

## Calls it "butt of the cosmic joke"

# COSMIC LADY LEAVES SANTA CRUZ

by David Arenson

I was so tired my eyes burned. Two hours of sleep in the last thirty-six, immeasurably behind in my classes, seven cups of coffee, various disorders of the first kind, and then a phone call.

No. Not another phone call. The Press office has more phones than typewriters. Usually it's someone wanting to know when they can bring an announcement in or did we get the press release about the campus cookie baking class and can't we please get someone to cover it because it's blah blah blah.

But this time the Continually Ringing Bastard gave me the Cosmic Lady—Coz to her friends. She told me she had finished her Cosmic Lady training in 1972. She said she'd made 500 phone calls in San Francisco in the last four weeks. People there were receptive to her, she said. And then she announced that she's leaving.

Not yet leaving earth by rainbow spaceship like she promises, but leaving Santa Cruz by "earthcar." Santa Cruz, said Coz, is "the butt of the cosmic joke."

Cosmic Lady, the Santa Cruz Statue of Liberty, leaving town?

Tomorrow, Friday, May 5. By the time you read this she'll be gone. And she said she'd only come back if they declared a Cosmic Lady Day. So I set up an interview with her. She suggested the Surf Bowl Cafe, a semi-dingy place perilously attached to a bowling alley. Thirty-seven cents for all the coffee you can drink and a nice window view of the Casa del Rey home for the aged. The sort of modest, unpretentious place where a student newspaper editor and a member of the Cosmic Intelligence Agency should meet.

The "earthtime" was set for our meeting: 5:30. We had met many times before, but only through the phone. She told me she'd made 200 calls to campus during her 18 months in Santa Cruz and I got about 10 of them. I regarded her as an interesting but crazy local crazy and whenever I made that apparent in my column she let me know I was "a cosmic dupe" and somehow or another off the beaten path of cosmic consciousness. She wanted to set me straight on some things, and thus our evening at the Surf Bowl.

Jan Kramer, who began to become Janus Aurah Karmah in 1969 and is now either one or both depending upon her mood at the time and how you look at it, is not much more than five feet tall. Above the black hairs on her chin and her skinny nose are two brown eyes, the whites of which are yellowed around the edges. At 48 years of age, she's been tanned, creased and bronzed by the four elements and looks a few incarnations older than the one she's in.

Thrown on her body above the 60's-style low hip faded jeans was a blouse and something sweaterlike, both in gaudy designs incorporating every color in the rainbow. The sweaterlike thing was full of costume baubles, a medal, and a big pink button bearing the inscription "I love a parade." Around her neck hung a crucifix and what appeared to be a flat white rock. She used to wear awkward hats on her black and white hair, but she says they've lost their meaning.

She knows it's a costume and calls it her rainbow. When her training period was over and she finally became Janus Aurah, the Cosmic Lady, she turned her Los Angeles ("City of Rising Angels") home into "a rainbow house."

"It was wall to wall rainbow, with fantasy creatures hanging from the walls." She said something about inviting museum curators and art critics to come see it and being turned down and then packing it into her car and taking it to them.

I'm not sure on that. She talks quickly, using puns and metaphors, smoking a "ciggie" and looking you straight in the eye. "I flash from mountaintop to valley to mountaintop," she says. All you can do is try to follow her flashes, remember what she's already told you and try to piece it together. And it does all fit together in a rather diverse way.

"We're all eon travellers—We have zillions of personalities and this is just one teeny tiny galaxy."

"I was an overachiever, suicidal like Steppenwolf. I'd never thought about outer space, but I thought something was not right on this planet."

"From sixty-nine to seventy-two I went through Mickey Mouse, Superman and Bonnie and Clyde. What shit we go through, David, especially in the name of religion, politics and earth law."

Her religion? "I don't belong to any specific group. I belong to everyone." Politics? "I'm a member of the Universal Party Cosmic Picnic." And earth law? She's taken 400 hits of acid, smokes dope regularly and was arrested twice during her eighteen months in Santa Cruz, once at the Dream Inn.

"I was at the Dream Inn, the old dream. I was carrying a wooden cross, the bottom of a Christmas tree, and I was doing a cosmic sit-in. Eating old food—I didn't have any income. If I had had music I would have been popular. People would have thought it was worth something if I charged them to listen to me play."

But there was a time when Janus Aurah observed all the earth laws, back when she was a nice Jewish girl named Jan Kramer who suffered the embarrassment of a crooked nose and had it straightened. She used to work on Capitol Hill, for a congressman from Maine. "I typed 100 words per minute, made two pretty lethal suicide attempts and I didn't know who I wanted to be."

She decided she had to tell someone about it and made 10,000 phone calls in Los Angeles alone. "At first, about 75 percent of them hung up on me." Soon after, she left town and made her way up the coast. She's lived in 350 homes since becoming Cosmic Lady and has held 200 temporary jobs.

She got to San Francisco by September, 1972, and was planning to leave by spaceship—"the rainbow poof"—the following spring. But, she says, "the cosmos likes to tease."

The cosmos also "loves to dangle us over the edge of the abyss." When it gets tired of that, it "loves to have friend rip-off karma." It loves to put us on a campus or in a city or on a planet and just sort of let us twist slowly in the wind.

So the cosmos isn't such a friendly place after all. Or so it seems. I asked her what, exactly, the cosmos was.

"The struggle between good and evil. In the beginning there was a garden. We have to work out what we consider good and what we consider evil. In Hebrew, 'in the beginning' means don't step in the re-shit or burr-shit."

We haven't been working things out too well. But we're "nearing the axis of earth." 1982. There will be earthquakes, a "new beginning" and "Jung, the Beatles and a belief in the second coming are necessary to understand this."

"The cosmos is cruel. We had a first coming. Christ was more than someone who got hung up. Jews and Christians have the two heaviest karmas on the planet."

But don't despair. "Out of destruction of old consciousness we create a new one by imagination. Once we get earth cleaned up, people from other planets will want to visit. We're quarantined now."

And while not quite making it clear as to how all the cosmically good folk on earth will fare about 1982, she does mention that "about two-thirds of us will have to continue incarnations in fear and rape."

But once we do work out our karmas—national, religious and institutional—death and disease will vanish.

And it just so happens that she's got a cure, which she calls New Age Therapy. Various astrological signs correspond to various parts of the body and all this in turn corresponds to some sort of mandala and all this in turn corresponds to confusion on my part. "People didn't understand Einstein's theory of relativity in a day," she says.

Nor have people understood her during the 18 months she's spent in Santa Cruz.

"I was so excited when I first got here, but it turned frigid. This town is terribly hypocritical. I seemed so magical, but hardly anybody ever challenged me. It was just a lack of curiosity. I've made 2,000 phone calls since I've been here. Santa Cruz cool karma is its undoing. I've accused a lot of people of being cosmic chickens."

"Santa Cruz is safe in a way. You've got the Hippie types and the Barbie Doll 'Hello, How Are You' types, the Cooperhouse Constipation types and the Randall Kane Hippie-Buyout types."

The Santa Cruz Independent's April Fool's satire of her still bothers her. "They wouldn't apologize. I admit I was pretty pushy sometimes, but they used to play High Noon/OK Corral with me. Richard 'Red Hot' Cole (the editor) used to look at his belly button a lot when I was in the office."

She did have kind words for UCSC, where she spent three months sleeping every night "on the porch where the children play" at the student apartments.

"The campus is coming out of the staid, professional academic world. The turning point was when the 401 were arrested. The gay movement is so important. CALM, CAIR, GALA—Alan Sable's so important."

But in Santa Cruz as a whole, "hardly anyone was really nice to me." She does admit she comes on a little strong. "I've made a general public nuisance of myself as much as I could, as a double agent. But I have no ulterior motives other than to spread and share consciousness."

Has she taken it too personally? "There's no non-ego, no non-games. I have a cosmic ego. Getting angry is so important as an action."

And as she goes off to San Francisco on "new assignments," she still thinks that "living every moment is incredible, as time planners, as children."

"But won't you miss Santa Cruz, even a little?" I asked. "I miss the fact that people had to miss me," she replied.

The earthtime was 7:45 and I had to leave. Cosmic Lady moved to another table to drink more coffee, smoke more ciggies, talk to some friends, and pass the time away until 1982.

THE BLINK of the EYE / FROZEN MOMENT, etc.

## A Cosmic Wink

The Frame Up / The Theatricality of the ABSURD / Where's the H-Bomb?

### H-Bomb Hunt at Lake Oroville

Cosmic Gates - BURIA  
S.F. CHRONICLE  
By Rob Heister 10/2/77

On a sunny day early in June, a small group of men gathered on the shore of Lake Oroville in Butte County to hunt four hydrogen bombs said to be planted in the pond waters by Soviet agents as part of the first stage of nuclear warfare against the United States.

The leader of the expedition was Victor Irons, a wealthy 50-year-old manufacturer of health supplements who lives in the town of Cotuitwood, near Redding. Irons was armed with four men, coordinates supplied him. Peter Bole, a government agent, during the Kennedy years and as a controversial lecturer in the FBI Intelligence Unit.

1982 PLANETARY LINE UP

### Three in one

ETERNAL... WITH ALL DIVINITY... FABLES FROM... OF MOMENT... REFLECTIONS

back together again by Chrystie

Well-Wishers Shoot Bride

Bellevue, Sonoma - HELPS

An 18-year-old bride was shot in the head at her wedding by a band of enthusiastic well-wishers.

Police said yesterday the girl, Dana's Homan, was taken to a hospital here after being hit when several men at the ceremony fired into the air to mark the occasion.

1402-LITE 3100

### Triumphant

WHAT GOES ROUND COMES ROUND FOR SURE

return

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ELLINI SATYRICON

has done nothing less than create a new world a kind of subterranean Oz, a world of magic and superstition without faith and almost totally without conscience

### World War on Terrorism Urges

"War is War," folks... "Society" is the CRIMINAL, where

it'll be negotiated

## Cosmic leaflet

THIS IS ONE OF SEVERAL leaflets designed by, and posted around town by, the Cosmic Lady. The person to the left of Jesus is none other than Janus Aurah Karmah. "Destiny knocks when I'm around," she says. Taking most of her leaflet from newspaper clippings, Coz notes that "the American empire was built on dreams we couldn't fulfill."

She moved to Los Angeles in 1959 and worked for nine years at a suicide prevention center, holding an MA in family counseling.

"I used to clean a lot. Refrigerators. Oven cleaning encrustation karma."

"I slept with hundreds and hundreds of folks in search of someone who would love me." (Janus says we're all gender blends—gay, straight and/or wavy.)

And then, around 1969, "the tidbits began to come through. I was not sure I wanted it. Before I married the Cosmic Lady she used to scare me to death."

"Janus Aurah evolved into a consciousness of mind. Janis Joplin was a major way-shower." And on Father's Day, 1972, Jan Kramer got the complete "wisdom system" and Cosmic Lady has been with her ever since.