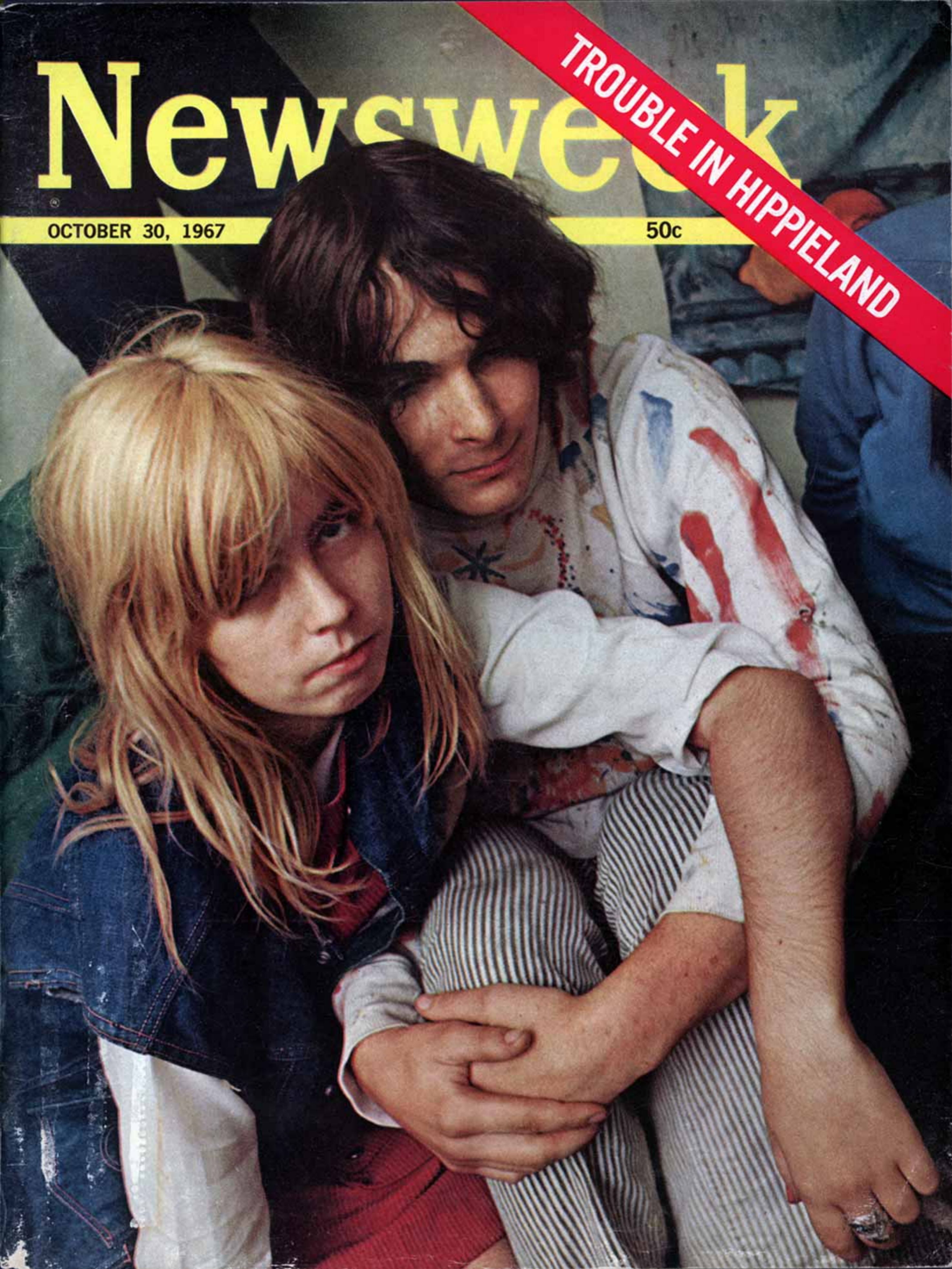


# Newsweek

OCTOBER 30, 1967

50c

TROUBLE IN HIPPIELAND



# Top of the Week



At sea: Mrs. Reagan, Fleming, Reagan, Jones, Cannon

## Shakedown Cruise for 1968 PAGE 22

SS Independence steamed out of New York harbor and headed southward toward the sun-drenched Virgin Islands. It was no ordinary, fun-packed ocean voyage but a bittersweet shakedown cruise for the 1968 Presidential election, and a chance to take a look at the three Republican noncandidates: Rockefeller, Reagan and Romney. On board were 42 of the nation's state governors, assorted other pols, and Newsweek's Senior Editor James Cannon, Los Angeles bureau chief Karl Fleming and Detroit bureau chief James Jones. From their reports, Associate Editor Kenneth Auchincloss fashioned this week's story on the launching of the campaign season.

## Trade and Aid: Poor, Rich and Very Rich

The plight of the have-not nations and their struggle for economic survival are examined this week by Arnaud de Borchgrave, Newsweek's chief European correspondent, in a searching report (page 38) that indicts much of the effort of the rich to help the poor as little more than lip service. And this week's Spotlight on Business (page 77) focuses on the rise of protectionist sentiment in the U.S. Congress that threatens to wreck three decades of progress toward freer trade. From reports by James Bishop Jr., Phil Cook and other Washington bureau members, plus files from other Newsweek bureaus, Associate Editor Rich Thomas wrote the Spotlight.

## Trouble in Hippieland PAGE 84

Last February, Newsweek became the first major national magazine to publish a serious piece on the hippies (below). It concentrated on San Francisco, illustrating both the joyful and bizarre sides of the flower children, who tripped on drugs and called for universal



love. This week's cover tells a story of murder, rape, racial clashes and uncontrolled drug-taking that have turned much of hippiedom into an urban nightmare. Every major Newsweek bureau reported on this scene; so did a dozen New York reporters. From this material, Associate Editor Harry Waters wrote the cover story, aided by Associate Editors G. Bruce Porter and Paul Zimmerman who collaborated on the profile of Marcy, 17, a runaway who symbolizes the plight of many of today's hippies. Two pages of color photographs accompany the story. (Newsweek cover photo by Dan McCoy—Black Star.)

# Newsweek

Contents October 30, 1967

<b>NATIONAL AFFAIRS</b> .....	20
Peace protesters around the U.S.	
The governors' cruise: shakedown for '68	
LBJ's Vietnam militants	
Pinchpenny fever sweeps the House	
The new Ev-and-Lyndon act	
The M-16 rifle under fire	
Mississippi: changing times, guilty verdicts	
<b>INTERNATIONAL</b> .....	30
NATO: a new home—and a new role?	
Britain's not-so-secret service	
Bonn's big spy haul	
A new Winston on the hustings	
Japan's Shigeru Yoshida dies, an era ends	
Going native in Japan	
Hungary: Cardinal Mindszenty's move	
"Scandal of the Century": the rich nations and the poor, by Arnaud de Borchgrave	
Bolivia—still the sick man of the Andes	
<b>THE WAR IN VIETNAM</b> .....	
Bloody ambush of the Black Lions	
<b>EDUCATION</b> .....	50
Teaching assistants: at the center of things	
Project 100,000: the Army helps its poorly educated	
<b>SCIENCE AND SPACE</b> .....	52
Hot news from the planet Venus	
<b>RELIGION</b> .....	57
Laymen speak out at the Vatican	
Prime-time Christianity	
Francis Huntington, the Wall Street priest	
<b>PRESS</b> .....	60
POW's in Hanoi: does the camera lie?	
Feeding the racial flame: are newspapers and TV to blame?	
<b>BUSINESS AND FINANCE</b> .....	69
Accord at Ford—on a slippery road	
Vindication for FM inventor Armstrong	
Italy: the Fiat-Alfa race	
Wall Street: the "performance" stocks	
The rich scent of protectionism (Spotlight on Business)	
<b>MEDICINE</b> .....	82
How we see: the work of three Nobelists	
<b>LIFE AND LEISURE</b> .....	84
Trouble in hippieland (the cover)	
<b>SPORTS</b> .....	105
The Volkswagen racing bug	
Sports ambassador to Africa Mal Whitfield	
<b>THE ARTS</b>	
<b>THEATER</b> .....	90
"Rosencrantz and Guildenstern" are great	
Yale's " 'Tis Pity She's a Whore"	
<b>MOVIES</b> .....	94
"Golden Eye": reflections on John Huston	
"The Madding Crowd": far from Hardy	
<b>ART</b> .....	97
Photographers show what "concerns" them	
Duchamp-Villon's sculpture in retrospect	
<b>BOOKS</b> .....	100
George F. Kennan's "Memoirs 1925-1950"	
Enid Starkie's biography of Flaubert	
Isaac Bashevis Singer's "The Manor"	
<b>OTHER DEPARTMENTS</b>	
Letters .....	4
Where Are They Now? .....	12
Periscope .....	15
Newsmakers .....	49
Transition .....	65
Business Trends .....	67
<b>THE COLUMNISTS</b>	
Emmett John Hughes—The Stammering Advocate .....	19
Kenneth Crawford—The Yellow Peril .....	29
Milton Friedman—Current Monetary Policy ..	80
Raymond Moley—Portrait of the GOP .....	108

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# Trouble in Hippieland

I've been so shattered by these murders that I've been wondering if I'm really getting through to my daughter. How can anyone be certain? For all I know, she could be leading a double life, too. I die a little every day.

—A Washington mother

Linda and Groovy were sacrifices, the movement's first real martyrs. But they showed us something, man. They showed us you can't find God and love in Sodom and Gomorrah. So it's time to split.

—A 19-year-old New York hippie

For the first time, perhaps, a single act of violence had put both the worlds of the "straights" and the hippies up tight. On the littered stone floor of a boiler room in New York's East Village hippieland, police this month discovered the nude and head-battered bodies of a pretty, upper-class dropout and a tat-

could reform—or even survive—in the urban jungle. And so as a gray Cadillac carried Linda to her grave in Greenwich, Conn.—and a fellow hippie played a harmonica eulogy over Groovy's coffin in Central Falls, R.I.—their people responded to the lessons of their deaths.

Almost overnight, the East Village seemed aswarm with parents searching for some of the 9,000 runaway children believed to be leading the hippie life in New York. The parents grimly patrolled the filthy, tenement-walled streets or stood forlornly before a precinct sergeant's desk, holding up a graduation-day snapshot that probably bore scant resemblance to the runaway's current camouflage. One Wisconsin couple stayed in an East Village hotel for eight days while they toured the head shops and hamburger joints. Poignant pleas ap-

starts bugging her, should I just sit there? Hell, no, I'll slug him." Susie, his brunette "old lady," nodded from under her Garbo hat. "There's no love here anymore," she sighed. "Everyone is scared to death. Everyone carries weapons. Even I carry a knife now."

In fact, the dark side of the moon has been visible for some time. The East Village has been the scene of eight unpublicized homicides this year, and, while the police deny that any involved hippies, an atmosphere of fear is pervasive. This summer a hippie known as "The Poet" was viciously beaten and his 15-year-old "flower bride" was raped by two assailants as they slept in Central Park. Accounts of rapes of hippie girls abound but, as one Lower East Side policeman acknowledged, "they never report them to us because cops are the Establishment."

**The Jungle:** Other hippie communities are similarly besieged. In San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district, the body of a Negro drug dealer known as "Super-spade" was recently found dangling from the crest of a cliff; three days earlier, a 23-year-old acid head was arrested with a package containing the severed arm of another hippie drug peddler. In hippie enclaves bordering ghettos, the voluntary dropouts have been frequent victims of minority groups fiercely struggling to better themselves. As a Puerto Rican housewife in the East Village puts it: "Their whole attitude toward us is 'Look, your life is all wrong.' But there's no right and no wrong when you're working twelve hours a day in a factory to feed a family. Everything they say and do threatens us—and the law of the jungle says destroy that which threatens you."

Then, of course, there are the drugs. For most straights, press reports of the East Village murders added a sinister new word to their glossary of hipisms. In addition to "pot" (marijuana), "coke" (cocaine), "smack" (heroin), and "acid" (LSD), they learned that more and more hippies were getting hooked on "speed" (Methedrine)—an amphetamine so volatile it even scares its users (box, page 87). Sociologist Lewis Yablonsky, who recently conducted a nationwide survey of hippiedom, estimates that 40 per cent of the hard-core element have turned into "speed freaks" or "Meth monsters." The nicknames are hardly unfair. Some hippie watchers claim that Methedrine underlies most violent acts committed by flower children. "The first time on speed is a beautiful high," says one hippie high priestess. "But then it twists your head up and you become weird and violent. You can kill someone in a minute."

The hippies' standard diet of drugs, sweets, sleepless jags and indiscriminate sex invites self-destruction as well. Sto-



Robert Jordan

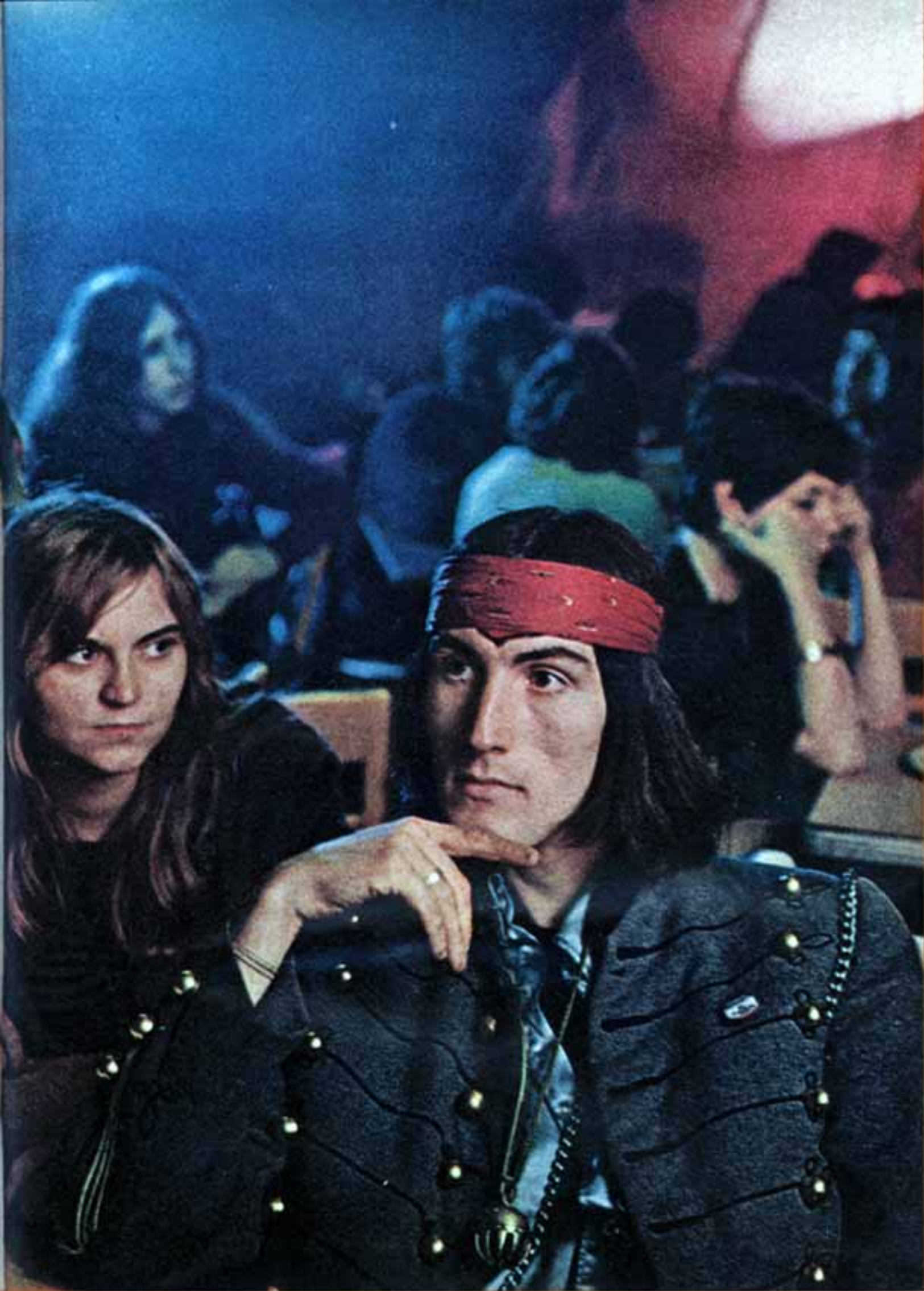
## Hard by the Bowery: For Puerto Ricans, the love people stir jungle law

toed drifter known as "Groovy." The story had more than enough tabloid touches to propel it across the nation: double murder, gang sex, the specter of new and more high-powered drugs, the titillating picture of Society's Child on a Jekyll-and-Hyde trip.

But in the autumn of 1967, the crime struck an especially sensitive nerve. To millions of parents, the murder of Linda Rea Fitzpatrick was the realization of all those lurid visions that haunt the psyche late at night before the sports car rolls up the driveway, the awful denouement of every warning delivered to a daughter setting off for college, a vacation or a weekend in the city. To thousands of flower children, the murder of James (Groovy) Hutchinson seemed to mock the notion that the love ethic

peared in store windows and in the classified sections of the underground press: "Annabelle—We love you. Call collect. Mother and Dad"; "Kathy—No need to hide. Please call and return to school. Mother."

**Flower Offering:** At the same time, the double murder seems to have shaken the hippies' faith in nonviolence. Many now challenge the wisdom of responding to an assailant by turning a flower-painted cheek—or of shrugging, "It's okay, he's just doing his thing." Even at the Diggers' Free Store, a sort of food-and-clothing giveaway center for hippies, the mood is resentful. "People come in and want to smash the window," says Richie, the hirsute proprietor. "Should I kiss them and give them a flower? If I take my chick to a bar and some spade



Turned on: In a typical hippie pad in Manhattan, life is casual and cluttered



East Village scene: In The Cave (above), Galahad is grooving with other hippies. Another hangout is the Free Store (below), where the Diggers offer free clothes and company.

Newsweek photos by Dan McCoy—Black Star

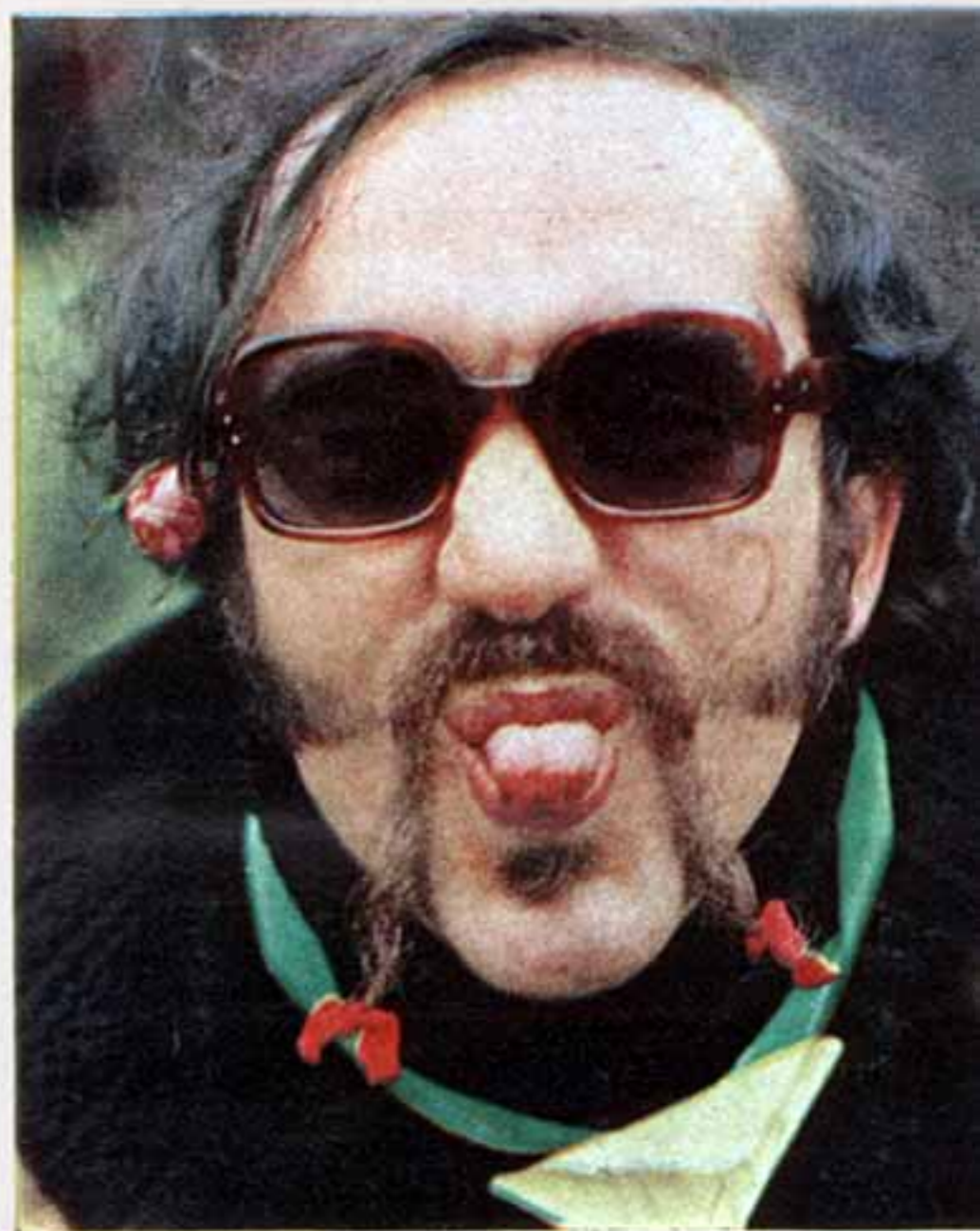




Lee Johnson

Love-In: Whether dancing alone in the Hollywood Hills (above) or wallowing together in the Boston mud (below), the flower children see the world through their own prism

Newsweek photos by Ken Wittenberg



ries of bad trips culminating in suicide are no longer unique. Neither are tales of hippies coming down from highs with something more serious than psychic pains. Before it shut down this September, the Free Medical Clinic in Haight-Ashbury treated some 13,000 patients within three months for diseases ranging from pneumonia to hepatitis caused by shooting amphetamines with dirty needles. And a venereal-disease-control agency in Los Angeles, for one, reports 507 VD cases per 100,000 persons in the city's hippie district—vs. a county-wide average of 253.

How they live or even whether they live, however, still doesn't seem to bug hippies as much as their right to live as they please. Lately, police "sweep-ins" like that which netted 32 hippies on Haight Street two weeks ago have had the flower children pleading for protection from the police rather than by them. (One 15-year-old boy, swept up in the Hashbury raid with an ounce of marijuana in his pocket, cheerily told his arresting officer: "I don't smoke it . . . I just carry it as a status symbol.")

**Prey:** To be fair, the hippies do seem natural prey for publicity-hungry politicians—if not overzealous police. In Cambridge, Mass., the third largest hippie community in the U.S., Mayor Daniel Hayes Jr. has launched total war on what he calls "hipbos" (the suffix stands for body odor). As part of his campaign against the hipbos, whom he considers a "threat to common decency" as well as being "obviously mentally deranged," Hayes and a platoon of television cameramen recently busted into a hippie pad, seized a pile of diaries and personal letters and flushed a partially clad girl from a closet. Some Cambridge residents seem to be catching the mayor's cue; fifteen flower children have been roughed up this month and last week self-styled vigilantes drove a car through Cambridge hurling bricks through the windows of hippie establishments. "Some hippies are talking about finding their own Rap Brown," reports the leader of a local folk-rock band. "I know it sounds crazy—but how can you talk love to middle-aged creeps who hate you?"

Even the hippie elders of Haight-Ashbury publicly admit that the movement is going stale. To "exorcise its bad vibrations," they recently staged a mock funeral to symbolically inter the labels imposed by the media. From now on, they proclaimed, hippies would be known as "free men." Even before the funeral, however, a writer on the San Francisco Chronicle had found another catchy label—"freebies."

**Squatters' Rites:** More significantly, it is estimated that several thousand hippies have fled Hashbury to tribal communes along the California coast, western Colorado and central New Mexico, where they "do the Indian thing." At one typical commune outside Santa Fe, N.M., last week, the emigrants were squatting outside their homemade hogans (Nava-

## 'SPEED KILLS'

In hippieland, warnings about the hazards of LSD, DMT, STP and other drugs in the psychedelic pharmacopoeia are usually ignored. But with Methedrine, or "speed," the reaction has been starkly different. "Speed Kills," reads a popular button, and many sophisticated hippies have been scared off the drug.

Methedrine is one of several trade names for methamphetamine hydrochloride, one of the amphetamine "pep pills." Costing \$1 for twenty pills in a drug store (or up to \$5 from a pusher), the drug acts as a stimulant to the central nervous system and has legitimate medical uses—to suppress appetite in persons trying to lose weight, to relieve depression, and to raise blood pressure in patients under surgical anesthesia.

Taken in a low-dose pill form, Methedrine isn't particularly dangerous. But "speed demons" usually take the drug in massive doses, either sniffed or injected into a vein. The result is a "flash," an immediate sensation of overwhelming pleasure that some users have likened to an orgasm. During a "run" of Methedrine use, the drug may be taken repeatedly for a week or more.

On a run, users talk incessantly and acquire an immense feeling of power. Their behavior often be-



Russ Richards

comes violent and aggressive. Methedrine also may encourage overt sexual behavior by relieving feelings of sexual inadequacy.

After a few days, the Methedrine user begins to experience paranoid delusions. During such psychotic reactions, a user may attack a friend, who, he feels, is conspiring to turn him over to the police. Eventually, the user becomes so exhausted from lack of sleep that he "falls out," dropping into a semi-coma lasting for twelve hours or more. Methedrine isn't physically addictive, but when the user wakes up, he experiences a lethargy that drives him to start another run.

Deaths from Methedrine are apparently rare, but many users lose weight and suffer malnutrition. As with LSD and marijuana, one of the most urgent questions about Methedrine is its effect on the mind. No one knows for sure, but some long-term users have reported that their memories and powers of concentration have been impaired.

jo huts), stringing beads and working leather to sell to the tourists. "Once the movement was beautiful," recalls one self-exile. "Now everyone is at everyone's neck, freaking out all over. We've dropped out. We want to be alone."

When—and why—did the freaking out begin? Only two years ago, the Haight-Ashbury was simply another middle-class neighborhood in San Francisco housing several hundred young students and artists. Psychologically buoyed by equal doses of LSD, the Beatles and Bob Dylan lyrics, they began to sense that a new philosophy could cut through the superficial bleakness of American life. That philosophy was both Utopian and Arcadian, professing that society thrived best in leisurely, pastoral tranquillity and that most worthwhile truths flowed from hallucinogenic experience. Hate, they proclaimed, could be vanquished by beauty, love and freedom of expression.

That neat mixture of selfishness and altruism swiftly lured disciples and the San Francisco movement prospered. It generated its own newspaper, *The Oracle*; its own social-welfare agency, the Diggers; its own psychedelic shops, dance halls, music and art forms and—from old and new argots—its own language. On Jan. 14 of this year, the elders celebrated it all at a "Human Be-In."

Today, several hundred articles and a score of TV documentaries later, hippieland encompasses every major U.S. city and half a dozen foreign capitals. Its domestic inhabitants may number as many as 250,000, including a 100-member colony in Atlanta that, in some quarters, draws a measure of civic coddling. "If psychedelic education is the trend," explains one community leader, "then goddam it, let's have it in Atlanta."

**The Message:** But like countless other minority movements with an engaging if impractical philosophy, the hippies have found their forms exploited in fashions, music, art, advertising and chintzy novelties—and their message largely brushed aside. Of course, the conflict-between-generations theme suggested by the message is something else. Beginning next week, Broadway audiences can catch Jean Arthur playing a Midwestern matron loose in the East Village in a new comedy called "The Freaking Out of Stephanie Blake."

Hollywood's schlockmeisters, meanwhile, are busily grinding out a dozen cookie-cutter copies of "The Love-Ins," a Sam Katzman ("Riot on Sunset Strip") special about a university professor who drops out to become a noted demagogue of hippiehood. "The story is nothing new to the big cities," says Katzman, "but the

small towns in the Midwest and South are eating it up." Those who catch "The Love-Ins" in San Francisco can top off the evening at a North Beach joint offering a "Topless Hippie Sex Orgy" or attack a "Loveburger" at a Haight Street hamburger stand. And those heading home from drive-ins in Boston can tune in WBZ, "The Station of Flower Power." "Madison Avenue won't let you react against them," says Jerry Farber, a California State English professor and student of the movement. "The bastards just join you."

The most visible effect of the publicity and commercialization is the recent appearance of legions of imitation or "plastic" hippies who, in effect, dominate the movement. Weekend drop-ins, they slip back to suburban homes on Sunday evenings, stash their hippie threads deep in the drawer behind the button-down shirts, and go straight until the next Friday night. Ironically, the oppressive presence of the plastics—one sociologist estimates that they now compose the majority of the hippie population—has led some commune dwellers to turn outwardly to the other side of the coin. Paul Johnson, a young Negro who operates a free "crash" (sleep) pad in Hollywood, reports that some 40 residents this month got haircuts, bought suits and took Establishment jobs as secretaries and models. At 5 o'clock they slip back to the commune and resume the good hip life.

Much of the blame for the plight of hippieland, however, can be traced to a

major miscalculation by its original settlers. The urban slum is hardly a salubrious setting for the pursuit of love and beauty. "You've got to be either insensitive or terribly naïve to expect to move into a slum and stay free of the effects of that slum," says social commentator Nat Hentoff. "And you can't expect not to exacerbate the feelings of the people who already live there."

New York's East Village—formerly known as the Lower East Side—provides grim confirmation of Hentoff's point. The 100-square-block area, lying hard by the Bowery, houses a polyglot population of Puerto Ricans, Negroes, Jews, Italians and Slavs—most of them desperately impoverished. Since some 1,000 hippies have moved in, rents have soared as the real-estate market shifted in the landlord's favor. The influx has also critically strained the few park and recreational facilities. But it is the newcomers' life style that most offends the rigidly conservative older folk. "These boys and girls are humped over cars together, fencing with their tongues," complains an elderly Ukrainian woman. "What kind of influence is that for my children?"

**Residue:** The criticism appears well taken. The high tide of true hippies is receding from many such communities, leaving behind an offensive residue of low animal life. In the Haight-Ashbury, traditionally a tolerant and multiracial neighborhood, the flower children's indifference to cleanliness has angered many middle-class Negroes, themselves

the stereotyped victims of such charges. "They've turned a nice neighborhood into a slum," claims one Negro resident of Haight-Ashbury. "If some hippies moved next door to me I would move out—not because they are hippies, but because I couldn't tolerate the filth."

The more perceptive slum dwellers recognize some of the pretensions in the philosophy of the love people. One such is Linda Cusumano, a 23-year-old Puerto Rican who operates a child-care center in the East Village. "The hippie," she says, "comes down to this gruesome existence all bright and cheery like a Walt Disney character and asks us to open our arms and say, 'I love you, hippie.' Baby, love is the most work in the world—you have to take a lot of hate before you get it. But as soon as the first rock goes through the window, the hippies say, 'We tried, we tried' and they go back uptown. They're never going to conquer the world by not working or by dropping out because that's just running away."

Nonetheless, the runaways keep arriving—not so much to reform the world for others as to find a freer, more stimulating existence for themselves. Nationwide statistics on missing persons show an 18 per cent rise over the past two years, much of it apparently attributable to teen-agers taking to the hip road. Calls from the parents of runaways in his home state last week prompted Sen. Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut to pro-



Newsweek—Robert R. McElroy

expressway and dislocated her leg. Her pusher shot her up with morphine and tried to set the leg, but it became inflamed—"It turned beautiful colors, but they said it was gangrene. And it really hurt." So he took her across the border to Windsor, Ont., for hospital treatment. Marcy was sick for two weeks after that and just lay around in his pad. Then, toward the end of July, she hitched to the Newport Folk Festival. "After that," she says, "I ended up here."

Since then, Marcy has lived from pad to pad, some 25 in all. She eats when food is available, begs on the street when

## GENTLE MARCY: A SHATTERING TALE

At 17, Marcy is a gentle girl. Her face tends to plumpness, her streaky blond hair needs retouching and she uses no make-up. She wears baggy gray workman's pants topped by a floppy green-and-black sweater. She is genuinely pretty. Her blue eyes, however, are glazed and dreamy; she is nearly always high on drugs. Marcy is a runaway living a hippie life in New York's East Village.

Not every runaway to hippieland is just like Marcy. She had a deeply disturbed background long before leaving home, while some runaways show a past that is relatively normal. But Marcy is not atypical. Increasingly, the hippie subculture in cities is becoming a poignant skid row for young derelicts like Marcy—an accessible underground where they collect like sediment because there is no farther to fall.

Marcy grew up in the tough, industrial city of Flint, where her father owned a small store and a comfortable home. She remembers she had a pet turtle once and that her father killed it. Another time, as punishment, he tore up her garden of potatoes and watermelons. "My father would yell at me for little things, nothing things, like I left my books on the table

or if I stayed out until 4 in the morning. He was always putting kids down, the way they dressed and all. I had a boy friend and I really dug him, but they didn't like him because he had long hair. His name was Twig."

**'They're Kind':** Several days before she turned 17, Marcy packed a suitcase with clothes and records and hitched a ride to Detroit. She also brought along her cat. "But I couldn't afford to feed it. So the cat ran away. We found it later, but its eyes were all infected. I really loved that cat." In the hippie district around Prentis Street, she fell in with a motorcycle gang called "The Outlaws." "They were really nice people. They didn't even put ashes on the floor. And they're kind. But I don't drink, and they got drunk. It really scared me." Marcy then moved in with a 28-year-old pusher who furnished her with drugs. "I got turned on to everything free, acid, STP, everything. It was groovy, I tripped twice a week—it's not good more than that—and I slept until 1. He was really cool and he was smart. He had a doctor of philosophy. I used to call him Walrus from 'Alice in Wonderland.' That's my book. I was the rabbit."

Marcy fell out of a car on a Detroit



Associated Press

East Village murder victim Linda Fitzpatrick (above) symbolizes the fears that haunt parents who post pictures of their missing children in San Francisco



UPI

pose the creation of a Federal office to help track down missing persons.

Who are the runaways? New York police reported last week that for the first time in the city's history runaway girls outnumber runaway boys. The bulk of these seem to be seriously disturbed youngsters like Marcy (page 88). Others are like Linda Fitzpatrick—overprivileged products of the American dream.

Largely naïve, they quickly discover that survival on the streets—and maintenance of the high life—requires something more tangible than flower power. Linda coped better than most; when her stake ran out, she turned to a part-time

job and panhandling ("She was pretty good at it," recalls a friend. "She always got enough to eat"). Others find employment in the hippie industry, peddling posters, buttons, beads and underground newspapers. But the most lucrative source of income is the sale of drugs—most hippies are their own pushers. The current wholesale price of LSD is \$2,000 a gram and even an amateur acid pusher can net a tidy profit on the street.

The novice also quickly learns that a receptive sexual attitude comes with the territory. "The great majority of runaway girls come looking for beauty and truth," says UCLA psychologist Allan

Edwards. "But to obtain approval, companionship, drugs, even food and water, they find it necessary to become sexual objects. It's the rule of the game." Not every girl, of course, objects to playing. The economic benefits of communal living are obvious and, after all, marijuana and speed release sexual inhibitions.

Unfortunately, the runaway's sexual adventures frequently nudge her into the gravitational field of a hip Elmer Gantry. For a time, Linda Fitzpatrick stayed at an East Village crash pad run by Ronald (Galahad) Johnson, a 22-year-old self-appointed protector of the wayward. The New York press has ro-

it isn't and gets her clothes from the Diggers' Free Store. Drugs she gets free from friends. "I live for them now," she says, still flying on a 24-hour acid high reinforced with codeine. "I know every other word I say is 'drugs.' They take away the bad things. But I've had some bad trips. Last week I was climbing this mountain and fell off the other side. I thought at first that drugs were groovy, and I guess they are. I live for them because they make things worthwhile when you come down."

Marcy thinks she is too fat and that she can take off weight with Methedrine. "I'm going to take 'speed' for three days, then come down for a little while, then take speed again for four days," she says with a certain pride. "I can lose 20 pounds in a couple of weeks . . . I don't know if I can stay up that long. I'm up all the time now. I can't come down. I stop taking stuff for three days and I'm still up."

**'It Hurts':** Marcy was not raised in a slum. Like a tame rabbit set free in the woods, she is easy prey. "I got beat up on Eleventh Street, not really beat up, a colored guy threw a milk case through a window and it knocked me out. I got beat up in Washington Square, though. I went to four cops who were standing around and told them, and they said, 'What do you want us to do about it?'

. . . I walk around here at 3 or 4 in the morning, and I'm not going to be scared. Of course, you could get killed, too, or raped. Well, that's not the worst thing in the world, to get raped. But I don't want to get raped now. It hurts too much."

The reason it hurts is that Marcy became pregnant and had a \$200 abortion five weeks ago performed by a woman only a few years older than Marcy herself. "She seemed to know what she was doing," says Marcy. "But she kept making nasty jokes. But what are you going to do? You can't very well walk out. The abortion hurt. Boy, did it hurt. I'm sorry they killed the kid and everything. I like kids. But the scene is like this. The father was colored and I'm white. I just didn't want a colored baby. Boy, if my mother only knew. She is very straight. I love my mother, I really love her." Days later, Marcy developed an infection from the abortion and now visits the Beth Israel Hospital clinic irregularly.

For the past month, Marcy has been living with two "straight" men on the fourth floor of a loft building on East Eleventh Street. She is a human pet, prepares their meals when they return from work and has a little corner to herself. "I call it my room. I hate to be a burden, but I guess I'm not, here. I cook and everything, but I won't take down their laundry. It smells bad and it makes

me sick." Marcy hopes to get her own place where she can have cats and come and go as she pleases. "I need a place to be quiet in, even if it has no furniture or toilet or hot water. I need a place of my own. I'd probably be scared there, but I don't care what it's like as long as it has a lock on the door. If one of those Puerto Ricans comes up and hits me on the street, I don't do anything, but if he tried to break into my place—I'd kill him."

**Dressing Up:** At times, Marcy talks of having fun, but she is so befuddled she rarely gets around to it. "I wanted to go to the Palm Gardens to dance yesterday," she said, "but I forgot until today." And at times she talks of being pretty. "This chick she let me dress up in her dress to go to the hospital, and I had on some straight shoes. I'm not very pretty. I'm not. But it made me feel pretty." One moment, she dreams of getting money to buy a truck to see the Grand Canyon, the next of opening up a nursery school with a teacher friend. "Stuart Little" and "Chippy Chipmunk's Vacation" are among the books she has already set aside for the children's library.

Marcy has an animal vitality that has enabled her to survive—so far. But survival isn't happiness. She often sits alone in her corner of the loft stroking her cat. "The trouble with this cat is she's lonely," she said. "She's lonely all the time."



## R and G

manticized Galahad as a sort of "knight errant" dedicated to returning runaways to their parents. Hippies, however, see tarnish on his armor. The word is around that Galahad has "stuck" unsuspecting girls on speed and then "balled" them. "After a while, you find he's a big ugly Fascist," claims one of his former old ladies. "Like I don't need anybody telling me I have to do *this*. If I needed a leader I'd go home to mother." The police are beginning to agree. Galahad is up on charges of impairing the morals of a minor and last week he was arrested for pushing marijuana in Louisiana.

It is precisely this sort of thing that leads straights to suspect that the hip life is a curiously cheerless existence. It is. During a typical night at the Something!!, an East Village hippie haven, hollow-eyed girls and boys sit in booths staring blankly out at the grimy sidewalk. They're "grooving," they insist, but for most the word has long since become another way of saying "waiting for something to happen"—just like the kids in Gopher Prairie. Occasionally, a Bowery derelict will stumble in and the flower folk will inevitably say he is "beautiful," a name applied indiscriminately to anyone not of the Establishment. What else do they do? "We survive," says an 18-year-old named Candy.

**Seeking:** The vacuity of it all has prompted many hippies to seek a new scene. "I'm debating whether to go up to Canada," confides a plain, leggy type in Houston. "You know," she adds wistfully, "you can homestead 40 acres up there for \$200."

Then there are those who are exploring more ethereal spheres, ranging from ESP to Eastern mysticism, à la Beatles. Eventually, predicts Prof. Jerry Farber, the superficial features of the movement—the long hair, bizarre dress and language—will disappear. "But what's underneath won't go," he claims, "the search for alternative values to replace competition, materialism and technology. And the exploration of innerspace will continue, with or without drugs."

And what of the hippies themselves? New York sociologist Harry Silverstein estimates that 90 per cent will return to whence they came. Many, of course, will carry with them an insatiable need for drugs; others will find that they can never adjust again to the straight scene. But for all their hangups, a few of those who have explored hippieland seem at least to have brought back a fresh awareness of themselves and their society.

Brian Falk is an 18-year-old Massachusetts boy who became intrigued by the hippie credo through reading magazine articles. And so he became a flower person—but not for long. "I just couldn't identify with it," he explains. "Oh, I still smoke a little pot and I still say 'Hey, man' to my friends. But I worked for peace this summer and that felt much better than hanging around Harvard Square." Falk shows every indication of being one of the lucky ones.

The theater goes dark—the primal, pulsing space out of which drama is born. A moment of silence charges that darkness like a battery, and then: "Ping! Ping!" a ringing tingle beats rhythmically on the ear, a planetary sound, like earths or electrons spinning in their orbits. The curtain rises, and something is pinging, spinning and twinkling in the air—Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are tossing coins.

It is a brilliantly effective beginning of a playwright's career, these first few heartbeats of Tom Stoppard's **ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD**. Tragedy is dead, goes the current rumor, and Stoppard has summoned those poor double-crossed friends of Hamlet, the key tragic figure of the modern West, to find out what happened to it.

So there they are, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, anking through a galactic

around out there? No, today's problems are much simpler—like what's happened to logic, reason and order?

It was a brilliant idea to use Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, the attendant lords, fortune's privates, to write an "anti-Hamlet" that would explore the nature of tragedy in our time. R and G are no longer the faintly sinister false friends that Shakespeare drew, they are simple modern slobbs in the mold of Beckett and Ionesco. They don't know where they are, they're not even sure which of them is which, they only know something is happening, something is wrong, and they have been dragooned into the process. "We have been caught up," says Guildenstern. "Your smallest action sets off another somewhere else."

True moderns, R and G know nothing, at the same time they know too much, as they toss their coins and banter endlessly about causation and metaphysics, like Abbott and Costello parodying Heideg-



Murray and Wood in a modern anti-Hamlet: "What was it all about?"

void in their Elizabethan doublet and hose, looking a bit like John Lennon and Ringo Starr lost in space, tossing those twinkling coins with a distracted air, and waiting for Godot—Hamlet, that is. R and G have been plucked from their peaceful pursuits by a mysterious messenger and told to go someplace and do something—they're not sure what and where. They're puzzled, and it doesn't help that the coins have come up 76 straight heads, 76 straight wins for Rosencrantz.

**Problems:** Guildenstern doesn't mind losing the money, it's what's happened to the law of probability that he's worried about, while simple Ringo Rosencrantz just keeps pocketing the coins. What's going on? Well, it's Stoppard's way of telling us what Hamlet said a long time ago—the times are out of joint, something is rotten in the state of Denmark. But in our post-tragic age you can't have big-deal tragic problems like Hamlet had—your king father getting murdered by his brother who marries your queen mother, and are you going to do right by that angelic virgin Ophelia, and what about all those Norwegian armies marching

ger. Into this Ping Pong palaver of contemporary puzzlement Shakespeare's "Hamlet" erupts, spattering poor R and G like fat from a frying pan. This is the basic rhythm of the play, and it is one of the most brilliant theatrical concepts in many years, as out of nowhere the court of Elsinore materializes, like a jigsaw puzzle flying together in a dream—Hamlet soliloquizing, Ophelia distraught, Polonius pontificating, and R and G caught up in it with demonic deftness as the King and Queen loftily greet the bewildered pair and coolly instruct them to spy on Hamlet.

And then—ping! the court is gone, and R and G are alone, vibrating like two gongs. "I want to go home," says Rosencrantz. But you can't go home again, and fragments of "Hamlet" keep returning and disappearing, in a spasmodic synopsis of Shakespeare's play, to riddle poor R and G like particles in a cyclotron. They've been greeted as "old friends" of Hamlet, but they don't recognize that nutty blond kid with his wild eyes and cryptic speeches, or all those overdressed big shots, and their confusion deepens