

SORRY, MY PAST IS SUCESS-
FULLY RETREATING FROM ME.
COULDN'T FIND
EARTH/SPINE, OR LONG
TABLE COMMONS PIECES.
IT'S TOO HARD TO DWELL IN
THE NEVER LAND. LET ME
KNOW HOW YOUR DRUM IS
READING.

Northern Colombia Notes - LA GUAJIRA

RIOCHACHA is a small town and county seat for the state of guajira. our first view of the curious guajiro indians. they look almost as outrageous as us. people hardly stare at us here. the women wear long flowing, brightly colored multi-patterned robes, pom pom topped sandals and face paint. the men deck out with arrow cowboy shirts, straw cowboy hats or yachtsman's caps, bright loin cloths ornamented with wild wool tassles that dangle over their exposed asses. the women look cool and tough and very sexy. the men have a very distinctive walk.

MENAURI first really hot place i've stayed. heat and salt. salt is refined from the saltiest water i've ever seen. the beach is strewn with hundreds of weird shells. the heat and salt is a good cure for the plaga that devastated us in palomino. rapped late into the night with a very loose cop. to my amazement he had barely heard of the war in vietnam. he looks like he might be into do-be. menauri is a dead outpost for him and he's looking for a way out. jobs are scarce and being a cop brings him security and not too demanding vocation. in the morning he gets us a lift in a caravan of 3 jeeps. a team of scientists is heading up to the cabo de la vela.

THE CABO

flirtatious indian women digging our sesame and dried bananas. if we were to return here we could easily make out by trading good food for any needs we might have. everyone of the indians that tried sesame really flashed on it. they're into iced soda pop and white bread a lot. lots of sh and ch in their language. honey flashed them even more. they produce cold pressed coconut oil.

an old silent man walks over to me and gently takes my hand and stares into my eyes. he comes over to my hammock every morning for a ration of honey and sesame. facing west to the gulf of mexico.

cantina on the beach indians and blancos drinking bastante booze, no hassle. the indians are chanting some sad melodic sounds.

men seem passive women aggressive. they have a heavy dowry system but once the marriage is made it doesn't seem too binding. there exists here the only evidence of women living on their own. the women do a lot of wandering on their own. driving through the desert you get quick flashes of their flowing robes as they slowly amble through brush and mesquite trees. water jugs are their finest craft thing. an agricultural bank has sponsored windmills around the desert and

the life of the people is healthy and easy.

the geological team we came up with say they're looking for water but everyone else tells us they are after oil and a good time. they go through a case of whiskey per day and eat the fanciest food available at the restaurant. a w.w. 2 destroyer sets silhouetted offshore. a couple of these geologists give some hip hints. one looks very much like my brother bob. the one geologist we talk to doesn't know where the n. star is. the guajira is a desert/prairie. soft smooth desolate hills meet green ocean. the indian language is virtually lipless.

the scientists become more despotic as we get to watch them. the water is deeply green air temp. 80 in the shade. they have zero curiosity. only shade needed here. whites live in houses though. sesame tradable for goat skins? grit blowing everywhere. we traded half lb. of peanuts for brown rice, garlic, onions and a lb. of fish. lobsters are being brought in by dozens. drinking anis rum with some indians. waking to the scientists loud return. a liberal socialist who probably is uncovering oil in the desert that will throw guajiran culture into chaos. one of the dudes we've been drinking with has forsaken the ways of his people to become a mechanic. he lost

contact with his nomadic mother years ago. silvio and ernie are out tripping. i'm hammocked out by the intense sun and the overwhelming sensorium of new experiences. dream of lean merchants bearing only the healthiest foods. traveling on foot with free news, toys, food, life assisting plans and ambitions, theater and music.

decided to split over to the cape. moonscape -- looking up step-like layers of bubbly brown lava. climbing down towards me are 4 loin cloth wrapped japanese gentlemen. one obviously is a master with his fishing net trailed by three younger apprentices. we follow 5

minutes behind them. they have disappeared down into the coral/lava baylet and already the two apprentices are bent over a 25 lb. fish scaling away. the old man is bathing knee deep in water.

earlier 4 other young indian men came by just to check us out. none of them seemed to speak a word of spanish. they chattered animatedly at us through smiling teeth. finding frosty glass droplets from an ancient and violent upheaval.

huge rock/lava faces bear the shattering mark of some great impact. massive lava flows and hills shaped by shock waves.

lighting joints with a magnifying glass even in a heavy wind. magicians, madmen indians, devils or vagabonds? I was made

ragged by a wind tossed coal. hard night
on windswept jagged lava. in the morning
a jewelled beach and the frenetic
procession of birds and huge fish moving
together. poking through waves to devour
hundreds from the thousands of tiny
silver fish. eel meat our first wild
food. good taste but very bony. maybe
over 3 inches in diameter not so bony.
tonight a fire and pleasant breeze. a
quiet fishing cove with nets and two dug-
outs. most of the other beaches on this
side of the cape are rough and windy.
hard to camp there. here it is a little
softer and maybe we'll learn how to fish.
last of the beans. plenty of water for a
few days, some sesame left. have a star

map and a good compass. can pick out
gemini, leo, and virgo. n. star low on
the horizon at 9 p.m. and very faint
through much atmosphere. new moon tag-
ging along after the sun sets. hissing
rocks as we walk. some of the beaches
are black sand with white pebbles and
green fire-babies. to vulcan. pelicans
the size of turkeys cruise a few inches
above the water. other smaller birds
climb and dive in a black funnel of
churning activity. the indians don't
appear to have any money hassles. they
can always sell a few lobsters or fish
over by the venezuelan border. they
always carry some lightly fermented
chicha. i haven't seen any of them touch

straight water yet. a middle-aged fisherman hung out with us on the beach and bragged a little about his health (extraordinary) and the good life. his perfect teeth were a testimonial. half moon at sundown we help launch an old man and his dugout. he sets nets until dark then goes to sleep.

in the morning we help him beach and stash his net. they are much more together than the taganga bunch. to struggle doesn't seem to be a virtue with them. he gives us some fish and tells us to try some shark liver.

a large family or clan descends on our camp and begins to tease, poke, tickle, and play with us. they go through all our stuff. the court jester is a nimble old prankster of 60-70 wearing a sleeveless and inverted 48 grey flannel suit jacket, popeye sailor cap, and the typical loin cloth. the women in sensuously flowing robes hang out atop a bay view cliff. they keep their eyes out for any approaching schools of fish. when the craziness of the birds, fish gets within their sight they let out with an extraterrestrial wail that sends the men folk into fast controlled action. they go through this number only when they need to, which is every few days

in a lava enclave they stash their fish until they are ready to split later in the day. the sun's getting high so everybody's splitting for shade. the six inch shore break serves as a perfect gutter. the scene is very clean. first opportunity to leave my hair down. for some reason before they touched my hair the indians thought it was some kind of nylon head gear. long dawn shadows point away from the cliffs.

on the indian truck we took out to menauri 3 guajiran women (17, 24, 40) teased the shit out of a young dude without mercy. in the glowing sunlight amphitheater: myth, theater, puppets, masks, chorus. men carry neat clubs to

town. clay mask of shells, teeth stones, branches.

moonlight word games. preferring a 3 day walk to a fast jeep getaway with ben. golden seal running low. all the indians want to try it on their cuts, even though i can't imagine any sort of infection getting it together with so much salt and sun. haven't seen any sign of disease except for one cloudy cataract. our fire has been coming off one hardy piece of dense dry driftwood. small chip fire. two cigars found -- very luxurious for the moment. this place is called water eye by the indians.

back in cabo. sittin' in the roly
polly's restaurant. it's a touristy set.
the restaurant is busy. oysters are
being cracked in silver-shades fat hands.
when we got back to town the indian
townsfolk welcomed us like conquering
heroes? while the tourists hung
back gaga. a curious bogotaho lays 3
packs of cigarettes on us and some
canned dutch meat.



Redwood