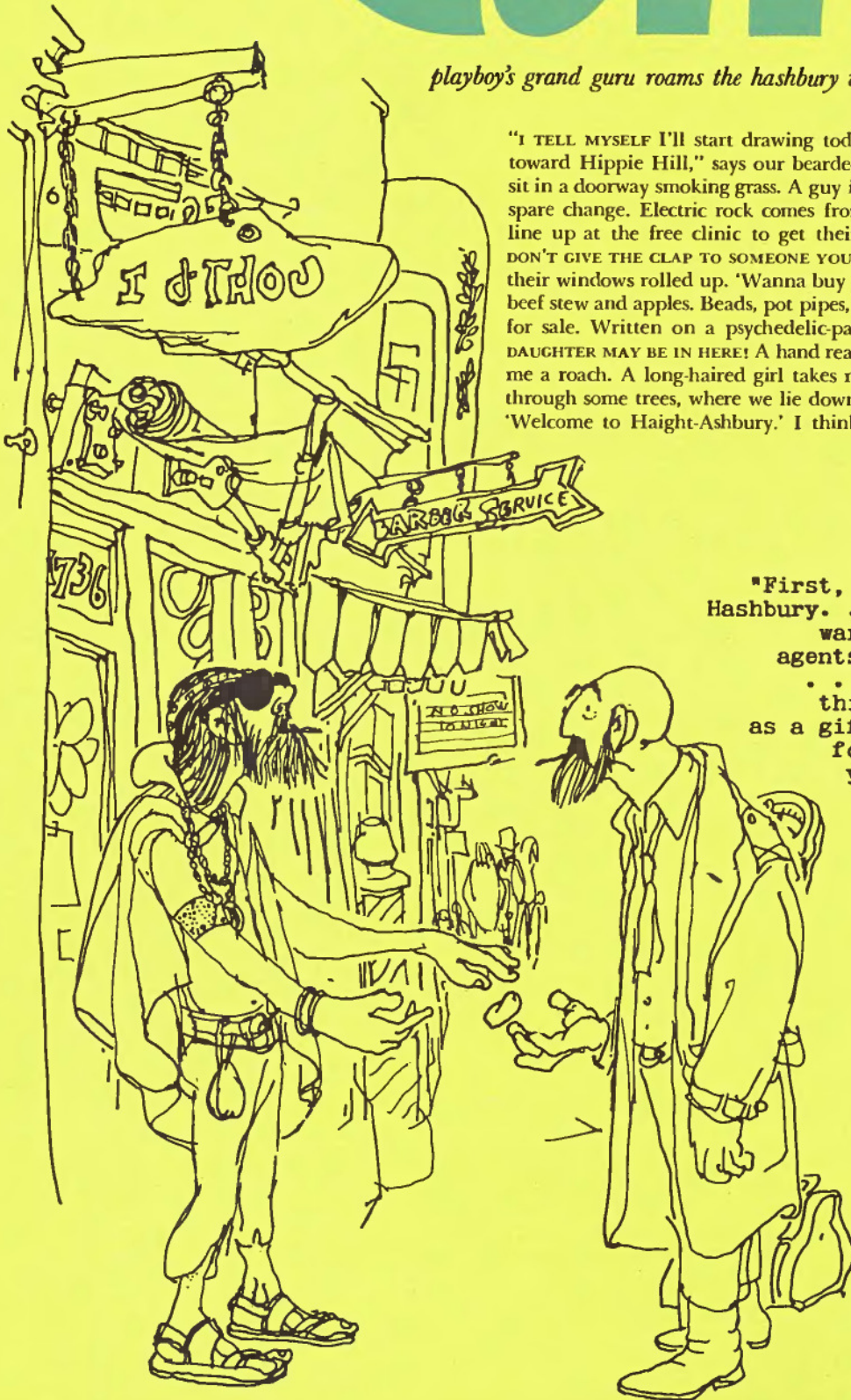


Silverstein *AMONG THE* *Rippies*

playboy's grand guru roams the hashbury with pen and flower in hand

"I TELL MYSELF I'll start drawing today and head down Haight Street toward Hippie Hill," says our bearded Shel Silverstein. "Three people sit in a doorway smoking grass. A guy in a monk's robe asks me for some spare change. Electric rock comes from a basement window. The girls line up at the free clinic to get their birth-control pills—a sign says, DON'T GIVE THE CLAP TO SOMEONE YOU LOVE. The tourists drive by with their windows rolled up. 'Wanna buy a lid?' The Diggers ladle out free beef stew and apples. Beads, pot pipes, posters, underground newspapers for sale. Written on a psychedelic-painted truck, DON'T LAUGH, YOUR DAUGHTER MAY BE IN HERE! A hand reaches out of some bushes and gives me a roach. A long-haired girl takes my hand and leads me up a path through some trees, where we lie down. Afterward, she smiles and says, 'Welcome to Haight-Ashbury.' I think I'll wait and draw tomorrow."

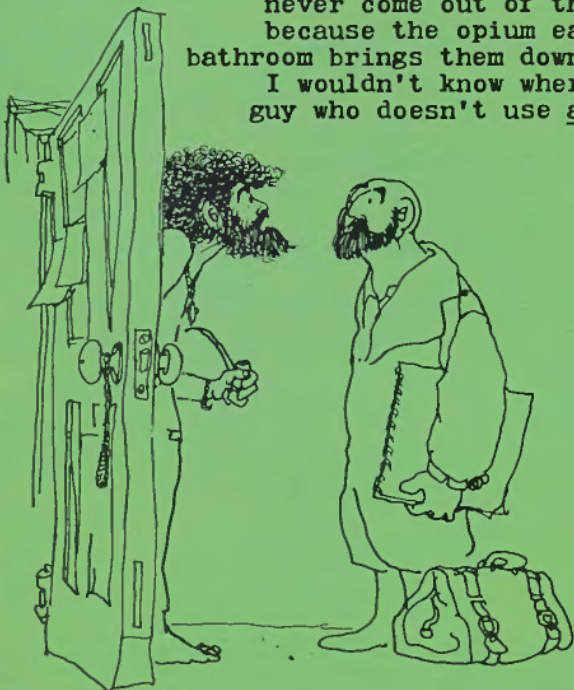
"First, let me welcome you to Hashbury. . . . Secondly, let me warn you about narcotics agents—they're everywhere. . . . Thirdly, let me lay this lid of grass on you as a gift of love. . . . And, fourthly, let me inform you that you are under arrest!"



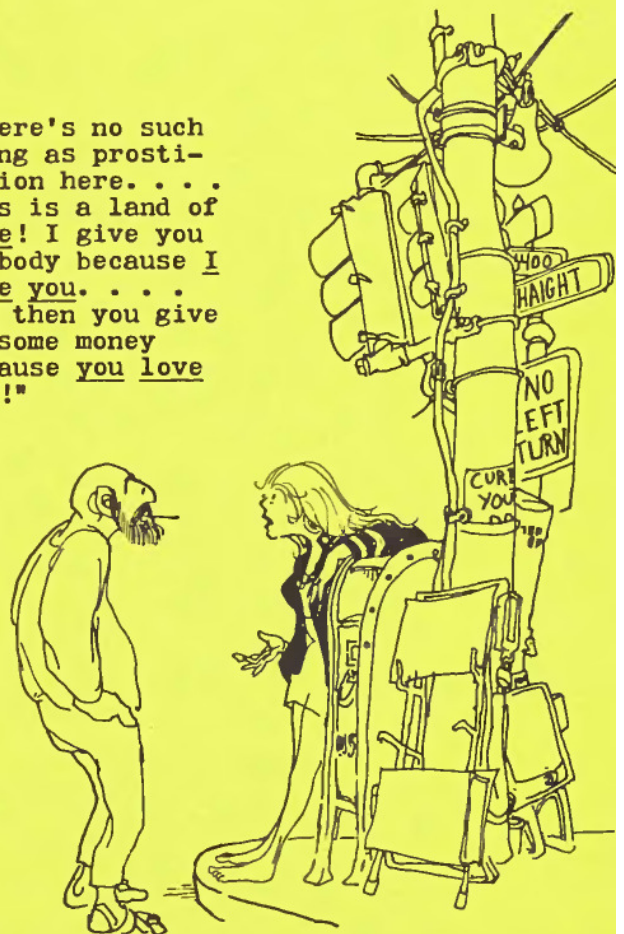
"Of course, there's a lot more to see in San Francisco than just Haight-Ashbury. There are the opium dens of Chinatown . . . the pot parties on Telegraph Hill . . . and there's Fisherman's Wharf, which is a gas when you're tripping on acid....!"



"Gee, Shel, I'd invite you to stay in our commune, but I'm already sharing my bedroom with four pot smokers. . . . We keep away from the living room, because it's full of speed freaks who are very paranoid about the two smack junkies living in the closet. . . . And the acid heads never come out of the kitchen, because the opium eater in the bathroom brings them down. . . . So I wouldn't know where to put a guy who doesn't use anything!!"

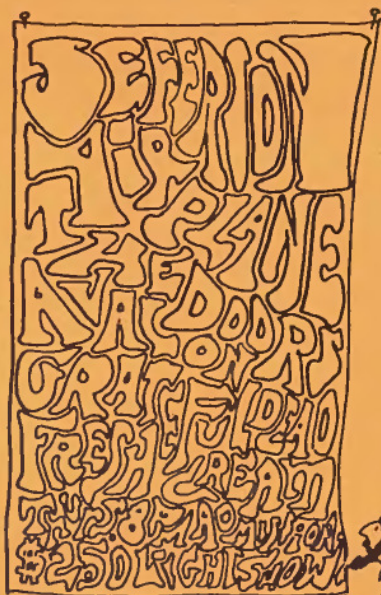


"There's no such thing as prostitution here. . . . This is a land of love! I give you my body because I love you. . . . And then you give me some money because you love me!!"

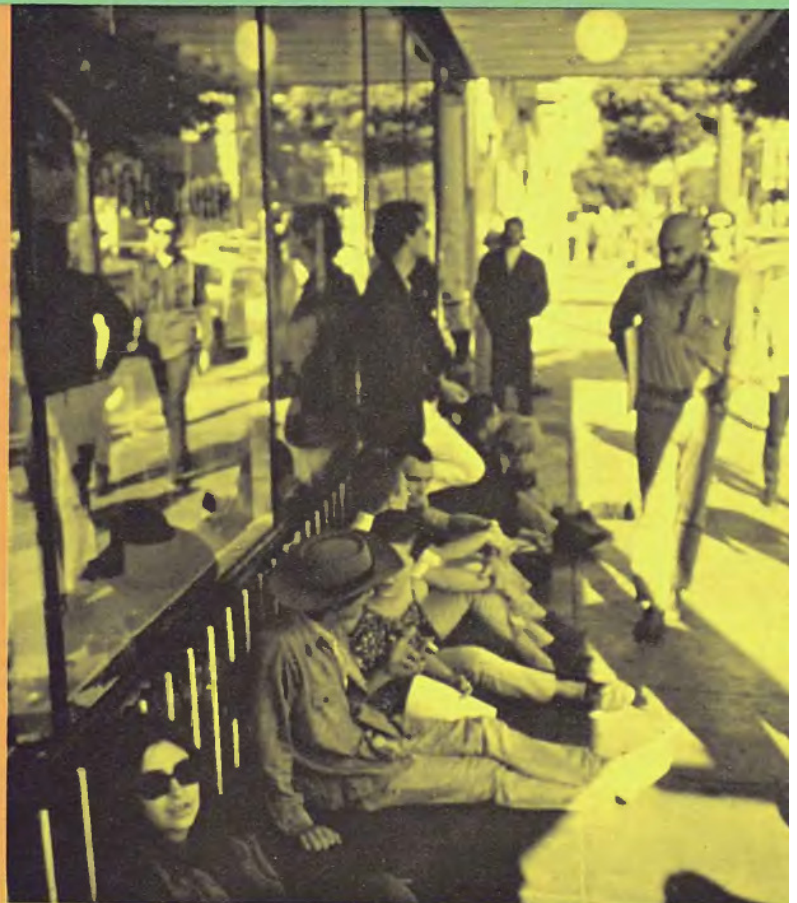




"Well, I guess this destroys the myth about hippies never bathing!!!"



"It's almost a perfect
psychedelic poster . . .
except I can still read
three of the words!"



Silverstein sizes up the panhandlers in front of the Drag Store on the Boulevard of Brotherly Love (Haight Street to nongroovers).



"Well, first we pass around a whatchamacallit . . . and get everybody to sign it . . . and then we take it to the . . . uh . . . the House of Whoeverthey-are . . . and get them to pass a . . . y' know . . . and then we show that to the . . . uh . . . the . . . uh. . . ."



"You see, our world is linked to music. This sitar is over one hundred years old. It's made of Indian cedar, and the neck is inlaid with black pearl, and trimmed in hammered silver. . . . The pegs are hand-carved ivory, and the strings have a history of. . . ."

"But you can't play it!"

"Man, you don't understand. This sitar is over one hundred years old. It's made of Indian cedar, and. . . ."



Shel, blowing recorder, joins friend Tony Price, on flute, and sow-playing Golden Gate Pork regular for a musical session.

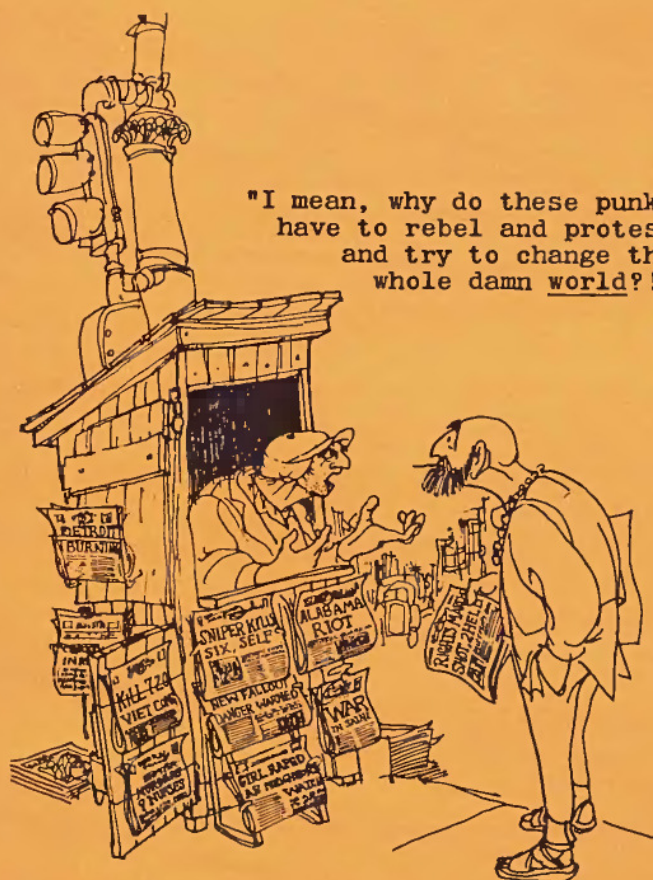
"Sure, it's kind of lonely for me here. But I usually meet Frank, the barber, for coffee in the morning—he doesn't have much to do either. . . . And most afternoons we go over and play cards with Ed Swenson in his shoe store. . . ."



Temporarily abandoning sketchbook and clothes, Shel applies his artistic talents to a hippie body-pointing party.



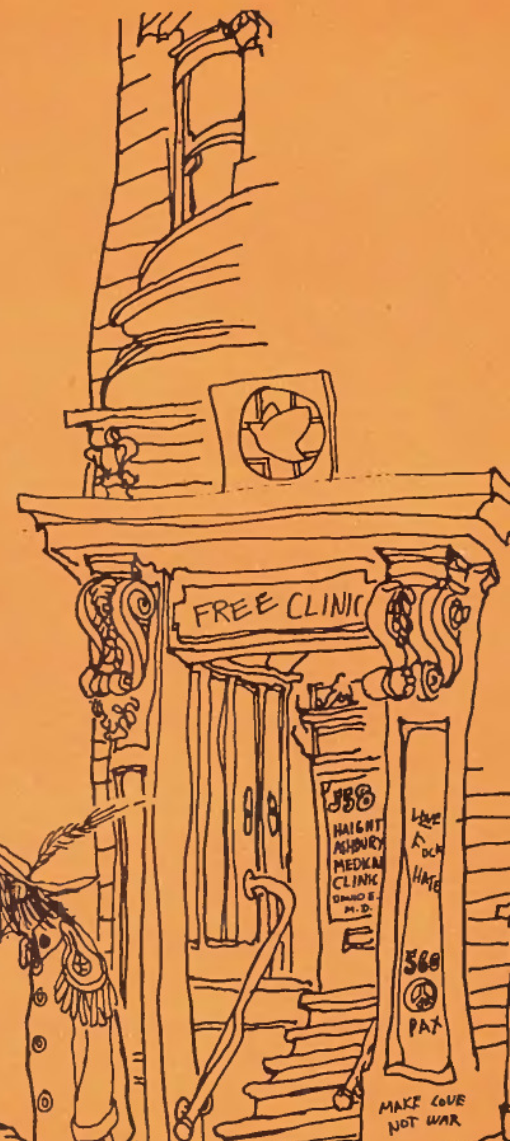
"I mean, why do these punks have to rebel and protest and try to change the whole damn world?!"





"Isn't it groovy living together like this—free from the middle-class conventions and obligations of marriage! Listen, supper won't be ready for another twenty minutes, so why don't you take out the garbage and go pick up the laundry and, oh, yes, stop by the grocer's and get some coffeecake—I've invited Francine and Bill to come over later and watch television."

"Well, sure . . . lots of hippies have cars. I need a car. I mean, how else would I be able to get home weekends. . . . Not that I want to go home, but that's the only way I can get my allowance, man. . . . I mean, not that I want an allowance, but how else could I pay the rent on a seven-room apartment. . . . Not that I. . . ."



"Well, what did the doctor say—?"

"He says I got it—!"

"Gee, that's too bad."

"Yeah, and if I got it, that means Betty's got it—!"

"Hey, if Betty's got it, then Claude probably has it—!"

". . . Well, if he's got it, then Diane undoubtedly has it—!"

"Jesus Christ! Diane?!"

"What's the matter?"

"I got it."

NEXT MONTH: MORE OF
SILVERSTEIN AMONG THE HIPPIES