

17th June, 1996

Dear London Staff,

Greetings! Greetings, Greetings,
Greetings !!! - I feel like a miner who has stopped
hacking into the rock-face just for a moment, put down
his pick-axe, wiped his blackened brow, moist with
sweat, and said "I'm taking a break." Mind you,
this is of course only to stop and look at you lot,
equally worn from swinging that axe into your own
rock-face over there. - I guess we must be digging The
Spiritual Path, and every 100 yards we put down a sign
with an arrow pointing forward saying "The New Age →",
or something like that.

Anyway, I am feeling a bit beat, just
for a moment. I need a break. And what better break
than to stop and chat to you lot. - First of all, has anyone

got a beer (thank-you Gordon; cheers mate), ah, that's better....

Perhaps from this rambling nonsense you can see just how beat I am. I've almost forgotten what the light of day looks like. Speaking of which, I gather from my weekly English paper that you're been having it quite hot, whereas here it's actually been a bit on the mild side, well at least for California in June. Mid 70's for those who note these things.

Oh dear; no really I am quite well. Very well indeed I suppose, if the truth were known. But the Master, he just keeps on going and going and going. I swear he's an Alien! He can't be one of us. His word for it of course is "guts". He really is unbelievable. He doesn't stop. Twenty-four hours a day round the clock, he just goes on and on and on, and we of course go with him.

Of other things, I spoke with Ray the other day and he described your set-up over there in England

as "a well oiled machine!" I greatly look forward to seeing the video he and Henrik are now working on of this year's festival. I applaud you all. It is a great encouragement to know you are doing so well.

Incidentally, or thinking of "the book", the last, and only, time I've been "off" this year, back in February, I met a girl (would you believe?!)- I should say "young woman" - who is reading the book, and she lent it to a friend and together they sat on the beach right here in Santa Barbara and read it out loud! The friend has asked for a copy of her own.

But being "off" just once this year is not enough, and so, since our vacation proposal was turned down this day (big surprise that was...) I am going to "respectfully request" another 12 hours this week-end. But I am not counting on them. I think I am chained to my pick-axe and the rock-face.

P.T.O.

Still, I have enjoyed this break, albeit a
brief one, to converse with you all (and I thank you
for the ~~metaphorical~~^{physical} beer Gordon - "that's all right,
any time mate") but I must down this pen and
once more take up my pick-axe and carry on in
the groove. . . .

All the very best,

Paul!

Big P.S. Those Corned Beef Uglydye Blessed Shapes are
quite literally "out of this world"! But I don't understand,
and certainly don't agree with, why our Members are getting
them before you lot. Surely the Staff first, surely. After all,
they may not all go round. . . .

P.S. 2. Thank you everyone who has privately written, and
thank you Gary Lloyd for your very nice letter to the Staff in
L.A.