danYello and smiles wryly. danYello laughs and thinks to himself, “Now this is a different place.”

category: Ah! the Reminisces

Blowing danYello’s Mind

There’s a saying, “Growing old is not for wimps.” Even more so, blowing your mind. A blown mind is of absolutely no use, unless you come back to report on the experience. Then it’s a marvel.

[Terence McKenna](#) was a premier psychonaut. In [Eden Express](#), [Mark Vonnegut](#) gives the best first-hand account I’ve seen of living through a psychotic break with consensus reality. His follow-up [Just Like Someone Without Mental Illness, Only More So](#) some 40 years later gives a valuable maturing perspective.

A psychotic experience is an extreme extreme, often characterized with almost equal measures of unimaginable ecstatic Oneness and an unfathomably singular insidious hell. There is nothing more heart-breaking than having a loved one not return, especially if they are stuck in the dark-side. Happened

to my nephew. And I can plainly see the fork in the road he choose that pulled danYello away from that edge.

Such an equally foreboding and seductive extreme experience makes it no light-weight choice to sign up for a trip. A windowpane of LSD was the first time danYello-to-be volunteered, but it was my second God-head experience. The first came at the behest of the sodium pentothal a dentist used to knock me out before doing surgery on my mouth when I was but 10 or 12 years old.

Besides alcohol, LSD was the first drug I tried, even before coffee and cigarettes, which only came after getting into the groove of smoking marijuana. I know it's a cliché, but 20 hits of LSD at Disney World *does* seriously mess with your voyage, whatever your voyage was heretofore.

danYello-to-be dropped that acid even before he'd heard [Timothy Leary's](#) edict to the budding counterculture to —Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out". He was sleeping in the stairwell off the living room in an off campus condo, so his pre-med roomy, Michael could share a room (and a bed) with his girlfriend, Belinda. danYello-to-be and another of his roomies, Ralph were in jeopardy of getting kicked off the University of Florida tennis team and losing their scholarships, because over that summer before their sophomore year their hair grew past the regulations. Little did danYello-to-be know that that tiny mind-blowing windowpane taken in that inauspicious stairwell would open a view to the world that would dramatically change the course of his life's trajectory.

category: Ah! the Reminisces

About: My "Walking Songs"

I remember [Dave Brubeck](#) talking about getting cadence for his jazz tunes from ancient Roman army marches. There is something about the human stride that makes a good strong measure for a beat in music. The walking stride from the heart — and the beat goes on.

My "Walking Songs" grew from the beat of danYello's feet as he walked along highways and byways with a 70 pound rucksack on his back. The songs were refined and effectively recorded in memory by insistent repetition. Repeated over and over as danYello covered ground, ditties become fragments and fragments (some borrowed, some new) extended into my songs.

The smokin' spoken a capella versions are not intended to actually be music, rather merely a suggestion of how danYello might carry the tune.

- **Just Like a bird**
- **No Longer Troubled**
- **Purge Yourself of the Devil, Darling**
- **I'm so Glad that I'm not Dead**
- **Little Women, Lots of Time**
- **Oh My Mind**

Among others, danYello's "Walking Songs" must pay homage to:

Mississippi John Hurt, Bob Dylan, Jonathan Edwards, Leonard Cohen, Carole King, Cat Stevens, The Holy Modal Rounders, Blood Sweat & Tears, The Beach Boys

Equally worthy of homage, include:

Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie, Arlo Guthrie, Joan Baez, Mimi Fariña, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, The Doors, Simon & Garfunkel, Peter, Paul & Mary, The Lovin' Spoonfuls, The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, Herman's Hermits, Moody Blues, Otis Redding, Joni Mitchell, Judy Collins ...



category: Ah! the Reminisces, My Walking Songs

I'm so Glad that I'm not Dead (lyrics)

Weecha tietie tammerie hora neeka hora neeka heynay heynay nooeye.
Weecha tietie tammerie hora neeka hora neeka heynay heynay nooeye

Water water spirit running 'round my head, I'm so glad that I'm not dead.
Water water spirit running 'round my head, I'm so glad that I'm not dead.

[...]

category: Walking Songs

The Color Yellow – redefining courage

They talk about rose colored glasses, but have you ever worn yellow tinted glasses and noticed how remarkably they brighten your view? Like our sun and highlight markers, yellow is all about illumination.

From physical characteristics, being a long-haired blond danYello easily identified with the color. Being out in the sun a lot his hair was often a range of hues from golden to straw to canary yellow.

But by far the most significant identifier was socio-political — danYello wore the color as a private badge of melioration. Sometimes a term may begin as a pejorative word, a term of abuse and eventually be adopted in a non-pejorative sense, as a melioration. For a time, danYello drove around in a Ford Econoline Hippie van with 3 foot lettering: ~~N~~o More War(s)” and ~~L~~ove One Another” painted on the side, for which he’d be called ~~Y~~ellow” (in the South, ~~Y~~ella”) or ~~C~~hicken” — meaning a coward.

To the larger population it was a sign of cowardice to be opposed to your country’s wars. But danYello was a steadfast non-violent, civil disobedient, conscientious objector to war and imperialist oppressions of all kinds. Sure it helped to be on the right side of history, and supported by a growing sub-culture and anti-war movement, but still he had to summon a special something to take such an ardent non-violence stance in opposition to a mainstream so inured to brutality. But he was no hero. To bare their insults and threats and turn their terms of abuse into a more respectable meaning, danYello had first to make it his own and change himself, from within. Hence he embraced the color yellow as a constant reminder not to capitulate to the old fear-based conditionings, but to illuminate new ways to brighten the world. For danYello, yellow was the light of a new dawn.

category: Ah! the Reminisces

The Faces of danYello After He was danYello (#01)



category: *Picture This!*

What's in a name, danYello?

In the decade before Reagan, for me there were a lot of derivations on the name Dan, including: danChi, Dan Singh, Dancing Sun, danSees, and of course danYello. Rooted in a megalomorphing turning that simultaneously saw all things at once and each distinct in its own unique form, my self-reflective name-calling was a perpetual punster's delight. One from which you can't truly separate the parts from the whole.

danYello Seas is, in part, a reference to the Yellow Sea — in the northern part of the East China Sea. Other variants included danYello Sees, danYello Sees All, danYello C, and more obliquely, High C and Middle C. My middle birth name is Christie, which in my megalomania was expressed as —*Te* to Christ." So the *High C* both riffed off of music and an orientation to a particular private cosmic passion play, messiah complex and all.

Seas, Sees and Cs of course are all the same sound.

- Riding the “Yellow High Seas” fostered a nautical sense of exploration with all the emotive qualities we project on large bodies of water — turbulent seas, stormy seas, calm seas; as well as a nostalgic longing sense for previous lives spent in an ancient wisdom culture.
- “Sees” is both suggestive of a visual clarity and a certain knowing.
- And “C” is simply a letter in the alphabet — a conceptual building block for language. The consensus reality language that you and I are communing in right now. A symbol that explodes into interactive storytelling.

And all of these collided like billiard balls when you break the rack. These trippingly noodle-boggling claims to naming were and forever shall be the intersection of self-identifying “what is” reality with the social labeling of “how we call it.” In a sense its how I re-created my Self out of all that I ever was, so that I could get by more comfortably in this zany world. It was purely recreation.

Then there was Swami Deva Mouni, the Silent One. But, even in the decade before Reagan, Mouni had a different lineage all together.

category: Ah! the Reminisces

I'm both danYello and Beyond

An introduction to the author and his times...

It's peculiar this reminiscing, being both here and there — me recreating him, me sitting here putting my spin on him being then. Not favoring one POV over the other, I'll let the voice slip in and out, speaking both from “I” and about danYello.

Portraying a sense of the 70's environment framed from the distance of the twenty-teens' sensibilities, I the writer will retain the license to further expand on our culture's infatuation with the globally absorbed post-pop-modern surreal. As these times were the furthering, if not the beginnings of many of our ongoing social themes, the reflections set down here may be a discovery of measure — measuring how wide and deep the shotgun blast of those revolutionary times have penetrated, or perhaps simply the measure of the worth of one man's living.

category: Ah! the Reminisces