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HIPPIE OR HIP

THE SAN FRANCISCO SCENE
(Part 1 of a 3 part series)

Down with hippies. There they go, the poor misguided fools, tripping off to an unreal world which they have created for themselves by misuse of a chemical. Are they free? NO... Are they led? YES... They are led down the path of escapism under the auspices of a silly drug. Some of them have even gone so far as to religify this chemical. Tim Leary and his tribe (to use their terms) seem to have fallen by the wayside in their quest for God knows what.

What's left? An anomic group of inverted fraternity/sorority syndrome idiots who are so bound up in what they call the "hippie movement" that they feel the world they have created within their own minds is the real world. They are vegetables--parasites--an ugly cist on what might become, with a hell of a lot of work, a free society in the true sense of the term.

The Haight-Ashbury people preach love. So their dupes, the 16-year-old runaway girls, spread this "gospel" and go get knocked up. Any message of love is good since the word itself is such a catch-all term. Of this there is no doubt. But the way in which this message is being spread represents a real sickness both on an individual level and on a societal level.

The hippies have given up trying to change anything. I can see their point as far as that is concerned. All men are basically conservative. All images are difficult to break. Perhaps some should not be broken. The hippie equates his image -- his last trip -- with individual freedom. He decries the middle class Mustang. Yet what the hippie does not realize is that he himself has taken a pledge of commitment far greater, to my way of thinking, far sicker than the Mustang pledge.

Just as the middle class American lives inside his world of material objects, so the hippie lives in his domain of "groovy images". In this sense, neither is free. Both have fallen into a trap, and I would submit that the hippie trap is even more threatening than the Mustang trap.

(Cont. Page 3, Col.)

GODDAMN WE LOOK AWFUL

The Assembly in Sacramento seems to be worried about its "image". A week ago Tuesday, a private photographer was ready to take films of the Assembly for an education movie about the Legislature.

Assemblyman Carl A. Britschgi (R-Redwood City) objected to the filming because many members were absent in two committee hearings and from the floor of the lower house. He thought if a film were made it would show a bad "posture".

It was agreed that the photographer would put off the filming for one day. The Assembly Rules Committee still will be able to keep its pants up though. It has the power to delete "objectionable" scenes from the film before it is shown to its intended audience of fourth-grade students.

GOOD MORNING TEASPOON ORGANIZATION FORMED

To facilitate TEASPOON's operation, the editors decided to apply for something called "on-campus status". Although the editors were and still are highly skeptical about what the terms "on-campus status" mean and what in the hell the necessity of the terms are, the editors obtained forms from the "administration" at San Diego State to file for TEASPOON's "status".

The original intent of the editors was to obtain certain "advantages" by being recognized by their "status". These "advantages" include having an on-campus mail box, a place to keep the treasury (which some say is coming in from Russia and Cuba), the permission of having on-campus speakers, and the possibility of reserving the lawn in front of the book store for napalm demonstrations and display of airplanes, tanks, and other stuff.

After the necessary forms were obtained, the editors faced a crisis. It seemed each "new" organization applying for "on-campus status" must have a "constitution" (the American "democratic mind" would real if it discovered TEASPOON hasn't had a constitution all the time it has been publishing!). To facilitate the drafting of a "constitution", a form was given to the editors. The form was a kind of do-it-yourself thing--just fill in the blanks and ZIP, like from the great acidhead in the sky, you have your very own "constitution".

After the editors were assured that no one was putting them on, they decided to fill in the blanks and see what would happen --they called it their "experiment in democracy".

YOU KNOW WHY Cadillacs aren't prestige cars anymore? Ever notice what a total lack of class Cadillac DRIVERS have? Marine sergeants driving pink convertibles; fat, greasy slob driving at most unaristocratic speeds; and some cat driving down Midway with a dirty lawn mower hanging out of the trunk of his. Capitalism is gradually hoisting itself on its own petard. More and more prestige items will be available on credit until there is absolutely no point in being rich, at least from a display standpoint.

QUOTE FROM AN L.A. CHICK visiting a friend in S.D.: "The only difference I can see between the State Colleges and the University is that the University hires bad architects and the Colleges don't hire any."

MORE EVIDENCE OF INCREASING, and very disturbing, respectability, for TEASPOON. The Library wants a complete set of the rag for the school archives, or so we have been informed by a friendly library employee.

THE LAPD has four sets of cops, two cops in each set, going around to L.A. high schools showing, in mandatory assemblies (how long has it been since you heard that word?) how well cops can shoot moving targets, some apparently not too well. That's all they do -- just make a hell of a lot of racket, mess up a few targets, scare the be-jesus out of some kids, then leave.

DID YOU HEAR THE SALLIES calling down the wrath of God on the head of the cat who wrote that editorial on sororities in the Aztec. Ppor cat's gonna catch hell for what he didn't say more than for what he did say. He was trying to say sorority chicks are old enough, mature enough, particularly in light of their rhetoric, to run their own lives without the coercion of various alumns and housemothers. Considering the quality of the audible reaction, maybe what finally did get into print was the most accurate appraisal afterall.

THE FIRST STEP toward anarchism in this country is for everybody to tear the little tags off of pillows and mattresses: the obnoxious ones that say Don't Remove Under Penalty of Law.

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO MISSED IT, there was a banana smoke-in in the West Commons Friday. Much strange behavior on the part of the participants and many quizzical looks from spectators. Some participants claimed they got a good high.

APRIL 16, WILBUR WRIGHT'S BIRTHDAY: Wilbur was the first man in history to go on a chemically powered flight, and a celebration is in order; however, it might be wise to remember he didn't go very high, didn't stay up very long and coming down he crashed.

ASSUMING YOU ARE familiar with nocturnal emission, give some thought to nocturnal Omission.

IN MEMORIUM: The Beatles' second movie "Help!", was dedicated to sewing machine inventor Eli Howe. He's the first cat to come up with Zig Zag.

NEW SCENES IN S.D.: Psychedelic shops in the beach area. Psychedelic Enterprises has two going, one in Mission Beach near the Challenger Surfboard shop and the other in Ocean Beach in the last block on Newport before you run into the ocean. The third shop

--The Warlock, is in Pacific Beach on Garnet next to the Goodwill store.

FINAL ITEM: Doug Squires, 4567 Judson Way, makes definitely cool sandals at very reasonable prices -- custom made and fitted and the whole bit. Time now to get some broken in for summer weather.

--W.S.

Vision As Told By A Tourist

Pericles would say to the farmers outside of Dayton,
"It's a memorial to your enmity..."
The Air Force likes the word "Museum."

An Atlas rocket,
a vertical absurdity in a horizontal land,
announced the asphalt fields,
the rows of ancient aircraft carefully tended,
announced the pale blue hangar-building sheltering WPA-type art.

Inside the hangar-building,
away from the confusion of the sun,
the works of hungry artists
had military titles.
No doubt about the family-genus-species of the plane.

One Impressionistic oil was out of place.
A gray-blue rocket
launched by gold-blue flames which formed,
or didn't form,
a pushing hand--
depending on the distance and the neon light

A plastic tablet spake,
"The HAND of GOD."

My leer spoiled
the Air Force Harmony.

The artist had revenged himself
upon the makers of the arbitrary labels.

Between the Pad and calculated liberty of Mass,
I saw the face of Doctor Braun.
Within the planned erotica of vapors
that pudgy self-assurance stared,
without the inconvenience of a sulk
or smile.

The After Words

A plastic dome was planned
over the museum land;
but priorities were necessarily changed.

Moloch returned,
demanding nylon stockings
and chocolate bars.

A face incapable of visage
stares from the planned erotica
of vapors.

--Jerome Pauling

A statistically-minded student tells us from experience that you can expect to park for 20 days in the faculty lot before getting a ticket. This means the probability of not getting caught is 95% or you can do your parking with a 5% level of confidence--scientifically well worth the risk.

NO JUSTICE FOR BEARDS

The other year or so they were telling me that our's is a free society. Even now they say it's better than the McCarthy era--more tolerance of differences.

Not that I like to differ, but it seems that during the last couple of days our "free society" has been stomping on my tulips. Of course I realize that I'm due for some hassle since a beard and sandals are part of my standard equipment. Some hassle I always get, but easy-going and understanding though I am, a body does get pissed.

Monday morning I went to court. I'd been guilty of driving with an expired license, had corrected same by subduing myself to the rigorous mental and driving exams of the DMV. The bail for said offense is \$13--ridiculous I thought. It seemed more economical to throw myself on the mercy of the court.

The judge was a beauty. He was letting nearly everyone off with reduced or suspended fines. Next thing, I'm at the stand pleading guilty while the bailiff checks out my new license.

Then this judge dispensed with justice and credibility in one sentence. "That'll be a \$50 dollar fine, \$40 suspended if no violations within the next 6 months." Paid \$13, lost two hours in court, and have a \$40 fine hanging over my head. Funny thing is I've had only one moving violation in the last five years and no ticket for the last two.

The above incident did little to brighten my day, but I figured I'd learned something about the relationship between facial hair and the judicial system -- it's poor, very very poor.

Later that evening I decided to walk down the street a couple of blocks to the local corner grocery. Bought some breakfast food, bottle of wine, and headed home.

Then up pulls a cop who feels duty-bound to ask me what I'm doing. What do you say with a bag of groceries under your arm? "I'm going home with my bag of groceries." Name and address? told him. Do you work--where--when--what--how--why?

Now, I'm used to being stopped by the cops -- just look criminal I guess -- and if they're pleasant so am I. But considering the court incident and this fellow's reeking animosity, who could be pleasant or even cooperative.

I wasn't. Told him to either arrest me for something or get off my back. I walked away.

The next day--another torpedo. In the process of some legitimate social research, I was asked to leave a local high school because of the "bad image" I projected to the students. The emphasis upon conformity must be so great that they are afraid to let the students see any difference in people.

I stood watching seagulls respond to changing drafts of wind -
Playing love games on their own slow-motion roller coasters -
While farther overhead solitary aircraft flew their missions,
Too strong and too far away to sense the wind.

These local administrators actually do not want unconventional people projecting a positive image. Other-than-straight people are social degenerates, mainlining malcontents, communists, etc.

Now what could one conclude from the experiences of the past couple of days? (1) do not confuse justice with courts--they are mutually exclusive, (2) walking is deviant behavior, and (3) the relationship between the high schools and the education process, if any, is purely spurious.

--Jon Gullledge

HIPPIES (Cont. from Page 1, Col. 1)

Objects are easier to break than images. So the hippie, despite his garish manner, represents to me exactly the same thing as the middle class suburbanite. The approaching tragedy is that the hippie is so intense on digging the scene that he can't see beyond it.

Truly the world is too much for him, so he retreats. He is a coward. He recognizes that he lives in a very highly industrial society and wants to rebel against it. His rebellion takes the most conservative viewpoint imaginable. He goes back in time. He dresses up just to freak out people. Maybe to wear a plumed hat is to be free in the terms of that particular individual. Maybe to wear a cutlass or a batman uniform or paint your face or dress up like an indian is free on an individualistic basis.

Maybe going out and screwing all the 16-year-old runaway girls is expressing your freedom, too. Maybe killing another human is the ultimate expression of an individual's freedom. Bullshit.

Maybe you are free only in your mind, We all daydream. Why not pipe dream? After all, Coleridge was an opium smiker, and he wrote some of the "grooviest poetry". Maybe being free is being able to think of nasty things -- or nice things.

Maybe it doesn't matter where you are or what you do since you are free. Maybe you are really free if you are behind bars. I can see some cat looking out through the bars of his cell and saying to his jailor, "Listen man, I'm free. You don't know it, but I'm free." Bullshit.

You're not free as long as you conform to a cult, any cult, be it middle class or the mediocrity of hippiedom.

by Norm Frankland
(on return from a two-week stay in the Bay Area.)

ANARCHIST'S ANSWER TO PROTEST

"Truly, man, you'd be wasting rhetoric, it's not my pattern. Dig the Crusades. Lots of guys got hamstrung and staked out. The rest got the Turkish clap. Nobody got the grail."

from Been Down So Long It Seems Like Up To Me, by Richard Farina.

Organizations or individuals who know of interesting speakers or events they would like announced in TEASPOON should notify Eileen Gordinier, 4479--35th St., 283-9763.

YOU'RE HIRED

Ever pick up those magazines with articles on how to get a job?--tips on grooming and "do" and "don't" photos and numbered lists of how to make an employer like you and want you and hire you? Sure you have, and the chances are you've had a few uneasy moments while "selling" yourself to some prospective employer.

But maybe this is changing. We see signs of it already. We hear of recruiters who almost beg students to work for their companies. Incentives and bonus plans are increasing as a real "employee's market" approaches.

If this trend continues, the following conversation might take place within a few years.

Job
Applicant: You may come in and sit down now. Did you have a long wait?

Prospective
Employer: Oh no. You have a very nice waiting room. The two hours went by very quickly.

JA: Good. Well, I have thirty more to interview today, so I can't give you too much time.

PE: Oh, I understand, I understand.

JA: Well, let's get down to business. Tell me just why I should go to work for you. We only have eight minutes, and to save time, I have a check list here. Just answer yes or no. You don't mind, do you?

PE: Oh, no sir.

JA: OK. Do you have air conditioning, company cars, cafeteria, two-month vacations, Christmas bonuses, office parties, expense accounts . . . ?

PE: Yes, no, yes, yes, no . . .

JA: Hmrrrrrr.

PE: I beg your pardon?

JA: Oh, nothing. Just relax. Don't be nervous. I've already given you a "fair" in poise on my Employers Personality Check List. And I see by our police files that you've never been arrested. Excellent.

PE: Oh, thank you sir.

JA: Have a cigarette.

PE: Oh, thank you, sir.

JA: If I do come to work for you, I'd prefer that you wear calf-length socks.

PE: Oh, I would, I would. I understand.

JA: It's not for me, you understand. It's the people I know. I wouldn't want them to get a bad impression of my employer. I personally don't mind.

PE: Yes, sir. I can see that.

JA: While we're on the subject: it should be cordovan shoes. None of that Hush-puppy stuff.

PE: Yes, sir. I agree.

JA: Well, I can tell you now, son, the way you handled your cigarette with no ash-tray in the room; you were excellent. It's all part of our testing program to measure your presence of mind, imagination, and hysteria level.

PE: Gulp.

JA: You were great, smooth, the way you caught the ashes in your left pants cuff without even lowering your eyes. The way you snuffed out that cigarette on the bottom of the chair. Tremendous

control you have. That's the type of employer I'm for. You'd be surprised at some of the inappropriate reactions we get. We run through a lot of first aid kits, heh heh.

PE: Our firm is proud of its cool record in the face of danger, sir.

JA: By the way, I've been making a tape recording of this interview. I'm sure you understand. It gives me a chance to compare employer's abilities at night in my hotel room.

PE: Oh, that's quite alright, sir. I do hope you decide to come work for us.

JA: I'll think it over very carefully. Well, our time is up. Don't call us, we'll call you. Hey, Zelda, send in the next one.

TEASPOON ORGAN. (Cont. from Page 1, Col. 2)

The following is the text of the "constitution" which TEASPOON is filing for "on-campus status":

Article I: The name of this organization shall be GOOD MORNING TEASPOON PRINTERS UNLIMITED. The name of the publication shall be GOOD MORNING TEASPOON.

Article II: The purpose of this organization shall be to present an alternative view to life in a technologically incompetent, morally irresponsible, culturally backward, intellectually stifling, and sexually impotent society's "life style". As many people as possible will be violated in order to stimulate their minds to issues unavailable to the "mass media".

Article III: Membership in this organization shall be open to those students who are anyone -- open: writers, printers, artists, flower children--interested in working without pay or other compensation to put out a weekly (usually) newspaper.

Article IIII: a. The officers shall be four editors and anyone else who is the weekly editor or who works on the paper. b. As far as eligibility for office, candidates, officers (other than those designated above), majority; votes cast, and other "democratic" rhetoric of high school and college campus are concerned, it is abolished. It is abolished because it is meaningless in an atmosphere where all who are working on the staff (newspaper) make decisions and settle conflicts without seeking guidance in an alien "moral" code. We plan no murders, assassinations, bombings, or other plots and therefore have no need for a "democratic" or other static and dehumanized ideology.

Article IIIII: Regular meetings will be held Monday at 11:00 unless otherwise stated by agreement of those responsible for publishing. Meetings will be determined by contacting those working and determining when they are appropriate and available, if needed.

Article IIIIII: This constitution shall be amended by a majority of the working members or otherwise in accordance with their desires.

