

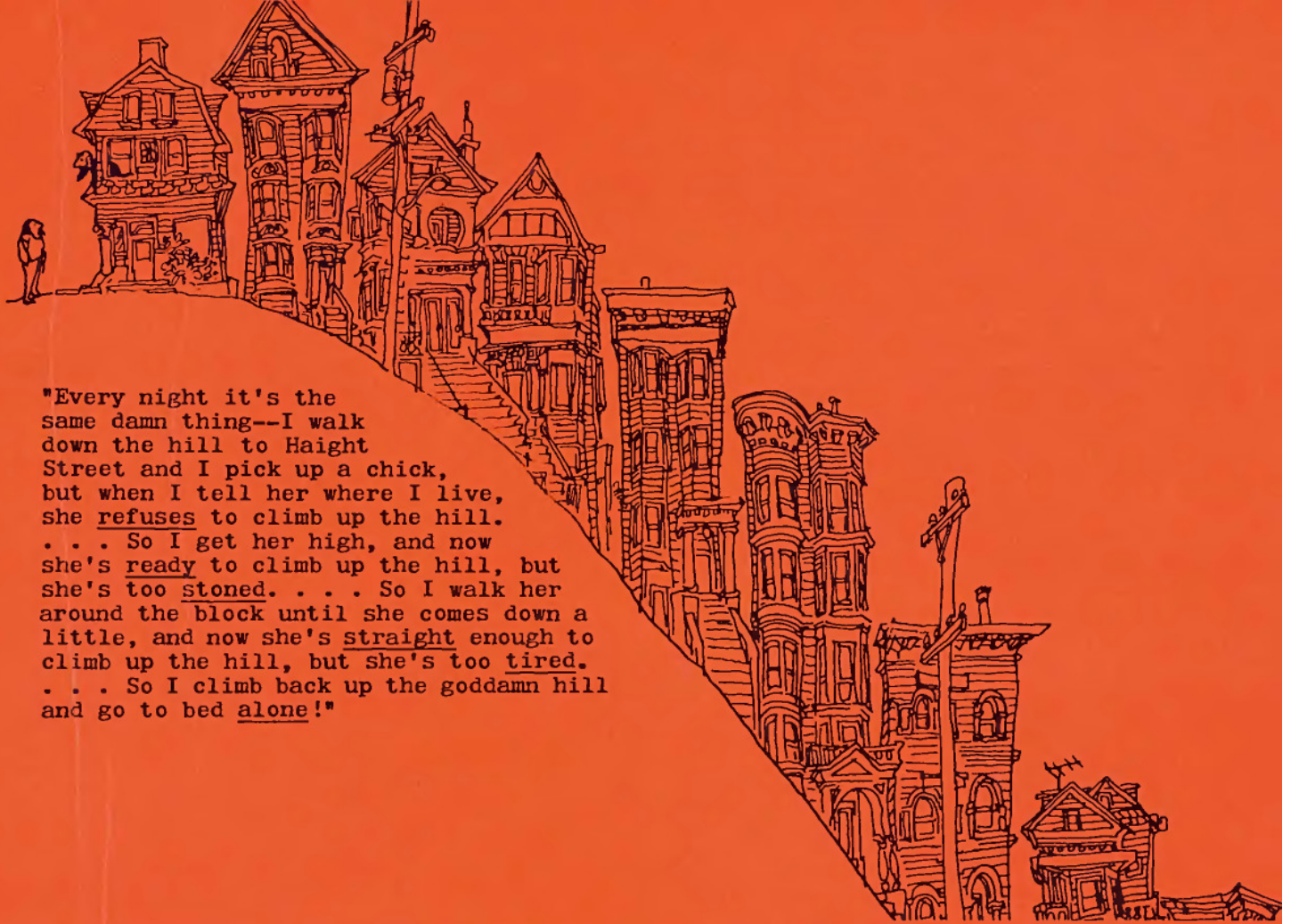


MORE Silverstein *Among the Hippies*

the further adventures of truth seeker shel in darkest hashbury

"A GUY IN A BLANKET panhandles on the corner with a sign, IT'S DEBBIE'S BIRTHDAY—HELP ME GET HER HIGH," Shel reports, recalling his Hashbury highlights. "The other night, some guys sneak into the zoo, shoot a buffalo, drag it out, and the Diggers have meat for their free food line. A beaded girl takes me home, makes 'like' to me and never speaks a word. An old man on a soapbox: 'You've tried pot, you've tried LSD—now how about giving Jesus Christ a chance?' And everyone talks about the 'death of the hippies' and they stage a hippie funeral and some people who were just sitting in doorways getting stoned march to the park carrying a giant coffin, and they set it on fire and do a dance around it and everybody says, 'Well, the hippie thing is dead.' And then they all go back to Haight Street and sit back in the doorways and start getting stoned again. And the funeral is over, but the corpse is still grooving."

"Well, if you just want to take our picture, it will cost you a quarter. . . . If you want a picture of us rolling a joint and getting high, that will cost you a dollar. . . . And for five dollars, we'll call a cop over while we're smoking and you can get a great shot of us being busted!!"



"Every night it's the same damn thing--I walk down the hill to Haight Street and I pick up a chick, but when I tell her where I live, she refuses to climb up the hill. . . . So I get her high, and now she's ready to climb up the hill, but she's too stoned. . . . So I walk her around the block until she comes down a little, and now she's straight enough to climb up the hill, but she's too tired. . . . So I climb back up the goddamn hill and go to bed alone!"



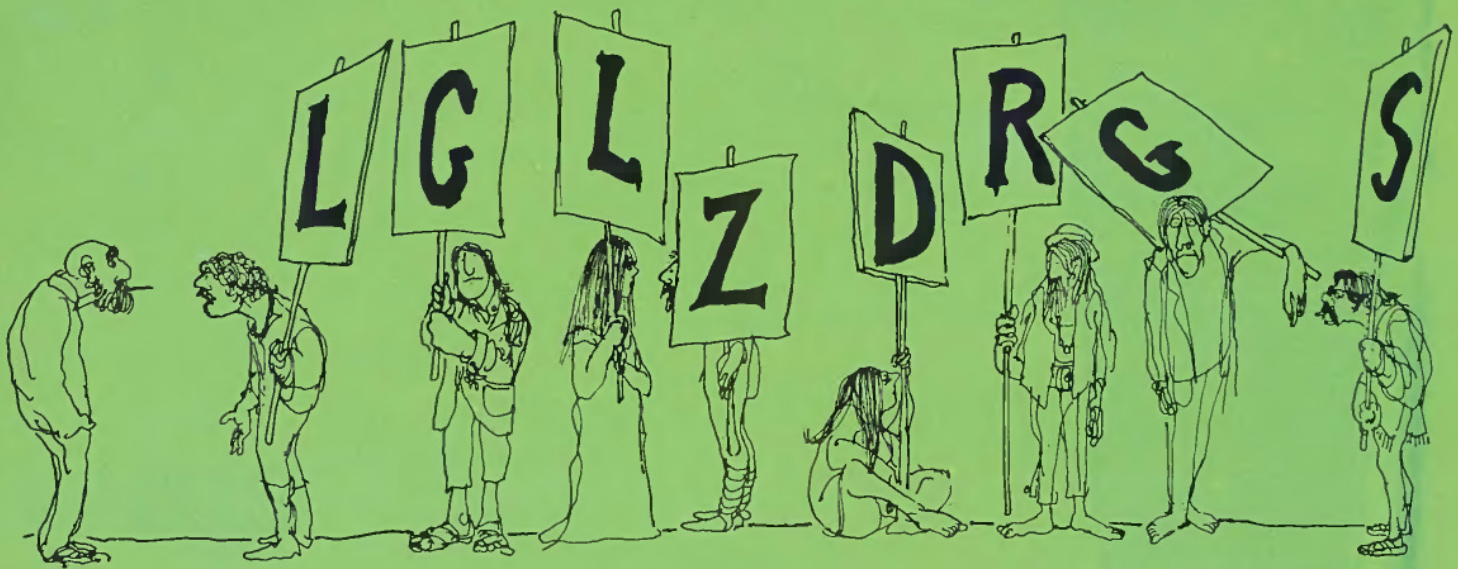
"Hey, man, didn't I meet you in Paris during the expatriate scene?"

"No, but maybe we met in Greenwich Village during the beatnik scene."

"Yeah, I was there . . . and I think I also used to see you in Big Sur during. . . ."

"Independence--that's why these kids come here--to escape from their parents and establish their independence! And we Diggers help them--we give them free food! . . . And the Free Store gives them free clothes! . . . And the Free Clinic gives them free medical care! . . . And. . . ."

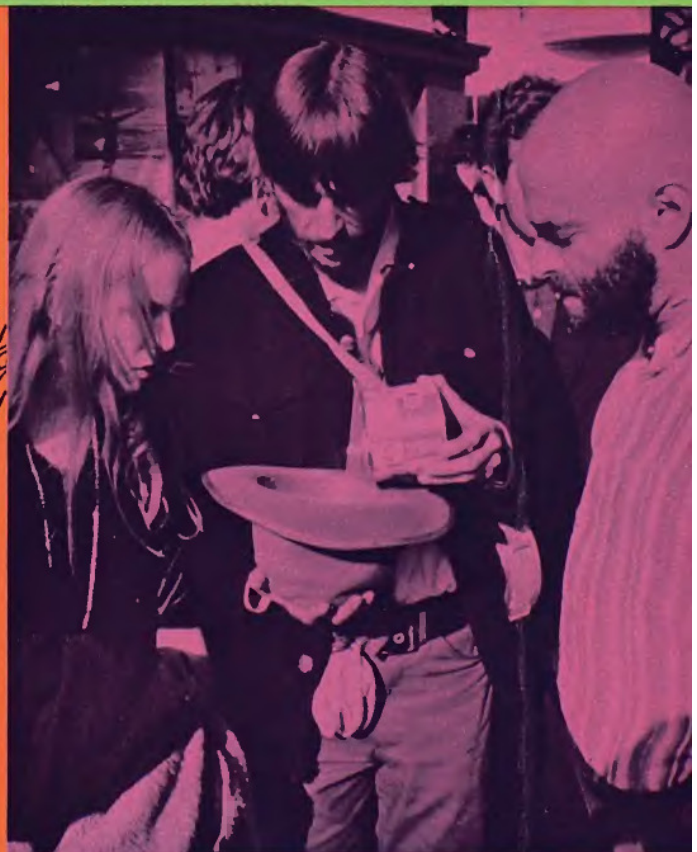




"It was supposed to say 'LEGALIZE DRUGS' . . . but E is out trying to score, A and I are on an acid trip, the other E just got busted, and U was simply too strung out to show up!"



"I'm doing this as a statement of independence, a rebellion against my parents and a protest against outdated puritanical morality. Why are you doing it?"



Silverstein looks on as Haight resident passes the hat for mind-blowing donations to be doled out to the needy.



"Sure, they shout about the freedom of going barefoot-- but they don't shout about the broken glass, and the dog shit, and the. . . ."

". . . And while you were out all night getting high, did you ever think about your wife and children waiting for you here at home . . . did you ever consider bringing a little something home with you, so that we could get high, too?! Oh, no . . . !"



With swinging teeny-bopper friend, Shel plugs into the Fillmore Auditorium's high-voltage electric-rock scene.

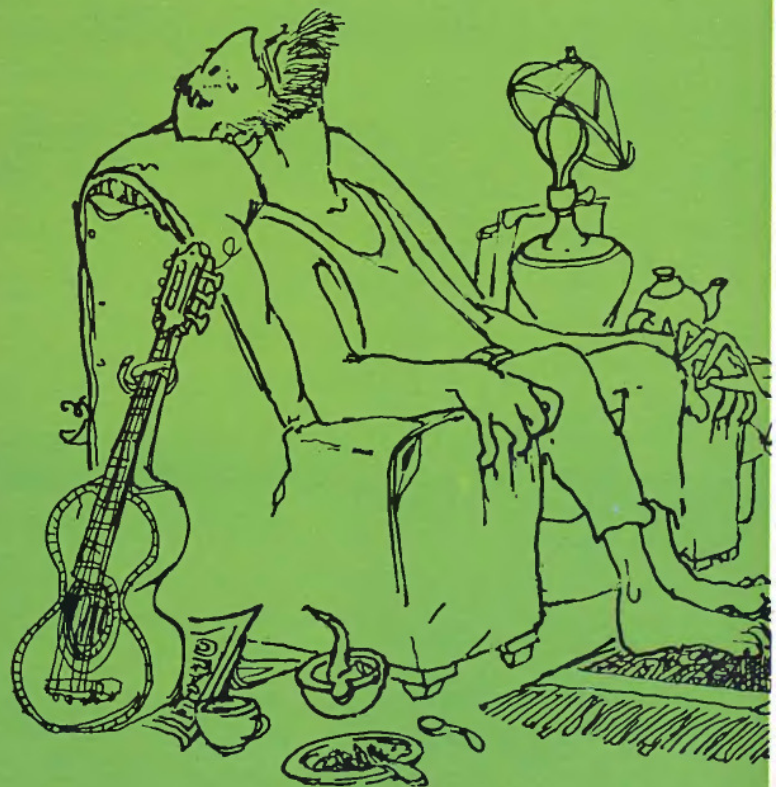
"Long hair is hard to manage
 . . . earrings are expensive . . .
 shawls are uncomfortable
 . . . beads are a bother . . . !
 Sometimes I wish I'd been
 born a girl!"



Silverstein hangs out with sun-grooving nature children
 at the Morningstar Ranch just outside of San Francisco.



"Shel--you're wearing a blanket!
 Now you're one of us--liberated
 from the senseless restrictions
 of clothing, no longer governed
 by the inane rules of
 fashion . . . ! Of course, it is
 a little too short . . . and it's
 the wrong color . . . and. . . ."

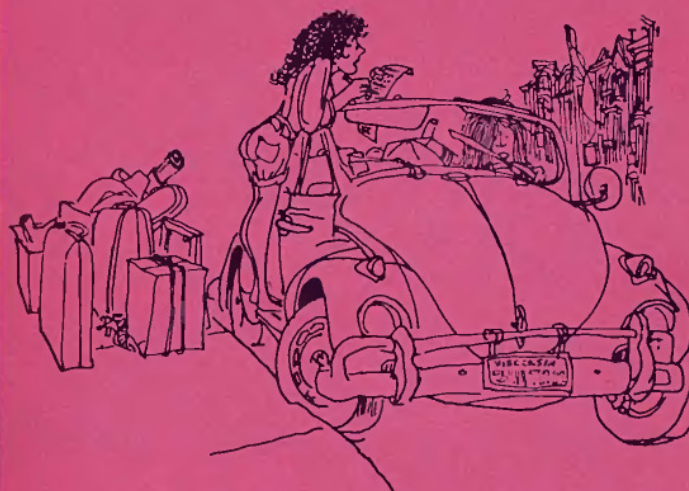


"Sure, I can feel it, but I don't think it's affecting my drawing style!!"



"Oh, Shel, what a beautiful day! We'll take some Dexi to get us going . . . smoke some pot to make breakfast taste better . . . then we'll take that acid trip I've been promising you . . . and tonight we'll sniff coke to help us make love . . . and take some Seconal. . . ."

"But I didn't mean to go to bed with him, Shel--I was standing in the psychedelic shop, when he walked up and showed me his 'LSD' button, so I showed him my 'Better Living Through Chemistry' button, then he showed me his 'Get Out of Vietnam' button, so I showed him my 'Make Love, Not War' button, and then he showed me his 'Let's Fornicate for Freedom' button and I didn't have any button to reply, so I didn't know what else to do . . . !"



"OK, let's check the list. Let's see. . . . Smoke pot--check. . . . Take LSD trip--check. . . . Go to a love-in--check. . . . Panhandle in the street--check. . . . Join a protest movement--check. . . . Get arrested--check. All right, Susie, I guess we can go back to Milwaukee now!"