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Orbit



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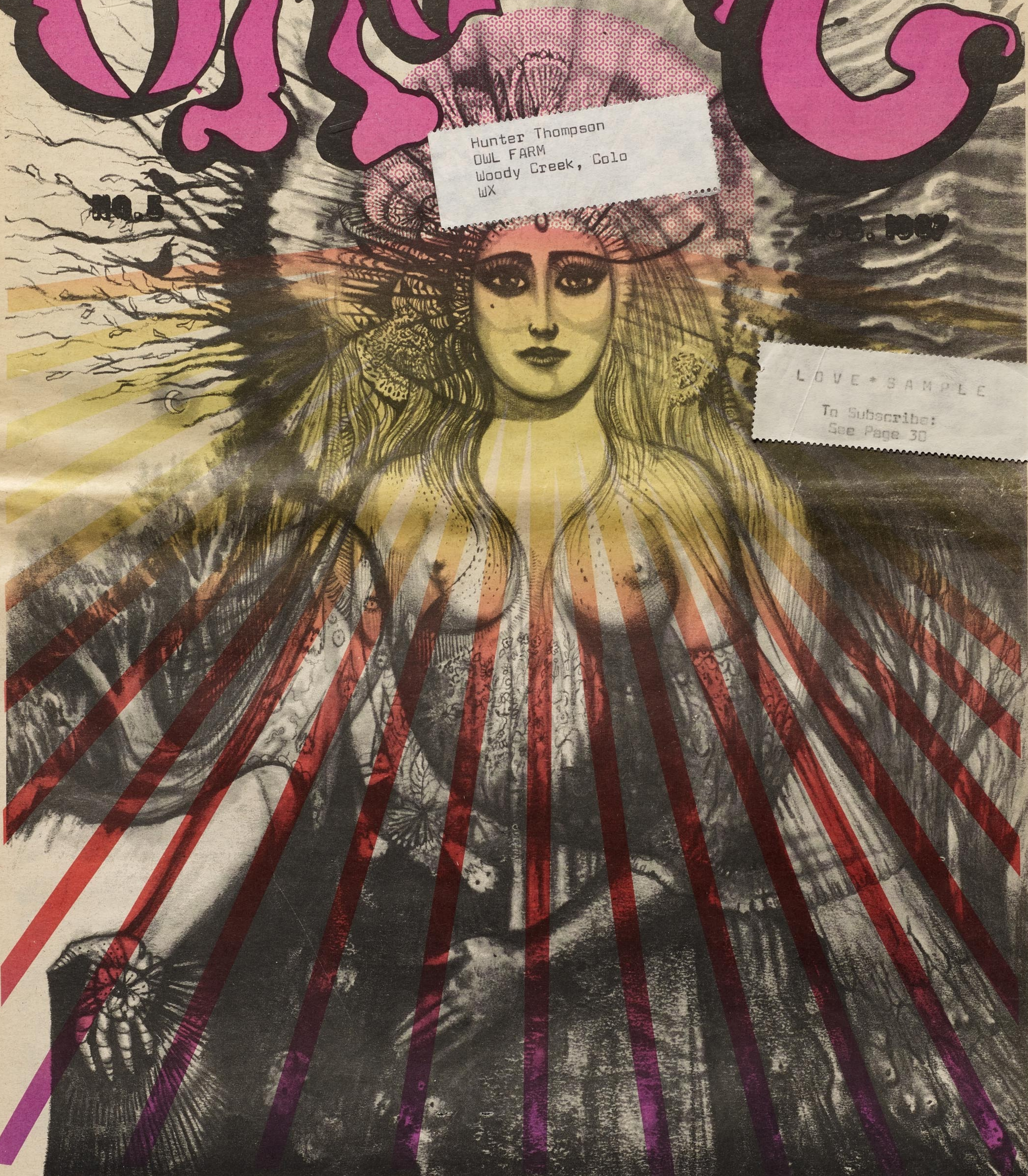
40c OUT OF STATE

Hunter Thompson
OWL FARM
Woody Creek, Colo
WX

NO. 5

1967

LOVE + SAMPLE
To Subscribe:
See Page 30



Letters:

To the Oracle:

It all started at the Love-In by the little drive past the carousel. Cops pushed everybody back out of the park, onto the street. A guy says, "What's your trip?" to a cop and the cop clubbed him, and he fell down and three cops were on him. If people weren't running faster than cops they were getting it.

There was a girl and she dropped something (sunglasses), and bent down to pick them up. A cop was holding his club in both hands and butted her (not too hard). She slapped at the cop lightly on his back and four cops were on top of her and were hitting her.

Cops were grabbing people around the neck that they were taking away in cars. They were choking them with their elbow area. People couldn't do anything.

No trouble at all till cops started hasseling everyone. One boy had blood all over his head, tee-shirt, arms and everything.

Even elderly people tried to get through lines and cops act as bitchy to them as anyone else. Cops only seemed nice to young children (6 & 7). It's so discouraging. Everyone that left the park was depressed and disillusioned with America and everything else. It was the first time I've been to something where there was trouble. I couldn't believe my eyes as to what was happening. It is just disgusting.

Putting a bad name on hippies when it wasn't really the hippies who were throwing the cans. What can the hippies do?

Nikki Horton
(age 19)

Ed: Members of the Loving Hip Community have formed a Security Force under the coordination of Jim Arender. These monitors maintained the peace at the Love-In at the same place on the weekend following the violence. There were no incidents, the police were noticeably absent, everyone was again loving. Some police cars stationed near the entrance to the park even drove a few of the weary participants to their cars and home afterwards. Violence is an expression of consciousness, and consciousness is subject to change, even among policemen. For what YOU can do, we suggest you read the interview with Gridley Wright on page 3 of this issue.

Coming issues of the Oracle will take you inside California's rapidly growing Love Community... into the communes of Santa Barbara, Big Sur, Ben Lomond, Mendocino, Haight-Ashbury, Mill Valley, and beyond... visits with the nobility of rock 'n roll... with more acid visionaries... and more art, more color, more everything...

Letter to Oracle:

Hello Groovy People -

My name is Deckey and I'm dropping out. On the 14th of August I will be leaving L.A. with my few belongings and my 5 week old daughter.

We are going to the Monterey area to find a cabin in the woods so I can paint and learn more of myself.

Since Easter I have been coordinating Love-Ins, including this coming Beach Love-In. This has fulfilled me beyond words but has left no time to collect worldly possessions necessary to living alone. And this is why I now ask you to help me to become able to help others.

Until I am able to become entirely self-sufficient by selling my paintings I need household items - like dishes, broom, mop, sheets, things like that. And any extra art supplies, as I will be painting to make the money necessary for food, etc. These things I will in turn pass on to others who want to drop out.

Groovy, beautiful people, help me drop out - send whatever to the Oracle (840 No. Fairfax, L.A.) and I can pick it up there.

Thanks and love,

Deckey Lee

"THAT OLD EEG* GATHERING DUST IN YOUR CARPORT?"

Secret Oracle research project concerned with hastening man's evolution needs use of your electroencephalograph for a while. Experiments concerned with alpha wave conditioning. You can participate, throw away that truss (or fire your analyst). Lend us your EEG, we'll take good care of it, then give it back to you. Hasten the Love Revolution! Call Stan, 653-9317.

*Electro-Encephalograph (device for recording variations in potential as a result of brain activity)



WRITER? POET?

Hasten the psychedelic revolution by writing for the ORACLE. No money in it, but great satisfaction plus interesting people, events. Jump thru the looking glass - help spread word about The Trip. Send in material, enclose self-addressed envelope, to: ORACLE of So. Calif. 90046. Attn: Editor. Or stop in when you're on Fairfax and leave your stuff. Let's turn each other and the world on!



Please Do Not Clutch At The Gossamer Web

All in heaven and on Earth below is a crystal fabric. Delicate sacred gossamer web

Grabbing hands shatter it

Watch closely this shimmering mosaic

Silent...
Glide in
Harmony

Psychedelic Prayers, Timothy Leary



SHOUT, CLAP HANDS!
(The Great Risin' -Up Morning.)

On that great risin' -up morning, hallelu,
On that great risin' -up morning, hallelu,
We will shed our cares and fly
Golden rockets through the sky,
On that great risin' -up morning, hallelu.

On that great risin' -up morning
There's a new day a-dawmin', hallelu,
There'll be no more hate and fear
For the day of love is here,
On that great risin' -up morning, hallelu.

On that great risin' -up morning, hallelu,
There's a new world a-bornin', hallelu,
It will be as it began,
Just one Family of Man,
On that great risin' -up morning, hallelu.

When the true flower blooms up in the sky
And the last veils dissolve from our eye,
We will see within, without
What this life is all about,
On that great turnin' -on morning, hallelu.

by Rick Strauss.

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* Beatles Mandala by 7th Street Gang Available at Your Friendly Neighborhood Psychedelic Shop in Large 32" Size.

One of the largest and most colorful of the psychedelic tribes, STRAWBERRY FIELDS is already legendary after only five months of pyrotechnic existence. What kind of life is this? Where is it going? What does it all mean? Gridley Wright, mentor of the tribe, lays out his trip for ORACLE readers:

About the period of time around October when I quit work, it just came down. A bunch of us from various places started getting tighter and tighter and closer and closer together. We had hit on the game of pushing each other to be open about our feelings all the time. We found that the more we were together in this kind of atmosphere, the more we opened up, the more we enjoyed each other and life. At the time I was renting a house in Malibu Canyon and it just started filling up with people. At night it was wall-to-wall people. It was in a pretty residential neighborhood and things were getting hot. We were using a lot of acid staying up all night with music and motorcycles coming and going and so on. One of my partners heard about the property out in Decker Canyon. We decided to move in there and at the same time decided to let anybody else that wanted to come there, come. I kind of laid down that there would be no structure. There would be complete acceptance of everybody's trip, simply because I found the more that I had been able to accept MYSELF and people around me, and they were able to accept me, the higher we got. I wanted to see a whole community where this could happen.

The word just got around that it was there. It started out principally by that meeting at Tom Shultz's. There was a talk-in about people interested in starting communities, and our team was the only one that had anything completely going, so we got a lot of the interest from that. But then word just spread all over. Half our population came from the San Francisco area. The average number of people there was about thirty to thirty-five. On the weekends it would go up to over a hundred. And I'd say probably anywhere from fifteen hundred to two thousand people passed through. It was last October. Seems like about ten years ago.

Where The Name Came From

Oh, we got the name Strawberry Fields from the Beatle's song. Actually I gave the community two names: STRAWBERRY FIELDS/DESOLATION ROW. Everybody remembers Strawberry Fields, it's a lot pleasanter. But I had a purpose in having both names, kind of a Yin-Yang expression. Because that's what it was out there. It was black, it was pitch and horrible and the depths and misery, and it was also the fairest, lightest, purest thing.

STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVER...?

Turn-on, Tune-in and DROP OUT ... to what?

Everybody, including myself, had more or less images and expectations as to what it would be. And it WAS everybody's image and expectation, and the opposite. It was all things.

It was a place where people could go and take acid in a relatively paranoia free atmosphere, because there was an atmosphere of trust about the community. It's a beautiful thing to have a place like that for people to take acid. It was a place of accelerated evolutionary change, a way of people seeing themselves and, as a result, seeing life. It was accelerated to a degree that, to my mind, I have never before experienced. Evolutionary change is a process which is a result of being open, being trusting and not being defensive, not being judgemental. Being defensive and judgemental say, "things are the way they are and always will be", when the only reality there is CHANGE. If you recognize THAT reality, and see how it is operationally, then you are involved with change. I think that this is what the Humanistic School of Psychology is heading for. And they are very articulate about it too.

Where Is It Now?

I guess in a way it, Strawberry Fields, ISN'T now. There isn't an organization, there isn't a geographical place that you could say is Strawberry Fields. I guess you say it's just an idea, something that's in the air, that has become a part of the psychedelic movement. Whatever form that particular thing, the commune idea takes again is hard to say.

Is Acid Necessary?

It doesn't HAVE to have acid with it to make it meaningful. As a Catholic, at one time, I would have said, "No, you don't have to have the Sacrament of the Eucharist to know and be a Christian and a Catholic." But it just seems to be a part of it. And, I like acid, it's a lot of fun! It's there. It exists. To decide whether there is a need for it or not, is kind of academic. It's a part of it. The whole taken together is to me far-out beautiful. And acid is part of that whole. Not THE whole, but part of it. It came down to me that what we were about out there at that community is what religion is about. I decided to try and put it into a word form so that it would be a point of departure for peo-

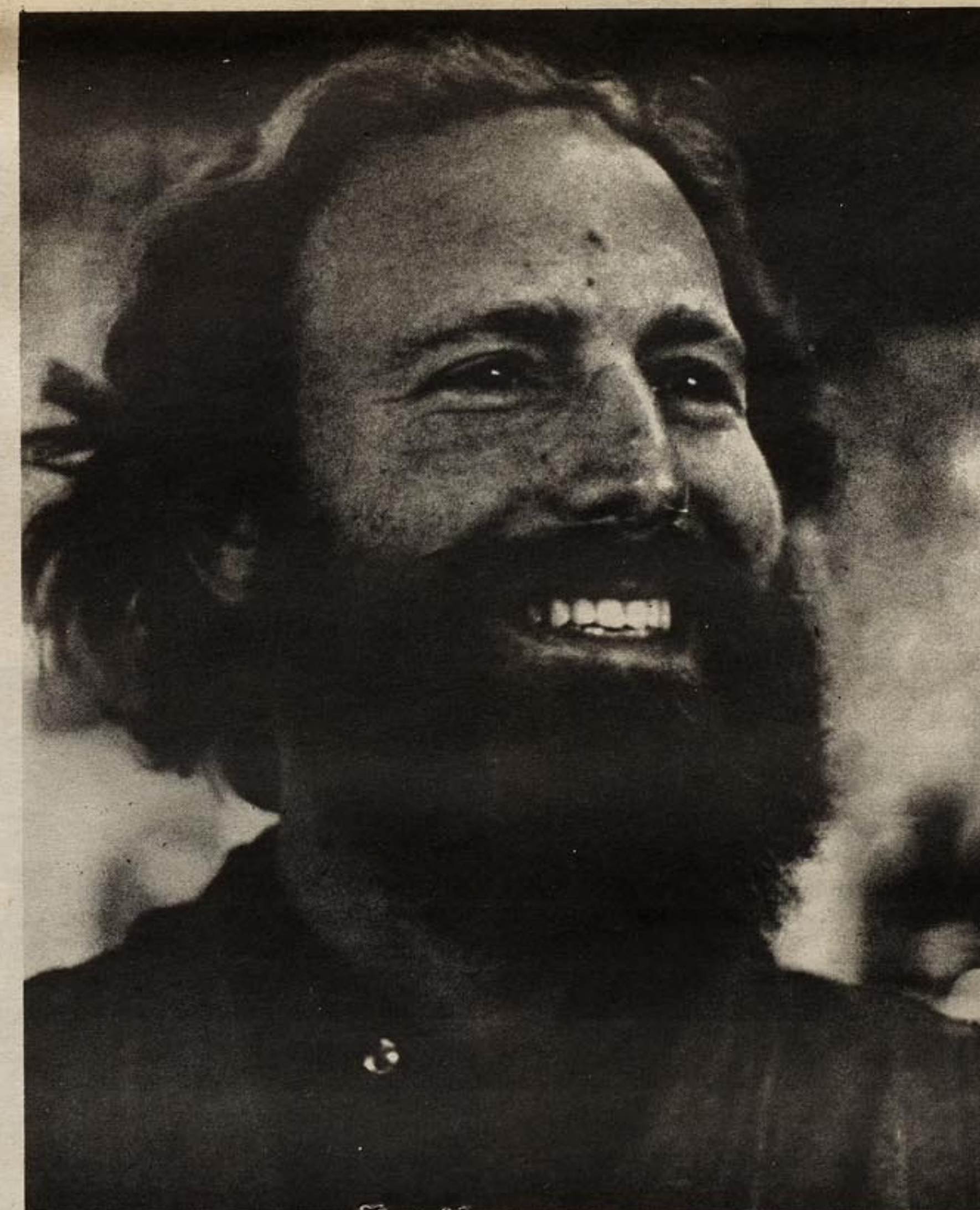
ple to look at themselves and to look at what was going on there. I wrote up the basis for the religion. Once on a trip I flashed that LSD should be renamed "trust". Because that's kind of where I get to on it. It's the same thing that prophets or religious teachers are on to when they talk about faith and belief and acceptance, too. Then out of another acid trip I took one time when I was all crippled up with muscle spasms in my back, I got into a thing where to be honest is to be God. And the idea that in God there is no deception with God, with reality, with what is. There is only WHAT IS. And that if I'm honest with you, then I am treating you as God. I'm God and I'm as God with you and you are as God with me. And that's what God is. God is everything here, whether it's known or not, but when you're honest, it CAN be known. Because of the feelings we have, especially when we're just super-open. And that, that's what the brotherhood of man and mystical union is all about. That kind of unity, a unity where we are without veils or deceptions or games between us, with only pure truth in life. A lot of people say that you can't be honest because people's feelings will get hurt or you'll lose your job or things. This is probably someone who doesn't really know what it is like to be honest who's talking that way, because I feel that once people are this way, then there's just NO GOING BACK to anything else. But the way, again, the atmosphere to foster this, is one of acceptance.

Repressed Feelings

I was conditioned to always be afraid of really expressing how I felt. When you're a baby, or when you're little, you can't get mad at your old man or lady 'cause you're supposed to honor your mother and father, man, which everybody takes to mean, go along with their game. But you can't yell at your old man or lady; you're supposed to "respect" them. This is the way these feelings have gotten repressed. You have to be with people who aren't going to hate you if you ARE honest. This is what the community was for.

With dope, it's simply... I find that psychedelic drugs if they're given and received in an atmosphere of trust, enable man to know his God nature and his unity with life. The only ritual about taking acid was that people were asked not to leave the property. If they wanted to freak out and take their clothes off, yell, scream, on the property they were safe. They wouldn't be hung up parnoically that way, and it was also a protection to the community. Yeah, I think that our community

(continued to page 4)



did the community-at-large tremendous service by having a place where people are going to go and take acid, and could freak out without harming themselves or the community. REALITY is that more and more people are going to use acid. Whether we'd like it or not unethical, immoral, depraved, call it what you want, sick, whatever! REALITY is that more and more people are going to use it. Repressive laws, paranoia-producing laws are going to cause more flip-outs. Our place was as paranoia-free a place as has ever been where there is a lot of dope. There was never anyone arrested on our property.



Why We Were Never Busted

Someone wrote over the door, "These buildings and lands are blessed." That's as good a reason for not getting busted as any. Another is that we were just super-cool. The Heat raided us once and it was a total victory, if you want to call it that, for the community because we were just so super-cool. It was kind of cute. It was about 2:00 in the morning and I was asleep. Someone came in and said, "The police are here." There were about 30 people there, and we had been smoking dope all night. However, we had such a tight ceremony about being cool about roaches and not having anything in the house that isn't being smoked that when I went to meet The Man I just went totally cool. So I told everyone to be quiet, that they shouldn't talk to them, and that they shouldn't answer any questions, that The Man was there illegally. I asked him for a warrant and he didn't have one. I said, "Well, you'll have to go." He didn't go. His men went around asking questions, looking in the ash trays and shining lights in people's faces. Nobody answered them. Everybody kind of just sat and smiled at them. I told Him again that he HAD to go and the I kind of got them all into a corner and I gave them a lecture, man, about how they had taken an oath to observe due process, to



uphold the Constitution. And that they were being hypocrites about that, right? And, "if that oath means anything to you, you ought to think about it!" The cops said, "Well, we'll go outside," which they did. We put on the record player and just started dancing and we had these huge speakers and we put on the Jefferson Airplane's "Let's Get Together." You know that song. It says "Hey people, now smile on your brother, let me see you get together, love one another, right now!" We all went out on the porch and SANG it to them! It just blew their minds, man. They just turned on. One of the cops grabbed his bull horn and said, "Love one another right now!"

The Heat's Changes

The thing with the Malibu Heat was really cute. One day one of the sheriffs drove up. I went over and said what do you need? He said, I just came up to see what's happening. And I said turn your engine off, get out, enjoy yourself. He said, well, I got to stay in here because of the radio, so I said OK. I split and went up the side of the hill and watched. People started drifting over to the car to rap with the sheriff. Pretty soon he's got the engine off, and a few minutes later, he's got the door open, and a little while later he's standing, but the door open still, and then next he's got the door closed, and finally he's around in front of the car, man, with a couple of really foxy chicks getting heavy with him, and he's just really eating it up. He stayed about 45 minutes. I'd say every encounter we had with the Heat was a good one.



An Open Community

Strictly speaking man, we could have put a gate up and not let them on the property, but I wanted them to know us and I also wanted the community to see ME with the Heat, because a lot of the people have had nothing but really scary things with the Heat. I mean that's ALL they know, and I wanted them to see that if you're really behind your thing, man, the Heat is just another person. It's no threat.

Cooling The Property Owners

I got involved with the property owners just in leasing the property where the community was. I hadn't been there very long when we got an eviction notice. And I went in and it came down that all the county agencies, plus the neighbors had complained to the property owners about our existence. The property owner is really not a protect-people-



from-religious-persecution trip. They are on a Property Owner trip, so they sent me an eviction notice. I went in and told them that I wasn't going to be evicted. He was sympathetic, the cat that represented them. He's been a long time contributor to the American Civil Liberties Union. He was right out in front. He said, "I know what my trip is, and I know what my limitations are, and I'm doing what I have to do because of where I am." He didn't make any excuses about it. He's really a beautiful cat.

How To Stay Cool

I think this is to be expected any time you're not totally secure on your property. It's the first thing I would say to anybody who was thinking about a community. Make sure you are secure in your land. The best way to do it is to OWN IT. The next best way is to have a long term, unrestricted lease, I guess.

Public Exposure

I'm starting to get little opportunities to speak. I'm going to be speaking to the American Psychiatric Association, having a western division convention in October. And that's going to be a lot of fun. I'm going to try to get them to pass a resolution stating that marijuana is not harmful. I have a case going with the courts, and I need that kind of expert testimony.

How I Got Busted

The case came down as a result of being on a radio program rapping about Strawberry Fields and grass and acid, sex, religion and everything. It was one of those late night things, and I was on for two hours. One of the things I said was that I was stoned. I wanted the listeners to hear someone talk who was stoned and see that they can be



intelligent and articulate and weren't a raving dope fiend, dig? Well, there were some very, very citizen-minded listeners and they called the Heat, see, and said there's this nasty on the radio and do something about it! So I got out of the radio program and got into my bus in which there was some grass, and there was the Man. I'm busted behind possession. And my rap is that the marijuana laws are absurd, which everybody knows. Grass doesn't hurt you.

Cruel Punishment

The state can make it illegal to possess Hershey Bars, if they want to. But they can't give you the electric chair for possessing Hershey Bars cause that's cruel, and unjust punishment which is prohibited by the Constitution. For me to be branded a convicted felon because of grass is cruel and unjust punishment. You have to establish that the reason for the law is absurd. If I'm found guilty, I'm automatically branded a felon.



Our Sacrament

The point is that marijuana is a sacrament of my religion. It really sounds stupid saying MY religion . . . my religion is not a jot nor a little different from Christ's religion, except in the area of sex. One of the principals of the religion is that essential for dynamic spiritual growth is an atmosphere of complete acceptance of infant and childhood sexuality. Which means, to get right down to it, that 8 year old kids play with each other sexually. And you let them do it because that's what they feel like doing.

People's Prejudices

A lot of people feel that is a very bad thing. This culture accepts that little kids want to play with their penis, you know. It's all right for LITTLE kids



to masturbate, but somehow after a certain age, say around three, sex isn't supposed to happen, which is a fantasy because it's an anthropological fact that, alone of the creatures on this earth, our species is capable of sexual enjoyment, play and pleasure from the day it's born to the day it dies. That is the one place that evolution has brought us that is different from every other species of animal.

If we recognize this instead of lying about it, instead of building walls around it, there wouldn't be any questions but that heaven IS on earth.

Man's Basic Nature

The first time I ever saw it in print, I mean the facts, the anthropological thing, was in a book by Philip Wiley called "They Both Were Naked." The whole book is pretty absurd except for this one rap where Wiley delivers that whole scene about kids and sex. I saw that this is the way it IS, man, out at Strawberry Fields, because we had kids there. One time we had twelve kids, the oldest was thirteen.

How The Kids Felt

I never saw people go through such rapid changes as those kids did where everybody's accepting them. Where an adult is trying to lay their game on them the kid can say, "Fuck off, man" an not be afraid to say it. No human being has reached enlightenment till they can say "fuck off" to their mother or dad.

Sex With Kids

I wouldn't dig fucking a pre-pubescent female. It may be somebody else's trip. I would hope that they would be tuned in enough not to impose it on the kid if the kid wasn't behind it. In an open community it's difficult to think of someone that would be on an imposing kind of trip like that. That was the only point raised about sex in the religion, but obviously if you're going to say infant and childhood sexuality, it's implied that complete acceptance of adult sexuality goes with it.

Promiscuous Sex

Promiscuity? That's such a cute word. Oh wow! What is promiscuous, man? Sex without feeling, without tuning in? Indiscriminate sex? Well, sex is like a more or less tuned in-open to and grooving behind sex

or they're not. It's a scale man., There's no top to it. I think there are a lot of people who fuck compulsively. Maybe that's what we could call promiscuity: doing it to reinforce inadequacies. That existed out there as it exists everywhere else.

Hostility And Violence

There were other principles: one was a commitment of never hurt again, hurt oneself, or anyone else physically which is a good commitment for people to make and to meditate on, to get behind. In a lot of ways it releases people from repressing hostility. People a lot of times equate hostility with violence. Of course they are not the same thing at all. A lot of people have a bad judgement on hostility, where it's righteous. Any FEELING is righteous. You can express hostility without violence especially if you haven't been repressing it for a long time. The religion also would serve to give a conscientious objector a specific religious principle to back his belief.



The Hippie Scene

It's going on in the whole world! Everybody wants to get there and wants to know! And drugs seem to be helping people to realize that there's a way, and what it's like when you get there. I guess people that are using drugs, call them hippies, are the people that are more on it than the other groups. There is an incredible amount of game shit that goes on in the hippie world. Sometimes it even . . . it blows my mind! I know people who've taken acid seventy, a hundred times, who are hung up in INCREDIBLE games! I don't know how they can keep doing it. It isn't acid that does it. It isn't acid that

breaks the game. I think it has to be acid plus relationships which are on a confrontation, openness kind of a trip, and I think this can best be done in communities. I guess the principle games are dependency games where people look outside themselves for confirmation of their worthiness or loveableness.

The "hippie" movement is the most far out, unique, revolutionary thing to happen in the history of the species! And I simply say that because it's been that revolutionary for me. My way of seeing myself and the world around me. So I'm projecting that on the whole world, of course. As I see it, the world is purely my projection of the way I see myself. A year ago, if someone would have described a person who feels the way I feel now all the time, I would have said impossible, nobody could feel that way, you're putting me on! Now I see that what is happening to the whole world is going to be far out!

When I Dropped Out

I'm the Gridley Wright that I



is a pretty dropped-out kind of job to begin with, because I worked in a camp where you work three days and then have four days off. Well, you can drop a lot further out on those four days than you can on a weekend, if you're working a five-day-a-week job. But I had started taking acid, oh, I guess about eight months before I quit work, and it just occurred to me that it would be interesting to see what would happen if I just did what I FELT like doing all the time. You know, get up when I feel like it, wear what I feel like wearing, go to sleep, think,

am, and I dropped out to the same thing I guess. I remember one time, I guess I was twelve or thirteen or something, I was living with my aunt and uncle, and my aunt was always rapping about how you had to be a certain way because you have to be thinking about what people say. I just said to her, "WHO the fuck CARES what people say!" I guess that's when you start dropping out, when you see your identity doesn't have anything to do with what people say. Or what they say your OUGHT to be, or society says SHOULD be.

Member Of Establishment

I was pretty much living by myself when I dropped out, and I was a Probation Officer. Which



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The CLAP

by Rick Strauss

People loved and fucked and jumped and flew and lived. Artists, lovers, scholars strolled through the land and sang, played, painted, built, argued, taught, loved and kissed for their supper. There was always an empty cottage or the sunswept attic under the roof of the highest tower and someone to spring for food and wine and "two good suits of cloth of silk per annum", if somebody wanted to chase a personal blue-bird down the spirals of time.

Young and old danced to a new beat. The sculptors gloried in the sinuous shape and texture of flesh. Olympic laughter rolled under the ceilings of ecstatic clouds painted by Titian, and Botticelli filled the walls with golden light. Erasmus wrote IN PRAISE OF FOLLY. It was one great glorious eruption of energy. It was a year-round pleasure faire. They called it the RENAISSANCE, - - - Re-Birth!

But, up in France, they had a Queen who was buttoned tight to the neck, and sour. People called her "Annie Brown-Shoes." The King, Charles VIII, had been turned on by some strolling minstrels. So, since he couldn't get any action at home, he decided to go where it was. When some refugee Italians invited him to free Naples from its tyrant, he dropped his cap and took a trip.

Charles proved himself less of a warrior but more of a man. He was received with flowers and open arms wherever he appeared, he and his colorful companions. Among the latter was a troop of Spanish sailors who two years earlier had helped Columbus discover America. They had also discovered a new germ, TREPONEMA PALLIDUM, the Grey Wiggler, to which the local Indians had been immune. The sailors weren't.

Naples fell without a blow. The tyrant fled. Then the trip turned ugly. Sickness broke out in the wake of the French. Men took to arms and opposed Charles and chased him home. Rome, Florence, Milan, Turin, Lyons, Paris. We know exactly the route they took for the town-records tell about a virulent plague that broke out. They called it, "the French Sickness." (Girolamo Fracastori, an Italian doctor, wrote a popular poem about it. The hero of this poem was a shepherd-cat named SYPHILLIS.) This was in 1495.

Suddenly people were afraid. Doors closed. Arms closed.

Guard your woman! Only in private possession, in ownership, lies security. The new generation learned to regard their neighbor with suspicion. Did he, or didn't he? When these people turned 25, the Renaissance was dead. Luther hung a morals rap on the easy-going Catholic Church and made it stick. 17 years later the Inquisition started burning heretics.

Syphilis killed the Renaissance. Syphilis is no longer much of a problem. The clap is. The clap can kill OUR Re-Birth before it gets out of the crawling stage!

There was this beautiful tribe in Greenwich Village. They inhabited two out-of-sight lofts, 25 x 90, stacked one above the other. Some former tenant had installed this crazy cargo-hoist between the two floors so you went tripping up to the john and down to the kitchen and up to the living area and down to the living area, up and down, down and up, to freak, to work, to crash.

There was this one flax-haired slum-goddess, a dropout from a finishing school. One weekend she went to New Haven and turned on two of her brother's classmates. They gave her a present she didn't know about and when she came home she passed it on to her lover and he gave it to two other chicks.

The lover got panicked when the burning and the dripping started. He got into this fear-bag, broke all communication and curled up hoping it would go away. The second guy to catch on was another chicken-shit, but he did go to a doctor. The third guy blew the whistle but by that time it was too late. There was a lot of bad language, but luckily someone said where it was at, and made everybody go see a doctor. They were careful, went to different places, gave false names, because some of them were under age. Then the tribe tried to re-consecrate itself and pretend nothing had happened. It was a pretend tribe. It lasted a week.

They killed their Renaissance by not being open with one another. The proven lack of communication in the area of sex-fostered suspicion that there might be other secrets. Covert hostility remained unvoiced. What hurt especially was that certain members of the tribe, through irrational fear, seemed to be willing to hurt other members and jeopardize their existence.

In 1966 the incidence of

gonorrhea among the 15-to-19-year olds in L.A. County increased by 130% over previous years. One out of ten persons in the 16-to-23 bracket has venereal disease. One out of four untreated cases dies.

Those are the figures. Lately a lot of paranoid bullshit has been spread about the County Health Department. "They won't treat a minor without consent of the parents." "They give your name to the vice and set you up for a bust." Crap!

Veneral disease is a PUBLIC HEALTH EMERGENCY and the County Health Department (CDH) "do not consider parental consent necessary in EMERGENCY situations. The next day, after a minor is handled on an emergency basis, we are required to make every REASONABLE effort to obtain parental consent for examination and treatment WHICH HAS ALREADY BEEN GIVEN." This from a CDH letter in the ORACLE files. (Our italics.) In other words, when people say their parents are dead or live in Dubuque, or when they give false names, WHICH IS A MISDEMEANOR, the Department has neither interest nor time nor money to investigate deeply.

As far as hassling people is concerned, veneral disease is a PUBLIC health emergency. The Department will come after you if you don't show up for your next treatment. Everything will stay cool if you don't lose yours and blow the whole scene. Remember, in a crowded city epidemics could and would spread like a grass-fire. A "cluster-test" of 285 people who were socially, geographically, and otherwise related brought to treatment 153 early infectious cases, 82 cases in latent stages and 115 cases that had been inadequately treated.

It is the job of the CDH to investigate if anything STATISTICALLY unusual occurs like five seemingly unrelated cases from the same address. You can help them by revealing all your sexual contacts, as well as those of your friends and acquaintances who may have been balling in the same social, or geographic, or otherwise, neighborhood. Don't think fink! You're doing your friends a favor. It's the only way to stop the spread and damage of the disease.

Any abnormal condition of the sexual organs may be a symptom. The symptoms may disappear even without treatment but the person is still a carrier, a spreader. And inside him the germs may be destroying the

most vital organs, his sex, his liver, his heart, his spinal cord, his eyes, his brain.

Unfortunately women frequently show no symptoms, at least in the early stages. Only a test can tell. Later there may be itching, burning, tenderness, a sort of a leak. Later still there is nausea, fever, vomiting, and pain in the lower abdomen. That means the disease has really taken hold, with permanent damage.

In men gonorrhea causes itching and burning inside the tube of the penis, especially when in use. Drops of thick yellow puss gum up the opening and make you pee sideways. This puss, which can be green and bloody, and swarms with germs, usually appears within two to eight days after infection.

The first signs of syphilis are chancres, sores that don't heal, which usually break out around the genitals, the anus, the lips, or elsewhere. Any sore that doesn't crust firmly is suspect. The fluid exuded by the chancres is so infectious that a simple contact, a kiss, will spread the disease.

If you suspect you are infected, get your ass down to the nearest Health Department Service Center! Addresses and phone listed below. Call for hours of appointments. You can also call:

THE COMMITTEE FOR THE ERADICATION OF SYPHILIS, Phone 870-2524 (24 hour service) This is a private group who'll advise you and steer you right.

Or go to a private doctor, any doctor. Tell him you want a premarital test, tell him anything, get a beard and false I.D., but get that test and that treatment.

Penicillin, - sulfonamides in case of the clap, - and other broad-spectrum antibiotics can clear an early stage in a few days. And the Health Department WILL TRY TO FIND YOU if you no-show for your next treatment. You can't half-cure gonorrhea. Incidentally, the test is now called the VDRL, Venereal Disease Laboratory Reaction test. The CDH Centers administer it free. A private doctor charges \$5 to \$10. GIVE YOUR LOVE A VDRL FOR XMAS!

(continued to page 26)

Oracle will trade advertising space for that suspension file and/or electric typewriter you've been wondering what to do with. Maybe we can work out some kind of incredible deal. Help us, help yourself at same time. Call Ed Ward, 653-9168.





A BEATLE MEETS THE PRESS

A LITTLE OF WHAT IT SOUNDS LIKE By John Vicente

George Harrison of the Beatles may never bother to speak of Establishment press, but he did take an hour of an otherwise meaningful Los Angeles trip to try to speak TO it. This happened August 3rd, in the afternoon, at the Kinnara School of Indian Music, 8718 W. 3rd St., with his friend and sitar master, Ravi Shankar, beside him.

Cross-legged, Shankar and Harrison sat, barefooted, in loose, comfortable clothing, on a tapestry-covered platform and answered questions from members of the press whom they had invited. Facing the pair, thirty reporters sat in rows of chairs with strange, phallic objects of rather pleasant cloth, called

"ties," around their necks at the collars of the stiff white shirts they were wearing. It would have seemed more logical, somehow, if they had been wearing the ties to cover their bodies—perhaps girding their ribs—with the shirts tied around their necks. It was a warm summer afternoon.

It comes now for us to say that these words written here in pity should not be mistaken by our readers for words of hostility. The wise person will not find joy in others' infirmities. It is best to open up one's heart to the sufferers of such affliction among the reporters of the big city press, whose blindness and deafness is encouraging so many

readers each week to split from the Establishment chunk and come our way.

Upon such astute observers, a straight and strait multitude depends for its knowledge of what most of the world is about.

The reporters asked their questions. Harrison and Shankar answered. There were no serious injuries.

As might have been expected, the Establishment press not only failed to listen to the two men who have shaped the present musical taste of Los Angeles. It failed to hear.

At least seven times during the press conference, different reporters urged the sitar guru to let them hear "a little of what it sounds like" on a polished, mellow-yellow, belly-big sitar that sat by pregnantly and chastely. Shankar declined as deferentially as possible. He politely refrained from pointing out to these examiners of the times who were astutely gleaning every facet of the occasion from the clues at hand that the room was already filled to overflowing with the high-fidelity, stereo evidence of "a little of what it sounds like," as the notes from a Shankar recording reverberated among them from a phonograph. Diamonds of sitar sound were

dripping from the ceiling and smashing into billions of slivers on the floor by the reporters' heavily shod feet. And these eyes and ears of the nation's overground press kept begging: "Aw, come on, fellows, let us hear a little of what it sounds like."

One may with reason wonder what the sitar master and the master of psychedelic sound wished to accomplish by calling a press conference.

Their answers were direct. It was the questions that weren't responsive. And the resulting articles in the Times and the Examiner, suggested (when one compares them to the actual press conference) a non-sequitur dialogue such as those in the jokes which begin: "Two drunks met on the street and the first said..."

For example, one of the reporters asked about a necklace of beads Harrison was wearing. The tall, spare Beatle smiled gently and said: "It's just a necklace."

The reporter persisted. "What does it mean?"

A twinkle showed in Harrison's eyes and the hint of a grin showed at the corner of his lips; the corner of his down-turned moustache twitched humorously as he weighed the alternatives of picking up the game or tying to end it. "It's magic," Harrison said. "What kind of magic?" asked the persistent reporter, holding a pencil in earnest readiness above his notebook.

"It's just a necklace," Harrison repeated, with a faint note of regret that he had encouraged the questioner in the first place. "Well," the Beatle allowed graciously, so the matter would have an end, any end: "It's personal magic." Thus a wise parent puts a child's innocent and meaningless question to rest, instead of refusing an answer altogether.

But the Times picked up this childish non-news and reported it importantly as: "Around his neck was a blue, red and white 'magic eye' necklace which Harrison said provided him with 'personal magic.'"

Another reporter asked about the title "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" and was told, "We didn't notice it said 'LSD' until somebody told us. Everybody interprets things in his own way."

The Establishment press failed to catch the drift of this questioning, but used the last sentence of that quote to refer to how it supposed Harrison felt the public will interpret the Beatles' new sounds.

The Times still can't resist using "mop-haired" as a put-down when describing a Beatle. The Examiner restricted its put-down prose to calling Harrison "The guy on the left" in the caption under a photo of the Beatle with Shankar. Indeed, such identification might be necessary for that five or six percent of the Examiner's readers at whom that newspaper is seemingly aimed. The rest of its story said prac-

tically nothing, as their reporter eschewed the opportunity to reveal something of an important mind to his readers, perhaps impatient to get on to some meatier assignment like a wife-in-the-trunk murder.

Many of the reporters at the press conference tried diligently to exploit the personal differences between these two distinctly different friends. Shankar was asked about his now well-known (to readers of the underground press) disfavor toward the use of mind-altering chemicals while listening to sitar music.

It is fun to note that the square reporters seem to find palpable comfort in Shankar's admonitions against psychedelics and alcohol. Booze-fiends are not disposed to notice that they are included in Shankar's prohibition, principally because they place



themselves "above" appreciation of his music in the first place. And they mistakenly regard his position on LSD as an outrageous affront to that very group in this country which is most appreciative of it.

Shankar was therefore understandably embarrassed by questions directed to this subject as he sat beside his tuned-in friend from England. And he gave a long and muted answer that successfully avoided quotation.

Master and student were each asked their opinion of the other. Shankar gave a realistic appraisal of Harrison. "He is a good student." Both mentioned that the Indian is a classical musician and the Beatle is not. And Harrison replied to a ques-

tion that sounded tantamount to "What do you think of this stuff that Shankar plays?" with an extravagant compliment:

"Whatever I do with the sitar is still only pop music. If I could sit down and play sitar properly, I would." There's so much fun in a word like "properly" when one from Liverpool pronounces it. This apparently turned on the Examiner, which used the quote in isolation, so that it seemed to have a lurid hint of "Beatle puts down his own sound." The Times was more turned on when Harrison was indirectly forced by questioners to establish himself publicly as against the war in Viet Nam: "Anything to do with arms is terrible." The Times' opening paragraph, in fact, made it sound as though this incidental, reluctantly articulated viewpoint was one of the whole reasons for the press

Harrison defended his introduction of the sitar into the new Beatles' sounds: "Some people think it's a sin to change anything. The whole point is that I'm trying to change all the time."

"I want to spread anything that I believe to be good," he added. Will sitar influence grow in Beatle music? "It's just a natural thing that's happening and I can't stop it. We'll have to wait and see."

Now the reporters began to hint about psychedelics. What about the responsibility of stars to their followers?

"The only stars are in the sky," Harrison chided. "I realize we have influence. But everyone has a choice as to whether he wants to be influenced by. I believe everything in life is magic. All I've done in life so far is be me."

Harrison did tell, or try to tell the reporters one thing that afternoon which, judging by his expression, he considered important. "Success gave me every material thing," he said. "I realize now that what I need is not material. It's something else."

For a generation of listeners that began this year with "Sgt. Pepper," George Harrison's music is indeed something else.

Meanwhile, one newsman said of the sitar to a colleague as they left the Harrison-Shankar press conference: "I still would have liked to hear what the god-damned thing sounds like." □

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MORNINGSONG

We, waltzing on thimbles of air,
flow down balustrades of favor,
flinging bouquets of care to each other
on the wind of acceptance, knowing,

in the eyes of birds and trees
the songs of all the lasting times
that flicker in and out of being—

while we, alive and laughing, waltz
in the carefully sewn pockets of our dreams
bestowing whispers and the knowing loving winks
of every passing flower upon the wind.

Wm. Margolis

LOTUS WISDOM

Old China,
intricate China
where
patterns breathe
many liquid colors
to quivering drums
of ten-thousand voices
watering contemplation
with tears
planting Buddahs
in the fertile blood
of earth and imagination.

Omar Ravenhurst

THE CROWDING YEARS

The house stood on an intersection of Euclid
Burnt-wine red and leaning aft
Shutters nailed to window placements
of gloucomic sight
Hoarse voice of the doorway to a locked screen
and half-open jamb . . .
Stunk porticade porch crowded with moments
of the Salvation Army and Good Will,
pathway to a slender visitor
Room enough inside for a fat woman of years
sleeping the days in a cornered bed
surrounded by Greek gifts . . .
seconds and treasures hidden
within a two-story attic
Three-quarter century of the Zodiac,
Kabala and old Chinese poems (She read life lines)
Paints . . . papers and myriads of frames
used/unused, waiting for the turn of the wheel
Recalling telling the artist
"Put a shade on your light
you're ruining your eyes."
While the fat lady artist says
"I've been wondering about you."
"I have a sore throat."
"Why don't you call me?"
And the slender visitor of a distant memory
looks into the dark doorway of weathered screening
and says to the cornered voice . . .
"Goodby China, I'll paint your house.
There isn't much room left."

Betty Dreebin

never leave a dusty road unwalked
nor yet forget the musty vines
Gas stations marching into dusk
and mad electric lines

John Barron

wildforeverflowers;
they survive
and thrive
so
shall
we.

John Barron

Keep In Touch

The TAO flows everywhere

Keep in touch
And be at home
Everywhere

He who loses the contact is alone
Everywhere

Keeping in touch with the TAO
Is called
Harmony

*Psychedelic Prayers, by Timothy Leary

BLUEWAYS

pompous rafters
with jubilant glee
swiftly running and a prancing
swiftly knowing they're bugged like a
little rock on a cliffy edge
overdropping all those branches and waters
and bluey types
what a rest, agreed, and stoic complacency
so obvious
but what a scene to pop strings with
and what a way
to get a-way

Henry Holmes

He Who Knows The Center Endures

He who knows the outside is clever
He ex-cells life less
He who knows the center endures
He lives in-light end

He who masters, gains robot strength
He over-powers
He who comes to the center has
flowering strength
He is in-formed

Faith of consciousness is freedom
Hope of consciousness is strength
Love of consciousness evokes the same in return

Faith of seed frees
Hope of seed flowers
Love of seed grows

Psychedelic Prayers, by Timothy Leary

RIDING ON THE BICYCLE STREET

the riders, on their bicycles
the legs, hinged,
glisten
in the moonlight
pumping up and down . . .
the wheels, spoked
flashers radiating
silver . . .
the bare thighs
quiver as they pass by,
heavy breathing
grinding out the dull mechanics
of the trade
its head down germination
of bungled dreams and chances,
four abreast, a thousand deep
or more . . .
their eyes bug out with
concentration
the prayers are chanted
to activate immunity,
now and again one falls over.

H.C. Petly

massaging
eyelids closed
for kissings

temples neck
lower to white breasts
hands moving and
rustle of clothing

outside the window
autumn leaves are
also falling

lying eye-closed silent
my hard coolness
touches
your soft warmth

i kiss your mouth and
hold tight
you

a man of harvest straw crawl
through a desert dryly
and squeezes life from a
dripping sponge

moving we climb
to a room no
one can gain

we become beautiful

John Thomson

GREEN DREAMER

Under a tree I went dreaming.
The sun woke me up.
What a green dream!
Dreaming the sun woke me up,
Dreaming now I am awake,
Which is the dream?
Who is the real green dreamer?

Love is a green infinity.
The shape of dreams is always changin'
Like childrens' castles on a beach.
My universe needs re-arranging.

Astronauts send down word from space
I wonder what they're not revealing?
The planets and the galaxy,
A freak-out light-show on the ceiling!

And in this dream that's not a dream,
Say, who are you and who is me?
What matter who the dreamer is
In all this green infinity.

Rick Strauss.

passing through rivers of doves
no warmer than the skin
I came to the sun
and rested on the white hip of the moon
where children
long biased of grey cloaks
have long sung of it in shadows.

but all nerves of hair
brushed in liquids
must come to the clay
and falling sun
and when I look out
the window of symbols
and when I tear all presents
blue-wrapped and lit
grey thumbs close like a lotus
over a silent watch

John Ayre

ZEN IN THE ART OF ARCHERY

With the upper end of the bow
the archer pierces the sky.
On the other end hangs the earth
by invisible thread.
His hand bursts open like a ripe fruit
and the arrow, a consecrated gift,
flies directly into the heart of Buddha.
Now the spirit is present everywhere.
He is surrounded
by the circle of the awesome All
able to express his pleasure
in a smile or frown.

michael yorrick

my butterfly eyes rest on treetops
while my feet remain in the grass
a white lily of yesterday
reflects the embracing pink sun-down

i've become the flame in a stone garden lantern
flooding the universe i created with light,
illuminating the blackest darkness

today i caught the reflecting from a
hummingbird's throat,
jarring the hinge of my everyday thought
the door opened in

my mental eye escaped the cage
of contemplation and meditation
to become an adopting breeze

my nonpresence is everywhere;
while moss grows on my lips
my eyes continue to fly

Vonnie Fehr

I have lost the sense of travel as
wind is lost in wind
and water swims.

When walking I look down through my self I see
to earth: the vision brown

on brown the rhythm
of fusion and

I am welcome here.

Victor Lake

Ohhh to be gone in a moment!
banging around inside a cigarette
quick get me blossoming drunk
on vibrations
quick before I get cracked in the head
go off my rocker
& go streaming out of a flower
like a flower.

rhinestone pinwheel sodacracker madonna-clip
& clockwise gestures over Alhambra
in which I was born, a Shiva in flames

rolling off the laminated shoulders
of the Old World consciousness

for
red eyes, sucking injections of the salvages
to Ohh-Glow Ohh-Moe Festolli & Messirulli.

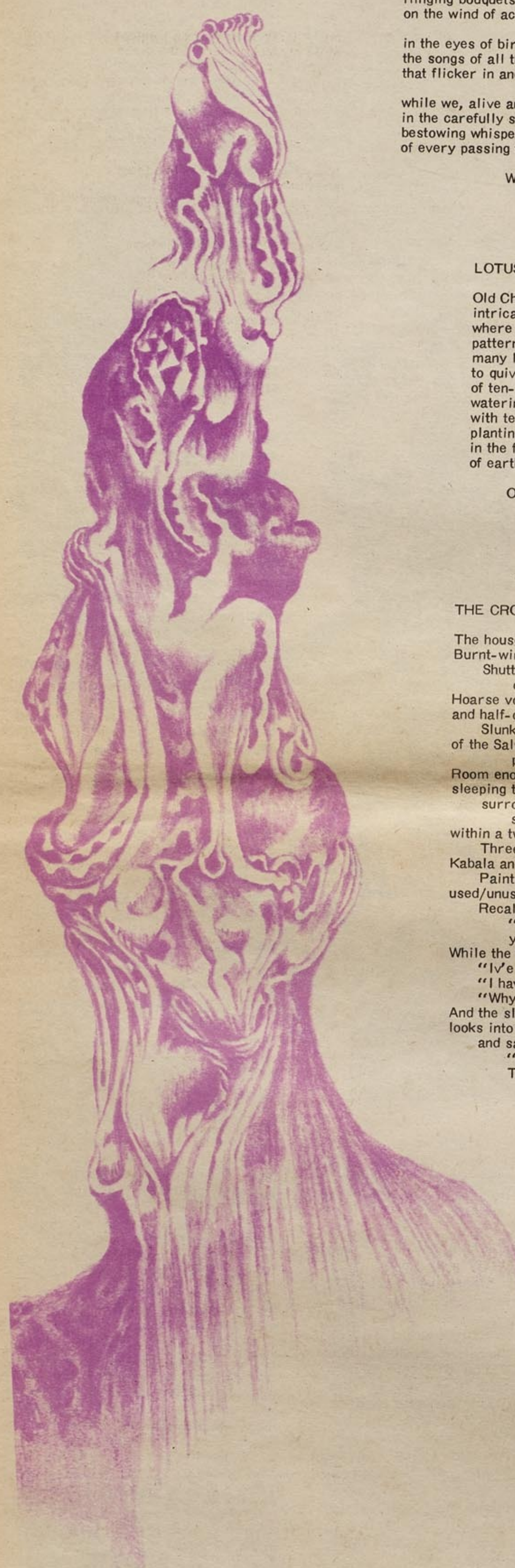
"I love Allen Ginsberg, let that be recorded
in Heaven's unchangable heart!"

: flashed in from lilacs
breathing in a tin cup.

hungers of the floating island slurp

take it out, end of the ninth
with everyone "on" base

Jim Brodey





THE TRADITIONAL INDIAN LAND AND LIFE COMMITTEE



"Tribe follows tribe and nation follows nation like the waves of the sea. It is the very order of nature, and regret is therefore useless. Your time of decay may be distant, but it will surely come, for even the White Man whose God walked and talked with him as friend with friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. In this respect we may be brothers after all. We will see."

CHIEF SEATTLE - 1855

We live in a nation founded in the name of religious freedom, yet it has crushed the religions of its first inhabitants, usually in the name of Religion.

We live in a nation founded by frugal men who looked ahead to the welfare of future generations, yet it has squandered its best resources, its land, forests and minerals its peoples and their talents.

The obstinate, single, human soul; the religious dissenter; the style of man for whom nobles, kings or classes were a bore or a joke - these were the men we call our nation's founders. But even they, in our troubled beginnings, doubted the souls of women, of the propertyless, of Negroes, and of the American Indian.

No nation has ever talked so much of religious liberty; no nation has had such a strong movement for conservation; no nation has declared itself so strongly for freedom as the American Nation. And no people in America has had so close an acquaintance with America's failures in all these areas as have the American Indians.

And no group knows the full range of the damage to Indians and to all of America better than the Traditional Indian.

The Traditional Indians are a quiet people; they have set an example. They are at home on the land and under the skies, beside the rivers and within the forests. And, if they must, they are at home on the desert.

Their message is wordless, and therefore a frail one in an aggressive, urban society built everywhere upon words. Their message is timeless and tranquil, and therefore out of tune to a society running always at full speed, building and rebuilding.

Their message is one of gratitude to all natural things, and therefore is lost to a society of machined insensitivity.

The basis of their message is a way of life.

We, as outsiders, can never truly know the full range of this message. We can, however, see the tumbling young children and the alert old men in traditional communities and envy such societies where the individual finds himself



OWAY PETAL PERRO PRAYER TO THE GREAT MYSTERY

treasured. And we can also see the degradation and despair of those Indian groups who have abandoned their heritage.

It is the tragedy of our nation that we have said one thing and have done another; we have strayed so far from our definition of ourselves, that today, for many of us, it seems that we stand for nothing, we are rooted in air.

But in our midst, there is the Traditional Indian and his living message, his unique identity, now in imminent danger of extinction.

We believe it is not only the traditional Indian's identity which is threatened, but our own. If we are to survive, morally and spiritually, we must become what we claim to be, a society dedicated to human values, and where each man is free to grow and flourish in his own fashion.

The Committee is an organization dedicated to the preservation of Traditional Indian land and life. We do not seek to define the Traditional Indian identity. We seek to establish an atmosphere in which this identity can continue and grow stronger.

To accomplish this, we propose:

- 1) To engage in political, educational, and legal action to bring our government to acknowledge the sovereignty of Indians over Indian affairs.
- 2) To work to defeat all Indian legislation not initiated by Indians themselves.
- 3) To expand the ability of the majority community to hear the voice of the Traditional Indian.

If you agree with our aims and proposals, and want to help, please write: The Traditional Indian Land and Life Committee, 2259-1/2 W. Washington Boulevard, Los Angeles, California... 90018.



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(continued to page 19)

hurtful experiences, reacted to them, expressed my hate as vehemently as I could and almost instantly just be sufficed with far-out feelings of love and acceptance.

Changing The Man

We've been brought up to believe that words like profound and devotion and mystical and things like that have been equated with the Establishment version of them. I never started reading the Bible until a year ago. Last week I was in jail, in the glass house, the city jail; they don't have any books, and they don't allow you to have paper or pencil or anything. I asked the guard if they had a Bible, because I know that when I worked in Juvenile Detention facilities we always had a Bible. The guard looked at me and said, "What do YOU want a Bible for?" you know, you dirty, communist, beatnik, pervert, hippie, creeping scum. And I said, "Well, I'd like to read it." So I told the man it's a beautiful book and I learn a lot about myself when I read it and this would be a good place to do that. He didn't say anything, see, and he just looked right at me and then one of the other guards comes along and says something to me to the effect of, "Ha-ha look at this, where are your apostles?" And I said "Well, brother, I just really don't know how to answer that kind of question." Then the other guard said to him, "Say, just leave him alone, man."

Every brother and sister should carry a Bible and when they go to jail say, "I want my Bible out of my possessions." You know, things like that, because it blew this guard's mind, see? It opened him to a new dimension of reality about our people. And those guards, man, want to KNOW, because they're in that jail every day and nobody is comfortable when they get into a sadistic game, which is an awful big part of being a guard in jail. Some of them are probably, because of what they are in, probably close to potential for enlightenment. If every brother and sister who is confronted by The Man looks him in the eye and just is open to him, they're going to change. I probably had fifty or seventy-five encounters with The Man in the last seven or eight months and he's been changed every time we've parted.

Bumper Sticker

Another thing that I'd like to see is a bumper sticker which says, "Love the Local Heat." The Birchers have "Support Your Local Police." Support, man, support! No, man, "LOVE your Local Police." That's where it's at! Put them through changes.

Communication With The Heat

Like when they had these demonstrations on the Sunset Strip. Man, those demonstrations would have been a thousand percent more effective if instead of saying "Stop Police Brutality," the signs said "Love the Police." Because, you see, a policeman has a response to the word "love." That has a reality to him. He

wants to love. If he's ever loved or ever had flashes of love, he feels good, right? "Stop Police Brutality." Man, the policeman doesn't think he's brutal, HE THINKS HE'S RIGHT! You're not communicating with a person unless you are TALKING to the person and they understand and listen to you. A policeman can't listen to you if you're saying he's brutal. You have to accept another person's reality if you're going to be able to communicate with him, cause otherwise you're just playing a word game. I never talk to the police about what THEY'RE doing, you know. I answer his questions about me. They're not necessarily the words that he's using, but just feeling out the tone of where he's threatened and of where he's not threatened by you, and where he's open to you. It's just like communication with anybody.

The Ideals

I had an image when Strawberry Fields started as to what it should be, what I would like to see it be, which was a more or less self-sustaining commune where there would be such a complete atmosphere of freedom and acceptance that creative people could really get right into the expression of their creativity. What happened was that it was just kind of a retreat or a refugee camp. Just people who were around, and kind of tired of the cities, and run down physically, and kind of up-tight, and, you know, would come out there and stay, and take acid and smoke grass and kind of get their heads straightened out a little bit and split.

Was It Successful?

But there were so MANY people that we could never have any real organization or enough peace and quiet so the creative people would be able to do their thing. We never got to the point where we could produce anything to be self-supporting. Success? I don't know. It was a success in terms of MY growth. I went through more far-out changes in the six months that that place existed than I have in any other period of my life. For me it's a success.

Learning About Self

The changes were just gaining more and more acceptance of myself and other people, more and more direct understanding of the illusory nature of what I and the world sees as being "reality." I'd say that I took acid with over 500 people during that period of time, and you learn an awful lot about yourself and other people when that's happening.

Everyone that I have ever heard talk about Strawberry Fields has expressed themselves in a way which would lead me to conclude that they benefited from it. Gosh, it's awfully hard to talk about OTHER people. There is a general kind of theme with people that were there that they have learned a lot more about acceptance, and that they feel better because of it.

The Future

I would like to see everybody exposed to the ideas that are expressed in the religion. I would like to see them exposed to it, to think on it, to meditate on it. For a lot of people who are taking acid, especially younger people, are doing so without any real sense of understanding or direction of what they're doing, it would save an awful lot of heavy, heavy, hard trips that people are taking. So if there is anything that I can do to communicate that thought to people, I want to do it.

Dope And God

Everything is a holy movement. There are many people who are using psychedelics that are not open to any religion at all. But they are still using it religiously, whether they know it or not. Everything is Zen. The psychedelic movement is, for me, a holy thing, and it is for a lot of people that are into it.

Acid And Religion

I think Tim Leary's ideas on religion are very similar. He's a lot more formal, it seems. I think, he sets up that there should be certain shrines or areas where you do your thing. Whereas I feel religion is 24 hours a day. I am the Temple of the Holy Spirit wherever I go, and that religion isn't a Sunday thing or even a daily thing, it's whenever it comes to me that this is what's happening. I took acid in jail when I was busted. And it was a very religious experience.

Synchronicity Of Awareness

I find that it's incredible that so many of us are all just saying the same thing at the same time in different places. I'll pick up the San Francisco Oracle and I'll read a rap in there which is almost precisely, sometimes thoroughly identical, with what's going through MY skull. This is also true with what Leary is rapping. Leary was in Santa Monica talking about communities at the same time our bunch, without anybody knowing about Leary's rap, was getting ready to move into Strawberry Fields. What is it that scientists call this, synchronicity? Is that what it is, man? It's like people inventing the electric light at two places on the globe at exactly the same time. This is happening with people's spiritual growth and awareness, to an unbelievable degree within this movement. It's a lot of fun.

Becoming Creative

I think creative people need an atmosphere of acceptance. I think the things that block up creativity are the walls that we've all built inside ourselves, because when we were little kids and we were confronted with this insane absurdity of a travesty of existence which grown-up people and The Establishment are involved in, those fucking games, and yet, we were so tiny, man, that we had to go along with the program, and we had to build up the defenses to our center, in order to survive. It's from our center that our creativity comes. And the defenses were laid on us by people saying, "You HAVE to do this. . .you HAVE to be that. . .you HAVE to say that. . ."

When these are removed and you can tune in to the center, man, then your light shines, whatever form that takes, whether music or painting or woodcarving or whatever.

Country Vs City Life

I would like to see the community in a rural setting. Maybe some people don't get hung up by the city. I DO. So I'm just projecting my reality onto what the city does to my tone onto other people as well. I find a big difference in people who spend most of their time in the city and people who spend most of their time in the country. The city is the establishment's world, it runs at the establishment's speed and pace, and it's a lot faster than I'm comfortable with.

Another Start

If I were going to make another community, I wouldn't care where it was. I would like there to be trees and water. I'd like it to be . . . it depends upon what kind of a community, if it's one that can be big, and can support a lot of people, I'd like it fairly close to an urban area, like either San Francisco or L.A. If it's small, say 15 people, it doesn't really matter too much how remote it would be.

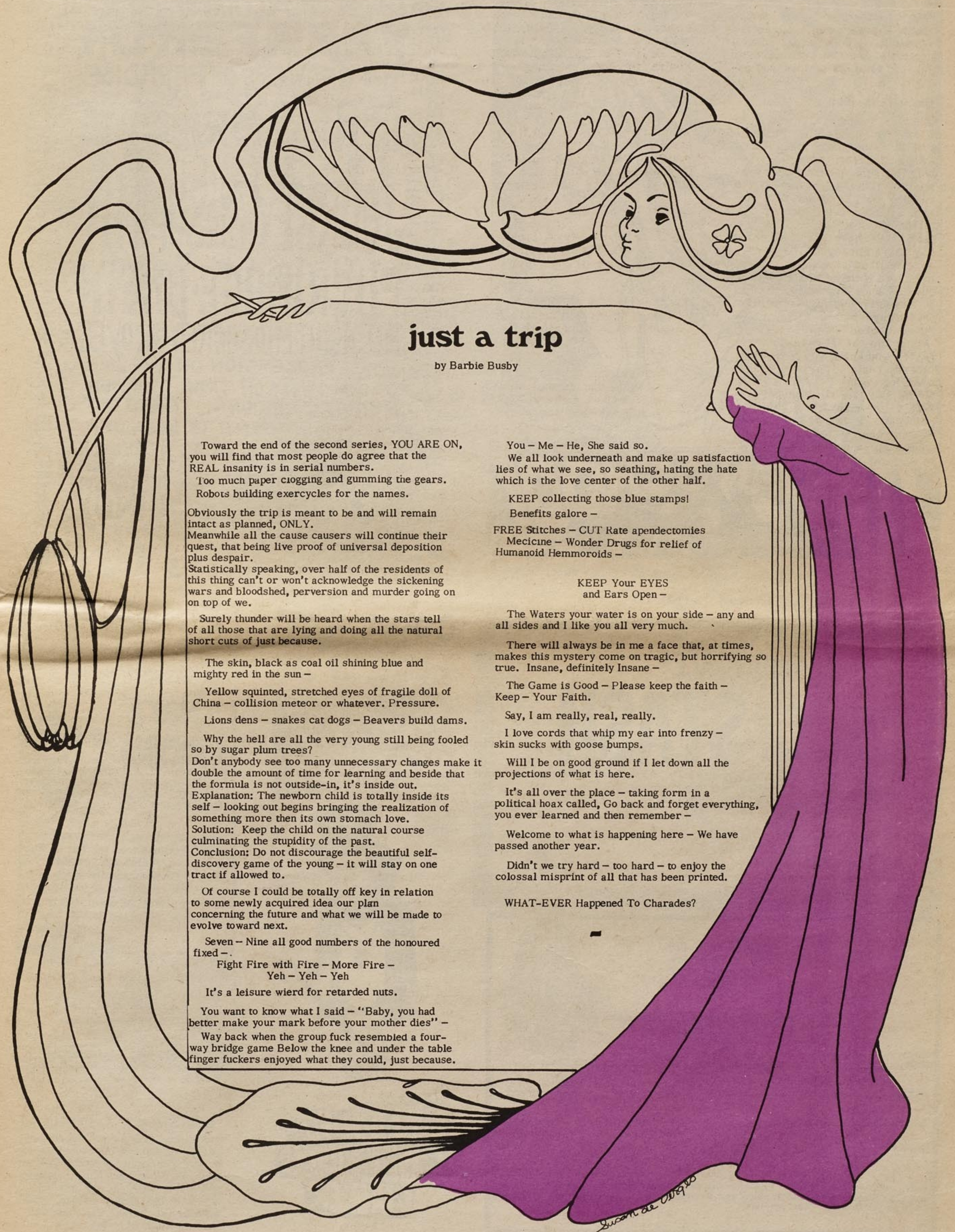
What Went Wrong

I kind of took on more than I could handle with that community because, you know, like I got double pneumonia and hepatitis, which I think is my body telling me that a lot of things aren't quite in harmony. I think a community, unless it's going to have an awful lot of money behind it, is going to have to be restricted to productive people for a while. It would be righteous if there were a community that was so far-out that it could accommodate people who are still in a state of being slobs. You know, some people have been told what they HAVE to do for so long, man, that they get into a place where they're free and they just don't know what to do. They just sit around in their own filth. Which is where they're at, at that time, because that's where life has them. It would be righteous if there were people who could be on a trip to pick up after them and produce for them, and provide them with food and clothing and things like that, but there doesn't seem to be the money right now, or, more important, the people. Most communities are going to have to be pretty restrictive. There was a community up in Gorda, near Big Sur, which has just been closed down for the same reason. It just got too big, and was just a refugee camp.

Doing It Right

You have to have a leadership with a broader base than just one or two people to even begin with. Then if somebody wants to live in the community, they could rap with the council. Presumably the council will be comprised of tuned-in people who can tune-in on the person that wants to come in. And maybe take some acid together, or grass, whatever, and really get down to it. You don't

(continued to page 31)



just a trip

by Barbie Busby

Toward the end of the second series, YOU ARE ON, you will find that most people do agree that the REAL insanity is in serial numbers. Too much paper clogging and gumming the gears. Robots building exercycles for the names.

Obviously the trip is meant to be and will remain intact as planned, ONLY. Meanwhile all the cause causers will continue their quest, that being live proof of universal deposition plus despair. Statistically speaking, over half of the residents of this thing can't or won't acknowledge the sickening wars and bloodshed, perversion and murder going on on top of we.

Surely thunder will be heard when the stars tell of all those that are lying and doing all the natural short cuts of just because.

The skin, black as coal oil shining blue and mighty red in the sun -

Yellow squinted, stretched eyes of fragile doll of China - collision meteor or whatever. Pressure.

Lions dens - snakes cat dogs - Beavers build dams.

Why the hell are all the very young still being fooled so by sugar plum trees?

Don't anybody see too many unnecessary changes make it double the amount of time for learning and beside that the formula is not outside-in, it's inside out.

Explanation: The newborn child is totally inside its self - looking out begins bringing the realization of something more than its own stomach love.

Solution: Keep the child on the natural course culminating the stupidity of the past.

Conclusion: Do not discourage the beautiful self-discovery game of the young - it will stay on one tract if allowed to.

Of course I could be totally off key in relation to some newly acquired idea our plan concerning the future and what we will be made to evolve toward next.

Seven - Nine all good numbers of the honoured fixed -

Fight Fire with Fire - More Fire - Yeh - Yeh - Yeh

It's a leisure wierd for retarded nuts.

You want to know what I said - "Baby, you had better make your mark before your mother dies" -

Way back when the group fuck resembled a four-way bridge game Below the knee and under the table finger fuckers enjoyed what they could, just because.

You - Me - He, She said so. We all look underneath and make up satisfaction lies of what we see, so seething, hating the hate which is the love center of the other half.

KEEP collecting those blue stamps! Benefits galore -

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KEEP Your EYES and Ears Open -

The Waters your water is on your side - any and all sides and I like you all very much.

There will always be in me a face that, at times, makes this mystery come on tragic, but horrifying so true. Insane, definitely Insane -

The Game is Good - Please keep the faith - Keep - Your Faith.

Say, I am really, real, really.

I love cords that whip my ear into frenzy - skin sucks with goose bumps.

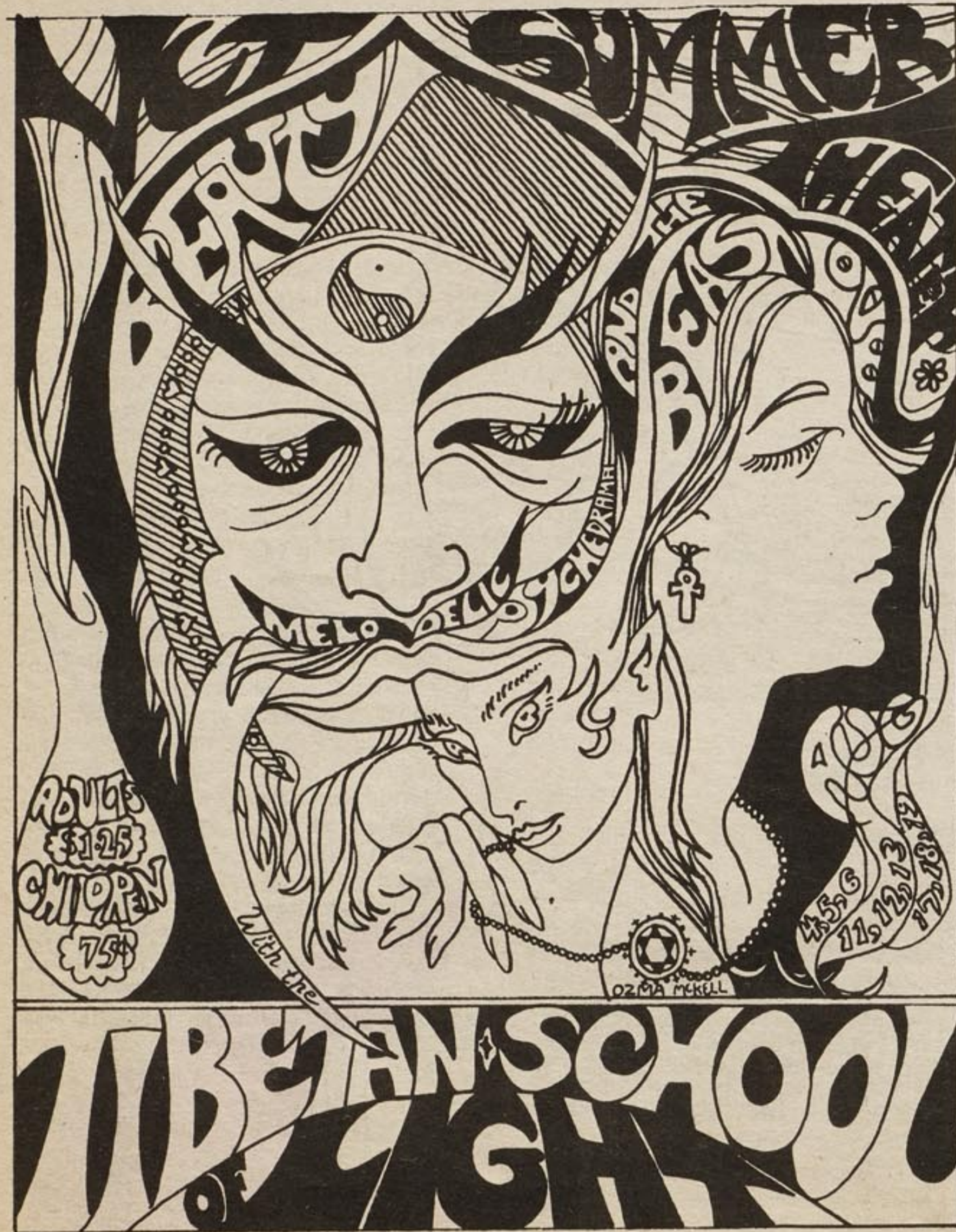
Will I be on good ground if I let down all the projections of what is here.

It's all over the place - taking form in a political hoax called, Go back and forget everything, you ever learned and then remember -

Welcome to what is happening here - We have passed another year.

Didn't we try hard - too hard - to enjoy the colossal misprint of all that has been printed.

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Why PSYCHEDELICS?



Mere tripping is unsatisfying, so goals develop beyond or beside the experience. Today's psychedelic culture is developing sequences and structures of goals which use the particular advantages offered by psychedelic experiences. What are some advantages?

Psychedelics can provide opportunity to learn to handle mental hang-ups and moods. Too many persons feel that the whole

world is sad, wonderful, hostile, etc., depending on their own mood at the time. Many take the other extreme and suppress their moods or belittle subjective reality. Psychedelics can intensify moods until they cannot be ignored; one learns that the subjective world must be taken seriously. But the moods may swing through heaven and hell, independently of perceptions and thoughts, and therefore one learns that depression, awe, hatred, joy, etc. are caused less than we think by external events.

Many LSD users are so awed by their experiences that they overestimate the profundity of their own insights, or think that LSD alone will solve the world's problems. But one does learn that even the faith induced by splendors beyond imagination must be reality-tested if one's life as a whole is to become more meaningful. The faith is not degraded thereby.

The biggest problem of using psychedelic insights is to find humanly meaningful work in our present society, whose values are divorced from human reality (why else are so many successful persons with no visible problems desperate and lonely inside?) Not much of the present culture withstands psychedelic analysis and criticism, and we work to create ways of living which do. This does not mean that we reject technology or other accomplishments of the past, but that we build a way of life in which human beings and human concerns are genuinely central.



WHY PSYCHEDELICS?

Do psychedelics produce cheap religious experiences, instant satori without the traditional years of hard work? We believe it takes hard work to use the experiences toward better self-understanding and better engagement in life. We also suggest a more subtle analysis:

Mystical experiences traditionally have been the goals of years of work and discipline. Today LSD can quickly bring one to confront splendors or terrors or insights beyond previous imagination. LSD offers not a shortcut to the mystic's goals, but a chance to explore new sequences of goals. The psychedelic goal-sequences more or less begin with transcendent experiences, and work from them toward better ways of life.

Everyone suffers to some degree from remnants of childhood terrors and egotisms, and deep hurts which are usually repressed from awareness. LSD may force confrontations, or carry on through death and re-birth of the ego, to the benevolence and splendor beyond our basic irrational fears. Such awesome experiences necessarily involve risks, but also give opportunities to work through unconscious phenomena which could otherwise warp one's whole life, determining career choices, personal relationships, etc.

Anyone trying LSD today is an explorer, not a recipient of automatic benefits. Given today's society, and the limited development of psychedelic culture, success in the use of psychedelic insights usually requires major effort and commitment. □



Moods are as real as material objects, and we learn to flow with them but not impose them on all reality. Each mood is its own trip, and each has a place—even the "bad" one.

You were myth oriented at birth, seeking the physical external absolute erection in all its glory, you leave the earth in a straight line--a light beam. You seek a body cream phantasy.....

Light is curved and your path curves back upon itself, falling short of your starting point. This falling short process continues until your path becomes an infinite spiril.....

The spiril is eventually contained within your vehicle, then your body. At this point, the Universe Unit Absolute is sucked into the vortex of the spiril---your body.....

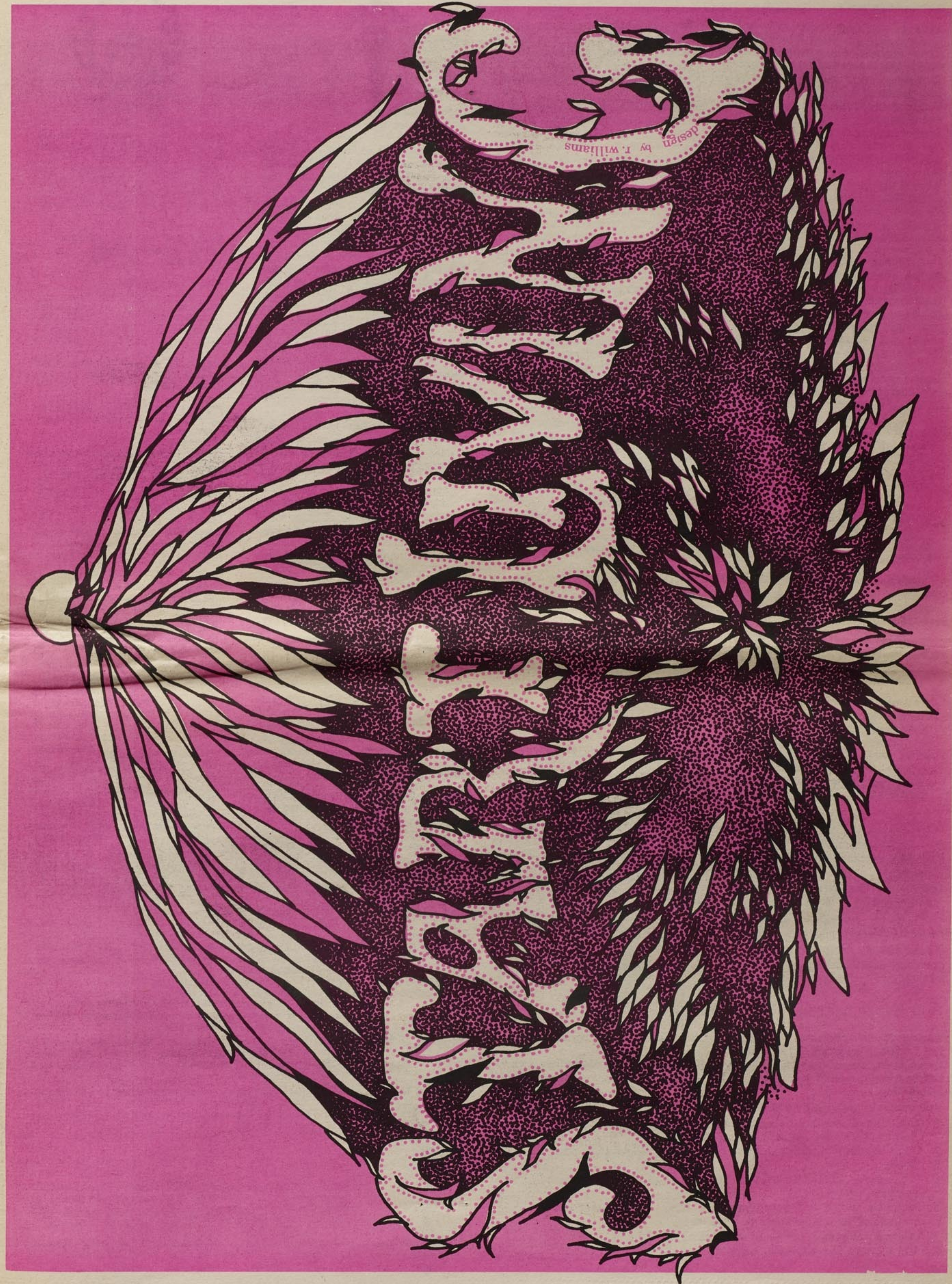
You are then introduced to the Absolute and are incarnated as unity love on earth in the form of a flower.....

You exist as a flower on earth before you took your trip, at the time you are a child.....

It is most wonderful and beautiful to touch one's own incarnation as did Krishna, Buddha, Rama, Christ, Rama-krishna, and Mohammad.....



BRIAN McBERN



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A non-profit medical clinic has been in operation since June 9th and has been providing service to about 70 patients a day. The primary objective of the clinic is the treatment of acute medical problems with emphasis on drug and drug problems. In addition, we hope to establish educational facilities, group confrontation for individuals and provision for sociological, psychological and physiological research.

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hippies in HAWAII

This summer, thousands of visitors, some of them hippies, will discover the "real Hawaiya". They will, that is, if they're not stopped by the local police and asked to present proof of having at least \$100 in liquid assets. This is a new law, recently passed by the state legislature to discourage "ethnic deviates" from entering the islands.

Who are these great KAHUNAS? People like Chin Ho and Ben Dillingham; both massive land hoarders and hotel builders. Chin Ho built the Ilikai Hotel at the entrance to Waikiki (once meaning "quick stream", now, "quick money").

At present, not being satisfied with the Ilikai and its recent extensions, Mr. Ho is now planning the development of the famous Diamond Head. He is, of course meeting with stiff opposition from a handful of outraged citizens.

Just past Mr. Ho's nightmare, you find yourself in the famous Waikiki... a mile long strand bordered by the Ala Wai Canal on one side and the beautiful Pacific surf on the other.

fumes, dazzling window displays, and the constant jostling from the thousands of other Mid-western tourists who have flocked to Honolulu to discover at last this far flung paradise, this pearl of the Pacific.

A tourist may stay in Waikiki for the entirety of his visit. Others will board sight-seeing buses for a circle island tour, which will take most of the day and will stop at several "scenic points of interest", and also a few establishments that want money before you can view "their" points of interest.

Among the flocking tourists hover men and women representing our various armed services. Looking deep into the faces of the tourist, these servicemen hope to see a sign of appreciation for what they have or are about to do for our country's brand of freedom.

There IS beauty and love in the islands, however, even if you live in the city of Honolulu. Ask any hippie who lives there. If you're hassled and ready to blow your mind, he or she will nod understandingly smile, and point towards the mountains.

The Hawaiian Islands are perhaps the closest thing there is to an earthly paradise. Hawaii is a great American melting pot. People from all ethnic and cultural niches can be found walking those dazzling avenues in Waikiki.

would actually get down to the business of enjoying and let their children accept the world responsibilities that have beencast upon them. But it's not happening.

Their children offer no guarantee. But the politicians do. The children represent change, radical change, changes that seem to invalidate their parents' entire life philosophies.

The hippies in the islands, generally, sit and groove and wait. They're no different from other hippies in this respect. The difference lies within them as individuals.

The Hawaiian hippie community is small but growing, and you can't help being sucked into it. Communication is happening. The Hawaiian hippie subculture left the big mainland cities because individual expression has become vitally impossible there.

Many of the arriving hippies find themselves moving to one of the outer islands after a brief stay in Honolulu. The most frequented of these islands is Maui, where the old capitol of the islands, Lahaina, has played host to drunken whalers and sensitive artists alike for decades.

The beginning of this summer witnessed the opening of two new psychedelicateans, where local hippies are encouraged to sell

and trade their handicrafts and art objects. Although there have been no narco busts or any serious crimes committed within this small, hip cult, police harassment and community fear keeps the hippies' life in Lahaina this summer. 6,000 is of course, ridiculous, but there is no question that as time passes, the numbers will increase steadily.

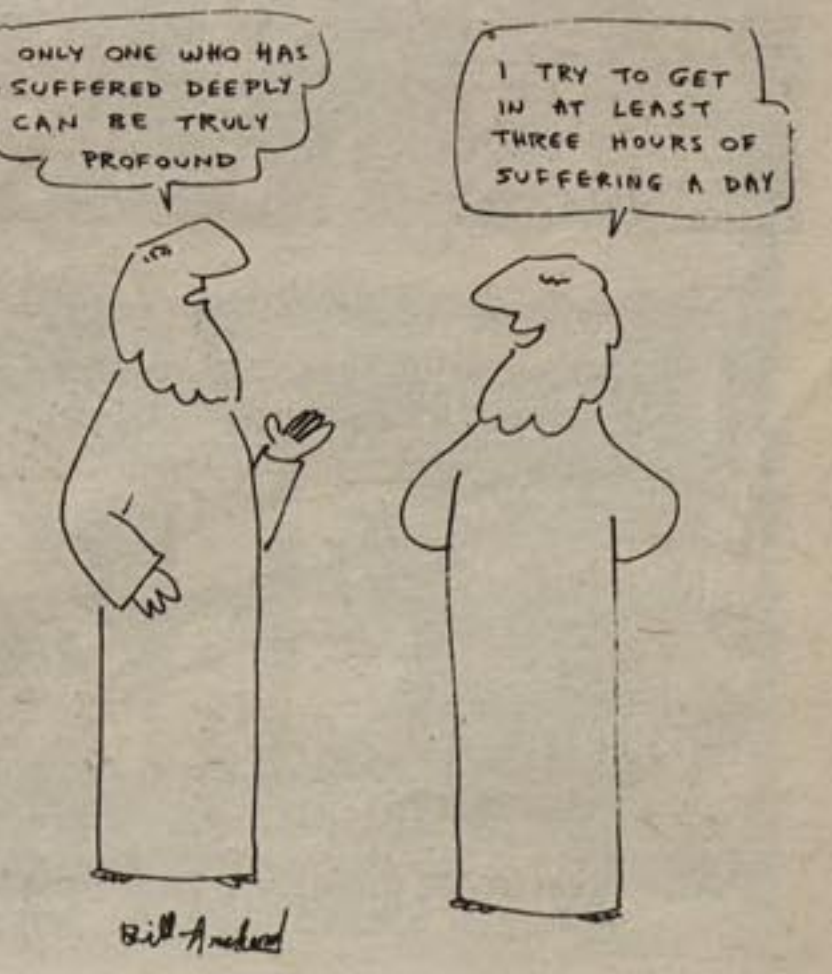
The island itself is a paradise. Nature's patient handiwork has never been so beautifully expressed. Two steps off the Hana Highway and you're enveloped by all prevailing green-silence of Hana's primeval rain forest.

10,000 feet above Hana's rain forest is the summit of the extinct volcano called HALEAKALA; "House of the Sun". Here, the legendary demi-god, Maui, lassoed the sun as it arched its way across the crater, slowing its passage and thus giving his people more time to enjoy swimming, fishing, and playing.

Today a well marked trail takes you on a three day hike within the 3000 ft. deep crater. At the end of each day's hike, a cabin awaits the tired camper. Everything, including bedding and cooking utensils is supplied by the park.

Ideally, this sound won't leave you until you climb back out, three days later. I guarantee an awe-inspiring trip, and perhaps you will agree with so many other frequent visitors who return again and again, that Haleakala is indeed the navel; the center of the universe.

There is more, much more to say about these beautiful islands, but it is my hope that now having read a little of the dualities involved with island living, more and more people will arrive there bearing the true spirit of aloha. You have a right to be there! As long as you practice good thinking, good action, speak your truth humbly and quietly, and love with gentle beauty, you will always be welcome. Aloha IS; YOU!





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LOVING HIP COMMUNITY:

Digger Creative Society: 1338 No. Highland, Hollywood. Phone 464-9484. Paul Johnson, Chief Coordinator; Red Strange, Information Coordinator. Office open all day until midnight. No longer any free store in operation, due to outside circumstance. Working with West Hollywood Presbyterian Church on free feed-in. People sent out to private homes for sleeping, none handled at headquarters. No longer any Hip Job Co-op in operation. Not connected with any other Digger operation. Further information on services will be handled by calling office or stopping by headquarters.

Green Power: 200 No. Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles, Calif., Phone 483-7543. Green Power built to promote peace, brotherhood, love, communications among people and races. Supports all people for their rights. Supports Hip Movement and Digger Societies. Provides free food wherever there are people, such as Love-ins, rallies, and other gatherings. Feeds approximately 15,000 people weekly. Initiating "free-ride" system. Food and donations welcomed at Bonnie Brae address. Every Saturday and Sunday, Griffith Park free feed-in, location alternating between Merry-go-round area and Greek Theatre area. Part of income for supporting services through selling of buttons and tee-shirts. Salesmen needed. Cleo Knight, Master Coordinator.

West Hollywood Presbyterian Church: 7350 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., phone 876-6089. Dr. Ross Greek, Minister; Greg, General Coordinator. Feed-ins between 2 and 4 daily, except Sunday. Tuesday and Thursday, Drama classes from 10 to 2. From 3 on daily, Arts and Crafts. Friday, Coffee House, 8:00 p.m. 'till indefinite closing time. Wednesday, 8:00 p.m. Public Meetings held by Elliot Mintz or John Hamilton (sometimes both together). Held till about 11:00 p.m. Food, money, art supplies and resources for sending people to crash are always welcomed, as donation. Bill Greenwood and Donni and Peggy: Dispersers of Energy.

A.C.L.U.

(American Civil Liberties Union of So. Calif.) Available to individuals who have been illegally treated by law enforcement. Concern is that rights guaranteed are not violated; illegal search and seizure; places to live; free of harassment. A.C.L.U. doesn't go into action unless advised of a specific problem. Evaluated problem through this office, then operated through legal channels with legal counsel. Severs anybody and everybody.

Central office located at 323 W. 5th St., Los Angeles. Phone 626-5156. Hours daily nine to five.

Hollywood office located at 9000 Sunset Blvd., Room 805B. Phone 275-0311. Hours 1:30 - 5:30, 6:00 - 8:00 Mon. through Fri. This office specially set up to handle complaints against police department. Works by filing complaints with police commission. Obtains lawyers for individuals for criminal offenses as well as civil suits. Ask for Ned McCune.

Venice office: Westside Police Malpractice Complaint Center, 701 Broadway, Venice. Phone 399-2937. Hours 1-4, 7-10 Monday through Friday. Ask for Shirley Rose.

Watts office located on Beech Street in Watts. Ask for Harold Hart-Nebbrig.

East Los Angeles office, located on East 1st Street. Ask for Art Garcia.

Crafts for Hippies: Free workshop in ceramics and copper enameling held Monday through Wednesday, 7-10 p.m. at Pointsettia Recreation Center, 7341 Willoughby St. (Also on Friday, 7-11 p.m.) Daily classes, (including use of papier mache and jewelry making), Hollywood Presbyterian Church, 7350 Sunset Blvd. Beginning Aug. 1 at Hollywood-Beverly Christian Church. Volunteer instructors, as well as donations of materials for ceramics and copper enameling are needed at Pointsettia. Call Bill Cody, 876-5014 or 467-9445 if you can help.



Where to Get Draft Advice: Free counseling in all aspects of the new draft law and draft regulations (July 1, 1967) on student deferments (many important changes. C.O. (conscientious objection), 4-F, hardship deferments, plus draft resistance and tips on going to Canada may be obtained from the sources listed here. Phone in advance before going in. For those who need lawyers, these centers have lists of Los Angeles area attorneys who specialize in Selective Service cases. Most will handle your case for whatever you can afford. Sometimes, they'll work free.

MAINLY FOR C.O.'s

David Larry, American Friends Service Committee, 98- N. Fair Oaks, Pasadena . . . 791-1978

David Lawrence, Fellowship of Reconciliation, 4365-1/2 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles . . . 666-0145

Stan Kohls, War Resisters League, 1046 Sweetzer, Los Angeles. . . OL 4-4491

General Counseling

L.A. Committee for Defense of the Bill of Rights, 326 W. 3rd St., Los Angeles . . . MA 5-2169

Barbara Brittin (in Santa Monica), CALL 451-9329, MA 5-2169

Venice Draft Information Service, 1415 W. Washington Blvd., Venice. . . EX 9-2018

Student Cafeteria, LA State College, 11 to 1 daily, Prof. Lynn Shoemaker (734-4745) or Shirley Nelson at MA 5-2169 .

Community Action Center, 1919 Cabrillo Ave., San Pedro

Valley Peace Center, 7105 Havenhurst Ave., Van Nuys . . . 787-6925 (Counseling by appointment)

Kerista: 339B Brooks Avenue, Venice, California. No phone. Kerista House Los Angeles tribe has corps of eight. Feed about 30 daily. Room for about 20 people to stay. Four-room house. Trying to have an open commune where everyone will be free to do their own thing. Kerista reserves right to dismiss residency for reasons such as dope usage or other low Karma reasons. Christians believing in preaching by doing, not by talking. Main Temple needs are \$80 monthly for rent and \$10 for utilities. Any donations of food or clothing warmly welcomed. John Thomson, founder of Los Angeles tribe.



ACID TRIP?

If you regard acid, peyote, STP as the sacraments they are, try tuning into the mysterious, subtle forces of the universe during your next trip with the best psychedelic manual available: *Psychedelic Prayers*, by Timothy Leary. Based on the ancient Chinese classic the *Tao Te Ching* by Lao Tse.

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If You Are Arrested

If you are stopped by the police, or arrested, whether you are guilty or not, you have the same rights. You can protect these rights best if you use this information:

If you are stopped by the police:

1. You may remain silent; you do not have to answer any questions other than your name and address.
2. The police may search you for weapons by patting the outside of your clothing.

3. Whatever happens, you must not resist arrest even if you are innocent.

If you are arrested:

1. As soon as you have been booked, you have the right to complete at least two phone calls—one to a relative, friend or attorney, the other to a bail bondsman.
2. The police must give you a receipt for everything taken from you, including

your wallet, clothing, and packages you were carrying when arrested.

3. You must be allowed to hire and see an attorney immediately.

4. You do not have to give any statement to the police, nor do you have to sign any statement you might give them.

5. You must be allowed to post bail in most cases, but you must be able to pay the bail bondsman's fee. If you cannot pay the fee, you may ask the judge to release you from custody without bail, but he does not have to do so.

6. The police must bring you into court or release you within 48 hours after your arrest (unless the time ends on a weekend or holiday, and then they must bring you before a judge the first day court is in session).

7. If you do not have money to hire an attorney, immediately ask the police to get you an attorney without charge.

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have to have an application blank or references.

Where I'm Going

I have not specifically set raising money as a goal. I don't have any goals, I don't have any plans or, you know, things like that. Because, I really get behind what Christ said about the lilies of the field. It will come down to you what should come down to you, if you're in tune, and if you're straight. If it came down that there's something available and I felt good about it, I'd go with it, whatever that is.



The Next Step

Well, what I am looking for is the means to another community, a place for Strawberry Fields to come out of the stratosphere and again take form on the land. The first requisite is land, which would hopefully include water and relative ease of access, where you could grow things. It wouldn't be just a desert land. There would be trees, so



that's number one. Number two would be people who are tuned-in far enough to their creative center to be productive in the only meaningful sense that is productivity, so that the community could be as self-supporting as possible. I don't think that a community for a while can be totally self-supporting



because there would be needs laid on the community from outside of it for support. But it would be REALITIVELY self-supporting. That's the second thing. You know, people who dug farming, who dug planning meals,



who dug making items for the people in the community to wear. What you need is food, clothing, shelter, dope and love and that's all you need.



Making It All Work

So, you would have people who would make clothing; you could have people who make shelters; you would have people who would have to do with food; and, hopefully, you would either have your own chemist or you would have a free source of sacraments.



A Holy Scene

The land that we were on has very interesting vibrations. Because of the water that's there, it used to be a camping ground for the Indians and, also because of the water, it was on a trail which went from the valley over to the ocean and people would camp there. The last time that people camped there was really when we were there. It's kind of sad that if it isn't bought for either a park or a commune, in five years, it will be just a bunch of houses with walls around them because it's right next to a great, huge subdivision that's going up.

Well, if I had my choice of another piece of land, it would be land where a new brother would come and his eyes would pop open and he'd say "wow!"

The next item would be like a council, because the one thing that I learned from the last gig was that one person can't make decisions for all of them. There HAS to be a council. The last pre-requisite would be to have as many kids as possible on the property, cause that's where a lot of learning comes in . . . by being with them. So that's what I'd be seeing up there in the sky. □



You may hasten the psychedelic revolution by leasing, donating or selling your land for use by Strawberry Fields and other tribes. Call Stan Russell, 653-931 or write ORACLE.





SEEDLESS DUNG

YOU!

BRI