WHAT IS A HIPPIE?

It is strange and disturbing to watch the straight community's angry, sometimes violent reaction to the hippies. There are many reasons for this. The principle one is appearance. The hippies dress strangely. They dress this way because they have thrown out a lot of conventional notions about the way the middle class motels out the window and with them the most sensitive middle class dressing down the popular notion. The straight world is a jungle of image, fear, and mortification. People see that jungle and prey on each other mercilessly. Therefore to survive in any jungle requires genuine and frequently painful camouflage of the respectable appearance. The anonymity of middle class dressing is like a flag of truce. It means (how true or not) we're not one of the predators. It is the nature of an assurance of harmlessness. Sometimes violent about it, as in the case of one that great distance to a church book. But you've got to build a future for yourself. If you don't support yourself, you're no one is going to help you. The dir­ ed, lined face argues to the young. "It's a hard world." And poor soul who make us hard, participating in the scramble for material 'security.' Who makes it difficult by insisting that everyone must participate in that scramble or suffer social censure. Listen to the two of those who lecture about the "normal" realities of life. Are they presenting impartial facts? Or do they sound like someone endorsing the doctrine of the "normal"? The conventional folk of our society, the 'normal' people, so called, believe in the rat race. Keeping up with the Joneses is a mandate from God. The requirement of keeping up a respectable front is the principal article of faith.

It has been demonstrated over and over again throughout history by the most possible people that very little is required for happiness. It is the fight for money and possessions that keeps the people who are not capable of anything, and therefore a danger. That danger stems from a mistaken concept of what has been overshadowed by confusion. Why else, I submit, does the Health Depart­ ment of this city have such a tender solicitude about the living conditions of human beings at the Haight when they have ignored the conditions at Hunter's Point, the Mis­ sion and the Fillmore?

Many people cannot understand the hippies rejection of everything that is commonly expected of the individual in­ regard to earning a living and life itself. You see some­ reply out of employment, and the accumulation through the years of pos­ sessions, including the most traditional expressing of the social security for the future. It is precisely this security apprehension, or conventional folk of our society, the 'normal' people, so said, believe in the rat race. Keeping up with the Joneses is a mandate from God. The requirement of keeping up a respectable front is the principal article of faith.

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The trap which I fall into, and into which I gather others, is the trap of a sexual fantasy. I have it in me, everyone else has it in them, it is the trap within the human frame. I am forever falling into this trap, and I have forever found myself going through the same motions that others have gone through before me. I am not alone in this, I am not the only one who has been in this trap. I have been found in it, just like everyone else. I have been found in this trap, just like everyone else. I have been found in this trap, just like everyone else.

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As you drive down Haight Street on a Saturday or Sunday to witness the colorful display of the hippies, you might notice a peculiar sight. There are constantly groups of men wearing uniforms and carrying weapons, walking in a methodical manner. These are the so-called "goon squad," a group of undercover agents detailed out of Central Station.

The goon squad is responsible for carrying out orders that are not always apparent to the general public. They are often seen carrying signs or banners that seem innocuous but are actually part of a larger plan. For example, one common sight is a group carrying signs that say "No War," which is a subtle way of promoting peace and non-violence. These agents are not always easily identified, as they may blend in with the crowd or wear disguises.

The goon squad is also involved in other activities, such as monitoring demonstrations and protests. They are trained to remain calm and collected, even in the face of chaos and disorder. They are often seen standing guard near the front lines of a protest, ready to intervene if necessary.

In conclusion, the goon squad is a hidden force that operates behind the scenes, ensuring that the peace and order of society are maintained. They are a necessary part of the system, but their methods are often shrouded in mystery and secrecy.
Dawn opens the city, and leafing through it
Peers at the line called Haight Street.
A cherub, painted the colors of viscera
Smiles and points, from the vault of heaven
At the lone flower child, huddled in the doorway.
Motionless, and time also still, attends him.

He embedded sits in the icy shadows.
Noon, the eye-blaizing wheeled gold-white lamp
Circling his hidden sleeping face.

His knees drawn up, his arms folded on them
Standing at midday heaven, tossing through it
Peers at the line called Haight Street.
Evening dies gold, then red, the violet in Haight.

At the lone flower child, huddled in the doorway, smiles and points, from the vault of heaven. He had sold his sheets with rust stains and bird droppings.

His doctor insists this is all an hallucination, prompted by my desire for a man. If it were not for our long association, I would have dismissed him immediately. However, he is getting old and I suspect amnesiac. He and Elvira have pleaded with me to at least leave the house and go to some sunny place with many people and occupations to keep me busy. They think I am crazy. Why should I shriek from the battle with Satan? No! I will stay where I am. I will do battle with the Iron Man every night if it means I must be raped nightly for the next twenty years. Ultimately, with the help of God I will triumph, and healed again I will continue my life as a virgin.

Dear Dr. [Name],

I am a respectable woman of middle age. I am not married, having chosen a chaste life. I would not have communicated with you except for the urging of my doctor and his assurance that you are a reputable psychiatrist, and will keep my communications in the strictest confidence.

His assurance that you are a reputable psychiatrist, and I would not have communicated with you except for the urging of my doctor and his assurance that you are a reputable psychiatrist, and will keep my communications in the strictest confidence.

My problem is that I am visited nightly by an iron statue of a naked man who has upon each visit physically violated me. I can assure you that each experience has been a terrible emotional and physical ordeal. Besides, coming out of the night as he does he is terribly cold and takes the longest time to warm up. I have caught my death from him, and any further visits will be the end of me.

I most tell you about his first visit. I had bathed and prepared to retire at eleven as is my usual custom. As I spread the edge of my bed and put on my nightgown I was startled by the sudden bursting open of the french doors leading but to the balcony of my bedroom, which is on the second floor of my house overlooking the moonlit river. He stood, his magnificent chaste body naked, the clean surfaces of his muscular body reflecting the bright moon.
Far down beneath the foam-laced surface of the sea, the green shadowed ruins of Atlantis lie. Past towering columns and vast walls phosphorescent fishes glide, and grotesque octopi lurk in empty shadowed halls. Strange soft lights from mounds and buildings glow, then darken. The world is vast and the sea is high and the stars are many, and the sky is light and the earth is round and the world is whole.

The strange ships sail on subterranean seas, and on the ocean floor, in their huge bulbous bodies, they grow breathing strange perfumes into the air. Shapeless beings brood beneath their leaves.

The world above thought the Atlanteans a myth, and the world above was wrong, gave credit to their doubt. The world above was busy facing hard realities: rockets, cold metal in their silos and on their pads; underground command centers, telltale of vast underground complexes eyes watched great electric lights fuse to share their knowledge and have suspiciously hidden themselves from the rest of the world for so long made the world abdove think.

Across the continents of earth, aramanly lay quiet, for they had been there a long time. tank. They had been doing something wrong a long time, but they had been doing it.
For hitchhikers: It is difficult for persons traveling the freeways to pick you up unless they know generally where you are going. Just fold this page so that the proper destination shows and it may make it easier.

For information as to what is going on in the Haight and for parents wishing to contact their children and for lovers looking for their lost mates: THE ORACLE 387-5375

THE ORACLE
1331 Haight
626-6554
The Haight's Paper of Love

THE DIGGERS
731-9939
901 Cole
Free store, clothing books, crafts, hardware etc. Information Center.

HIP JOB CO-OP
681-0232
842 Cole
Job placement and job clearing Information Center, paper sales, crash pad housing information

THE FREE MEDICAL CLINIC
538 Clayton
431-1714
Open 24 hours a day
Out-patient clinic. Also referrals to professional and service organizations. A truly love project.

THE CRISPICE
A free news media with many faces of love 564-8973 in the afternoons.

COMMUNITY AFFAIRS OFFICE
883-0718
OPEN 6:00
Housing placement services; cheap hotels; boarding house; room mate hook up, etc.

HUCKLEBERRY HOUSE
1 Broderick Street
626-1886
If you are under age and need a place to crash-ok only if you are willing for your parents to know where you are.

THE MAVERICK
Newspaper sales and some information 22 Russ Street 431-4266

NORTH
SOUTH
EAST
If you think love is a gas, get naked... and see how much better it gets.