

LONG HIGHWAY DANCING

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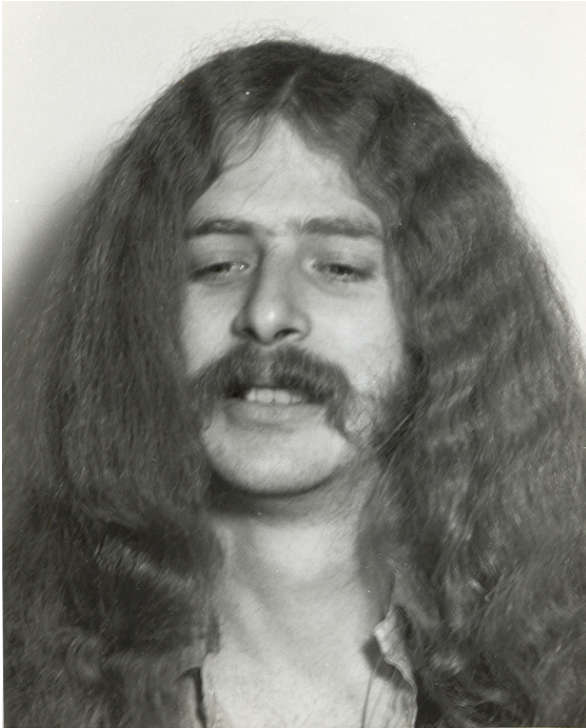
Poetry (Within a 60's Rhyme)

Chapter one

Turning Road Blues

Turning Road Blues

A journal of Hitchhiking across America in 1971



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turning road blues

turning road blues
in time to the
sleeping bags
stretched about the sides
walk and wake and find
yes; once more
the mood
you have come to know
my name forever
you have to but wait in this
stay of time with me
till we've gone
all each one man's
way
need not say good-bye
as it is yet again
the turning road
one car for you
one for me
about this world - that we
still live - again we'll meet.

- jude

It was 1971. If I had grown up in Europe then it would have been expected for me to go out onto the road and travel before I thought to settle down. But this was the USA a land of paranoid children dreaming only of gold. Souls are sold cheap here. So, going on the road was dangerous, as one mirrored freedom and fear with every extended thumb. There was a civil rights civil war going on. And yet there were so few involved. Though the Mothers were just beginning to see and so new marches on Washington D.C. were being planned.

Standing on the edge, I remembered the Summer of 1970. Just 18 years old but feeling much older. I had the soul of a Poet and a taste for politics. My poetry was still primitive and I kept it so in order to find a unique voice. A voice that might even be heard in an empty forest. Yes, if a tree falls! But I had not written a love poem for too many months. It felt as if all the battles of my political world would forever keep me sidetracked from the normal life I had once dreamed of. They had tried to break me. Even when I was 16 they broke laws and their own ethics, trying to force me to relent.

It was war and God was on our side or so they cried. But they taught me too well. To break me, they did forsake me. I seemed to stand too alone with my long hair growing. I stood alone knowing, with all my dreams shattered and scattered across the streets of my teenage screams.

I stood on the corner of Freshpond Rd and 78th Ave, New York City. I stood within the eternal second of a lost paradise. I stood looking for my fingerprints. And I stood smiling at the beauty of a memory all too real. Silly man, and I then walked on knowing I didn't belong. I walked from the Atlantic ocean to Harlem and back again. As long as I kept walking those long nights away, I had a place to belong. It was hard to stop for too long. No home left for the child to rest. I wrote my poetry in the sand, and smiled as the wind blew it away.

I was near Toronto, Canada for a weekend concert. I was forced to miss Woodstock the previous year, for I had to work. After six years of working my child labor with only New Year's day off, I finally had a job with three days free. A teenager ran as fast as he could see.

I sat in the back of an old Chevrolet station wagon with the doors open. A break in the music and from too many people, that moving road was such a comfort. Sweet Rhythm, tires rolling on concrete and music on the radio. The weight of too many faces lifted from my eyes. I lost my memories to the sweet smoke of marijuana. The long shadows breaking from a warm sun leaning against the lines of lakes and trees, which seemed to go on forever. Or so it was to a so called poor kid who spent the last 10 years in New York City. I was a slow man on the road to nowhere. For the first time in a long while i heard the earth call out to me.

It was music though that broke into the cold winds circling my soul. “Helpless, if you can’t be with the one you love, then love the one you’re with. A tired soul just had to believe. The same soul that believed in honor but seemed to be loosing every battle in the civil rights wars he fought back in the real world. So, maybe it was just that he was so tired, soul pained tired.

Yes, it was 1971 and the beginning of summer. After a year of NYC’s illusion of a public college education where everybody got in regardless of qualifications. A year of no open courses left, but for leftovers. A year of a mean manic depressive mother, no father and little room left to be. A year with anti-war battles finally beginning to be won but with the scars piling up. A year of trying to love the one I was with. Of caring for. But not really enough, all the beautiful women a poet could hold. I was losing my time, homeless without a find. Where could a long-haired 60’s hippie go? Where could I find a mirror for my soul.

She asked me not to go, off in my search for America. She spoke of love and finally really touched my soul. But I was at the subway station carrying a knapsack filled with supplies. Her kiss was as sweet as I would ever find. But the rage of walls circling my soul gave me no place left to stay. Endless local police were just waiting for me to slip so they could arrest me. To hide me from sight. A summer with a mother growing more

clinically insane day by day. I had no place to meet her, greet her still again.

The road called to me and I had already left. I took that sweetest kiss and a shell necklace, wanting to stay. But unknown to me, already the Poet was moving away. Love the one you're with? So easy, so hard I walked onto the train. And the wind echoes still on what decision. Yes, standing on the edge.

So off I was, leaving N.Y.C. as far behind as I possibly could, for as long as the universe allowed.

we are of one

four flying winds, that

i am of one, i have a

thirst,

i drank from

the wine of it's

juices

and whose

voices have heard of

me

singing as
i follow the now lost
buffalo back home
he believes in that
it is but;
believe only for
him
yet love needs not
belief only
truth
in its living colors
four flying winds, that
we are of one
- jude

Beautiful country it is. I hope it doesn't rain. Oh, please leave me alone bug. Good-night.

There were a couple of directions I could point myself in. A friend told me of the beautiful country that's in Yosemite National Park, California. My nose was given the scent and off I go. The first problem was how to get out of the city which is always a hassle. It's not so bad if you're driving out, though there are still problems. I wasn't driving; I was hitchhiking. You know that thing one does standing along the side of the road with your thumb out or holding a sign. I had a small sign so I did also throw out my thumb. It just seemed like the thing to do.

But there was another problem; how to get through New Jersey? New Jersey is notorious for its state police. So, I copped out; as some might say, during the first step of my journey. I took a bus into Pennsylvania.

The bus ride was as any other one, boring. I caught it at the George Washington Bridge.

Well there I was, standing with my own small sign.
WEST was drawn by a black magic marker across a small
rectangular blue surface, a cardboard coating.

Just thinking of where I'm going and how at ease I am.
There goes one car, another, another, another, and another and
so on. I was in no hurry for I was already out of N.Y.C. which
in itself is a big step. Hey, a car stopped, I'd better hurry. Ugh-
running. I had kind of a heavy pack. An orange car? Well why
not. Hello and thanks for stopping. It felt good for it is usually
the first ride of the day which is the hardest to get. Off and
moving. This man, light brown hair almost blond, had almost
forty years of living behind him. I am not sure that he had
found any meaning to his life. He appeared empty of a personal
direction. About forty miles later he let me off; he was
commuting from somewhere to someplace.

breakthrough

green eyed magic machine

gives water back to water

color back to color

to you, as the finger points

paranoia from all around

do you care, no
and why, ?
she is here
two within, growing as
they float through the sky
to feel the stars screaming
to break up the order
to achieve order
one plus one
is life
before you begin to leave
on a trip towards forever
break through
the barrier
of smoke.
then live as you must
for you are alive
- jude

Wow already I have company. Just across the exit stood a reasonably sized pack with sleeping bag, also a tent which came with the pack, (This I found out later) Next to the pack stood a freak, short hair and a small beard freshly cut. While standing

for a few moments we exchanged some small talk and I found out that we would be traveling together; as our destinations were to be the same most of the way across the country. He was headed out towards and somewhere around, Denver. Now eighty was both our routes. It had taken the rest of the day to feel really at ease with him, I couldn't say why. Maybe it was because our worlds were so far apart.

Every now and then he would talk of his wife and child who now live in San Francisco.

Another mosquito has hit its target and I was its target, well no matter.

He was somewhat of a religious person, well not really; I just mean to say that he believed in god. He believes that every two years he will lose all or most of his material possessions. This is the way he said his life had been running.

He had just lost his wife; she left because he was too caught up with being straight, jobs, short hair and running to make more money. He was playing all those little games. There must have also been a personality clash for he felt he couldn't return to his wife. He was going to mine coal, to save for a small piece of land somewhere.

Ten minutes passed as we stood on the side of the road right past the exit. Not in front of us but behind us. It let off a freak (Look out world it's a movement) and headed off into its strange world of colors. Maybe this was a hair freak as myself. But I guess that Frank also was; it's just that he got too caught up. Short his hair was but it was growing. This kid was already one. I never did remember what his name was.

Time to roll up another cigarette. At the rate I smoke I can't afford to buy them any other way, especially out on the road. "Blue Bugler" Oh shit, it looks like a joint; sure wish I had one, oh well that's life.

I felt at ease with him much sooner than Frank. I guess it was his smile. That weird sort of smile that most stoned freaks have. He was going up to Wisconsin to see

his chick, in a hospital. I never did find out what was wrong with her. From how he rapped to Frank, he didn't believe they would last too long; though he could dig it.

it watches all

it falls from the distance

as the sky's white fingertips

hold them definitely, but

with a mother's care

for her child

to rise of the earth

a slow rolling hill,

nameless in the

passing of time

is the first step

in one man's

journey

as they grow, does it's

hair, in green

reaching

but upward, as a child's
fright, man moves nearer
and then upon its
farthest reach,
without life, sitting alone
holding the truth, as
it watches all.

- jude

Just as he got off from his ride a car stopped ahead of us. We had just enough time to shake hands. Throwing our packs into the trunk, we got comfortable inside the car. This man was going through Pennsylvania and turning off near the edge of the state. He let us off near the darkness and we all decided to push forward, trying for another ride. The darkness came. We ate two pop tarts and a bag of beef jerky.

Think I'll have another chocolate chip cookie. Good!
all sixteen chips of it.

It was too dark to hitchhike any more. We could even get hit. What a fucked up way to die. To have written on your grave stone, consider: BORN THEN DIED NOW AND THE MACHINES HAVE WON! The cars wouldn't be able to see us. We then climbed off the road, over a wire fence and into a small patch of woods, to fall out.

We all woke with the sun. Since it usually takes a while for its warmth to reach one, we started the fire again. Breakfast? Of course no breakfast. We rose, packed and proceeded to put out the fire. It wouldn't go out. We covered it with sand or should I say dirt; either way it was covered, and it still smoked a little. We left it, sorry world. For the next hundred miles we waited to hear of the place burning up. It didn't.

Frank felt like a cup of coffee. (My but you don't look like one. HA HA) So we left our other friend and headed for the exit. He was in a hurry, so he stayed on. When we reached the exit, we found only three gas stations and no place to eat. This situation was just as well because of our money situation.

Out went our thumbs again. After the passing of much time a car finally stopped. Within sat a guy and a chick. They were straight but nice. Good young religious students, who were going to teach at a summer school somewhere. The school was of a different faith. They really seemed happy. We exchanged somewhat of our lives.

They were going south on eighty (not 80s) and all we had to do was to keep pointing west, so off on our feet again. At this point on the map 80 had a toll booth. We

walked up the exit or entrance whatever makes you happier. And who did we meet but our friend again. He was just sitting and waiting on the guard rail.

Small world isn't it. I know, a straight bad one. That is each of our problems and is not a generalization. I dream. A few minutes later we were met by the voices of two little girls. Both were riding one bicycle down a hill on the other side of the fence. "Hey hippies where are you going?" "Up" I said and then gave them the "PeaceO FreakO" sign. (Bending your fingers while making a peace sign.)

and join

we're all walking as we

run as green becomes

our sun

it is morning when

the rains begin to

shine

when the sky drips of
blue and every color is
new
the children will
skip and smile
once again
we're free once more
it's our love which
keeps us up
yes please.. believe that it is
time to touch
stop running as you're walking
and join with us today
- jude

Three of us in a yellow Volkswagen? Well a convertible has more room, I guess. It was a straight freak coming up from Florida. He was on his way home. A place where he hasn't been in a long while. The packs and the two other friends squeezed into the back. As I was the tallest I needed more legroom. Nice

excuse isn't it. His tape player was making sounds of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. So beautiful. And our mouths were making sounds of hello and all that goes with it.

I'm spending half my time hitting away the bugs, but that's part of it.

Time for a deviled-ham sandwich and water.

It was my first really relaxing ride. We were turned on to some hash but the guy didn't have a pipe. So as freaks often do, we improvised. I had a BIC pen; as a matter of fact it is the one I'm using now. Taking out the insides I wrapped tin foil around one end shaping a small bowl. I made a screen from another piece of tin foil. This was done by piercing it with pin holes. Then it was placed inside the bowl. We smoked to Janis Joplin, got stoned and well, you should know the rest. If you don't, why not try it. It will cure claustrophobia and other such ills. By the way we stopped at a couple of gas stations along the way, which was good and bad but not really bad. I got to use the bathroom but I lost my seat in the front. We switched.

Tracing my footsteps back a bit. Frank and I were watching this outrageous storm cloud eat its way through the sky.

Frank even took out this large piece of plastic believing he would be rained upon. As it looked at that moment, there would be no one along to pick us up. But as luck would have it or as we would have the luck and just as it started drizzling two freaks stopped in a van and picked us up. They said they were

working on fishing boats down in Florida and were going up into Alaska to do the same. Looking at their equipment, all new and untouched, we surmised as would Sherlock Holmes might that they were inter-state dope smugglers. It's cool, I'm giving no names so if you're reading this don't worry.

colored white turns pale

so here we sit, hand in

hand upon our

heads

waiting as we sit watching

thumb out,

and there drives the sign

of peace speedily

off into the distance

is it a rush for gold
leave all the people
ah!, so far behind you
what time is it,
that we have been
stranded.
Oh!, my lengthy
concrete isle
you wander on
and slowly the
colored white
turns pale

- jude

Where was I? Oh yeah, we stopped for a little food in Cincinnati. It is in Ohio though, I doubt if you really would care. It literally smelled. That ride took us a little past Chicago. Then our friend and the yellow Volkswagen with the owner still driving on bald tires turned to head up towards Milwaukee.

We might of had another small ride don't remember.
But we were picked up by two kids from a mid-northern college.
They were going near to where Frank was going; they even
offered him a job, eighty dollars a week tax free. They were going
to do a study on coyotes and how killing them causes pollution.
Weird, not really but very interesting. (another one I know)

They had already picked up two other freaks coming
from N.Y.C. One was from Harlem, a black belt in karate. The
other, I just know where he was going, to Los Angeles. He was
returning in order to await his leader. His name, you can think of
him as another Jesus Christ or Mohammed. According to this
kid, he knew the way which was to join his following and believe
and do all he commands. I didn't believe he would find out what
the world is. It seemed he was looking to live his life just for
death. As for me I'm willing to wait. I'm alive so why not play it
that way. My non-belief didn't matter to him. This, the fact that
he didn't try to convert me, was what made his religion good and
real, at least to him and that is what matters.

The freak from Harlem played a good harmonica. He
played a N.Y.C. rhythm, no special music, just what he felt.

That reminds me of Frank's story, one of them. This guy
who picked him up stopped the car along the way near a
restaurant and asked Frank to get out and purchase for him an ice
cream cone.

A stupid kid just tripped over a rock - I know it's a value
judgment but it's not hurting any one.

When Frank came out again after purchasing the cone, he found
his pack lying on the ground. The man had left taking frank's
harmonica and a mother knit sweater.

blue eyed virgins

of all the water, whether

to be good or bad

the clean, blue eyed

virgins, must still,

twelve a year, swim

naked

before all the town.

it is the law

of

their god
and from
the sky
one alone, a cloud
must be
the shade they
do wait for
and they will rise
an ended ceremony
and why they ask
and only will the old men
to sit and smile
- jude

Slept out that night at a road stop with a bathroom. It was great to have one around for washing up. That night we all sat up a while running our fingers through the stars. The next day we decided to pick up two chicks which made it six hitch-hikers, two people and a GMC truck van that got nine miles to the gallon of gas. Bad, of course, but their expedition which was to

happen with twenty other people was government subsidized. They, the federals were paying for the gas and other shit. (please! excuse my use of language, it's not meant to offend. It's just a word. Just a word, why you ungrateful longhaired hippie bastard, watch your fucking language. Show some respect! Just at that moment a giant American Bald Eagle swooped down and carried me to safety.)

COOKIE MAN PETS THE BEACH BALL MONSTER

At this moment back at the beach: Mort's taking his ease at the sea shore. OOPS! A giant Beach Ball has Mort. Good Knight! Out of the sand castle comes cookie man. Cookie man stops him, how Deflating! After the ball is over have Chips Ahoy.

American Ingenuity is at work again. Poor beach ball, all it really wanted was to find out how to separate the chocolate chips from the cookie. It had a thing for chocolate chips.

BOO! COOKIE MAN

The two chicks who were still somewhat young but nice, were coming back from Pennsylvania. They had gone to a ROCK FESTIVAL there. But as good wins over bad, right over

wrong, the police busted it up and the producers ran away with the money. Hurray America.

The blond could be seen combing my hair? We all were dropped off near the west side of Nebraska and we split up. I guess someone must have been in a hurry. I walked further down the highway to give the others a chance first at the cars, just for the hell of it. I guess I like being nice. But as it worked out I was the first one to be picked up. It was because I was alone and the chick had room for only one. She was going

back home to a farm from school and seemed very much into it. Left me off outside of an itty-bitty-town. While waiting for another ride my pack tried to escape captivity. I caught it in time but in the process a car stopped. The pack didn't mind as it seemed but, oh my back. It took two days before I had time to get it all back together.

Hi mountain. How's the view up there. As I saw it before, it was really beautiful. You're lucky you didn't have to climb yourself to get up here. I was protected by a blue jay going up.

as tolobly lives on

strange night it was in being

i had fallen back,
a year in time
plus two days
and i know it was a dream of
sleep - standing on the
corner, knowing again the city
cars go running by as i jumped
to the sound of the light
and the colors spread
by a sun just imagined
woke my heart, i flowed
as the games needed to be
played - and for love

we touched then she ran
we talked then she ran
pulled away by the
sit-u-ation

i woke upon finding my truth

a dream -as tolobly

lives on

- jude

Someone stopped already. It's a family, how strange. Rarely does anyone with a child stop to pick up a freak. They usually want to protect their children from us. I got into the back with the child. She was four with light blonde hair hanging from her shoulders. As she slept her pants were almost falling off. I talked for a while with the father. He was a Political Science teacher in some small college. We talked of Washington D.C., the government and other such bullshit. I had given up politics a while ago to look at people from a poet's view-personal, individual reaction to stimulus. But we had an interesting discussion until his daughter woke up. I took out my unlucky wish-nick; she took out her toy car and we played a while. She drove the red haired wish-nick up my body to my face as I did the same to her. It was fun, my regression back to pure childhood. She also had fun and soon she was jumping all over the car. I don't think they were hassled because when they stopped in a small town to fall out they bought me an ice cream cone. Nice People. They let me off outside of town. It was still the middle of the day. As I was about to walk away the father offered me five dollars because he thought I needed it. It would have come in handy but at that moment I didn't need it. So, I

thanked him and refused to take it. Stupid you say. I think not. I am not out to rip off people, especially beautiful ones.

Well there I was, all by my lonesome again walking up the entrance. The sun sat above me, alone except for that of the rest of the universe which did the same. As I walked and it sat we sang nursery rhymes together. Together is a heavy word if you can understand it, which few can.

jack and jill went up the

just to get stoned

together

jack fell out and found

a dream

and jill came soon

thereafter

I was barely up onto the ramp or road when this bus VW stopped. I placed my bag in the back and then, got comfortably

seated up front by a window. The whole thing was wood paneled with all sort of living games to play with, in keeping.

Just going to Laramie, Great. And we were off.

Laramie is a small college town in Wyoming. In getting there we passed through some really nice scenery. I was even driven through a park cluttered by mountains of rock and pine trees. Almost everyone was a student there except for a few business men catering to the students. I received the complete sight-seers tour in that VW bus. It was so exciting that I had to light up a cigarette so that my life would end all the sooner.

The meal could have been worse, having lumpy mashed potatoes and milk both in instant mixes also a warmed can of beef stew. I could have had dried bunny rabbit ears.
