\[\text{TEXT}\]
I have been trained in plainclotheswork to assist you. If you then ask him (her) to go to your pad will be released in a couple of days because these arrests means that thinks you are high on anything you 'Thou Shalt not beat thy rug during other hours. are ordinarily made only on Friday and Saturday and unless simply that if a cop asks for your ID it is your duty to the arrest of those "who wander about from place to place soliciting alms. The section was only but rarely used since Francisco Beat is in its 100th year of reruns, there has been but little demand for the stage abilities there is no need to worry about this law. The posing as possible marks for the begging onoseconds have already been arrested. It should be noted at this time that the San Francisco Police department is filled with such "keeps. Now the San Francisco Beat is in its 100th year of reruns, there has been but little demand for the stage abilities. The department 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 theaight may well bring out their next most popular, moments of artistic accomplishment.

Another of the provisions of section 647a provides for the arrest of those who "wander about from place to place soliciting for any person to wash, cause to be washed, any sidewalk or street except between the hours of 12 o'clock midnight, and 8 o'clock A.M."

The legal conclusion is rather obvious; DO WHATEVER THE HELL YOU WANT TO BECAUSE YOU CAN BE ARRESTED ARBITRARILY.
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 ladles 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 expressed the opinion that the poem did not appeal to the prurient interest of the majority of persons. The book 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 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.

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At one point—on the opening day 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 courtroom. Moments later he spotted another boy who he thought should be ejected. The boy produced an ID to prove that he was 28 years old. Then the Chief of Police quieted down.

One Catholic priest testified that the book caused "them to be sexually aroused." A judge then gave Shelley a hard way to go for attempting to try the case in the newspapers.

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The sales of the Love Book again soared. Judge Mana committed enough judicial errors during the trial to guarantee an appeal for Adolph Elchmann 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.
Under the administration of Christ-like Christpher 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); Twin Peaks (Not quite a hill but named because the Archbishop is to build a Cathedral there); Telegraph Hill (One 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-jove gods San Franciscans are to be found along the streets approaching Hippie Hill.

(Although some of those in fact quite a few of the people 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 of Poseum Tree, Alabama approaches Haight Street with many misgivings but they are drawn there by an irresistible magnet. They have heard about love from their pastor-although he often got it mixed up with hate-and they want to see what it 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化身 of God told them about.

When traffic comes to a halt some half-dozen blocks 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. 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 offering them a copy of one of the underground papers. He is smiling and the tourist becomes slightly disarmed. He is happy 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 get one of the beautiful girls walking down the street in a polka-dotted 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 reflect how nice it would be if the people in Tulsa did do a few silly things and how much nicer it is to smile than to frown.
About 15 minutes after they pass the Drugstore Cafe they are in front of the Prime Mint and the Psychopathic Shop. In that 15 minutes they have gone about 200 yards and now are part of the traffic jam and are contributing to it back there. They were wondering where the traffic cops were now. A traffic cop at the next intersection that night pushed them on from these very pleasing sights.

As the Prime Mint their eyes are assaulted with the very colorful posters that have gone out from San Francisco to all of the world and have had a greater impact on advertising than any other kind of campaign. They have been looking for a parking space as they could get out on the street in with this happy crowd. By this time they have bought a half-dozen underground publications and are in the market for any others.

They see two or three young men standing on the street, rolling a cigarette from a package of Bull Durham and the thought occurs to them that they have seen none of the "love friends" that were so highly advertised by the police departments. They cannot possibly realize that things may be that the Bull Durham sack was full of that "destroyer of young people" pot. They blow by as if they were led down the primrose path by their friendly Chief of Police.

They see young people of all ages doing exactly what they wish they could do-rolling out of one of the rat races that keeps them on the treadmill day after day. It is heart-breaking to see people do what you wish you could do and not have the courage to do it.

New traffic has appeared and they are abreast of some of the head shops in the 1700 block...they are fast leaving the street on the way. The same thing is happening as it was nipped out for them in the Sunday Funday. They have to turn leftcat and run into the parks but those were no parking-loping over to the right they can see the Hippies sitting themselves on the slopes.

Many ventures only a few feet into the New Generation. Most of them lack the courage to double back, park, and walk along the street. They have far too many responsibilities back in Jackson ville, White Plains and Troya to tempt themselves further.

The question is simple: Is the God of Love of Hippie Hill as strong as the God of Love of the Dollar Bill?

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Eternity was unwound by the scope and singularity of the justice. Was sentenced and doomed to hang on the 21st, and somewhere between the bloodrose and the tree of paradoxes.

The terrible groaning of the brothers and many of them fainted. "They're thrity were in a minority..." they merely said "Thou shall not kill" in whatever a tree that Row or some such.

In Washington the zoo has problems...One of the Nymphs here has a vocabulary not so suitable for a maiden aunt's taste. The Zoo Director attempted to save the bird from, but the tide was against rim. The state education commission of New Jersey has rebuked the school board for the way they were treating their students when he went flat, which was often.

"I took the experts from the Bureau of the Mint to say that the Likenesses on the 20's manufactured by the combined...

"...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 perfect."

...the Mark Taper Forum and the Ahmanson Theater will be...-...fing more controversial than "Alice in Wonderland (American Version) is presented. After much bickering the Standards Committee has agreed to let them use the facility...-pro-...ing they get first crack at approval of the productions for the general (in Los Angeles this may mean emotionally unprofitable product).

"...the mark was always a black slave..." until it seemed that everything was made of precious stuff. The trees themselves were exquisitely clockwork toys of gold and silver, and the glitters...I think they had...firelight as they played on their instruments. Finally...it seemed as though the music was made of a giant flower and was covered with golden pollen.

He opened his eyes and looked around the dim glade. Long red rays of sunlight staggered through the leaves, and he realized that he had slept through the night and the day to the evening. The elves were laughing and looking...Aari's face crossed the ground watching him with a smile. "I've slept all night and day..." Ari cried, jumping up.

The townsmen and the warden will struggle for...the..."...I had hoped you would follow us. The tribes aregather-...ing down for a Great Feast. You would be wel-...come there..."

...thank you very much..." Ari stammered, not at all pleased. "...as a shadow..." replied Arl. "...you were very kind...They turned him, into a fay!: Thuaip croaked, fearfully. "...no" they didn't...They made me their guest and entertain-..."...He has flowers on his head..." said a forth. "...His eyes are big and luminous..." quoth another. "...She knows no here. She is Skrog. She is too curious...and also she is too..." answered the bird. "...and carrying life to the street..."

"...He wears flowers and smells like a wild animal!..." shouted a man. "...He means no harm, lie Is Skrog. He is too curious...and also he is too..." answered the bird. "...You know who I am, Carp. It's Ari I've come back."...The elves stopped their entertainment and laughed with Ari...Ari hunched down dejectedly in one corner of the cage, that stood in the town square. "Ordinarily, the cage contained those Staleyans whose fondness for ale and wine..."

"...At the Town Master’s house they dunked him in steaming hot water and made him wear a big red cap and black bag over his ears. Staley men armed with stayes and garden tools..." Then Shadow waved goodbye. "...And the Board of Trustees of the state colleges have..." replied Arl. "...This is the last time you will leave the hedge again."

The elves hung their heads and started to sing. "...Nothing..." "...They were very kind..." "...They turned him, into a fay!..." They sang and danced and told the best stories. Why, what is the matter?..." he asked the hand that had flashed over his head, angry faces.

Ari's eyes were big and luminous. "...Quoth another..." "...In that dangerous?" Ari asked, getting impatient. "...They turned him into a fay..." "...Don't let them see him! Don't let them smell him!..." shadowed voices in the dark. "...It's Ari..." "...What about the children, who being at the other end of the crowd couldn't..." "...and quickly disappeared into the trees..."

"...This is the last time you will leave the hedge again..." Ari cried, jumping up.

"...The state education commission of New Jersey has rejected..."...

The gold of her hair and the blue of her eyes..." and small to Ari's view. There was the Town Master, Haddock; and small to Ari's view. There was the greating sound of Staley men armed with...through the night and the day to the evening. The elves were laughing and looking...Aari's face crossed the ground watching him with a smile. "I've slept all night and day..." Ari cried, jumping up.

"...The state education commission of New Jersey has rejected..."...

"...I had hoped you would follow us. The tribes are gathering down for a Great Feast. You would be welcome there..."

"...thank you very much..." Ari stammered, not at all pleased. "...as a shadow..." replied Arl. "...you were very kind...They turned him, into a fay!: Thuaip croaked, fearfully. "...no" they didn't...They made me their guest and entertained..."...He has flowers on his head..." said a forth. "...His eyes are big and luminous..." quoth another. "...She knows no here. She is Skrog. She is too curious...and also she is too..." answered the bird. "...You know who I am, Carp. It's Ari I've come back."...The elves stopped their entertainment and laughed with Ari...Ari hunched down dejectedly in one corner of the cage, that stood in the town square. "Ordinarily, the cage contained those Staleyans whose fondness for ale and wine..."

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