



*It is nice to live  
in a well designed house.*

Mexico, Mexico. I was sunning myself on the beach at Vallarta. The paper reported: Riots in SF, and a picture: Cops with guns in hand. Mexico was never like this. Sometimes it's worse. Maybe it's too late to comment on the riots. Was it even a riot? A lot of people would like it to go away. Okay, go away. But what does forgetting entail? Who profits by it? Certainly not the good people of Hunter's Point, the Fillmore, the Bayview district, even the maligned Haight-Ashbury. Actually, not even the white community or, if you prefer, the white power structure.

Ah words to evoke memories, to provoke disasters.

What can be done that can be done simply by people? Forget the broad, sweeping political generality. Create:

Laws [ordinances of the heart] that throw housing open to everyone. Realtors denying housing to anyone shall have their licenses revoked. Taken away. Goodby, realtor. Why the poor realtor? Poetry. The realtor is a broker dealing in bulk housing. The agent who most often says: Yes & NO! Terrible NO!

Song: "If you ask him why/ he really doesn't know..."



Create:

With color, with paint, new environments. Free paint to all homeowners who can/ or cannot afford it. Bonuses for those who beautify their property.

Utopia! Yes, why not? Subsidies for carpentering, and plumbing. Skilled workers employed to do the work. Jobs, jobs, jobs.

And design:

It is nice to live in a well designed house.

Make all housing livable/ lovable/ conservable. Keep character intact. No more dull/ stupefying abortions. Public housing designed to be lived in (for years).

Quonset hut villages on new sites/ don't move, old man/ wait right there for your new house/ apartment. Conserve communities/ build neighborhoods. With love.

Trees, grass, bushes, flowers. Bring nature to the neighborhoods. Let ingenuity flourish.

Urban conservation can be taught: gardening, carpentering/ joy.



# LETTERS

Dear Oracle:

I'll be in New York October 6th and so can't join the Oracular Demonstration. But the word *Demonstration* should be defined for purposes of the parade as the freeing of Good Demons and the exorcizing of Evil Demons, especially in the racial scene.

It looks like the Mayor realizes that the only answer to Black Power is not White Power at the end of a gun. The Mayor didn't do so badly the first day after the riots at Hunter's Point, considering the general spiritual bankruptcy of the Establishment, an Establishment which isn't all White either. (A longshoreman the other day told me that 60% of the men on his job loading ships for Vietnam are Negro.) But if the Mayor had gone on TV and declared that he was withdrawing every armed policeman and National Guardsman from the Hunter's Point area and was instead inviting every minister of every church in the city to come and walk the streets there and talk with everyone in sight, things might be different today. However, we are as far from such soul-action as we are from the Ascension of Buddha on the White House lawn seeded with sweet grass.

Yours for the unrestricted future Expansion of Consciousness. Let there be light: Through the looking-glass with Alice!

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

"THERE AIN'T NO COPE  
IN COPENHAGEN NO MORE!"

Psychedelic friends:

Past age thirty and somewhat "straight" by your criteria, I'm not the best judge of the scene here in Copenhagen. But please permit me a few observations.

Amsterdam, London, San Francisco--not Copenhagen--are where the action is. At the Flok Music Club of Denmark one still hears the songs the S.F. Folk Music Club abandoned in the early fifties. "Bohemian" restaurants serve some good food at relatively--by present inflationary standards--low prices, but they are about as avant garde as the Buena Vista. Without a necktie and "decent" dress one finds mere token acceptance.

But like everywhere else beards, mostly goatees, abound--almost invariably trimmed to the chin... No new poster art (I could hardly give away my S.F. pop art samples). No coffee houses. One good modern jazz club (Montmartre) and plenty of mediocre Dixieland bands.

Yes, there are very young "hippy" types, but lacking the wildest H-A flair (really beatniks circa 1958) to be seen mainly along the Stroget (strolling street) watching, sometimes ridiculing the fast-paced crowds going by. If they have any commitment to anything, except perhaps each other, it isn't apparent to me. Ironically, the bushiest-haired young men I've seen were working on a new warship in the Elsinore shipyards!

I've even seen a (well-trimmed)

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bearded soldier. Which leads me to the cautious speculation that Denmark is simply too tolerant and liberal to foster much rebellion (yet). For example, the drinking age is eighteen and never enforced. Anyone is free to imbibe any hour of the day or night. Beer is simply too readily available, like sex (though my inquiry didn't proceed into the last-mentioned category)... You might even find the fuzz here quite decent (by U.S. standards). Always unarmed, not even toting billy clubs, they appear to observe strict decorum--and I've seen them in action a few times.

Then too there are no large minorities, who, because of race, ethnic background, age, class, etc., lack the basic amenities. It's true that the welfare state is not without invisible men (cf. Ralph Ellison), but its invisible ones at least possess physical dignity. Some here are very rich but none are very poor. After a fortnight I encountered my first panhandler--and he was better dressed than I. (Anthropologists take note that the old coffee routine is another universal phenomenon). Womb to the tomb security is the slogan. As a young artist who studied in the Communist countries remarked, "In the East people are, figuratively, sometimes literally imprisoned; in the West they are encased in fat."

When I lived in Scandinavia over ten years ago, Copenhagen, with all its charms and diversions, was called "the Paris of the North." But in spite of the very real charms and diversions of Paris, Parisians are not the most affable people on earth, and most Copenhageners have come to emulate them in this respect. Everywhere amid the growing affluence the mercenary mercantile spirit prevails. And the accompanying smugness, snobbery, cultural stagnation, spiritual paralysis, and just plain dull dreariness.

If I have poanted too drab a portrait so be it. Just one man't impressions--though shared by several of the more sensitive Danes I met who feel that the true spirit of Denmark is either waning or dead. There is much to be said for the crystal palace--as long as it refrains plenty of space underground.

Your hopelessly romantic reporter,  
Dave Rothkop

P.S. from Malmo, Sweden: I asked a young "beatnik" in a cafeteria jammed with high schoolers what young people thought about the national teachers' strike against shortened vacations. "They don't speak about it," he said, amid the spirited background din. Then I inquired if there were any objections to senior students serving as interim teachers (I was tempted to say "finks" but that would be too subjective--and beyond the range of his American slang). "No. And they're also taking television lessons," he replied. Finally I asked him what he thought about things. "Swedish teachers are very well paid." (But then maybe he thought I was a C I Agent.)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

Psyche is the Greek work for soul. This is no general term. Anyone who is hip to classical language can tell you that the old Greeks had a term for everything. The English language is

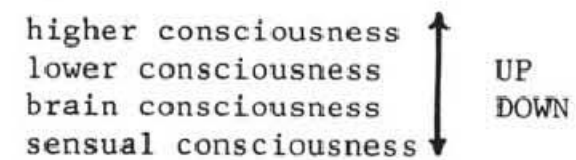
hardly that precise. We have to try to say what we mean with terms which have more than one meaning depending on the way they're used or the tone of voice or who's talking.

There's actually no word in normal English usage which means exactly the same thing as psyche. The term 'soul' might make it if enough of us knew what the soul is. It's not the ability to appreciate blues and ribs. It's the part of mortal man which is not contained by time, space or so-called conscious awareness. It's the last body to be discarded at the periodic change we call death. By some it's called the higher self or higher consciousness or Christ-consciousness.

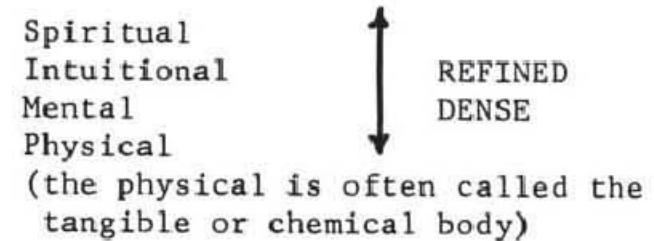
Since most of us today are no longer hip to the original meaning of the term 'psyche', public or common use of this term and all terms coming from this term, is a sort of naive error. A few such terms now being misapplied are: psychology, psychiatry, psychosomatic, psychotic, psychedelic, etc.

The true psychedelic experience is the establishment of the link of awareness between lower consciousness and the higher consciousness. This link is the mind (not to be confused with the brain).

As far as mortal man is concerned, there are four states or planes or levels of consciousness which are:



These planes or states or consciousness correspond to the four bodies of mortal man which are:



A link or bridge or host is necessary for the raising of the focus of consciousness from any plane to the next higher plan. The link must be something of the highest of the lower of whatever two planes we're talking about. For example: To make the link necessary to raise the focus from brain consciousness to lower consciousness one needs something which is the highest or most refined that the mental body can define or be aware of.

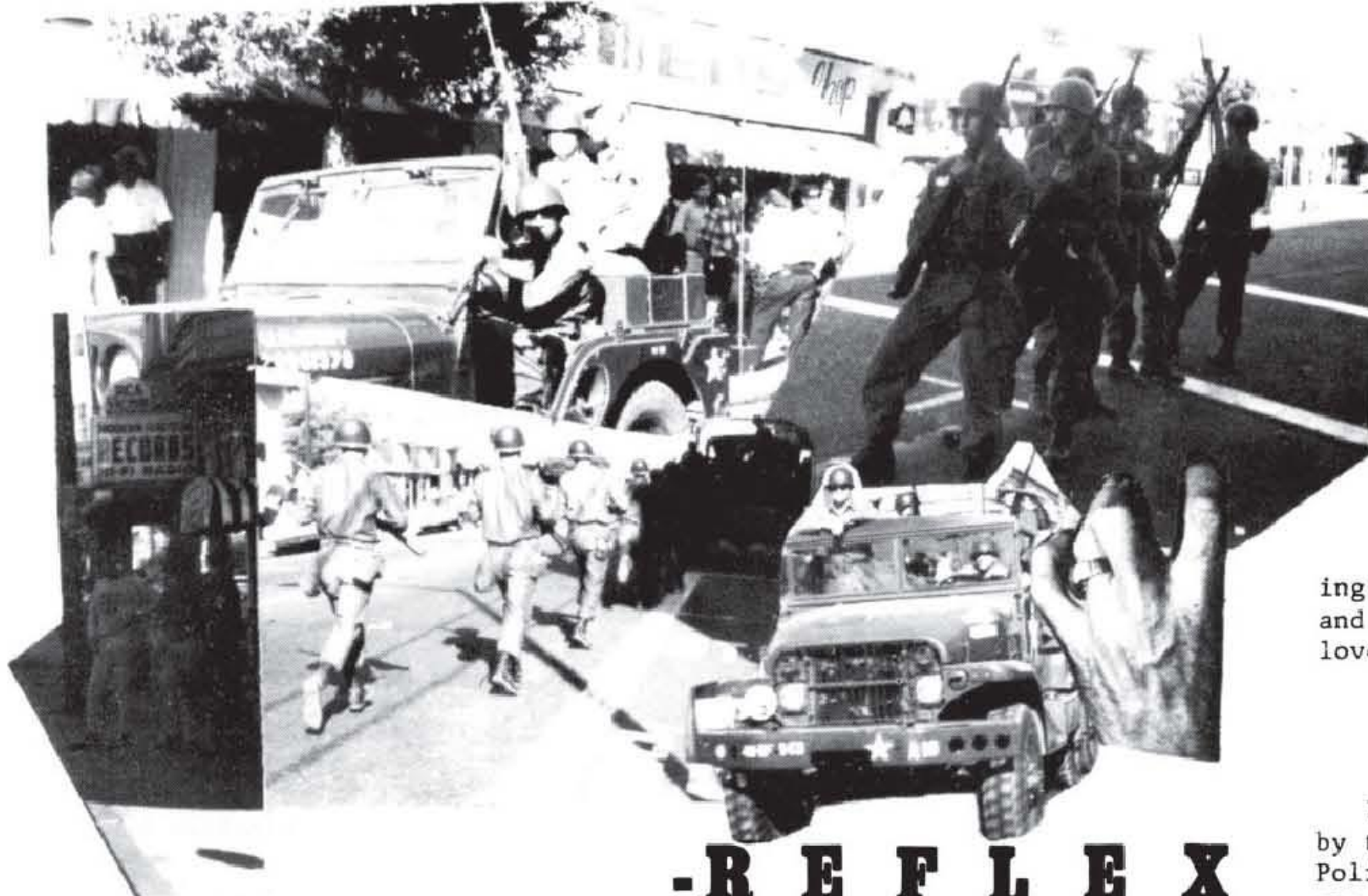
Also it is not possible to rise even a bit higher by any bridge than the next plane above where we start. Obviously nothing which the physical or chemical body can digest or be aware of can raise the consciousness above the mental plane even though the link be established through the farthest out, most refined chemical now known or yet unknown. The true psychedelic experience is not available thru the use of any so-called "drug" or anything else physical.

CONT, p. 11

# THE BEER



# FLEX, re- FLEX



## -R E F L E X

### The ACTION

About 5 in the afternoon a slowly cruising squad car did an angry u-turn &, with 5 gunbarrels poked out its windows, stopped it's swerve abruptly in front of a young long haired, bearded man with yellow boots & a blonde, long haired girl. "Get off this street, boy--NOW," "git," another voice from within, and a mumbled--"damn niggers," for the boy was brown skinned and he & his fair maid were on Haight & Ashbury on this sunny afternoon--a street filled with laughing people except when truckloads of bayonet wielding troops & beef & bullet stuffed police cars stalked the street.

Actually the people were not afraid of black teenagers--our neighbors--but raw power seeking opposition to crush, --King John[sons'] deputies...

About 7:30, the "merry men" (about 30 in strength), wielding picket signs: --Cops go home, support love, & no more curfew--walked up & down Haight street. The fear & tension subsided, people looked & laughed--others joined in, and the normal night time Haight Street sounds were heard again.

By 8:00 p.m. the crowd had swelled to about 200 children, hippies & just bystanders. At 8:05 a fire engine w/ siren blasting roared up Haight street. When it got to Cole the crowd stopped & turned to look. What they saw was a wall of club wielding blue uniforms followed by olive drab riflemen with poised bayonets coming down Haight St. The surprised people were herded down the street, some into waiting paddy wagons & city buses. The cops weren't brutal but they were frighteningly cold

I walked toward them & thru them--was almost busted--but my guardian angel (temporarily acquired) looked straight enough to get us through. Looking back we could see the roadblock they'd set up at Masonic and herded people toward a nice efficient trap.

Then as an empty bus came past the police loudspeaker system began to work --it was all over. In trying to call for information on those busted the only answer was--"no information" & "get off the phone." So ended the "great" Haight-Ashbury Police action.

SIXTH OF OCTOBER, 1966, Lunatic Pro-  
test Demonstration: a celebration to  
demonstrate opposition to legislative  
repression of chemical mysticism. The  
Panhandle packed with Beautiful People  
ecstatically costumed and handing out  
flowers to friends and FBI agents.  
Dancing on the greensward to the Grate-  
ful Dead's electronic music. What sort  
of world is this? Whose world is this?

Gaggle of real estate dealers on  
their way back from a convention at Ma-  
sonic Hall (where Ronald Reagan assured  
them that their real estate was really  
real) crossing the Panhandle, come upon  
this fantastic congregation. And in  
broad daylight, too! Groups of men in  
suits stand staring; simply transfixed,  
simply amazed. Flutes and finger cym-  
bals, tinkle and toot, and all that  
long hair, short skirts, and laughter.  
You don't see a circus like this every  
day.

Ken Kesey's fabled bus is there;  
splashed yellow, green, blue, brown,  
and purple. Colors of the raggle-  
taggle gay gang inside it, on top of  
it, all around it. Six hundred to a  
thousand young souls (an educated  
guess) dancing with brave banners wav-

ing over their looney heads. Posters  
and placards in evidence. The one I  
loved best said:

THE TRUELY INSANE  
ARE HELPLESS!

I stood under that sign surrounded  
by the sanest people in San Francisco.  
Policemen and newsmen and real estate  
men excepted. Those poor righteous ci-  
tizens were absolutely helpless on the  
periphery of the crowd of beards and  
beads and Crazy Jane hats bobbing madly  
in the afternoon sunshine.

The FBI agent held his flowers be-  
hind his back, and a handful of real  
estate men standing near him all stared  
at their shoes when a slim girl ap-  
proached them with a juicy slice of  
watermelon. They were terrified that  
she intended to offer them a bite.  
"Don't be afraid," she said sweetly.

Young Beautifuls, young beggars and  
mummers, dancers and singers, laughing  
boys and girls--soon to be outlawed--  
that afternoon lay down their gentle  
message, loud and clear. LOVE.

For a few hours on October Sixth,  
they had their world their way.

Schneck

FLUTES, BELLS, FLOWERS, JOY

*Nobody knew before the actual event  
what would happen, or if anyone else  
would be there.*

Judith Wehlau--Haight-Ashbury Settle-  
ment House founder, full-time hospital  
clerk & painter:

CONT. p. 10





# ALF ALF ALF HAP PEN ING

"Turn on  
Tune in  
Drop Out" from a  
folk saying

Thousands of Great Society Drop Outs dropped into that thin belt of paisley green brown called Panhandle and tuned in on each other this past Saturday and Sunday for an Artists Liberation Front sponsored series of happening.

Rock, Jug, Jazz, bands turned on everyone but the blind, crippled, aged, or straight rigid, to dance. Kids, some of whom were grandmothers, danced colors over paper and bodies and faces until the speeds boosted most of the brush. Side walks became canvas for color chalk artists and for a moment it was Fat City.

There was something psychedelic about it all. A Hell's Angel on harmonica accompanying poet Michael McClure singing a Blake poem, long haired and robed yin and yang mixing in large hoops and swirls and arcs of graceful flowing from shade to sun. Round people, tall people, tan, black, white, grey people holding hands in circles of moving smiles.

Other realities tried to break through. The policeman ticketing 'illegally' parked cars, the tow truck towing, the Ken 'Keyseless' Kesey bus, the lost and crying children, and the hard black lines on three sides of the green that the Artists Liberation Front couldn't paint over. There were enough straight people to remind you that there are people who drive those black lines to work every morning and night Monday thru Friday and probably think 'Liberation' is something that was settled with the 'Bill of Rights.'

The ALF will sponsor another opportunity for the people to be happy at Hunter's Point this coming weekend, donations of labor and joy, even money, would be appreciated.

Don Hutton

# Flute Bell Flower Joy it is nice.... CONT. FROM p. 1

"I weighed carefully whether or not I would go. There might be misunderstandings, the parents of the children we teach at the Settlement House, etc. My conclusion was that I object to the State interfering with man's private chemistry, and search for God and that I would be a sham if I didn't go there to declare myself, to stand up for my beliefs. I knew I had to do it even if it meant standing alone or with six scraggly friends.

"The 'Race Riots' plus experiences close friends have had with the police made me want to take a stand. What's happening now leads to concentration camps. The police state must be limited. You cannot legislate out of fear. Human dignity is being encroached upon from all sides. I, We, want to live in a loving world and we are surrounded by a frightened, hateful bureaucracy.

"I feel it was positive action on a joyful note. That's important--not to frighten the rest of the populace. We don't mean to take over. What we hope for is the survival of human individuality.

"We want to live in virtue.

"We want to rid ourselves of the sins of our fathers.

"We want to rid ourselves of the sins of waste of our country.

"We love this place, our country. We want America to be as great as it's supposed to be, as great as it can be.

"They will try to run the Flowers and the Artists out. I don't want to have to leave this country.

"We know you can't have all Flutes and Bells--I'll go work my job, do my laundry...let us take the responsibility for our own lives.

"It's very important that it wasn't a hate parade. One of the speakers said, "You cannot legislate against flowers, against joy..."

"It was one of the most exciting days of my life. It really uplifted me to see all the love."

Judith Wehlau

Song: "What to do with my time/ I just don't know..."

Education itself should be self liberating, an appreciation of the world. A man taught to evaluate things for himself, rather than having to depend on someone else (i.e./ a leader), is a far different creature.

But, but, but... This may mean the end of political structure as we know it. Who cares! Outmoded political mechanisms are a deterrent to human development.

Eliminate hate by loving your self. It's the only one you have. The Negro, the Mexican, the Oriental, the Indian, the Jew, the Minority, the Hobgoblin, the American is no more a problem than oneself. End discrimination by approving of your self.

Direct yourself. Make your community livable. Smile. Sing. Hold your neighbor's hand:

White, black, yellow, red, polka dot.

Look in the mirror. The Bridge is no alternative. It may be easier to love your neighbor than yourself. Hold hands. Rejoice in your neighbor's excellence. That's enough. The roads all look different, but the goal is the same. Hold hands!

from this humble beginning)

THE GREEN LEAF IS THE ONLY SURE GUIDE TO EXCELLENCE

BRING BACK THE BIRDS--BUILD A PARK AT SUNDOWN

George Tsongas

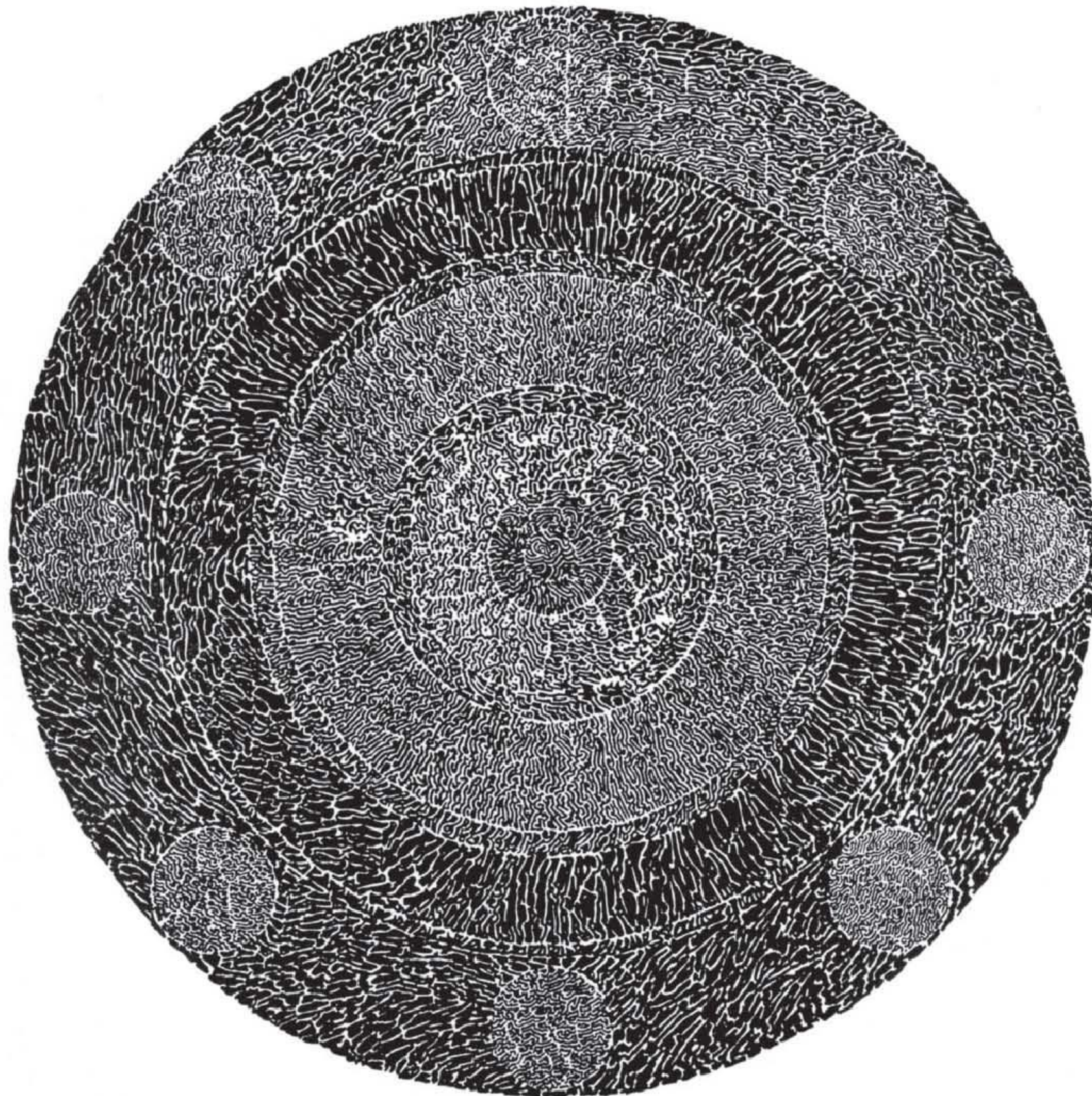
FRI, OCT. 21, EAUX D'ARTIFICE  
 INAUGURATION OF THE  
 PLEASURE DOME, K. ANGER  
 WHERE YA' BEEN? REARDEN,  
 AND DIJULIO  
 AND MAEICAL SOUNDS  
 FRI, OCT. 28, THE BRIG,  
 JONAS MEKAS  
 JONAS IN THE BRIG,  
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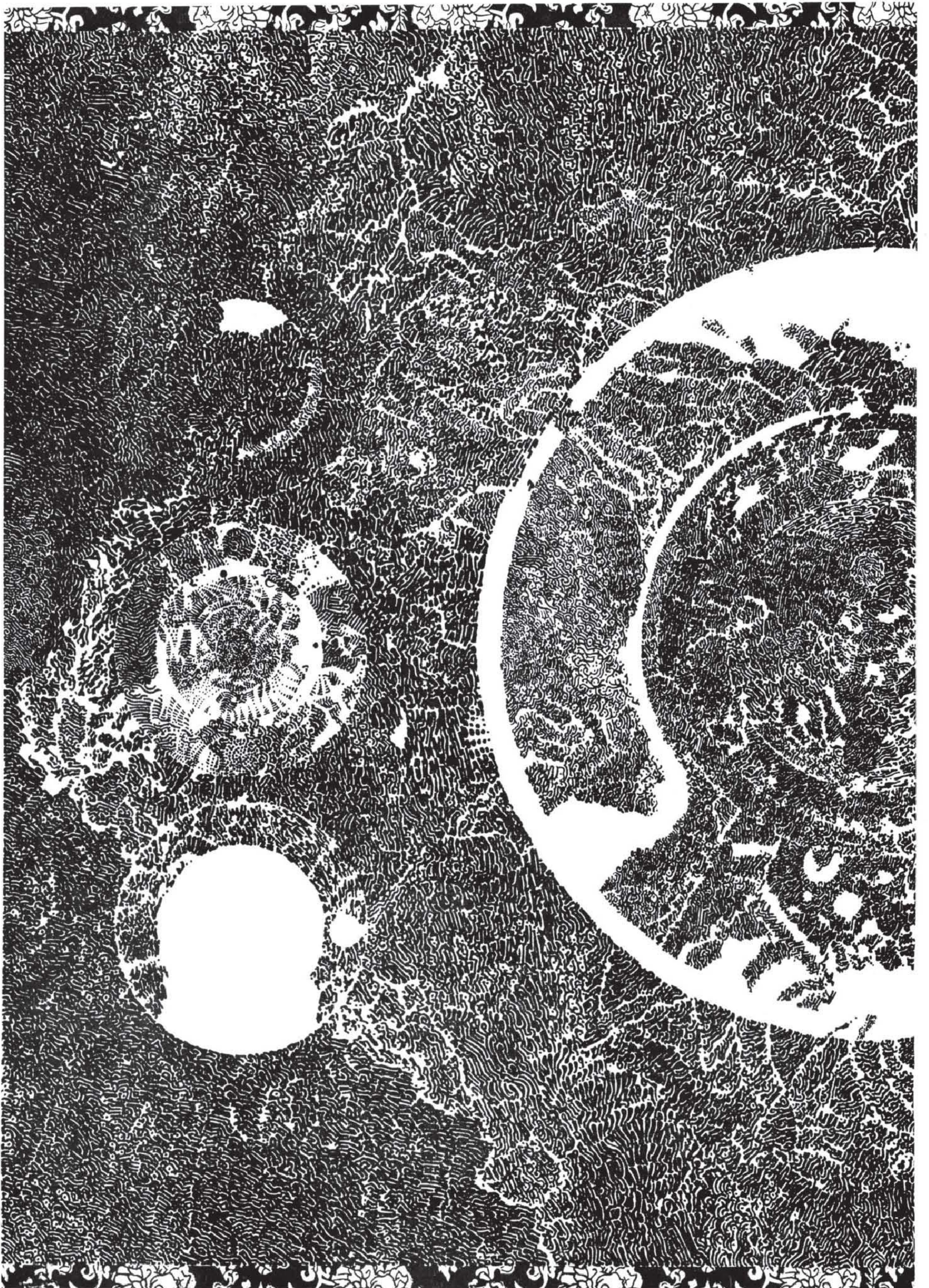
Find the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe.

# CHILDRENS CORNER

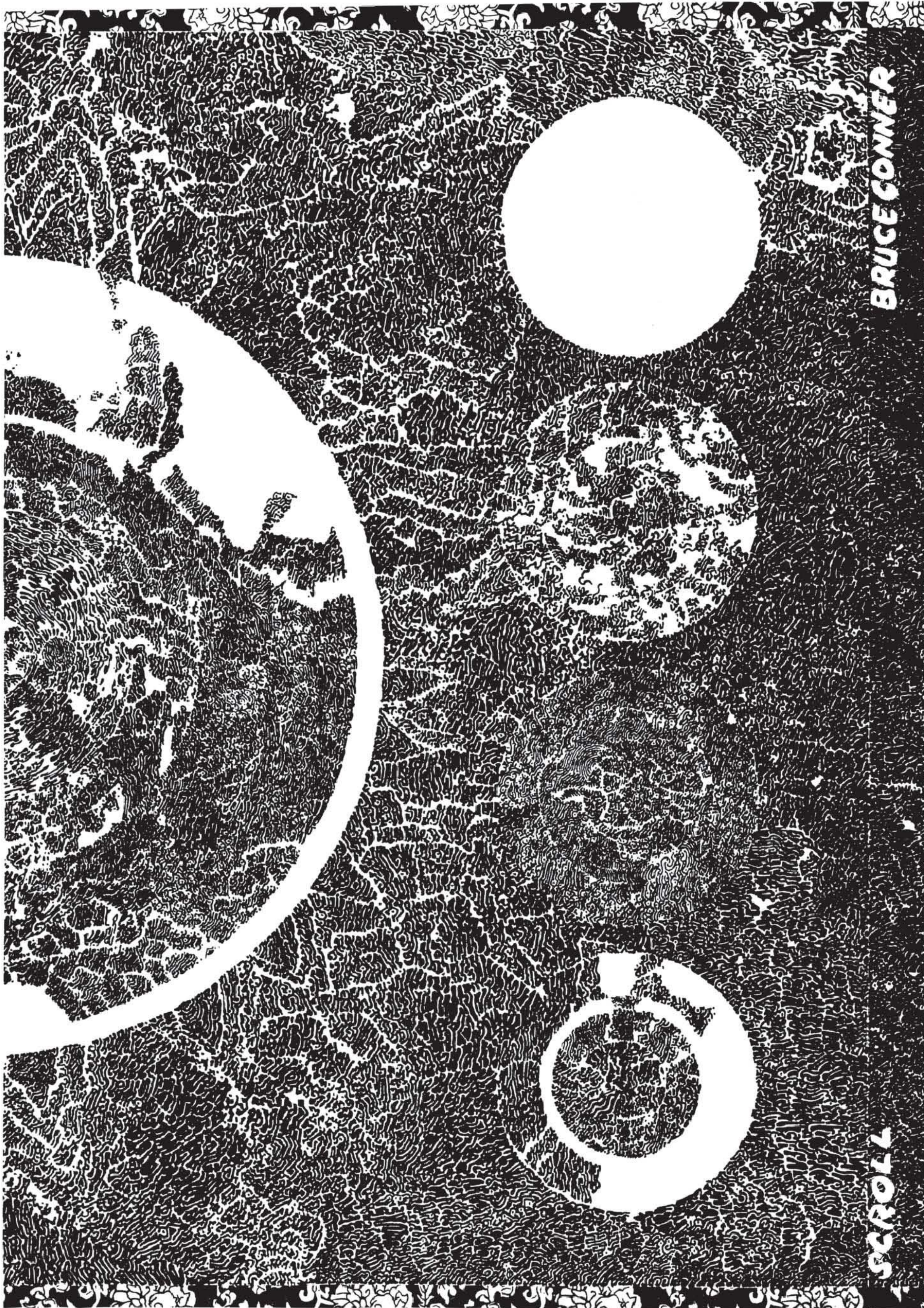
LOOK FOR THE ANSWERS IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE







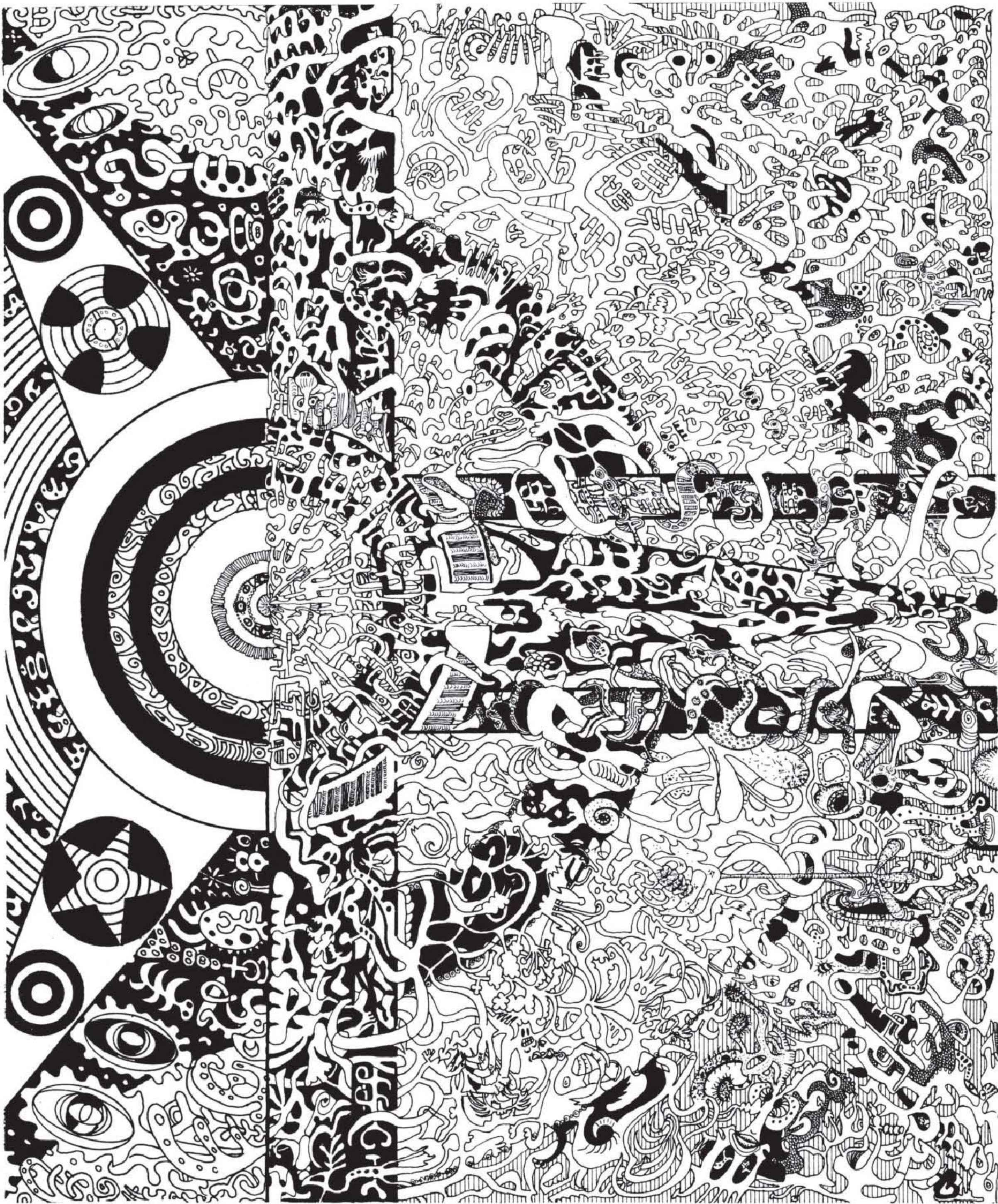




BRUCE CONNER

SCROLL





SRIP

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The  
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**THE VOICE OF THE KEEPER**

**The Farm**

The Farm is in Golden Gate Park. In the large playground. Right across from the merry-go-round. Which goes round and round.

The Farm is a part of the San Francisco Zoological Gardens. A sort of branch office. It has barnyard animals. Like chickens, ducks, goats and sheep. Someone has to take care of these barnyard beasts. Each day a Keeper at the Zoo is designated to go to The Farm. For most Keepers, duty at The Farm is like being exiled to Siberia. It's a come-down from working with lions and tigers, elephants, gorillas and orangutangs.

I was recently sent into exile at The Farm. But it was nice. It was nice. I had suddenly fulfilled a childhood fantasy. I was Old McDonald. With a here-a-chick, there-a-chick, everywhere-a-chick-chick and everything. The whole scene. All the children envied me. Lots of children.

It was nice. There were mothers. Lots of young, pretty mothers. All over. All day. And some nice old men and ladies. Who knew each individual chicken and rabbit by name. And lots of Haight-Ashbury people. In ecstatic dress and mood. Who would notice that The Keeper of The Farm had a beard today. And they would smile and nod and sometimes stop to talk about Farm Life. And I would smile and nod and talk back. While caring for my chicks and ducks and goats and sheep. And all day, the merry-go-round. Going round and round.

It was nice. At the end of the day, I put them all to bed. All the barnyard beasts. I didn't look forward to going back to the real Zoo. I would never ever get to be a snow leopard, anyway. But I was Old McDonald for a day. And I might be again. Before I'm ever a snow leopard.

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OF BEAUTY TO  
DELIGHT THE EYE  
AND/OR BLOW  
THE MIND!

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SUNDAY 2-9

**POSTSCRIPT: AFTER THE RIOT**

The day after The Riot, the playground was deserted. The beasts of The Farm lay huddled in patches of shade. It was hot. The young mothers and the children stayed home. The merry-go-round didn't go round. I sat in The Farm and listened to the radio's riot reports. And rock music. Something Old McDonald never did. Up above the playground, Kezar Stadium loomed over the empty swings and slides, the silently panting goats and sheep and bunnies. Over 1,000 National Guardsmen were in Kezar Stadium. Standing by. With joyful anxiety. I was getting tired of being Old McDonald. And The Farm. And Kezar up above. Everything was so goddam still. Not even a cackle or a fart from the Farm beasts. Goddam Kezar was up above. Causing this goddam sick silence. Only the sound of the radio on the air. Carrying all over the hushed playground. And up to Kezar. Governor Brown was saying he's "getting sick and tired of all this lawlessness." A rooster tried crowing. He didn't make it. Then The Beatles sang "It's a Hard Day's Night." The disc jockeys were playing it a lot. For the troops up in Kezar, maybe. Full of joyful anxiety.

I left the Farm at 5. The Farm beasts were all dead. Or dying. Ripped and clawed to bits. A snow leopard got them.

FEMALE KING, MALE QUEEN CHOSEN

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Someday all of us will realize that guns endanger the police more than help them.

The information contained herein

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

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is either true or false.

*Hollow Orange*

a new poetry magazine

**Alex Weiss**

THE DIGGERS. IT'S FREE BECAUSE IT'S YOURS. BRING A BOWL AND SPOON. EVERYDAY. 4p.m. AT OAK-ASHBURY PANHANDLE. We are not responsible for our reader's habits.





# BBB

San Francisco - entertainment usa!  
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dancefrolic waitresses/ much too much  
for the MIDWEST & elsewhere

Lights - big blues&greens  
& lots of red & colorful  
people moving here  
makin' good sounds-  
doin' good things-  
from Folkrock to  
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the answer to  
The DetroitSound  
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unfroze the bonds  
of whiteblues to  
jazz to 3rd Stream.  
The best of  
WhiteSoul wedded to  
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producing the fullestsound  
to hit Westerncivilization  
since Beethoven/ roll over  
the chemicalsoul  
sound is here.

BBB's arrangement/  
Cannonball's "Worksong"  
experience wrapped into one  
mike bloomfield & torn  
out thru an electricstringged woman  
with THE Rhythmsection  
& rest of group carressing &  
pulled into existance & exploded  
in the openeared minds of  
this lightagegeneration.

The enrapturement of dark  
mystical blackstreets  
teeming with physical life  
moving to a chemical/  
technological trip.  
With two souls &  
two millionaires  
still a two much  
two much.

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## MOE BOOKS FOR HAIGHT-ASBURY

- A. ALL BEARDS ARE DIRTY.
- B. ALL DIRTY PEOPLE ARE BAD.
- C. LITTLE OLD LADIES NOSES, ALWAYS TELL RIGHT FROM WRONG AND ALWAYS POINT TO HEAVEN.
- D. BOOKREADERS ARE UNDESIRABLES.
- E. BOOKDEALERS HAVEN'T THE CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT UNDER THE 1ST AMENDMENT TO DISSEMINATE LITERATURE.

ANYONE WHO DOESN'T AGREE WITH THE ABOVE PLEASE WRITE :

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Thanks,  
@Moe



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**THE SAN FRANCISCO ORACLE**  
Published fortnightly by:  
The Oracle Cooperative  
Publishing Association  
1534 Haight Street  
San Francisco, Calif.  
-----  
Editors: John Brownson  
George Tsongas  
Cartoons: Phil Normand  
Advertising: Joel Roberts  
Staff: Allen Cohen, Elena Scovil,  
Carrie Clausen, Ron Thelin, Don Hutton,  
Lenny Silverberg, Alec Tsongas, Joanna Brownson.  
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As we can see, a spiritual awareness is attainable not by expanding the consciousness but only by raising it. As we can also see, this cannot be done through a chemical. Some chemicals are impressive because most of us have not risen even to the top of our mental plane before, much less experienced unity of consciousness with others there. Moreover most of us don't know about the higher planes of consciousness. We may have heard the terms but we're by no means hip to what they truly mean. When we find our conscious awareness (for example) suddenly, beautifully, violently soar from our physical body to high up in the seldom or never before experienced upper mental body (the highest we can go from a chemical) we say "Wow! This is the top!" Sure, but the roof of the house is not the sky.

We were all created equal but due to the process of evolution we are not born equal. Now and then, (rarely), we may encounter someone who has evolved much further than we. So much further that his focus of consciousness is in the mental body to begin with. He starts out where we end up when we've gone as far as we can go on something which our physical body can digest or be aware of. If he were to use a chemical link he would either remain "straight", expand, or come down. His consciousness would not rise. Also, of course, if one's level of consciousness is lower than the level on which a certain physical or chemical begins, he would not even get off the ground. He


might be greatly disturbed by the turbulence above but he could not rise with it. It's easy for us to confuse these people, one with the other.

Those even fewer whose consciousness has evolved up into the intuitive body, we at our highest can barely comprehend. They who are of the spiritual consciousness are, to one rising by use of a chemical, literally out of sight.

If you are truly of the new race and not just attracted by the glamour of the "scene", you will, sooner or later arrive at a point when you can no longer refine and raise your consciousness thru use of anything involving activity of your physical body. A point when your consciousness may expand thru chemicals but it can no longer rise. You can express thru your physical vehicle but you no longer "live" in it. Of course what you do about it is your own decision. Just make sure you know which end's up and remember that up is farther than out.

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## Back to Food \*

One of the things that's happening is happening between people and the food they're eating.

What's happened to food was described by a medical doctor speaking at a conference I attended last year with these words: "Eighty per cent of the food in today's supermarkets is unfit for human consumption."

What's happened to people as a result of eating inferior food is that Americans have been starving while they've been getting fat. As the title of a recent book said it, "overfed but undernourished."

So we admit that possibly our food is not quite what nature intended, that this might possibly be connected to the way we feel (or don't feel) and we decide to make some changes. Something happens. That's been described to me with as many different phrases as there are people: "I haven't had a cold in a year," "now there's something left at 5 o'clock," "for the first time I began to like my body," "I came alive," "I may be psyching myself, but I think there's something to this stuff." Well, brother, the man who said you're only what you eat was overstating the case, but I guarantee you we're not psyching ourselves.

What we're doing when we make these changes is introducing the possibility of making discoveries about ourselves. The greater the vitality coursing thru our system, the more we can feel of ourselves. The greater our self-knowledge, the greater our knowledge of others.

We discover that the food processed for the masses by contemporary commercial methods is unsuited to people. Or maybe we just discover that the machine runs better on a better grade of gas.

The things that take us on these nutritional trips are: organically grown foods, natural and unrefined foods, foods new to us (perhaps yogurt or sunflower seeds), food supplements like wheat germ or brewers yeast, raw food diets, vegetarianism, vitamin and mineral pills derived from food sources rather than test tubes. Or, going deeper, the dietary philosophy of Zen Macrobiotics. But whatever the vehicle for the trip and whatever the nature of the discovery, it's real, it's happening --now--to more and more people.

In the future this column will talk about many of the above, also about many things not mentioned--Actually, about anything related to health. I'd like as many suggestions from readers as possible and would like to include many of your letters.

Also, if you know a good name for this space, please don't be bashful. I've been thinking about it for weeks but haven't been able to think of one I could live with thus far.

\* Contributed by:  
A S.F. Health Food Store Opr.

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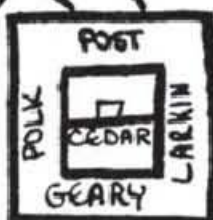
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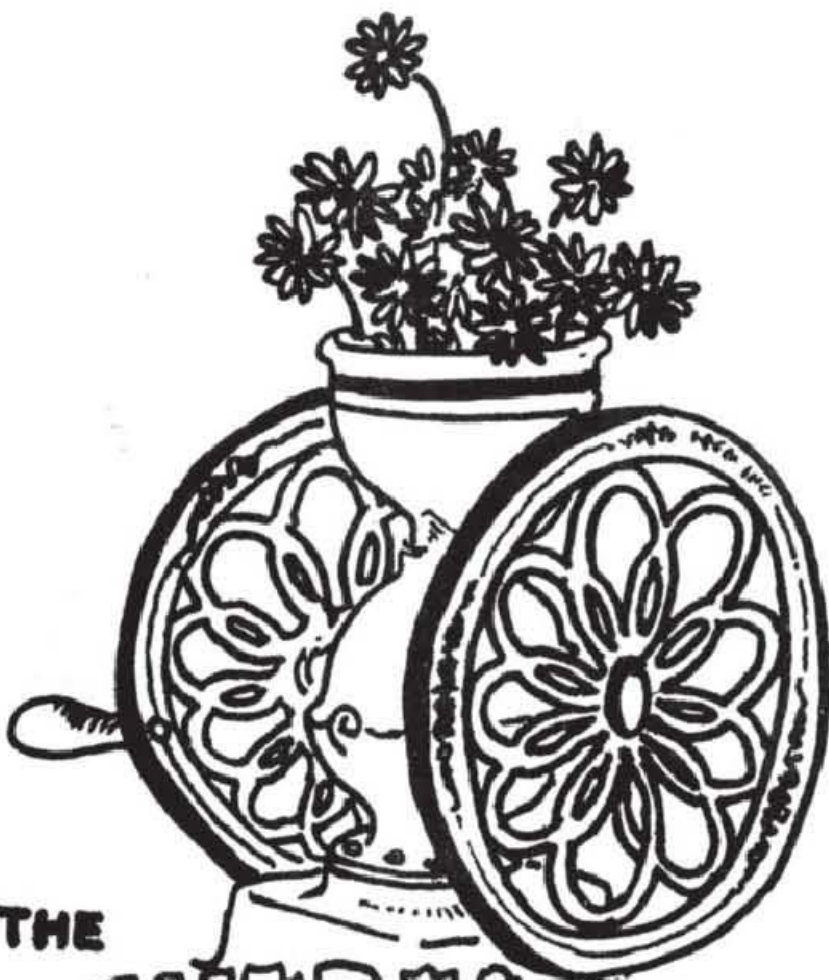
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