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 is 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.
Dear Illice:

I'll be in New York October 6th and so can't join the Oracular Demonstration. But the word Demon-stration should be defined for purposes of the parade as the freeing of Certain Demons and the exorcising 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, considered by 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 minority 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 the Ascension of Buddha on the grass. We can't join the evil Demons, especially in Evil Demons, especially in

Yours for the unrestricted future Erasure of Consciousness. Let there be

Point.

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Point.
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 --WOW --git," another voice from with-in, 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 an angry u-turn, & with 5 gunbarrels poked out its window of a young long haired, bearded man & city buses. The cops weren't looking & laughing--others joined in, and the normal night time Haight Street sounds were heard again.

By 8:05 a fire engine w/ siren blasting roared up Haight street. To about 200 children, hippies & just bystanders. At 8:05 a fire engine w/ sirens blasting raced up Haight street. 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 PROTEST MEETING: 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 Grateful 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 Masonic 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 cymbals, tinkle and toot, and all that--merry men--amn niggers, or Crazy Jane hats bobbing madly in the afternoon sunshine.

The FBI agent held his flowers behind his back, and a handful of real estate men standing near him all stared at their shoes when a slim girl approached 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 Wohlau--Haight-Ashbury Settlement House founder, full-time hospital clerk & painter:

CONT. p. 10
Flute Bell Flower Joy

"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 Flowers 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."

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.


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, FEUX D'ARTISSE,
INAUGURATION OF THE PLACED DE TOME, K. AMER,
WHERE YA" BEEN KEARDEN,
AND DJ JULI
AND MAGICAL SOUNDS
THU. OCT. 23, THE BRIG,
JONAS MEKAS
JONAS IN THE BRIG
PEYOTE QUEEN, ML HIRSCH
AT 1563 PAGE
ARMENIAN HALL

JUKE BOX 1483 HAIGHT STREET
9 to 2 nightly - Sunday open session 4:30 to 11
The King in his Counting-House. Find the Queen, the Maid, and the Blackbird.

The Lion and the Unicorn. Find the Unicorn.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Look for the answers in the next issue.
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 orangutans.

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.

THE WILD COLORS

A CREATIVE OUTLET
POTTERY-JEWELRY-WEAVING
DRAWINGS-COLLAGE
PAINTING-SCULPTURE
PRINTS-PILLOWS & OTHER OBJECTS
OF BEAUTY TO DELIGHT THE EYE
AND ENTRANCE THE MIND

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.

POSTSCRIPT: AFTER THE RIOT

The information contained herein is either true or false.

FREE FOOD: AT OAK-ASHBURY PANHANDLE.
4 p.m. EVERYDAY. BRING A BOWL AND SPOON.
IT'S FREE BECAUSE IT'S YOURS.
THE DIGGER S.

Hollow Orange

a new poetry magazine

Alex Weiss
San Francisco - entertainment usa!
Big rocksound breakthru/ topless
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
thing~
from Folkrock to
SanFranciscoSound/
the answer to

American Jazzform
ButterfieldBluesBand
at Winterland &
Fillmore
unfroze the bonds
of whiteblues to
jazz to 3rd Stream.
The best of
WhiteSoul wedded to
the ElectronicAge &
producing the fullestsound
to hit Westerncivilization
since Beetoven/ roll over
the chemicalsoul
sound is here.
'B'B's
arrangement/
Cannonball's
"Worksong"
experience wrapped into one
mike
blo9mfield ·
& torn
out thru an electricstringed 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 - millionairs
still a two much
two much.

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two much.
As we can see, a spiritual awareness is attainable not be 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 they are 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 begin with. He's risen even to the top of our mental plane before, much less experienced consciousness but only by raising it. As we must be aware of. If he were, we would not even get off the ground. He cannot be expanding the consciousness he would either remain "straight", expand, or come down. His consciousness would not rise, go on something 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, on raising 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 where 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.

Ambrose J. Hollingworth
Mr. Zion Hospital
MOD AT MINASIDKA
1510 HAIGHT STREET
SAN FRANCISCO 94117
863-9805

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 happening 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. For example, "he 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 the 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), foods supplements like wheat germ or brewers yeast, raw food diats, 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, those even fewer who, like 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.

AS OSCAR WILDE FOUND ALFRED, AS GERTRUDE STEIN FOUND ALICE, I TOO WISH TO FIND YOU. 626-5732

We are not responsible for our reader's habits.