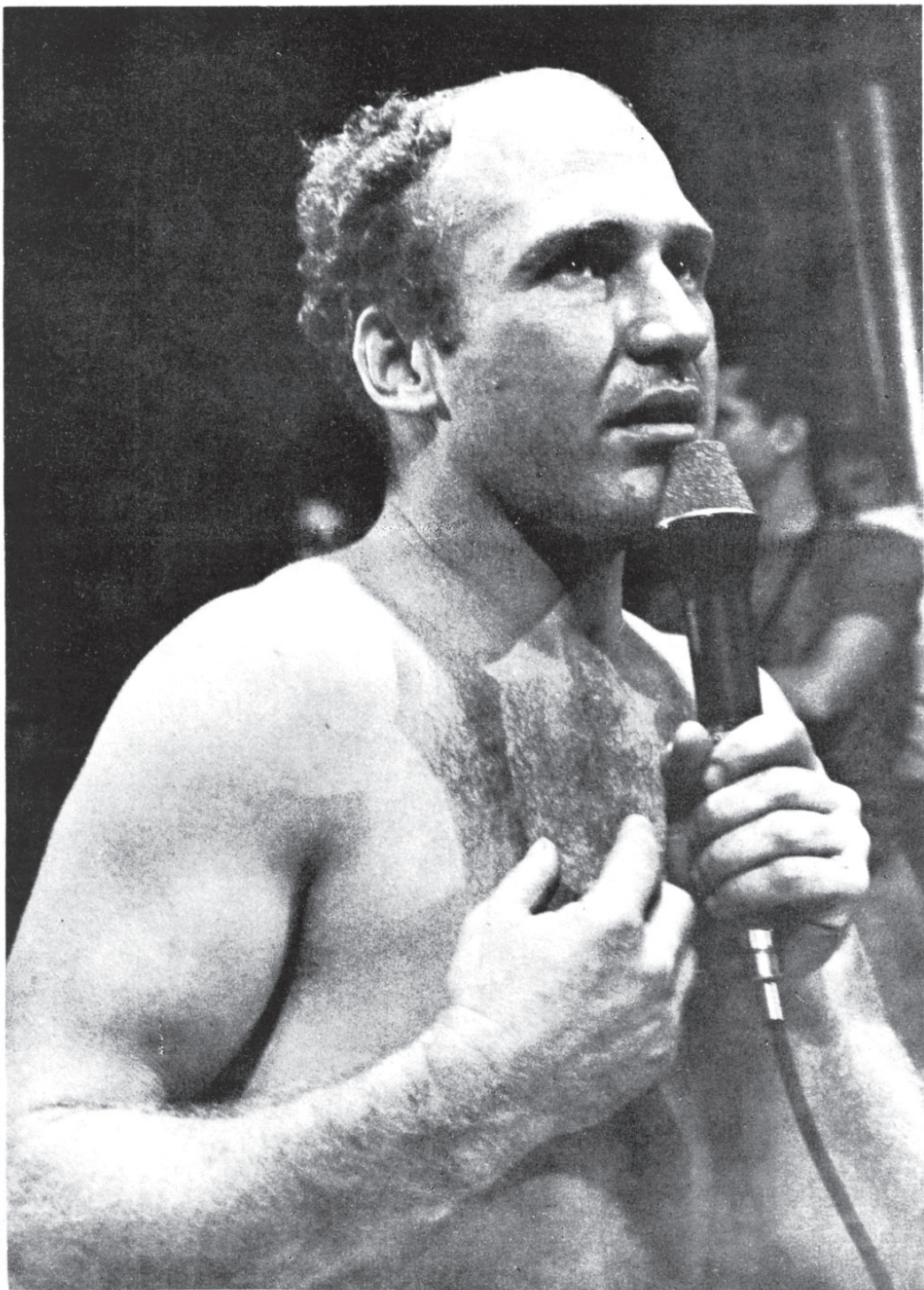




復 2A. FU-RETURN {THE TURNING POINT}



☰ ABOVE
☷ BELOW

K'UN
GHEN

THE RECEPTIVE, EARTH
THE AROUSING, THUNDER



"WHITE ENTERTAINMENT FOR WHITES--BLACK ENTERTAINMENT FOR BLACKS!" This appeared to be the philosophy of the recent ALF Hunters Point Art Fair of October 22 and 23. The fairs were a success in mixed neighborhoods, especially the Golden Gate Panhandle. They were a dismal flop in Hunters Point.

Literally a hundred thousand dollars worth of entertainment had performed on the grass in the Panhandle the week before. But, on the following Saturday afternoon my company (The S. F. Playwrights' Workshop Co.) arrived over two hours late and were met with passive desolation at the Hunters Point Fair.

A group of jazz musicians from the Haight Levels were playing without the benefit of sound equipment at the edge of the stage to several dozen black kids of the area and a couple of white girls. Gary Goodrow was looking frustrated and muttering, "Where the hell is everybody?" Jon Hendricks and his sidemen were also standing around wondering. Beryl Feinglass, of ALF, upon seeing me and my group, was more concerned if we'd do a "good" play--"cause it's outside a church"--than if we went on on time, or if the stage was set up or if any of the other performers and people necessary to a fair had arrived.

After assuring Mrs. Feinglass that our play was "good" and had even been given in church, I walked up to the single store on "The Hill" and bought a beer. I remembered the afternoons I took that same short walk at lunchtime when I worked at the Hunters Point Youth Opportunities Office as something called a statistical research assistant. On the weekends my former wife, Patricia, and I used to spend time on

"The Hill" with a friend of ours, Kay Williams, in her apartment overlooking the church parking lot--now a pseudo fairground. It was quite a contrast.

Walking back, I thought of one of the stories that Patricia and I had written for "The Bayview Voice," a mimeo newsheet we edited with Harold Brooks, which issued for a brief time from the Bayview Community Center where I had tutored. We had written that "The Hill" and the church and grounds would be changed one day, and that housing for \$15,000 a year families would go up. We asked where would the black people go then? Soon afterwards we were told the paper was being discontinued for lack of "co-operation."

Back at the bandstand I saw an old friend from Venice, Berkeley and

Portrero Hill--Martin P. Abramson, a poet. I found that Marty had volunteered to read his poetry at the fair but had been denied. In fact, all whites had been denied participation. Only black and mixed groups had been invited. I asked Beryl Feinglass why the entertainment had been "segregated," and if ALF meant "White" Artists Liberation Front and did they mean to perform in black communities. She was a little uptight but not as much as I was when I asked if I could join the ALF and be "the spade director of spade entertainment for spades." Gary Goodrow came over and we began passing bitter jokes back and forth. "We should run all the whites out of the Haight-Ashbury and make it black" Gary said. "Sure Gary, only blacks and guilty white girls with money will be allowed," I replied. The jokes stopped.

I asked Jon Hendricks if he ordinarily appeared on a "segregated" basis. He assured me that he had whites in his group. I asked what black groups and artists had been notified. Conyus Calhoun, a black poet and musician, told me he hadn't been allowed to read in the panhandle, where he lives, but that it was okay in Hunters Point. I asked what was going to be done about the black kids hanging around waiting for something

cont. on page 13



FANCY PANTS

THE
SQUIRE
LOOK

LOOK-LIVELY
1318 Polk St.
Between Pine & Bush

THE
SQUIRE
LOOK

LOOK-LIVELY
1318 Polk St.
Between Pine & Bush

THE SAN FRANCISCO ORACLE

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Michael Bowen



urban renewal project--the temporary home of wandering wounded dead and painted faces--princesses and frog princes, robin hood, capes and mad-rases, saran wrap plastic woman-- Kesey in a silver cape, bare chested with a red white & blue band from shoulder across his body to waist-- the all American super hero--about 200 people under an orange & white striped parachute and light projectors & spotlights & cameramen everywhere.

I had come with doubt and confusion flying through the sky of my mind and a cap of acid in my pocket. There was a relaxed feeling in the crowd though I was a little spooked about the garage. Am I amongst friends or spirits--it was a mysterious night. I decided that we were friendly spirits and that earth could be both heaven & hell--and swallowed my cap.

The music was played by the Anonymous Artists of America--a group of six musicians young spirited dressed in colorful sparkling clothes each had only been playing their instruments for four months of incessant practise and harmonious work. Dancing waiting watching hip voyeurism, curiosity, expectation of the unknown.

Finally Kesey came to the center under the parachute and a spotlight was fixed upon him; he tried to move people from the center but newsmen & cameramen wouldn't move so Kesey just skipped whatever he had in mind for a graduation ceremony and started talking while Neal Cassady stood upstage and added his conversation to Kesey's. Kesey spoke calmly and subtly about his experiences with drugs. He said LSD was innocense-- a garden of eden--but it was only a door that you go through enter a room stay a while and leave through the same door--at this point some cops came into the garage to have a look. Kesey commented that they are always



create a political manque and run him for governor? Will Reagan win if Kesey holds his graduation?

Rumours like spirits loose from the grave flying everywhere--haunting all minds--Pressure is exerted to stop Kesey--Bill Graham had backed Kesey to secure the use of Winterland. But he was hounded by the spirits of disbelief--from Kesey's former close friends, from hundreds of panicking people, from Ralph Gleason, from many acid users & hippies. So he had to withdraw his support and the graduation was cancelled at Winterland but there would be a small, private party at the Calliope warehouse.

The Calliope warehouse long narrow dingy stuffy in the lower mission--the bowery of San Francisco--pawn shops bars cheap hotels and warehouses--soon to be torn down for an

The eve of all saints day--tributes & processions to all dead spirits--airs of mysteries we no longer understand--the meaning of the transition between life & death--that is the mystery of halloween. The same mystery we confront in our acid trip--how do we die to the mind that belongs to our visible bodies into the life that we share with the undying reoccurring universal god.

Ken Kesey returns from Mexico as if from the dead--full of defiance and a message which he can't speak to those who must hear it--thousands of us--because cops are hunting for him every where--a huge halloween party is planned--a graduation ceremony on the night when dead souls are supposed to be free--"Acid is a door"--"we must graduate from acid"--and then he is caught and jailed and released and the Federal prosecutor drops the charges against him though he faces two other convictions.

The rumours start flying--we have yet to discover a true faith in response to the great mystefies--so we live at edge of doubt--is Kesey copping out? Is he going to put acid in everything consummable? Does he want to create a big freak out, a big bumper? Does he want to make a bundle of bread and ship the pranksters, himself and his bus to Europe or pay off the cops or beat the rap? Do his lawyers want to



appearing also, a repeating pattern; everyone laughed; tension eased and the cops left. Kesey began speaking about the west coast and how a cosmic intensity has been gathering here, that the beat in the music was changing from life-death, life-death to death-life, death-life but at the same time there was a contracting movement a tensing, a political and cosmic and personal movement to the right, a right wing contraction. He felt it was an important moment that we had to get our heads together to find out more about what's happening, to experience something new. Let's move it around he said let's dance on it and the music began and there was a new loving relaxed feeling in the air-- people embraced, exchanged gifts and a fantastic human energy had been generated. Once more Kesey & Cassady came out and we all sat on the floor and waited and meditated and chanted.

Sitting on the floor waiting stoned with energy waves emanating from everywhere--suddenly my mind skipped from reality to hallucination--what are we waiting for, asking for? Is it an idea? a revelation? are we waiting for love, feeling? What can we breakthrough into? Is Kesey putting me on? What am I doing here? (Doubt rumour black spirits entered my imagination) Hallucinations replaced reality-- the idea we waited for became physical but couldn't be touched or passed on. Are Kesey & Cassady producing some weird physical illusion or is it my mind? Mass demonic hallucinations overcame my clear view--I had to get out of that garage. Was it a garage or a circus or hell? Everyone seemed to manifest the appearance of the tortured & the damned? I tried to leave by the 6th street door but hell's angels were there and the fear of them drove me back into the garage; I had fallen into a time warp repeating itself

over and over again. I couldn't get out of the garage or the fixed images of distrust in my mind. Finally I remembered a chant I had read in the East Village Other "Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Hare Hare..." And I chanted and as I chanted I became Krishna--Christ-- and I popped out of the time warp of my mind, the hallucinatory hell I had created--into universal mind, out of Allen Cohen confused faithless doubtful victim or victimizer from wandering homeless spirit into a new incarnation and I was transported out of the garage chanting in a new incarnation a man of faith and I walked home to the Haight-Ashbury about 3 or 4 miles in the early morning hours dressed in red chinese pajama top with a gold dragon embossed on it past incredible visions of human suffering in the lower Mission with people smiling and shouting "hello Jesus," police cars slowing down to observe me chanting smiling walking and then passing on When I came home I again entered Allen Cohen's Karma and suffered again the fantasies of doubt and guilt. Finally I awoke again into my life.

We have touched and experienced mysteries that have lain dormant to Western man for centuries by our use of LSD. We are exploring the meaning of life & death reality & illusion heaven & hell. Yet when we come down we are victims of the same human desires fears disbeliefs doubts (How many of us believe in God in immortality in devils spirits in love or total faith?) Not to speak of the acts & facts these negations bring to reality: cops and robbers jails armies wars good & evil slaughters riots race hatreds--the whole cacophony that is the total illusion.



The Kesey fear that exploded in San Francisco was an act of self-doubt. How can we get out of the revolving door of fear, lovelessness doubt and desire that creates the total illusion which now seems to be moving toward greater human prejudice ignorance repression and war --to the right as Kesey has been saying. We are confronted with the necessity of infusing our inner and outer lives with love & faith or else wander like halloween spirits in a purgatory of suffering. If the political and psychological restrictions increase we will experience a cyclic return to the catacombs pursued and persecuted by the brutal and decadent romanization of America. If secret rituals in hidden catacombs are in our future while America brings itself and half the world to ruin, then we must build the new civilization in the caves of our individual beings and in silent pastoral & urban communities of feeling and soda and spiritual

exploration. LSDhas reintroduced the full human potentiality into our conscious awareness but LSD has now been absorbed into the cops and robbers duality within the total illusion. Ken Kesey and Timothy Leary are now at the forefront in combatting the effects of the martyr game of persecution and imprisonment. Within the

political framework we still have the opportunity to make the use of LSD & marijuana legal as religious sacraments and/or find other means to get high and stay high in order to continue to create a new epoch of love, wisdom and human trust out front. But above all we cannot add more fear and doubt and confusion to each other's Karmic burden within the total game-world-illusion.



A BRIEF INTERVIEW WITH KEN KESEY
Gary Goldhill

Kesey's analysis of motives of the various people who were responsible for blocking his plans to hold his Acid Graduation at the Winterland were expressed in two words, "Ego fear."

When I asked him what his plans for the future were, he told me that after the Graduation Party, he had thrown the I Ching, which had given him hexagram No. 24--The Turning Point. "The time of darkness is past. The winter solstice brings the victory of light. There is movement, but it is not brought about by force. For this reason the transformation of the old becomes easy. Societies of people sharing the same views are formed. But since these groups come together in full public knowledge and are in harmony with the time, all selfish separatist tendencies are excluded and no mistake is made. Movement is just at its beginning; therefore it must be strengthened by rest, so that it will not be dissipated by being used prematurely."

The above quote is a selection from commentaries of the hexagram Fu. Kesey no longer believes that anything of importance can be said by mere words --but he did tell me that he believes that we are headed for a very good year; and that his immediate plans are to find a farm-house where he and his group can rest and develop the gestalt consciousness that seems to be at least one of their goals. And as you see, that is the trip the "I Ching" laid on him. 4

WILD COLORS

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Thursday, Oct. 27--Gary Snyder, at U. C. , prefaced his poetry reading by stating that the kind of community we have all been dreaming and thinking about for the last ten years was/is on the verge of being and, "this is no time for caution."

Saturday, Oct. 31--Ken Kesey denied permission to use Winterland; went ahead with the planned Acid Graduation, and while it was a bummer for many, the following became clear to me: Gary Snyder is right. Suspicion, fear and distrust, the three factors which bombed Kesey out of Winterland and produced CAUTIOUS behavior is supposedly hip people, have no place in the psychedelic movement. Remember, it is suspicion, fear and distrust which motivates the "leaders," "educators" and "establishment" of this community and country. The only way to overcome suspicion, fear and distrust is to live psychedelically, here and now.

Jay Thelin

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Simple fear of the unknown is not only ridiculous--it's dangerous.

I wasn't, and am not, afraid of what Ken Kesey could do. I simply don't think he has anything to say to the masses, at present, that would be worth the risk of losing a scene of which I'm privileged to be a part.

Let's ask ourselves, who would have benefitted from the Winterland venture? If it created a bad scene, the Real Scene, meaning the freedom of individuality that exists more in San Francisco than anywhere else in the States, might have ended. The fuzz would certainly have used it as a lever to cut the long hair and at best, what could have been sanctioned by allowing Ken Kesey to perform at Winterland? And at worst, what could have been left? Had his production caused any sort of disturbance, "downtown" most probably would have seized that opportunity to cleanse the city.



Had he succeeded in "liberating" his disciples, we may have been responsible for creating a demagogue--Elmer Gantry in white leotards.

I signed the contract. I wanted to stand by my word. Had I been afraid of blowing my scene, I wouldn't have signed in the first place.

Finally early Sunday morning too many negative feelings from within our San Francisco hip scene forced me to make the decision to cancel.

In my mind the Trips Festival was the first public event to celebrate a head culture. It was a beautiful celebration, one which instilled in me anticipation of a glorious mass psychedelic experience. I loved Kesey for having the conviction and vision to put LSD in the Kool-Aid.

So when the rumors began about the Halloween graduation at Winterland my heart warmed at the prospects. Then the thing folded. My first response was to accuse those within the scene of fear, distrust, and lack of vision. But as I talked to more people it became clear that distrust was on both sides. Kesey had been out of touch and some of his actions were presumptive.

One mistake was to believe the daily newspapers; we should stop reading them. The second problem was in the confusion about what Kesey had in mind about "graduation," clarified for me by attending the party at Sixth Street.



As I now understand Kesey, he envisions the imminent collapse of right wing, establishment tolerance. He has visions of a brutal and violent tyranny and carried out against the revolution that is happening in this country, particularly here in the Bay Area. His response to that vision is that we of the revolution must graduate from "tripping" to believing. We must believe we are holy. We cannot simply "see" the harmony of the universe; we must believe it. Only by believing in our psychedelic experiences will we be able to survive the coming genocide of an insane United States of America.

Ron Thelin



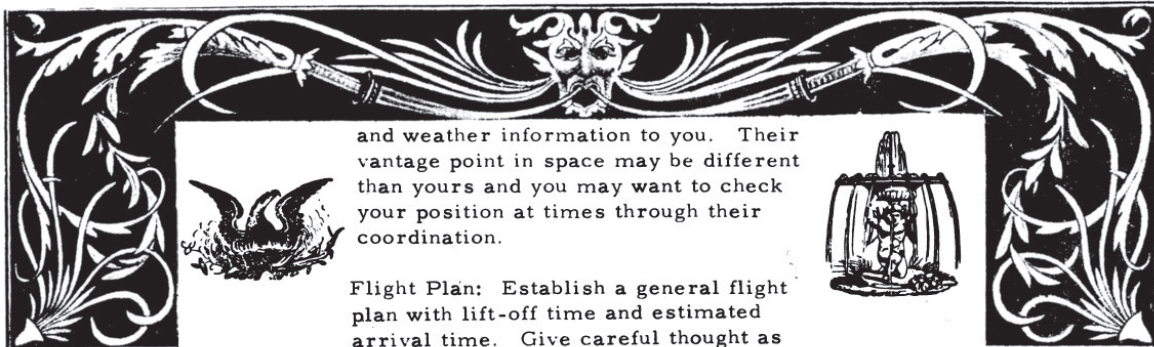
Interview with Chet Helms

ORACLE: "Kesey said that the heads have got fat. What do you think is happening to the acid scene?"

Chet: "Kesey forgets about all the imprinting that a person takes into his acid trip. There's a lot of talk about ego-loss--that's only half the story. There is a follow-up ego re-building which makes use of experiences prior to the trip. You know, acid can be used for evil ends. It just makes you more adept at doing what you want to."

ORACLE: "Why didn't the Winterland party come off?"

Chet: "Kesey did some presumptive things and manipulated a lot of people, like forcing McKendric to move out of California Hall. Kesey's mentality was military. He thinks in terms of power differentials. You see he was playing the desert fox. Lure the enemy into your own battleground by doing a turn face claiming you came back to stop kids from taking acid and then when you have thousands of these strait people together turn them on to acid. Kesey was playing the tactual deceit and facade game. Kesey's mistake is he got caught."



CHECKLIST FOR ISA
(Inner Space Astronauts)

and weather information to you. Their vantage point in space may be different than yours and you may want to check your position at times through their coordination.

Flight Plan: Establish a general flight plan with lift-off time and estimated arrival time. Give careful thought as to flight location. Your flight plan is a crucial factor in a successful orbit. Pick a flight location which is uncluttered and not subject to meteor showers or unexpected cosmic storms. Your flight plan may or may not include other astronauts. If it does, be sure that you know each other well enough beforehand so as not to get on each others nerves during the flight. The time of your flight will vary lasting from a billion or more light years of inner space to 10 or 12 hours of external time.

comes necessary as a last resort to bail out, try a fuel-suppressive such as Niacinamide (Nicotinamide), between 0.5 and 2 grams. A drugstore has it in open stock. This will shift your zone but not the journey. Don't be worried about the unusually large dose. Up to 3 grams have been used daily in clinical experiments to suppress hangovers. Straight niacin works better but has unpleasant side effects.

Fuel Supply: Get your fuel from a fellow ISA if possible. Unknown fuel may alter your flight. It is helpful to know the octane rating if possible. Keep any extra fuel away from extreme heat, light and moisture. Locate it in an unobtrusive place. Don't carry it with you as it may cause burns. Your fuel will not work well if you are taking vitamin supplements with niacin in them on flight day.

Landing: Landing is as important as taking off. Choose the landing site carefully. If possible, it should be a quiet, peaceful place away from a lot of distractions. In landing, consult your ground crew, relating to them anything about the journey you might think important. Your ground crew can be very important at this point.

Ground Crew: Have an experienced ground crew standing by. They may either be present or easily contacted. The ground crew, one or more persons ought to have soloed a number of times themselves and have acted as a successful ground crew before. Be sure that you can and will trust your ground crew. They will relay valuable flight

Weather: Do not plan to lift off during storms, overcast skies, or cloudy weather. Clear calm weather is the best.
Provisions: Some very simple provisions are helpful, such as fruit, water wine cheese. If possible, provisions such as good music, and art are good traveling companions for the flight.

Future Installment: Checklist for ISA Ground Crews.

Launching Pad: Carefully check out your launching pad before lift-off. It is best to clean it off as much as possible. Sometimes, if you don't, some of the garga of the garbage will cling to your ship, causing it to veer off course and you may end up in regions you would like to stay out of.

Pirates: Stay out of zones inhabited with inner space pirates who try to blast you out of orbit with arguments, threats, jokes and general paranoid producing maneuvers. These inner space pirates often disguise themselves as enforcers of a self-appointed intergalaxy political machine. If they are encountered, it is possible to have them believe that you are on their side.

Emergencies: Inner space has not been fully explored and there might arise emergencies which, because of the unfamiliarity of the zone, may be frightening. Keep in mind that you will always land. These frightening zones may be new to you, but men have traveled through them for centuries and have come out for the better on the other side. If a zone is frightening, or more than your ship can handle, move to another location, eat some of your provisions, change the music, or notify your ground crew of the place you find yourself in. If it be-

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NOTES
FROM THE
SAN ANDREAS
FAULT

SHOCKWAVE: The tree worship that Robert Graves, and other less capable and less eccentric mythographers, observe as the real mystery underlying all ancient myth becomes graspable and exciting here. The Oak-King's golden castration by the Druids.

In the clearings one is awed by a single redwood as the Periclean Greeks must have been dumbed confronted by the colossal representation of their healing&bellicose guardian, Pallas Athena, standing in the frontal, sun-caught cella of the Parthenon; forty foot of gold and ivory above the chant of the inconsequential devotee. The great statue smashing the senses. Transposed to and from Phidias at work in growing wood, clothed in rutted bark gouged in long canals like aqueducts from Olympus. These clearings consecrated by the living gods of wood and leaf, perhaps worshipped in this very tree; brought up out of the earth, the basic gods erected at the head of the hall...

Earthquake: a shaking or trembling of the earth produced by subterranean volcanic forces.

Having traveled some, hop-scotching the U.S. and Mexico, before and after a seven year apprenticeship to the Sophistry of New York City and the nihilism of ambition, I have 'Gone Out, as it were, to the varying war and peace of my cortex and frontal lobes.

Gone Out to the great green forests of Hinckley Basin in the Santa Crus Mountains almost directly atop the San Andreas Fault, the earthquake rift zone that dominates the Pacific Coast. Demeter's side of the Now-atomic razor's edge.

Redwoods support the sky hundreds of feet above our cabin. Across the road pines tiered like pagodas chime in a clearing padded with wild strawberries and forget-me-nots. The clear fragrance of peppermint lies green in the air, deifying the circle.

One expects to see Hansel and Gretel come tripping down the path at any moment, LittleRedRidinghooded by a psychedelic Smokey the Bear. But instead my woman moves toward me through the tall trees with a flop-brimmed hat and a turtle neck sweater: Bonnie Parker of the redwood circuit.

There is room and love-laughter here.

Love to all our contributors.

And in all this one comes to recognize our present separation from these basic elements and forces that deal in man's ill-fittedness as he feels and manifests it in history's recurrent dream of hysteria and riot. Having chosen such an undignified and perversely artificial existence he no longer realizes or comprehends the part of nature he is, what part is his, and what his function is or was meant to



It seems that today the work being done on the best architecture is one of demolition... Senor Gaudi broken beneath the crush of progress; dismissed as the White Witch of the Cave, as remote as the Resurrection and the Mystery... replaced by odalistic commodes, edifices resembling tall dressers, with their drawers filled with the same socks and tattered undergarments, with plastic-begonia balconies as pull-handles: dealer's choice and yet it still comes up the same, equal to themselves but to nothing else; out of touch with the xylum and floam of it all.

And I, out of it, out of that precious milieu that gave spleen to these comments; like a reformed drunk; full-glorious in the midst of gravity and flight.

And the green grass grows all around; all around; and the green grass grows all around.



be. And by so doing has distorted this function and become unfamiliar with his bowels, so to speak. Uncontent, with a starving appetite for happiness; joy all forgotten; deciduous, not dead but barren.

A great part of this unfamiliarity is with the architecture of it all that seems composed solely and completely of straight lines, compounding the perfect circle. A natural geometry in which one can recognize (and comprehend) the components and correspondences, the common code that visits and dwells in all matter.

Instead, the choice has been huge geometric improbabilities for our cities, grosser than poorly planned parks. Even the museums, which should indeed embody the best of what they house, display secular hectics; and so we have the Womb-Gothic of the Guggenheim and the Neo-Plantation architecture of the Museum of Modern Art whose walls are so hung and clustered with various paintings that they compete with nickleodeon posters and circus billboards. Inseparable as to units, to cells, to the chemical flow itself.



ZENEFIT

A dance benefit will be held at the Avalon Ballroom, on Sutter St. near Van Ness, Sunday, Nov. 13. Dance starts at 8 PM. The Grateful Dead, Big Brother and the Holding Co., and The Quicksilver Messenger Service will play. The money is being raised to secure land for the Zen Center's mountain monastery to be built in Tasahara. Donations can also be sent to: Zen Center, 1881 Bush St., San Francisco.

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BUDDHISM & THE COMING REVOLUTION

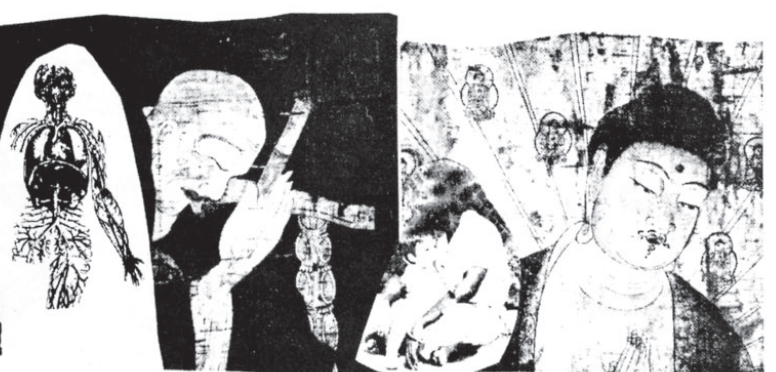
Buddhism holds that the universe and all creatures in it are intrinsically in a state of complete wisdom, love, and compassion; acting in natural response and mutual interdependence. The personal realization of this from-the-beginning state cannot be had for and by 'one-'self'-because it is not fully realized unless one has given the self up, and away.

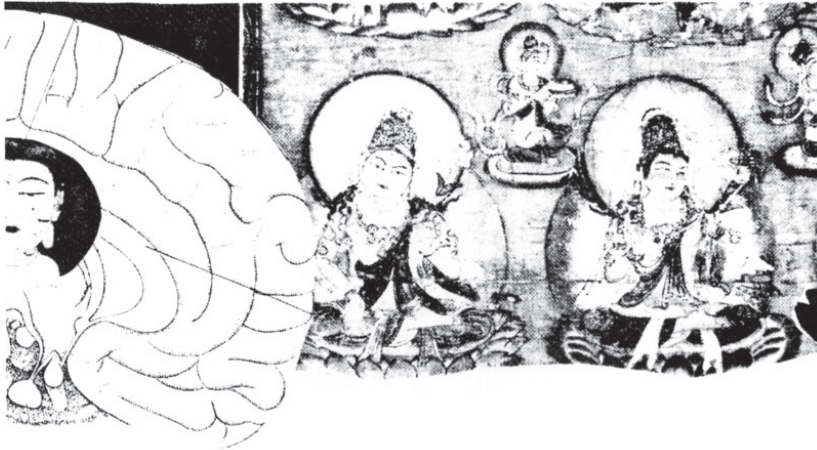
In the Buddhist view, what obstructs the effortless manifestation of this state is ignorance, which projects into fear and needless craving. Historically, Buddhist philosophers have failed to analyze out the degree to which ignorance and suffering are caused or encouraged by social factors, considering fear-and-desire to be given facts of the human condition. Consequently the major concern of Buddhist philosophy is epistemology and "psychology" with no attention paid to historical or sociological problems. Although Mahayana Buddhism has a grand vision of universal salvation, the actual achievement of Buddhism has been the development of practical systems of meditation toward the end of liberating a few dedicated individuals from psychological hangups and cultural conditionings. Institutional Buddhism has been conspicuously ready to accept or ignore the inequalities and tyrannies of whatever political system it found itself under. This can be death to Buddhism, because it is death to any meaningful function of compassion. Wisdom without compassion feels no pain.

No one today can afford to be innocent, or indulge himself in ignorance of the nature of contemporary governments, politics, and social orders. The national polities of the modern world maintain their existence by deliberately fostered craving and fear: monstrous protection rackets. The "free world" has become economically dependent on a fantastic system of stimulation of greed which cannot be fulfilled, sexual desire which cannot be satiated, and hatred which has no outlet except against oneself, the persons one is supposed to love, or the revolutionary aspirations of pitiful, poverty-stricken marginal societies like Cuba or Viet Nam. The conditions of the cold war have turned all modern societies--Communist included--into vicious distorters of man's true potential. They create populations of "preta"--hungry ghosts, with giant appetites and throats no bigger than needles. The soil, the forests, and all animal life are being consumed by these cancerous collectivities; the air and water of the planet is being fouled by them.

There is nothing in human nature or the requirements of human social organization which intrinsically requires that a culture be contradictory, repressive, and productive of violent and frustrated personalities. Recent findings in anthropology and psychology make this more and more evident. One can prove it for himself by taking a good look at his own nature through meditation. Once a person has this much faith and insight, he must be led to a deep concern with the need for radical social change through a variety of hopefully non-violent means.

The joyous and voluntary poverty of Buddhism becomes a positive force. The traditional harmlessness and refusal to take life in any form has nation-shaking implications. The practice





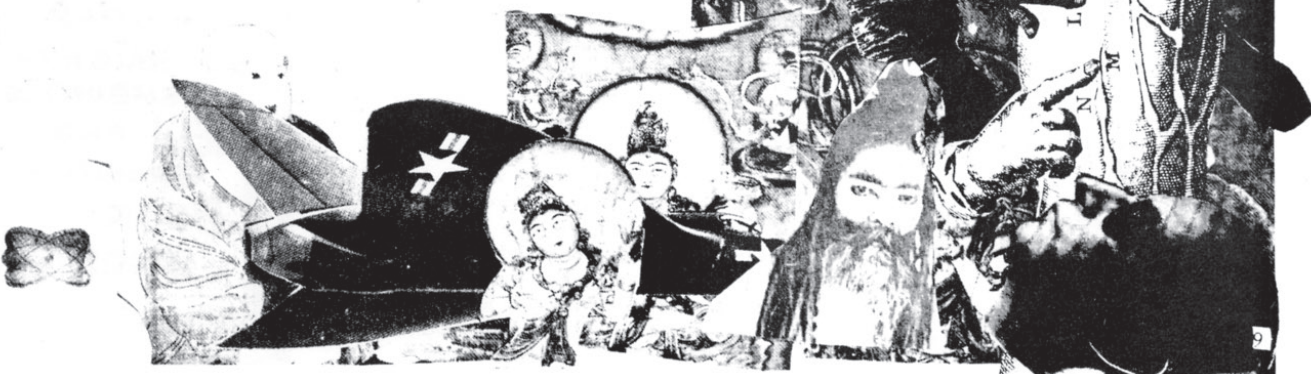
of meditation, for which one needs "only the ground beneath one's

feet" wipes out mountains of junk being pumped into the mind by the mass media and supermarket and universities. The belief in a serene and generous fulfillment of natural loving desires destroys ideologies which blind, maim, and repress--and points the way to a kind of community which would amaze "moralists" and eliminate armies of men who are fighters because they cannot be lovers.

Avatamsaka (Kegon) Buddhist philosophy sees the world as a vast inter-related network in which all objects and creatures are necessary and illuminated. From one standpoint, governments, wars, or all that we consider "evil" are uncompromisingly contained in this totalistic realm. The hawk, the swoop, and the hare are one. From the "human" standpoint we cannot live in those terms unless all beings see with the same enlightened eye. The Bodhisattva lives by the sufferer's standard, and he must be effective in aiding those who suffer.

The mercy of the west has been social revolution; the mercy of the east has been individual insight into the basic self/void. We need both. They are both contained in the traditional three aspects of the Dharma: wisdom (prajna), meditation (dhyana), and morality (sila). Wisdom is intuitive knowledge of the mind of love and clarity that lies beneath one's ego-driven anxieties and aggressions. Meditation is going into the mind to see this for yourself--over and over again, until it becomes the mind you live in. Morality is bringing it back out in the way you live, through personal example and responsible action, ultimately toward the true community (sangha) of "all beings." This last aspect means, for me, supporting any cultural and economic revolution that moves clearly toward a free, international, classless world. It means using such means as civil disobedience, outspoken criticism, protest, pacifism, voluntary poverty, and even gentle violence if it comes to a matter of restraining some impetuous redneck. It means affirming the widest possible spectrum of non-harmful individual behaviour--defending the right of individuals to smoke hemp, eat peyote, be polygynous, polyandrous, or homosexual. Worlds of behaviour and custom long banned by the Judaeo-Capitalist-Christian-Marxist West. It means respecting intelligence and learning, but not as greed or means to personal power. Working on one's own responsibility, but willing to work with a group. "Forming the new society within the shell of the old"--the I. W. W. slogan of fifty years ago.

The traditional cultures are in any case doomed, and rather than cling to their good aspects hopelessly it should be remembered that whatever is or ever was in any other culture can be reconstructed from the unconscious, through meditation. In fact, it is my own view that the coming revolution will close the circle and link us in many ways with the most creative aspects of our archaic past. If we are lucky we may eventually arrive at a totally integrated world culture with matrilineal descent, free-form marriage, natural-credit communist economy, less industry, far less population, and lots more national parks. *Gary Snyder*



YOGI AND THE COMMISSAR

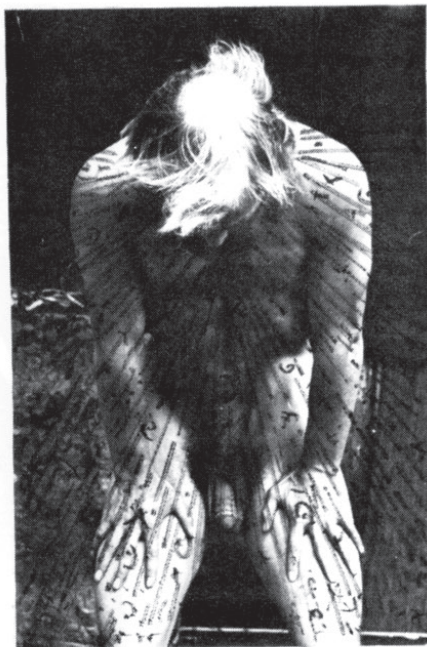
On Friday morning the 29th of September 1966 I stepped back into the world of houses, clear dawn sky, clouds and thought forms. At four o'clock the wind blows through the shadows around corners mingling with the lites of Haight Street. This morning three officers of the San Francisco California police force turned left of Haight and trapped me in their curfew snare. Searching my body with strange hands that visited my most secret genitals exploring and exploding me with an uncontrollable fanaticism. They were searching for those pills, however none were there on this morning of fierce winds. The officers pushed me roughly into the rear of the car. The third officer seated next to me, he was already in the car began carrying on about how much he hated me. The other two officers, one driving the other searching that world for other beings drove quite directly to the precinct station. The left rear door opened rather automatically and the movie began. The two doors were wide open and I stepped into the midst of a fantastic affair of jailers in the Golden Gate Park District Station. The officers seated me on an ancient wooden bench of hard wooden slats brightly painted dark brown surrounded by bulletin boards.



The linoleum floor was highly polished, as was the booking window and the elite officers who seemed rigorously trained and at attention with highly polished brass and guns with lead bullets and brass cartridges strode the lengths of eternity with me. They were balanced, poised in super-triumph austere in their battle dress and spewing hate rejections words of "fuck you, you cocksucker, we hate your hair, your clothes, your eyes, your mouth." "Here!" They yelled, calling me across the maroon floor toward where they were standing. I had the yellow paper from the Diggers and the other hand-out sheet telling of police brutality. These papers were grabbed and I then was forced into a circle of despair. Why were they hurting my clear thought processes with their elemental tragedy of swear words.



When they closed the circle the largest officer threw with all his might two closed clenched fist blows to the right side of my head. Spirals burst I was pained to everything, why were they hitting me? He then wrenched my head back trying to pull out my yellow hair. Then they pushed my head through the booking window and slammed a rabbit punch to break the vertebrae in my neck. My yoga discipline worked automatically the muscles went lax but then tensed hard at the hurting blows, repelling damage to my lower cranium vertebrae area. Then my prayerbeads were taken from my coat pockets along with a small roach. My mind was roaring with uncontrolled sympathy for their misdirection, their ridicule was all that their minds were.



It was fuzzy with hate and wrath, their faces were covered with blue purple hats, their ignorance was black in shame, for I understood, then that education had failed a discipline worthless, a false mirage, a mirror hidden from them in reality. False uniforms of dark pressed purple blue. Where were their minds? One man aimed at my genitals I turned and caught the blow on my right buttock near the coxis. My right shoulder hurt terribly. I was confronted, where to next. I was again confronted with a certain joy in this too-near world of body turned masochist, turned sensual, turned to love of self to quickly cure the inner mind tragedy. It said--escape leave me remember as a football player how the body accepted the crushing contact. Leave me mind. I'm fragile strong and resilient only fire will destroy me leave by the hair.



The spirit leaf flow from the tree and I became an animal raw creature from the mountains, the forest. Their hidden eyes were red blood their hate flowed forth, creeping gestapo hate, and I returned with white thunder surrounding me. The back door to the right opened, he was sitting there waiting, waiting, smoking white cigarettes, a plain brown solid oak desk. He was sitting in a swivel chair gently rocking. Hurt inside I was pushed inside the room where he rabbit punched me in the back of the neck straight from where, I searched in the mirror of my inner movie of t.v. movies for that dream of thuggery. Since when do they have the right to destroy doves? Silence, my screams burst through their long collonade of wars of wars of bloody dreams so material and hurt filled. I pardoned them in their berserk pleasure of brutality, I cried for a reprieve from their storm and then they all started floating with me, we were/I was no more, I left as the brain burst forth with Winston, trees, sounds of motorcycles, the real bombers, and pure blue acid tests. Oh where. And then into the underground fear of iron bars. There were other people there--wax people holy forms neither here nor there. There is no more a mummy in a glass case.

Allan W. Williams



CONT. FROM p. 5

dear ken kesey; (from the yoga aphorisms of patanjali) there are five kinds of thought waves, some painful, others not painful. a wave which seems "painful" at first may actually belong to the category of those which are "not painful," provided that it impels the mind toward greater freedom and knowledge. for example, a lustful thought-wave is "painful," because lust, even when pleasantly satisfied, causes addiction, jealousy and bondage to the thing desired. a wave of pity, on the other hand, would be described as "not painful," because pity is an unselfish emotion which loosens the bonds of our own egotism. we may suffer deeply when we see others suffering, but our pity will teach us understanding and, hence, freedom. first, we have to overcome the "painful" thought-waves by raising waves which are "not painful." after the "painful" thought-waves have been completely stilled, we proceed to the second stage of discipline; the stilling of the "not painful" waves which we have deliberately created. love roger

They almost did it. Maybe if they had got Winterland - had had the psychic energy of a great crowd to draw on - had been at their emotional and spiritual peak. . .

As it was, they must have started from below optimum level. Even so, the vibration-level reached fantastic

intensity several times. Highest was when Kesey and the Pranksters sat together touching hands - Kesey asked for his children to be brought into the circle - there was silence - except for the crying (a strange, archetypal



crying) of one of the kids, and the crackle of mind-power.

They almost did it. And what "it" is, no one will know until "it" is actually done. But, as one of the Pranksters said afterwards, it could be that the sky will open and. . . Or something. Gary Goldhill



Even Charity Has Its Limits
TEAMSTERS SC

Even Charity Has Its Limits
TEAMSTERS CUT FE
TEAMSTERS CUT FREE FOOD

The AFL-CIO Teamster Union issued a warning to the Ukranian Bakery advising them not to donate their day-old bread to the Digger Free Food gathering. The Union specified certain church-run organizations that may benefit from the generosity of the bakery but qualified the amount of bread that may be given to the needy. The Teamsters assured the proprietors that if they persisted in helping the Diggers, their shop would be picketed by Union drivers.

When asked what they intended to do about the blockade that has been thrown up by the teamsters up by the teamsters the Diggers replied: "We'll give them a healthy respect for eternity. . ."



The Judgement

Enthusiasm. It furthers one to install helpers. And to set armies marching.

The Image. Thunder comes resounding out of the earth.



The Image

The image of Enthusiasm. Thus the ancient Kings made music In order to honor merit, And offered it with splendor To the Supreme Deity, Inviting their ancestors to be present.



sickness, perforce, one sees sickness, the sickness of this analogy, to be itself a symptom.

-----because cigarette smoking and speed, commonly thought to be causes are more truly symptoms terminating with cancer and death caused by an indeterminate disease. For the cause is the need and needs are satisfied. In an apt vernacular, they are "fixed." This explains the ready reference to speed addicts as germs: they are the discernible cause and the center of a disease and demonstrate its symptoms.

imagine a christian kit, complete with railroad ties, rusty spikes, a posthole digger, sponge, vinegar, thorns, and a spear.

I mean jokingly.

Well then, in the broadest sense of the word.

In a certain group. Your own certainly.

Well not the wildest of advertising executives would ever promise you that you could for, say, \$4.95 be-----.

Well, it's an analogy.

A joke is an analogy.

Yes, more to the point, a joke is a joke. O. K.

50,000 people a year are immolated on the American highway and without the possibility of question the statistically proven cause is speed. Has anyone called sixty miles an hour a disease? seventy five? one hundred? A hundred and twenty-five is no better than the most. Even the fastest is at best a record of some kind. Along comes this germ, used to be a fellow germ, but anyway he still makes the most speed. He's so quick he doesn't need to eat, has forgotten food, and gets indigestion in a donut shop, looks as if his body found the secret of living on stagnant blood, which is the illusion one gets. Actually, he has found the secret of making less do much more very fast and with little help, a few cubic centimeters of water and a little scouring powder: and of course the disease. And he sees God if he's lucky. At least he is fast enough to glimpse divinity if divinity can be caught or something one can see. I know a lot of guys do a lot of speed: maybe they can, well, yes, maybe they can, take his place. I once thought something like that.

I wonder if by heavy smoker I do not mean the psychedelic smoker who generally gives up smoking tobacco altogether or never was so unhip.

No, I'm talking about the guy each of whom in his millions none of us have ever heard called germ; which is remarkable because he often sounds like a whole place full of germs, although, likely enough, he is there all alone in the smoke and sputum, tar, insidious invisible nicotine no one can see, smell, or taste, and everyone can come to need so badly they buy cancerous little monkeys that ride in stomach and lungs (not unlike the wise old junkies, peddlers of dreams, with their shoulder saddled). Cancerous things so overeager as to often enough reach right up out of the smoking bellows of the lungs and bellow, "Buy em by the carton, folks," to castrate sentiment and dead tunes with a pair of

cont. page 15

Drugs?
Well, why me?
Yes, of course!
Well, all right, I'll talk all night.
No more than I know, if it differs from everyone else, and it will, mind you, it will.

Yes, I know something about drugs, the lessons of experience, in the sense that experience, much of it, is a sort of victimization. I don't say I have been victimized by drugs; no more than I would try to say sensibly that drugs have been victimized by me.

What???

Very well, let it go.

What I meant to -- to aver: that if one needed evidence of the debility caused by bad habits, vice, if you will, he would be insensible to the widespread degeneracy of a good number of his friends. The best of them because most of them. It is not simple that X smokes to an extent discernably destructive of his health: it is that he smokes knowing it is the most obvious cause of his poor health; and even in recititude of thought his thinking is wrong; and not only for him: it must even be wrong for all. What cause makes him smoke knowing it will damage body and mind? Is it spiritual or mental? His very symptoms sicken us.

Is X us?

Think of us and our culture, the cult of the motor, a speed mania that leads progressively to a point where you find yourself shouting at some proprietor: "I know they're germs, dammit, but even they know that speed kills."

When he agrees with you: does he know he's talking to the best friend some of these germs have? He may not care. But I know it, you know it, we know it. So --.

Well, if they know it, we know it because even if one doesn't care, it isn't like not knowing it, and so everyone knows it.

What???

Knows that the action of -- well, the germ provides the only discernible cause of the sickness all along a line of cause and its effect.

That's speed. Now if speed is a

POSTERS
BUTTONS
FLOWERS
ANTIQUES
GIFTS
10¢ toys
1¢ candy



THE
GENERAL STORE
1424 GRANT AVENUE
NORTH BEACH

We are talking about drugs. Drugs used by the drug user. The experience is called addiction to or habitual use of them. The drugs that, as they are used, diminish physical and mental effectiveness, a process, irrefutable, I believe, which, oddly enough, conduces to a spiritual "high." I use the word because it is a good word where I use it, if of the vernacular. A not more proper word but a word more properly used here might be awakening.

I know. But some, perhaps more highly placed than I, have used the words "to see God." And I have heard whispered "to be God."

This may not be relevant: could anyone

261 Columbus Ave.

**CITY LIGHTS
LOVES YOU**

cont. from page 2

to happen. And why weren't black poets invited? I started grabbing people, mostly black people, that I knew, and telling them what I felt had happened.

Some of us began speculating that black artists are the best judges of what and how art is to be presented in the black community. A few of our company's actors found a white actress to play a part in one of the plays. When she realized she was to be a scapegoat she reneged.

The Agit-Prop Theater arrived with their own sound equipment and began performing. A couple of our actors, who were old "Hill" residents, attempted to give an improvisational performance of a short play of mine-- "A Minor Scene"--on a couple of the Agit-Prop actresses, without telling them what was going down. All hell nearly broke loose.

Thanks to Gary Goodrow, and some cool heads in the Youth For Service monitors, everything cooled off. I soon had to leave in order to appear as panelist at "The Black Writer's Conference" held in the Fillmore at Jimbo's. The topic was "The Black Writer and the Black Community."

Sunday, Jimmy Carrett, Chuck Sizemore of the Black Students' Union of San Francisco State College, Duncan Barber, Jr., Hillery L. Groadous of Black Arts West and I went out to the fair. It was much the same as the day before except that there were more kids, but they were busy promoting a dog fight. An on the spot jug band was



COLUMBUS AND THE MOON'S ECLIPSE

THE Golden CASK

CHAMPAGNE THANKSGIVING DINNER
 3:30 - 10:30 PM
BAR OPEN 2:00 PM
 SK2-9988
thank you.

The concensus was that it was GREAT. We asked if they would have liked to have seen more. Yes, they replied, but anything they got up on "The Hill" was fine, and better than the usual.

My friends left and I stayed around looking at the crowd and the view as evening came on. Same Ridge, an old friend, came over and shook hands and talked for a while. I sat next to the bandstand and watched Jack, the drummer of Earl Evans' 3 World 3 (the jazz group which scores my shows), keep time on a brass pipe with a key for a drunk doing a funky duckdance for the kids--which they loved.

Someone began breaking down the bandstand as the musicians played and the drunks and kids cavorted and the dogs snapped half-heartedly at each other in front of the church. Gary Goodrow told the merrymakers that it was all over until another time. playing and a bit later some young black girls danced to soul music. It was a good crowd. We asked the "Hill" residents how they felt about the "fair."



NO,
 it wasn't the blood,
 it wasn't the sweat,
 it wasn't the hunger,
 or the filth,
 nor the cussing,
 or fighting

it was the nothing
 the absolute nothing,
 that left us,
 with no souls,
 no minds,
 left us with
 nothing

thinking about the time,
 after the battle,
 when we sat around,

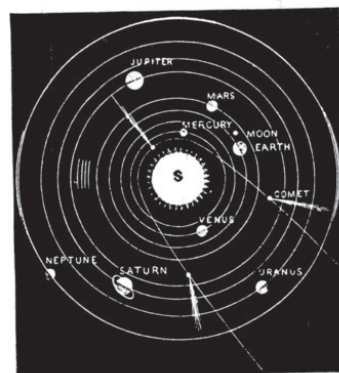
and still better,
 to want to live
 but then. . .
 then the nothing returned,
 and he,
 was just a "kid,"
 with a "stupid box.
 of candy"
 from some remote
 forgotten land
 and we were,
 all men,
 no tears

"we'd fought,
 suffered
 survived
 that proves it"
 we shouted at ourselves
 but our hollow sound.

Art Sheridan tapped me on the back and offered me a ride into town. I got into Art's car and someone, who said he was from the S. F. ORACLE, stopped Art and asked his impression of the fair. "It's not at all like the other ALF fairs and I want to find out why," the reporter said. Art said he had just arrived and was leaving, no comment.

On our way down the "Hill" someone said that they were investing in a restaurant in North Beach. I asked what would be served. "Soul food, Ed, what else?" was the answer. "Soul food."

Ed Bullins



the tent talking
 about how close.
 to death,
 we had been,
 that day
 how afraid we'd been,
 and how happy
 we were then
 but we couldn't cry
 till this seventeen year old
 pfc
 opened a box of candy,
 from home
 that's when our thoughts
 turned.
 and we knew,
 it was good,
 to be alive,
 and better yet
 to cry

never rose above
 a gentle whisper
 the nothing
 put down
 our sound, also. . .
 that was the nite.
 i couldn't sleep

that was the nite
 i couldn't cry

that was the nite
 i was no man

that was the nite,
 i found out,
 i was nothing

moe armstrong



FIRE MUSIC
a column by John Sinclair

Just today in the mail comes the record I've been told about but had never even seen--the second edition of ASCENSION, the great human sound recorded a year ago by the John Coltrane Orchestra, taking in the musics of John Coltrane, Pharaoh Sanders, Archie Shepp, John Tchicai, Marion Brown, Freddie Hubbard, Dewey Johnson, & the pulse unit of McCoy Tyner, Jimmy Garrison, Art Davis, & Elvin Ray Jones. I know you've all got the first (regular) edition, so I don't have to talk about that here, but this new pressing is something you've gotta hear. The only way you can tell the difference in the two is by listening to them--there're no outer markings on either the jacket, the liner notes, or the record label itself, tho there is a scratched marking on the shellac between the label and the grooves that says "AS-95-A Edition II," which is what you can look for when you go to the store. But when you hear it, even from the very beginning, you'll know it's different. I can't figure out why Impulse hasn't marked it clearer--they're missing out on a lot of sales this way, as all us Coltrane freaks, & ASCENSION freaks, would fast snap it up if we were to see it in the store with EDITION II marked on the cover.

I first heard about the second take from Marion Brown, and I've been looking for the record ever since. As it turned out, tho, I had to write to Bob Thiele to get a copy. The solo order is different too--Coltrane, Dewey Johnson, Pharaoh (!!), Freddie Hubbard (who enters with one of the most beautiful trumpet statements I've heard), then John Tchicai (not up to the first take at all), Archie Shepp (BURNING!), & Marion last, as he puts it "Archie warmed the thing up for me this take--I didn't have to follow Tchicai & generate all the heat myself." Which is evident. Marion takes off like Jackie McLean & shoots out into his own orbit very quickly, out & out, straight to where YOU are. Then the life pulse unit has its individual say, first McCoy, then the two bassists, Art Davis bowing to Jimmy's pizzicato accompaniment, then Jimmy picking up his own bow, hitting the strings with the back of the bow, putting it down, plucking, Elvin bringing in the ensemble, screaming & hollering & at last groaning to a close, the climb over for the day lay back light up another joint & nod off, drifting on out...

Another MAJOR event: The release last week of the first US record by Cecil Taylor in five years--UNIT STRUCTURES, on Blue Note, with his 7-piece monster band: Eddie Gales, trumpet; Jimmy Lyons & Ken McIntyre, reeds; Alan Silva

& Henry Grimes, basses; & Andrew Cyrille, drums. Cecil Taylor, piano, bells, compositions, & LEADERSHIP. Hear this record if you've got to snatch it out of somebody's hands. & not only is Cecil Taylor THE pianist & compose of this or any other time, he's also one of the most beautiful poets of the day, a fact which is just now getting known. He wrote his own liner notes for this record from which I'll just give you the title & the first couple lines, & make you go to the store to see the rest. And while you're reading them there, make sure you have your man behind the counter slip the side on the box for you, so you can hear it:

SOUND STRUCTURE OF SUB-CULTURE BECOMING MAJOR BREATH/NAKED FIRE GESTURE

THE first level or statement of how large it ought or ought not to be. From Anacrusis to Plain patterns and possibility coverage, mountain sides to dry rock beds, a fountain spread before prairie, form is possibility; content, quality and change growth in addition to direction found...

YEAH Cecil. and you should hear the MUSIC!!! Last paragraph: "Where are you Bud?"

... Lightning... now a lone rain falling thru doors empty of room--Jazz Naked Fire Gesture, Dancing protoplasm Absorb's. Okay, now you pay the man for the record, that's it, & take it home where you can LISTEN to it in your own mind, where you can go on and climb right on in the record & take part in it like that. It's all yours, my friends.

A lot of ESP-DISKS were finally released last month, & you should have all of them: MORE GUISEPEE LOGAN, MILFORD GRAVES PERCUSSION ENSEMBLE (& if you can, read Milford's interview in Downbeat of a couple weeks ago--"Milford Graves Speaks Words"--yes he does. Quote: "I feel that the person involved with making time a conception was wrong, considering the obstruction this person created. His mind would stop expanding. It would reach a limitation. It's actually like cheating people. Time was always there, and the time I see is not the same as what man says time is." Etcetera.) NEW YORK EYE & EAR CONTROL (soundtrack music, with Albert Ayler, Don Cherry, John Tchicai, Roswell Rudd, Gary Peacock, Sunny Murray), SPIRITS REJOICE! (another huge record by the Albert-Don Ayler love company). CLOSER (Paul Bley's trio) MARION BROWN QUARTET (the drone of the universe), FRANK WRIGHT TRIO (another monster tenor player, from Cleveland, Albert's home town), THE BURTON GREENE QUARTET (with Marion Brown & oh "Taking it Out of the Ground," the first hearing of FRANK SMITH), PATTY WATERS SINGS (and if you haven't heard this

one yet, you'd better get it NOW!!), and the HENRY GRIMES TRIO, featuring clarinetist PERRY ROBINSON. Also another pressing of THE HELIOCENTRIC WORLDS OF SUNRA is out, with African chants superimposed on the Solar Arkestra's music



"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES." Testimonial of a Boston lady.

as a mad rhythm mind-blower. Don't listen to this when you're stoned unless you haven't got anything to do for a long time. SUNRA is the voice of the future, which is RIGHT NOW. Dig it.

Open Letter To The Haight Street Merchants Association

Ladies and Gentlemen,

You have chosen to deny us membership in your association. That is certainly your right and privilege. Therefore, we are taking this opportunity to inform you of our response. First, why?

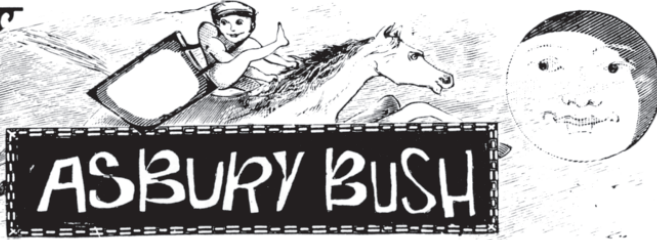
What was the motive for rejection? Are you afraid of us? Why do you suppose we applied for membership? Do you think we need to be in the merchants association? No, we do not. We applied for one reason; so that by coming together we might all better inform ourselves of the Haight-Ashbury community problems. You have chosen to cut off that channel of communication. Very well. Now what? Is there any justification for our believing that you are seriously interested in working out the community problems to everyone's satisfaction?



If you think that by ignoring a problem it will go away, you are going to be shocked by the vastness of this "problem" a year from now. There is a fundamental and profound change occurring in American society. Much of the focus of that change will be in the Bay Area. You have a choice: you may fight that change and end your days bitter and hateful of your own youth: or, you may trust the youth of today and be influential in the quality of the change. As you must surely know, there is nothing to fear but fear itself. Whatever you chose may you feel good inside and at peace with yourself.

Sincerely,
Ron and Jay Thelin
The Psychedelic Shop

LOVE
HAIGHT



Dear Editor,

What's the point boys? Are you going to continue to publish an old cunt rag of misinformation, outdated "news," fey psychedelic bullshit art and pre-masticated verbal masturbation about what we already know, or are you going to rip away the fabric of our fears, get your hands dirty and start correlating the significance of seemingly random events into direction. Start prophesying rather than yelling--prophecy. The handwriting may be on the wall but since we haven't the time to shit in every john I want you, "bullshitter supreme" to clarify what the hell's going on. It's bigger than any of the events you cover and it doesn't have to be lost in cloud wrapped - dream visions of the evolution of the world - the way things should be. Nothing will happen unless someone makes it happen. You can help to clear the muddy waters to remake distinctions so we are not all lost in the vagueness of passive "love". Let us know what the high incidence of police arrests for non-existent charges means. Explain exorbitant rents in H-A. Draw parallels between the hippies and others who receive similar treatment from the establishment. Give us some ideas about channels through which to direct

our energy, to burn off the guilt of our lethargy. Conscious expansion is nothing; it is simply O, a starting point. Make H. A. a place to live, not just a hideout where we can exist. Remember what is public is yours, it's free. All work is play when it is done with your brothers--Find your brothers.

a digger

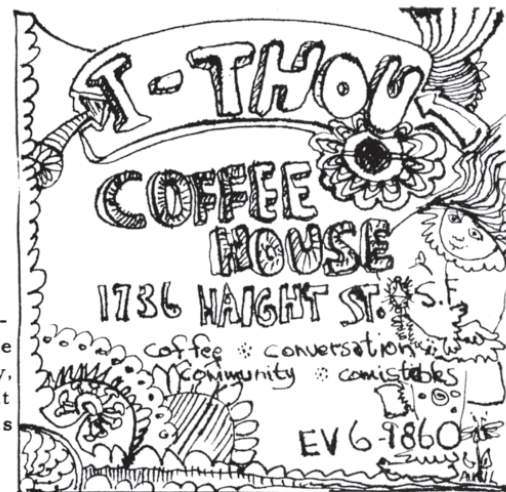


CONT. FROM p. 12
claws clamping to the innocent choking heart or hurry the process up the throat to throttle. Foiled, certainly, by the surgeons' knives, cutting, cutting, leaving only the bare essentials some plastic, and some theory.

Hoarsened his voice by half.

No man, he was popular song and dance man. Still making it on TeeVee. Different sponsor. But the disease, the disease. Germ or no, he the singer, is his own man. Yes he is it and it's centered in him. The satisfied need to smoke and speed. Why the fix'is in for the results mentioned. Yes, to die, soon or sooner. Previous to our present mania for speed, men were warriors and women and children and other warriors were atrocities instead of pedestrians. The war and speed fixation, immolation, a discernible mania for speed. From here to there. Nowhere? The germ? Except for some interesting side effects. The germ sees God? Some germs are God! But the disease. Yes, a preference for death or a divine characteristic of humanity. Yes, Harry. Yes, Harry; was that all Harry? They had to bring him down.

Harry Monroe



IF YOU HAVE THE MONEY, WE HAVE THE GUTS

BUSINESS ADS

PEG and AWL LEATHERSHOP, 1606 Haight, Custom Leathercraft, San Francisco

SMITH BROTHERS, basement - attic cleaning - hauling, reasonable rates - 681-1160

Suzie Creme cheese what is a hurache? 1541 Haight, 861-1234 Steinbeck, Baldwin, and Watts are waiting at Annex 13, 856 Cole, San Francisco

the REHEARSAL, theatre happenings, intersection, Wednesdays 8 PM, 150 Ellis

The MUSTARD SEED every Saturday noon to 1:00, KFAQ radio. Watch for a tree.

FREE 2 for 1 admission COUPON for Both/And Mama Thorton concert; see this newspaper

12 string wants to join established group; have own amp, etc., will play rhythm, some lead, John Demorest, '589-7167 after 6 PM. VANGUARD gay dances 7:30 AM Fridays, 330 Ellis, where boys meet boys and love is something else.

DONATIONS of non-perishable foods and clothing accepted for Haight Street Youth, at 1418 Haight, ask for Diane or Peter, 626-5768.

THE LADDER A unique monthly magazine for, about, and by the Lesbian--for a sample copy send 50¢--Daughters of Bilitis Inc., 3470 Mission St., San Francisco, California

Alleviate each other's loneliness; man seeks same, 626-5732.

Anyone interested in working with Tenderloin youth call 661-7946 or leave word at 126 Belvedere Street.

PERSONALS

Mechanic needed to rewire electrical system for Digger's FREE FOOD '56 Ford Station Wagon Volunteers come to Oracle Office or see the Diggers directly.

If you are involved in, or see POLICE BRUTALITY OR HARASSMENT call CITIZEN'S ALERT - 776-9669 - for 24 hour assistance.

Technicians, no experience necessary; white actors needed for O'Neil's The Emperor Jones. Call TAMARA, 861-8188.

Children's Repertory theatre group forming; interested adults call Cliff, MO4-3045.

Very Good, experienced, attractive organist/vocalist needed for established rock group with jobs, recording contract, Don - 431-4962.

Lead guitar wants group, 661-0388, ask for Warren.

FREE TRIPS



S. F. STATE COLLEGE KEY

G. L. = Gallery Lounge
 Ed = Education Bldg.
 C. H. = Concert Hall
 M. A. = Main Auditorium
 All Numbers = T. V. Channels
 USF = Univ. of San Francisco
 Tues., Nov. 8

3:45, 7:30 PM, Encore Film,
 "Breathless", Ed 117
 4:00 PM, Election Cheesecake, 7, 11, 13
 7:30 PM, Scientology, 1717 Waller
 8:00 PM, Lec. Dale Rogers "Renoir
 & the Men Around Him", Phelan
 Hall, USF
 9:00 PM, Free Election Party,
 330 Ellis
 9:05 PM, Brains Interchanged, 2
 10:00 PM, God Dies, 5, 9

Wed., Nov. 9

9:00 AM, Men Entangled in Phone
 Cords, 5, 8, 10, 12
 1:00 PM, Poetry, A. R. Ammons, G. L.
 3:30 PM Free Film, Ed. 117
 7:30 - 9.00 PM, Lecture, Zen Cen-
 ter, 1881 Bush
 8:30 PM, Art of Seeing, 5, 9

HURACHES, PONCHOS
 SWEATERS, JEWELRY
 LEATHERS.
 OPEN THURS-SAT 9-5

HOUSE of Richard

1541 HAIGHT - 861-1234

Thurs., Nov. 10

NOON - Chinese Painting Techniques
 G. L.
 7:00 PM - 75¢ meal at Panhandle
 Coffehouse, Oak. St.
 8:00 PM - Committee to discuss bad
 hip community relations, St. Agnes
 Church
 8:30 PM - Creative Person, 5, 9
 9:00 PM, 11:00 PM - Folk Sing,
 I and Thou, Haight St.
 9:00 PM - Presentation of New Musi-
 cians, Donations, Pooh Coffehouse
 120 Julian
 Fri., Nov. 11

1:40 AM - Curse of the Undead, 10
 5:30 PM - Meditation, Yoga Center,
 419 Sutter
 9:00 PM - Lyndon's Baines, Pitschell
 Players, Pooh Coffehouse, 120
 Julian, \$1.00.

9:30 PM - Ustinov's "Barefoot in
 Athens, 3, 4

10:15 PM - Harpsichord, 9

Sat., Nov. 12

10:00 AM - 4:00 PM - Rock Poster
 Exhibit, Art Institute, 800 Chest-
 Nut Street

9:00 PM - Hell's Angel's Dance,
 739 Page, Sokol Hall. \$1.00

9:00 PM - Lyndon's Baines, SEE:
 Nov. 11

NOON - Mustard Seed, Psyche-
 delic radio show, KFAQ - AM

2:00, 8:30 PM - "Other Suns, Other
 Worlds", Morrison Planetarium,
 50¢

8:30 PM - Trolius & Cressida, M. A.

Sun. Nov. 13

8:10 AM, Meditation & Lecture, Zen
 Center, 1881 Bush

4:00 PM - Lecture, "Sir Thomas
 More," Prof. Schoeck, U. Toronto,
 Phelan Hall, USF

8:00 PM - Bergman film "A Lesson of
 Love," and "The Squeeze," a short
 on pop explosion, 25¢, Phelan Hall
 USF

8:10 PM - Hoot, I and Thou, Haight
 St., Donations

8:30 PM - Giorgio, films of Oct. 5
 Love Feast and ALF free pagaents
 150 Ellis, Donation \$1.00

Mon, Nov. 14

NOON - Poetry - Eugene Grundt, G. L.

Tues, Nov. 15

1:00 PM - Poetry - Noboyuki Yuasa,
 G. L.

3:45 PM, 7:30 PM - film "A Woman
 is a Woman," Ed. 117

7:30 PM - Scientology, 1717 Waller

AND WHAT IS A WEED?
 YOU DISCOVER
 A WEED
 IS A WEED
 A WEED
 IS A WEED
 A WEED
 IS A WEED

QUASARS

HOMEMADE
 ICE CREAM
 TRIPS 600 DIES

919a Cole St. San Francisco

Wed., Nov. 16

10:00 AM - 4:00 PM - Rock Poster
 Exhibit, Art Institute, 800 Chest-
 nut

3:30 PM - film "King's Rox", Ed. 117
 7:30 - 9:00 PM - Lecture, Zen
 Center, 1881 Bush

Thurs., Nov. 17

12:30 PM - films & slides of Mart
 Tobey, G. L.

8:30 PM - Poetry night, I and Thou
 Haight St.

Fri., Nov. 18

9:00 AM - Peace Festival of Arts &
 Crafts, 55 Colton St., 526-6083

8:30 PM - Opera Workshop, C. H.

9:00 PM - Lyndon's Baines, SEE:
 Nov. 11



Sun., Nov. 20

8:00 - 10:00 AM - Meditation and
 Lecture, Zen Center, 1881 Bush

10:00 AM - 4:00 PM - Rock Poster
 Exhibit, Art Institute, 800 Chest-
 nut.

3:00 PM - The Droic Quartet, M. A.
 Mon., Nov. 21

NOON - Poetry, Edwin Nierenberg,
 G. L.

Parent Participation Preschools
 (Co-operative Nursery Schools)

VISITATION VALLEY, 50 Raymond Ave.
 584-5757

LAUREL HILL, 401 Euclid Avenue,
 751-8784

PLAYMATES, 35th Avenue and Taraval,
 581-2025

TELEGRAPH HILL, 560 Lombard St.,
 421-5444

MISSION, 1292 Potrero Avenue,
 824-9445

the yardbird



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