

LETTER FROM AN OLD GIRLFRIEND

i'm concerned for you

Dear Bob,

I'm writing to you because in the last few years I've heard so much about you that worries me. I feel that once I knew you well and now I don't understand what you're doing or why. I really don't understand any of this "hippie" business and since I'm raising children who might lean that way, I suppose I should.

How can you live with a philosophy that has nothing constructive to offer? Setting back and pointing out the bad is easy-it takes long, hard work to correct things. Our country has so much to take pride in. There are evils in every system-ours seems to have fewer, and we work at correcting them. A world or country of complete peace, equality and prosperity is a dream. Men are not made that way-never have been.

I can't understand a life involved with drugs. What is so awful that you run from it? A man's body is such an intricate creation of God or evolution-how can you tamper with it and not know that you'll have to pay the price? Life is so full of highs and lows-realities, challenges, responsibilities-why look for artificial ones. If you have to take something to make you feel happy you got a problem! Nobody guaranteed us a trouble-free, 24 hour a day happy life. You are measured by how you face up to the challenges you meet. When you run, you've failed. This isn't a sermon-it's how I feel about things. I don't see how you and I could be such a world apart in opinions. Maybe I'm wrong and you're right, but make sure you are. You can cause so much harm to yourself, those around you, your family and ultimately your country. Since it is my country too, I object. Since we were once friends I'm concerned for you- **Patty**

Bob Cullenbine's reply

Dear Patty,

What a difficult thing it is to answer your letter. It's difficult because it's important to me that you know how I feel about the issues you've raised. It's important that you know how I've lived these past ten years, how I'm living now, what are my values, my goals, my fantasies, my feelings and what possible futures I can foresee for myself, my family, and society--all of these futures depending, I think, on what I do personally and what others do to make them manifest. So to answer your letter properly I must write a biography, a philosophy, a political essay (at the least), a book of fond fantasies, and a love letter. Then to keep you in touch, I'd have to update them all monthly. Someday I plan to do all these things. But right now I'm too busy trying to create a stable, healthy, creative and loving atmosphere for myself, Carole, my woman, Jennifer 5 Donji 2, and Little Fella, 4 months old. We live in a small tract house in Palo Alto. But it stops being a

tract house when you come through the door and find yourself in a clean, cluttered fairyland of colorful, beautiful things: paintings, lights, toys, candles, antiques, puppets, books, paper flowers, real flowers, posters, prints, arts and crafts supplies, Indian artifacts, Mexican yarn paintings, cookbooks, a T.V., and a warm feeling of a home for living in. It's late at night now and I'm alone in the front room, but if it was daytime you would likely find a warm, quiet woman in a long red gown doing all the regular housekeeping things and being a real mother to her three well-loved children. Maybe she's being cross at Jennifer and Donji and they are being super willful. If she is she will probably not do any housework or work on her many creative projects tomorrow. She will just spend the whole day being with Jennifer and Donji (except baby feedings) and they will calm down too. If it was daytime you might see a big beautiful curly blond, clear blue-eyed Jennifer smiling at me and saying "Daddy I'm brave and I'm generous," and she is, or she might be telling me that some policemen who are mean and shout people are not being very good but that most policemen are nice men--right, Daddy?--or ask me why the people bombed the Free U office last year, or sing me a song of riding in the car with Daddy, Mommy, Donji and newborn baby, or ask if the people who live on the other side of the earth are in the night now or want to go swimming at Jack Cosgrove's house or sit in my lap. You might see Donji, two, and tiny, cheerfully babbling that unique 2-year-old mixture of words, sentences and un-understandable but obviously meaningful talk. Maybe Carole will be feeding Little Fella, a fat, healthy, chunky 4-month-old who is just learning to laugh. You might find me, ten years older, ten pounds heavier and infinitely more concerned about myself and the world around us than then. Maybe I'll be with

Tim Coburn discussing the organization and support of a teenage coffehouse in downtown Palo Alto, or with Arbe Kalishman talking about how to get the Department of Welfare to cooperate with the new Free Medical Clinic he and some other young doctors are starting, or talking on the phone with someone who is freaked out behind acid, is in trouble and wants someone to talk to, or maybe writing a letter to the San Mateo County Board of Supervisors pleading for a ten-bed detoxification unit for teenage drug crisis treatment (they just eliminated it from the budget yesterday), or maybe I'm handling the numerous people and thing problems that occur in a thousand member Free University, of which I'm the co-ordinator, or possible meeting with the encounter class I teach on Tuesdays, trying to help each other become more aware, sensitive and alive (no breakthroughs here--but a little help from our friends--and it does help and we learn). During the day, I'll probably not be here, though. I'll be at the Free U office, working on registration, or the catalog, or answering phones, or telling someone where the Welfare Office is, or calling people and asking them to teach, or looking for money because we just spent \$1500 on the

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that this is a historical forgery. Lenin struck out against radicals who confronted a strong revolutionary mass party. Such a revolutionary mass party does not exist today. The Communist Party has become and is becoming a party of order, as it itself called itself. In other words, the shoe is today on the other foot. In the absence of a revolutionary party, these alleged infantile radicals are, I believe, the weak and confused but true historical heirs of the great socialist traditions.

You all know that their ranks are permeated with agents, with fools, with irresponsibles. But they also contain the human beings, men and women, black and white, who are sufficiently free from the aggressive and repressive inhuman needs and aspirations of the exploitive society, sufficiently free from them in order to be free for the work of preparing a society without exploitation. I would like to continue working together with them as long as I can.

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Community Coffee House and we can't pay our paper bills, or at the printshop printing 100,000 Vietnam Moratorium posters. They need them in the morning, so I'll print all night. Maybe I'll be here with Phil Williams--my friend--a man, a carpenter, a dreamer. He wants to go to Corna with the Thatchers to start a new small community. And if they do--they'll succeed, because they are all dreamers who back it up with hard work. There's more--so much more, Patti. Drugs? A complicated and involved subject. Please read Playboy--I believe the October or November issue, the article by Dr. Joel Fort. I pretty much agree with his analysis. Politics--I'm confused. Maybe the Free You Magazine issues I'm including will explain some (but be careful; I couldn't possibly agree with all of it. It's lots of positions). Philosophy--some of it is here--some maybe in the Free U catalog.

"A world of complete peace, equality, and prosperity is a dream." You're right, of course. But it's a good dream. And as soon as enough of us share this dream and in fact begin the "long hard work to correct things", then we can make this dream a reality. I'm working now and to me it is the most important work I can do. The pleasures of our home and the spontaneous joy and real happiness of our family will soon pale before the overwhelming problems of racism, the pollution of our land and air, the crippling competition for resources, an alienated youth and a world which hates and resents us for our arrogant interference in the lives of other people throughout the world. You say that "our system has fewer evils." I agree with you. But the world at this stage of history cannot survive with the lesser of the evils. We must create something far better or perish. It has been said that the revolutionaries in our society are sick people. I agree. Sick people are created by a sick society, and there has never been a revolution in a healthy one. I also believe that if a violent revolution should come to our nation it will be brutally repressed and what will be left then will be just another fascist state heading for the next revolution and ultimate destruction. So what do we do? We can work like

hell to make changes as fast as we can. It means pouring billions of dollars and the best of our scientific and business minds into solving our social problems. But what is happening now? The best of our scientific and business minds are devoted to making SST's, ABM's, MIRV's, 1971 automobiles, CBW research and development, etc., etc., etc.

I've re-read this thing 4 times and it just doesn't begin to say enough, but for now it will have to do. It's 3:00 A.M. and the kids are up at 6:30.

I love you, **Bob**

GETTIN' OLD

My belly is fatter
and my hair is thinner.
And I have to watch
what I eat for dinner.

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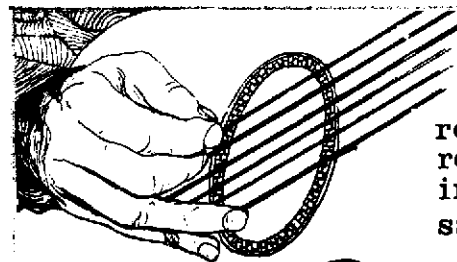
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