## **Next Steps**

Throughout the summer months I planned (without the aid of the Internet) how I might make it from NY to India. I had already concluded that I could not afford to fly any farther than Europe on the cheapest airline available, which, at the time, was Icelandic Airlines (referred to by many as the "Hippie Express"). That meant that I needed to plan how to travel overland from Luxembourg to India. Beyond that, my plans were fairly nebulous. I would have to make decisions on the fly.



Many of the hippies who were making the same journey made a virtue of shedding as many vestiges of affluent Western culture as possible when setting out for their Indian odyssey. Not this guy. I was going to take enough of Western culture with me to be comfortable while searching for enlightenment. I bought a huge red backpack from REI. I had a sleeping bag, air mattress, 3-legged folding leather stool, portable stove, cook kit, carved walking stick, and other items to pave my way to Nirvana.

Here's a picture of me with my entire kit on the early morning in early September 1970 when I headed off for New York and the start of my journey. That's my mom with her game face on.

