

Good Vibrations at Lemar Meeting

Marshall Rubinoff

1967

I mistrust people who smoke pot loudly. Bragging, yelling, telling.

I don't think it's wrong to turn new people on. I'd just never thought of trying to sell marijuana in mass form. It seemed that LEMAR was trying to prove that psychedelics were safe "for the whole family." I think they're right, only I instinctively shrink away from anyone trying to lay something on me. American TV commercials did that to me.

Other preconceived negative vibrations that I brought to the LEMAR meeting were: that I'd find only the same hippie clique there; that I'd hear the usual competitive dope talk. Who got higher on what; the people who I knew used pot like my father treated money (buying it, cutting it, selling it) would talk about "pot being love"; that paranoia would be rampant. "That guy looks like a cop."

I found, however, a different crowd than I had expected. Young kids from the suburbs in army jackets, older people obviously not "still in" school, crewcutted heads taking notes, a few white shirts and ties, and even some girls in heels and plastic hairdos.

Joe Mulkey talked from the podium about pamphlets, and about posters, and about fund raising dances, and generally all the same shit that I've been hearing for years at meetings. Organization. Dropping out only to find yourself right back into the same thing a new way?

Joe knifed through my doubts and said that he hoped LEMAR would furnish an atmosphere for people to come and learn about psychedelics. But I felt cold still. I figured there should have been some trees in the room or some music playing, or a big strobe light clicking or little tasties to munch.

I still felt that I was at a meeting where people were putting things up tight in narrow categories and committees and things that I just didn't understand. Joe, though, didn't pay any attention to me sitting there full of distrust and quietly introduced the next speaker.

A big black guy in work overalls still smelling cold from the outside pounced in front of the room and started talking Energy. He was talking about how and why he likes taking drugs. He got less self-conscious and really started to get into his subject. He believed in himself.

He told how he was trying to get his music together in Boston and met and turned on with Leary and other 'big time' heads. He spoke like a person that believed in what he was talking about. His language wasn't full of garbagey terms that put me to sleep.

As he got more relaxed, he started talking about his idea of beauty, what he saw in psychedelics. Crazy Coltrane patterns, beautiful "broads," a guy really into dancing. He made me understand his high and made it mean something personal to me. I was really into his being. He was shining, smiling, telling about some of the best moments of his life.

He said "Turn on, tune in, and drop the fuck out" and it sounded fresh and right all over again. He made remember what I'd forgotten. Nothing good ever came out of my doubting. I had been wrong and I was happy enough to admit it. It was nice "being" with everyone else "being" with the guy "being" so beautiful.

The room had become a warm and safe feeling environment. I didn't feel any ego being pushed on my own. I'd forgotten about my own completely. All those committees Mulkey had talked about earlier didn't sound so narrow now. It could be fun laying it all on "the people" that pot-formation was not happening in the public newspapers.

I looked at the different people in the room. I tried to see if the straight people were digging the scene as much as I was. Only I couldn't tell any more who were 'straight and who didn't look straight. Or who was bored or just really being 'inside.' I felt too mellow to bother thinking about anyone else who might not be.

The meeting broke up and people stayed talking. I heard naive questions being answered patiently by people going out of their way to help the other people forget their own fears. I felt LEMAR was warmth while I had come to the meeting skeptical and full of mistrust, but everyone there was so "turned on" and natural that I couldn't help but get "cooled out" myself.

A doctor is going to speak at the next meeting. Skeptics should look into a meeting—you might like it. They've already got me advertising for them.



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