





NOTES TO TOURISTS

Please remember as you approach Haight Street that you are about to see one of the most wondrous sights yet to come to the attention of mankind. It is far from perfect, but the mere fact that hundreds of thousands of tourists have spent many hours in traffic jams to see if there is any truth in the Love Generation testifies to the fact that all of us would like to find a better way of life. You may well be one of those wondering if it is truly possible to love your fellow man. Take it from Maverick, it is not only possible, but it is being done every day.

First let us apologize for the long hour that you have spent in the traffic jam. The San Francisco traffic engineers are mostly refugees from various looney bins. They are also handicapped by the San Francisco Police Department who have made no attempt to control traffic in The Haight. It is understandable-they are far too busy chasing pot-users (that is slang for marijuana), keeping the kids from sitting on the sidewalks, and passing out parking tickets. On that last note let us give you a warning: Be sure you know all the laws regarding parking... Tickets are passed out here like you have never seen before. As many as three parking-meter-minders are at work in this twelve block area at any one time. If you have not yet entered the Haight area be sure and check to see if all your stop lights are working, your windshield wipers are working, your brakes working, etc. This is because if you are stopped for anything you will be checked out minutely. It will help if you are cleanly shaven, have your Rotary Sticker on the bumper and most of all have a St. Christopher statuette on the dashboard. The latter is recommended throughout San Francisco.

ROLL DOWN YOUR WINDOWS

Many tourists upon seeing the unshaven, unconventional clothed Love Generation roll up their car windows and lock the doors. This is not necessary and can be mightily inconvenient. Some of the hippies do bite but all of them have taken their rabies shots so their bite is not too bad. Honestly tho, you must consider that the unconventional attire would make it easy to describe your assailant to the police. By the way if it appears to you that there are no police in the area, have no fears-probably one out of every twenty males that you see between the ages of 25-35 are officers of some kind or the other.

BRANDS OF HIPPIES

Just like your normal folk, there are many brands of hippies... Some of you are vitally interested in politics... so are some of the hippies... We call that particular brand "activists." Probably you won't notice an activist on Haight since most of them stick pretty close to the home base-Berkeley. The activists run the gamut from a middle of the road (very rare) to the anarchist (not so rare).

Then there are the Flower Children... These are the most lovable of all the hippies. Early in the summer it was quite common to have them going down the streets passing out flowers and wearing garlands of flowers. But flowers are rather expensive to come by and even a small

bunch of flowers are getting beyond the reach of those of moderate (or less) means.

Then there are the bikeriders. When you see them on the street they just plain look rough. And they damn well can be. But since they want the right to live their own life-as they choose they respect the right of the others to do likewise. And might well be the ones who defend in acts the rights of those unprepared to defend those who are unprepared to do so. The riders primarily keep to a certain area but mix well in all the other areas of Haight street.

And there are many many other tribes of hippies.

THE DRUG SCENE

We failed to warn you when we were talking about getting parking tickets that there are other areas of personal conduct that you must be careful about in the Haight-Ashbury area. If you have any unlabeled medicines or if you are a diabetic and must carry a hypodermic with you-we strongly suggest that you pass thru the Haight with as much speed as possible.

(However if you are a ballet star you need not worry because if you get arrested the police will apologize most resoundingly.)

But the ordinary person must be careful because the police cannot tell a hippie by just looking and those who have any drugs of any kind must be careful.

If you have come to the Haight looking for grass, then we suggest that you give up that long drive for these six blocks. There just isn't any around. Acid is also very scarce. Most tourists assume that they can pick up some for their private uses back in Oshkosh and Dallas. Sorry, it is just not so. Besides every nark (narcotics agent) in California is here and if there is any grass about it will be in their hands shortly. We strongly urge however that you might be able to get some in your home town and we further strongly urge that you smoke a joint before retiring and throw away those patent medicine Nyctal, Sleepze and so forth. Grass is so much better for relaxing. Try it instead of that martini before dinner; Be sure, be safe and use pot instead of gin.

THE DRESS FOR THE HAIGHT

We would warn the tourists that our police department is highly uptight about dress here. Again they cannot tell a hippie from a straightie and those miniskirts are strictly out for the Haight. One girl was arrested for wearing a traditional Indian costume that came well below the midpoint of the upper leg. Some of the tourists who have ambled down Haight Street recently have caused consternation among the hippies (who you will admit are accustomed to wild dress), but those two-ax handle broads in phosphorescent orange slacks are a little much. Now if, on the other hand, if you have a burning desire to take that indian blanket on the back seat and drape it over your shoulders and walk down the street, then you must do so. If you have a burning desire to take off your shirt (men only there is a double standard here) and walk down the street bare breasted (chested) then do so, for that is called 'doing your thing.' But if you see a cop scowling at you, then retire back to your Mustang and drive off. That is unless you are prepared to defend your American right to do so. However you will find that American rights are largely disregarded by the municipal courts here. The one who dares to defy the mores (not the laws) here is bound to have a big legal bill to pay. All this is done in the name of "order".

FREE LOVE

If you have come to the Haight looking for 'free' love then we suggest that you turn around and leave-for you are wasting your time. This is of course assuming that our readers are males. If you are a female then sex is highly likely-for free even.

The mass media has played up big the idea that there is a lot of free nookey here. The ratio of male to female is about 5 to 1. As in other areas the females are tied up with permanent partners to a large degree. Some cats up for kicks from the oil fields of Texas and the Movie Moguls from Hollywood with 16 credit cards and a Hertz rented automobile have tried to impress the local chicks. It was a waste of time and money but we do thank them for feeding the chicks. In this case money won't buy anything at all.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish"

UNCLE NERO IS FIDDLING AGAIN!

THE CITIES BURN!

For revenge
For spite
For lack of meaning
For just plain fun
For want of better occupation

The people-make bonfires of their cities!

Almost 200 million persons in this country
Cannot keep cities from burning.

HAS EVERYONE GONE MAD?

CITIES BURN! In Vietnam, in Michigan, in New Jersey, Illinois and California! It's all one carnage - here or abroad. It's Hiroshima's anniversary present, the world takes note. The children learn from their elders. What's fun for the generals is fun for them, too. Anyone can light a fire or throw a brick or shoot a rifle. If adults can play at destruction, why not they? If commandments can be broken and international covenants ignored, why not other laws?

LISTEN: The very honorable Presidents of the United States, the Hon. Congressmen and Senators, the Hon. Govs. & Mayors & Legislators --All you representatives and servants of the people--

HISTORY IS REPEATING ITSELF AND DON'T YOU CARE AT ALL?



Where are the prophets gone?

Have they too stopped caring?

The buzzards know, how their wings are flapping!
The locusts know -- they are whispering to one another;
"Soon, soon, they will destroy each his brother;
The world will be ours to feast on.
He who did not mean to make a desert and call it peace
Has made a dozen deserts and called them pacification.
Even now he is preparing for us a feast in his own house
With rotted hearts and sickened souls, fat flesh and
putrid minds,
And the poisoned entrails of flower children
For a new kind of chemical piquancy."

Hear now, you rulers of men!
The vision is gone, the people perish.
They eat, they sleep, they dress, they pair off.
They blow their minds, how they blow their minds!
See, in their arms they carry a ball of despair,
Large as a beach ball, striped, colored, sprinkled
with stars, every one different.
This is all they have--their dear despair--
A forest of sick people holding their giant bubble gums
of despair aloft,
Adoring it, calling it love, calling it happiness.

The witch doctors have decreed it,
The children have believed it...
Paint your despair and call it love;
Forget the holocaust - it's not your bag.
Let electronic rock turn off the sound of guns,
Let stroboscopic lights obscure the fire;
Decimate forests with napalm,
Decimate them with mass media,
Decimate them with posters and poetry;
Destruction and creation are all one and the same.

Where are they, the prophets?
The pure in heart, the ascetics,
The refugees in the deserts of our cities?

Where are the leaders, the mentors of our youth?
What are they doing? What do they say?

Sing a song of sixth sense
A pocket full of grass
Four and twenty students
Sitting stoned in class.

The prof was at his comic best
His pupils to amuse
While pondering comparatives
Twixt LSD and booze.

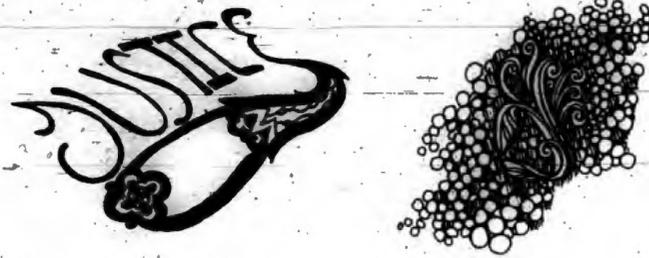
The art professor has a pad where students can take
trips,
The 50-year-old physicist is frugging with a chick,
The drummer has freaked out and cannot even beat a
riff,
But love holds sway both night and day and no one
knows the diff.

The world wastes-the buzzards wait: "Soon, soon..."
On TV a burning city is sandwiched between sports and
deodorants.

The locusts rustle: "Soon, soon...."

J. Hill, Double H Press





A wolf, lean and hungry, crossed over a wooded ridge and loped down a narrow deer path. As he reached the bottom, he entered a great grove of oaks, rich in acorns, with a promising look and smell. He followed the strongest scent through the chill morning light in the grove until he heard a sing-song grunting ahead of him. He crept closer, slowly, until he spied a female pig, sitting on her haunches, arranging the strands of a dirty yellow mop on her head while she looked into a mossy forest pool at her reflection and grunted melodiously.

The wolf crept nearer until he thought he was close enough to spring, but the pig looked up suddenly, and spying him through the brush, cried: "Heavens! A wolf!" She turned and scampered away, her mop wig all awry on her head. The wolf, astonished, snarled and charged, angrily through the trees after her into a wide clearing and bowled into a large group of pigs wearing battered sauce-pan helmets and carrying pointed sticks and slings. The wolf tumbled helplessly among them, amidst rubbery squeals and snorts. He was overwhelmed in a short but very noisy battle and carried elaborately tied up with twigs to the edge of the clearing. There, a pig who wore a sieve, left orders that he was to be guarded "with the utmost dilution." Twine-bound and bewildered, amidst his tin-pot guard, the wolf listened to a great deal of scampering back and forth out in the clearing.



After a long while, during which the wolf wondered what he had gotten himself into, he heard the discordant squawking of a tin horn somewhere among the trees, and he was poked and goaded out into the clearing.

It had been in the chill grey of morning when he had come upon the lady pig, now it was past high noon. The clearing was full of pigs: brown, black, white, piebald, spotted; wearing conical caps of bark, or straw baskets which they put on upside down, the handles as chin straps. They were all talking or grunting, rather, in a rubbery cacophony.

The all faced a spacious green-shaded bower under the trees at the northern end of the clearing, in which there was a large mossy rotting log. Seated behind it was an elderly pig, rather fat around the jowls, even for a pig. On his head he wore a chalk-powdered mop through which protruded his pointed ears, and around his neck a black cloth was tied, that hung all about him like a robe. Nearby twelve other pigs sat, looking terribly stern, and frowning at the wolf. The wolf looked long around him, bewildered by what he saw, and giggled a bit hysterically, realizing that it was a court. On a tall crooked pole, near the jury, fluttered a ragged flowered cloth. Halfway down the pole was affixed a battered garbage can lid, (without a handle) on which was painted clumsily in red and white a frowning pig's face, surrounded by a ludicrous little crown. Around the picture in almost unreadable lettering was scrawled: His Auspicious and Pneumatic Majesty Brogbugobuz III.

"Hear ye! Hear ye! The court is now in seshang!" a

pig grunted above the general chatter. (He wore on a thong hanging around his neck a clumsily cut star of rusted tin.) "Alebard Snort presiding." The grunting died down and another pig arose. This one also wore a chalk powdered mop and a long scraggly piece of black velvet which was tied around his neck.

"Milorg!" He began. (The wolf stared at him, wondering if any of them could say 'milord.') "The prosecution intends to prove that the defendang, with deliberate habeas corpsebags, murdered one Glondolia Snork, who you see sitting in the court.

Glondolia snickered, raising the window curtain she wore, so the jury could see her hind ankles. Then she winked at the judge.

"What?" the wolf cried, "How could I have killed her if she is sitting here in the court?"

"Order!" The magistrate snorted, pounding the log with a rock.

"That!" The prosecutor dramatically answered. "Is what I intang to demonstrate."

"I objag!" Another chalk-bemoped pig cried, who had sitting near the wolf. "The prosecution has not establish-ed the habeas corpsebags of the matter."

"Oh God!" The wolf moaned and covered his face with his paws.

"The habeas corpsebags is irrelevant, milorg." The prosecutor replied angrily, "As the hydraulic aspects of our case will demonstrate. We will prove with mathematical abolution that the defendang's motive was his insane jealousy of the victim, Glondolia Snork, and her love affair with Gruntz Truffles."

"Jealousy?" The wolf sputtered. "But I didn't even know her until this morning."

"The prosecution moves that the defendang be hung to speed up the hearing."

"The defense will take that under advisement." The wolf's counsel replied.

"Advisement?" The wolf howled. "Didn't you hear him? He moved to have me hung."

"If he hangs you he'll be sorry," Counsel replied, looking beetle-eyed angry at the prosecutor.

The wolf hid behind his rock seat and wept hysterically for a while. The judge, meanwhile, adjusted a pair of corroded metal wire spectacles (without lenses) on his long snout and shuffled through oily scraps of paper covered with meaningless scribbles.

"Call the first wtnags," he grunted.

"Glondolia Snork!"

She trotted through the assembled pigs, fetchingly attired in a full length lace window curtain, which showed to admiring eyes, her nubile form and voluptuous udders. Her yellow cotton mop was attractively coiffured and her snout painted with bright red berry juice.

She testified that she was fixing her mop when she was "soddenly and violetly attacked by the defendang." She added that he was armed to the fangs with axes and knives and led a great pack of shaggy wolves which she held off with a club" as any lady of refinery and breeding might be suspected to do."

The wolf listened classy-eyed and ears adroop to the incredible testimony: hearing himself described as being the size of an elephant, and having two heads and huge claws. "A thoroughly preponderous animule." She concluded.

"I object!" The wolf yelled desperately. "Look at me! Do I look like what she's describing?"

"Which the prosecution submits as primal feces evidence that the defendang is lying." The prosecutor snorted triumphantly. "Or else he would look like the description."

"That makes sense." The magistrate conceded. "Next wtnags."

"Aren't you going to cross examine?" The wolf asked his counsel.

"A corpus delicious cannot testify against himself." The defense replied. "According to Precepts and Recipes, page one hundred..."

"Forget it." The wolf grumbled.

"Gruntz Truffles!" Called the prosecutor.

A great blue snouted boar with bristles on his chest strode through the pigs assembled.

"Is that supposed to be my rival?" The wolf asked sourly.

"He's the hero of Pigsylvania." The counsel pig repli-

ed.

"A real red blooded hog. Once he jumped from the highest tree in the grove and landed on his head to prove his masculinity. He's a real pig!"

Gruntz deposed that he saved Glondolia from a ravaging army of wolves single hoofedly, while she swooned frantically in every available spot. To which Glondolia listened passionately, not the least concerned that his story contradicted hers completely. When he finished a great din of applause, the deafening clatter of hooves sounded.

"How can it be true?" The wolf tried frantically again. "How can his story be completely different from hers?"

"Because," the prosecutor snorted. "They both resemble



diversionary and accessible points of view, proving the tempus fugits of the matter."

"I objag!" The defense cried, springing up.

"It's about time." The wolf grumbled.

"The tempus fugits is not in question here. Under Magna Crackers and the Constitutshang, both tempus fugits and habeas corpsebags is null and void when a motion is made to hang the defendang."

"Drat!" Grumbled the prosecutor. "That's right."

"The defense moves to hand the defendang."

"What are you doing?" The wolf shrieked at him.

"Calm yourself, my good mang," The defense reassured him. "If they hang you they can't find you guilty."

The judge did not respond to the motion right away. Instead he grumbled and shifted uncomfortably, then reached down and extracted the offending object from under his left buttock. He held it up close to his little black eyes, sniffed at it, his ears wriggling, then popped it into his mouth and crunched upon it contentedly.

"Motion sustained," He said thickly. "Jury will retire for the verdang."

The jury retired into the middle of the audience of pigs and began a loud argument with every pig within hearing about the case. The multitudinous grunting, snorting and squeaking filled the clearing. Occasionally differences of opinion, like the relative quality of acorns in the north and west groves, would become scuffles resulting in bitten snouts and ears. Eventually, the assembly divided in half about the verdict. The prosecutor led the "Guiltag" forces which included Gruntz Truffles and the pot helmeted constables. The "Not Guiltag" group was led by the defense, the judge and Glondolia Snork, who in spite of her testimony decided that the wolf had an "innoceng face."

Arguments and insults raged around the wolf all day, while he, bewildered looked on. When evening came, chill and star-filled, bonfires blazed orange on the clearing and the pigs resumed their deliberations. Rocks, sticks, and the sounds of fighting filled the air, but the jury remained hung until the "Not Guiltag" group made a surprise attack on their opponents' rear and routed them from the field, in the midst of which Glondolia could be seen chasing Gruntz, beating him over the head with a stick and calling him and "Inhumang beast."

In the flickering light of the bonfires, now adorned with black eyes, and multiple contusions reassembled the pigs. Gruntz lay upon a rude stretcher, barely conscious, and Glondolia, her lace curtain 'gown' in tatters, clung to the wolf's arm and fluttered her eyes at him in a most distracting manner.

The judge, his chalked mop-wig askew on his head, his twisted wire spectacles hanging from one ear, his robe in shreds, sat behind his log and pounded it with his rock:

"Have you reached your verdag?" He asked the jury.

"Yes, your Honor." The battered foreman replied, leaning on his crutch. "Not guiltag by right of conquest."

"Case dismissed."

"My hero." Cried Glondolia, and mashed the wolf in a passionate kiss. The wolf screamed wildly as she carried him off, and could still be heard shrieking for days in their honeymoon retreat in the south grove.

George Martin Jr.

WHERE IS LOVE?

Walk down the street and no one smiles.
Where is love?

In the name of war; kill a child.
Where is love?

Blow my mind and no soul would care.
Where is love?

Turn on brothers for the skin they wear.
Where is love?

Stepping on people to get ahead.
Where is love?

Praying to God when He is dead.
Where is love?

Peggy Hora



THE MEANING OF THE AUTUMN EQUINOX

The Autumn Equinox is when the sun enters the first degree of the sign of Libra and the days are equally balanced between hours of light and dark. This marks the time of the year when men and women should come together in an attitude of love (represented by Venus, ruler of the sign Libra), based on laws of mutual respect and responsibility represented by Saturn the planet exalted in Libra. All beauty is based on the harmonious inter-relationship and interdependence of the component parts of that which is beautiful. This implies discipline represented by Saturn which in the last analysis must be a self-discipline willingly entered into by each individual member of society. Such a harmonious self discipline need not be a burden however, since it is based on love and mutual cooperation with one's fellow men it is the easiest and most beautiful and satisfactory way to live.

The San Francisco Autumn Equinox celebration will be an inspiring demonstration of our common humanity and capacity as a civilization to rise to ever greater heights of brotherhood and cultural creativity.

MAVERICK invites manuscripts, cute sayings and pornographic materials (the latter we will not publish but, as the police do, add to our collection).

Some money is available for authors and artists. However it is small and we must be the sole judge of the amount paid unless the author places a price on the work.

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SPORTS TIPS

+++The new community relations officer for San Francisco is none other than Gus Brunemann, formerly chief handler of the police dog patrol. The Community Relations Department under its former commander was an excellent place to file a complaint against the police. They had a certain way of making you feel they would do something about your complaint. They did; it was dutifully filed and forgotten.

But the man who ordered the dogs on the young blacks on that rowdy New Year's Celebration; the man who goose-stepped with his dog patrol into that lesbian bar; the man who has one of the highest records for brutality in the department can hardly be expected to merely file any complaint against the police. He will probably follow it up...yea...with a certain air of harassment that will insure that no more complaints are filed.

+++For months the kids on the streets have been calling out to the tourists to park their cars and walk around. After the past few weekends it has been proven that the tourists were better off in their cars. The sidewalks have been jammed; the facilities have been overtaxed and a great many of the tourists too accustomed to national parks where toilets and drinking fountains abound. In the Haight Area the only drinking water is three blocks away in the Panhandle...and along side that the only public toilet. Why we even saw a mother allowing her 1 year old to relieve himself...If Badge Number 1104 had seen that there would have been a bust for indecent exposure. Now how would that reflect on our community with another foul record of Sodom and Gomorrah!

+++Speaking of Sodom and Gomorrah you will be happy to know that the Haight Ashbury Bar located in the topless area of San Francisco has been a financial failure. The cats who cruise the streets of Broadway and Columbus want to see tits man-the bigger the better, and long hair is no interest to tit-men.

+++Did you catch the 'happening' used by Chesterfield as an ad...Those Greenwich Villagers picked up a bundle with the tobacco people...and made them the laughing stock of the nation.

+++San Francisco went to the polls on the 15th of August to select a State Senator. Two humans were running. One of them was a Bruton---liberal as hell (they say) and one of them was a Marks, conservative they say...Marks had on TV his voting record which should insure the election of Burton. This was one of Reagan's economy measures...he spent about \$125,000 on the election, and it would have been absolutely costless if Reactionary Ronnie had only waited some 90 days until the regular, ordinary election day. But RR thought his boy Marks would have a better chance if it was a special election. This is typical of Orange County Reagan...Cut out funds for the mentally ill and spend it on electing a mentally ill person to the legislature.

+++You saw the influx of Boy Scouts from the Jamboree on the street...Some of them got with it after the sun went down. And The Man got most shook up that some of America's Finest should sit down on the sidewalks with those filthy, Communist, bearded Ex-Boy Scouts; the flower children.

+++Former Governor Sawyer of Nevada was a visitor on the Street last weekend...MAVERICK was unable to get an interview with him. Possibly he is surveying the scene to determine the possibility of importing enough hippies into Nevada to get re-elected.

+++Word has it also that Dan Smoot and Gerald L.K. Smith made a tour of the Haight. However unless Smoot's Hate Happenings are taped well in advance he has not made a

big deal of it. Smoot's Salad days would not allow him to make much of a deal about it anyhow.

+++Considerable mention is persisting about camps being put in readiness for the reception of hippies in case of total war...We cannot put much faith in these reports. It is rather clearly stated in Mobilization Regulation M-9 that hippies (disaffected and questionable persons) will be utilized in the Medical Corps, the Quartermaster Corps and the Adjutant General's Office. We cannot believe our Dear Uncle Sam will allow us to meditate and agitate on the war while being interned in large groups. Ask yourself the question: Would I like to be the Commanding Officer of a Hippie Detention Center? It's enough to make even a staunch hippie weak-----think what it would do to a normal, normal, normal.

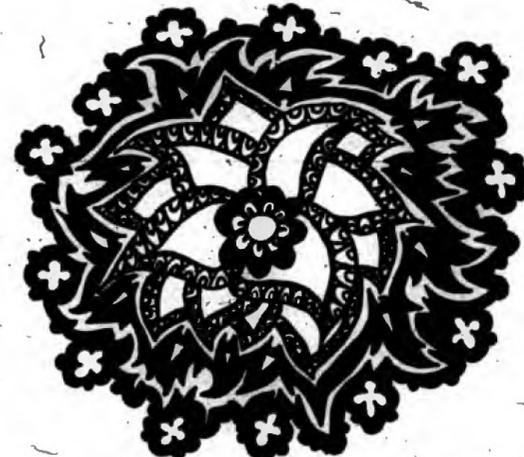
+++Have you ever looked up on the poles along Haight and seen the loud speakers already wired up? Probably they were put there in the early days when The Man thought he would have to be saying; "I order you in the name of the people of the State of California to disperse." They have not been used, but what the hell--the taxpayers have lots and lots of money.

+++It has come to our attention that the squad cars have stopped parking up on Waller every Sunday. Also missing are the junker cars that used to cruise up and down the street loaded with cops out of uniform with their combat helmets on the floor. However since the blacks have been relatively quiet there has been an increase in harassment on the Street. The SSquad (The chief likes to call it the Saturation Squad) has been active and performs that exercise they call "sweeping the street." It should be noted that this exercise takes place on Mondays and on Thursdays. This is because the SSquad is on duty in the downtown area to protect the merchants against what we do not know; and before they go off duty they get in their little tactical exercises.

+++Rumor is confirmed that the house established to help the teeny-boppers who are runaways is a flop. The first thing the Tom Sawyer House wants to know is the name of the parents and their address and phone number. We can only suggest that the Teenies tell them where to put it, and look for help elsewhere...that is unless you are in a mood to go back home anyhow...if that is the case you need only to call Dad collect...No Soc Worker is necessary for that... If you think the folks are disturbed about you as a juvie, then try the Switchboard...they may have a message for you.

+++It was groovy to have the bands back in the Panhandle. The complaints from those close by probably hit 6 on the Richter Scale, but the problem of crowds is much more to the liking of everyone.

+++We hear news of the march on Washington connected with the Torch of Peace. Such happenings as would warm even anyone's heart. Be sure to leave the dates around the last of September open.



+++The weekends after dark on The Street have become a wee bit sick...Winos, gin-heads and punks seem to have taken over. And rumor has it that winos have taken over at least one of the communes up in the country. They are human also, I guess.

+++Since vagrancy is not illegal in California, would it not make sense for those needing a place to sleep to let others know by either a card or by seeking such a place from people on the street. Early in the year MAVERICK has considered putting out "official host" stickers. It seemed to be a good idea since the Official Host of San Francisco, the big dry goods merchant did not cotton to the hippies...Hippie styles he likes at 100 dollars the copy.

+++The good people of Orange County are being penalized by that make-believe land of Disney. The word is out that no long-hair types will be admitted to that place. Now if the Second Coming happens...and signboards all up and down the hiways assures us that it is soon...He will not be allowed to enter Disneyland. That is, of course, assuming that he will appear this time in The Century Plaza with a crew cut, Louis Roth suit, Samsonite brief case, using Alberto VO5, driving a Hertz-Rent-A-Car (He could not afford to go #2), freshly bathed in Dial, with Johnson Murphy shoes, Hathaway-shirt, and a Saint Christopher medal around his neck.



(Continued from the first issue of Maverick)

God got himself into a lot of trouble in the fifth chapter...He stated that he had created Adam in his own image. In later days it was found that God's image was obscene, according to most municipal courts and therefore God was the first pornographer...but the book burners have had a hard time serving him with an arrest warrant.

God soon found out that there was an awful lot of sin going around...Men were blowing pot, women were blowing men, acid abounded, some men were even growing beards and wearing sandals-the more wicked were even going barefooted and would not go to work in order to pay income taxes.

This put God very uptight. He thought to himself that if people would not do what he wanted them to do, he would destroy them. Passing laws against pot, acid, sex and other enjoyable things did not seem to faze anyone...Passing a passel of laws against sleeping in the park, not sitting on the sidewalks and having proper ID, did not make much of a difference.

But God found one righteous man. He must have been a hell of a righteous man because when he was 500 years of age he had a couple of sons which he named Shem, Ham and Japheth.

God had a chat with Noah and told him of the evil that was in the world and his plan to destroy all of it. That is he was going to destroy all the men (God believes in capital punishment) and all the animals-except Noah and his family and the animals that Noah would take with him in his Ark.

So God told Noah to build a boat...The boat had to be about as big as the Enterprize and the Ranger combined. This was a hell of an assignment. However Noah did not have to worry about labor unions so he got the thing finished before the rains came. But he had to get on the ball because the Boss had also told him to get a male and a female of each of the species of animals and to take them with him.

This was a bigger task than you might imagine. Just for a moment consider:

How do you tell a female ostrich from a male ostrich? How do you go about getting a sabre-tooth tiger to get in a boat and stay there?

How do you get a mastadon to walk up a gangplank? How do you tell a male cobra from a female cobra?

There were a multitude of problems involved in this, but evidently Noah got over the hurdle because we still have ostriches and cobras.

Now God had a thing about water...He was reluctant to use fire to destroy mankind (he was saving it for later.) so he just rained and rained and rained and rained.

For forty days and forty nights (similar to San Francisco in January, February and March), he rained and he rained. And water covered all the earth. Fishes were swimming around the top of Mt. Everest and starfish had attached themselves to the top of the Matterhorn.

Noah still holds the record for the oldest sea captain in the world for he was, according to Huston's book a very neat 600 years old when he was the master of the Ark. For 150 days the earth was covered with water.

After testing to see whether the water had really gone down as the Boss had promised, Noah finally let all his people and animals get out of the Ark.

Then God swore off capital punishment and promised Noah that he wouldn't do it again.

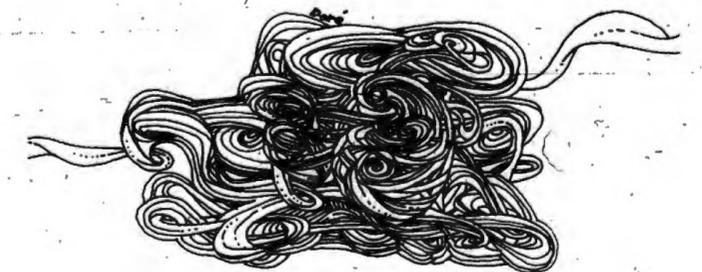
One day after Noah had planted a goodly crop of grapes and had harvested them, he sampled the wine...He sampled the wine so generously that he got drunk. Now Noah had a thing about getting drunk...and this was he took off his clothes and went around naked. His sons got very uptight about this and when then found him laid out stoned on the wine they covered him up without looking at his nakedness. But Noah was shook about his youngest son Ham who had seen him naked.

Noah cursed Ham and put a hex on him saying, "Cursed be Ham, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren."

Now the sons of Noah very shortly learned that it was going to be necessary to have a lot of sons and daughters to get the cotton picked and the corn harvested, so they spent a lot of time in the sack with their wives working on that project. And they did right well by it.

They lived a long time, like 400 years, 500 years and 700 years. (The saying of the flower children in those days was: Never trust anyone over 300.)

All the people spoke one language and so it was easy for them to communicate. The cost of operating schools was a lot cheaper also because there was no necessity for



teaching foreign languages.

And all the children of the children of Noah had a big happening and they decided that it was time to build a big monument to God. In fact it was thought that they might build a tower that would reach all the way up to Heaven.

Now God didn't want a lot of people able to walk up to heaven and crash in his pad so he got shook up about this and "zap!" knocked down the silly tower. And to make it impossible for the flower children of those days to make such a tower again he made them to speak different languages. They called their tower that God had destroyed by a name later to become famous, (Not the Coit Tower) it was the Tower of Babel. (To be continued) (In the next installment we will take a look at Sodom and Gomorrah-Fun Cities East.)

ADVERTISEMENT

This advertisement is sponsored by SOMA*

the law against marijuana is immoral in principle and unworkable in practice

The signatories to this petition suggest to the Home Secretary that he implement a five point programme of cannabis law reform:

- 1 THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD PERMIT AND ENCOURAGE RESEARCH INTO ALL ASPECTS OF CANNABIS USE, INCLUDING ITS MEDICAL APPLICATIONS.
- 2 ALLOWING THE SMOKING OF CANNABIS ON PRIVATE PREMISES SHOULD NO LONGER CONSTITUTE AN OFFENCE.
- 3 CANNABIS SHOULD BE TAKEN OFF THE DANGEROUS DRUGS LIST AND CONTROLLED, RATHER THAN PROHIBITED, BY A NEW AD HOC INSTRUMENT.
- 4 POSSESSION OF CANNABIS SHOULD EITHER BE LEGALLY PERMITTED OR AT MOST BE CONSIDERED A MISDEMEANOUR, PUNISHABLE BY A FINE OF NOT MORE THAN £10 FOR A FIRST OFFENCE AND NOT MORE THAN £25 FOR ANY SUBSEQUENT OFFENCE.
- 5 ALL PERSONS NOW IMPRISONED FOR POSSESSION OF CANNABIS OR FOR ALLOWING CANNABIS TO BE SMOKED ON PRIVATE PREMISES SHOULD HAVE THEIR SENTENCES COMMUTED.

Jonathan Aitken
Tariq Ali
David Bailey
Humphry Berkeley
Anthony Blond
Derek Boshier
Sidney Briskin
Peter Brook
Dr. David Cooper
Dr. Francis Crick,
F.R.S.
David Dibleby
Tom Driberg, M.P.
Dr. Ian Dunbar
Brian Epstein
Dr. Aaron Esterson
Peter Fryer
John Furnival
Tony Garnett
Clive Goodwin
Graham Greene
G.H.
Richard Hamilton
George Harrison,
M.B.E.
Michael Hastings
Dr. J. M. Heaton
David Hockney
Jeremy Hornsby
Dr. S. Hutt
Francis Huxley
Dr. Brian Inglis
The Revd. Dr. Victor
E. S. Kenna, O.B.E.
George Kiloh
Herbert Kretzmer

Dr. R. D. Laing
Dr. Calvin Mark Lee
John Lennon, M.B.E.
Dr. D. M. Lewis
Paul McCartney,
M.B.E.
David McEwen
Alasdair MacIntyre
Dr. O. D. Macrae-
Gibson
Tom Maschler
Michael Abdul Malik
George Melly
Dr. Jonathan Miller
Adrian Mitchell
Dr. Ann Mully
P. H. Nowell-Smith
Dr. Christopher Pallis
John Piper
Patrick Procktor
John Pudney
Alastair Reid
L. Jeffrey Selznick
Nathan Silver
Tony Smythe
Michael Schofield
Dr. David Stafford-
Clark
Richard Starkey,
M.B.E.
Dr. Anthony Storr
Kenneth Tynan
Dr. W. Grey Walter
Brian Walden, M.P.
Michael White
Pat Williams

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"All laws which can be violated without doing anyone any injury are laughed at. Nay, so far are they from doing anything to control the desires and passions of man that, on the contrary, they direct and incite men's thoughts toward those very objects; for we always strive toward what is forbidden and desire the things we are not allowed to have. And men of leisure are never deficient in the ingenuity needed to enable them to outwit laws framed to regulate things which cannot be entirely forbidden. . . . He who tries to determine everything by law will foment crime rather than lessen it."—Spinoza

The herb *Cannabis sativa*, known as 'Marihuana' or 'Hashish', is prohibited under the Dangerous Drugs Act (1965). The maximum penalty for smoking cannabis is ten years' imprisonment and a fine of £1,000. Yet informed medical opinion supports the view that cannabis is the least harmful of pleasure-giving drugs, and is, in particular, far less harmful than alcohol. Cannabis is non-addictive, and prosecutions for disorderly behaviour under its influence are unknown.

The use of cannabis is increasing, and the rate of increase is accelerating. Cannabis smoking is widespread in the universities, and the custom has been taken up by writers, teachers, doctors, businessmen, musicians, scientists, and priests. Such persons do not fit the stereotype of the unemployed criminal dope fiend. Smoking the herb also forms a traditional part of the social and religious life of hundreds of thousands of immigrants to Britain.

A leading article in *The Lancet* (9 November, 1963) has suggested that it is "worth considering . . . giving cannabis the same status as alcohol by legalizing its import and consumption . . . Besides the undoubted attraction of reducing, for once, the number of crimes that a member of our society can commit, and of allowing the wider spread of something that can give pleasure, a greater revenue would certainly come to the State from taxation than from fines. . . . Additional gains might be the reduction of inter-racial tension, as well as that between generations."

The main justification for the prohibition of cannabis has been the contention that its use leads to heroin addiction. This contention does not seem to be supported by any documented evidence, and has been specifically refuted by several authoritative studies. It is almost certainly correct to state that the risk to cannabis smokers of becoming heroin addicts is far less than the risk to drinkers of becoming alcoholics.

Cannabis is usually taken by normal persons for the purpose of enhancing sensory experience. Heroin is taken almost exclusively by weak and disturbed individuals for the purpose of withdrawing from reality. By prohibiting cannabis Parliament has created a black market where heroin could occasionally be offered to persons who would not otherwise have had access to it. Potential addicts, having found cannabis to be a poor escape route, have doubtless been tempted to try heroin; and it is probable that their experience of the harmlessness and non-addictive quality of cannabis has led them to underestimate the dangers of heroin. It is the prohibition of cannabis, and not cannabis itself, which may contribute to heroin addiction.

The present system of controls has strongly discouraged the use of cannabis preparations in medicine. It is arguable that claims which were formerly made for the effectiveness of cannabis in psychiatric treatment might now bear re-examination in the light of modern views on drug therapy; and a case could also be made out for further investigation of the antibiotic properties of cannabidiolic acid, one of the constituents of the herb. The possibility of alleviating suffering through the medical use of cannabis preparations should not be dismissed because of prejudice concerning the social effects of 'drugs'.

The Government ought to welcome and encourage research into all aspects of cannabis smoking, but according to the law as it stands no one is permitted to smoke cannabis under any circumstances, and exceptions cannot be made for scientific and medical research. It is a scandal that doctors who are entitled to prescribe heroin, cocaine, amphetamines and barbiturates risk being sent to prison for personally investigating a drug which is known to be less damaging than alcohol or even tobacco.

A recent leader in *The Times* called attention to the great danger of the "deliberate sensationalism" which underlies the present campaign against 'drugs' and cautioned that: "Past cases have shown what can happen when press, police and public all join in a manhunt

at a moment of national anxiety". In recent months the persecution of cannabis smokers has been intensified. Much larger fines and an increasing proportion of unreasonable prison sentences suggest that the crime at issue is not so much drug abuse as heresy.

The prohibition of cannabis has brought the law into disrepute and has demoralized police officers faced with the necessity of enforcing an unjust law. Uncounted thousands of frightened persons have been arbitrarily classified as criminals and threatened with arrest, victimization and loss of livelihood. Many of them have been exposed to public contempt in the courts, insulted by uninformed magistrates and sent to suffer in prison. They have been hunted down with Alsatian dogs or stopped on the street at random and improperly searched. The National Council for Civil Liberties has called attention to instances where drugs have apparently been 'planted' on suspected cannabis smokers. Chief Constables have appealed to the public to inform on their neighbours and children. Yet despite these gross impositions and the threat to civil liberties which they pose the police freely admit that they have been unable to prevent the spread of cannabis smoking.

Abuse of opiates, amphetamines and barbiturates has become a serious national problem, but very little can be done about it so long as the prohibition of cannabis remains in force. The police do not have the resources or the manpower to deal with both cannabis and the dangerous drugs at the same time. Furthermore prohibition provides a potential breeding ground for many forms of drug abuse and gangsterism. Similar legislation in America in the twenties brought the sale of both alcohol and heroin under the control of an immensely powerful criminal conspiracy which still thrives today. We in Britain must not lose sight of the parallel.

MEDICAL OPINION

"There are no lasting ill-effects from the acute use of marihuana and no fatalities have ever been recorded. . . . The causal relationship between these two events (marihuana smoking and heroin addiction) has never been substantiated. In spite of the once heated interchanges among members of the medical profession and between the medical profession and law enforcement officers there seems to be a growing agreement within the medical community, at least, that marihuana does not directly cause criminal behaviour, juvenile delinquency, sexual excitement, or addiction."

Dr. J. H. Jaffe, in *The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics*, L. Goodman and A. Gilman, Eds., 3rd Ed. 1965

"Certain specific myths require objective confrontation since otherwise they recurrently confuse the issue, and incidentally divert the energy and attention of police and customs and immigration authorities in directions which have very little to do with facts and much more to do with prejudiced beliefs. The relative innocence of marihuana by comparison with alcohol is one such fact, its social denial a comparable myth."

Dr. David Stafford-Clark, Director of Psychological Medicine, Guy's Hospital. *The Times*, 12 April, 1967

"Marijuana is not a drug of addiction and is, medically speaking, far less harmful than alcohol or tobacco. . . . It is generally smoked in the company of others and its chief effect seems to be an enhanced appreciation of music and colour together with a feeling of relaxation and peace. A mystical experience of being at one with the universe is common, which is why the drug has been highly valued in Eastern religions. Unlike alcohol, marijuana does not lead to aggressive behaviour, nor is it aphrodisiac. There is no hangover, nor, so far as it is known, any deleterious physical effect."

Dr. Anthony Storr. *Sunday Times*, 5 February, 1967

"The available evidence shows that marijuana is not a drug of addiction and has no harmful effects. . . . (the problem of marijuana) has been created by an ill-informed society rather than the drug itself."

Guy's Hospital Gazette, 17, 1965

"I think we can now say that marijuana does not lead to degeneration, does not affect the brain cells, is not habit-forming, and does not lead to heroin addiction."

Dr. James H. Fox, Director of the Bureau of Drug Abuse Control, U.S. Food and Drug Administration. Quoted *Champaign, Illinois News-Gazette*, 25 August, 1966

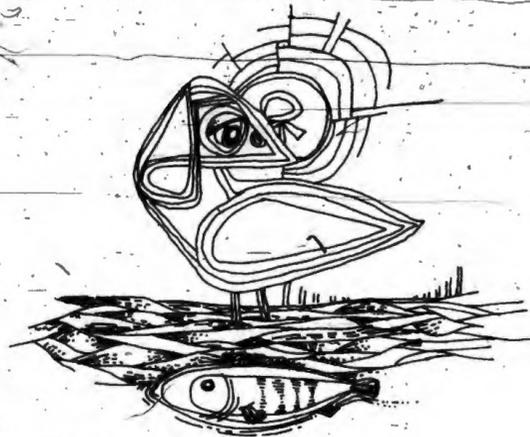
"Cannabis is taken for euphoria, reduction of fatigue, and relief from tension. . . . (it) is a valuable pleasure-giving drug, probably much safer than alcohol."

Dr. Joel Fort, Consultant on Drug Addiction to the World Health Organization, Lecturer in School of Criminology, University of California. From Blum, Richard Ed., *Unpleasant* 1965

"(Smoking cannabis) only occasionally is followed by heroin use, probably in those who would have become heroin addicts as readily without the marijuana."

Dr. L. Bender, *Comprehens. Psychiat.* 1963, 4, 181-94





AVM NAMAH SHIVAYA

This is an ancient Sanskrit Mantra or prayer which is chanted as an invocation to the God Shiva which is a mythical representation of the supreme energy or pure consciousness in the universe which is the root cause of all creation, maintenance and destruction.

The mantra means literally AUM (or the first creative vibration which has infinite speed or what is referred to in the Bible as the creative word mentioned in Genesis) It is the name of or being of Shiva or the supreme godhead. Shiva is the master of the evolutionary process which involves creation, maintenance and destruction. Mythologically Shiva is associated with the destructive aspect of the evolutionary process. It must be remembered that destruction is the first phase of creation. Every birth is a death and every death is the birth of a new and a better condition. The only thing that we can be sure of in this world is change.

The destruction of old and limiting forms, through which life has expressed itself in the past, is necessary to make room for the creation of newer, more adequate and beautiful forms through which the evolving life-force can express itself.

At the present time we are in the middle of the transition from the Picean age to the Aquarian Age. At such times in history when an old cycle ends and a new cycle begins the Shiva expression of God is especially evident. The seeming destruction is only to the form side of life and is necessary as a purification of old Karmic conditions so that the new cycle can be born in purity and beauty.

At such times wise men are not dismayed by seeming chaos and destruction around them, because their consciousness is identified with the inner spiritual energy and is detached from the outer forms. Thus the wise men are able to remain calm and thoughtful in the midst of chaotic change and destruction which is swirling around them.

By chanting and meditating on the above mantra one can become attuned with and in harmony with the spiritual energy which gives us strength, love and wisdom to survive in times of crisis. Regardless of what outer destruction may take place one's inner being, which is one with Shiva, is unchanged, untouched and immortal.

Interpreted by Brahmarishi Narod

FLOWER WAGON

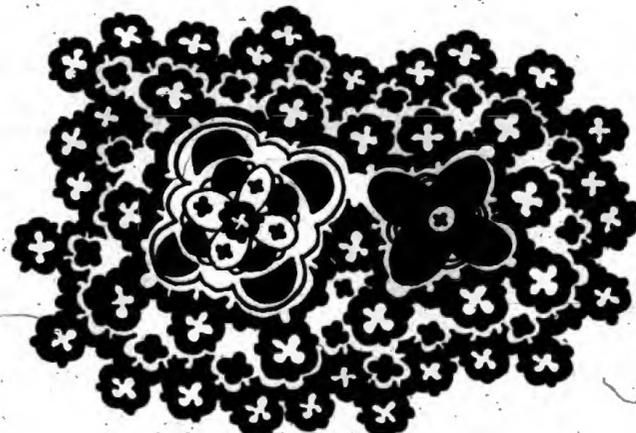
On one and one half cylinders
A blossom-painted psychedelic bus
Followed not asphalt roads
Across a haunted continent
Pursued by cool pink dawns
Pursuing molten sunsets
Leaving at night a wake of neon lights.
In the warm gloom of roadside trees it parked
In the bronze-gold evenings.
Its windows faintly lit
Guitar-strumming softly to itself.
It sometimes loosed its flower moppet brood
To lounge recumbent shadows in the dark
Or lay inside on antique mattresses
Then honked and drew them in once more
And squinting through the night with one good light
It coughed and sputtered up the road again.

George Martin Jr.

DREAMSCAPE

Buried deep in blanket warmth
Hear the rush of passing dreams
And if you dare to peek outside
See the frosty star-filled night
That you're ascending into
Silver phosphorescent clouds
Between you and the darkling earth below
Close your eyes and drift back down to peace.

George Martin Jr



Letters

TO MAVERICK:

Baby you took it off the wall. If you are still alive and publishing a paper you might want to tell the kids that a riot is pure hell...

Tom and I had very little...just a bedroll built for two. And young Tom...the result of a bedroll built for two. Now young Tom and I don't have a bedroll and we don't have Tom either. Tom is still in detroit. At least his body is there.

We went to detroit to escape the bedlam that LA had become. Tom was the blackest, sweetest man that ever walked on the earth. We lived together for ten loving and living years. We had our freedom...bought with the years of looking-down-the-nose-of-a-white-woman-with-a-nigger. Let me tell you baby Tom and I made it with big mikes of pure love...we didn't need anything to find ourselves...just being together was enough.

But little Tom made a difference...We had to find a place for him to have some sort of home...This was our mistake...We went to detroit to make that home.

Tom lived a little while after he went back into the burning building to get little Tom. Long enough to see that little Tom would be all right.

The others who lived in the house got out all right. Everyone but the Italian who ran the grocery on the bottom floor. He had kept us living with his soul of pure gold when we didn't have a dime. Now I don't have a dime to send a flower to his funeral...

So MAVERICK call them the way you see them...And you may live long enough to forget detroit...

Christine Sendor

(it is contrary to the policy of MAVERICK to publish any letter in agreement with our editorial policy, but the above is excerpted for a very long letter from one of the survivors of detroit. We still insist that violence is not the way. MAVERICK)



Dear Editor:

You have asked me, an old-time pacifist (since 1937), a veteran worker to right civil wrongs, and a devotee of the Henry David Thoreau philosophy for a long time, how we could justify killings in Detroit. We have been told that 'hippies' were in on the killing, or more specifically that "three young men, with long hair" were sniping from an expensive house. Just because these youths had long hair, certainly does not make them hip to anything (Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Buffalo Bill, Moses, Lord Byron, we could go on) and anyone who destroys another living creature is not aware, or 'hip.'

Actually all we know of their activities was what we were told by the blats (metropolitan presses) and the blabs (commercial television and radio commentators) and thus who's to know the truth.

But to answer your question: "Thou shalt not kill", means everybody, anywhere, all the time, and under any circumstances. Be that San Quentin, Hanoi, Saigon, Suez, or Detroit...And thus it cannot be justified. It seems to me that most of the youth, the anti-war people, the humanists, the social outlook types and most students are genuinely committed to non-violence. But this does not mean that all are...recently at a meeting I attended one of the old-time non-violent, enfold-them-with-love,

types said that if the national police attempt to place the dissidents in the many prison farms that: "I'll burn them down." Naturally, he was ostracised from the group for this irresponsible statement, but how many really deep down inside feel that way?

Any objective observer of the American scene can see that a Civil War in the Streets is coming, this having not so much to do with black civil rights, but the forces of totalitarian governments of most American cities. The Civil War has started already and it will be provoked all over by the police. As for how our non-violent community will act only time will tell. We shall hope that they act as they did at Century Plaza, Los Angeles, June 23d when they simply sat down, covered their heads with their folded hands and placed under their bodies the women, children and senior citizens and those less able to withstand a beating. Not one offensive weapon was found there among the demonstrators.

Non-violence is the only way. You cannot fight it. The kind answer and the superior example cannot be fought forever. No one could honestly believe that a single soul at San Francisco on April 15, among the 100,000 demonstrators indicated anything but applied love. This could easily have been observed and the wise decision of the San Francisco Police to simply service the demonstration in a traffic control way, and no more (ignoring the subversion of the photographers from the SFPD, FBI, CIA, National Guard, (Editor: Also TIDE and LEVI'S), who photographed most of the demonstrators) was an important part of the non-violence.

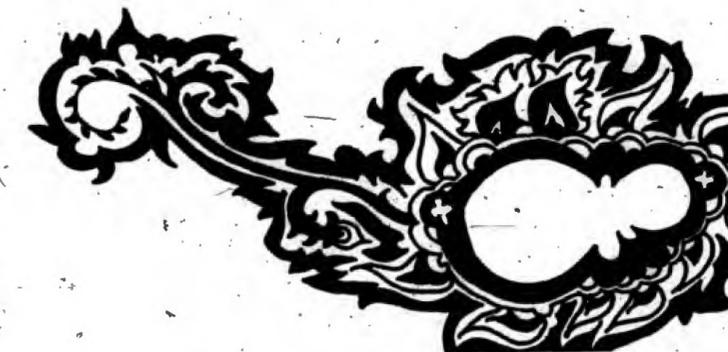
All in all, it would seem that under even great stress our community would hold to its commitment to non-violence and thus we have that as our most important asset. All must in their own way re-commit themselves to it at all times since the time to indicate that commitment may be upon us before the year is out. Out of this great revolution against hypocrisy, materiality, and worst, self-righteousness will come, regrettably lost lives, lost homes, and lost ways of life, and from that morass can come a society of real morality, one in which personal behavior will be the choice of a person, and in which we can live together as equals; We welcome the day when that will be achieved.

As far the burned-out buildings we have to look at this unhyppocritically, too. But if the photographs were a fair showing, then we must regard this as instant urban renewal. This is the kind of thing the Federals have spent years and countless millions of our dollars and interminable boondoggles to pull off and here our black brothers with a generous assist form the white ones, just went and did it. Now if the Powers in Detroit care as much as they say, they'll re-build the whole thing into a lovely park, complete with playing fields, outdoor dancing, ice-skating and theater and let the residents move out into other sections--"newer" ones---in other words only, say around 40 years old instead of 80.

This is what happened in Watts to some extent. Hardly anything that was a total loss was re-built, but instead bulldozed down. A handful of pocket parks were created, and a large fine high school built on some of the cleared land. The rest just is there, but at least one can see a few blocks which is more than we can say about it before.

And right now the ability to see somewhere has gotten to be a mark of freedom.

Morris Kight, Los Angeles



TRIP-EFFECT
By Chad Wyck

silently
caressingly
omnipotently
-the trip-effect happens
and the world is again
and time ceases and the clock stops
and flute-things flutter
and the senses deny
but soon give way
and the colors are animate
alive with the delicate balance of expression

-the trip-effect happens
and the prism refracts
and the mind expands
and a myriad of questions emerge
and the oracle replies
and the questions are no more

-the trip effect happens

and Tim is right
and your Psyche agrees
and you race to encounter
your rendezvous with Life
in a far-off corner
of Quadrant 9 - Sector 3

-the trip effect happens

and Beauty is not found in achievement
but in existence . . .

and yet existence is not total
without fulfillment. . .

and your lips are revived by frosted blue needles
and your hunger is lured by exotic fruits from Eden

and Lucifer is null
and the occult is strange no more.

and the pleasure is far beyond sensual



and the Whore of Babylon tempts you
and you walk on by-----with no regrets
and you are taxed no more by mere technicalities and
details
and the symmetries of the Cube fascinate you
and the kaleidoscope of sensation delights you
and awareness is everything and nothing
and you are sincerely happy
and your freedom is absolute

-the trip-effect happens

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SYNICATED?

Rumor has it strong that "The Syndicate" has come to Haight Street and is now controlling the dope that finds its way to those sidewalks.

MAVERICK has some long-time acquaintances with some of the Syndicate and has checked out those sources. We also know a large number of the dealers (doesn't everyone including the SFPD?).

Our friends of the Syndicate tell us there is absolutely no truth that they have moved into this field. In fact, they have moved out of the hard dope field to a large degree. It is far more profitable to become friendly with your Congressman and make it quasi-legit thru graft and inside information than to peddle stuff.

A long-time friend tells us that he had looked into the grass, acid and speed markets in his home town, but the cash intake was not sufficient there to be of the slightest interest. MAVERICK is told however that some hoods...independently...have invested funds from time to time in specific shipments from Mexico, but found that the time needed to unload, cut, and collect was far too great to make it profitable. The loss from middle-man splitting with the take was so great that they had, for the most part given up the deal.

As opposed to hard stuff, the loss of income from those who used grass for kicks and were not at all addicted to it, staggered the imagination. Every junkie in the country is known to the dealers in hard dope whereas the potmen are impossible to spot and the sale must always be made with the assumption that the buyer is a nark.

As far as the small-time hoods who have moved into the market...they are far more dangerous than the big Syndicate. The small-timer panics far more easily and believes that the ultimate solution is in the use of guns. The big boys tell us that grass is completely uncontrollable in production and distribution; that acid can be made in thousands of labs thruout the country, and only speed can be controlled enough to make an economic factor. And they are also aware that if grass were more available then speed would not be used to any great extent.

It would appear that the shortage of grass is due to the non-selective selling of the stuff, and that if sellers would make even a half-hearted attempt to screen out the narks and finks there would be a far larger supply for the market. It would also appear that the non-selective inviting of strangers to pads would cease then there would be more money available for the purchase of grass.

Remember a nark does not look like a nark!

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MAVERICK just call 431-4260

Anyone knowing whereabouts of
J. Kapfer or Carol Kapfer
please contact Ron and 863-
4083

Fifteen years ago The MillTown Express carried the harried young executive home to his Connecticut mortgage and social climbing wife via the New York, New Haven and Hartford...

Twenty years ago the Southern Baptist old maids and ministers of the Gospel swore by Hada-col... This patent medicine made them see true religion... it was a neat 18% grain alcohol...

Twenty Five years ago Lydia Pinkham-with its narcotics helped the females of the country over those 'difficult' days....

Thirty Years ago it was "666" Tonic doing the same thing...

Forty years ago it was paregoric helping to calm the young with a belly ache...

Now all is different... We have strict controls of all drugs... well there are a few uncontrolled... like about 90%.

Our drug laws are based on the assumption that a man who has an MD after his name is incapable of duplicity, dishonesty, and desire to see people evade the foolish laws.

Our doctors are aware that millions are spent each year on patent medicine placebos... even if the fools who buy every new pill that comes out is not.

Consider:

*Formerly Bayer and St. Joseph spent a few thousands each year on roadside signs... they now spend millions on TV to convince America that aspirin is the alpha and the omega of pains, complaints and getting hit in the head with hammers.

*Formerly Lydia Pinkham and 666 were in pulp magazines and made it big... Now 'Compoz' helps women over those difficult days via TV.

*Formerly condoms and diaphragms helped keep down the population and 'safeguarded against disease.' Now the pill is doing the job nicely.

America has been in the bag of the patent medicine man ever since the Kickapoo Joy Juice was first sold from the back of a covered wagon. Now more than ever before it is common for an ordinary layman, a mechanic/a butcher/a taxi driver/a journalist/a postman/a housewife/a news vender/a anything to recommend to his friends that they procure (thru illegal means of course since everything legal is nothings) a certain drug that helped him in a specific condition and the listener's condition sounds a great deal like what happened to him.

It is not uncommon for the average man to take drugs for anything, since only the rich can afford to go to a doctor for prescriptions; and since prescriptions often are far beyond the means of the average man.

Therefore it is easy to see that the Love Generation comes by its readiness to try any new pill that comes along.

However this does not alter the fact that taking of such substances of questions such as bella donna, drano, and similar poisons will cause a great number of sad and unnecessary funerals. The case of the stolen poisons from the Free Clinic should alert the unsuspecting that bathtub acid, uncontrolled speed and other unknown chemicals might put an end/finality/cessation/stop to death wishes by fulfillment.

When our government wakes up to the nightmare they have caused by stupid, foolish laws regarding drugs we may have some sort of a sensible working realization of drugs.

As it now stands no one will believe any official findings regarding drugs because of the gross lies that have been told in the past as regards the effects of drugs.

Be safe-MAVERICK needs every one of its readers.

Karl Erhardt Siegel photo-
grapher-contact Elgin Austin
500 Laurel Street, San
Carolos. 592-3394
1965 BMW R-60 600cc
motorcycle for sale. \$800.
Call 431-4260

Beautiful Bill, 24, needs
groovey chick to share flat
and love. Call 841-0608 from
11 am til midnight

