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THE EVOLUTION OF THE FLOWER CHILDREN AND THEIR RESPECT FOR NATIVE AMERICAN PEOPLE

by

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Abstract

Herein find a deeper look at hippie culture from the anthropological perspective, but still as observations from one deeply involved in that culture. Most of what has been written about the hippie culture has been written with an upturned nose, seemingly full of distaste. Many Native American academics share this distaste, although a true picture of hippie culture has never been offered. Leonard Wolf's *Voices of the Love Generation* is, perhaps, a singular exception, as his book of interviews gives voice directly to the flower children. The spiritual ties represent the most notable bonds of this community. Hippies believe all life is connected, and carry this philosophy into all aspects of ceremony. Thus, the wisdom of all peoples is essential, not merely relevant; Native American wisdom particularly important because contemporary Native Americans know more about the earth we tread here than anyone else alive can know.
Introduction

A young woman is wobbling in the desert. Why is she wobbling? Everything feels like it is moving. Shell can feel the motion of the earth, the night wind, the occasional snake or rabbit, and she feels all of this. She has taken some cubenzas and she knows that the imaginary boundaries her brain normally erects are no longer there. Her surroundings are now a part of her and it is difficult to imagine functioning separately, so she moves with the larger motion of which she is a part. How long have Native American people understood this connection which the rest of us have forgotten? But not all of the rest of us. From the early 60's beats, and then hippies, began experimenting with psychedelics; at the same time these black sheep of the capitalist nightmare began to take an interest in the wisdom of the people native to the land. The red road has led to an increased awareness amongst hippies of all ages, colors, shapes, and sizes...

Leonard Wolf dubbed Ron Thelin and his brother Jay “the founders of the Haight-Ashbury community. The opening of their store, the Psychedelic Shop, in early 1966 was the signal to the world that the movement had ‘a local habitation and a name.’”¹ The Psychedelic Shop legally sold LSD, a hallucinogenic created by Tim Leary and Richard Alpert, the founders of the League for Spiritual Discovery, until it was outlawed on October 6, 1966. Long-haired kids began to arrive in droves, and the media tagged them hippies, gave as much real thought to this new movement as the produce clerk would give as he tags the bananas ninety-nine cents. On October 6, 1967

¹ Leonard Wolf, 212
the hippies of the Haight staged a funeral; that day the Psychedelic Shop’s owners complied with the community’s demands that the Shop become a free store, a meditation lounge, and community center.

Theлин explained the idea of the funeral. “We’re really trying to sabotage the word ‘hippie,’” he said. “It’s really fucking us up. It’s not our word. It has nothing to do with us. We’d like to substitute ‘free American’ in its place.”

Rolling Thunder smiled and nodded. “That ‘free American’ term sounds a lot better,” he said. “I’ve asked several people what they call themselves, and they couldn’t give me an answer. Now maybe they can give me an answer.”

The medicine man sat on a large desk, and a dozen people sat around him on the floor. “I saw this before it ever happened,” he said. “This is a direct prophecy from myself. I wondered if the white man could ever live in this country and eat the food and still remain a hashed-over European. And I saw these people with the long hair. These people will be the future Americans...In the last days, they will throw everything at you to destroy you, and that’s what’s happening now. And now the medicine men are coming back. When those stars reversed - that is when the power of good took over from the power of evil. Many young people are becoming medicine men. So now your people, who are living like Indians, you see what you’ve let yourselves into.”

She wishes to put forth the argument that the hippie never did die. Perhaps the firemen are at fault for forcefully insisting on putting out the flames enveloping the hippie’s coffin. (a conniving media bastid and “staff member of Playboy magazine was one of the pallbearers and [reported] that the coffin itself contained several beards, a number of strings of beads, and two kilograms of marijuana.”)

2 McNeill 143 - here Rolling Thunder approaches the question that Native Americans pose to hippies and other white folks who come seeking Indian wisdom, “what do you folks call yourselves,” who are you? what is your background? some hippies know, some do not, but few will give a straight answer. As hippies see it, we’re all one. Some hippies perceive talking about being raised Jewish as just focusing on the ego - a Jewish person may have been an Indian in a past life (i.e Richard Till). Of course hippies have many different views of reincarnation. Hippies believe it’s time to focus on the oneness of the spirit. Rolling Thunder spent time living with the Grateful Dead, and was seen as the hippie’s shaman. For various reasons related to the disrespectful use of Native rituals, the Cherokee tribe asked Rolling Thunder to remove his name from the tribal rolls, which he did. There is a New Age book called Rolling Thunder, written by Doug Boyd, which influenced some of the flower children. Seven Arrows and the Castaneda books were greater influences on the early hippies. Most former flower children that claim to have read these books did not know of the books’ dubious sources. More on this later.

3 von Hoffman 262
A movie poster from the late 60's.
Shell reflects that the coffin's contents are the time capsule buried in the hippie’s story, which itself is buried somewhere under a rock. All rocks are turned over as time passes.

The form her argument takes must be unusual, because the differences between hippie philosophy and that of the mainstream world, which includes academia, are so great. A flower child of the 90s, Shell finds the whole history more cohesive after reading much of what has been written about the love generation, a story constantly being told by hippie elders to hippies of all ages weren’t around yet or not old enough to experience the media hype of the 60s, yet that story is told in small pieces, and is, itself only a small piece of the story. She has learned so much from the academic world, and these resources prove invaluable as portraits of the Haight-Ashbury, vividly recreating the world of the flower children of the sixties and seventies. Much has changed since then, and the hippie community has slowly grown stronger and less interesting to the media and to sociologists. The waning attention of the media slowed the trendiness of joining the hippies. Many of the 60s joiners were only in it for the drugs, the anti-war aspect, or the tense excitement, so those remaining after Newsweek and the others left the Haight were those whose participation in hippie culture resulted from strong ideological beliefs. Those people have built up the foundations, with fresh young hippies trickling in to contribute periodically. Very little has been written about hippie culture in the last 15 - 20 years. Mainstream society has heard so little about earth-based communities that many people have come to believe that such things no longer exist.
To fill this information gap in time, and to be true to the hippie spirit of looking to all life for the answers, she has interviewed hippies of all ages and backgrounds, limiting her interviews to hippies living in or traveling through Arizona. These interviews were audio taped over a period of two years and then transcribed. Interviewees were not selected at random, but according to the following desirable traits: 1) the person knew many Indians or Indian rituals practiced by hippies, 2) the person was seen as a key figure in Arizona hippie history, having interactions with and impact on the hippie community over a long period of time, or 3) the person demonstrated a strong knowledge of hippie culture, or had some specific passion (like the guy Oneness, who teaches everyone about the Mayan calendar) that interested many other hippies. Due to the length of the transcriptions, the most relevant portions have been included. Still the story must also encompass her own experience as a hippie, and, to be true to the hippie form, her experiences must be related as story. The importance of stories in hippie culture and the way they are told, listened to, respected, and retold, remind Shell of the many examples of oral tradition she has experienced with Native American people. Over their thirty years of existence as a subculture, the hippies have evolved on many levels, and are now often referred to as the Rainbow tribe. References to flower children speak of the hippies of the 60s and early 70s, whereas references to rainbows speak of the hippies of the 80s and 90s, although the term “hippie” is often used to refer to the amalgamation. The wisdom and advice of many peoples, plants, and other living things have contributed to this evolution. Chris Pealer, in his thesis,
"Contemporary Primitivism: Stories of Attempted Return" argues that some of the peaceful, communal developments of the sixties are in some ways echoes of earlier rural American communes, but interestingly, "the youth of the 60s began to identify themselves with the image of the Indian as none of their forebears had." While hippies may, like most Americans, have a highly imperfect knowledge of Indian issues or of Indian life, they at least assert an interest in learning these things. The specific rituals, beliefs, crafts, and lore that hippies have adopted from, or have in common with Indian people will be established and it will be assessed as to whether these practices are truly "appropriation" and what "appropriation" means. Certainly the stories, ceremonies, and countless gifts that the Native American people, in particular, have shared with the hippies are appreciated deep within these souls, reaching to the very center of it all. However, the rituals and lore borrowed from North American tribal cultures are not significantly more important to hippie culture than the rituals and lore borrowed from other cultures. Hence, any study of influences on hippies should not really focus on one ethnic group, in particular. The purpose, then, in focusing on hippie contact with Indians is primarily to establish the historical relevance Indians have had for hippies, and vice versa (even if the primary relevance hippies have had for Indians is that of a nuisance).

Hippies have been trying to use those things that we have been given in a respectful and appropriate manner. N. Scott Momaday once told her that the heart knows what is appropriate, and this thought flits through her mind.

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4 Pealer 11
If one intuitively knows respect, why is it that most people have forgotten the concept? Why is disrespect trendy?

Shell sits in a dirty back room of some hippie crash pad on Haight Street, although the activities are centered around the living room. Acid rock is piping through the entire place; it seems that the speakers are the only identifiable furnishings. She hears the laughter of the others, and she laughs too. She feels herself to be a participant in the love fest, even as she sits in the next room. A product of her own philosophy, she feels she could experience events that she does not personally attend. *Go with her to that place.* She has traveled back in time to America in the early sixties, where a subculture, widely known as the hippie movement, is being born. She feels the collective thought “lost”; there is no warm family to welcome us, as America has long since lost any real feeling of community, so we call ourselves family and welcome each other home. Many hippies see home as everywhere, on some level, as the earth is our grounding force, regardless of the exact location. Community is a broad concept; some of the specific aspects of community hippies find the world our parents and grandparents have created to be tragically lacking are: people’s concern and respect for their elderly, their children, their neighbors, the animals, and the land on which they themselves live. Many people are disturbed about the Vietnam War, many have been disturbed about the human condition since the passage in time of World War II (many of the LSD movers and shakers were old WWII vets

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5 Rainbows post “Welcome Home” signs by the front gate to the commune (there is often a front gate, but no fence) or the sweat lodge or the entrance to the Rainbow Gathering. There is an instant feeling of warmth and love which seems to encompass her upon entering a hippie place.
who wanted to create a people of peace), many are outraged and alienated by the judgment and racism of the mainstream, and many people really want to get stoned. All of these outcasts slowly merge into what sociologists call a subculture, that the media calls hippie. Leonard Wolf, a prominent American writer, clearly identifies the problem in his book *Voices from the Love Generation*, a collection of interviews from a wide range of hippie folk, "My generation has declared war on youth. If they believe in our system, we send them to Vietnam as sacrifices to our bad judgment. If they are uncomfortable with our world and act on their discomfort, we jail them."\(^6\) Wolf's vision, like the vision of the flower children, fails to realize that the war was declared on all life forms. (Shell visualizes this war - it is a death threat to all life on the planet.) Finding the path of the square to be the path of destruction and despair, young people are dropping acid and discovering the beauty of life, the oneness of all life, which is to become most definitely the root and the tree trunk of hippie philosophy. Shell is still tripping and she can visualize the tree trunk, only it seems to have veins and they are pumping, pumping, pumping juices from the soil, and now the juice itself is the focus, and the juice is pure and good, and has not been corrupted with man-made pesticides, and she thinks she can just drink some of it...

The flower children, with only the vaguest of social structures, had no concrete plan of a better way; they only knew they wanted to be up-front and do their thing. Since each hippie's "thing" is different and may be entirely unrelated to other hippies' "things", there seems to be no boundaries to the

\(^6\) Leonard Wolf 268
essence of hippie, no unified goals or social structures. Hippies still have no
need to define ourselves, as defining "hippie" as this precludes it from being
that. Categorizations confine, restrict and exclude...yet hippies see no
separation; nothing and no one can be excluded. The preconceptions most
people have of separate ordered categories preclude them from
understanding hippies, who, by definition, defy categorization. Leonard
Wolf's words from 1968 still ring true, "Even in its present manifestation, as
at its beginning, the hippie movement is a strange phenomenon whose full
meaning continues to elude us." In the effort to ensure that the full meaning
does not elude her to spite her for her arrogance, she wishes to make no claim
that her depiction of the evolution of the hippies and Arizona hippies, in
particular, is an attempt to define hippie. David Muniz (is Apache, grew up
in Tucson, attends the hippie sweat lodge) had told her out loud, "the hippie
movement is not defined by your paper, but by many many people, and to
each person it's a different thing." She had known that, but had found it
difficult to convince herself that she wasn't out to label it and put it on a shelf,
which academia, an institution, seems to demand.

Should we be working in the institution while praying for a
revolution? People in America seem to understand so little about free will,
so little about truth and beauty, so little about the connections between all life.
Alduous Huxley examined this dilemma in Brave New World, a novel
which most people perceive as an early twentieth century prediction of the
present reality. Huxley's Controller is speaking:
Knowledge was the highest good, truth the supreme value; all the rest was secondary and subordinate. True, ideas were beginning to change even then. Our Ford himself did a great deal to shift the emphasis from truth and beauty to comfort and happiness. Mass production demanded the shift. Universal happiness keeps the wheels steadily turning; truth and beauty can't. And, of course, whenever the masses seized political power, then it was happiness rather than truth and beauty that mattered. Still, in spite of everything, unrestricted scientific research was still permitted. People still went on talking about truth and beauty as though they were the sovereign goods. Right up to the time of the Nine Years' War. That made them change their tune all right. What's the point of truth or beauty or knowledge when the anthrax bombs are popping all around you? That was when science first began to be controlled - after the Nine Years' War. People were ready to have even their appetites controlled then. Anything for a quiet life. We've gone on controlling ever since. It hasn't been very good for truth, of course.7

Huxley's Controller argued that truth and beauty could not exist within the context of a powerful system of mass production, a system which clearly prevails in modern North America. Originally published in 1932, Brave New World anticipated the wars to come and the methods of controlling people's desires in order to ensure the consumption which enables production. Government and big business have surely succeeded in gaining complete control of the populace through television and the media. Comfort and happiness. The only way to reach out to these television watchers, the living examples of Huxley's imagination, is to work for the institution and for a revolution. Hippies cannot be labeled and put on a shelf, and neither can anyone else. Every story and every thesis must be taken within the larger context, and can be seen only as a fragment of the truth.

She hears a tree falling, and is brought back to the present. Hippies are

7 Huxley 155.
learning this fundamental seed of love and respect, and it is breaking their hearts to see that the world has forgotten these things in the capitalistic rush for the American Dream. Few concern themselves with the political system or with ideas about an alternative one. Yet every year in our national forests 20,000 hippies gather. There are hippie communes all over the United States, although many have lost their land or their members over time, primarily because of financial problems. Many hippie communes, however, have stabilized and established economic and social structures in the thirty years of growth and progress within the hippie movement. The hippie culture exists outside of the commune, in the cities, in rural areas, and often on the road. Hippies live everywhere, have all kinds of trades and pursuits, and come in a wide variety of shapes and forms. Today’s hippies are not spouting rhetoric, or merely grooving to the rhythm, but aware beings who are conscious of the specific ways our society is poisoning the Earth, the animals, and the people. The first hippies defined “organic” as “zombie-like as a result of organic brain damage” due to drug use, whereas today’s hippies define it as food that has not been treated with pesticides. She reflects that the hippie consciousness has developed considerably over the last thirty years. She puts a dollar in her pocket and heads off for the sweat, wondering where the hippie movement will go.

Hippies respond to derision about their dirty, sinful ways with laughter and good humor. We imagine ourselves to be doing our own thing and we hope to wake up! the members of the mass consumer society (sometimes

8 Leonard Wolf 280
referred to as sheeple) and free them from the rat race, to live in smaller communities, to reconnect with their neighbors, the people, and the land. Yet people who actually know very little about hippie culture imagine hippies as dirty, drug-using, irresponsible kids who are making it with everyone and getting in the way of the normal procedures (of the government, common etiquette, the economy, etc.). Nancy Moore Clatworthy, in a sociological study entitled “Morals and the Ever-Changing College Student” attributes the looser sexual mores of the seventies to the popularity of hippies.\footnote{Clatworthy 84} It is true that many hippies have looser sexual mores. A member of one commune, interviewed in the early 70’s made some radical remarks regarding sexual ethics of children, “If sexual behavior seems to do no visible harm to children, the burden of proof tends to fall on those who disapprove. Like the rationale for drug use by children, the appeal seems to be to some natural sense of propriety...”\footnote{Berger and Hackett 169} and there are others who would agree with him. This is still only some segment of the hippie community. There are many hippies with strong heterosexual urges to have children and families, some nuclear, some extended families. “Free Love” is a concept more about love than sex. People who can not imagine trying to love everyone sarcastically imagine hippies to be loose and dirty. Rainbow hippies do not see dirtiness as sinful; however, many hippies bathe quite frequently and those who do not often do not have resources to bathing facilities. Being called dirty does not seem to be an insult. Hippies perceive that most people bathe too often; rinsing the oils off of the skin every day is unhealthy in a dry
place like Arizona. If it is unhealthy for the skin and a waste of water in a
place where water is a precious commodity, who should really be under attack
here? Isn't there an ethic of over-cleanliness in play here?

Most of the mainstream journalists writing about hippies seem
sympathetic, just as white anthropologists often do when writing about
Native Americans. These people are harmless and are getting a bad rap, some
squares reason. Steffensmeier contends that "less-educated, lower-income,
blue-collar, and older subjects exhibit higher social distance toward hippies
than do their more-educated, higher-income, younger, white-collar
counterparts." As usual, the attribute of discrimination is relegated to
lower class folks, who despise hippies, minorities, homosexuals, and all the
others who fail to fit the mold. Yet these lower class people are getting many
of their ideas from the upper classes through television. Many of these
supposedly sympathetic journalists concluded that the social alienation of
hippies was partially responsible for their decline, as the decade of the hippies
became a memory.

While numbers of hippies did decline, the audacity journalists,
sociologists, and anthropologists have shown in their blatant assumption that
hippie culture did die between 1967 - 1970 is enough to suggest conspiracy.
She thinks of the historians who have been trying to play off the Noble
Savage image alongside the dead Indian one. People are so easily fooled.
Jerry Mander describes the brainwashing of the sheeple,

"about 75 percent of commercial network television time is paid for
by the 100 largest corporations in the country. Many people do not
react to this statistic as being important. But consider that there

11 Steffensmeier 397
are presently 450,000 corporations in the United States, and some 250 million people, representing extremely diverse viewpoints about lifestyle, politics, and personal and national priorities. Only 100 corporations get to decide what will appear on television and what will not...The average American who watches five hours of television per day sees approximately 21,000 commercials per year.\textsuperscript{12}

If the 100 largest companies that control television do not support broadcasting water issues in Arizona, Indian land claims issues nationally, Rainbow gatherings, protests, hemp legalization, and other real news and events which affect American society, then most people will never know about these things.

It is no wonder that most hippies have an aversion to television, a form of technology which dulls, rather than expands the mind. Of course there is a big contingency of hippies who are creators of computer programs, rock and roll sound systems, and grow lights. Yet for most hippies smoking pot, using mushrooms, and using peyote, as well as other hallucinogens and natural medicines are more productive ways to kill brain cells. It is true that some few hippies use acid, crystal meth, coke, and nitrous (although there many have ethics against all things unnatural). Most hippies are anti-government, and often talk about becoming free citizens (a process of renouncing one’s U.S. citizenship to avoid paying taxes and supporting this government) and do not respect the laws of the current government in the U.S. The illegalization of the sacred plant, marijuana, unconstitutionally restricts hippies rights and lives every day. For most hippies marijuana legalization is an extremely important issue for many reasons: it is a

\textsuperscript{12} Mander 79
sacrament, it can be used for fuel for cars, for making cloth and rope, and for paper. If hemp were legal people could stop cutting down the forests and mining up the ocean for oil. If hemp were legal the earth and the people would suffer less. Yet some people have been completely brainwashed by the big corporations, the medical association, and other ilk who had financial motivations in originally lobbying the U.S. government to outlaw marijuana in 1937. Hippies are more suspicious of information, and therefore, more likely to critically assess the information they receive.

People are taken in by propaganda put out by non-profit anti-drug groups, which are in large part subsidized by these companies who benefit from this law by selling lumber, oil, or other natural resources that hemp would be more suitable for and would be cheaper. A Lakota man named Ed McGaa wrote a book about rainbows. His book made Shell understand how indigenous people must feel when European anthropologists publish books that are largely fictional, or that relate one small piece of a puzzle as if it were the whole. She cringes when she tells other hippies about this publication.

Unfortunately, some who call themselves Rainbows do not heed the warnings of these naturally perceptive teachers (Indians named Fools Crow and Eagle Feather) and have gathered together openly to use hallucinatory substances and other drugs. Although these people are well meaning, are environmental, are unprejudiced, and respect the ways of nature, they are still hallucinogenic users and cannot be of the Rainbow Tribe. Rainbow Tribe people regret this undeserved association in much the same way that traditional Native Americans have to suffer their undeserved association with those Native Americans who use peyote in their ceremonies. Rainbow Tribe people do not believe they should have to change their identification, however, just as I would not be expected to change my identity as a traditional Native American simply because a minority of Native Americans use peyote in their ceremonies. But to be recognized and to differentiate, Rainbow Tribe people have
chosen the Rainbow Tribe designation.\textsuperscript{13}

McGaa misunderstands as an outsider who has chosen to be an outsider. Rainbow gatherings welcome new agers, whom McGaa has associated with, as well as Hare Krishnas and many others who do not call themselves rainbow hippies. Some of the new agers are middle aged plastic hippies who sold out to capitalism, started working for big business, and became yuppies. As the years wore on these sell-outs became sick of themselves and all their money. Nothing seemed to have meaning to them anymore, and yuppies had nervous breakdowns. All that money should be able to fix these inner problems, they reasoned. So these people have paid and will pay three hundred dollars for a shaman workshop led by a white man, or an urban Indian with little real knowledge of his own culture. These pricey shaman workshops bring them back on track, but to keep themselves centered they will have to continue to buy new age books (preferably written by their instructor), crystals, and expensive jewelry. These material items, they believe, will keep them grounded. Many hippies believe that eating roots keeps them grounded. Hippies do not look down on others for not using sacramental herbs and other natural drugs (or for going to spiritual workshops). Looking down on others is the sign of someone who is not comfortable from within.

Certainly many hippies would suggest that McGaa and his new age friends engage in peyote rituals for the purpose of enlightenment on this issue. One of the most important concepts in the world, that of oneness, is a
natural realization that seems to come with the use of hallucinogenic substances.

Leonard Wolf, in the epilogue of *Voices from the Love Generation*, seems to have reached to the depths of the anger, dismay, or the hurt that hippies feel regarding this terrible infraction of their rights:

How indeed is the structure of American society threatened by adult embraces that an outworn legal code still forbids? What in fact, compared with the Vietnam war or the race hatred, is the national calamity that will overtake us if men or women or children choose to be naked? Why must our young people rush to be useful in the terms of a utility which had meaning at the beginning of the Industrial Revolution? How deep is our national hypocrisy when we forbid the use of drugs no more harmful than the cocktails we drink or the tranquilizers and cigarettes we consume that we take by the billion?

The hippie movement becomes historically relevant just because it poses for us the question of freedom as youth sees it. Not freedom someday, but now. Do it, they tell us. Now.14

Indeed, the issue of hemp legalization comes up every day, and it is a source of real frustration. Wolf also nails on the head the rationale of hippies regarding nudity, love, and freedom; his words ring with passion and she thinks this man is a hippie, although he, like many hippies, rants about love and denies he's a flower child.

Most hippies are unashamed of living like a hippie, yet they still defy being categorized. She thinks of her friend Firespirit, who has been traveling with White Dog for some time and has taken a lot of acid. She remembers when Firespirit used to go by Christie, and played the diijery doo so well at the drum circles. Firespirit seems to suit her; she is there and then gone, and like a shooting star, you have to be looking hard in the right direction to be

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14 Leonard Wolf 273
lucky enough to catch her light. Firespirit said it straight, “there is no separation, it’s time to stop saying I’m this way and you’re that way, and to come together and all be one people.” Since this philosophy is central to hippie philosophy, most hippies talk about living like Indians without specific references to books, and often without a specific tribal tradition to refer to, as hippie philosophy has no need for a bibliography.

Hippies prefer trade to using money, and are often considered to be naive to the value of money. Parents worry that their children, who have taken off in a VW with no money, will starve, suffer, and be stepped on. It is true that financial problems often spur the death of a beautiful hippie commune, but there are always more communes to discover while traveling. Star Albright, a hippy elder who has lived at Christmas Star, at Stephen Whitewolf’s, at Pongovi, and in Tucson (most of the hippie retreats in Arizona, more on these later) explains one of the important societal needs fulfilled by the hippie community,

Rainbows chuck the extraneous bullshit and just pick and choose aspects of other cultures that work for wholeness, a way of finding common ground even among all this diversity - to make the point that we’re all related, we’re all intricately woven into nature itself. But in the modern world the extended family lost its leading role, and we moved into the nuclear family. Demands of industrialism took the parents out of the home, so now the social structure of contemporary American society is a mess. People suffer from hopelessness because they all feel separate and isolated and unable to really make much of an impact to change what’s going on for the better...one of the things that’s happened in this group of people (hippies), and these people have been at the forefront of these great changes for thirty years, they are moving back towards an extended family type of system. Communities have failed only because they aren’t focused on the social structure as much as on a philosophy or on the land...I see major transformations taking place within the relationships within the Rainbow people. A
lot of people who went to the first Rainbow Gatherings, I mean I have children, and I may have grandchildren soon. Modern childhood has been artificially delayed from ending...¹⁵

Eventually, most parents will have to reassure themselves because, contrary to popular belief, Rainbow hippies never go back to thinking it's okay to have the kids in day care, the old folks in the nursing home, and the house payment just in on time...rather, in the hippie community the parents are children as well. As Berger and Hackett argue, there is less age-grading.

**Outer Circles, Counterculture**

Some countercultural authors, like Michael Schwartz and Neil Ortenberg, editors of *On The Bus, The Complete Guide to the Legendary Trip of Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters and the Birth of the Counterculture*, refer to the Love Generation, the flower children, along with all the subcultures existing in the 60s until the present day, as counterculture, from which the separate subcultures cannot be examined individually. In order to understand hippies, then, we must look at all the other subcultures which interact, or have interacted, with the hippie subculture.

She sees a circle within a circle and she is singing the hippie circle song again and i love you so cause you helped me see -ee -ee to see you in love is to see you in me -ee -ee cause i'm in you and you're in me-ee, cause i'm in you and you're in me-ee. circles are moving moving within each other... Yes there

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¹⁵ Star finished his Bachelors Degree at the University of Arizona in the field of Anthropology. Shell finds Star interesting because he often refers to aspects of hippie culture from the same blend of hippy/academic perspectives. Star's overview of hippie culture is much better than most of the books and articles regarding hippies, for this reason.
is an outer circle to the hippie group, groups of people with whom many hippies are affiliated, and these groups are self-sufficient subcultures within the counter culture as well. Activists, yoga freaks, nudists, pagans, and motorcycle gangs are just some of the groups that form the outer circle, but all people form the one circle. all are one. these things can both be true.

**Beats, beat-hippies**

Allen Ginsberg's move from the beat life to the beat-hippie life of the Merry Pranksters is partially responsible for this overlapping of psychedelic circles. Tom Wolfe's narration of the life of the counter-culture hero has Ken Kesey as the hero, with his troupe of Pranksters, Allen Ginsberg, the Hells Angels, and Owsley as members of the outer circle; *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* is the definitive book on the beginning of the head aspect of the hippie scene. Kesey's group turned people on to acid and to speaking up front, dismissing the artificiality pervasive in society; they also liked road-tripping and were great stoners. Yet the Merry Pranksters, offspring of the beats, had no great love of man or nature and spray painted trees with fluorescent colors. None of them were vegetarians. The Pranksters loved to create dramatic effects, but they never considered the consequences of their actions for nature, for all life.

However, the Pranksters sparked this extremely subversive aspect within the counterculture, threatening to the government and threatening to the status quo. The more people step out of society and drop out, then turn on, the less possible it becomes for them to function in mainstream society’s game-like reality. Yes, there is a threat being issued by the counterculture
simply in their refusal to play the system’s games, on any terms. For example, the system’s terms say that demonstrators must operate in a very exact way, i.e. get a permit to speak publicly or to march peacefully, specified by some government agency. One might well question the constitutionality of having to get a permit to exercise one’s constitutional rights. If the American people refuse to act like complete sheep and baa! they will, in fact, be beaten down by “the law”. This seems to diminish the validity of the law. Yet the demonstrators are playing the system’s game, for who else do they demonstrate for? Hippies are rarely hard core activists, but see activism as a game we play with the government. Somewhere in between beats and hippies, Ken Kesey and Allen Ginsberg had an idea of protecting the demonstrators from the ever more brutal law enforcement. Hunter Thompson wrote about this experience

Kesey and Ginsberg were trying to get the Angels to calm down and become anti-war activists. Kesey, Ginsberg, and Lee Quarnstrom were trying to get the Angels to act as bodyguards for radicals in Berkeley who were fighting with the Oakland police. Kesey believed they would do it. Ginsberg believed they would do it. I said, “No, it’s not going to work.” It was the second time I had said something with the Angels wasn’t going to work, but this time I knew it wouldn’t. I didn’t even go to that march. But I remember that the Angels, along with the Oakland police, turned on the Berkeley leftists and attacked them. I think Kesey actually got stomped and whacked around at one point. Things with the Angels kind of went to hell after that. There was a minority - but a hardcore minority - of Angels that really understood Kesey. They were all in the San Francisco group, which was really a different kind of group anyway. They were much more hippie - oriented, more into flower power.16

16 Perry 136.
Truthfully, any Hell’s Angel or punk that wanted to call themselves a hippie would have been, and still would be accepted into the hippie community. Thus, all of these outer circles which comprise the counterculture are all very much a part of hippie culture.

While Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters have had influenced hippie culture, and initially lured many heads to the San Francisco area, their cultural hero was still Dean Moriarty (Neal Cassady), drunk and menacing hero of Kerouac’s *On the Road*. Cassady continued to remain an icon of the man who went further with doing his own thing. Jerry Garcia observed this trait in Neal Cassady that inspired so many,

He was the mellow Neal, just a guy, just like us. But there was a mysterious thing there, too. I had the feeling that I was involved in a lesson...Neal represented a model to me of how far you could take it in the individual way, in the sense that you weren’t going to have a work, you were going to be the work.\(^{17}\)

Neal Cassady was the original ‘Do your own thing’ inspiration, a major influencing philosophy of the 60s counterculture. Cassady was again made the hero of a great novelist’s work: Ken Kesey’s *The Further Inquiry*.\(^{18}\)

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17 Perry xviii.
18 *The Further Inquiry* takes a rather strange form; the pages themselves are the sky, small photos on the edge of every page, and the film can be viewed by flipping the pages. This unusual field of hippie-beat literature is characterized by wild book formats that appear to have been designed under the influence of hallucinogens. This new area of literature often portrays an historic period of time from a radical’s perspective, and is usually radical in form as well as content. Abbie Hoffman’s *Woodstock Nation*, Jerry Rubin’s *We are Everywhere*, Tom Robbins’ *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*, and Tom Wolfe’s *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* are all trippy books. It is safe to say that parts of all of these books have been written or designed under the influence of hallucinogens.
Kesey’s *Further Inquiry* trips back to where Kerouac left off in Neal Cassady’s life; imagine it: Neal Cassady is now in jail for some trumped up charge:

*Hooded figures line the wall on both sides, their dim faces leaning forward to look towards the door.*

**Attendant**

Cassady, Neal, alias Moriarty, Dean, alias Pomeroy, Cody, alias-

*The reading is interrupted by a hooded figure standing up into the doorway, suddenly-*

**Cassady’s Spirit**

All present and accounted for sirrah, officer...(*saluting burlesquely, robe much too large to see hands)*

yer honor, highness, who-ness, hoop!

Neal Cassady is a ridiculous looking person, sort of crazy personality; yet all the beats and the Pranksters dug this cat. Many Rainbow hippies of the 90s have a hard time understanding how getting drunk, leaving your wife, and acting like an asshole can be romanticized by people who claim to be alternative. Why, that’s not alternative; that’s mainstream, Mr. Moriarty! Yet these beat-hippies did set the stage up, with props, for future heads and hippies. The Pranksters were the first to paint their schoolbus wildly and travel around, wreaking havoc wherever they went. Colorful drama has always been an important element in hippie activities, as the psychedelic scene could not be converted to black and white. Just as Cassady and others have used humor with the establishment, so have hippies used humor and drama with the public and with each other. The Merry Pranksters initiated the Acid tests, which became Dead Tour, a path many heads have followed.19

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19 *The Grateful Dead were the garage band of Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters, according to Kesey’s son, in interview during the filming of Tie-dye.*
Throughout the 70s and 80s people continued to visit Ken Kesey, and many books were written by and about Kesey and the Pranksters. Now, in 1997, there is a regenerated interest in hallucinatory drugs. There is a renewed sense of discontent with the government, partially resulting from the miseries caused by Reagan, Chernobyl, and the threat of leaking nuclear power plants. Now that even the media recognizes that the hippie never died, the Pranksters are going back on tour, this time calling the acid tests *The Further Tour*.

**Heads**

Of course, many heads and flower children who lived in the Haight-Ashbury felt very isolated, and had many of the same problems modern-day punks have. There is little recourse for food, shelter, health care, or any of life’s necessities in this country unless one declares oneself a rat, and enters the rat race. Heads and hippies of the Haight had just come out of mainstream society, at that time, and had not yet determined how to survive without the system. The hippie community in the Haight spelled out Chaos, which, like the Trickster figure in Native mythology, is both good and evil, and yet is without morality. David Smith’s article on “The Health of Haight-Ashbury” enunciates the fearful reality which scared the squares:

> Although murder is not particularly popular with the new population, some of its members seem to spend their lives in plaster casts. Others frequently exhibit suppurating abrasions, knife and razor slashes, damaged genitalia and other types of traumatic injuries-injuries all caused by violence. Even more visible is the violence they do to themselves. Continually stoned on drugs, the adolescents often over-exert and fail to notice as they infect and mangle their feet by
wading through the droppings and broken glass.\textsuperscript{20}

The hippie community today is not entirely without this element, but there is much much less of it, as the community has evolved on enough levels for hippies to be more comfortable, and therefore more peaceful. Surely acid, psilocybin, and marijuana had something to do with the growth of the peace ideal from the theory to the way of life.

**PUNKS**

For many young people, the first step away from the mainstream, towards a more alternative lifestyle is characterized by drugs, black clothing, renunciation of their parents' values, and the complete loss of faith in the system. Amongst this group are several subgroups: the punks (who often have a lot of dramatic piercing, wear combat boots or army pants, and wear a lot of metal on their clothes), the alternative trendy kids, the heroin addicts, and the rock-a-billy types (with groovy sideburns) to name a few, and there is some cross over between these groups. Beats and punks, heroin addicts, and trendy kids, along with the Hell's Angels and many others, were at times part of an outer circle of hippies; hippies learning from other subcultures, as well as offering refuge in the hippie community. As much as hippies have been outcast by government, business, and the people in between, there have always been others in the same situation. There have always been hippie sympathizers and there have always been people who craved something nurturing or loving or peaceful that only the hippie scene could give them.

\textsuperscript{20}David Smith 38.
Many people feel alienated in this strange world of technology.

Some of this 90s outside circle, especially the young punks, attend the Rainbow Gatherings and hang out at hippie haunts. One can frequently find a bunch of punks spare changing outside of any food co-operative (a health food store where the members share ownership). The punks don’t seem to like the hippies so much as they like to sponge off the hippie scene\(^{21}\), and unfortunately mainstream people often ignorantly mistake these punks and hippies for one group. Just as with the punks, there is a standard hippie code of dress that many hippies prefer (cords, hemp clothing, hand-made patchwork clothing, and ethnic clothing from different countries), but both groups do tend to wear worn clothing, ragged at the edges. Yet it seems easy to her to tell the difference - it’s all in the attitude. The hippies share some common ground with the punks and welcome anyone into the scene, but these young punks often ruin the hippie scene by bringing guns or violence, cocaine or crystal meth, with them wherever they go. The problem these punks have is that they have even less recourse for food and shelter than traveling hippies, because they have no community, and perhaps do not believe in the concept, whereas hippies have been building community for thirty years, and there are established places where hippies can go in most towns. Many of these establishments are listed in the Rainbow Directory, available primarily at Rainbow Gatherings, and never on the Net. These homeless, soulless punks wander the streets trying to scramble up enough cash for drugs or liquor, and they can be violent. Very few people have a kind

\(^{21}\) Free meals, free drugs, free place to crash. These people say the same thing about prison.
word or even a friendly look for these folks, so to them all life is alien. Although the psyche of the punk may be appear to be a radical perspective, it is only a more advanced stage of the mainstream perspective of distance and disassociation from others and from the Spirit.

**Deadheads**

Deadheads are outer circle only when they choose to be, because most deadheads are big time hippies. Deadheads are more “heads” than crunchy Granola types because they care more about the next show than they do about organic food, or growing their own food, and they are more willing to abuse chemical drugs, like nitrous, commonly known as hippie crack. Deadheads are forced into capitalist schemes out of necessity to support their dead lot habit, and those who do vend are constantly trying to make a buck off of their sisters and brothers. Some head, interviewed in the documentary of the dead scene, *Tie-Die*, explained that the heavy vending began only a few years ago, recently in Dead time, “between ‘89 - ‘95 it got bigger, vendors got bigger,” and then the film cuts to this cat from Boston in a jester’s hat, and he’s addressing the vendors, who are not present, “You’re fucking the scene up and should get out, and you nitrous guys, too!” There are Deadheads who take both sides of this issue, as some heads are more or less anti-capitalist. Many of the anti-capitalist heads were dismayed by what had become of the dead lot in the last few years before Jerry Garcia passed away. Bless him. These more revolutionary heads complained about the absurd price of tickets, and argued that the capitalism and government aspect of the scene (with all of the cops and security hassling heads constantly) all originated with the band.
A movie poster from the 90's.
According to John Scott, interviewed in *Tie-Die*, 95% of Deadheads own tie-die t-shirts, and it is clear that something strong bonds this crazy community together. Some sister explained, "the family keeps us alive; it's all one thing, it's not like in Babylon where noose cares for each other." There is a beauty and a warmth in the Deadhead community not found in the American non-cultural non-community. This is the carrot that draws many Deadheads to the Rainbow Gatherings.

**New Agers**

Many New Agers were flower children in the sixties that got rich. Although this group does not account for all of the grown flower children who are not still hippies, these people represent a good portion of the New Age community. Some New Agers visit the hippie community, but not many, partially because hippie gatherings are not gatherings of wealthy people, there is no hired Indian spirit guide, and partially because New Agers are often turned off by hippie use of marijuana and other sacraments. Yet the New Age movement affects hippies, who are often deluded into thinking that New Age books are genuine Native American literature. Thus it is partially through visitors, and partially through the books that the hippies get wind of the New Ager philosophies. Most New Agers are as unaware that they are New Agers as hippies are unaware that they are hippies, but you know when you've met one because they will always tell you about who they were in a previous life. Many people believe in reincarnation, but not many people are as vocal about their past lives as New Agers.

Richard Till is still involved in hippie and in Indian rituals; he has
been participating in both communities since the beginning of the Rainbow Gatherings. She knows Richard through friends and through the hippie sweat, yet, from his extensive collection of "Indian" artifacts and trinkets, he seems more New Age than anyone else at the sweat. According to Richard, there is little aspect of true Indian culture in the hippie community because "we create our own rituals." Richard, however, sees himself as a facilitator between Indians and hippies; it is his task to share with hippies what the Indians are saying. Richard claims to have been an Indian in a past life, and has passed himself off as being one-eighth Indian at Indian only ceremonies. Richard is Jewish, and they both feel the Jewish connection during the interview, but Richard claims to have been adopted by Indians.

ML: Richard, tell me again - who adopted you?
Richard: A man by the name of Tennison Good Blanket. He's Southern Cheyenne, and a relative of Black Kettle, one of the famous peace chiefs.

Bizarre as it sounds, Richard is not unique. Many non-Indians have similarly reacted when confronted with both the respect for the Indians and the white guilt all at once. Still, it seems to be obviously disrespectful to lie about one's heritage to get into private ceremonies. This story is an excellent example of a European American's disrespectful treatment of Indian people:

Richard: One time there was this man named Philip Deer. I had a chance to go to his Oda Youth Conference, which he had at Okima, Oklahoma. Philip Deer was one of four elders, along with Mad Bear Anderson of the Iroquois Confederacy; he was Tuscarora, and the last holder of the Great White Coat of Peace of Bagenwido. Philip Deer, along with Grandfather David and
Thomas Banyanca, smoked the great Sioux pipe which they said was White Buffalo Calf Woman's pipe, to Washington in 1978, the longest walk. They were the four people who had first walked into Washington with 500,000 supporters waiting for them.

I had a chance to go to his camp many years ago. And I heard it said that this guy was a shaman, not just a medicine man. So when I first came to this land I came with my friend Boog Downin, who was one of the AIM people. I was just coming back from the International Indian Treaty Council, and was parking the car there in Oklahoma, and looking out for chiggers, okay? It was in the high grass. Even then I had long hair and looked Indian, I knew I could pass for one. I was in a camp of all Indians, at a Youth Conference where only Native Americans were permitted. I had no choice but to lie.

Les laughs
ML: You lied?
Richard: It was to get into a whole bunch of secret ceremonies.
ML: You lied and said you were Indian?
Richard: I said partly that my mom had committed suicide many years earlier and they insisted I was Indian. In fact, when I first got to camp, I was standing there, looking at my friends, who all thought I was one-eighth Indian, my mother a quarter. She’s dead, but if she’s not registered it don’t matter, as long as they thought that you were part you could be accepted, so, sure - I’m an eighth, whatever I wanted to be that day.

Michelle laughs, this is outrageous! He’s not even a good liar.
Richard: and I was dark-skinned and I was Jewish, and they...
Michelle breaks out in laughter, imagining it...
Richard: I was never a Cherokee, by the way. Indians always know you lie the second you say you’re Cherokee. Don’t ever say you’re Cherokee...the Indians
ML: I know, all right, come on already...
Richard: So I’m getting out of the car and I’m looking at my friend, Boog, and I said, Boog, you don’t mind that I’m mostly white here. And I didn’t hear no one sneak up behind me at that time, so I was sitting there saying I hope the medicine man up here doesn’t mind that I’m here. I’m talking, I’m being anxiety ridden, all anxious and showing how I feel. He starts to laugh and says, “Look behind you.” I turn around and this old man, long black hair and a black hair, and a blue shirt, and blue jeans on and cowboy boots. An inch from my back. That was Philip Deer. He put his hand on me and he says, “Welcome to my camp, son. Hope you enjoy yourself.” And he turned around, and walked away as silently as he had appeared. As I was talking about being afraid to meet him.

Then I went to the main teepee, which is the Watch Out teepee for the camp. And I walked in there and a couple of tough looking
Sioux Indians, they were guards, said, “Welcome back this year, what’s your name again?” I looked just like someone who’d been there the year before. And they all thought I was that person. I had long hair then, looked familiar

She starts laughing openly at him

Richard: And I was dark skinned and I was Jewish, and they...

ML: laughter

Richard: part Asian...

ML: this is hysterical. Laughs loudly.

Richard pulls out an old identification card of his and shows it to her.

Richard: So don’t I look more like an Indian here? I’d had my hair a lot longer than that. People thought I was an Indian. I do that all the time.

So we set up camp in the back field, went down to the Youth Conference. Every night they had a story-telling session. Every morning they had creation stories. And during the day, they had a special format, where they’d share a certain knowledge; the elders would share with the youth. One night we were all back in the back fields, getting stoned, but for the purpose of your book it could be smoking a cigarette. No cigarettes were allowed on the land.

ML: I’m speaking openly in my paper about pot.

Richard: You do?

ML: uh, huh, nothin’ wrong with it.

Richard: So we’re all smoking pot in the back field. Philip Deer said no alcohol, no marijuana, and no tobacco, unless it’s sacred tobacco. That’s what he said, at his camp, on his weekend. So we’re all out there gettin’ high and sitting around the campfire, about 10, 12 of us, all Indians. All of a sudden, we see these two eyes a little bit in the field next to us, coming towards us; two gold eyes comes out of the woods - an it turns out to just be a person. It’s really two people smoking a cigarette. So we thought it was a creature walking towards us, and we all started laughing. Then they joined our circle, sat down, and smoked a joint with us.

About half an hour later, something starts to walk towards us out of the same area in the field, across from the wood line. This creature comes from the left of the fire, around my back, it walks to my right, between me and this guy from Peru, a Peruvian Indian. We look down. We do not see cmything. We heard this thing walk in on four legs, parked his butt right next to me. We heard his breathing, but couldn’t see it. And one of the Indians says, “Oh my God, it’s a blank” I forget the name he used, it means a shape shifter or a spirit animal.

And they threw their joint in the fire and they got all paranoid, thinking they’d done a bad thing. Then an Indian takes out this box. This thing is really a true story, this thing between me and this guy...
Les: you’re feeling it, but you can’t see it.
Richard: I’m feeling it, it’s breathing right next to me, loudly. Felt like a little badger, like a badger. It was right the fuck next to us, all our eyeballs were bulging out. You kidding? This one Indian guy across the fire whips out these feathers and starts like fanning himself. You’re feathers aren’t going to do a damn bit of good. I said just experience it. The guy next to me was becoming panic stricken. Just relax, experience this creature. I looked down and I said, if we’ve done anything wrong, we apologize, we don’t wish you any harm. Then this thing kind of got up and walked away. We all sat there staring at each other not saying a word. We had just had an experience with a spirit animal. A few minutes later, we look to our left and we see a red thing, a red dot, coming towards us. Out of the woods, closer and closer. We start freaking out. Out of the woods, closer and closer. It’s like all of a sudden then, we see a man, an old man walking out of the woods, with a cigar, an old Indian. He smiles at us. And he keeps on walking.

Next morning, right after breakfast, we go back to the main circle lodge, made out of wood, where we all sit for morning story telling, and Philip Deer looks over to us, the bunch of us who were sitting, who were at the campfire the night before, and he says, ‘I told you boys you come here not to be smoking that funny stuff in my camp. Don’t expect it’ll happen again. It was kind of like an Oklahoma Indian drawl. He looked right over at us. It was only then that I realized that what went on at our camp that night was none other than Philip Deer. Found out later that he actually was able to turn into a skunk, one of his forms was a skunk. And the way this thing walked with a waddling sound, it could have been a skunk. Didn’t smell.
Les: He wasn’t the guy with the cigar?
Richard: No, no he was not. Who knows who that was. Might not have even been a real person. I don’t recall seeing him that night or the next day or anything. We just never saw him again. That was weird too. But in the Indian world things like that happen quite regularly.

Till’s story is exactly what New Age thrill seekers dream of experiencing, and it could be a big lie. But then again, it could be the truth. It seems highly bizarre that someone would knowingly confess, on audiotape, to having done such a thing, relating every detail as if he were some kind of New Age hero. Surely he imagines himself an Indian hero. Most hippies do not try to
imitate or become Indian or East Indian, because hippies believe in adopting beautiful things from all cultures, the world over. She feels momentarily embarrassed by Richard, but the thought passes. From Richard’s own telling of the story, Philip Deer knew that Richard was not Indian. Perhaps the Sioux guards, along with everyone else there, were playing a joke with him.

Perhaps it is because New Agers were hippies during their youth that they imagine themselves to be hippies now, even as they have lost track of the hippie community, and now all of their friends are “adopted” Indians. Shell interviewed a Tucson man named Tim, because he had heard about her research and wanted to step forward as a hippie and speak his piece. When she entered Tim’s house he had dijjery doo music playing on his stereo, Mandarin Orange and chamomile sun tea on the kitchen table, and a neat orderly house. He seemed anxious, and she thought that he imagined she had come over for more than just an interview, despite the great age difference, and the fact that they were meeting for the first time. Tim’s words, when he spoke, made obvious the reason why this self-proclaimed hippie is never at the sweat or at a gathering:

Indians respected the land, the earth, Mother Earth, and that appealed to me...it’s something that touches my soul. If I had weird ideas in a past life I was an Indian, basically I’ve adopted their way of life. I’ve been in a few wedding ceremonies with Indian ceremonies and a medicine person, a white psychic New Ager lady who has a beautiful way about her, no known study with Indians. Kate Cofflin, she puts ads in the Tucson Weekly, I’ve known her for 9 years, and she and her husband put an adobe house on some land in the Tucson Mountains, and they built a sweat lodge, and sometimes they invite their friends. Kate was in between the couple, and she had her smudge pot, and she honored the wind, sea, air, water,
rock, etc. Right at the beginning then, she smudged us all (about 35 people) and then we all did something about Kate and Mark, actually it was an Indian who did Kate's wedding. This Indian lady lived among us, and was a hippie Indian.

One would be hard pressed to find a New Ager who was NOT an Indian in a past life, or to find a New Age sweat that is not invite only. Not only would a hippie never venture to profit by connection with the spirit, but it is against hippie ethics to pay for or to profit by this connection. Hippie sweats are open to everyone, but because everyone is equal, there is rarely a leader and never a paid Indian spiritual guide.

Materialism is the biggest source of difference between the New Age and hippie movements. New Agers are the biggest impostors of Indian art, often marketing their Indian-like paintings through greeting cards and in souvenir shops where genuine Native art is sold. Hippie crafts tend to be more original; there is no need to capitalize on indigenous people.

Activists

Eventually, any cynic will tire of the cynical stage of the counterculture and yearn for something more, to contribute towards positive change, or to grow spiritually. These two paths are somewhat convoluted as the one often leads to the other. Doug McAdam, author of Freedom Summer, explains some of the motivations of 60s activists, "Often freed from the demands of family, marriage, and full-time employment, students are uniquely available to express their political values through action." The same can be said of the young flower children; because they did not have serious responsibilities,

22 Doug McAdam, Freedom Summer, p.44.
they were more able to take on a cause. Because young people chose their issues and began to promote change, they learned more about the system they were fighting.

Just as important was their growing awareness of the depths of federal complicity in Mississippi's system of racism. Indeed, their direct experience with the systemic quality of racism was itself profoundly radicalizing to many of Mississippi's SNCC staffers. It was no longer a matter of educating prejudiced white folk, but of dismantling an elaborate system of economic, political, and social oppression that vested interests in Washington, no less than Jackson, Mississippi, had a stake in preserving.23

The understanding of the depth of the corruption of the government in this country is the most unifying force within the counterculture.

Within these groups, there is more conversion than there is from square to counterculture or vice versa. It is easier to become a psychedelic hippie when one has already been arrested in protest. Tom Wolfe describes the process of conversion:

Some kid who could always be counted on to demonstrate for the grape workers or even do dangerous things like work for CORE in Mississippi turns up one day - and immediately everybody knows he has become a head. His hair has the long jesuschrist look. He is wearing the costume clothes. But most of all, he now has a very tolerant and therefore withering attitude toward all those who are still struggling in the old activist political ways for civil rights, against Vietnam, against poverty, for the free peoples. He sees them as still trapped in the old "political games," unwittingly supporting the oppressors by playing their kind of game and using their kind of tactics, while he, with the help of psychedelic chemicals, is exploring the infinite regions of human consciousness...Paul Hawken here in The Embassy-in 1965 he was an outstanding activist, sweat shirts and blue jeans and toggle coats, went on to the March from Selma, worked as a photographer for CORE in Mississippi,

23 Doug McAdam, Freedom Summer, p.31.
risked his life to take pictures of Negro working conditions, and so on. Now he’s got a great Hussar’s coat with gold frogging. His hair is all over his forehead and coming around his neck in terrific black Mykonos curls.  

Realizations flood the mind; revolution can be non-violent. To truly change society active positive change, grass roots change, must happen, as well as the protesting and lobbying, which work towards fixing the present government. She knows that by trying to live this same way, “practicing honesty, peace, and good will” people can bring about this dreamed of utopia. It is simply a matter of wanting it hard enough to change our own behaviors.  

Sometimes calling himself the Rattlesnake medicine man (never claiming any special powers or offering services in exchange for anything), Gabriel espouses the idea that activism attempts to raise human consciousness, which is inextricably interwoven with the human spirit:

Time wasn’t even an element, it’s just space, all these fences are big lies, but the other people i’m in this boat with, they’re worried about time and they’re in there, so if i want to be connected to them i can’t just live in my own world of super high ideals and just be like you can all suffer there, i’m in heaven here...Mahayana Buddhism...the greater will Buddhism...(it started out as Hinuyana) Mahayana...once you get off there you still have the obligation to pull everybody else ...every sentient ...every bit of consciousness up, and i believe that everything is consciousness, like even this teacup (picks up teacup) is consciousness, even this thing of creamer has a consciousness...it’s all form...it’s all one...this piece of quartz is a lot more cosmic than our riddling confused frantic jumpings around...

There it is, something beautiful, something spiritual, something capable of

24 Tom Wolfe 318
changing the shape of the human condition. *Gabriel is seen as something of a healer in the hippie community, although he does nothing to encourage it.* She had felt it herself, the way speaking to Gabe made her feel ethereal, as if she were listening to him, following his trip, and no longer present in her own body. Gabriel’s astute observation that enlightened people should not vacation all year at the yoga center is good advice for hippies, who often have to remind themselves to get involved in society’s mess. Activists and hippies are like deadheads and hippies; there is a big gray area of overlap, and the entire area exists outside the bounds of mainstream society.

Time, patience, and concentrated efforts can make people care about issues that they feel so removed from, in their individual units. The goals of activists and hippies often overlap; the methods often differ. Hippies often use insanely elaborate theatrics to make their point. Continuing with a tradition begun by the Pranksters, the Diggers and the Mime Troupe, Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin pulled off some farcical stunts, the North easterners doing it partially for press attention.

Abbie’s story is that he stumbled into the spotlight. In August, two months after Drawing Boards, he led a group to drop dollar bills on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, watching the brokers scramble for them and the ticker tape stop dead, then burning bills for the hordes of reporters as they asked their uncomprehending questions. It wasn’t original: the Diggers burned money first, at a demonstration outside the druggy-spiritualist paper East Village Other. This time, although no one called the reporters beforehand, the word got around in a flash anyway. Thus did Abbie Hoffman the dramatist grasp that The Hippies were one of the Hottest Stories in town. Next time, and the time after that, he could lure them with a phone call or a flashy press release. One stunt led to another. Soot bombs going off at Con Edison
headquarters...The army recruiting booth in Times Square plastered with "SEE CANADA NOW"...A tree planted in the middle of a Lower East Side street (the second tree Abbie uprooted, that is; the first one died during transplant)...Joints of marijuana mailed to three thousand people selected "at random" from the phone book, one of whom happened to be a TV newsman...²⁵

Of course there were many hippies and activists working with SNCC and with other legitimate organizations, but the flower children spontaneously organized wildly creative demonstrations, partially because the theatrics suit the hippie lifestyle more than suit and tie lobbying, and partially because many hippies have too little respect for the system to argue with it on its own terms.

Todd Gitlin seems to remember the fear of the system, coexisting with the feeling that one was impervious to it, that flower children and other members of the counterculture felt in the sixties, and these feelings are still present today. He reminisces about the fear of narcs, with so many beautiful hippies in jail for marijuana. So many of the undercover plants had the hippie look down pat; anyone could be a narc. This element has always been a source of separation within the hippie community, and this is so antithetical to the movement that it spurs more revolutionary ideas and behaviors. This abrogation of our rights, hippies felt, was too much. "The crackdown may have contained the counterculture, but it also weakened the authority of authorities."²⁶ Gitlin’s insight regarding the hippies of the sixties is still powerfully true today. According to Rolling Stone "the Forest

²⁵ Gitlin 233.
²⁶ Gitlin 218.
Service spent almost half a million dollars to monitor the 1992 gathering, in Colorado...For the entire Alabama gathering, there will be a total of 16 arrests, the majority for public drunkenness or for women going without their shirts on the Forest Service road. That comes to about $31,000 per arrest."27 Hippies are an oppressed group in American society, yet it is difficult for hippies to understand the nature of oppression. How can the government rationalize spending $31,000 to arrest a woman for going topless? Such absurd efforts to scare and control the counterculture significantly break down any respect for government authority that may have been there.

However, as hippies have lawyers, Rainbow lawyers, who come to the gatherings, there is always some small grip on the reality of the situation. Lewis MacAdams reports that after news came to the gathering about the new Forest Service policy that "any gathering of more than 25 people would be forbidden without a permit," a blatant violation of "the right of the people peaceably to assemble,"28 the hippies decided to take it to Washington. Very little is required to set 50 VWs off in any given direction, so for such a noble cause "several hundred Rainbows proceed to Washington, where they camp across the street from the White House in Lafayette Park and demonstrate against the new Forest Service regulations for the next month. They deliver 600 letters and petitions with 22,000 signatures to the Department of Agriculture."29 She is reminded of the small group of Hopis (two of whom later attended Rainbow Gatherings) who went to the United Nations to speak

27 MacAdams 123.
28 MacAdams 178.
29 MacAdams 178.
their piece of peace, were heard, and were not taken seriously.

**Rainbow Hippies**

The overwhelming Rainbow response to this realization (there is no point in trying to fix a government which is innately broken) is the commitment to give out a more positive energy more of the time. The practical applications of this type of commitment span the wide range of human interaction. One will try not say, "I don’t like her because she’s snotty" or "I can’t believe the clerk is taking so long, what an idiot!" because these statements reflect the passage of judgment, translating to the failure to accept or to try to understand others. Spiritual growth is achieved by better understanding others and understanding one’s connection to them, regardless of how different the other might seem. Sending out a good energy to that person, or to any person, animal, plant, or thing, is sending out good karma. Hippies reason that the more good karma we put out, the more good karma there will be in the world. If the hippies were to admit to one united pursuit (which we do not), it would be that the mass output of good energy will effect positive change, growth, and rebirth. The seasons will continue to pass and hippies shall take part in the wonders of nature.

Hippies perceive all life to exist as one great community, so it naturally follows that hippies identify with others and often do not even envision a stable hippie community, even as they strive to strengthen it. Yet hippies often have more in common with other members of the counterculture, as they are more likely to be antigovernment, pro-community, pro-Earth, pro-animals, and pro-people. Most counterculturists agree that the American
government, with its hand in every pot, chewing at every natural resource or labor force everywhere, is inherently opposed to the idea of community, because community empowers people to stand up for the earth, the animals, and the people.

**Communes**

Hippies go out into nature to experience spiritual growth, although it can be and is accomplished everywhere. There is a strong ethic of living with the land that is a natural result of spiritual reverence for it. There is some truth in Richard Fairfield's observation that, "Hip communes are those which have received much of their initial inspiration from the use of drugs such as LSD, mescaline, and peyote."30 However, LSD has always been more commonly used in cities than out at communes, and mescaline and peyote are not considered drugs, but sacred medicines. Communes provide a safe retreat for tripping that public parks cannot offer, what with paranoid uptight people and fascist cops running around; unfortunately the very same crew often treks out to the commune to disturb hippies there as well. However, there are much longer periods when hippies find solitude in a natural environment where they are not being judged when they are out at a commune. The problems that take them away are inability to support themselves financially, the realization that one needs money out in nature, and boredom.

Jerry Rubin quirkily comments on the idealism that inspires

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30 Fairfield 2.
Blood may be thicker than water, but love is thicker than blood.
We learned a lot of things from our parents-foremost of which is DON'T GET MARRIED. No one gets married any more. For us our family is our sisters and brothers. Every friend is a "sister" and "brother." Living in small apartments by yourself cuts you off from others because real friends must live together. The strength of our movement is in friendship, and friends work and play together, and work out life's problems together. The commune, not the private family, is the basic living unit in the revolution. We must break down the defenses and walls which we build against one another.31

Rubin is correct in saying that hippies strive to be extended family to one another and many communes provide refuge to huge numbers of people with no land of their own, but these efforts have not always been completely successful. Furthermore, Rubin's conclusion that this form of social structure is revolutionary is a significant statement about the hippie history. Perhaps it is this willingness to share that the system finds so threatening. Nevertheless, there are marriages in communes and in cities, there are separate houses, and even finances are usually completely separate. Still, there is a strong ethic of helping one's neighbor, and people will do unusual things for one another.

The homes, themselves, are often domes, frequently made of recycled or natural sustainable resources. Hippies will be found working on a single house, helping each other rather than each building his home separately. Many hippies prefer to dwell in hogans or in tepees and will not allow food

31 Rubin 108.
or hygiene products with chemicals or toxins to be used on the land, but there are some hippie people on communes who build regular wood structures and use toxic detergents, but not pesticides. Knowledge of building these structures is more commonly a source of conversation among the men, although the women sometimes help build, and very occasionally build their own structures. There is some degree of segregation of labor in the hippie community, which a few people agree with, but many people strive to change this. Her friend Satpriti is building her own straw bale house in the northern Tucson Mountains. The straw bale house is very popular in the Tucson hippie community lately, although domes were fashionable on communes all through the 70s and 80s. Satpriti is a beautiful woman with long dreads and three beautiful children. Sat, as she is known for short, does pay some people to build, but also has had people work for her for free. Even in the hippie community, helping one another is sometimes referred to as doing something for free. Of course, many hippies believe that it's all free, or it should be free.

Many of the hippie elders in Arizona who own land (which is considered communal to some degree) are friends with each other, and all of the interactions between communal lands are infrastructure. There is the hope that many communes will spring up and one will be able to trade for anything one needs. The ethics and social structures of the communes in Arizona will be compared only to those of a few other communes, for the sake of brevity. There is a long history of communes in the colonized U.S., many having very few similarities to hippie communes today. Many of the
“communes” are, in truth, owned by one person, who has purchased the property. In many of these cases the owner is the guru, and the values of the commune are determined by him. True communes do not really consider that communal, but rather cultish.

Stephen Gaskin’s control over the enormous commune in Tennessee (The Farm) sets a bad example for other balding hippie dudes. All of the philosophy at the Farm revolves around the utterances of Steve Gaskin.

Gaskin recognized people’s limitations, people who just came out of Western civilization; he started them out slowly on the path of complete communalism. Take marriage. Farm people were strict believers in marriage; single people were kept isolated by sex, premarital sex was discouraged, extramarital sex was anathema. Most people on the Farm were married, by Gaskin himself, in a meadow on the back part of the property. From the basic two-marriage, Farm people who felt ready for it could move into a four-marriage, (and so on)\(^3^2\)

The strict regulations Gaskin creates and enforces on people’s personal lives are antithetical to all the ideas of communal living. However, the Farm has proven to be a long-term success, unlike many idealistic communes. Furthermore, Gaskin’s ideas do seem to have great power over people and, especially, children:

One thing everyone agrees about: the Farm knows how to raise children. Not only its own two hundred children, but the Farm is famous for having a powerful reforming effect on outsiders’ children. In several communes, there were people who had visited the Farm with whiny, bitchy children on their hands and then left two days later with quiet, polite children. These miracles are so legendary that more than fifty people a day arrive to see the gates of the Farm, in the hills of western

\(^3^2\) Rothchild 179.
Tennessee, on some sort of behavioral pilgrimage.\textsuperscript{33}

The rigid structure of the Farm must produce drastically different children than the hip and loose social structure of many developing hippie communes. Gilbert Zicklin suggests that it is the instability of the hippie commune that accounts for the extreme looseness of the children's education:

As Bettelheim notes of the kibbutz, child-rearing functions do not have immediate priority when the survival of the group depends on achieving a viable economic order, including the building of residences and other domestic facilities. This view suggests that until the group feels established and safely past the physical dangers of extinction, it cannot afford the time and energy needed to create a radically different mode of child rearing. Accordingly, if and when a group does reach the stage of physical security and achieves a sense of having weathered the initial strains of building a viable community, one may then expect to find attention paid to new ways of socializing its children.\textsuperscript{34}

Her personal feelings of affection for Linda's children, Shaina and Huckleberry, as well as for other beautiful commune hippie kids, make her feel defensive of their education. These kids know how to garden organically, how to maintain healthy dread locks, and what their rights are if a cop should harass them. They are creative, intelligent, tough, and sweet. When hippie communes do get on their feet they often found alternative schools, which other nearby people send their children to as well. Raising children, educating children, and influencing them are such powerful responsibilities that it doesn't seem right to leave it in the hands of the system. She takes off

\textsuperscript{33} Rothchild 170.
\textsuperscript{34} Zicklin 95-6.
with six year old Shaina and Tigger's dog into the mountains, they hear someone playing the dijery doo in the distance, and she feels the education mainstream society spurns running down her back.

Mainstream folks often have problems with the way other people are living, even as they b-γ pesticide-covered food that pollutes the water, and they judge the communes, communal living, and hippies. They envision communism and they run like chickens. However, all of these communes are pleasant to visit, and one need not become a long term member to attend a barter fair or a gathering at a commune.

Christmas Star

Driving to the annual Christmas Star Barter Fair\textsuperscript{35} out at the hippie commune in Winkelman, Arizona, she notices the thickness of the saguaros. This is the most heavenly retreat from Tucson because she doesn't have to miss the big lugs and ache for them the whole time she is away. Other favorite hippie hot spots include hot springs, barter fairs, sweat lodges, organic farms, communes, and cool hippie towns at street fair time, but hippies can be found anywhere and everywhere, meditating or chanting in any language imaginable. She hasn't had the opportunity to visit an organic farm or any hot springs, but there are hippie buses leaving from Tucson for these places anytime. Christmas Star is comforting; she has grown attached to the land there as well as the people. She laughs to herself (her horse-like

\textsuperscript{35} Christmas Star's owner, John Cohen, lost the land, and it became known as Windspirit Community (owned by all members) on the beautiful side with the old fruit trees, and the other side (equally perfect visually and in every other way) with the reservoir and some younger fruit trees, where the barter fairs were held for some 14 yrs., is being converting to a wholistic healing center for rich Californians
laugh that always makes other people join in the laughter) wondering if Tigger will still be dressed in Hare Krishna garb. She does not fault him for joining the Krishnas, but laughs at how seriously Tigger (like many before and since that seek out the Krishna religion) seems to believe that he is permanently devoted to it. Hippies embrace all religions as there is wisdom and truth in every tradition, yet dogmas and commandments are faux pas. Yet there are rules on publicly and privately owned lands, rules that even hippies who don't believe in rules have to follow.

Christmas Star has been such a sacred place for so many hippies for so many years that many consider it, like Jerusalem, a place to continue to make pilgrimages to for as long as they live. John Cohen bought the land in 1980 and set up irrigation, built a house and some dome structures, planted trees, and began a farming community. People never contributed financially, although they loved the land, and John Cohen was not a wealthy man, but a giving one. Shell had seen John give what little belonged to his family away to young hippies on several occasions. John gave away everything but his power over the commune, until he was forced out financially. John had always been in complete control of the land, deciding that the land would be vegetarians only, regardless of how community members felt on this issue.

Some Indians were asked to leave for eating meat, and she thought she'd say something before she left as well, but John Cohen was not interested in hearing her out, but in lecturing as if he were some big guru. She respected his wealth of knowledge, but on this issue, he was wrong. Wrong to have the veto power, and wrong to continue a long-standing tradition of oppressing
Indians and not listening to their perspective, at all.

Her friend Gus is a full-blooded Mayan Indian who travels and lives with hippies. Gus was at the barter fair, now traveling with Julie, a Rainbow with a child named Taylor (Taylor is also the son of Tamir, the sax player), and the two of them were expecting a child of their own at that time. Star laughingly remarked that the child would be a Rainbow Indian child. Sitting outside of Star’s schoolbus, we smoked a joint and talked about trading mushrooms for a ceramic tile Gus had made, under Star’s tutelage. The trade warmed him up, and he allowed her to tape record the conversation:

Gus: I was adopted by my stepfather, who is white,
Star: tell her how you got here
Gus: I was in a lock-up facility for juveniles, and when I left my stepfather gave me $500 and a plane ticket to anywhere, and I came to Phoenix and I was at the pay phone and asked some people nearby if there was a place for me to live and Star walked up and he brought me out to Stephen’s land35
Shell: it must be frustrating to be an Indian, white people living on Indian land and making restrictions on Indians
Gus: I think that’s bad; Natives can’t even go fishing without having to pay for it, this sacred thing they’ve been doing for all time, and hunting, you need to have a license, but they should be able to go hunting any time...at Whitewolf’s they don’t stop me, but here - I would never live here, but just come to visit, because I got yelled at for cooking meat and he was wearing leather shoes while he was yelling at me.

So many hippies want the land to be vegetarian, yet we also want Indians and other meat eaters to come and to continue to feel welcome. She thinks it has to do with ego, and wanting to control others. It makes sense logically to want to control what gets cooked and eaten in one’s own kitchen, but why do people need to control what others are cooking a few hundred feet away in

35 Stephen Whitewolf, formerly known as Stephen Cartwright, owns land that is used communally, but controlled and stewarded by himself. He has recently been released from prison for pot charges.
their own kitchens? As long as the kitchens are separate it should all be kosher. Star, Gus, Arrow, and Shell sat there pondering the issues. Shouldn’t Native people have the right to do what they want on their own land? Isn’t this their own land, regardless of the present hippie owner that possesses a government deed? Arrow Goldberg puts in his two cents

I’m trying to figure out how we can get vegetarians to get along with the meat eaters all on the same land, so then we can invite Africans, Natives, all these tribal peoples, Jamaicans and all that, most of them all eat meat, and it would be more inclusive. If we were to provide all the food it would be one thing to make it all vegetarian, but as it is...yes, this is the Natives land, but where is my land, as I see it, it’s our land, I mean should we go back to Europe and live there? There’s no where for us to live there anyway, there’s no indigenous culture left...you should talk to John West (new owner of the land) about how Natives should feel about their freedom to come and go from this land...bring it into the circle...

Precisely because these issues are brought into the circle, and are taken seriously, many Native people continue to frequent hippie communes and other hippie hang outs. There are other rules and principles that affect peoples feelings about Christmas Star, such as the fact that it claimed to be a Christ-conscious community, but these things are all constantly changing with the flow of people coming and going, ownership changing hands, and so on.

Ideally, everyone has an equal say in what goes on, but when someone has more money, more ownership, more power, then they have more say in the hippie community, just as they do in contemporary American society. Still, until individuals renounce their citizenship or declare their land church land, people have to pay property taxes, and often have to pay power
companies, or phone companies. Hippies are finding that it is hard to get away from capitalism. It’s hard to get away from technology, and many people living on communes do own computers. American business systems have built a trap of sorts from which it is illegal to escape.

Pongovi

Pongovi is located near Snowflake, Arizona, and is owned and inhabited by Greywolf, Divoki, many of their children and family, and often others as well. They recently held a workshop at Pongovi to teach Hopi basket making. These people are not Indians, and not New Agers. They make their living selling leather moccasins, and they live their lives according to their beliefs, which is something to be said.

When she asked about how reliable Rainbow family is as a family, Star Albright gave a description of the people at Pongovi

ML: do you think hippie culture takes care of its elders if they can’t support themselves?
EA: I don’t think that it’s been around long enough for that to happen, in the early rainbow gatherings it was just the people from the youth movements from the sixties and early seventies... for the last two years I’ve been living on and off with Greywolf and Divoki, there you have three generations of the same family living in what you would call a rainbow lifestyle, the children and and grandchildren were all there too, when they were living in town they were living in two big tents, they all make shoes, learning occurs in the process of day-to-day interactions. Atreyou is Greywolf’s son-in-law, he makes the shoes too, Greywolf and Divoki are gonna take a bunch of seed potatoes to the Havasupai, b/c they have friends there and land that’s not being used, they’ve been staying there off and on all winter. They have a large piece of land, Pongovi, the structures that are built there are all round, semi-subterranean, built on the idea of a kiva, except that in some cases you have three of them superimposed on each other, three
stories of round stone structures... they've lived out there for twenty years, three generations...

and he spoke of them in such an affectionate way that she felt sure he felt that he could rely on these people. An outsider might not be turned away from Pongovi, either, but certainly people who get close to this family will always be a part of it; this reminds her of the hospitality she’d received at Hotevilla, where she’d felt slowly, but warmly accepted. Hotevilla, of course, is deeply rooted in ancient tradition, whilst Pongovi is newly and actively exploring those roots, so that the root system can expand.

Recently there was a gathering at Pongovi, and she heard that Wave had brought the hippie totem pole from the last gathering he’d come from. Blackbird had been there, “it wasn’t like a Native pow-wow; it was more like a Rainbow pow-wow at Pongovi...it’s a beautiful place. It’s flatlands surrounded by low valley walls, they look like cliffs. They have some very interesting features, but they’re not that imposing. People were getting up and climbing on the cliffs all weekend; they were pretty safe and accessible.” She envisions scads of hippies scaling the cliffs like ants on the walls, without a care. How incredibly important it is that hippies should have access to land like this, to learn from and live on and gather. After two weeks the man will kick hippies out of any national forest land. Yet here is a safe place. Ah...

As part of the rituals that took place in this beautiful natural environment, we had a totem pole that was brought to us by two Rainbows from the east coast, that’s all I remember about them. But they had traveled with this totem pole, and brought it from where it had been before, presumably the sight of the last Rainbow gathering. This totem pole has been at every Rainbow gathering.

37 Blackbird is a Tucson hippie, and the founding priest of the Temple of Chaos, a pagan temple.
gathering since 1980, was made by some Rainbows either on or near the white house, and has been offered to four successive presidents as an offering of peace for the White House lawn. Four successive administrations have turned down the offer from the Rainbow tribe, and the totem pole, itself, has become something of a wandering Jew, if you will; its gone from gathering to gathering. A circle of Rainbows formed and started carving on this piece of wood, which became this totem pole. It is twelve feet high and six inches diameter, and its carved with all the symbols of all the religions that people believe in...
ML: it sounds like a skinny totem pole
BB: very skinny, very colorful, and very portable, which it would have to be to travel
ML: in a bus with a bunch of other hippies probably
BB: that’s right. It’s a beautiful thing; as a hippie I was moved to see it, I felt that I was looking at a piece of hippie history. The land Pongovi is administered by a hippie elder named Greywolf, and his woman Divoki, and their daughter and their little ones. In a discussion with him I told him that the success of the hippie lifestyle was attributable to the fact that the hippies, unlike any other subgroup in American civilization, have succeeded in passing down from one generation to the next. A series of values, rituals, beliefs, ideas, and folklore - there are little Rainbows who are 15 and 16 who are as much hippies as I am now at 30 or Greywolf is at 55. There are threads that bind us all and that’s what I think one of the main characteristics of hippie culture is. The totem pole was erected by Greywolf and the others and we all paid tribute to it. It stayed up for the duration of the pow-wow, and people made offerings of sage to it, made prayers near it, and danced around it, and generally provided the kind of energy to the totem pole that they thought it appropriate to contribute. The symbols are fairly closely carved, they’re not interwoven, there is space between them so each is separate and distinct, but they’re fairly close together, so there’s a lot of symbols on this thing. They’re all painted, some with solid colors, some with many colors; they’re very skillfully done. A lot of hippie folk art work from America is very unique in its intricacy. The totem pole was planted by six men, who carried it. There was a point at the bottom, and they brought this point to the center of the circle, and walked the totem pole around the hole they’d dug, and Greywolf asked one boy 8 or 9 years of age to help put soil in the hole afterwards. That struck me as very significant, because that happened very soon after our conversation about passing things down, and I think Greywolf, probably without even thinking about our conversation, proved my point. Passing down of lore, history,
and values is what defines the hippie culture. It's a natural thing that comes in a culture that's based on sharing.

Hippies truly do pass on lore, and these stories are the most important things that people need to share with one another. True, the hippie peace pole was created only recently, and true as well that new rituals are created every day. This pow-wow at Pongovi was a part of a long hippie history of creating and preserving rituals. According to a Hopi elder of her acquaintance, what the people at Pongovi are doing is their own business. Making and teaching Hopi basketry, even when one is not Hopi oneself, is not half so offensive as visiting the reservation and getting in the way of Hopis going about their business. Even the name Pongovi, which sounds like, but is not, a Hopi word, is fine, so long as they keep it far from the Hopi people themselves. However, the people at Pongovi do have Hopi friends, and they do wish to be respectful.

**Mother Earth Healing Circus**

The Circus is based in Prescott, Arizona. It is not your typical circus. HA! No, no, friends, this circus is one psychedelic experience not to be missed. Step right up and feel the vibrations! The Mother Earth Healing Circus is a hippie circus, and it reaches people with healing vibrations. The Circus was founded seven years ago by Jake and Donna, both of whom are still with the Circus, and their vision for it is still changing. There are at least 30 Circus performers and the Circus people have a real circus tent, although no one remembers ever setting it up, and there is even a man who breathes fire and clowns on stilts. There are many sideshows going on that make you
feel like you're tripping, regardless of whether you've taken anything: people in costumes and clowns approaching members of the audience and dancing with them, or getting them involved in something. There is a dance troupe called the Earth Pulse Dance Ensemble, which performs within the circus, and on its own. One of their dances was called visions of the goddess; the usual dancers had recruited others so that for the show there were all of these women, each dressed and dancing as one particular goddess. One dance revolved around witch burning, and there was one on Cinderella. The main act, if there is one, is a trippy hippie band, complete with nine or ten people on stage playing all sorts of ludicrous instruments. The experience of the Mother Earth Healing Circus is to Arizona hippies what the Merry Pranksters' Acid Tests must have been to the counterculture in San Francisco in the 60s, something that must happen again! All members of the audience become a part of the circus, and are swept into it. This is an important goal of the Circus that is being fulfilled, that people will be swept into it.

Advertised as "The Resurrection of the Hippie", the Mother Earth Healing Circus put on a special performance at the Baseline Mansion in Tempe on Easter Sunday of 1996. This date is interesting for Arizona hippies, historically, because it represents the first Easter in 16 years without a barter fair at Christmas Star. Many of the hippies who would have gone to the Easter barter fair went to the Resurrection instead. Anesthesia, a friend and a member of the Circus, explained the intentions of this momentous event.

Basically all of the hippies followed the Dead, they were all Deadheads, but Now is the time to resurrect the hippies, they
don’t have to be Deadheads anymore. Let’s do something more than follow a band around. (The purpose of the event was) Bringing life to a forgotten culture. Things are changing. There’s more and more vegetarians around, more people trying to change things to help the Earth. (We were trying to say) Quit bitching about Babylon and get on with it.

The same thoughts seem to move through so many heads. So many hippies rejoining society and, perhaps, trying to make a difference, is very exciting. Somehow it seems ironic that members of Spirit Union (a band within the circus) were off in California, in a recording studio with Mel Saunders (former keyboardist for the Grateful Dead), even while the Circus was making it’s East Coast tour, at the time of her interview with Anesthesia. Yet the Circus is not trying to gather a following of Deadheads, and consider the hippies that follow them to Prescott, but don’t participate in the Circus, as “drainbows, just hopping on and 10% of us doing the work, the rest are draining.” The Circus is more of a community of it’s own, than one that countless people should be joining. The idea the Circus advocates is Start your own circus!

The Circus people lived in Prescott for many years, very communally, many of them in one great house. They share everything with each other and with everyone else. Recently the Circus has disbanded (most hippies she knows believe this is a stunt to introduce the next event, the Resurrection or Reincarnation of the Circus) and moved to WindSpirit Community (formerly Christmas Star). Perhaps the circus people are a cross between the Pranksters and the Diggers. The Circus tours Arizona regularly, booking their shows at theater spaces and out in nature, stopping at communes, Phoenix,
Tucson, and Tempe, sometimes staying for a few days past the date of their show. They always come a few days early, as well. Everyone loves the Circus, but taken collectively, they are something of a burden to hippies who become their in-town hosts. Just think of all those school buses! All those people! The presence of the Circus is overwhelming, yet it is like some kind energy massage pouring its sensations over everyone and roping them in.

Other Communes and Commune Ethics

There are bunches of hippies, scattered here and there, throughout Arizona, at Stephen Whitewolf’s land, sometimes at White Dog’s land (now Kimberly’s land), or wherever they happen to end up, and they do live communally. Although there are some moral ethics that seem to have a strong presence in the hippie commune community, the only one that most hip communes all seem to share is the ethic regarding treating the land with respect. Hippies will not allow the use of earth-poisoning detergents or other household products on their land, and visitors must purchase environmentally sound toothpaste and toiletries if they wish to clean themselves on the land.

Pesticides are the best way to pollute the earth, the people, and the animals all at once. Scary as pesticides are, most people in this country have no understanding of the issue. Rachel Carson was the first to expose the risks of pesticides with her book Silent Spring, in 1962. Carson’s warning to the public did influence behavior during the 60s and 70s, and people became more ecology-minded, threatened with the idea of cancer being caused by pesticides. Carson’s questioning of society, of how can the system do this, and
how can people allow it to happen, is a question that is still being asked today, as pesticide use continues, and more harm being caused to all life.

How could intelligent beings seek to control a few unwanted species by a method that contaminated the entire environment and brought the threat of disease and death even to their own kind? Yet this is precisely what we have done. We have done it, moreover, for reasons that collapse the moment we examine them. We are told that the enormous and expanding use of pesticides is necessary to maintain farm production. Yet is our real problem not one of overproduction? Our farms, despite measures to remove acreages from production and to pay farmers not to produce, have yielded such a staggering excess of crops that the American taxpayer in 1962 is paying out more than one billion dollars a year as the total carrying cost of the surplus-food storage program.38

Most of the farms receiving these government subsidies are big companies, owned in part by legislators who allow the use of pesticides, or owned by friends of such legislators.

In 1996 the pesticides are different, and they are more concentrated, but it is more difficult to pin the exact effects they have on humans and on wildlife. According to Colborn, Dumanoski, and Myers, authors of Our Stolen Future, recent studies show that it is not colon cancer, but more serious difficulties that pesticides now represent to humans. (Do not expect to hear about this on television) Apparently, combinations of different pesticides genetically alter offspring, causing male birds to lose their male organs, and causing humans to suffer in our neurological development as babies. Hormones of offspring of pesticide-eaters are mutated.

38 Carson 19.
Children of mothers who had eaten two to three meals a month of fish (fish that had consumed pesticides which got into the water from agricultural use, so it is in all of our food) were born sooner, weighed less, and had smaller heads than those whose mother did not eat the fish. Moreover, the greater the amount of PCBs, a persistent industrial chemical that is a common pollutant in Great Lakes fish, in the umbilical cord blood, the more poorly the child scored on test assessing neurological development, lagging behind in various measures, such as short-term memory, that tend to predict later IQ. The parallel between this human study and the offspring effects in wildlife was interesting as well as troubling.39

As shocking as this information may be, there is relatively little known about the harmful effects of pesticides and other industrial chemicals, because the people who profit from the use of these chemicals have the ability to stop many of these studies from being conducted.

When one surveys the available information and scientific literature, one quickly discovers that there are far too many blank spaces and missing pieces to provide even a rough picture of how much humans might be taking in or to allow for definitive conclusions. Often the needed information simply does not exist or it is unavailable. Manufacturers frequently withhold information about the ingredients in their products using the claim of proprietary information or trade secrets - a principle that is far more rigorously protected by legal precedent and the courts than is the public's right to know. Even the federal Freedom of Information Act, which is supposed to give U.S. citizens access to information held by the government, contains an exemption for trade secrets or confidential business information. It is anybody's guess how many of the plastic consumer goods on the market contain hormone-disrupting chemicals.40

Hippies don't need to guess. We know innately that the dangers of pesticides

39 Colborn 24.
40 Colborn 136.
are equal in far-reaching implications to the dangers of nuclear power plants, now inoperating, which mankind hopes to contain. In order to contain the disastrous effects of such pollution, society will be dependent on the existence of big business and on big government. These are the entities responsible for the pollution, and this is the reason they allowed it to happen. Polluting the earth, the people, and wildlife made them money, and it will continue to make them money.

Hippie communes often produce organic produce for sale locally, and sometimes offer workshops in organic gardening. Allowing someone to grow food for your children is allowing someone you don’t know to seriously effect your children’s health and well-being. Hippies on communes are attempting to live self-sustaining lives on the land. Thus, the land has told hippie people that they must treat her with the utmost respect. Here, in Arizona, much of the land is still undeveloped compared to most of resource exploited America, and here, one most tread along carefully. Sting, it will sting and burn if the jumping cactus gets you. At least 30 or 40 small spines enter your skin at once, it takes a long time to pull them all out, and your skin will be red and sore for days. The only real way to avoid being stung, especially at night, is to learn to take each step with the most care and to listen to the earth. It is, in part, for this wisdom that hippies move to Arizona, and look to the Indian example of living with the land.

**Travelers**

Most of the communal activities that travelers get involved with are
spontaneous. 'Dude, let's take off for San Francisco Hot Springs, man. Yeah, does anybody have gas money?' There are traveling hippies of all ages, but the bulk of them are between sixteen and twenty years old. It seems natural for kids raised in urban or suburban environments to want to feel vast open space around them. Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his essay entitled "Nature" said something that seems to espouse the essence of what motivates traveling hippies, "Cities give not the human senses room enough. We go out daily and nightly to feed the eyes on the horizon, and require so much scope, just as we need water for our bath." Yet modern American society does not accept the need to fully experience nature as a true necessity. Thus, when kids take off with little money and wish to camp in the forest or need a little help in some town they get to, they are seen as troublesome kids, leeches on society, or even worse.

Newsweek offered an account of Texas's reaction to the Rainbow family that shows how little our society cares about people, even our own children:

The 17th annual peace gathering of the Rainbow Family of Living Light has East Texas up in arms. Next month, up to 20,000 Rainbows, many of them aging hippies from the 1960s, plan to invade national forestland in the area for a week. The U.S. Forest Service, familiar with past love-ins in other states, is seeking a permanent injunction against the group. Texas Gov. Bill Clements is prepared to call out the National Guard to control 'a hazard to the forest...or any kind of misbehavior situation.' Locals are 'loading rifles with bird shot and rock salt to fire into the backsides of any would be corn thieves or chicken poachers. Said a woman who called in to a radio talk show last week: 'I think they are a bunch of misfits that need to be sent to the far side of the world.'

41 Emerson 171.
Yet these children, the children of America, are seeking to learn from and commune with nature. Emerson's friend Thoreau built a cabin on Emerson's land and wrote *On Walden Pond*. Many of these people are experiencing the different landscapes and atmospheres all over North America for the first time, second time, third time, and when they feel like it they stop in some beautiful hippie town like Tucson, then feel stuck after a while, and move on. Many hippies choose not to work to avoid being tied to one place, paying taxes, and the grind, all of which seem to wear away at the mental health of the rest of the population. The cost of supporting oneself on the road is occasionally undertaken by wealthy parents, but most often by the sale of hippie crafts; still, most hippies eke out just enough to live on, if that. Hippie crafts are another reason for traveling because the things hippies make are so beautiful that many city and commune hippies trek out to barter fairs with the travelers just to get those good things that only hippies sell and trade.

**Rainbow Gatherings**

According to Lewis MacAdams the first gathering was organized by Barry Adams (Plunker), and Garrick Beck,

the only son of Judith Malina and Julian Beck, founders of New York's Living Theater,...the two tribes agreed to create the first Rainbow Gathering, in 1972. For the next year and a half, they traveled around the country, stopping at every commune and co-op they found, distributing posters and newsletters. They invited every senator, every congressman and every world leader to come to Table Mountain, near Granby, Colo., on July 4 for what was variously described as a gathering of the tribes, a prayer for peace and a change in the world. Over 20,000 people showed up. The governor called out the National Guard.
The governor of Colorado behaved no differently than any other governor might have done. From the beginning the gatherings have held such value spiritually, communally, and as a demonstration to society that such things exist; the government is perceptive in noticing the revolutionary implications. The gatherings incorporate aspects of hippie life found in the commune, in the city, or on the road; the national Gathering is the penultimate event of the year. From the beginning Indians have attended the gatherings, and most of those Indians have returned for subsequent gatherings (even though many hippies get burned out on gatherings after a while) and seem to really get excited about the whole thing. Called

one of the Rainbow Guide's key figures. Felipe Chavez is a Yaqui Indian who grew up in Chicago. He was drunk on the streets of Santa Cruz, Calif., when somebody took him to his first Gathering. 'It was a vital healing process for me in regaining my spirit,' he says. 'On my birthday I used to drink a bottle of tequila.' Now, on his birthday, Felipe usually sundances, piercing the flesh of his breasts with eagle claws or sharpened sticks to connect himself to a 'vision' tree. Felipe chose the Alabama site ('93 nat'l gathering) and with his wife, Lynn, and their three kids, set up the seed camp that became Kid Village. A seed camp is the first camp set up by the earliest arrivals at a gathering. Felipe and his family are sometimes called focalizers (those who facilitate the spread of information) in gatherspeak. Though it serves a thousand meals a day, Kid Village is much more than a kitchen. There are rope swings for kids.  

Felipe and many other Indian hippies have made major contributions to the structure, if there is one, of the Rainbow tribe. The Rainbow tribe does give something back, simply in being a refuge for lost souls. In this way the hippies serve some of the same functions that the NAC serves, with the

42 MacAdams 122-3.
difference being that the NAC caters only to Native people. According to the authors of *The Sacred*,

Many Indian people see Peyotism as a favorable alternative when more familiar tribal religions break down. Larry Estitty gives a vivid description of Peyote and the directions it might take at any time. He sees Peyotism as similar to a bird in flight. The bird is flexible, fluid, and may easily fly with the wind.43

The need for the Rainbow Gathering in North America is similar to the need for a pan-Indian church; it is a place for people to get back in touch with themselves.

As popularized as it may ever get, the Rainbow Gathering is always a place of mystique and predictions regarding the end of the world. Stories of aliens coming down, comets colliding, and the cycle of the Mayan calendar are constantly being passed on from one person to the next. Not one of these stories is trivialized in any way; they are all seen as valid perceptions of reality from which we can learn. Les Asum had attended the second national Gathering in Wind River, Wyoming, the year the buffalo appeared;

the original rumors that I heard back in Illinois (about the Rainbow Gathering) was that it was going to be like a rock concert, with Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead; different people might play there. It revolved around some Indian prophecy, specifically regarding the white buffalo. There was an image in the snow on the side of the mountain of a white buffalo during that Rainbow Gathering; people thought that was pretty powerful. It was originally called a Gathering of the Tribes, which is obviously an imitation of Native American rituals...

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43 *The Sacred* 237.
Hippies take nature very seriously, and some people who witness hippies in action think hippies are a bunch of kooks. The world is so crazy that it takes a kook to figure it out. Respect for all traditions and all wisdom naturally follows the recognition that all are part of the whole.

The Dead Lot

Sure, on the Dead lot hippies sell grilled cheese sandwiches, beer, and t-shirts, but most of these people also make hemp or sell jewelry, intricate bead work, dijjery doos, handmade patchwork clothing, ceramic drums, hand-carved pipe stone pipes, herbal salves, fresh sage and some illegal herbs and spices\textsuperscript{44}, and hundreds of other highly detailed work that is not often found in stores. These commodities are highly valued in the Rainbow community, and maintain their cash or trade values as long as the items remain in one piece. Actually, Casey, who makes drums out of agave stalks, sold her ceramic drum in Tucson for $30 and it had been broken and then glued. So many hippies have broken ceramic drums lying around that the idea of buying one that had been glued seems hysterical. But it was one of Wave's drums, which are highly valued locally because most hippies in Arizona know Wave or know of him. Wave learned about making drums from another hippie, and he and the mother of his children collaborate on the

\textsuperscript{44} So many drugs have been sold on the Dead lot that it would be impossible to try to list them. but marijuana, acid, mushrooms, beer, and nitrous are particularly popular. Ecstasy if you can get it, of course. Marijuana is sold raw or cooked into food, rolled in joints or packed into a fresh glass pipe (for kind nugs only). Acid mainly in tabs, but occasionally in liquid or microdots form. Mushrooms you buy raw. You could sell mushroom iced tea for a fortune, but I don't know if it's been done. Beer is usually micro-brew. Tripping and drinking, she always gets sick; it's one or the other. Good pot brownies or ganga goo balls will sell like crazy, and oil veil is that such good stuff...
making and heading of the drums. Teresa and her children still live in southeastern Arizona, near Safford, very close to the Peyote Way Church of God. The artwork hippies produce is often their sole source of income; insofar as stable income goes, sometimes it’s great and sometimes it’s not so great.

One of the primary realizations that hippies have had, in their experiences with the land, with each other, and with this fascist government is that we need each other; we need family. When traveling hippies come into a city, dirty, hungry, needing a kind word even, people react the way the Texans reacted, and pull out their guns. Leonard Wolf asked a hippie of the Haight

Q: Do you think of the Haight-Ashbury as a tribal community?
Maggie: Yes, very very much. I feel that they’re my people. Like when we were traveling...to see someone who was obviously a hippie was a marvelous thing, because it was instant communication, instant love, and helping...but when you’re down on Montgomery Street walking and you see all the really poor people who are on their half-hour lunch break and are up tight, unhappy, in debt - the middle-class Montgomery Street employees...and their suits all look alike. And to see a hippie down there, as soon as you see one, there’s this instant big smile and happy vibration, and wonderful communication, and it’s like that all the time, except that there are some kids who’ve got fouled up along the way, and that’s to be expected in working things out, and all we can do is try to help them. There’re people who’re fouled up in every bunch of people, and [all] we can do is - try to help our own, you know.45

With this statement, Maggie Gaskin has hit on one of the most important aspects of what keeps Rainbow family together; it really is true that hippies will start jumping up and down to hug you and welcome you, even when

45 Leonard Wolf 89.
they don’t know you, even sometimes when you don’t look like a hippie. When some random hippie calls Shell “sister” it feels genuine because it is genuine. The feeling of the powerful love of extended family is so overwhelming that one feels safety in it’s warm embrace. Even people who do things like stealing, which most hippies do not condone, are embraced, even 14 year old runaways are embraced, even narcs are embraced, even nuclear power plants are embraced and offered love, as it is all part of the whole.

Perhaps it is this love for the older generations that spawns such a commitment from the youth to live better lives somehow. Traveling hippies ache to truly live, in some of the same spirit that urged on Jack Kerouac and Neal Cassady:

“Oh man! man! man!” moaned Dean. “And it’s not even the beginning of it-and now here we are at last going east together, we’ve never gone east together, Sal, think of it, we’ll dig Denver together and see what everybody’s doing although that matters little to us, the point being that we know what IT is and we know TIME and we know that everything is really FINE.” Then he whispered, clutching my sleeve, sweating, “Now you just dig them in front. They have worries, they’re counting the miles, they’re thinking about where to sleep tonight, how much money for gas, the weather, how they’ll get there-and all the time they’ll get there anyway, you see. But they need to worry and betray time with urgencies false and otherwise, purely anxious and whiny, their souls really won’t be at peace unless they can latch on to an established and proven worry and having once found it they assume facial expressions to go with it, which is, you see, unhappiness, and all the time it all flies by them and they know it and that too worries them no end.

Listen! Listen

46 Sal and Dean Moriarty, respectively, the heroes of On the Road and perhaps of the beats.
47 Kerouac 208.
Hippies do try to avoid useless worrying, and smoking good herb helps with that, but nature is the real cure, and nature is better experienced on the road than in the city. Hippies would be as likely as Sal and Dean to run out of gas on the road as well. Yet such unfortunate consequences do often meet with miracles on the Rainbow Road. The Pranksters school bus ran out of gas one time; they easily resigned themselves to the task of staying where they were and fell asleep. When they awoke it arose like an angel from an acid dream; an Exxon tanker pulled up and filled up their tank completely. There does not have to be a fixed destination. The particular city one may be traveling to may be pure happenstance, although Denver, Sal and Dean’s destination, did become a major hippie hangout, shortly after the decline of the Haight. Leonard Wolf perceived this as well, “for one thing, the Haight-Ashbury was always an accident of place. People have been leaving it almost from the beginning to take the hippie message to other parts of the country and, lately, to other parts of the world.”48

**Drug Use or Spiritual Sacrament**

 Luckily, many necessities and luxuries may be obtained through barter within the hippie circuit. Marijuana works like cash, as it can be traded for most anything. Here in Arizona this is especially true. She thinks of John, her landlord, with whom she has regularly traded pot as a part of her rent, and how he keeps this fact from the apartment manager, who wouldn’t approve. Within the Rainbow community, natural things like marijuana are

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48 Leonard Wolf 269.
not considered drugs, so there are no illicit implications in using these substances as trade goods; there is no feeling of distrust or sketchiness, even though there are narcs and police plants at most Rainbow functions. David Gans, in a rare interview with Owsley (currently assuming the name Bear, the kooky guy who manufactured huge amounts of really fine LSD in the 1960s, providing it to the Grateful Dead scene, the Prankster scene, and the whole of the Haight), captures the irony of society’s ill-informed witch hunts

(Gans:)...you don’t outlaw automobiles because they can be used to run people over intentionally. Any tool can be a weapon.
(Owsley:) That’s true. And they lump everything together. I do not consider psychedelics a drug; you don’t take it as an escape; you don’t take it to cure something; it doesn’t suppress you. It’s a different thing. It came out of a religious matrix, it was always in a religious matrix, it affected me in a religious kind of way. It’s part of the Native American church, where they specify it as a religious thing. In all the ethnobotanical matrices, in the cultures of Central and South America, and even in Africa, it’s always used in a social matrix, in a religious or quasi-religious way. Sometimes we can’t, from our viewpoint, always recognize religiosity in things that people do.49

Owsley argues that we can’t judge others’ morals and lifestyles from within our own context, with our own sets of beliefs and from our own ethnocentric point of view. Furthermore, mainstream society’s lack of knowledge about hippie culture prevents others from seeing how vitally important these sacraments are to hippie religion. Yet Owsley’s use of Native traditions to justify hippie use of such sacraments as peyote is incomplete because his argument seems to assume that all Indians use peyote; this assumption rests

49 Gans 310.
on a false stereotype of Indian people, something commonly done in the Deadhead community. Many traditional Indians frown on the use of psychedelics, even those naturally growing nearby, and many of the Indians that do use them often will not condone hippies use of them, which is probably why the NAC attempted to put an end to the all-race peyote church in 1966.

Gus, a full-blooded Mayan Indian who has lived amongst hippies since his move to North America, argued that Indian use of peyote is more spiritual:

ML: like how we do it (trippping)?
Gus: no, not much different, but theirs is more spiritual, not just tripping out for the fun of it.
ML: some of us do it for spiritual reasons.
Gus: Yeah, I’ve done peyote on the res, at Taos pueblo. We had sweats, and we didn’t eat anything until the next day, we had fry bread. Five hours a sweat, sixteen or twenty rocks, but only two rounds, and when we got out we smoked the pipe...I did San Pedro at Whitewolf’s (hippie land) they had it out and I thought, I’ll try some...there’s some good influences, too, good leaders, all working together to make it better, not like a religious thing or anything like that, but spiritual...

What seems to strike Indians and non-Indians who have attended both Indian and hippie ceremonies is hippies have less traditional ritual, and that what little ritual exists is largely spontaneous. Many peyote road ceremonies practiced by Arizona Indians, however, are almost as new to them as they are to hippies, as peyote does not grow here, and was primarily used by tribes living in Mexico until fairly recently. Furthermore, NAC meetings are pan-Indian, a melting of traditions and cultures, not unlike the growth of the
hippie churches, which number far fewer, as most hippies don’t trust organized religion enough to even check out the all-race peyote church.

Rainbow hippies today are far more likely to engage in the use of mushrooms, San Pedro cactus, or other natural hallucinogens than they are to consume LSD, and this represents evolution in the hippie use of natural things over chemicals. Furthermore, nature children frequently will not condone the use of natural hallucinogens, if the gathering of the substance might endanger a rare plant, or prove harmful to an animal. Beats and flower children were into DMT, produced by the Colorado River Toad. Some hippies use it today, but, as hippies have become increasingly vegetarian and cruelty-free, the use of the toad has come to be seen by many as cruel. When the toad is "milked" by a human, the toad is freaking out. Reverend Anne Zapf, of the Peyote Way Church of God, defined the problem

A lot has been said about smoking Sonoran Desert Toad venom lately. The Stewards of this Church feel that milking toads for their venom is animal abuse. Toad venom is a powerful poison which protects the toad from predators. Once milked, the toad is left defenseless against predators who may not know that eating them is fatal. Toad venom is a quick fix. Smoking toad venom may allow an individual to experience mortality, but Peyote will strengthen the individual spiritually and reveal the divine.50

Those plants which grow naturally reveal themselves to people, and may be used respectfully, but even with plants, the greatest care must be taken to harvest in a careful and considerate manner. Hippies usually ask the plant’s permission. The authors of The Sacred briefly discuss sacred herbs, “Four

50 Zapf, 1.
herbs are used during the Peyote ceremony. They are Peyote, Tobacco, Cedar, and Sage. Without exception, all these plants have been used prehistorically by tribes of the Americas, usually for medicinal purposes." Hippies are using these same things for medicinal purposes, but they are not using them in the exact same way that any particular tribal religion or Pan-Indian religion uses them. However, different tribes use different herbs in different ways. There is no one way.

Most recently, on July 6, 1997, Shell had made a special trip to Christmas Star/Windspirit, with sister Sharon, and Preston. It was a special journey because they were rushing to Winkelman, Arizona at the summons of a close friend, Molly Winters, who was about to have her second child. Moondancer and Preston seemed to understand when the room needed female only energy, lit incense and candles around the room, with the bed lying diagonally in the middle of the room. The two brothers wandered out into the desert, caught themselves a Colorado River toad, and milked the venom. While they played like boys outside, the women wandered into a spiritual trance as Sharon massaged Molly's back. Andrea and Patricia, who live at Windspirit, were singing calming songs of prayer or were silent, and Andrea danced as Sharon began to slowly beat the drum. Shell joined in the soft dance, and the women danced and sang around the room. Sharon, Andrea, and Shell sang together

the river is flowing down to the sea, the river is flowing, flowing and growing, the river is flowing down to the sea, the river is flowing, flowing and growing, the river is flowing

51 The Sacred 237.
Molly wanted to go for a walk, Sharon and Shell went with her, and they walked down the road a good while, with Zachary, Molly's first child, in a stroller. When they got back to the house, Molly wanted to smoke a bowl. Shortly afterwards, Molly and Andrea put Zach to bed, although he didn't stay there for long. Shell was making herbal tea for Molly, but it was her responsibility to keep Zach company during the birth of his younger sibling, whom everyone but Moondancer thought would be a girl. Two-year old Zach was not used to being kept from his mama's arms and it was a hard time for him. Molly drank the tea and asked Sharon to touch her back again. In the silence, the sound of the crickets and birds filled the room, even at one a.m. and the singing resumed. Again, Molly stood up and walked around outside, until she was ready, standing by the porch, in the dirt. Shell and Zach had had to take a good long walk to get his screams out of Molly's earshot, but by the time the other women had gathered blankets, pads, sponges and water, the two of them had arrived back at the house, and stayed within earshot, so as to hear the birth. Preston and Moondancer had arrived back on the scene and were fetching things right at left at the word of any of the women, but otherwise they stood back a good ways and remained silent. Molly had Judah squatting, and she delivered it herself, as she had her first child. Patricia merely caught the baby and cut the cord. This last part happened all in a matter of minutes, and baby Judah brought the climax to the ceremony of his
birth by taking his first breath. Shell and Zach came back, Zach crying, but held back for only a few moments from his mama, who eagerly gathered her older son to her knee, gently holding him back. Molly cooed to Judah, a name given to her in sudden revelation, shortly before his birth. Beautiful, healthy baby, free of prescription drugs and sterile hospital air, sleeping in the crook of his mother’s arm. The only trained medical people Molly had seen had been a Mexican mid-wife, who had encouraged her to smoke the good herb throughout her pregnancy. Everyone present had felt the special power of this birth, and how natural it had seemed.

These medicines do seem to be a part of the natural wisdom that the Rainbow tribe of the Americas, like Indians, have discovered during their own experiences with the land. Lester Grinspoon and James Bakalar, authors of *Marihuana, the Forbidden Medicine*, delineate the history of the use of the sacred plant

The fiber has been used for cloth and paper for centuries and was the most important source of rope until the development of synthetic fibers. The seeds (or, strictly speaking, akenes - small hard fruits) have been used as bird feed and sometimes as human food. The oil contained in the seeds was once used for lighting and soap and is now sometimes employed in the manufacture of varnish, linoleum, and artists’ paints...But cannabis did not come into its own in the West as a medicine until the middle of the nineteenth century. During its heyday, from 1840 to 1900, more than one hundred papers were published in the Western medical literature recommending it for various illnesses and discomforts.52

This excellent book, which was published by the Yale University Press,

52 Grinspoon 1-4.
clarifies the safety of daily marijuana use, which has been common, but unpublished, information for some time. One of the authors is a medical doctor, which means that he took a risk in publishing such commonly known information. The American Medical Association’s lack of a stamp of approval on marijuana is similar to the FDA’s resistance; they want marijuana illegal so that they can profit by the war on drugs, and by the sale of substitutes for the herb that cures so many of America’s ailments.

Hippies do occasionally look to gurus for instructions regarding the use of marijuana and hallucinogens, accounting for the popularity of such books as *The Psychedelic Experience*. The notorious psychologists who authored the how-to-take-LSD subtitled the book *A Manual On The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, which is really a book for the living. Drs. Timothy Leary, Richard Alpert, and Ralph Metzner had an unquestionable impact on the flower children whom they associated with separately from the experiments at Harvard and the League for Spiritual Discovery, which they founded. Tim Leary and Richard Alpert could often be found at an acid test, a trips festival, or some other exciting hippie event. These were not stiff Harvard professors, but intelligent men who had given up their careers to make psychedelics more accessible to people. *The Psychedelic Experience* is a small part of the non-existent cookbook on hallucinogenics.

Following the Tibetan model then, we distinguish three phases of the psychedelic experience. The first period (Chikhai Bardo) is that of complete transcendence - beyond words, beyond space-time, beyond self. There are no visions, no sense of self, no thoughts. There are only pure awareness and ecstatic freedom from all game (and biological) involvements (Games are
behavioral sequences defined by roles, rules, rituals, goals, strategies, values, language, characteristic space-time locations and characteristic patterns of movement. Any behavior not having these nine features is non-game: this includes physiological reflexes, spontaneous play, and transcendent awareness.). The second lengthy period involves self, or external game reality (Chonyid Bardo) - in sharp exquisite clarity or in the form of hallucinations (karmic apparitions). The final period (Sidpa Bardo) involves the return to routine game reality and the self. For most persons the second (aesthetic or hallucinatory) stage is the longest. For the initiated the first stage of illumination lasts longer. For the unprepared, the heavy game players, those who anxiously cling to their egos, and for those who take the drug in a non-supportive setting, the struggle to regain reality begins early and usually lasts to the end of their session.53

The authors attempt to instruct initiates, and to get them to believe in the possibility of prolonged illumination. As with any intense form of meditation, psychedelics can only take a person as far as she is willing to go, with ego the reality check snapping one back to the limited mental range of ordinary experience. However, people so commonly have visionary experiences while tripping that they frequently end up turning others on.

In fact, it is a point of hippie etiquette to turn your friends on, if you can. If someone has some reefer, that person will be expected to break out. If she is baking ganja brownies in the house, and some hippie friends come to visit, she knows that she will be expected to share them, as a common courtesy, regardless of the cost or time involved in making them, of plans she had for them, or of the likelihood of the favor being returned. However, it is very pleasant to share it, and the favor is often returned. Her friend Preston

53 Leary 13.
asked her for the brownie recipe:

**Ganja Brownies**

Sift and sort marijuana (ideally between a half-ounce and an ounce per batch) until stems and seeds are completely absent. Grind remains with a coffee grinder, or sift it on a fine mesh sieve. Take the pot powder and soak it in canola oil for four weeks. Of course you could take the powder and simmer it in butter or oil for several hours, but simmering these fats is now said to be carcinogenic; cooking oil in the baked good itself is enough heating of the oil. Soak it for four weeks and the results will astound you, if you do not fall asleep. The problem with ganja brownies is that they get you so stoned that you may fall asleep, wasting the good effects of the ganja. Try eating the brownies with a nice iced mocha.

From here the recipe is only slightly adapted from Grandma Ruth’s recipe, and Grandma Ruth is an elderly Jewish woman from Scranton, Pennsylvania:

**Ingredients:** Five tblspns cocoa powder, choc. chips, five free-range eggs beaten well, half cup ganja oil, two cups sugar (or 1 cup turbinado, finely sifted), two tablespoons of orange juice, one cup of flour or matzoh cake meal, and chopped walnuts.

Heat oil in double boiler, add chocolate powder and stir until smooth. Blend flour, sugar, eggs, OJ; add chocolate/oil mixture; add chips and walnuts. Bake 30 minutes at 325 degrees.

If you use matzoh meal instead of flour these brownies will be kosher for Passover (truly kosher only if kosher ingredients are used and cooked in a kosher kitchen). Make them for your family anytime.

**Caution:** Marijuana brownies may intensify colors and induce drowsiness. Do not ingest unless you are not about to drive and have the time to feel fine.

Many people do not realize that the ganja will not have the same effects if it is simply baked into the brownies, and end up wasting their pot. Preston ended up simmering the pot in oil, then baking it into a lemon poppy seed cake mix from the grocery store. She was torn between mirth and disgust at the idea.

Due to the present unconstitutional laws banning possession of marijuana,
the price of the herb is much inflated, so a batch of ganja food is always a considerable monetary investment.

Still, hippies will try to give their baked goods away, even to unlikely strangers. Sometimes hippies will turn someone on without telling them, as the Merry Pranksters did to hundreds of people at the acid tests. This ethic of turning people on is possibly an aspect of the proselytizing trait of hippie culture. The tendency to proselytize reveals nothing about the upbringing of said hippies, as large numbers are said to have been raised Jewish or other non-Christian traditions, and there are many hippies who are staunchly against proselytizing. However, the image of a long-haired hippie freak with a long beard, wandering in the Haight, talking to strangers and offering them drugs is oddly reminiscent of the image of Jesus, whom many hippies are said to imitate, with the Jesus hair and the Jesus sandals. David Muniz, who hung with these guys in the Haight, described them in their earliest stages of hippiehood:

David: I was the only Indian in that clique..
ML: did people ask you a lot of questions about that?
David: No, they just accepted me; it was an attitude. And hippies had just started growing their hair and there were recruiters going “here, try some of this, smoke some of this, grow your hair long.” And we had guys in suits smoking pot with us...
ML: so you won converts?
David: oh yeah, all kinds of people would hang out with us, but it got more discriminating as time went on...

54 According to a hippie named Les Asum, one reporter found 70% of a Rainbow Gathering to be Jews.
As time passed and narcs made arrests, some hippies lost some of the unconditional trust of all mankind; as the media got its hand on the story, much of the mainstream lost sympathy or empathy for the hippies that they had smoked pot with back in the heyday before LSD was outlawed.

Of course there is some abuse and overuse, but most hippies believe that people should have the right to do as they please with their own bodies. Down at the Congress Grill in Tucson at two in the morning, some friends discuss the degree to which herbs and hallucinogens are genuinely treated as sacred. Her Navajo friend Kenny addresses this element of ganja use. Destiny, daughter of White Dog, responds to his comments:

Kenny: The Native American Church and the leaders of the Church only take as much as they need.
Destiny: That’s the problem with my dad; he worships a little too much. How is that respectful if you’re using it all the time and selling it...
Kenny: Indians aren’t allowed to sell it, but yeah, some do sell marijuana...
Destiny: Well, marijuana inhibits the warlike qualities of humans...

Kenny and Destiny make a good case that it is used so frequently as to demystify the sacred element, yet the ever-present spiritual aspect of both individuals (who always smoke when the toke comes their way) makes it’s own case as well. It is true that most hippies use marijuana and mushrooms in ways that many traditional Indians would find disrespectful, and that many mainstream people would find irresponsible and dangerous, even as they “inhibit the warlike qualities of humans.” Buffy St. Marie expressed one
common Indian view, "Fast from liquor. Give marijuana back to the medicine people, to be used for what it is, a medicine administered wisely, rarely, thoughtfully. When marijuana is used just to be socially cute, an Indian is weakened."

Hippies do not have an ethic against using both marijuana and psilocybin regularly; rather, hippies have an ethic in favor of using the earth's natural hallucinogens frequently, as they are superior to the manufactured kind that everybody else buys from some big corporation.

Within their own ethics system, the only problems hippies have with natural substances are the restrictions imposed by the fascist government in this country (it has already been shown that the U.S. government oppresses people, animals, and the earth; what could be more supremely fascist than the hatred of all life?) and the tendency to sit around all day pondering stories and music. Ralph Metzner, and the whole League for Spiritual Discovery gang, encouraged people to stay high, but to motivate themselves to affect the social structure. This is the gravest danger of natural drugs to the hippie community; the good effects we receive can make us more complacent about the world around us. Cool hippies can become major couch potatoes if they are not careful.

The vision of the supreme illusory nature of life's play and of the deceitful artificiality of man's games can induce in some unprepared minds a kind of shocking advice - "drop out" - is erroneously taken by some to mean "don't work." LSD is a tool, not a method. One has to learn to use it with discrimination. "Seeing" something under LSD is no guarantee of its conceptual or moral validity. As Timothy Leary emphasized repeatedly, every man has to become his own Moses, his own Galileo. He has to evolve his own moral code, he has to grasp the essential

55 Ste. Marie 29.
nature of his universe. Nothing can be taken for granted anymore. We have to start all over again from scratch.56

Metzner is so right on. If all the stoner-smoke-at-homer hippies would head out to effect change, which is so needed, more change would happen. Maybe hemp would be legalized. If hemp were legalized, the smoke-at-homers could emerge from their safety zones and interact with the others who still think that we are all separate, and at great distance from one another.

Marijuana is not anti-social in and of itself. Someone usually packs a bowl in consideration of a friend that has just joined the group who may need to be smoked out. The quality of the pot is as much a significant part of the conversation as the bowl through which it is smoked; people will invariably want to inspect these things and comment on them. People smoke through many different types of pipes, hookas, bongs, rolling papers, chillums, one hitters, etc. Hippies are often interested in owning a nice glass pipe, which is the smoothest on your lungs and the most psychedelic. For spiritual ceremonies, pot is often smoked in pipe stone pipes, which are peace pipes to hippies, but which are considered sacred by many tribes, and many Indians do not believe pipe stone is intended for marijuana use. However, marijuana is a sacred herb for hippies, and although hippies wish to be respectful to Native people, hippies have to live their own lives, and do their own things; some of those things are, of course, different. The only thing that can be said to outsiders who disapprove is that one would have to come to a Rainbow Gathering, learn to understand our way of life, and try to view it

56 Metzner 14.
from our perspective.

Hippies are trying to be respectful, are interested in learning how to behave more respectfully, and live a fairly peaceful life, warring only with the government. In 1996, the renowned White Dog was arrested for possession of marijuana and mushrooms. Rather than deny the charges, White Dog has chosen to admit the truth and proclaim his right to use the sacred herb as it constitutes an important part of his religious beliefs. Hemp activists stress the need for legalization for medicinal hemp users now, although most organizations are pushing for legalization for recreational use as well, with neither the spiritual argument, nor concern for other natural sacraments a part of the strategy of NORML or most of the other hemp organizations. The spiritual argument for hemp legalization resides mainly in the hippie community, its activists leaders in the hippie community, or leaders of hippie churches.

**Drum Circles and other city activities**

On the night of the full moon there is invariably a drum circle nearby, if there are any hippies to be found in the area. Drum circles often involve potlucks, dancing, social interaction, and bonfires, whether the setting is a gathering, a commune, or some hippie’s back yard.

Many experiences are shared communally, and sometimes a story can travel great distances. *Over at Sarah and World’s house kind bud is being passed.* *Now this is a true time for celebration, here in Mexico’s back yard where shwag is often passed off as kind.* *Shwag is standard Mexican green,*
which will get you stoned, but if you are a real stoner, it won't get you stoned for long, so you go through great quantities of shwag, whereas a few grams of kind bud from Oregon will last longer, and tastes better. Sarah and World are beautiful dreaddy hippies who seem out of place in their concrete apartment in Tucson. Yet the room is full of hippies: Craig, who is wearing a Toca Boll t-shirt that looks just like the Taco Bell insignia, Zach, who has his arm in a sling, herself, and a few others (we are all wearing corduroy pants). The energy in the room is flowing, and as each person speaks, the others seem to understand on many levels. World recalls this fellow at the Rainbow Gathering who had touched the hearts of all the hippies that had been there. He came into the different kitchens around the gathering, and in each one he told his tale, and he said, "I am the Lorax, I speak for the trees." The Lorax was holding a dead sapling, still green with life, and he cried as he spoke. Someone cut down this baby tree, but it was so fresh that it couldn't be used, so they left it by its sawed off roots, just left it lying there. How could they do that? They just left it lying there. And as he told the story, the Lorax sobbed. The hippies in the kitchens sobbed with him. They mourned the tree and renewed their personal vows to respect all life. The Lorax brought the tree and his message to the circle that night and 20,000 hippies cried over the tree together. Sitting on the moldy carpet, listening to World, we look around and find that we are all crying like babies.

Listening is very important in the hippie community, which thrives on stories and music. Hippies' major contributions to society include literature and music, among other things. Many hippies are scholars of
hippie literature, and many are scholars of hippie music. There are countless numbers of people who could list off the songs played by the Grateful Dead at any given show in the last thirty years. Mickey Hart reminisced for Rolling Stone about the free concerts they used to give in the days of the flower children:

I loved playing for free. It made you play real good. You were relaxed. People weren't paying money to hear you play, so you could do anything you wanted. And it felt good to be able to give the music away and let people who couldn't afford the music hear it. We used to like to play one free and one for pay. We thought we could manage that. It didn't cost that much to live then. We all lived together pretty much in two houses. I remember when we blocked Haight Street off. We just took Haight Street. Put two flat-bed trucks across and closed the street off. And it filled up eventually - we played to 10,000, 15,000, 20,000 people. That was really guerrilla theater.57

Unfortunately, in its later performances, the Dead always charged, and they charged $25 and $30! There are people who love hippie music, but who think the Grateful Dead were over-rated and overpriced. There are people who sit around all day and ponder what will happen now, with Jerry Garcia having died on August 19, 1995. Yet the scene is not so important as the music, because hippies have already found Rusted Root, Phish, Rad Dog (former members of the Dead), the new Further tour (Pranksters and former Dead), the Wailers (Marley's old band), and many other groovin' bands to follow. Jerry Garcia died. Music never died. Even Jerry Garcia's music lives on. These musicians are very important people in the hippie community. They provide something that people need. Music is a source of spiritual

57 Goldberg 95.
awakening for people. This is especially true for people living in urban areas, where there is little access to nature.

Jah Rastafari! Now that is the perfect blend of rhythms for all cultures. Rastafarian religion is of interest, but reggae music is at the heart of the hippie scene, which to some extent revolves around music and dancing. The first Rainbow gatherings, like the trips festivals, were originally promoted as acid rock shows. In Arizona there are always plenty of hippies, plenty of Indians, and a few Rastafarians at any good reggae show (or Phish, Rusted Root, the Allman Brothers, the list goes on), and some incredible acts come through here frequently. Burning Spear and Eek-a-Mouse both come to Tucson fairly frequently and there is an annual Bob Marley festival in Reid Park in Tucson. A reggae band made up of Havasupai Indians traveled to Tucson to play the ’96 Marley festival. Everyone had been awaiting this act with much anticipation. When they got on stage the crowd hushed in tangible excitement. The first song had no feeling of Aire, and everyone felt let down. The energy picked up, the band was warmed up, and they jammed. It was so great being there the first time the Havasupai band trekked down to Tucson to perform. Music can have such a powerful influence on people. It is one of the best methods of affecting group consciousness. Those kids tripping in Golden Gate Park with the Dead and Carlos Santana way back when! Even now, large groups of people getting together on psychedelics and grooving to the music they know so well strongly affects the hippie community. Hippies are still having wild fun, but there are times when people experience revelations about how much further we can take something, and then it
This hippie tripped out on life - yes that's me
she starts laughing loudly and insanely...

Above: Matt Rush, Tim, Sharon Lee, and Moondancer marching back to the parking area after the Marriage of the Oneness, a ceremony orchestrated by the Mother Earth Healing Circus. Right: dinner does by Happy, with some 60’s door beads and an informational poster called “Indians of North America” in the background.
seems that our community is so fresh, and that there are so many more beautiful turns it will take. Right On! Some of them may even take hippies to Washington.

Without television, hippies sit around and talk most of the time not spent working on some project. One typical conversation, about books, led to an interesting conclusion. Les Asum was saying that the Carlos Castaneda books were the original hippie books of lore, *The Teachings of Don Juan* being the hippie bible to Native American ritual. Shocked, she ran to grab her handy copy of *Yaqui Deer Songs*, and opens to page 23, it happens to have a bookmark stuck right there, and shows him that Larry Evers and Felipe Molina make it perfectly clear that Castaneda’s work is not respected by the Yaquis themselves, “A full review of the Castaneda books from a Yaqui point of view might be of interest to many non-Yaqui readers; however, we have yet to come across a Yaqui who admits even to reading all the books, much less trying to review them. And, as poet Wendy Rose observes, ‘the last thing a ‘Don Juan’ cultist wants is to meet a genuine Yaqui holy person.’” Les could not believe it, but he got over it. It was as if he had just found out that his grandmother had been a prostitute. No, he decided it wasn’t that bad. She laughed about it at the time, but later they both found out that Castaneda did have at least one genuine Yaqui source. It turns out Satpriti’s brother, Jim, is moving in with Anselmo Valencia, a Yaqui chief who claims to have informed Carlos Castaneda, although Valencia is reported to have been extremely insulted upon receiving signed copies of the Castaneda fiction.

58 Evers; Molina 23.
However, Wendy Rose failed to understand the nature of the ‘Don Juan’ cultist's inquisitiveness. Even if some hippie who really believed in the Castaneda stories were approached by a Yaqui holy person, he or she would definitely take advantage of the opportunity to be quiet and listen.

As a matter of fact, a number of hippies went to meet Anselmo Valencia, as he was interested in learning about the Arizona hippie version of the Australian dijerry doo, sometimes called dream pipes in Tucson. Happy, Dennis, Shell, Preston, and Fawn piled into Shell's light blue VW, and off they went. Satpriti had said that Anselmo wanted to see a few of the agave dream pipes, and Happy just happened to have three of his as he had just had them photographed. Happy's dij's are particularly striking to look at, but it is the magic of the sound that makes this instrument so unusual. Although the dij is made from the stalk of the agave, it is not something that the Indians in this area made or used, thus Valencia's curiosity. Although the group had driven a long ways into Northwest Tucson for this visit, it was to be a short one. No one spoke much, nor was there much need. All three instruments were played, in the living room of Valencia's home. He asked a few questions regarding the instruments, and he tried to play one. The circular breathing required to play this instrument takes a long time to learn, so he, like others before him, made a sound, but could not keep it going for a prolonged period of time. There was charged energy in that living room, both groups looking at each other with curiosity. Nobody said it, because everyone wanted to respect Anselmo Valencia's wishes, but the power of the dij can only be felt outside of buildings. When the dij is played in the
mountains, the coyotes and other desert creatures hear it, and they respond. This is the magic of the instrument.

Religion

Hippies have faith in many religions, and most hippies have faith in all of them. Tigger started singing this wonderful song one day, and she thinks it has biblical roots, “Consider the lilies of the fields, they toil not, nor do they worry, yet Solomon in all his glory, could not consider this. Have faith, oh have faith, and if you have the faith in a grain of mustard, mountains may be moved.” It was a typical full moon Tucson drum circle, typical in every way but size. There were almost one hundred people there that night that Tigger sang, and the hard-core hippies amongst us wanted to share kind energy with the newcomers. The drumming is always forced to a stop at ten in the evening because the hippie house (at that time, the famous Euclid and Adams house) that hosts the drum circles is surrounded by whiny neighbors. So at ten, several hippies took each others hands, and began to form a circle. Soon enough, everyone caught on and joined the circle. We sang a few hippie songs, a few chants, and some people voiced their excitement over the incredible drum circle that had just taken place. When a lull entered the circle for a moment, people got nervous, dropped hands, and broke the circle. But a handful of hippies felt sure that the circle had not been completed, and they regrouped, forming a smaller circle of about ten hippies. Singing, we were uplifted. “Consider the lilies of the fields; they toil not, nor do they worry...” We shared songs with each other that are rarely sung, songs
we'd each learned in obscure places. The power in that circle was so strong that each person who had been part of it was still lingering in its magic a week later. Every moment is religious, every moment is sacred, and nothing can be considered mundane.

There are some organized hippie religions, but for the most part they are organized because it is the only legal way to consume religious sacrament, such as the peyote sacrament. Hippie spirituality is usually informal and in circle. Yet hippies attend other churches and temples even more than they do the few sacramental churches simply because there are more of them. Akiva tried to explain to her why he felt so compelled to join the Sufi temple, and she couldn't understand. She respected his religious interests, yet she felt no pull in that direction, nor towards the Krishnas, nor towards the Christians. Having been raised as a Jew, Shell felt herself to be strongly inclined to sing Hebrew chants in the sweat lodge, but even the Reconstructionist synagogue she found much too formal. Noreen, this crazy Arizona hippie who is very involved with Dances for Universal Peace, started singing *Hinay mahtov umanayim, shevet achim gam yachad* one day in the sweat lodge, and as the unfamiliar tune but familiar words crept into her musical heartstrings, she began to sing the traditional tune she'd sung in conservative and orthodox synagogues. Then Noreen sang the English translation to her strange tune, *oh how good and oh how pleasant - it is for brothers, and for sisters to live as one*. She had no feelings of distrust towards Noreen, nor did she feel that Noreen had appropriated part of her Jewish heritage. Rather, she felt quite

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59 Noreen learned the song in an organization called Dances for Universal Peace.
elated and ecstatic. Here, in the hippie sweat many peoples are represented. Hearing the song sung by many people of different lineages, she knew the song held more power now, and it was being sung in truth and beauty.

**Peyote Way Church of God**

Seen by hippies as a mystical oasis in the desert, the Peyote Way Church of God is truly a haven of beauty and healing. However, the Church’s methods stray significantly from those of the NAC, and many Indians have problems with the all-race church. Some have even questioned Immanuel’s Apache blood. Yet the beauty of the all-race church is that it goes beyond petty arguments over skin color. Immanuel Trujillo (Mana), half San Carlos Apache, was adopted by white people and lost out on much of his culture. As a young man Mana decided to learn about the peyote way and met up with a man named Eugene Yoakem, a white prospector, and “Apache” Bill Russell, who had known Trujillo’s father and who gave Immanuel his father’s medicine bag.

Immanuel began to run peyote roads after a while and became known as a road man. In the mid 60’s Immanuel began to fulfill old man Yoakem’s vision of a peyote church open to people of all colors.

Although Trujillo himself is 50 percent Indian, his children are only of 25 percent Indian blood. He testified in court in a Dallas Federal court in 1982 that he feared his grandchildren could ‘be barred from the church and from partaking of the sacrament’ despite his teachings. Thus, Trujillo became a founding member of the ‘all-race group’ with the NAC, consisting mostly of Korean veterans, in the mid 1960s. But the church quickly responded to political pressure and revoked the charter of the all-race group. Trujillo left the NAC in 1966, establishing a church that would eventually evolve into the Peyote Way
Church of God.\textsuperscript{50}

Immanuel Trujillo's incredible life time accomplishments survive, regardless of the Indian people who try to discredit him. The Peyote Way Church of God serves an incredible purpose in teaching respectful methods of approaching spirituality. Many people have connected with the earth, the animals, and the people there, all of whom are exceptional people.

Although the all-race church began with Korean war veterans, Trujillo had already connected with hippie culture, and had met Neal Cassady at the hot springs near Big Sur. The first Ashram, in Benson, Arizona, attracted Allen Ginsberg, Richard Alpert, and many major Arizona hippies, like White Dog, Wave, and Steven White Wolf. Many young hippies of the 90's are taking an interest in the church, and are finding themselves welcomed into the family, just as they would be at a Rainbow gathering. There were drawings done of Ginsberg at the Ashram, and a piece of pottery he made while there. The pottery, largely Indian designs at first, was Immanuel's way of supporting the church financially. In 1970 he moved the Ashram to Klondyke, Arizona (near Safford) bringing students and family; he renamed it the Church of Holy Light. Later he renamed it the Peyote Way Church of God. "Trujillo purchased the 160-acre Peaceful Valley Ranch in the isolated Aravaipa Valley in Southeastern Arizona in 1970, on the "back-side" of one of the Apaches' most striking sacred sites, Mount Graham..."\textsuperscript{61} The church was paid off in ten years with the pottery sales. Immanuel taught all of the

\textsuperscript{50} Suprynovicz 5.
\textsuperscript{61} Suprynovicz 5.
Entrance gate to the Peyote Way Church of God in Klondyke, Arizona.

Shell and Matthew Kent, watching Gabe and Jerry shingle the roof of the church.

Tris, six years old, in front of the church library. The painting was done by his mother, Anne Zapf, and depicts women frolicking around the peyote, the woman in the center is pregnant.
The famous Drachman Sweat Lodge. To the left of the wooden deck is a round pool, half in and half above ground.

Another view of the sweat shows the massage table, which is often used on Sundays; behind it is a picnic table where people smoke herbs and drink water, and behind that a hammock.

This teepee stands back a good bit from the sweat.
church’s resident members to make the pottery, and with the many hands Immanuel used, huge quantities of the pottery were produced. The pottery has always sold well, is on permanent display at the Smithsonian, and is currently available at the Jewish Museum in New York as well as in the Grand Canyon gift shops. In 1953 Immanuel met Timothy Leary in a rear end car accident. It was the beginning of a long friendship, and the symbol of the League for Spiritual Discovery (LSD) became the symbol for the Peyote Way Church of God. While Immanuel probably does not consider himself a hippie, he has understood them and welcomed them into his home and his church. Immanuel has in his scrapbook flyers from the love-ins that occurred in Denver, Colorado in the sixties, where he was living at the time.

Aside from NAC’s move to revoke the all-race church’s charter in 1966, the NAC, as well as many Indian people outside of the NAC have condemned the Peyote Way Church of God. Some sources say that the NAC never gave a permit for any charter to begin with, and that Trujillo’s application for a charter was never taken seriously. The Peyote Church has been involved in the same legal battles confronting the NAC, only the legalities are different when the members are non-Indian. The hippies, Indians, and other enlightened people who have maintained the Church

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62 The real deal: “Immanuel and a contingent of Indians and non-Indians calling themselves the Native American Church All Race Group, represented a significant voting block for Emerson Decorah, who was running for President. Decorah agreed to institute the All Race Group as long as none of its members attempted to hold office for twenty years. This was in 1964. The election is documented in Peyote Religion by Omer Stewart, although the All Race Group is not. The charter of the All Race Group was revoked within a year. At the Dallas trial, we met NAC people who had been there and said they weren’t happy about the All Race Group at the time. The confusion on this issue may stem from the fact that Frank Takes Gun also claimed the Presidency. Apparently, Decorah was the President of the “reorganized NAC” and Takes Gun was the President of the “reconstituted NAC”.” (Reverend Anne Zapf)
have shared similar experiences with the government's attempt to repress people's religious rights. The government's attempt to control peyote by growing and dispensing it is still a significant problem, as government distribution likens a spiritual sacrament to prescription drugs. The NAC does not want to share any experiences with the Peyote Church and will not collaborate with them in any way. Their reasons are not clear, but there are many Indians who do not believe that peyote was intended for white people. Peyote is in limited supply, so the competition for peyote as a natural resource could be the instigator of their disapproval, although the Peyote Way Church cultivates its own from seeds. The Peyote Way Church of God is not nonchalant about Native peoples disapproval, but Immanuel Trujillo, who founded the Church, is still alive, and there are other Indians who approve as well.

The place, itself, is so incredibly beautiful. The large property reminds one of lusher country, with large trees looming, horses whinnying and freely roaming, children running about, little creeks running through it, and a large pool which has been left to get slimy like a lake. Throughout the four days she spent there during her first visit, the trees spoke and tickled her with their movements. She found herself singing to the trees, speaking to them. There seemed to be nothing else but the trees, and what they had to say, which was "flow with it."

Other Places of Worship

The Unitarian Church asked Ken Kesey to speak at a conference, but he
proved to be too much even for their radical congregation. The Unitarian Church is, however, as much a source of interest as the Krishna temple, and the Krishnas actively seek hippie converts by attending the gatherings, and by inviting hungry hippies to Krishna feasts. Most churches and temples seem friendly to hippies, but rarely accept the hippie lifestyle. The San Francisco Oracle printed a feature story which seemed to show some mainstream empathy with hippie values:

This is the true story of a young man who grew up with all the advantages of a well-to-do family... As a teenager he seemed a normal young man, gifted and promising, with a successful career before him in the family business... He was active in church work, and served a brief hitch as an officer in the Army.

Then suddenly a change came over him. Within a year he had broken with his family, and, without visible means of support, was drifting from one leaky pad to another, bearded, barefoot, dirty, and in rags...

The young man claimed he was trying to “live like Jesus,” all the while growing dirtier and more ragged, begging, mumbling to sticks and stones, “communicating” with anything that happened along. He dragged more and more fine young people... into this squalid and appalling way of life, all of them, like him, hipped on “Love, Love, Love.”

Although his address was not Haight-Ashbury, but Assisi, he belongs, in a way, to San Francisco. It was named for him.63

The spirituality of true Christians, just like that of all devoted peacemakers, has always been highly valued by many hippies. The church in the Haight-Ashbury was practically a community center; both the church and the people felt it should be that way. From there the Diggers organized free meals and planned the free store. Hippies, who often feel that surplus goods should be given away free, find it hard to rationalize flowing with the rat race and

63 von Hoffman 263
abandoning all hope for community by holding down corporate jobs to pay for their fancy houses.

Interestingly, many Christians who are otherwise completely mainstream, agree with “living simply so that others may simply live.” The Diggers work in many ways resembled the charity work Christians had been doing all along. Instead of receiving financial support from the members of a given church, the Diggers rustled up donations from the merchants and successful figures of the Haight. Hippies have gotten involved in all kinds of religions. Obviously there are hippies who have been involved in tribal religions. Rick Romancito’s sweeping statement that “the authentic practitioners of native religion only deal with Indians”⁶⁴ is insulting to the many tribes that do allow non-Indian participation. Many tribes allow European American participation in their rituals, but on their terms. Stephanie Joseph is White Mountain Apache and attended a Sun Dance on the Blood River Reservation in Canada. She was very surprised to see hippies participating in the Sun Dance, piercing their bodies, and the whole bit. Stephanie was astonished at the sight of the hippies because she had been to the Sunrise Dances at White Mountain in Arizona, and there had only been a few European Americans observing from the sidelines. Stephanie asked an elder standing near her what he thought of it, and he told her it was a good thing that they should come there and learn those things. While still in Alberta, Canada, Stephanie met a white woman who had participated in a pipe ceremony, from 4 a.m. until 9 p.m. at night. In this world of crazy white

⁶⁴ Romancito 98.
people, it is hard to imagine that one white person will have the endurance, the patience, and the respect required to participate in a whole ceremony, without disturbing it in any way, but it does happen. European American participation in Indian rituals is allowed in some tribes, to varying degrees. Just as the European American anthropologist is wrong to making sweeping statements about all North American Indians, so too, is Rick Romancito to make sweeping statements about hippies, who, like native people, come from many different cultures, and are an amazingly diverse group.

Hippie religious ceremonies are dictated by weather, the cycles of the moon and the stars, and by spontaneous creation. It is not possible to portray all of the types of ceremonies that hippies enact, and even one must be experienced to be believed. This one circle that Bryan organized at Crystal Palace was so magical. We were all out at Christmas Star, and someone had announced an acoustic jam at 4:20 at the Crystal Palace. We met there, at this medicine wheel on a hilltop, in the middle of nowhere. Somehow the acoustic jam never got going...

Bryan: the outside rocks represent the four seasons, spring summer fall winter; the inside rocks represent the four directions, the yellow is east, the eagle, the south is represented by the coyote, red - the east, eagle, represents clarity and that is the blue road which represents the spirit path east to west and the physical path, north to south is the red road. This south is represented by the coyote or the porcupine, or mouse, and that's for innocence and the inner child and trust, and this is west and that's usually black or dark blue, and that's the bear that represents introspection. The east and the west counterbalance each other, because east is clarity and if something's clear to you, you've already understood it, and west is introspection, so then you're looking within for an answer, so that's the spiritual path. North is the
last one, it's white, it represents the buffalo, the moose, it represents wisdom, learning, and gratitude, you give thanks to the north usually. In the south (physical path) it's the younger inner child, enjoying life, and the north is the wisdom, the elder side, it's learning; a lot of traditions say the two most important things that you do in life, you learn a lot and you enjoy life... you enter through the east, when the spirits leave through the north...

ML: this is all from different tribal cultures and you've adapted it to hippie culture by forming the circles and the entrances with crystals, small crystals, large crystals...

B: yeah, this is a medicine wheel, you're supposed to make the east entrance last... the counterbalance in nature between plants, which are givers, and stones which receive, the sage balances that out, plus there's lots of wood on the ground... this is a universal energy I'm putting into it, and that's what I think Native Americans are doing, it's not just their tradition, it's wisdom that's universal that they're tapping into... I've blended a lot from the book *The Sacred Path*, and I've learned a lot about Native traditions at Rainbow Gatherings... there are a lot of Native American prophecies that say that the red energy is starting to come through white people right now...

some random hippy: I heard a prophecy that there's something missing, and a white brother was supposed to return with the missing piece..

Somehow the acoustic jam never got going. Somehow the energy was so intense atop that mountain, we got so stoned out of our gourds, that nature seemed to be producing the most melodious tunes, songs were coming to us. We passed around the sacred pipe, lovingly packed with green buds, and we started singing with nature. People shared songs, stories, experiences, wisdom. We were music. Sage and cedar were burned. More people kept coming to join this Trenchtown experience. As more hippies showed up on the hilltop the circle got crowded, so we formed a second circle of people around the first, echoing the double circles of stones. We were echoing the stones. People entered from the east.
Sweat Lodge Song

She notices that it doesn't seem to feel like summer at the sweat lodge, whoa! someone dives in the pool splashing her where she lies sunbathing. Everyone is nude, even many of the little children, some adorned with dread locks. No one is staring or making a spectacle out of their own nudity and there is a feeling of warmth, comfort, and safety. The leaves of the pecan, tangerine, and mesquite trees shimmer in the breeze and there are some people making music in the shady spot by the picnic bench; the noise drifts over to the sunbathers, who groan with pleasure if they are not busy keeping an eye on the tots in the pool. Everyone takes mutual responsibility for the children, so the parents can go in and out of the sweat lodge freely. Adriana, who works at the smoothie shop, is crashing out on the hammock, and a little ways behind Adriana she can make out Dierdre, Lei lei, and Jimmy River (Satpriti's beautiful children) running in and out of the teepee. The whole area is completely enclosed in a small community of hippie elders who have lived there, built the lodge, and maintained it as an open place. The property is actually owned by Lee Stanley, who built the lodge in 1979 and opened it on Friday nights after Desa Rae's famous Friday night potlucks. The sweat, itself, has evolved over time, and it is constantly changing. There are a few rules: there is a sign over the door as you exit the sweat reminding you to shower before entering the pool and they don't like people to run the hose for refreshment inside the sweat lodge (the hose is there to fill a bucket of water which is slowly tossed over the rocks out of a wooden bowl) because the water
bills had gotten too high and because it detracts from the atmosphere of the sweat lodge. It is, indeed, a spiritual place where people come to release all negative energy to the spirit.

    Somehow the energy of the sweat itself remains pure, and for this we thank the rocks, the wood, and the water. We sing:

    You've got to humble yourself in the sight of the earth
    You've got to bend down low and humble yourself in the sight of the earth
    You've got to know what she knows and we shall lift each other up
    Higher and Higher, we shall lift each other up
    You've got to humble yourself in the sight of the rocks
    You've got to bend down low and humble yourself in the sight of the rocks
    You've got to know what they know and we shall lift each other up
    Higher and Higher, we shall lift each other up
    We've got to humble yourself in the sight of the water
    We've got to bend down low and humble yourself in the sight of the water
    We've got to know what water knows and we shall lift each other up
    Higher and Higher, we shall lift each other up...

This chant could continue for quite some time, and with each new verse a new voice rises with the suggestion of another piece of the spirit of which we are all a part. This song is almost always sung at hippie gatherings because it teaches and reminds us that humility brings us closer to oneness, which is at the center. “Imagine you are an acorn; what is your life like?” asked Calvin Luther Martin, a professor of American Indian History at Rutgers University. Students were asked to respond in writing immediately, for the answer is in the moment, that moment a sentient being mentally tries to be or to intimately understand some other life form. Hippies, like Indians, love the land and all life so dearly that they want to reach a closer spiritual connection with the spirit of it all. Learning the perspective of the rocks, the water, and
the acorn is a part of the process of reconnection to the spirit; this is what the song is about. Humbling oneself does not imply that one acknowledges that she was born in sin, or that she is inferior, but is simply the temporary tossing away of the ego. It is no small feat to lay one’s ego aside even for a moment, yet it is something we must do in order to step into the shoes of another.

Shoes... her friend Mimi had been working at Crow Canyon, an archaeological site in Arizona. Mimi saw some sandal-flats (stone pieces the shape of a sandal sole, for weaving sandals) and looked with wonder at her own shoes. Why, they look almost the same... humans have needed some kind of shoe for a long time and those shoes have always had a similar shape, the shape of the human foot... and Mimi thought, “we have something in common, don’t we” and she was talking to Indians who had lived there a long time ago.

Water is poured onto the hot rocks from a wooden bowl. Some hippie places some sage on the rocks, some drops of tincture, lavender or eucalyptus. The odors slowly fill the room, the cleansing becomes more intense. The sweat is not a place where hippies try to worship as Indians that lived long ago worshiped, but it is a place that blends ethnic traditions with newly created ones. The sweat is not dome shaped, but rectangular, and it is usually not segregated by sex. Many hippies believe that women and men create a more intense energy than women or men do alone in the sweat, although there are separate sweats on Wednesdays. There are a few people who only go to the women’s or the men’s sweat on Wednesdays. She had been raised to believe that women must be separate from men, especially during their
time of month, and she still felt that it made sense. Women are too powerful then, and they throw off the balance. This same philosophy is adhered to by some tribes in this country. Yet at the hippie sweat, many women walk around with a string hanging on co-ed days. Why should women have to separate themselves from the community, they argue. Let people learn to handle the power of women.

Many of the hippie songs are so beautifully powerful that nature seems to be thanking us for singing them. "Earth - my body, water - my blood, air - my breath, and fire - my spi-i-ri-it, earth my body, water my blood, air my breath, and fire my spirit, earthmybody watermyblood airmybreath and firemyspirit..." One begins this song singing softly, the second time it is sung louder, more and more people join in, and the song reaches a crescendo of voices and energy, and is brought back down and sung so softly that one can hardly hear the voices, and then back up again. The tune itself is woven into the hearts and minds of most hippies, and the song can sometimes be heard walking through the mountains. Some hippie friend is singing it nearby and she is just listening to it. Feeling it moving through her, speaking to her, and passing on.

Another of the most commonly sung sweat lodge songs supposedly comes from "American Indian dialect", although the tribe itself is not mentioned in New Age Songs, a book compiled from Rainbow gathering songs. The song is listed as "One With the Infinite Sun"

We are one with the infinite sun, Koo-ah-teh, len-o, len-o mah-o-teh
Forever and ever and ever. Hi-en-o, hie-en-o, hi-en-o
We are one with the infinite sun, Koo-ah-teh, len-o, len-o mah-o-teh
Forever and ever and ever. Hi-en-o, hi-en-o, hi-en-o^s

After the verses, the book lists some possible guitar chords, Em, C, and D, although she has never heard the song done with any instrument whatsoever. Odder yet, the book suggests that the song be accompanied by the drum, the flute, or the sitar. While the suggestion does not seem unpleasant, it seems to give away some of the character of the book’s dubious editor. Simply the idea of collecting the songs for the purpose of selling them shows dubious intentions. Furthermore, the editor plugs audio tapes of the songs for $40, crocheted medicine bags, and extra book copies at the end of the book, giving the text that materialistic feel that one gets from New Age magazines, which abound with offers of psychic services for a fee. Hippies are often anti-materialistic. This is not to say that you won’t see those same hippies eating Doritos later that day, but hippies tend to back off when someone asks for money. It is an interesting collection of Rainbow songs, but it was put together by a New Ager, rather than a Rainbow hippie, and New Agers are more likely to find it a credible source. Yet in some ways it is a wonderful source, for that is the exact pronunciation of the so-called American Indian lyrics to that song. There is a muted skylight above the benches inside the sweat, and when we sing this song on Sunday mornings, we look up and when we turn our heads back to the sauna we feel the light coming in on us, and this inspires the song to be sung for many more repetitions.

Some people differentiate between hippie sweats and saunas, even as

\(^{65}\) Rainbow Song 5.
prayers are sung even at the so-called saunas. Eric’s (Star Albright) interview is one perspective of a hippie elder:

In the sauna I sang a song for Leonard Peltier; it’s an AIM song. The chant is a pan-Indian thing because the people from AIM sing it so it’s a ritual that they’re all sharing rather than being a tradition from a particular tribe. Sweats that are run by Native Americans, they all want to do it a certain way, but they all do it differently from each other. I went to a sweat led by an Ojibwe a few weeks after I’d attended one run by a Navajo, which was very different, and so ours is different, too. The sweat I was at in Flagstaff everyone was wearing a towel or a loincloth thing, and I had to borrow something...I’ve done a lot of sweats out at White Dog’s; the Drachman sweat is a sauna, and this is a sauna here, too (at Christmas Star)...during a sweat you’re doing rounds, as opposed to coming in and out whenever you feel like it, but ours is also more like a sauna because a sauna is really not spiritual at all...in Europe the sauna was one of the only sanitary procedures they had for bathing, for cleansing...

Many hippie elders have experienced traditional sweats and are more critical of hippie sweats, although few would say that the “saunas” are not spiritual. It is true that less preparation goes into a hippie sweat, but there is no less ritual. Hippie sweats, or saunas, are centers of hippie spirituality, and if they do not closely resemble traditional Navajo sweats then it is because there is no intention of mimicry. However, the sweat lodge is the centrifuge in which hippie knowledge of Indian customs swirls rapidly, continually, and walking towards the hammock she spies Happy, maker of dijery doos

Happy: We’ve taken everything, we’ve adopted so many pieces and fragments, like smudging (some others are drumming in the background, a baby cries, and Happy begins to sing a Blackfoot song he learned in a Cowsbell sweat lodge on the reservation; this is a song he sings in the hippie sweat.) It’s a
beautiful thing...the differences exist in the preparation (the drumming around us is getting louder)...fasting, prayers, some hippies do it, but I've never been to a hippie sweat where everyone has prepared this way.

The fact that not everyone prepares in the same way, or even together, is directly related to the spiritual, rather than religious nature of the sweat, itself. Hippies don't like being weighed down by rules and dogmas. If it's not spontaneous, how could it really come from the heart?

Walking out of the sweat lodge she notices Akiva. Akiva has such lovely, long, curly hair and wears a chain dangling from his nose ring to his earring. Walking together, he and Pamela look beautiful, feminine, and earthy. She sees friends that she wants to get closer to at the sweat and feels a tingling running up her spine and legs. For once, she doesn't try to lead the chanting at the sweat, but sits back listening, and thinks about listening.

Think about listening.

Justification of our Rituals

Andy Smith, one of the co-founders of Women of All Red Nations, claims that the best way for "white women" to behave respectfully is to stop doing sweats:

they want to become Indian without holding themselves accountable to Indian communities. If they did, they would have to listen to Indians telling them to stop carrying around sacred pipes, stop doing their own sweat lodges, and stop appropriating our spiritual practices.

By this remark, Ms. Smith reveals her disdain for "white women"; by failing
to qualify this generalization, Smith acknowledges her racism. Smith claims the sweat lodge as belonging to Indians and implies that no other indigenous cultures (the world over, including the ancestors of many of these same hippies) have done the same. Her ignorance is so preposterous that it is doubtful whether most Indians would agree with her. Furthermore, hippies, specifically, “white women” included, are interested in learning to be more respectful towards Indians, but are often put off by racist people like Andy Smith. At one point in time Rolling Thunder, who is no longer recognized by the Cherokee tribe, came to Tucson to speak, and was making disparaging remarks about white people. Richard Till related the story of Rolling Thunder’s speech:

Rolling Thunder. He came off being a quarter Indian. Turned out he was not Indian at all, and all these Indians stood up and said, “Hey, we like white people, man. They’re our friends.” They walked out. But here’s this guy who was a white man blasting white people, and the Indians rejected that.

Having no intention at all of disrespecting urban Indians, it is difficult to avoid the observation that Indians with more Indian blood, or who retain more of their cultural heritage are friendlier to European Americans. People who still actively participate in their own ceremonies are less likely to criticize others who are at least trying. Just as a full-blooded European American may experience white-guilt, which could lead to self-hatred, so too does the 3/4 European American or 2/3 European American often have these same feelings.
A respected hippie elder named White Dog has been a part of the hippie community all over Arizona for thirty years; White Dog is friends with Havasupais and often summers with them in the Grand Canyon. She knows that White Dog is highly respected in many Indian communities and she respects him herself, but she has already had cause to defend his spiritual practices to Indians herself. Half-Navajo and half-Apache, her friend Alex has been teaching her the art of native silver-smithing. He believes it is something that can be shared. Alex despises hippie culture because some hippies in Arizona staged a snake dance, which is a very sacred thing to his people. She knows that White Dog was involved in that snake dance.

Catherine Walsh, a random journalist who attended a Rainbow Gathering, commented on this hippie use of Indian customs, “the handful of Native Americans who were present seemed comfortable with the gathering’s use of Indian rituals and symbols. But I had mixed feelings. I know Native Americans who are deeply concerned about the usurping of elements of their culture by needy middle-class white people.” It is true that many people feel this way, but through Walsh’s comments she clarifies her own readiness to stick to the mainstream programming, “its ideal of a cooperative, family-based society doesn’t seem realistic...Still, it felt great to join hands with 17,000 Rainbow people at noon on July 4 and pray for world peace. So this is what the 60’s felt like!”

If it feels great, Catherine, do it all the time! Catherine Walsh’s perceives that her own viewpoint is more experienced somehow, and that hippies are terribly naive. Yet she blankly displays her own naivete

66 Catherine Walsh 5
and unwillingness to change by commenting on the sixties at a nineties Rainbow Gathering (when they’ve been going on all this time). Many people’s misperceptions of hippies are based on a lack of real knowledge of hippie history. Yet Walsh’s criticism of the hippies for borrowing traditions hits close to home, as it is this argument with Alex Beeshlegaaii over the snake dance that has ruined their friendship.

Ordinarily, she would argue with people when she disagreed with them, but she didn’t want to argue with Alex because that would mean the end of her jewelry lessons. She had gotten used to Alex saying degrading things about “white” people and no longer took it personally. She rationalized his behavior with the argument that Indians have suffered so much discrimination that if European Americans don’t suffer any we could never possibly understand what they’ve gone through. Still, nobody has a right to degrade anybody else. When Alex told her what spiritual practices she should or should not do she felt extremely degraded. This was why she had rejected organized religion. She had tolerated so many whitey comments, but she couldn’t tolerate the attempt to control anyone else’s personal spirituality. This is what Christianity has tried to do, and this kind of behavior from anyone and everyone needs to be discontinued immediately.

Sitting near a campfire that is still going as the sun is rising, White Dog allows himself to be interviewed. Nearby, people are singing and laughing, but the two of them become completely absorbed in this serious matter. White Dog explains that there is no separation, even in terms of religion, and
Shell questions him. "How can one be respectful of Native American people, while appropriating their traditions?" White Dog's response comes with slow, resonant measures and pauses,

Spirituality is universal. There is no special race that has their own religion. True spirituality embraces everybody, so to say that (hippies) are appropriating something that has spiritual value is to try to isolate it and claim it, when it belongs to everybody. The Babylonian system is getting into people that are traditionalists. Back when the NAC became a legal church a white lawyer convinced them that they had to make it legal, and that you had to be 25% to be involved...but if (we sing) the song, a spiritual song, we are not taking it because it is already a gift. Us taking that song and singing it is much better than people who drop it and don't sing it anymore, giving it up, that's the more sacrilegious part of it. I've had Native Americans come up to me and say, "Who do you think you are? Dressing like an Indian and stuff?" (these people are) trying to put you off; people do that all over the world to each other, to keep them from feeling something. And these people who don't want you to do this, they're not doing it either...Religion is something where you get offended when somebody steps out of your procedure, or is from another procedure, but spirituality is heading toward creation....

She finds all oneness arguments convincing. She also can't help but sit in awe of White Dog. So many young hippies feel the same way, sit and listen to him for hours, and hear only one long story, a story which is constantly evolving. Recently Carol Locust67 had been asking her why young people don't listen to the elderly anymore. She didn't know why; she couldn't remotely understand it. That's what there is to do here, is listen to other people and other life, hear their wisdom, and make it part of our own. The wisdom of our elders is especially important. Her own Jewish grandmother,

67 Her Major Professor. Dr. Locust is a professor, activist, and Cherokee elder.
Adele Lee, had taught her that without ever having to say it, but it seemed to her to be natural truth to know that instinctively. That is the reason hippies know to listen to their elders, because they let their instincts take them places.

Her friend David Muniz is half-Mescalero Apache, part Navajo, part Aztecan, and part Mexican, yet his views on hippie appropriation clearly show his personal affiliation with hippie culture

ML: there are songs we sing in the sweat that are Indian songs and some Indians are saying we don't have a right to sing those songs...
David: we have a right to do anything we want and our inalienable right is to make our own rituals, and we are getting smarter. They (hippies) are getting money, bank accounts, education, people are organizing now and that sweat lodge is a very good example of that. We are people, you are people just like I am, and what defines you is who you are and what you are and where you came from, but see that was back then, I don't ride a horse and hunt antelope in the desert anymore. I have an education. I am a modern person. What I do now, I have my own rituals, I stretch, I shave. Bigger rituals, my son was born right there in that room. When he comes back here and he's old enough to know better, I'm going to dig a hole and plant the afterbirth from his birth and plant a tree for him and tell him look you are from the earth, this is from you, this represents your connection to the earth.
ML: is that an Indian ritual?
David: It is a southwest ritual, a lot of Indians do that, but a lot of people do that. Indians do not own this ritual, anyone that wants to and has the confidence to make their own rituals may do that and if anybody, black or red or white comes up and says you don't have the right to do that I'll say to them I have all the rights in the world because I know who I am and what I am, and this is my ritual, whether it comes from my Apache side or my modern side, this is the ritual I will do because it will connect me to the earth and that is what I wish to do.

68 Muniz graduated from Pueblo High School in Tucson and moved to the Haight - Ashbury in 1969; he lived as a hippie in the height of the Haight. Back in Tucson, Muniz can often be found at the hippie sweat
His voice passionate and intense, David speaks wisdom which seems almost obvious; it's truth rings so clearly. Muniz makes no claim that his opinions regarding hippie's use of Indian rituals reflect the views of all Mescalero Apaches, yet his arguments are valid, and he is certainly not the only person of Native descent to hold these views.

Furthermore, many Indians welcome all people into their religions. She thinks of the Yaqui Easter ceremonies, and how she had seen some white men participating at New Pascua over on Grant and I-10, and how the Yaqui people did not do a single thing to make her feel uncomfortable or unwelcome. And although it represents organized religion, tied as it is to the church, she feels drawn to it, and drawn to the Yaqui people. Regardless of the inconsistency of dogmatic religions with hippie beliefs, hippies continually search out the Krishna temple, books on Buddhism, Sufi temples, yoga centers (she thinks yoga is like a religion), Christian churches, synagogues, mosques, and peyote churches, to name a few. Hippies may take casual interest, or they may take a serious interest in some particular religion or cult, even, and disappear for a few months. Hippies are not attempting to trivialize anyone's religion; hippies are doing just the opposite. Each religion and culture is sacred and worthy of study. If we could all respect each other's wisdom, peace would be present on earth. Usually you can find that person who knows about Sufis or Krishnas at the next national Rainbow Gathering. We probe into these things, take what we want, and head back to the commune, hahahahaha.
Spirituality

The greatest area of growth within hippie culture is one that cannot be measured scientifically, for who can measure spirituality? There is a hippie story that explains this phenomenon. This story must be told in the present (Anesthesia had once told her, "Yesterday is the past, tomorrow is the future, but today is a gift, that's why they call it the present!"): With the growth of greed and judgment, the twentieth century grows to closely resemble the city Lot's wife looked back on. The fate of the people becomes clear to even the most ardent supporters of technology, waste, and family values. Everyone now knows that the Earth will evict her tenants if we don't learn to respect the landlady. Oddly enough, people have become so selfish and desensitized that the end of the human race doesn't seem to threaten them. It won't happen in my lifetime, or so the theory runs. There are a few people, scattered across the Earth, who feel it coming, and they try to spread the word. Gurus, yogis, and Hare Krishnas agree that there is one hope of salvation for the human race. Every person alive will have to grow spiritually five times the spiritual growth of an average human lifetime. Yet spirituality has become so insignificant in the modern world that spiritual growth is practically a forgotten concept. The spirit can not be bought or sold (or marketed) and therefore has no value in a capitalist system. What will become of the human race? This story defines the problem which is and has been item number one on the hippy non-agenda. This problem cannot be fought or resisted, but rather accepted as a part of the whole. Hippies struggle
within themselves to achieve spiritual growth, and this is a contribution towards a solution.

Many hippies try to have as little impact on the earth as the animals, rationalizing that our behavior directly affects our chances of survival. Kathleen Sand Piper visited some hippie communes in the early 70s, and compared the lifestyles of the hippies to the lifestyles of the Yuki Indians, according to a study done on Yukis in 1944 by George Foster. Piper's careful observation of the hippie ethics in their every day life yielded the information that hippies would go to bizarre extremes to live according to this ethic.

the hippies tried to ignore several kinds of "Indian potatoes" - mariposa lilies and shooting star - all were known to be edible. If the plant itself was killed by gathering it, taking more than a fifth of any given patch was also considered indiscriminate killing and a threat to the supply. Similarly, berries were sometimes deliberately underexploited out of consideration for the bird populations...the most prominent contrast in world view between the hippies and the Huchnom expressed in their use of wild foods is, however, the hippies' preoccupation with extinction, and their choice of renunciation as a means of forestalling it. This is a significant part of their motive for being on the land despite the extreme poverty and unceasing hard work involved.⁶⁹

Despite Piper's conclusion that Native American people are less concerned with the possibility of extinction, she would argue that it is an area of mutual concern. If all of the people who cared about the earth stood together there would be power there. Not all hippies are primitivists; some hippies are pro-technology and so are some Indians. If hippies aren't all perfectly respectful

⁶⁹ Cavan 64-5.
all the time, neither are all Native people. Nobody needs to be stereotyped. Yet, amongst the hippies and the Native American people are some of the greatest true noble savages of all time. For these primitivists have access to what mainstream society conceives of as great technology, and they choose to discard it. This is truth. This is beauty. If the world does end, there will have been goodness.

When it comes to the end of the world stories, hippies believe them all. Each one must be taken seriously. Lately, the UFO stories have been the talk of the town. The UFO’s can explain both the creation of the earth as well as the earth’s end. Tom, the local hippie ganja connection, told her he saw it on Public Access. She didn’t know what he meant by “public access” until she remembered that talking to Tom during the day is like speaking to an interactive television. It irritates her that he is always watching television. One time she was at his house, they were smoking pot, and they saw the movie Cannon Ball Run; now that was fun. Tom tries to get her attention

Listen! These Samarian tablets are five thousand years old, but the story is a thirty thousand year old story. The Sun is in the center, 10 planets around it, and the tenth planet is Planet X. The aliens came here to mine gold and they genetically mutated apes. These mutated people were the sons of god on the planet, biblically. Some of the genetically mutated women were impregnated by apes and the elder aliens decided to leave the planet. Maybe they took some of us with them and flooded the place. Thus, the polar ice caps. They can control weather. They are monitoring us. Don’t worry, they’re only stepping in if we create nuclear holocaust. Hey, this psychiatrist was on the show and he said 90% of the people who have had contact with aliens are totally sane, 90%! The other 10% he admitted were whackos. The psychiatrist said they are all saying some of the same things.
Everyone is smoking pot, and everyone is listening intently. Hippies will sit around, telling such tales, and every single person will have to at least act like they take it very, very seriously. Most people do believe it, especially when it comes to aliens, but those that think it's a little nuts have to contain their mirth and act like this is a serious problem. It's pretty funny. David Gans shares another story of the end of the world, related to him by Owsley, now known as Bear, and everyone's reaction to the story:

I first met Bear in 1982, backstage at the Greek Theatre, when he kibitzed on my interview with Dan Healy. My next encounter with him was at Phil Lesh's house a couple of years later, when he arrived with a map of the world showing the mean temperatures at the height of the last Ice Age and delivered a ninety-minute lecture on a thermal cataclysm that he said would begin with a six-week rainstorm and leave the entire Northern Hemisphere uninhabitable. Where would we go to survive this? To north-central Australia, where he and nouveau survivalist George Harrison, among others, had already begun to colonize.

It all sounded eminently logical, although neither I nor any of the others in the room had any way of validating or refuting his predictions. Still, when Bear passed around the Australian visa applications, we all accepted them politely but noncommittally. Lesh said something to the effect that when the storm hit he'd probably just take a walk up the ridge and watch the world end; I quoted George Harrison: "When your number's oop, it's oop."

It was an interesting encounter, though. It gave me a glimpse of the power of this man, who is widely regarded as a genius and a crank and who is admired and respected even by many of the same people who roll their eyes in resignation when he
It's funny that they all took the visa applications, and it's so funny that they were all so polite. Usually most hippies are trying so hard to see the truth in something, and even when they can't see it, they encourage the other person to pursue on his course anyway. Whatever is truly hysterical is an important aspect of hippie spiritual energy. She finds many of the world's end stories to be sources of amusement, but she, too, finds each one compelling in its way. Surely the world will end soon, for humans, as the Hopis say, if we don't shape up our act.

Most hippies seem to agree with what many Indians have said, that respect comes from being in tune with one's own connection to others. It is something that should be known innately, and it is of the greatest importance. The psychiatrist Ralph Metzner, who said we should all be our own Moses, our own Gandhi, was referring to this, that being lawless does not mean that we are free to do anything, but free to do what one knows is right. Two intensely mystical nature kids, Itica and Brian, unraveled some of the mystery of how to do this,

Itica: there doesn't have to be a fear between us, that blocks the connection...if I'm going to live in a place where there's a lot of water, I wouldn't eat fish, so I could go in the water and there would be no fear there. That's just my intuition...
ML: so you're saying we've (hippies) learned the things shamans have learned in the same ways shamans have learned them, from the land itself?
Brian and Itica: exactly
Brian: everything is vibration and we can perceive with our five senses five levels or five different frequencies. I recognize
Itica, beautiful traveling hippie, and interview subject, wearing hemp on her neck and crystals in her enlarged ear holes.

Gabriel, Rattlesnake medicine man, interviewee standing by racks of the Indian-style pottery that has paid for the church land.

Blackbird, interviewee, and priest of the First Temple of Chaos, a pagan church in Tucson.

Fawn, interviewee, with her dog, Serene.
that there are vibrational levels above and below these five frequencies...

Itica: I believe in playing music; it connects me to the earth like a root, and it’s healing vibrations that go across the planet, and it plays the planet’s song...

Brian: there was this Taoist story. Lao Tsu was teaching a class and they see this guy go over the waterfall. They all run over, and he stands up, gets up, and walks away. They’re like, “Whoa, are you o.k.?” and he responded, “I just went with the tide of the water and went down with it and back up with it, and if I’d fought it I surely would have been crushed.” So you have to harmonize with nature. Money and walls separate us, and stop us from doing that.

Hippies are, indeed trying to remember how to communicate with nature. Brian’s point that it is difficult to do that in a capitalist industrial society is well taken. Yet Brian and Itica, by their example, prove that it is possible. Taoism is one of the sources of wisdom that hippies find useful, but there are many.

Many people perceive world views other than their own as weird and somehow inferior, but hippies learn about the world from all angles, from every bit of life that has lived in the world, because everyone’s experiences are valid. Thus, the spiritual philosophies of hippies come from every place on earth; hippies are global children. Many cultures are predicting the end of the world. The Mayan Calendar is a big subject of interest for hippies, the earth changes that scientists predict are fanatically studied and passed on to others, and the methods of reincarnation are frantically being pondered. Many hippies have read Edgar Cayce and other prophets who claim to predict the future, and most of these prophecies are taken seriously, but for each oddball idea brought into the hippie community, there are only a few individuals
who really take these things seriously enough to pass the stories on to others. An Indian elder warned her that this meshing of cultures is dangerous. “If you try to bring everyone together like that, it won’t work.” Of course, she thought, there are Indians who take the opposite viewpoint as well, but she did respect this man, so his ideas were important to her. Yet she knew that she disagreed with him on other things as well. She knew that his methodology was far from hers. He didn’t think bringing everyone together was a bad idea, but he didn’t believe it could happen. Yet, once you have wheels, what’s to stop the wheels from turning into a serious drag racing opportunity? Schopenhauer explained the progress from an idea for social change into a reality:

All truth passes through three stages.
First it is Ridiculed.
Second it is violently opposed.
Third it is accepted as being self-evident.

Pretty soon the environmental crisis will be self-evident to everyone. All people will have to come together to find solutions, because man has created global ecological disasters waiting to happen. These international environmental conferences have already taken the first baby steps. It won’t be long before we are forced to take more dramatic steps. People have to stop pretending that they don’t know what’s happening and get real.

One time Shell had organized a project in her community to raise peoples’ awareness of the numbers of trees cut down each year to make disposable paper products. Middlesex County donated 100 cloth shopping
bags which read, "Middlesex County Recycles" and had the reduce, reuse, recycle insignia on them. To get one someone had to sign a letter saying that they did not want to receive junk mail. According to The Earthworks Group,

Americans receive almost 2 million tons of junk mail every year...If only 100,000 people stopped their junk mail, we could save about 150,000 trees every year. If a million people did, we could save some 1.5 million trees...(and) it takes one 15-20-year-old tree to make enough paper for only 700 grocery bags.

Background. We take it for granted that every time we go shopping, a store clerk will put our purchases in a bag. But do we really need the billions of bags we use annually?^1

People have to learn how to respect the earth in an industrial age. Respecting the earth in the 90s does not mean that one finds nature beautiful while hiking or camping. Those hiking spots should not be taken for granted; they represent habitats and homes of animals, which may soon be clear cut and destroyed. Respecting the earth means real action: it means cloth shopping bags, it means growing organic food, it means solar power, and it means that Americans have to drastically alter their lifestyles, and now. People who adhere to this philosophy are labeled idealists by those too lazy to take cloth bags, too lazy to show a sliver of respect for anything. Many hippies believe that we need to return to a simpler way of living.

Perhaps one could label hippies primitivist/millenialists. Chris Pealer, in his conclusion to "Contemporary Primitivism", addresses these two belief systems,

While primitivism looks toward a paradisical past,

71 Earth Works Group p.20.39.
millenialism foretells a coming catastrophe and/or subsequent utopia...The desire to change things for the better, both personally and globally, remains the most meritorious aspect of the primitivist movement; yet, the desperateness of their fear, and their failure to recognize the implications of Indian-White relations, has allowed primitivists to threaten the very cultures they admire. The prevailing colonial relationship between Anglo- and Native Americans changes the dynamics of what would otherwise be perhaps harmless cultural imitations. Though primitivists may distance themselves from the values and institutions of the dominant society, the history of those values and the power of those institutions pervade their relationships with Indians; the same power also stands behind each word that is spoken or written about Indians by Anglos.

Pealer claims that in either case, people are so stressed about the state of man that they feel the end coming, and fear that they can’t stake it off because they know they are unworthy. Hippies do not all imagine themselves to be unworthy, but live to be worthy. Hippies, in living like primitivists, separate themselves from an aggressive, greedy, European Industrialist society by saying, “I don’t want to be a part of that” loud and clear. Should some hippies feel guilty if they are white? Guilty of something they never wanted, something they never did? Most European American hippies cannot bring themselves to feel shame for the behavior of other European Americans, because hippies perceive that one can only take responsibility for one’s own behavior in this life. Hippies have stepped away from it, and suffer because they refuse to play what is commonly known as the white man’s game. Hippies are trying to live without the rat race, and when they succeed in doing it, perceive of themselves as having low impact. Imagine living life as if the earth was our campsite and we are all on a low impact camping trip.
Yet these white people should wear a scarlet letter the rest of their lives, while their fellow hippies, who happen to have a different color skin, kick back and smoke a joint. White hippies are over the fact that they happen to be white, and Indians who are over it are the ones who welcome us in when we come alone, respectfully. Nevertheless, hippies are really not crashing down the doors of the NAC, almost never speak of being adopted by Indians, and certainly would not threaten them in any way. Many writers condemning European American disrespectful commercialization of Indian rituals and traditions speak directly to New Agers; when the writing gets sloppy these critics broaden New Age people to include all white people.

The difference between hippies and New Agers is that hippies do not seek to become Indians through “visionary” experiences. Hippies do not seek to profit from Indians. Hippies do wish to learn from the Indian example, and they do wish to learn the Indian ways, not to imitate, but in order to incorporate those ways into their own understanding of the world. Some hippies still need to realize that the beautiful wisdom must accompany a knowledge of Native American history and an understanding of their current reality in order to perceive Indians as whole people. Yet most hippies desire education on this subject, whereas New Agers feel too threatened about the ground below them to ask. She thinks of the son who does not know how to ask, a figure in a Jewish story told on Pesach of four sons. Just as there is wisdom in listening, there is wisdom in knowing how to ask.

Hippies on the Res
Hippies have been visiting reservations and settlements of Indian people all over North and South America since the 60s, but there is one place that most flower children and Rainbows have taken particular interest in visiting. The Hopi mesas have the allure of old traditions still in place, a feeling of welcome inspired by the Hopis who have continually attended Rainbow Gatherings, and the Hopis are believed to be the people of peace.

Driving through the Hopi villages one cannot fail to notice the old school buses and Volkswagen camper vans parked scattered from each other as if to avoid association with one another or the appearance of permanency. While many hippies have been allowed to come and visit, they are not really wanted for extended visits. Many well intentioned hippies do not perceive the invasive nature of their presence, and historically have failed to understand the type of respect the Hopis wish to be accorded. Yet hippies are drawn to Hopi like bees to flowers.

At the first Rainbow gathering Grandfather David and some other Hopi people came and they spoke of a prophecy of a Pahana who would come bringing a missing piece of a petroglyph; some versions of the prophecy also said that these Pahanas would have long hair, and their name would sound like the word “Hopi”. Hippies rejoiced to hear this, and for the last thirty years many hippies have been disputing who owns the missing piece of rock. According to one Hopi from Hotevilla, Grandfather David’s real name was Manangya in his youth, and Buhungonvaya in his adulthood. Grandfather David, as he was called by the countless Rainbows who passed on his word,
attended many Rainbow gatherings in his lifetime, and received many hippies at Hotevilla. There are other well-known Rainbow gathering regulars from Hopi, one a man named Thomas Paangaqwya, known as Thomas Banyanca to most hippies, and sometimes referred to as Ben Yankee by sarcastic Hopis. The Hopi people who come to Rainbow gatherings do not come representing all Hopi people, but they are also not outcasts in their communities for it. A reliable Hopi source has confirmed that there is a belief that the Pahana, the older brother who emerged from the third world with the Hopis, will come with a missing piece of the rock that tells the story, but all such beliefs are not considered to be prophecies. “Prophesy” is a Pahana term. Hopis say that things might happen if things take a certain course. These possible predictions are known as the Hopi Way. Perhaps it was the Pahana who first referred to it as prophecy, since Grandfather David definitely was seen as a prophet. Ever since Grandfather David told that story many hippies have shown up at Hopi, claiming that they have the missing piece of rock. None of these Pahanas have proven to be the big kahuna, but there is no question that more long-haired hippie people will go visit the mesas and try for it, as if they might just be able to view Oz behind the curtain somewhere up on those mesas. If there is an Oz, and if his balloon did land safely, perhaps he landed at Shungopovi or Hotevilla and is living safely amongst the dream-like landscape.

Most hippies have the most respectful intentions, but being civilized in American society, are still too aggressive to suit the lifestyles of most Hopi

72 The Hopi people are anti-proselytizing in their way of being and would probably view the Hopi ambassadors at the Rainbow gatherings as trying to impose their way on the hippies.
people. Furthermore, their presence is invasive. Some hippies have run around naked, some have merely failed to perceive that as observers they should stand in the back row, and make like a mouse. One of Leonard Wolf's interviewees with a hippie-turned-cynic told a story about some hippie girls who went to meet the Hopis:

Q: What about the American Indian idea? You spoke of some of the street ethics as being shucks. Does this seem to be one?
Shirly: Well, a group of people went down to see the Hopi Indians...In the first place, it is a wise thing, when you go to present yourself to a group of people, that you abide in some ways by their more honorable customs. And for the Indians, women should not be in pants. [These hippie girls] went in pants. They really moved in - which is a very un-hippie thing - they placed their trip on all these people. And the Indians told them to go home; they were children; they didn't know what they wanted and they were messing around.73

Obviously the disrespect was shown out of ignorance, and there is no general pamphlet on “How to Behave at the (any tribe here) Indian Reservation.” Yet many Native people believe that respect should come naturally from within. She found herself blushing when she read that part about the hippie girls in pants. The insight Shirly Wise showed in her statement is not uncommon amongst hippies, either.

Visiting Hotevilla, Shell had been warmly received as a guest. Even as she approached the mesas, driving up the road, she felt comfortable. The earth is so barren that you can see the shape of the earth, it's contours and curves. You can almost feel it, run your hand over the rolling hills below the mesas. Her intentions had not been to seek the spiritual wisdom from the

73 Leonard Wolf 239.
Hopi people, but to visit with some friends she had made, and to attend the Second Mesa Day elementary school. Shell’s first moment in school brought a buzzing throughout the many buildings and classrooms. The children, especially the young girls, were fascinated with her eyebrow ring and with her hair wrap. She was glad that the girls liked her, and during recess she played with them on the playground, singing songs and fooling around on the monkey bars. She promised to come back another time with hair wrap materials, as all of the girls now wanted hair wraps. She felt lucky, as an observer, to get to attend the school with no particular roles assigned to her. She followed the bilingual teacher, Alfrieda Secakuku, to the fourth, fifth, and sixth grade classrooms that she was teaching; her lesson plans included historical and cultural information about Hopis as well as language. The vocabulary these older children were learning was much the same as what Shell had seen the first grade Hopi teachers teaching their children. This was not the only disturbing thing about the meager bilingual education the students were getting. Shell knew that when she reported her findings to her professor back in Tucson, she knew she was telling a Hopi person capable of doing something about it. Mrs. Secakuku had been interested in hearing about her Jewish culture, and both women commented on the similarities between the two cultures. Shell felt strongly about the preservation of the Hopi language, in part because Jewish people have gone through a similar period of language loss; Hebrew almost died, and then it was revived. Shell didn’t feel that she, on her own, was going to save the Hopi people, but she, like other peace loving flower children before her, hoped she could contribute
in some small way.

She was conscious of not wanting to take away more than she brought to these people, and she shared her experiences in Israel with many interested Hopis, but what she gained still seemed more valuable than what she had offered. Elsie Bahnimptewa brought Shell to her mother’s house, and they went out back to the piki house, where Elsie’s young nieces were learning to make piki. Sitting in the piki house, watching the young children, Shell felt the magic of the moment. It was fun being treated like the other girls, and then it was her turn to spread the fine blue cornmeal on the hot stone. Ha! her piki turned out terribly, even though it looked so easy when the others did it. She knew she was being given a gift that needed no thanks, and she thought that she would try to let her gratitude affect her behavior, and make her more gentle, and more humble.

As many hippies as there are who have behaved inappropriately, there are many hippies in Arizona who have friends at Hopi, and at Havasupai, partially because there are many hippies here who live humbly.

**America Needs Hippies**

Regardless of the true Cinderella for the Hopi glass slipper, it does seem that the birth of the Rainbow tribe was a much needed station break for Industrial America, with the purpose of waking society up to it’s own evils, and of pointing the American people to a more respectful path. Vine Deloria, in 1973, at the height of environmentalism in this century, and shortly after
the birth of hippie, predicted this need:

The non-Christian peoples of other races that live on the continent also have a responsibility to bring into being a new type of religion that does not view our world as lifeless and inimical to human existence. Whether or not this will be patterned after tribal religions, the movement of non-Indians into new religious forms appears inevitable and in many ways welcome. Without a substantial change in understanding of the world (and ecologists warn of the consequences of continued exploitation of the world), it would appear that mankind is approaching a catastrophe of undetermined dimensions.74

Deloria’s reasoning for welcoming the Rainbow tribe is probably similar to the reasoning applied by most Indians who do welcome hippies onto the reservations. Although most hippies have much to learn regarding humility, so do most people, and hippies want to learn. Hippies want to change the world through their own lives and their own personal and spiritual revelations.

Hippie Intentions

Unlike other European Americans to visit the res, hippies are not interested in coming for spectator sport. As Chris Pealer’s response to Andy Smith’s complaints aptly discerns,

Being “cool and spiritual” is tantamount to being ninety percent invisible: as with their religious traditions, the lives of Native Americans and the current problems, or the current achievements, that define those lives are obscured because the people who control the media, who publish most of the books, and who as a group hold the power to decide what is important knowledge and what is inconsequential—these people are

74 Deloria 270.
interested only in Indian “spiritual” knowledge that they can use.\(^{75}\)

Not every hippie is well read regarding North American tribal cultures or political issues, yet it does seem clear that hippies are more interested in becoming informed and active about these things. This is not to say that hippies are not interested in reading Lynn Andrews novels. Fawn, a traveling hippie who has lived in Tucson for several years, living on money earned from her hippie patchwork, began her interview with mention of this woman:

ML: What do you know about North American Indian people or customs?
Fawn: I use the Medicine Woman cards...
ML: you mean the Lynn Andrews stuff, because she’s not Indian, and her work is not authorized or regarded highly by Indians...
Fawn: but is it stuff she’s learned from Indians?
ML: so if she learned something in confidence, takes it out of context, then mixes it with fiction and publishes it as a novel...
Fawn: but I don’t know what my heritage is; what if I am part Indian, could I then speak for Indians?
ML: you weren’t raised in that culture, you could then find out about your tribe...any white person that’s making a lot of money off of it, and they’re making it because they’re talking their own versions of Native Americans, at least they can be honest with their information...
Fawn: well, I’m mad because Native Americans are making money off of my friends who are gambling, and we got to get past any differences, and accept each other and stop trying to make money off of each other. You know, I know some people who call themselves hippies who hurt people.
ML: there are people from all tribes and heritages who hurt people.
Fawn: well, I don’t go to the sweat lodge, and many of my friends aren’t hippies, so how am I a hippie? Hippie, or Indian, is skin deep...why do you have to label hippies?
ML: they have a negative image of us on the res, and I want to correct that. If they knew what we were really about, they might think differently
Fawn: what’s up with that? Why do they have a negative

\(^{75}\) Pealer, 36.
image?
ML: hippies come there, are disrespectful, running around naked...
Fawn: could I breast feed my baby? (theoretically, she has no baby)
ML: maybe, but you couldn't be totally naked running around on their land
Fawn: that's not the way I define the land, there's not that much left and we all have to share it...
ML: all of the land they have now is under constant attack of the government and big business; they have to suffer oppressions and discriminations that the rest of us live without...
Fawn: I've been refused service in a restaurant - they're totally doing it to me too, they kick me out of anywhere I go - I'm not wanted. I've been told by police officers, because I didn't have a license on my dog, they told me to get off the phone with my mom. We're all human, we're all being oppressed. I can't be somewhere unless I go buy it, where is my land? Anytime I go somewhere in the woods, I can only be there two weeks, and I can't hand out literature in national forests...

Fawn's interview shows her to be what many people believe to be the epitome of the hippie; she does not know who she is or where she belongs. This is the case with many younger hippies, although not many are mad at Indian people because of the casinos, because few hippies have the cash to gamble. But this lack of self-awareness is not the singular plight of some percentage of Rainbow family, but rather a problem that is prevalent in modern American culture. David Muniz, when he heard about this interview, said "She must know who she is, she must find out!" His response is typical of not only many Indian people, but of all people who do have power that comes from the sense of self, of knowing about your ancestors and where they have been. Yet for some people, finding out about their blood heritage is not possible; some American families have chosen to forget. Surnames were frequently shortened at Ellis Island, making it difficult
for many to trace their roots, even if they really wanted to investigate. Is it wrong for these people to find family and community in the Rainbow family, a family with whom they identify with and have chosen?

Another image of the hippie who sees a void in the mirror and looks elsewhere for fulfillment is the depiction of the Wannabe tribe, offered by the white author of *Children of Sacred Ground*, Catherine Feher-Elston:

The largely unwashed masses stream through Flagstaff...They frequently give themselves names such as White-Pony and Earth Bear, and try very hard to live as they perceive native Americans to live. They “wanna be” Indians and hence the name.

Many Wannabes appear to be leftover from the 1967 Summer-of-Love generation. Many are Anglo or Hispanic, most come from outside of the Southwest, and most know nothing substantive about the dispute between Hopi and Navajo. They are simply fascinated by any aspect of what they think of as authentic “Indian” life.

Wannabes gather regularly at the offices of the federal Navajo and Hopi Indian Relocation Commission in Flagstaff to protest relocation. Beating drums and carrying signs with slogans such as “Relocation is Genocide” and “Stop Relocation,” they parade up and down the streets of downtown Flagstaff, expressing their opinions.76

It’s hard to imagine that Feher-Elston would have mentioned it in her book if she had interviewed “unwashed masses” of Indian people. Certainly it is a mistake to assume that all of these people want to be Indians, without asking at least a good number of them. The assumptions Feher-Elston made showed her white guilt, and her lack of objective professionalism, which she claims to have as a journalist. Shell can’t fault this woman; knowing, as fully as a European American can, the true situation of Indian people today, it is

76 Catherine Feher-Elston, *Children of Sacred Ground: America’s Last Indian War*, p.48.
difficult to avoid white guilt, and it’s repercussions. Those white people who
do understand the plight of Indian people in the U.S. and indigenous peoples
the world over may have a harder time getting along with other whites,
without prejudging them.

A good way hippies and other concerned European Americans find to
contribute is through education. Rolling Stone did a 60s issue in 1990, and
they caught a glimpse of the grass roots education that went on at the
Psychedelic Shop back in the day, “Like Stewart Brand’s America Needs
Indians multimedia show. There was a teepee set up, and slides and films
showing Indian life were projected.” Stewart Brand must have been the
man responsible for making hippies realize that America Needs Indians.

Unlike New Agers, most hippies do not subscribe to the concept of the
Noble Savage, partially because hippies do visit the res, and partially because
Indians do visit or participate in hippie culture. Many hippies are familiar
with the problems specific tribes are having with alcoholism, education, land
claims issues, and the urbanization of Indians. Most of the hippies she
interviewed for this paper, when asked about hippies connection with
Indians, began by talking about Big Mountain, Leonard Peltier, or some other
specific problem that they had witnessed or been involved with personally.
Furthermore, hippies, unlike New Agers, are not as likely to romanticize
their own communities. The presence of A-camp (alcohol is permitted at this
camp, which is usually a short distance away from the gathering, as alcohol is
not permitted at the gathering itself) on the periphery of the Rainbow

\[77\] Goldberg 94-5.
gatherings has long been a bone of contention, to name one problem. If you
don’t have false romantic notions of your own community, you are less likely
to put that trip (stereotype) onto other communities.

Since many hippies are aware of the problems in Indian communities,
and because most hippies have as much love for Indian people (and all
people) as they do for Indian beliefs, there is a natural movement to activism
for Indian issues. Here in Tucson many hippies have been involved in the
Student Environmental Action Coalition, a group which has fought locally,
in conjunction with Native activists, to preserve the sacred Mount Graham.
Hippies and Apaches share the same concerns regarding Mount Graham, and
are some of the few people willing to speak their minds on these important
issues in this apathetic country. The willingness to lend a hand is nothing
new to the hippie community, as Jerry Mander distinguishes

The hippie community did have some awareness of the
political dimensions of Indian societies. In fact, many of the
hippie activists, now thirty years older, continue to show up
when a meeting is called by Indians trying to spread the word of
a problem. It is still Wavy Gravy’s Hog Farm that goes down to
help the elders at Big Mountain on the Navajo reservation. It
is still the Grateful Dead who play at the benefits.\(^78\)

Perhaps the assistance of hippies is not always wanted, needed, or recruited,
but many hippies take a strong interest in Native American rights and would
be willing to do something to promote them. However, it is unsettling when
a person has only respectful intentions, yet is constantly diminished to some
white without any intelligence, by every distrusting Indian eye. Andy Smith

\(^{78}\) Mander 207.
claims that

many white people take this to mean that they can join in our struggles solely for the purpose of being invited to ceremonies. If this does not occur, they feel that Indians have somehow unfairly withheld spiritual teachings from them. We are expected to pay the price in spiritual exploitation in order to gain allies in our political struggles.79

Having no intention of diminishing Smith's observation that some white activists have ulterior motives, one cannot avoid saying that her statement is poor at best as an overview of those interested in getting involved in Indian political issues. Many hippies and activists understand the fear or distrust many minorities have of white people. However, in the forum of political struggle, it seems unwise, if not unfair for those oppressed to devote their energies to attacking those European Americans who wish to ally themselves with the oppressed groups. When Ward Churchill speaks in a college auditorium to a group of European American students, he makes it clear that their help is unwanted and useless, leaving them with the single option of feeling depressed over their white guilt.

Most evolved Rainbow hippies do not regard Native Americans as some kind of holy beings, far superior to their own European relatives, and they have no desire to fit Indians into some sort of Eurocentric context. Churchill argues that Marxism, by coming from an Industrialist perspective, is only marginally better than capitalism, which is also an Industrialist system.

79 Andy Smith 45.

In effect, all non-European cultures are rendered subordinate to
Europe and found relatively retarded by the standards of measure through which Europe has chosen to evaluate success and achievement...no consideration is given to the possibility that a culture might choose to live within rather than in exploitative opposition to nature, establishing a cultural imperative precluding “mastery over nature” and insuring a spiritual context vastly different than anything witnessed in Europe.80

Most hippies would strongly identify with Ward Churchill’s words. Industrialism, along with many other European inventions, have proven disastrous, and it is time to look outside of the European context for some of the answers, political as well as spiritual.

Many Native critics have attacked New Agers (but the wording usually insinuates that they define New Agers as any European American interested in Indian religion) for capitalizing on, and therefore trivializing, Native American spirituality. There has been dialogue in the Indian community regarding the mass production of knock offs of Indian jewelry and crafts. Stan Steiner attributes some of this production to hippie sell-outs

More than simple stone, the “spirit of our heritage” was being offered the buyers of Indian jewelry. It did not matter that many of these “ancient relics” and “sacred jewels” were not Indian-made, and had, in fact, been manufactured on assembly lines, often by hippie entrepreneurs who had gone west to seek the spiritual way of the Indians, and not finding it, stayed on to cash in on the White Indian fad.81

Steiner depicts the trendiness of hippie culture in the early seventies as a factory for “fringe belts...a cocktail gown decorated with a Cherokee

80 Churchill 26-7.
81 Steiner 39.
alphabet...” and other Indianesque paraphenelia. Today, the idea is ridiculous, although perhaps the trendiness of hippie culture has waned. However, one would have had to search far and wide at any time to find a hippie who agreed with capitalism, not to mention large federal government systems (which couldn’t possibly hope to represent the hundreds of millions of people they govern); hippies very often fail as entrepreneurs because they give everything away, and proclaim that they are anti-materialist, anti-consumerist, and anti-government (i.e. the closing of the Psychedelic Shop).

The evolving hippie consciousness, from the sixties until today, has continued to affect the mainstream consciousness, but the social consciousness of the United States is still extremely greedy and thoughtless. Jeremy and Carole Grunewald Rifkin, authors of Voting Green, have observed this new trend in the American political arena,

Green politics is about to emerge in America as a powerful new political force. It is an intergenerational politics that is already beginning to unite the sixties generation with their sons and daughters just now coming of age in the nineties. The two generations share a new vision of the world and their place in it and are determined to imprint their own political will on the body politic.

Perhaps a shift is coming about, in the philosophies of Americans, as liberal ideas from the 60s resurface, with the youth that are the sons and daughters of the flower children. The Rifkins argue that Green voters are opposed to the concept of private ownership of the land, as the reality of private ownership has already proven devastating to the land. It is true that many hippies, like
many Native American people throughout history, object to the concept of ownership of land.

Hippies are as unlikely to try to sell or buy spirituality as they are to try to narrow the vast experiences of the North American tribes down to pan-Indian spirituality. Yet hippies are associated with the New Agers because both groups adopt certain tribal traditions. New Agers, however, attempt to become the Indian that they were in a past life, as Andy Smith sarcastically mocked. Wendy Rose described the pan-Indian outfit whiteshamans wearing buckskins, beadwork, headbands, moccasins...One may be hard-pressed to identify a particular indigenous culture being portrayed, but the obviously intended effect in American Indian. The point is that the whiteshaman reader/performer aspires to "embody the Indian," in effect "becoming" the "real" Indian even when actual native people are present. Native reality is thereby subsumed and negated by imposition of a "greater" or "more universal" contrivance.82

Rainbow hippies, like New Agers, sometimes dress in clothing they believe to be authentic Indian garb, unaware which, if any, tribe would wear those garments. Primitivists do tend to romanticize the Indian and sometimes try to dress in that image, and that is wrong. If the intentions were only to wear the most comfortable clothing, and not to try to imitate ethnic dress without investigating the historical and contemporary use of the item, as well as the opinion of the natives on the subject, then, at least, the primitivist could not be said to have colonialist intentions. Furthermore, all attempts of non-Indians to "embody" the Indian are ridiculous; such people should search out

82 Jaimes, p.405.
their own roots, if they can. New Agers are more likely than hippies are to try to put themselves off as Indians because they have less knowledge of their own backgrounds. Many hippies take with them their Jewish stories or their African drumming techniques when they head to the national gatherings, but there are a few hippies who fall into the New Age trap of having visions of Indianness. If European Americans knew more about their own cultural legacies from Europe there would be less Indian impersonators, but a more genuine interest in Native American people, and in their modern lives.

Hippies take a deep interest in many cultures, and very often in their own. She finds the Kabbalah fascinating, and is equally fascinated by the strong Jewish presence in the hippie community. She loves it that people get so into the Jewish melodies, just as they get so lost in the rhythmic East Indian chants, and thinks that there is probably more East Indian chanting than there is American Indian chanting. Steve, who used to live with White Dog, used to chant these Navajo chants for hours in the sweat lodge and drive everyone crazy. There is an unspoken rule that no one should hog the floor, if you will, when singing or chanting out loud in the sweat.

In many ways the hope of the harmless people was but an echo of the American Indian tribes who turned to the Ghost-Dance Religion in their despair over the violence of the white man, believing that there must be a time when "the whole Indian race, living and dead, will be reunited upon a regenerated earth, to live a life of aboriginal happiness, forever free from death, disease, and misery...all believers were exhorted to make themselves worthy of the predicted happiness by discarding all things warlike and practicing honesty, peace, and good will."83

83 Perry 83
Hippies interpret "practicing honesty, peace, and good will" to include the respect for the wisdom of all peoples.

Hippies have been involved in activism and have offered four successive presidents a peace pole that they carved on the White House lawn. The White House has never been a place of peace, so they successively refuse it. Is that peace pole an appropriation of a Native American custom that "trivialize(s) Native American practices so that these practices lose their spiritual force"? Smith's claim that European Americans are able to affect the "spiritual force" that ancient traditions have for Native people is insulting to her own people, and hardly believable. That is certainly not the intent of the peace pole, which could potentially benefit all people concerned about spiritual and religious freedom. Migration and integration often are followed with some adaptation. Many Native American people are rightfully angry about colonialization and it's continuing effects on Indian people, but the evils of the American government extend to the entire unhealthy population. Furthermore, America's consumerist greed has devastated nations far beyond the population of this continent. Native American concerns are still at the top of the priority list for many hippie and environmental activists.

CONCLUSION

Certainly European Americans would benefit from exploring their own cultures, but collectively as Americans it seems to make sense to look to a deeper wisdom, something gleaned from the land by its closest observers. Americans need a common spiritual connection distinct from the strength
they derive from Irish pride or Zionism if they are to care for the land or for the people here. They must care about it if they are going to be expected to do something about it.

In the struggle for peace and unity of all peoples, in the struggle to learn as a human race how to treat the earth respectfully enough so that we may continue to live here, we must put aside these accusations of appropriation. This is not to say that white people having their pictures taken next to a feathered up chief for five dollars outside the Cherokee reservation are not trivializing or demeaning Indian people, but rather that we must try to look at people’s intentions, and see more than there is to be seen on the surface. Hippies, New Agers, and activists are all people who are trying to make this world a better place, to educate people, to spread good energy. Whatever the faults of any of these people may be, it seems that they are defining a new America, one that does not trivialize or oppress people, animals, or earth.

Education in America must begin to teach our children about Native American history, from colonialism to modernity. Most of these teachers will be European Americans, individuals who may know nothing of their own heritage. We have to do more than hope that these teachers have a solid understanding of who they are in modern America, what their places are here, and how they belong to the new culture that is evolving here. We have to do more than hope that the present and future generations of teachers understand their connection to the land, here in America, not in far off Europe or Africa, but here. Some of this wisdom is going to have to come
from the original stewards of this land.

Rainbow hippies have made many important realizations, and are much closer to primitivists than survivalists. Hippies are not focusing on the end of the world, or the beginning of the world, for that matter. Now is the time. Do it now, and do it with good spirit.
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