

# NAVERICK



VOL. 1 NO. 2





In the Eastlands where the old post road entered the wooded hills, stood a little town called Staley. It was surrounded by a high hedge over which peeked its thatched rooftops and clay pipe chimneys. Staleyns were practical, serious, and looked askance at anything that was strange or did not have to do with growing turnips or selling wares. Within the cottages clustered neat and whitewashed along tree shaded lanes, with flower boxes in their windows and herb gardens in the back. Plump blue frocked women swept their doorsteps or gossiped, while the men worked in the fields or in their shops. Every evening, after the sun had set, and the last man had come in from the fields, the watchman at the hedge gate closed it, and locked it and waited out the night with a brazen horn in his hand to sound the alarm if anything were amiss. Lately, toward the end of the year, close to Ghost Feast (All Souls Day) the watchmen had clutched tight to their horns, and on several nights had sent the people tumbling out of their beds and into the streets, when, the watchmen said, the ghostly sound of the elfhorns was heard in the woodlands across the fields.

Ari found a hole in the hedge, near the corner of his cottage. The young man bent low and held the lantern near it, and thought it strange that he had not noticed it while it was still light. It looked as though a great gopher had burrowed through it and the thought of great gophers frightened him, not only because one would frighten him, but because his neighbors would think he was daft for thinking such things. His neighbors, like all Staleyns, were very hard to please. So dutifully, he visited the hedge warden's cottage. The Hedge warden had a face like a peeled potato, with a smaller potato stuck in it for a nose.

"I saw no hole in my rounds today." The warden said suspiciously.

"Well, there is one there now." Ari replied.

"Then you must have dug it."

"I think," Ari continued patiently, "that an animal dug it."

"Your dog, no doubt."

"I don't have a dog."

"Then there can't be any hole." The warden replied triumphantly, as though he had made a crushing retort, and slammed the door. Ari walked back to his cottage through the gloomy paths, past dark cottages, thinking that it was curious that he always had thought the warden an intelligent man.

Returning home, he took his lantern and looked at the hole again. As he did, he heard as from afar a long silver note, sweet and pure in the night air. It made him tremble, and the Staleyan part of him whispered that strange and terrible things were abroad tonight. Far off, like the patter of a passing rainfall, he heard the distant hoofbeats of the elf steeds.

His heart thumped in his chest, half in fear and half in excitement. He got his shovel to cover up the hole, but instead of starting to fill it, he decided to see if it went all the way through. So he crawled in, holding his lantern up to see, and indeed, the hole went up through the other side of the hedge and was lined with the gnarled

hedge roots. He dimmed his lantern and left it in the hole and pushed his way up and out the other side and looked timidly around, across the moonlit fields. It was the first time he had ever been outside the hedge at night, although he often worked outside the hedge during the day. The air was fresh and cool, not musty and full of stale smells as inside the hedge. From across the way a breeze carried the green scent of the woodlands. He climbed out of the hole, not feeling a bit scared, and feeling rather proud of it. He even thought he might hint at it to Brawley who often bragged to the other youths that while on watch at the gate, he often stepped outside at night. Then, thinking that he might go him one better, he set out stealthily across the field, now feeling very brave.

He finally crossed the field and stood at the edge of the looming shadowy woodland. He peered into the black depths, scarcely breathing and standing very still, listened. In a gentle breeze, the black treetops whispered, and now and then he thought he heard things skittering through dry leaves. He, also thought he saw shadows moving, but he couldn't be sure. Then finally, after the longest time, he thought he could see a tiny point of golden light far in among the trees. Not long after that, he heard the same silver note as he had heard inside the hedge. It was much closer, but still very soft and it trembled toward the end. He moved in closer, keeping his eye on the light, feeling his way almost on all fours to keep from stumbling, while cool leaves brushed against his face in the darkness and he grasped at low hanging limbs and exposed roots. He heard faintly a rattling drum that beat out a rhythm like a running horse, while flutes and a lute and muted horns made a rich melody that turned in and around itself like some beautiful thing beneath a lake. The sensible Staleyan in him was shouting for him to go back, that he had gone too far, and suddenly fearful, he turned around and started to do just that when he saw a pair of cool silver green orbs of reflected light in the darkness behind him. At first he thought they were wolf's eyes, glowing in the elf light. But as they moved closer, he saw that they were set in a pale child-like face that came closer and closer until their noses almost touched. The luminous eyes seemed very large in the pale face, and its dark hair was crowned with a garland of white roses. He wore a black tunic figured with strange silver devices. Behind him, following obediently along was a unicorn. After a terrified moment, Ari whispered, "Are you an elf?"

The stranger whispered mockingly back. "Yes." He took Ari by the arm and led him into the light Ari had followed. A fire blazed amber gold in the middle of a clearing, smelling of sweet fragrant wood. Around it danced children as large as grown folk, dressed in harlequin colors, wearing garlands of flowers on their heads. Others sat against tree trunks, playing instruments or singing. Among the trees, half hidden in darkness, unicorns and deer with rich trappings were tethered, waiting for their riders. Here and there at the edges of the clearing, great black pug dogs with huge yellow eyes sat motionless, watching everything.

The dance stopped, along with the singing and the playing and after a long numb time, Ari realized that he was being led around and introduced to all of the elves, as though he had come on a visit. He nodded gravely to all and tried to remember their names, but they weren't the fat common names of Staley, but the names of shadows and woodland silences, of starlight peering through a dark lacework of leaves, or the moon reflected in the still surface of a pond. Then they began dancing and singing again. And their songs weren't the ones about beer and turnip soup, or mother or faithful dogs by the hearth, but they sang of flowers and dreams.

The one who had brought him in sat him down and poured a gold cup full of sparkling liquor that tickled and warmed him as he drank. His companion said that he name was Shadow and he was welcome to stay as long as he wanted.

"I really can't stay," Ari replied nervously, in fact terrified, clutching at his cup. "I never intended to come out. I found a hole in the hedge near my cottage and climbed through to the outside to see what had dug it."

"The culprit is there." Shadow replied, pointing at one of the great black dogs who had his big yellow eyes fixed on Ari, hungrily, he thought.

(Continued on page 15)

The City that Knew Now But Forgot  
When our most excellent mayor and highly revered Board of Supervisors heard that some 200,000 (or 1,000,000) of the Love Generation were headed for San Francisco this Summer they reacted in a manner that has become typical of our city government.

They panicked.

They weeped.

They wailed.

They gnashed their teeth

They tore at where their hair had been.

They beat their fists against softly padded walls.

For they could not figure out how to make a buck out of the influx. (Last year we had about 50,000 Shriners in town and since they bought booze, whores and crackers, a few bucks went back into the city treasury. Earlier we had

## WELCOME TO SAN FRANCISCO

a convention-the name of it we forget-but a fellow by the name of Goldwater figured big in it-and the city made their 4% on hotel tax, and quite a few dimes out of the cable cars. Of course the city gamely gave the outfit 600 thou to come in the first place.)

But with the flower children neither staying at hotels, eating at the better restaurants or buying their clothes from our official greeter who runs a cheap-jack clothing shop (I. or J. Magnin-we forget which) there just did not seem to be a buck in the Love Generation-honest or dishonest.

The first suggestion that got a heavy indorsement from Blabbermouth Blake - God Save the Dollar Supervisor, was to issue an edict prohibiting the Flower Children from entering our city. We suppose that this would have been implimented by stationing inspectors at each of the many entrances to the city and screening people as the came to the city as to their economic (spending) ability. But it appears that this was defeated by a old law on the books called The Bill of Rights. Unlike the Congressman who said, "To hell with the bill of rights," our noble legislators then passed a resolution calling for the enforcement of our laws and warning the Love Generation that we would insist that the laws be enforced fairly and impartially. Translated this means that the Love Generation will be arrested if the cop even vaguely dislikes their haircut.

These are the generalities but MAVERICK publishes here a few of the laws...not that we feel they should be obeyed but that we think the visitors to our fair state should know the mentality of our legislators. It helps to understand their mongoloid appearances.

In California we have several codes of law. Most of the laws one may run afoul of are contained in the California Penal Code, but the Health and Safety Code and the Motor vehicles code can also land one in one of our great Palaces of Restraint. (Usually called a facility).

The Motor Vehicle Code is a rather fair document and the State Highway Patrol is rather more than decent.

The Health and Safety Code concerns, in part, narcotics and pot laws. Generally speaking it is illegal as hell to have anything to do with pot or to tell anyone how to get pot or to blow it anywhere.

Very few people pay any attention to this law. As a result about 25% of the arrests in California are for this great and terrible offense.

The California Penal Code is the one generally thought of as making it possible for a cop to arrest you for anything that he may so desire. Here are a few choice items from that great code:

Section 37-"Treason defined-Treason against this state consists only in levying war against it, adhering to its enemies, or giving aid and comfort, and can be committed only by persons owing allegiance to the state. The punishment of treason shall be death."

This means that if you are going to levy war against California or give aid or comfort to its enemies you must be regularly saluting the Golden Bear. If the Bear has a slight tinge or red or pink you will be investigated by the House UnCalifornian Activities Committee.

Recently the various police departments who have only read of the failure of the populace to support their local police from the John Birch Manifestos prevailed upon the legislature to pass a stronger law about resisting arrest. Now 'resisting arrest' ranks alongside murder. If a law enforcement officer you can tell by their tendency to

swagger if they don't show a badge-orders you to do something like get down on your hands and knees, then do so. If not you will surely be arrested and crucifixion will be at dawn ten years hence.

We have another law that no one pays a damn bit of attention to but it might be well to remember:

"Section 268-Every person who, under promise of marriage, seduces and has sexual intercourse with an unmarried female of previous chaste character, is punishable by imprisonment for not more than five years...."

THEN WE HAVE:

"Section 269a-Living in Adultery-Every person who lives in a state of cohabitation and adultery is guilty of a misdemeanor and punishable by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars...."

Skipping blythely along we have laws forbidding selling of cigarettes to minors, soliciting a free drink at a public bar, selling liquor near a camp (worship) meeting, attending a cock (rooster) fight, indecent exposure, running a lottery or gambling.

As regards the last of these, if gambling is your bag, then all is not lost, if you want to live close to The Haight and still wager a little from time to time, we have the regular tracks (you can ask your local patrolman where the nearest bookie might be found), or there is bingo-you need only to call the Archbishop to find which church is having bingo on what night; or during the summer most of the Roman churches have their festival night of the patron saint where black jack, craps, roulette, or other games are available. It is against the law but the Governor, Attorney General, Mayor, Chief of Police and most of the force go to mass regularly and confess their sins of omission, including not arresting their parish priest for conducting a game of chance. We do not recommend that any of the Love Generation churches attempt the same thing---Visiting days at San Quinten are already too crowded.

Then we have our version of the Vag law. Some have called it the Fag Law because it causes most of the homosexual arrests, it is section 647a. Actually this is a great improvement over the old law that called for arrest of all persons who did not have \$1,000. cash in their possession. Naturally this made everyone subject to arrest except prosperous bookies, successful junkies and promising politicians. Now things are different. The above can be arrested also.

One of the chief provisions of this section is making the solicitation of a "lewd act" a misdemeanor. This means that if you ask anyone to engage in a sex act in a place considered "public" you are subject to arrest. Since most

of the arrests are made against homosexuals the police are wont to dress as homosexuals and lead the conversation into the fields forbidden by California custom. This can also mean that a cop can put on drag, sit on the sidewalk beside you. If you then ask him (her) to go to your pad for a cup of coffee this is construed as soliciting for a lewd act and you can then be invited to spend the next six months at our local municipal hotel.

In the same section there are provisions for housing those who "accosts other persons in any public place or in any place open to the public for the purpose of begging or soliciting alms." The section was only but rarely used until the Love Generation descended on San Francisco. Now we have police especially trained in plainclotheswork to circulate among the hippies and look as if they might be a likely mark for a little bread. Several dozen have already been arrested.

(It should be noted at this time that the San Francisco Police department is filled with stage-struck people. Now since San Francisco Beat is in its 100th year of reruns, there has been but little demand for the stage abilities of our department. They are quite adept at performing as homosexuals and seem to be getting more than a little experience as potential marks for the hookers in the Tenderloin. The posing as possible marks for the begging on the Haight may well bring out their most noble moments of artistic accomplishments.)

Another of the provisions of section 647a provides for the arrest of those "who wander about from place to place without apparent reason or business and who refuses to identify himself and to account for his presence when requested by any peace officer so to do... Now this means simply that if a cop asks for your ID it is your duty to produce it. If you refuse then he has the authority to throw you to the tender mercy of the jailers. Now you will be released in a couple of days because these arrests are ordinarily made only on Friday and Saturday and unless there is someone to bail you out you get some free meals.

Then there is the drunk and drugs law: "Who is found in any public place under the influence of intoxicating liquors, or any drug, or the combined influence of intoxicating liquor or any drug in such a condition that he is unable to exercise care for his own safety or the safety of others... is guilty of a misdemeanor." Simply this means that if a cop thinks you are high on anything you will be a guest of the city for the next several hours.

Several other foolish laws make up the remainder of the California Penal Code.

Then we come to the Municipal Police Code---If you thought that the Penal Code was foolish just continue to read..

**SEC. 1. Ark, Boat, Vessel, Dumping, Etc., of, Prohibited.** It shall be unlawful for any person, firm, association or corporation to dump or discard any boat, vessel, barge, ark, or any floating structure, on the shore line, or streets of the City and County of San Francisco, that are now submerged, or any portion of the City and County of San Francisco inside of the boundary of the State of California's property on the water front of said City and County of San Francisco.

This means that if John Huston or Noah arrives in San Francisco he will get a ticket if he lands on a city street submerged or unsubmerged.

**SEC. 12. Carpets, Eggs, Beating on Sidewalk Prohibited.** It shall be unlawful for any person to beat, sweep or clean any carpet or rug upon any sidewalk or street except between the hours of 12 o'clock midnight, and 8 o'clock A.M.

**SEC. 17. Sidewalks, Washing of, Between Certain Hours, Prohibited.** It shall be unlawful for any person to wash, or cause to be washed, any sidewalk or street, with a hose or otherwise, between the hours of 8 o'clock A.M. and 6 o'clock P.M.

Our good, kindly, and stupid Dr. Sox not to the contrary "Thou shalt not beat thy rug during other hours.

**SEC. 23. Unsightly Persons, Appearance on Streets, Prohibited.** It shall be unlawful for any person, who is so diseased, maimed, mutilated or deformed as to be an unsightly or improper person, to be allowed in or on public streets, highways, thoroughfares or public places, to expose himself or herself, or his or her injury or deformity to public view.

Hardly anyone pays attention to this law but it might be a test case to see if a beard constitutes the trappings of "an unsightly person."

**SEC. 28. Kite Flying Prohibited.** It shall be unlawful for any person to raise or fly any kite within that portion of the City and County of San Francisco bounded by Divisadero, Castro and Army streets, thence easterly along Army street to the waters of the bay, and thence northerly and westerly along the shore of the bay to the intersection of Divisadero street with the waters of the bay, without obtaining in the first instance a permit so to do from the Chief of Police.

Does anyone pay attention to this section?

**SEC. 195. Bribery of Police Officers Prohibited.** It shall be unlawful for any person to give or offer or promise to give any police officer, or for any police officer to solicit or accept from any person any bribe or reward as a consideration for permitting the violation of any ordinance of this city and county, or as a consideration for not arresting any person who has violated any such ordinance.

Wow

**SEC. 193. Indecent Posters Prohibited.** No person, firm or corporation shall post, print, paste, nail, maintain or display upon any billboard, fence, building frame or structure, and in any manner expose to public view, as an advertisement of any show, play or performance, any indecent print, or any picture, or cut, tending to represent the doing of a criminal act, or representing indecently the limbs or any part of a human body, or the position of persons in relation to each other, tending to deprave the morals of individuals, or shocking to the sense of decency, or tending to incite the minds to acts of immorality or crime, or to familiarize and accustom the minds of young persons with the same.

**SEC. 199. Display of Representations of Sexual Organs Prohibited.** It shall be unlawful for any person, company, association or corporation to exhibit or display or cause to be exhibited or displayed, at any point or place within the City and County of San Francisco, for the purpose of advertising any profession, business, trade or thing, any figure or model or cast of or any other composition, or for such purpose to exhibit or display, or cause to be exhibited or displayed, any picture, etching, print, cut or other pictorial representation of or purporting to be a representation or facsimile of the sexual organs of a human being.

May we suggest in violation of the law that the clinic at 33 Hunt Street has an excellent cure for venereal disease and that those who have been exposed go there immediately. In the next issue we will violate this law with a detailed description of the ravages of this disease.



**SEC. 260. Playing Poker in Public Places Prohibited.** It shall be unlawful for any person to play the game of poker, for money or other representative of value, in any barroom or public place, or for any person having the possession or charge or control of any barroom or public place to permit the game of poker to be played therein for money or other representative of value.

Except in a Roman Catholic Church.

**SEC. 288. Viciating Gambling Houses Prohibited.** It shall be unlawful for any person to keep or maintain, or visit for the practice of gambling, or to contribute to the support of any house or place where gambling is carried on or conducted, or to knowingly let or underlet or transfer the possession of, any house or premises for use by any person for said purpose.

Except in a Roman Catholic Church.

**SEC. 533. Requiring Hotels, Motels, Auto Courts, and Furnished Apartment House Keepers to Report Presence of a Minor.** Each owner, agent, manager, or keeper of a hotel, motel, auto court, furnished apartment house, boarding house, lodging house, or tenement house, shall immediately report to the office of the Chief of Police of the City and County of San Francisco, the presence therein of any minor under the age of eighteen (18) years, unless such minor is accompanied by the parent, guardian, or other person having the care and custody of such minor; or unless said minor is attending a social event or other assemblage at which his attendance has been expressly authorized by his parents or legal guardian; or unless the presence of said minor in said place or places is connected with and required by some legitimate business, trade, profession, or occupation, in which said minor is engaged.

Don't get caught on this one...It is constitutional.

**SEC. 538. Minors Congregating on Public Streets at Night Prohibited.** It shall be unlawful for three (3) or more persons under the age of twenty-one (21) years to congregate or assemble, or engage in any sport or exercise, or to make or endeavor to make any noise or disturbance, on any public street, between the hours of 8 o'clock P. M. and daylight of the following morning.

Minors ain't got no rights.

**SEC. 764. Wearing Hats in Theaters During Program Prohibited.** No person shall wear any hat or bonnet or other head-covering within any licensed theater, nickelodeon, moving-picture show or any public hall in this city and county during the rendition of any program or the exhibition of any pictures on the stage or platform of said theater, nickelodeon, moving-picture show or public hall, but every such bonnet, hat or other head-covering shall be removed from the head of the person wearing the same during the time of the performance in said theater or during the rendition of the program or the exhibition of pictures on the stage or platform thereof; provided, however, that the above inhibition shall not be held to include skull caps, lace covering or other small or closely-fitting head-dress or covering which does not interfere with or obstruct the view.

This is the welcome that our city fathers have prepared for the Love Generation. It is a sad commentary on the people that we have in city hall, but facts are facts: The hippie (and everyone else) can be arrested for doing just about anything.

The logical conclusion is rather obvious:

DO WHATEVER THE HELL YOU WANT TO BECAUSE YOU CAN BE ARRESTED ANYHOW.



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THEIR RIGHT TO KNOW.

It is a curious argument on the part of parents that they want to take "dirty" books off the newsstands in order to protect their children's minds. These books, they argue, give their children warped ideas about sex. That they talk about sex at all is perhaps the parents' chief terror.

It is closer to the truth to say that the books finish the damage the parents started. It was the parents whose red faced silence, or abrupt anger at questions innocently and honestly asked that created an unknown land for the young, a shadowy realm full of delicious darkness and voluptuous secrets. It is a drive as natural as sleep and hunger that eventually lures the young into that region, so that what is more natural than that the enterprising should place on the newsstands numerous "guidebooks" into that world. "Dirty books" are a mercilessly accurate reflection in word and picture of the public's real opinion of sex. If they were not, they would not sell.

Children's minds may, indeed, be damaged, when, having gotten the impression at home, that sex is filthy and reprehensible, they find out sooner or later that their parents have been practising it all along; and that, in fact, their own physical bodies are a result of such activities. Parents might also consider the damage to their own images, when their children learn that they are not spotless saints, but barefaced liars. The young too often accept the lie as they get older and married, and play the same tired game with their own children, and so each generation pass to the other the legacy of fear and distrust, and the next generation is as incapable of being rational about sex as the one before.

There is a strange and stubborn superstition that sex is harmful to children, like coffee, alcohol and tobacco, which only proves that they cannot distinguish between acquired vices and natural drives. Yet the middle-class mind will persist in treating sex as though it were an addiction, to be treated like one.

There are some who agree that children should receive sex instruction, but later, when they are "older" and up to their neck in sexual problems. Children are old enough to know about their bodies when they are old enough to go to school, so that puberty will not come as an emotional nightmare, as it too often is, and youths will not have to sulk about like criminals in order to deal with a drive as natural as sleep and hunger.

It is all too easy for one of later years to counsel teen-agers to observe chastity: the elder has passed his peak of sex need, is often married (or something), has had his sexual satisfaction (or if he has not is going to be sure that the kids don't get any either) and most important of all probably feels the rankling jealousy that the old have had for the young from time immemorial. It is too easy to sit back in one's later years and to decide that one's children are not going to make the same "mistakes", or want them to be the saint that he never was, thus gaining, I suppose, salvation by proxy.

Finally, when argued to the wall, when all his rationalizations have failed, he may argue: "Well, I had to practice self-control when I was young." That is not a reason. That is revenge. by Gemini

**WILD  
 COLORS**  
 A CREATIVE OUTLET  
 1418 HAIGHT  
 UNIQUE GIFTS!



The United Bookburners of San Francisco provided us with a two-ring circus last month as they proceeded to teach us that words are dirty.

The Man arrested three booksellers for making available Lenore Kandel's Love Book. This thin volume of about 860 words describes love-making in ordinary English as opposed to the permissible hard-to-pronounce Latin terms.

For instance we translate some few lines of the poem into permissible words: (The translated words are underlined.)

"I am all those ladies of antiquity enamored of the sun, my vagina is a honeycomb we are covered with semen and honey

"we are covered with each other my skin is the taste of you."

In the beginning-before the Bookburners made the bust for making this book available-the little volume had been a publishers liability...The bust made the poem sell at a rate unheard of for poetry. It had about as much sex-appeal as the latest Reader's Digest. After the bust some professional people interested in the right to read sold the book on the streets...The Chief of Police said that he did not want to arrest them because "they are publicity seekers." The poem continued to be a best-seller and is now for sale in several places in the city pending appeal of the case.

The District Attorney called to the witness stand a number of people who testified that the book caused them to be sexually aroused.

One Catholic priest testified that the book appealed to his prurient interest (gave him a hard-on), another testified that the poem did not appeal to his prurient interest. This should only prove that some priests get sexually excited easier than others. Rumor has it that many of them were disturbed that the priest testified that it was possible for a priest to get sexually excited in view of the vast collection of erotic material in the hands of the Vatican.

At one point-at the beginning of the month-long trial, the Chief Book Burner of San Francisco, Police Captain Quinlan, objected to the presence of a six-year old boy in the court-room. Moments later he spotted another boy who he thought should be ejected. The boy produced ID to prove that he was 28 years old. Then the CBB of San Francisco quieted down.

Our good Roman Catholic Mayor, John Shelley announced that the Love Book was hard-core pornography. A judge then gave Shelley a hard way to go for attempting to try the case in the newspapers.

One priest got carried away, thinking that the trial was a revamping of the auto de fe, and testified that the Love Book was "blasphemous". He also testified that "sex for sex's sake can only lead to a horrible conclusion."

That testimony caused many a raised eyebrow. There was no evidence to prove however, that the testimony decreased the enjoyment of sex for sex's sake.

The defense produced witnesses, priests, writers, teachers, housewives, to prove that the book was not obscene.

Four-letter words flew back and forth across the court room. In questioning the prospective jurors the attorney for the defense used these words freely.

The jury after ten hours of deliberation produced the astonishing verdict that the vendors were indeed guilty of selling hard-core pornography.

The sales of the Love Book again soared. Judge Mana committed enough judicial errors during the trial to guarantee an appeal for Adolph Eichmann in Israel.

The trial so far has cost the city in excess of \$50,000 and the appeals will probably raise the total costs of the suppression of this book to the vicinity of \$250,000.

The suppression of the book appears to have had very little, if any, effect on the words of love usage in San Francisco.

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POSTER BY DAVID HODGE

## SWAMI CHINMYANANDA

### DISCOURSE ON INDIAN KNOWLEDGE

♦♦ NAPA ♦♦

SATURDAY, JUNE 12th. To JUNE 29th.

NAPA SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

PARK AVENUE

♦♦ 7:30 P.M. ♦♦

♦♦ LOS ANGELES ♦♦

SATURDAY JULY 1st. To JULY 14th.

UNIVERSAL RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE

900 HILLDI GARD ST. WESTWOOD

♦♦ 7:30 P.M. ♦♦

♦♦ SAN FRANCISCO ♦♦

SATURDAY JULY 15th. To JULY 25th.

SHERATON PALACE HOTEL

BONANZA ROOM 2nd FLOOR

♦♦ 7:30 P.M. ♦♦



Hare Krishna

Gillmore Auditorium  
Monday, June 26

# A NEW HILL IS BORN

Under the administration of Christ-like Christopher and Stupid-like Shelley about the only tourist attractions left in San Francisco are the hills. There are the old time attractions of a cable car ride up Nob Hill (Where are all the rich people who live on this hill?); Russian Hill (No hill at all but a ridge running to the bay from Nob Hill without a Russian there); Twin Peaks (Not twins at all but a threesome); Cathedral Hill (Actually just a rise, but so named because the Archbishop is going to build at Cathedral there one of these days); Telegraph Hill (You can see Alcatraz from there on a clear day, but it is deserted); Potrero Hill (The last outpost of real San Francisco and never visited by tourists).

The new hill is Hippie Hill. The approach to it is a feast for the eyes. Real honest-to-various gods San Franciscans are to be found along the streets approaching Hippie Hill.

(It is true that some of those-in fact quite a few of the people that the pilgrims will see en route to Hippie Hill have only been in San Francisco for a few years, a few months, or a few days, but they are the type of people that made San Francisco the Paris of the West.)

The tourist from Corn Pone, Iowa or Possum Trot, Alabama approaches Haight Street with many misgivings, but they are drawn there by an irresistible magnet. They have heard about love from their pastor-altho he often got it mixed up with hate-and they want to see what it is that is that made the young girl from next door desert a beautiful home and a warm bed for the streets of San Francisco. They want to see the sin that their man of God told them about.

When traffic comes to a halt some half-dozen blocks

-Continued on page 10



before the entry into Hippie Land they are sure that a riot must be in progress...but all the passers-by are smiling and waving and they are still drawn. As they get closer to the scene the beards and sandals increase and the shoe merchant from Peoria, Illinois shakes his head as the bare-footed young adults seem happy. The housewife who has visions of privation and starvation is appalled at the apparent good health of those who pass.

But as their car comes closer to Masonic they see a crowd of young people sitting in front of the Drog Store Cafe, listening to someone playing a guitar, a harmonica, a mandolin or finger cymbals. They are smiling and are laughing. They do not look like the demons of dope that the police have made them out to be.

Then the tourist car is approached by a colorful type that offers them a copy of one of the underground papers. He is smiling and the tourist becomes slightly disarmed and buys a copy.

Now it suddenly dawns on the driver why the traffic

was so slow for the past half-dozen blocks---people are just amazed at what they are seeing. People of all ages are enjoying themselves at the very simple things. Some of the older ones remember their high school and college days of standing in front of the high school or college drug store or ice cream parlor and shooting the breeze. (It is now called 'communicating' but it is the same as the old days.)

Pretty soon the tourist realizes that the hippie is really harmless and the windows of the cars remain rolled down and the whole car starts to turn on. They see one of the beautiful girls walking down the street in a robin-egg blue satin gown circa 1930 accompanied by a young man in white Levi's with "LOVE" painted fore and aft; at first they think this is rather silly because no one back in Tulsa, Oklahoma would do a thing like that. But they they reflect how nice it would be if the people in Tulsa did do a few silly things-how much nicer it is to smile than to frown.





# THE BLOODROSE and THE PARADOXES

By J. Douglas Halford

Eternity was wounded by the scope and singularity of the search and presently a minority known as the obese brothers legislated the concept of power in the public interest and many of the brothers and sisters dissented and raised their arms in defiance of the power concept. And swiftly they were murdered somewhere between the bloodrose and the tree of paradoxes.

The murders were not seen, only heard and some of the sisters escaped the physical dissolution of the vehicle and were instead mesmerized by the clinical extension of the power and many of the sons and daughters were made aware of the travesty of the power concept and they rebelled in the ghastly tradition of their fathers and mothers and they were violated (raped) in the mind forever somewhere between the bloodrose and the tree of paradoxes.

And throughout the diverse levels could be heard the terrible groaning of the brothers and many of them fainted from the sound of the agencies and the others bellowed out in great indignation and they were swiftly coerced into a docile subservience to the obese brothers with tyranny in their veins and brains somewhere between the bloodrose and the paradoxes.

Justice was sentenced and doomed to hang on the 21st and the Humanities were scheduled to be executed on the following day and many of the brothers and sisters lay in great travail and the legislated insanity of the obese brothers prevailed on the edge of darkness somewhere between the bloodrose and the paradoxes.

The Absolute and the Immutable were outraged at the inhumanity of the obese brothers. For they were steeped and well conditioned in the finality of their ways and boldly they walked among the brothers and sisters compelling them to submit to the most grievous atrocities and they grew more alien and obese and finally in utter disbelief and horror many of the brothers and sisters defected from the cities in great hordes and they wandered to the magnificent valley of free flowers and they became dependent upon their minds and hands and the obese brothers were rendered impotent to subject and direct and they systematically withered on the floors and walls of the cities somewhere between the bloodrose and the tree of paradoxes.



# SHORT TRIPS

+++Nark had a hard way to go in New York. These are men of extremely high moral character as everyone knows. This nark was no exception--he felt he needed more of the green than he was getting so a CIA buddy conspired with him to market some fine etchings at reduced prices. The etchings were of Andrew Jackson and were a very good likeness. It took the experts from the Bureau of the Mint to say that the likenesses on the 20's manufactured by the combined brains of the CIA and the nark were not the real thing.

+++The Southern Baptist Convention's 10,000 delegates in a meeting in Miami have "watered down" the Ten Commandments. They have approved a resolution calling for support of the fighting men in Viet Nam. They actually wanted to cancel the particular commandment, but the blood-thirsty were in a minority...they merely said "Thou shalt not kill Americans in Viet Nam" or some such.

+++In Washington the Zoo has problems...One of the Mynah birds here has a vocabulary not suitable for a maiden aunt's taste. The Zoo Director attempted to save the bird but the tide was against him:

"...I will only say that the bird was not guilty as accused in the newspapers, although I do admit that he has very sloppy diction and his enunciation is much less than desirable."

+++The Mark Taper Forum and the Ahmanson Theater will be held in the Music Center in Los Angeles so long as nothing more controversial than "Alice in Wonderland (American Version)" is presented. After much haggling the Standards Committee has agreed to let them use the facility---providing they get first crack at approval of the productions for the general (In Los Angeles this may mean emotionally immature) public.

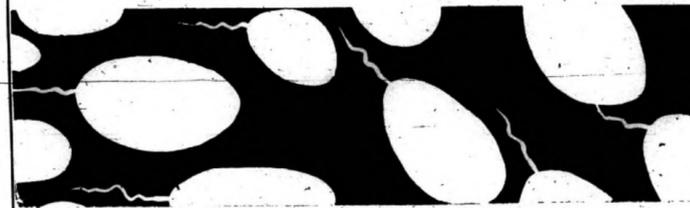
Supervisor Frank G. Bonelli, was uptight about a production of "The Devils" that he said depicted the Roman Catholic Church in an unfavorable light. He said it depicted the activities of a libertine Catholic priest in the 17th Century and included several frank sex scenes and off-color language.

Now think of all the people in Los Angeles who would have been there if they had known it was going to be that interesting.

+++ The gold of her hair and the blue of her eyes,  
Are a blend of the western sky,  
And the moonlight beams on the girl of my dreams,  
She's the sweetheart of Sigma Chi.

And the Board of Trustees of the state colleges have given Sigma Chi only a short while to change that view, admitting negroes to chapters on the state campuses. +++The state education commission of New Jersey has refused to allow a high school student to graduate until he trims off his sideburns.

In Edison, N.J. school board ruled that Micah Bertin, senior class president could take his diploma privately but could not walk across the stage and get his certificate that he knew the Constitution and some other subjects until he trimmed his sideburns.



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(Continued from page 2)

"He means no harm. He is Skrog. He is too curious, and also too big. Not long ago he took a fancy to one of your townsmen and carried him off by the seat of his trousers."

Ari remembered that time. Mullet, who was then the hedge warden had wandered out one night to inspect the hedge from the outside. The town was aroused by his agonized screams, which faded in the distance. An hour later he was pounding on the gate, dishevelled and wide-eyed, begging to be let in. He babbled about a great black beast and had never been the same since then. It was very sad, but also (as a giggle bubbled up in him) very funny as well and the more he thought about Mullet dangling by the seat of his trousers the more the thought tickled him until he hid his laughter-reddened face behind his hands and shook with merriment.

The elves stopped their entertainment and laughed with him, or at him. When he had calmed down, he accepted another drink of the clear but warming liquid and got comfortable.

After a while his head seemed clearer than it had ever been before, as though fresh air and the strange drink had swept it clear of the cobwebs it had gathered in Staley. He accepted a flower wreath for his head and joined as best he could in the elf songs, not noticing their pained expressions when he went flat, which was often.

Little by little, he settled into a golden haze, until it seemed that everything was made of precious stuff. The tree trunks were onyx and the leaves emeralds, the elves themselves were exquisite clockwork toys of gold and silver, encrusted with precious stones that glittered in the firelight as they played on their instruments. Finally it seemed that he was slipping into the soft cool heart of a great flower and was covered with golden pollen.

He opened his eyes and looked around the dim glade. Long red rays of dying sunlight straggled through the leaves overhead, and he realized that he had slept through the night and the day to the evening. The elves were gone except for Shadow who sat cross legged on the ground watching him with a smile.

"I've slept all night and day." Ari cried, jumping up.

"Yes."  
"The townmaster and the warden will strangle me for this."

"I had hoped you would follow us. The tribes are gathering at Owl Coven for a Ghost Feast. You would be welcome there."

"Oh, thank you very much." Ari stammered, not at all pleased at the prospect of a Sabbath. Perhaps he could get to like elves after a while, but witches were another matter.

"Then go and good luck. I think you will need all you can get. But if you need any help," Shadow said, producing a silver whistle on a fine silver chain, "blow on this and Skrog will come to help you." Then Shadow waved goodbye and quickly disappeared into the trees.

Ari returned to the field, following the dying light from the eaves of the woods, and crossing the darkening field to the gate, he rapped loudly on it and called: "Open up!"

There was a silence, then a nervous scuffle to the gate on the other side and a voice that asked tremulously, "Who's there?"

"You know who I am, Carp. It's Ari. I've come back." There was a little peep hole on the gate and it opened now, a wide fearful eye looked at him through it for a moment. Then, Carp, fearfully again:

"What happened to you? You look so strange."  
"I've been among the elves! Now are you going to open up?"

"Elves?" Carp terrified. "Are there elves out there?"

"You can see there aren't."

"Wait here." Carp's feet shuffled away.

"Wait for what?" Ari called after him.

There were distant voices, calling to one another, and then a murmur of many voices. There was the grating sound of the gate bar being pulled out, and the gate swung open on the torchlit men of Staley who looked stragely lumpish and small to Ari now. There was the Town Master, Haddock; Dame Onion, his wife; Thump, the Hedge Warden, and a group of Staley men armed with staves and garden tools.

"What did the elves do to you?" gasped the Town Master,

"Nothing." Replied Ari. "They were very kind."

"They turned him into a fay!" Thump croaked, fearfully.

"No they didn't. They made me their guest and entertained me. They sang and danced and told the most beautiful stories. Why, what is the matter?" he asked the hard shocked, angry faces.

"Look at him." Someone said in the crowd. "He's as thin as a shadow."

"And pale." Another added

"His eyes are big and luminous." Quoth another.

"He has flowers on his head." Said a forth.

"Is that dangerous?" Ari asked, getting impatient.

Dame Onion's mouth popped open. "He sasses back!" She wailed. "He wears flowers and smells like a wild animal! Quick! Hide the children!" She waved her arms frantically.

"Don't let them see him! Don't let them smell him!" She spread her skirt wide as though to screen him from the children, who bring at the other end of the crowd couldn't see anything anyway. (There were stern voices in the back shooing the children down the dark lanes to their cottages)

Meanwhile Ari found himself in the firm grip of dozens of hands and hustled in the midst of angry faces down the Gate Lane to the Town Master's house.

"Scrub him good!" someone yelled. "Scrub him till he's red!"

"Turnip soup and boiled potatoes" another added. That will make him look human again

"This is the last time you will leave the hedge again." Dame Onion shouted above the others. "Believe me years from now you'll thank us for saving you."

At the Town Master's house they dunked him in steaming hot water, scrubbed him with harsh yellow soap until he was red, and made him eat every bit of a big hot bowl of turnip soup and a big platter of boiled potatoes and a big mug of heather beer. They scalded him with hot towels, froze him with buckets of icy well water dashed on him, plied him with honey and vinegar, and after everyone had tried their remedies (just to make sure in case the others didn't work) they wrapped him in red flannel and marched him to the town cage, that stood in the town square. Ordinarily, the cage contained those Staleys whose fondness for ale and wine occasionally overflowed. They set loud young Brawley as his guard, who strutted up and down before the cage recounting loudly what he would do to elves if he had his way about it. Meanwhile, Ari slowly recovered from his treatment. He had unwound the yards of red flannel in a pile and was rubbing his aching head when Brawley leaned down and growled.

"Remember! If there is any trouble, someone will get brained."

"You're safe." Ari replied sourly.

Ari hunched down dejectedly in one corner of the cage, thinking of his friends, the elves, who only raised their voices in song and laughter, and blew absently on his silver whistle. It did not work, but he hid it again in his pocket, determined that his rude neighbors would never get it. He noticed, relieved, that Brawley had stopped boasting and looked at him. The thick young man was staring wide-eyed with horror at something out of Ari's sight. He turned suddenly and stared at a shadowy place between two cottages where two large yellow eyes glowed.

Ari cried out with joy: "Skrog!" The big black elf pug trotted out into the dim light of the square, and Brawley shrieked and fled across the square and into the Inn Tavern by force of habit. His cry opened up all the doors and windows in sight and filled them full of silhouetted heads.

Skrog padded, huge, black, and shaggy up to the cage, his eyes like yellow lantern lenses in the dimness. He set great teeth into the wooden bars and wrenched them out, their iron nails shrieking from the wood frame, and making the whole cage and Ari rattle around quite a bit. Ari climbed out of the cage and Skrog crouched down on the ground and looked at him expectantly. Ari, understanding, straddled him and held desperately to the thick fur at his shoulders as he bounded up the Gate Lane, dashed at the gate and with Ari, clinging and praying, bounded up to the top of the gate, balanced there for a moment and jumped down, and bounded across the moonlit fields toward Owl Coven, and Ari never looked back.

Gemini

