

THE AGE OF

# AQUARIUS





# AQUARIUS

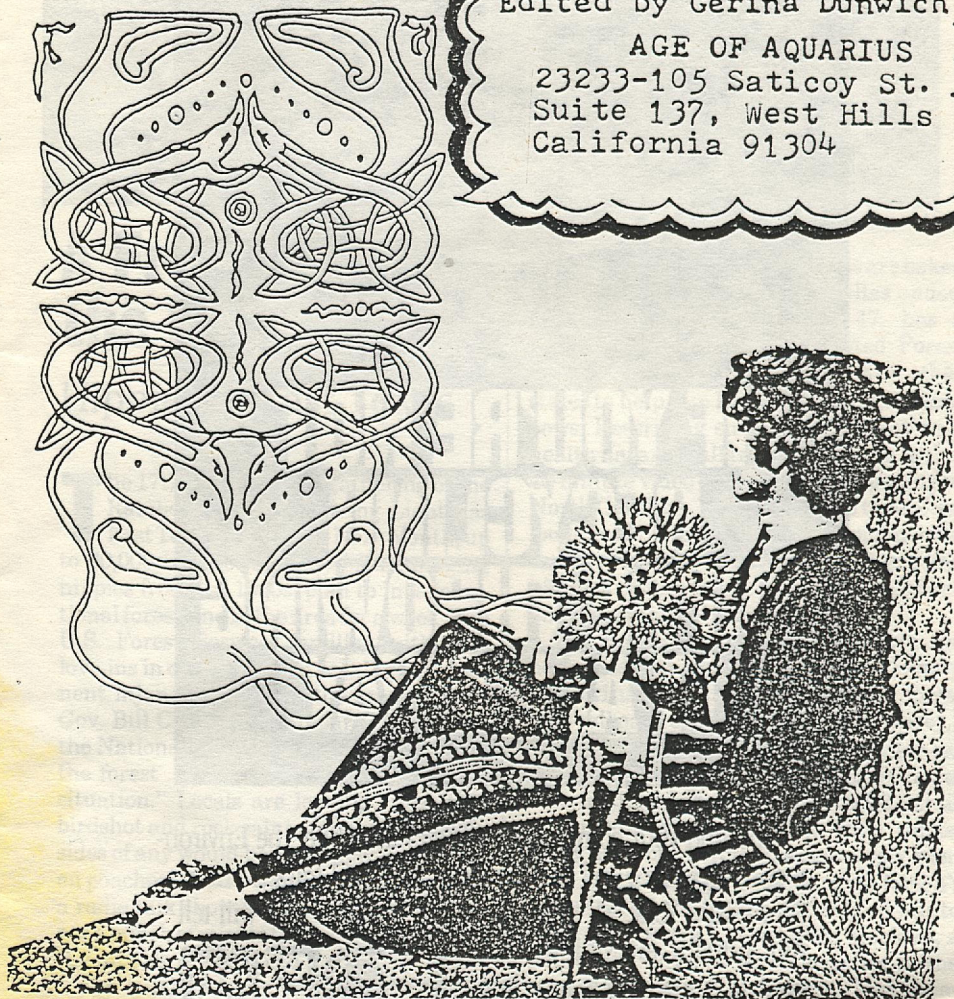
PREMIER ISSUE

Copyright 1990

Edited by Gerina Dunwich

AGE OF AQUARIUS

23233-105 Saticoy St.  
Suite 137, West Hills  
California 91304







**IF YOU'RE NOT  
RECYCLING  
YOU'RE THROWING  
IT ALL AWAY.<sup>SM</sup>**

You and your community can recycle. Write the Environmental Defense Fund at: EDF-Recycling, 257 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10010, for a free brochure that will tell you virtually everything you need to know about recycling.







JAN SONNENMAIR—DALLAS MORNING NEWS

# A Fracas Over the Rainbows

## Hippies in East Texas

**T**he 17th annual peace gathering of the Rainbow Family of Living Light has East Texas up in arms. Next month, up to 20,000 Rainbows, many of them aging hippies from the 1960s, plan to invade national forestland in the area for a week. The U.S. Forest Service, familiar with past love-ins in other states, is seeking a permanent injunction against the group. Texas Gov. Bill Clements is prepared to call out the National Guard to control "a hazard to the forest . . . or any kind of misbehavior situation." Locals are loading rifles with birdshot and rock salt to fire into the back-sides of any would-be corn thieves or chicken poachers. Said a woman who called in to a radio talk show last week: "I think they are a bunch of misfits that need to be sent to the far side of the world."

Few outsiders claim to know more about the Rainbows than their chief antagonist, U.S. Forest Service special agent Billy Ball.

"Most of 'em, not all, their brains are baked anyway," he says. A former Dallas undercover narcotics agent, Ball, 47, has a \$500,000 plan and has recruited Forest Service officers from at least five other states to help him keep an eye on the Rainbows. Describing such a mass influx as a health hazard, Ball trained his team with a 40-minute video of last year's happening in North Carolina. Viewers say the tape often looks much like an ordinary picnic—except for the presence of people dressed like hippies, others stark naked, an elephant and a few playful monkeys.

The Rainbows are neither cultists nor hedonists, but say they are bound loosely by spiritual ties. During the week, members call each other "brother" and "sister," do yoga and conduct seminars on solar energy and nuclear war. Anyone is welcome, no questions asked, and Rainbows admit that troubled people do join their ranks; every drug but heroin has reportedly been used at gatherings. Even so, they haven't scared off all the locals. "If the Lord was to come back today," says Lavon Hopkins, a housewife who has given supplies to the advance guard of 200 campers, "[the Rainbow camp] is probably where he would go."







# REVIEWS by GERINA DUNWICH

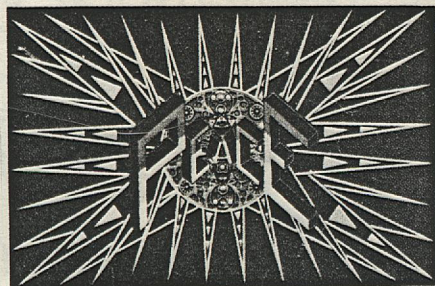
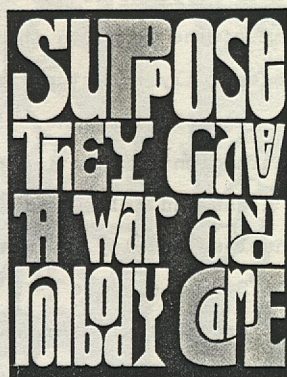
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE (on Epic Records) is the long-awaited reunion album from the damn best San Francisco band ever to have come out of the Psychedelic Sixties. It is just as good as - if not better than - any of their past albums. With a totally "together" sound that will make your heart dance and take your mind on a high fly-in' musical trip, the JA prove that they still have what it takes after all these years. And much to the delight of this reviewer & Airplane fan, their music is everything that their old stuff used to be! It is magic! It is sheer perfection and genius! (Screw the Rolling Stone. What do they know about good music anyway?) Jefferson Airplane is the usual mixed bag of musical styles & moods. Many of the songs on this fantastic album ("The Wheel", "Planes") successfully recapture the late 60's/early 70's right-on sound of the good old Airplane. "True Love" is a fast-paced number with a combination of haunting harmonies and an ass-kicking beat. "Panda" is a sad and mellow ballad about the endangered panda bears & the senseless cruelty and greed of man. It brought tears to my eyes, as did "Summer of Love" - a melodic retrospect of the Summer of 1967 that proves that "even though those times are gone, the Spirit still lives on in me and you." Grace Slick's beautiful voice is as powerful as ever, and Flo & Eddie (from Turtles and Mothers of Invention fame) sing background vocals (although I couldn't really tell when I listened to the record.) If you, like me, are one of the few people left alive with any musical taste, please buy this album and listen to it. You'll really dig it! Fly Jefferson Airplane!







SHUTTERSTOCK BY L. B. 1981







Gerina Dunwich



# NOTHING LIKE IT...

by Mary J. McCormick

In the summer of 1967, the Haight-Ashbury spirit was in full blossom. I have experienced nothing like it, before or since. It was another universe, in which people spontaneously flowed and made happenings.

Musicians would meet on the street, for example, sit down on the sidewalk, and make music (music) with whatever they were carrying...pans, harmonicas, toy flutes, tin cups, guitars.... After playing, they would simply flow in different directions.

A friend of mine, an actress in Hair who lived in the Haight, called Bob Dillon one afternoon when he was in town and said she'd like to meet him. He invited her to his hotel room where she stayed until the next day.

Every once in awhile someone would jump off the Golden Gate bridge, for fun, and survive without a scratch to the amazement of those who read the paper with their morning coffee.

When "have a nice day" was said it could make one's heart soar. There was color and music everywhere, even in the air itself, as though time had collected its rainbow moments to exhibit.

There was also death looming overhead, not having yet descended.

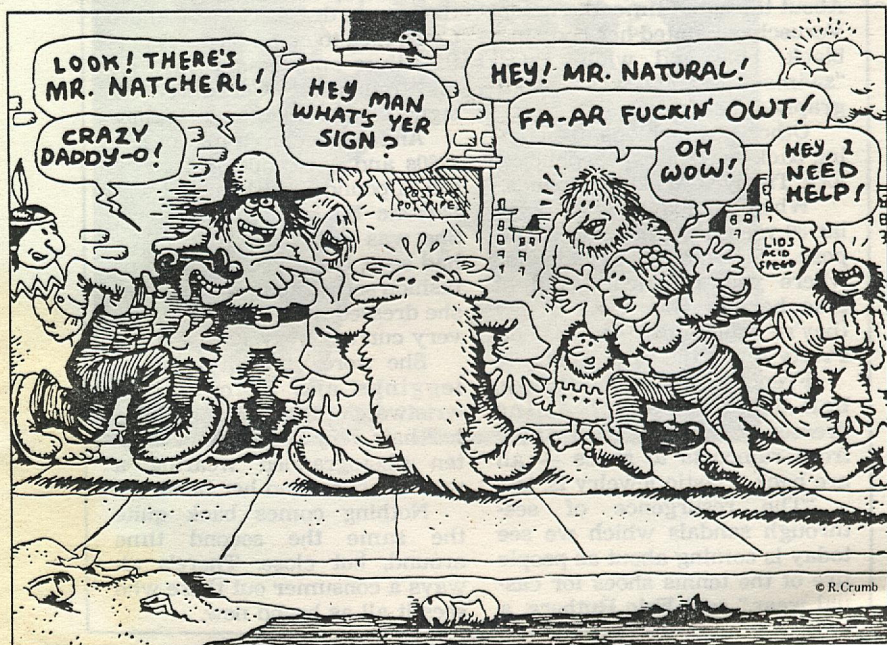
I moved to Cole Street in 1968, about a half block from Haight Street and two blocks from Golden Gate Park. The "establishment" was deadening, hypocritical -- suppressive. My feelings were shared by everyone I wanted to know. In retrospect, the hippie movement was a reaction against greed, fear, and hate -- a noble attempt to create the opposites. Otherwise, it was quite simply a decade of creativity, the highest in this century.



By mid 1968, the Haight was no longer as magical. Criminals and tourists, especially the former, along with other "interested" groups, like the city's "mental health" department doing "studies," deflowered the movement. Many hippies moved on; others hung in. Signs began to emerge scrawled on building walls such as, "Beware - - speed will turn you into a vegetable." There had been no way to know the negative effects of any of the drugs in use until after the experiences. One could not believe the establishment experts. They lied, many claiming, for example, that marijuana created insanity (It is interesting that now the "mental health" establishment is noted for its propensity to keep people doped up to control them.).

Still, in 1968 the Haight was full of interesting, creative people from everywhere who had heard its call. I left in the summer of 1969. I heard, a few years later, that the Haight had become a ghost.

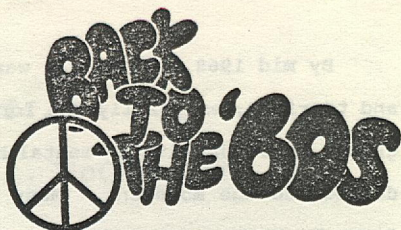
At its height, there existed in that time and place an exalted, truly different universe where everything magical, wonderful, and tragic, could and did, happen. People were tuned in and turned on in a moment of spectacular aliveness and love.





By BARBARA CLOUD

**G**roovy rags reminiscent of the '60s are sizzling on the fashion scene. Just look at Emilio Pucci, the Italian nobleman who 25 years ago designed plane interiors and coral-and-turquoise hostesses' uniforms for Braniff Airlines. Out of the news for



## '60s fashions in revival from headbands to shoes

years, he is definitely in the swim again with his famous prints.

And fashion types are wearing the new as well as the old — if they happened to save them.

One Vogue editor, Polly Mellen, was wearing his Pucci signature printed tights to all the fall collections in New York last spring, indicating a revival was just around the corner. And, indeed, it was.

Pucci is piping hot. So are the colors he uses. The dresses, blouses, scarves and accessories he designed were collected by wealthy women in the '60s. About the same time, the model Veruschka painted her body in a black, blue and white Pucci "swimsuit" and was photographed for Vogue.

Other '60s fashions are coming back as well. Psychedelic colors. Tie-dyes. Wide headbands.

When headbands were popular 30 years ago they had a purpose. They hid the telltale line where you attached a fall of fake hair to your own. Today they're called hair extensions. Pretty much the same thing.

French twists, hairpieces, bell-bottoms, short A-line dresses, vinyl in everything from raincoats to shoes — all are back. Plastic jewelry is, too.

"The resurgence of see-through sandals which we see today is coming about as people tire of the tennis shoes for casual wear," said Eric Rutberg, a

designer for Amano shoes. "Nordstrom stocked a spring-allocator-type shoe of ours 40 years ago because women who worked in the factories during World War II were tired of the heavy-duty work shoes."

Other styles of the past are returning in shoes, says Rutberg. Materials like feathers and straw flowers wedged between strips of vinyl, for instance. It's a daytime look. Vinyl serves Amano well. The company produces between 85,000 and 110,000 pairs annually. They feel they are grabbing the eye of younger customers.

It seems like a good time for the square dress styles of Andre Courreges to come back. This is the silver anniversary year for his miniskirt. Certainly designers have taken note of that.

And who can think of the 1960s and not think of Twiggy, the 91-pound British model who became the rage of that era? She was unlike any model we had seen, but if you put her in a fashion setting today, dressed as she dressed then, she would look very current, very 1990.

She wore miniskirts, ribbed leggings and an oversized wristwatch. She also cropped her hair very short and was often photographed wearing a wide scarf around her head.

Nothing comes back quite the same the second time around, but close. There's always a consumer out there who sees it all as brand new.







With his long hair, flowing beard and marijuana advocacy, this Mass. man is...

# Golfing against the tide

By JOHN MOSSMAN  
AP Sports Writer

DENVER — In a sport where the game's best players tend to be clones — all floppy-wristed, flat-bellied blonds who look great in doubleknits and whose swings are virtually indistinguishable — David Nissenbaum stands out like a hippie at a country club.

Which is exactly what he looks like strolling around Cherry Hills Country Club, site of this week's U.S. Amateur.

The 43-year-old Nissenbaum from Monson is unlike any player ever to participate in the U.S. Amateur.

He sports a six-inch beard and long brown hair, now streaked with gray. He advocates the use of marijuana for spiritual purposes, and he served three years in federal prisons in the mid-1980s for his part in a marijuana smuggling operation.

Perhaps most remarkable of all, he hasn't played competitive golf in 20 years, since quitting the golf team at the University of Iowa. He hadn't picked up a club for 18 years until he joined a friend for a round of golf in 1988. Since then he has played about once a week, and he never practices.

Somehow making it past sectional qualifying for the Amateur, he posted a respectable 4-over-par 75 in Tuesday's first-round qualifying. He was even par through 15 holes before finishing with a double bogey and two bogeys on his last three holes.

"I'm just not tournament tough," he said. "I could barely walk this course. But I think my poor finish was more mental — a couple of wrong club selections and a three-putt, for instance."

Instead of going out to hit balls on the practice tee after his round, Nissenbaum "headed for the softest chair I could find."

Wednesday, Nissenbaum shot an

**'Every civilization except ours has used marijuana for medicinal and spiritual purposes. We don't consider it a drug.'**

**— David Nissenbaum**

82 and missed the cut for medal play.

Nissenbaum played in the U.S. Amateur in 1967 when it was held at the Broadmoor in Colorado Springs. Driving past a golf course earlier this year, he noticed the Amateur was returning to Colorado.

"I had a vision of *deja vu*," he said. "I thought I might try to qualify again. The whole thing was a hare-brained scheme, really. I don't know what possessed me to try to qualify."

But he was one of six players to make it past sectional qualifying near his home in western Massachusetts, and he now finds himself competing against golfers half his age.

"I have my two sons here. They're 19 and 10. My son is older than most of these kids, and that's a frightening thought," he said.

Nissenbaum, who says he plays golf "on a social level" and not competitively, insists his goal in coming here was to "enjoy myself."

But he admits getting caught up in the competitive atmosphere of the tournament.

He bought new clubs.

"My old ones were 30 years old and didn't have any grooves on them," he said.

On his first day at Cherry Hills, he immediately hit a large bucket of balls on the practice tee.

"It was kind of like cramming for

an exam," he said. "You know, you don't study and then you try to learn it all in one night. My arms felt like rubber afterwards."

On the course, he found it was "difficult not to get engrossed in the competition."

He seemed to lose his way and he spent 1984-87 in three federal prisons for his role in a drug smuggling operation off the coast of Maine that authorities said involved 21 tons of marijuana.

Now, he runs a nursery, growing rhododendrons, azaleas and mountain laurels — "but no marijuana."

His views on marijuana are outspoken, however.

He belongs to the Zion Coptic Church, which believes in the use of marijuana for religious purposes.

"We're really rather conservative Christians who believe marijuana is a gift from God," Nissenbaum said. "Every civilization except ours has used marijuana for medicinal and spiritual purposes. We don't consider it a drug. It doesn't come from a pharmaceutical lab. Drugs don't reproduce naturally."

"I'm against all drugs. I don't even like aspirin. But I believe marijuana is for me to use as I please in the privacy of my home. We feel that its use merits constitutional protection. Needless to say, we've had very little success through litigation getting our point across."

Nissenbaum knows he draws curious stares at such a posh facility as Cherry Hills. He insists he isn't bothered by it.

"Too often people judge others by their appearance," he said.

He does, however, believe his younger competitors ought to show a bit more respect for their elders. "These kids show no veneration to gray hair," he said, stroking his flowing beard.



AP photo

**GROOVY GOLFER:** David Nissenbaum, 43, of Monson, lines up a putt during this week's U.S. Amateur Golf Tournament in Denver.





UNTITLED

I remember still how wonderful it was  
in that all but too soon forgotten  
summer of Love

Running to join each other's dreams  
Sharing our separate worlds of hope  
In rooms of music where angels lay

I remember your doll house dreams  
Your hair covered with flowers  
My hands tracing the valleys of heaven  
And finding them within your silent curves

It was a work of abstract art  
A garden of unsurpassed beauty

I became God himself  
And having you  
I did not need  
A son

by A.D. WINANS



Starcraft engines ignite  
laser beam dreams  
of Owsley white.

Incessant universe; into her azure eyes  
we dive, floating free  
across star-speckled highways to the  
outer limits of  
the human  
mind...

A new  
world  
to be  
reborn in.

\*

by  
Gerina  
Dunwich









*'If I should die, think only this of me. That there's some corner of a foreign field that is forever Woodstock.'* – **Richard Neville and Rupert Brooke**

*'Most westerners find it difficult to attain unity with the source of light in the same way that most easterners find it hard to get hold of reasonable hi-fi equipment.'* – **Timothy Leary**

*'I feel very privileged to be able to fly round the world in search of myself, and I want to give something back by sharing my experience with others... Life is like hot sauce. As soon as you start enjoying it, it makes you cry.'* – **Shirley Maclaine**

*'I am the one who speaks. I am he who speaks with the mountains. I am he who speaks to the corners, I am the doctor. I am the man of medicine. I am. I am he who cures. I am he who speaks with the Lord of the World. I am happy. I speak with the mountains. I am he who speaks with the mountains of peaks. I am he who speaks with the Bald Mountain. I am the remedy and the medicine man. I am the mushroom. I am the fresh mushroom. I am the large mushroom. I am the fragrant mushroom. I am the mushroom of the spirit.'* – **Shaman in Henry Munn's The Mushrooms of Language**

*'My favourite things are wild holls, a sweet friend, licorice, dog leaf. Music is prayer. Everything is interesting in an infinite sort of way.'* – **Robin Williamson**

*'Imagine the clouds dripping, dig a hole in your garden and put them in.'* – **Yoko Ono**

*'The whole universe is your home if you can get big enough to live in it. It's there. It doesn't care. You can come out and live there. You just have to get big enough.'* – **David Crosby**

*'Pop is the perfect religious vehicle: it's as if God had come down to earth and seen all the ugliness that was being created and had chosen pop to be the great force for love and beauty.'* – **Donovan**

*'I can see God in a daisy.'* – **Bob Dylan**





A PSYCHEDELIC JOURNAL OF 60's  
COUNTERCULTURE IN THE 90's