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Derrick Bell will be speaking & signing copies of his new book Faces at the Bottom of the Well Wed · Sept 16th · 7pm · #129 Law Bldg.



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He's seen the end of the world in the AIDS epidemic and the maelstrom of money being fed into Las Vegas casinos by grandparents who won't pass it on to their children. But he remains opti-

"At the last moment you hear the cavalry charge and here comes Galileo," Kesey said. "The human being has real good track for coming up with its genius and hero when it's necessary

A grandparent himself, Kesey, 56, grew up on a dairy farm in Oregon's verdant Willamette Valley. In 1964, he organized an LSDfueled bus trip with his friends, known as the Merry Pranksters, that was immortalized in Tom Wolfe's classic, The Electric Kool-

After serving four months in jail for a 1965 marijuana bust in California, he lighted on this small farm, raising his family in a sprawling house that once was a barn and now is a touchstone for

wandering acid heads.

A rainbow staircase leads to Kesey's office landing. Two glittery red padded vinyl doors salvaged from an old movie theater offer a choice. One leads to a bedroom, the other to a loft where an owl lives in the rafters, casting the undigested remains of its prey onto the planks below

A sliding glass door opens to a second-story deck with no railing and a view of Mt. Pisgah, where Kesey has erected a monument to his second son, Jed, killed in a 1984 van wreck on a road trip with the University wrestling team.

Kesey is still married to his high school sweetheart, Faye. His children are grown. Beef cattle graze, peacocks squawk and the bus named Further rusts in the woods out back, blackberries growing

A new bus has taken its place, painted with shiny new dreams and sheltered in a cinder block barn against the times it goes on the

road, music blaring and Kesey's pals goofing from the roof.

Two years ago, Kesey announced he was driving Further to Washington to donate it to the Smithsonian, but the museum rec-

ognized the new bus as having no history and rejected it. I kept telling them, 'It's not the metal, it's the wonder,' " Kesey

Like the buses, writing is part of the bag of tricks that Kesey uses

to inspire the wonder that opens the mind.
"Eskimos do what they call jumping the weasel," he said. "They take a little weasel. I expect they've got a little thread tied onto it, I don't know.

That weasel jumping around the igloo makes those kids pay attention to what this shaman is teaching them about hygiene and re-

'It's not the answer that's important. It's the mystery. It's that little moment where your mind goes, 'Whoa, wait a minute.' That's where stuff happens. If you don't make that crack, what you're

dealing with, essentially, is just gossip."

He sniffs at trying to crack the minds of the East Coast audience who reads John Updike.

"For me to crack their minds would take my stomach opening up and bluebirds flying out and circling their heads," he said.

He writes, instead, for the young people who devour Stephen King when they're not trying to buy a new wheel for their skate-

"When you deal with kids, they're open," he said. "They're willing to be changed. They are willing to be led to the brink of won-

