



The Green Rebellion

Notes on the Life and Times of American Hippies

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and

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In 399 B.C. Socrates was put to death by the order of the Athenian government. His crime? Corrupting the youth of the city. The proof? Why, no proof was needed. The young people of Athens were behaving disgracefully.

They were questioning the old ways, doubting the old mores; even the nature of the Gods was being debated in the streets. They questioned the basis for the ongoing Peloponnesian war. Many were neglecting their habits of dress and grooming in emulation of the aging scholar, and some were even scornful of the finery of the time. Many were defiant of their parents and their teachers, quoting all manner of foolishness that they called "philosophy," and posing questions about life, human nature, and Greek society that would have been embarrassing if they were not so obviously impertinent.

In short, among a growing group of young people (many of them from good families too) a most improper rebelliousness was to be found—and this in wartime, when patriotism was of the essence if Athens was to prevail against her enemies. And who was to blame? Obviously, the progressive educator. And so it was that Socrates was forced to drink the hemlock. There have been those who have wanted to exterminate Socratic educators ever since, because they seem to foment rebelliousness among the youth of the day by teaching them to question everything.

Regardless of who is to be blamed (the returns are still coming in) it is clear that rebellion is afoot among the younger generation in America today, just as it has been in every generation since and before the Golden Age of Pericles. As always, the rebels represent a minority whose influence transcends its size or its political and material power. And, as always, the rebellion embraces elements that are timeless, and other elements that reflect the great issues of the day.

A society as complex, variegated, and transitional as the United States in 1967 could hardly expect the architecture of its current rebellion to show a monolithic sameness. Rather, there are several rebellions going on at once. Three of them are having a shocking impact on the American consciousness. These three rebellions here are called the Red, the Black, and the Green.

The Red Rebellion refers to what has been called the New Left. This is a loose confederation of individuals and organizations that have in common a militantly activist drive to institute sweeping if not revolutionary reforms and changes in the government. The movement is labelled "Red" only because of the halo effect from the traditional color of bolshevism and the Internationale as seen by my generation. Actually, the voice of today's Underground Press reveals that the New Left has little use for ancient organizations like the American Communist Party (most of whose members are over 30 if not over 60). However, since their foes will inevitably call them Red, they may

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The Black Rebellion refers to what the community at large discerns as the Negro Revolt in its more strenuous manifestations. Actually it is a sweeping change in the orientation and behavior of the Negro younger generation, representing as much a rebellion against the compromises and traditions of the Negro older generation as against the white world. Here no poetry is required; the movement calls itself Black with great pride.

The Hippies make up the Green Rebellion. The color, from our brush, symbolizes its love of nature ("flower children"), its verdantly ingenuous ideals, and, of course, its "grass."

The similarities among the three rebellions are superficial; the differences run deep and are immensely significant. The Red Rebellion is political, theoretical, intellectual, and radical. The Black Rebellion is economic, social, racial, and activist. The Green Rebellion is cultural, religious, mystical, and (of all things) pharmacological.

The participants in all three groups don costumes quite different from the accepted garb of their parents: old clothes, quaint garments, colorful motley, or the raiment of far-off lands and times; battered sandals, outlandish boots, or nothing at all on their feet. They sport strange decorations, cabalistic artefacts, beads, bells, pins, labels, signs and badges with messages bearing many meanings. And withall they favor a hirsute atavism that suggests at best the elegantly bearded Renaissance, at most beatific the unbarbered Bible, and at worst the hairy Pleistocene.

All three rebellions scorn the appurtenances of affluence but for different reasons. The Red Rebels seem to pledge sartorial allegiance to an historical and political symbol: the masses of the proletariat (now more often simply called the poor and underprivileged); button-down collars are for the bourgeois. Some Black Rebels wear old clothes because that's all they possess; others, who enjoy better economic fortune, wear overalls as a socio-economic symbol of racial solidarity. But the dress of the Green Rebels is symbolically spiritual: old for the rejection of materialism and of selfish affluence; colorful for the joy of psychedelic self-realization; and exotically trans-cultural for the oneness of mankind and the appreciation of truths and insights to be found in a variety of religions all around the world.

Again, all three rebellions oppose the military involvement of the United States in Vietnam. The Reds are against it for historically political reasons ("Imperialism, colonialism"). The Blacks are against it for socio-economic reasons ("A white racist war that squanders resources needed to correct ghetto conditions at home"). The Greens are against it, as they are against all strife and violence, for spiritual reasons ("Love is what's happening, man; like, it's nowhere to go around killing people!").

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that formerly constituted the American political Left. But the hippies are something new, and something else. The Green Rebellion is a fast-growing new species of hybrid flowering plant, with shallow but numerous roots among the older Bohemias, the beatniks, the surf set, the shadow campuses, the folk-rock followers, the God-is-dead mourners, the school dropouts and college dropouts and church dropouts and establishment dropouts, and the lotus eaters—users of hash, speed, mescaline, STP, LSD, and pot.

The upsurge of hippiedom achieved sufficient direction, identity, and phenomenological consistency to be termed a rebellion about three years ago. The "hippie" label was then just beginning to be differentially applied. There were only a few gathering-places: New York City's lower side slum neighborhood called The East Village (because of its latitudinal relationship to the older Bohemia of Greenwich Village); the Sunset Strip area of Los Angeles with its special non-alcoholic hangouts for teen-agers; and the Haight-Ashbury neighborhood of San Francisco. In the summer and fall of 1966 it was "The Hashbury" that emerged as the fountainhead of hippiedom. In twelve short months, the Green Rebellion spread like the pollen of its own grass, borne on the bosom of the prevailing westerly winds from San Francisco Bay across the land and even across the Atlantic, and fertilized by the ubiquitous media, hot and cool.

When the senior author went to the San Francisco Bay area on a year's fellowship at Stanford's Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences beginning September 1966, one of his first extracurricular activities involved going into the Haight-Ashbury district to find a fifteen-year-old runaway upper-class boy. Living in a hippie pad, the boy was already deeply identified with the movement. This and subsequent expeditions led to an understanding of, and interest in, the remarkable subculture that was rapidly developing there, and in the months that followed a number of phenomena were observed at first hand.

The Diggers, an anonymous group of service-motivated hippies primarily concerned with feeding the hungry, was established. A hippie organization called The Switchboard came into being as a communications center to enable outsiders to contact people living in the Haight-Ashbury who could not otherwise be located. The Flame, a hippie-run employment agency, was organized to make it easier for them and others in the Haight-Ashbury district to find paid work that might suit them. And the Free Medical Clinic opened. The clinic was organized and for a time largely staffed by hippies and hippie sympathizers aware of the high rate of illness in the Haight-Ashbury. Venereal disease, hepatitis, malnutrition, bronchitis, and drug reactions were endemic, while the sufferers—especially newcomers—often avoided the usual medical channels for fear of bringing their illegal use of drugs to the attention of the authorities.

A series of extraordinary hippie-sponsored gatherings began with the First Human Be-In at the Golden Gate Park in January 1967. This and its successors were characterized by widespread expressions of love and brotherhood, the sharing of appreciation for the beautiful setting, the music (often provided free by hippie-sympathizing

rock and roll groups), and the gleeful delight of smoking marijuana in the company of thousands doing the same thing under circumstances that virtually ensured safety from police harassment or arrest.

In June of 1967, it became clear that if more detailed observations were to be made it would be necessary to establish a semi-permanent observation post within the Haight-Ashbury district. A typical large apartment, or pad, was obtained, cleaned, disinfected, and humbly but suitably furnished and decorated with posters, flowers, and paint. For the next six months an ongoing program of intensive interdisciplinary study into the life and times of the hippies was undertaken.

At full strength during the summer months, when a substantial influx of young people (some 30,000 from all over the country) inundated the Haight-Ashbury, the team consisted of a program director (Dr. West), a child psychiatrist and co-director who was on the scene full-time (Dr. Allen), a graduate student in cultural anthropology (Reed College and Oxford), a graduate student in psychology (Stanford), a recent college graduate in humanities (Goddard), a pre-medical student (Brandeis), an undergraduate in photography and graphic arts (San Francisco State College), and an undergraduate in behavioral sciences (Stanford).

The group addressed itself particularly to (1) the structure of the hippie subculture; (2) patterns of drug use and abuse; (3) acute drug intoxications (delirious reactions, dissociative reactions, "bad trips," etc.); (4) long term complications of drug use including subtle personality changes, habit deterioration, and alterations of intellectual capability; (5) teen-age runaways and "teeny boppers"; (6) sexual problems including promiscuity, venereal disease, perversions, and illegitimacy; and (7) intergroup conflict and violence. This work involved the cooperation of health agencies, the chief of police, the fire commissioner, the housing commissioner, and social and behavioral scientists from other institutions including Stanford University, the University of California Medical Center, and Mount Zion Hospital in San Francisco.

The Haight-Ashbury district proved to be an interesting laboratory for observations concerning a wide variety of phenomena. It is a neighborhood in flux, comprising about 70 percent Negro inhabitants. Like many other metropolitan neighborhoods it has been changing rapidly. Landlords have been functioning more and more on an absentee basis and neglecting their property. As the desirability of the neighborhood for white middle-class dwellers diminished, relatively large houses (more or less dilapidated) became available at reasonable rents.

The first hippies moving into this area were a small group of people (not all of them young) who were deeply philosophical and pursued eccentric religious ideals. Some had evolved out of the beatnik group of San Francisco's North Beach which, like Greenwich Village, had become less desirable for the new Bohemians. Tourists had come to consider North Beach a must. Hard on the heels of the tourists came the petty crooks, hawkers, pitchmen, prostitutes, topless entertainers, bars, dance halls, restaurants, and other commercial enterprises, all of which made North Beach progressively less desirable for the bearded thinkers, their friends, and their families. The same process is already at work on Haight Street.

The Negroes already in the Haight-Ashbury neighborhood were initially surprised, then amused, then annoyed, and finally deeply alarmed and concerned with the rapid hippie influx. It was hard for them to understand why a group of middle-class and upper-class young white men and women should be drawn to their shabby neighborhood. The threat to the Negroes increased as the ranks of the hippies swelled with converts and sympathizers from nearby San Francisco State College, and a growing number of Bay area dropouts of all ages (many of whom became hippies virtually as a matter of religious conversion). There was a greater competition for housing. The colorful world of psychedelphia was turning their neighborhood into a round-the-clock street carnival. Growing numbers of curious tourists and gawkers created traffic jams. Prices began to rise. Furthermore, the flamboyant use of illegal drugs (particularly marijuana and lysergic acid diethylamide or LSD) was attracting a steady increase of police activity.

Racially mixed couples in the neighborhood (mostly Negro men with white wives) found that the uneasy stability of their situation was being shaken by the easy and loving ways of the hippies, with whom these couples in fact had nothing whatsoever in common. But it was the Negro youth, especially those participating in the Black Rebellion, who became particularly antagonistic toward the hippies. These young people are espousing a black racism based in part upon their own stereotypes of the white establishment. Along come the hippies who don't fit such stereotypes and who greet the suspiciousness and rejection by the young Negroes with insufferable loving-kindness.

The Negroes do not view the willingness by hippies to live in their neighborhood as a sign of egalitarian acceptance. As one young militant Negro leader put it, "These cats come down here and live like they are poor—maybe even panhandle on the streets—and act like they've got even less than we have; but man, any time they get tired of it they can shave and shower and hop a bus and before you know it there is 'welcome home, baby' out in the lily white suburbs, and then they can talk about how they lived for a while in a slum."

Most important, perhaps, is the conflict in direction of movement between the two rebellions, Black and Green. The Blacks see a world of affluence and material possessions that are the desiderata of the culture. Basically they accept the values of that culture. What they want is their fair share of it, and an opportunity to become truly a part of it. They want to get out of the Haight-Ashbury and into Woodside, and Mill Valley, and Nob Hill. But along come the hippies, in the opposite direction, saying, "Like, man, we've been there, and it's nowhere."

Here then are whites who are turning their backs on the very things the Negroes are striving to obtain. This is a deeper threat than simple racial prejudice, because it allies these strange whites with many of the attitudes of the Black Rebels' parental generation—a gentle, patient, loving, accepting, and basically religious adjustment to uncomfortable and deprived circumstances.

It is primarily on this basis that there are practically no Negro hippies, although many Negro boys prowl the

Haight seeking hithertofore unavailable and taboo sexual opportunities with white girls. But such liaisons can be troublesome. A Negro boy from Chicago said, "All these other spade cats looking for white chicks turned me off, man, until I met this hippie chick and she just flashed on me and took me over. It blew my mind, man, and I've got to split; because if I hang around her and her friends I won't be able to tell who whitey is any more. And if I don't know who's an ofay, I may not even know who I am myself." The rare Negro who turns hippie nearly always proves to be from the Black Bourgeoisie in Cleveland or Beverly Hills—not from Harlem, Hunters Point, or the Haight-Ashbury.

The lower middle-class Negro family, struggling to rise into the middle class, has looked upon this peculiar white influx into the Haight-Ashbury as a homogeneous movement. Many newspapermen, police officers, narcotic agents, underworld predators, and establishment commentators have made the same mistake. While it has been estimated that there are ten thousand hippies in the Bay area (with perhaps half this number in the Haight-Ashbury district) only a fraction could be considered "true" or "hard core" hippies. Others, often mistaken for hippies, have come searching for excitement, mystic revelation, free sex, escape, acceptance, drugs, or sanity. Most of them dress and talk like hippies, and use drugs, but realize the difference. They will say, sadly, "I'd like to be a hippie but I can't make it," or "I'm not good enough," or "I'm really a speed freak," or "I've got too many hang-ups to really make the scene; when I turn on I just freak-out everybody else."

What is a true hippie? He appears to be a rebel against what he sees as a world and a society gone mad. Unlike participants in the Red and the Black Rebellions he is not an activist. The New Left, and "active" pacifists like singer Joan Baez, are openly critical of the hippie for his passivity. Rather than to war against the establishment, or to struggle to change it, he has dropped out of society, turned his back on it, dissociated himself from it, and is attempting to create an entirely new way of life. He is peaceful, non-violent, and committed to an ideal of universal brotherhood, love, and sharing. His expectation is that in time more and more people will see the wisdom of his course and follow it for themselves.

While many hippies are highly intelligent, it is not an intellectual movement. Basically it is a spiritual movement. A sense of oneness exists among the members of a hippie commune, tribe, or "family." This communion derives from the mutual experience of revelation through psychedelic delirium. At the same time, strong permanent interpersonal commitments are few; nobody wants to relinquish freedom or mobility. Repeated episodes of LSD intoxication ("trips") have induced in these people sensations of transformation, insight, oneness with all living things, and beatitude. There are other intoxicants (opium for instance) that can effect similiar subjective experiences, but most of them do it while obtunding consciousness at the same time. LSD paradoxically heightens awareness. It temporarily alters the nervous system in such a way that information processing seems to be increased. The well established automatic screening processes that prevent us normally from being flooded by sensations

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from without, or swamped by excessive awareness of the ongoing information processing within our own brains, is substantially altered. At the height of the LSD reactions the net result is a "jamming of the circuits" resulting from "information input overload," accompanied by a sense of extraordinary contact with both the world within and the world around. Ideas may tumble over each other chaotically, while gales of intense feeling sweep the sensibilities and dominate awareness. When the surroundings include other people going through the same experience, the characteristic sense of interpersonal communion and sharing occurs. Most of the hippie mystique stems from this set of phenomena.

Virtually all of the true hippies have had this experience repeatedly, many feeling that through it they have reached a state of mind that constitutes complete self-awareness so that no further trips are needed. Some show personality changes that, to the observer, seem schizoid or similar to certain organic syndromes (e.g. post-lobotomy) that leave the individual more comfortable but less able to carry out complex long-term plans, endure frustration, concentrate for extended periods, follow routines, or successfully master new material (learning) with the same ease as before.

The group LSD trip is approximated by ceremonial group intoxications with other drugs such as mescaline, bufotamine, and psilocybin. The fellowship of drinking companions is not of the same order. More closely related is the camaraderie of marijuana smokers.

Without doubt the smoking of marijuana is the cement that holds the hippies together, along with the social dynamics of guiltless lawbreaking. One might call Haight-Ashbury "The Asphalt Sherwood Forest" because of this state of affairs; here are the merry men of Sherwood Forest (Golden Gate Park) gathered together under the greenwood tree; outlaws all. In California possession of LSD is a misdemeanor, of marijuana

a felony; but one 15-year-old lad blithely confessed (when "busted" by "the fuzz" and found to "holding" marijuana), "Oh, I don't smoke pot myself, I just carry it for a status symbol."

The use and abuse of marijuana is a subject of great interest, which cannot be reviewed here in detail. But the proponents and opponents of pot-smoking are severely handicapped by lack of scientific information about the effects of tetrahydrocannabinol (the psycho-active component of hemp) upon the brain. The next few years will bring a flood of new data about marijuana (pot, grass, weed, boo, reefers, Mary Jane, kif, bhang, hashish, etc.). Today one's best advice might be, "Just because alcohol is bad, marijuana isn't necessarily good; just because the present law is absurd, marijuana shouldn't necessarily be uncontrolled by law; just because you've been lied to about its dangers, marijuana isn't necessarily harmless." But it is doubtful whether any warnings or ominous laboratory

findings would turn many of the hippies from their grass-using ways.

If marijuana is the glue of hippiedom, LSD is its sacrament. It provides an incandescent affective experience, the very fragmenting nature of which contributes to the subsequent sense of being reborn after having transported, as Aldous Huxley put it, to "the Antipodes of the mind." Thus the intensely individual and personal experience of the LSD trip binds hippies to a common mystique, a sense of having seen the same light. For the true hippie, like Saul of Tarsus who saw the light on the road to Damascus and became St. Paul, the transformation is global and results in a commitment to an entirely new way of life. He believes this is to be worth all the risks involved.

In the pads along Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley, where many of the New Left students and shadow-campus types collect, a superficial resemblance to the hippies may be seen. Old clothes, beards, beads, buttons, and bare feet abound. The aroma of marijuana can be discerned in the ambient air. But in the pads there is a ferment of talk, quotation and counter-quotation, disputations *ad hominem*, and generally noisy but

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clearly intellectual uproar. The walls are lined with books, background music is either ignored or, when attended, ranges from Bach to Brubeck to Baez.

The contrast of this to the typical Haight-Ashbury pad is substantial. Because his road to revelation was

perceptual and emotional rather than verbal and intellectual, the hippie tends to reject semantic approaches to the discovery of truth. Thus hippies keep very few books. Most of them are for laughs (like comic books). Books on prophecy and astrology are often found in their pads.

Large numbers (if not a majority) of hippies believe in one or another manifestation of magic, ESP, reincarnation, astrological prophecy, and oriental auguring of the I Ching variety.

Music in the hippie pad is often deafening and precludes conversation. Heavily favored are "acid rock," group recordings by hippie favorites such as the Jefferson Airplane and The Grateful Dead, and Oriental renderings on such instruments as the koto or the sitar.

Hippies engage very little in argumentation or protracted discourse on a single topic. In fact, there often seems to be an attempt to communicate the most possible in the fewest words, and even to restrict the vocabulary so that a small number of words and phrases (constituting a mixture of argot and patois) will suffice both to transmit whatever digital information is necessary in the form of words and at the same time to constitute recognition of the fact that analog communication of affect is of much greater significance and value.

Thus the hippie is unlikely to formulate his credo in words. If he did,

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it might be something like the following: "We believe that the entire development of human society up to this point represents a one-way road to catastrophe. We think that the only hope for humankind is to go back to Nature and start over. The world has gone crazy with selfishness, with armaments, and with violent destruction of individuals by one and two's and millions. We see no point in storing up all the material goods which everybody seems so viciously to covet. The terrible competition among and within the major societies of the world today is not only unhealthy but is so destructive that it is going to bring down what little civilization exists.

"We reject most of the values that are exemplified by the establishments of all the major powers. The very use of the word 'power' describes what is wrong with the whole system. We reject the formal structures that exist within the establishment, ranging from assembly-line educational institutions to all of the organized forms of religion, which as soon as they build themselves a church have already defined themselves out of the spiritual and into the material world.

"What we seek is the opportunity for human beings to find themselves as individuals, and to live with each other in love, dignity, and joy. We look for examples among American Indians, Polynesian natives, African tribes, Oriental cultures. There are potentialities in each individual that he may not even suspect, automated as he is by all the different systems that our society presses upon him and pulls him through. He must get out of all this ponderous regimentation, be liberated from all of these sterile and destructive values, and be given a chance for the first time in his life to breathe free and to become himself. Let him find out (through drugs) the possibilities that lie within his own mind, and actually do day by day that which he enjoys, is really best suited for, and finds fulfilling.

"We believe that people should live this way, share with each other, dwell in harmony, appreciate the bounties of nature, and, being closer to it, become more respectful of it. Not poisoning the food with chemicals. Not contaminating the waters. Not polluting the very air. In the love of nature,

of life, and of each other, seeking the ultimate of freedom, individuality, self-fulfillment, and generosity, let us live together with others under conditions that make it possible for people to give fully of themselves and thus achieve total self-realization."

That would be a long speech. No hippie would transmit in few words the entire meaning of it. He would say, "Man, like everybody just ought to do their own thing." The listeners would say, "Yeah." For this is the hippie credo.

How does a hippie achieve his identity if learning through verbal transaction is limited? The philosophy apparently comes only with passage through certain phases that might be listed as follows:

1. Despair or disgust with the world as it is (often identified with one's own middle-class parents);
2. A search for meaning, for self, and for a good way of life;
3. Association with other searchers, some of whom seem to have discovered a Way;
4. Enhancement of camaraderie with these fellow-pilgrims through marijuana smoking which (a) usually generates a state of closeness through heightened awareness and

sensory stimulation (followed of course by lethargy) and (b) creates a cabal outside the law, with all of the dynamics of persecuted minority groups coming into play;

5. "Turning on." While this term is used to describe many types of stimulation, "blowing the mind" with LSD is the ultimate "turn on" experience. Its mind-expanding sensations lead to a feeling of cosmic consciousness, often followed by a "rebirth" including the characteristic sense of oneness with mankind and universal love;
6. "Tuning in." Here the new hippies really begin to appreciate the mutuality of their experiences. Often while coming down from highs or trips they "rap" to each other (i.e. converse excitedly while strongly *en rapport*, revealing and sharing all manner of thoughts, feelings, and personal history). Quickly, by observation and word of mouth, they learn ("tune in on") what's happening—the true nature of "the scene."
7. "Dropping out." This implies a major break with "the

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straight world" and the assumption of a new way of life and a new set of values.

It is of interest that Dr. Timothy Leary, who formulated "Turn on, tune in, drop out" and is often blamed for what has transpired subsequently, was really using terms from the new slang to describe what was already happening. His influence among the hippies today is negligible. Their anarchistic tendencies make them deeply suspicious of organizers, generals, governors, and messiahs. Dr. Leary is usually dismissed rather casually: "That cat was with it once but, man, now he's on this big ego trip all the time."

Once the hippie has "dropped out," he is likely to enter into some sort of non-demanding, loosely organized liaison with others in a "commune," or "tribe." There is great variety among these groups and their pads. Some are dirty, others clean; some are affluent, others broke; some are weird, others actually mimic the straight world. By and large, the more completely the pad is able to function in keeping with the unspoken credo, the more admirable or "cool" it is considered to be.

Sexual practices among the hippies are strictly up to the individuals involved. They vary from monogamous marriages to genuine group marriages. The promiscuous and the virginal are

both accepted without question. Privacy is a matter of taste. There is a definite trend toward nudism when conditions permit.

Work habits are studiously individualized. If a pad is really cool there will always be money coming in from some source or other—enough for the essentials of life such as spaghetti, dope (the hippie's campy term for all desirable drugs), milk, and matches. People come and go, bringing and sending greetings, seeking pleasure in listening to music, walking in the park, dancing, strolling on Haight Street, rapping to their friends. For hippies work is each person's thing, from part-time housepainting or carrying the mail to regular employment (teaching, performing, handicrafts, graphic arts, etc.). Work is acceptable if it's not a sell-out—if it's truly enjoyable—if everyone is in fact "doing his own thing."

It is remarkable how well the true hippies have been able to survive and find a measure of contentment in places like the East Village or the Haight. This survival capability may be diminishing. Our studies show that hippies are increasingly menaced by forces emanating from the establishment, the underworld, other rebel groups (e.g. the motorcycle gangs), and perhaps most of all from the onslaught of newcomers. The majority of these seekers are not what might

be called bona fide hippie material, but toward them the hippie obligations of kindness, sharing, and acceptance must be manifested. The newcomers swamp the hippies: they crash (sleep) in their pads, consume their food, plead, "Lay some bread on me" (give me some money) when they are broke, attract the police (who are always looking for runaways), have bad trips on good dope, and bum-trip other people (i.e. upset them while they are particularly vulnerable during a trip) out of ignorance of proper procedure. Furthermore the numerous would-be hippies, pseudo-hippies, plastic hippies, and teeny-boppers are highly vulnerable to disease, attack, arrest, and other forms of disaster. Before the great influx during the summer of 1967, life was already sufficiently hard in the Haight-Ashbury to challenge all the hippies' resources of beautiful philosophy, denial of reality, and chemical self-treatment of untoward emotions with various forms of dope. Now, the fuzz is cracking down, the fool kids are shooting speed (dangerous intravenous injections of methamphetamine), dope is harder to come by and the Mafia are moving in on the amateur sources of supply. A rougher white element is starting to take over the hangouts on Haight Street and is fomenting trouble with the already truculent Negroes.

Under these pressures, in small groups, many hippies are resettling themselves along the West Coast, in villages, farms, parks, woods, even caves. New hippie-style enclaves are springing up all across the country, although it is not possible to say just how many are deserving of the generic

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label. Even in Europe there are now growing numbers of American-style hippies (who must be distinguished from the more activist New Left-type "Provos").

One of the most interesting things about the hippie scene has been the reaction of our society to it. Some people have been violently offended by the very appearance of hippies, or anyone resembling them. The long hair is a case in point. For example, it is amazing with all we have learned about human behavior and all that has transpired in the development of modern educational institutions, that so many school administrators permit themselves to be drawn into confrontations with students on the subject of haircuts. It is as though the risk of hippiedom intrudes along with the styles thereof. This risk is seen by many people as a deeply corrupt and dangerously contaminating influence. They view the hippies as the vanguard of evil, the quintessence of all things parasitic and degenerate in our society, an infiltrating tribe of useless, filthy gypsies who should not be permitted to remain in any respectable community.

Others have taken a completely opposite viewpoint, seeing the hippies as a joyous and even saintly band of spiritual truth-seekers and karma-storers. They have been compared to the early Christians in Rome. Toynbee has suggested that the last best hope for survival of the human race may lie in the Green Rebellion and its sublimely simple return to Nature. This romantic view, no less than the paranoid view, reflects the degree to which people read into the hippies their own hopes, fears, preoccupations, and perhaps unconscious wishes.

One cannot help considering whether those who are so threatened by the hippies may not in fact be struggling with whatever is stirred up inside themselves by their projected fantasies of freedom from responsibility, escape from the frustrations of their own rigid life situations, chemicals that will provide both surcease from unpleasant emotions and miraculous generation of unbounded libidinous capabilities, and uninhibited sexuality without the necessity for interpersonal commitments. Thus the Haight-Ashbury constitutes an enormous, colorful Rorschach card, the reactions to it emerging like the results of a projective testing maneuver.

In the light of our studies, however, the hippies can be seen in quite another way. Here is a group of people, obviously sensitive to aspects of our civilization that are so dreadful that most of us avoid thinking about them as much as possible: war, violence, cut-throat competition, grasping materialism, sexual hypocrisy, interpersonal isolation, pollution of the elements, loss of contact with nature, loss of individual identity in the massive treadmills of the modern megalopolis. The hippies (ugly, dirty, or grotesque though they may seem) seek beauty, freedom, creativity, individuality, self-expression, mutual respect, and the ascendance of spiritual over material values.

These goals and aspirations are clearly derived from the traditions of great religions and ethical systems. The ineffable tragedy of the hippies is that their Green Rebellion is doomed to fail; that individuals capable of formulating such lofty ideals are being driven to self-intoxication with powerful drugs in order to imagine their fulfillment; and that the very chemicals they use will inevitably enervate them as individuals and bleed the energies of the hippie movement to its death. END

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