The Shame of America

If a nation treated its adults with the cold, calculating cruelty that America treats its children, our men in the United Nations would take to the floor to condemn that nation, as being unworthy of being a member of that body.

If an individual treated a child with the complete disregard for its health, safety and welfare, our law would punish that individual as a felon.

If a parent allowed a child to sleep and live in the shit and urine that abound in our juvenile detention facilities he would make the headlines of the papers as an unfit parent.

Yet America allows incompetent, reckless, unwilling, and unscrupulous judges, police, doctors, dockyard cowards, and all the rest of the trash to be in control of the youth of America as if they were so much rubbish to be tossed out on the streets to a mob at the whim of the perverted and vengeful.

And San Francisco is among the worst of the lot. Yet, it is like being around in a barrel of rotten potatoes to find which city, or which state has the rottenest way of dealing with juveniles.

Until recently a youth had absolutely no rights in the eyes of the law. Our legislators—washing their hands Pilate-fashion, said that dealing with juveniles was a civil matter, not a criminal action. Therefore the police, instead of making the young drifters into the juvenile courts, as they are legally supposed to do, washed their hands of the job and let these castaways drift away, in the words of Judge O'Connor, "to the home of the last resort." Thus a Juvenile had absolutely no right in the eyes of the law.

But the situation is changing. More and more the public is beginning to understand the scene. The church is taking an active interest, and the juvenile authorities are beginning to take their responsibility seriously.

We have had numerous cases of mistreatment in the juvenile halls. And the editor of *Maverick* feels that he speaks for thousands of travelers who come to rescue all with a whip and backcloth, and he writes: "Our Juvenile Court in San Francisco goes diligently about its business, and you are taken behind the station and given some old fashioned "Night Stick. Pie."

And the people of San Francisco are not even vaguely interested. In the words of the judge: "The public simply is not interested."

Yet America has hundreds of thousands of children in its cities, its hospitals, its schools, its jails, its homes, all in need of help, all begging for help.

The people of San Francisco have certainly not been too interested in helping these children. Yet, the Juvenile Court in San Francisco is surely one of the best courts in the land, and the people of San Francisco are justly proud of it.

The Juvenile Court is in the hands of the very best men, men who have been chosen for their ability, men who are doing a wonderful job.

One of the most important men is Judge O'Connor. He is a man of great ability and experience, a man who has been chosen because of his ability, a man who is doing a wonderful job.

Judge O'Connor has a great deal to say about the Juvenile Court. He says: "This court is the most important court in the land, and the people of San Francisco are justly proud of it.

They have chosen a very able man to be the judge, and they have given him the power to do the job."

But the people of San Francisco are justly proud of their Juvenile Court. They have chosen a very able man to be the judge, and they have given him the power to do the job. They have chosen a very able man to be the judge, and they have given him the power to do the job. They have chosen a very able man to be the judge, and they have given him the power to do the job.

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San Francisco enjoyed the Summer Solstice as a community should enjoy the beginning of a new season of grooving, blooming and planting.

The Summer Solstice celebration was held in a long valley leading to the Polo Fields in Golden Gate Park. It brought together beautiful people from all over the world with every type, every emotion and each was on their own trip with everything to make that experience one of great and lasting joy.

The music was provided by several groups. One group was excited in the valley and playing to the crowds, spinning the glory of the Summer Solstice and the early years. The celebration was barely peaked out from the pologrounds and then one group played at the entrance to the pologrounds and then the group at each side of the grounds.

The Indian Dancers were there, the flower children and provided the first sunlight in several days for the celebration.

A brisk breeze came down the valley and the scantly clad hovered close by their lovers, and this was in itself a beautiful thing. The sun bathed every gorgeous lady in the beauty and joy of being free. But Saint Francis drifted out into the meadow...He is smiled on his favorite hill to the nearby Haight Ashbury where the flower children and provided the first sunlight in several days for the celebration.

The music was provided by name...The Summer Solstice was in itself a beautiful thing. The sun bathed every gorgeous lady in the beauty and joy of being free.

The meat on the spit was consumed by the hungry watching the glowing fires. Another group played at the foot of the valley leading to the Sand City area. The New Yorker who still had his grass in his hair, saw some of the media there. They are still able to show their minds at some of the situations of the Love Generation and a beautiful girl offering a simple flower to her lover. The music was provided by name...

It was a reawakening, a celebration of the beginning of the Summer of Love and its future celebrations. The Summer Solstice called for a reawakening of true values of life and the celebration of the Summer Solstice was the first of the celebrations of that Season of Love. It was a reawakening, a celebration of the beginning of such a personal-intimate-closeness that those who were there could feel the vibrations and responded to them as rarely before.

San Francisco, The West Coast and America awaits the other celebrations of the Summer of Love and its great spiritual experience, the beginning of a new season and the celebrations of the future cannot fail but have a profound effect on the future of mankind.
To sons, to daughters, to mankind, and to all the weavings of a worldwide spiritual awakening. Our city has been  a symbol of the greater gift, which the youth of the nation may give to the world. This Summer, the Tolkien Festival of Elves and Hobbits, the Holy Day of the Tree of Life, and the Festival of Enlightenment and Good Will, to join us in our celebration of Life, Love, Peace, and self-knowledge, will be great convocations which will attract those who need to learn from those who can give to them. The leaders and gurus, when they find them, will respond to the great need that vibrates from New York to San Francisco in the souls of our young. We are asking your action, if you have money, give it. If you have space, give it. If you have food, give it. Never forget that humanity can live by the simplest means. Bread, milk, soft grass under foot, and a blue sky above; and then man needs no plastic palaces. The simplest of means, everyone has them to share with his brothers.

And so the Summer begins. And so I would like to recall to you that Saint Francis of Assisi is the Patron Saint of the Summer of Love, and therefore I will make two announcements.

First, I invite all the world spiritual leaders, all great teachers, all gurus, and all men of vision and good will, to join us in our holy convocation; to come to our blessed city to walk among the youth, to teach those who need, and to learn from those who can give to them.

Second, I invite all the people of Haight-Ashbury and their brothers of Marin and Sonoma Counties to come here to San Francisco and to respond to the great need that vibrates from New York to San Francisco in the souls of our young. We are asking your action, if you have room for pilgrims to rest, open your door. Never forget that humanity can live by the simplest means. Bread, milk, soft grass under foot, and a blue sky above; and then man needs no plastic palaces. The simplest of means, everyone has them to share with his brothers.

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The electric music and imagery fills the air and its resonant harmonies with the solar system, two great moons meandering two thousand years apart...one straggling backward two thousand years into the known and the other resonating forward two thousand years into the unknown. Their meeting will be in the City of St. Francis and will issue forth from the tribune now growing toward a shining future symbolized by a concern for treasures, and rivers, and air, and the American land.

St. Francis loved his meadow and the birds and wolves of his countrywide, just as the American Indians made their tribes come alive with rainbows and snowflakes in the eighteenth century. Each tribe felt devotion to their mother, the earth, and after watching an isolated pioneer turn over the westward, and American Indians would echo said it in two words, "upside down!"

Thus we will all say "Chimney Rock up" and create a great Celebration of the Future, fueled by a faith in the tribe, and in creatures, trees, sunshine, and plants.

In America and in the universe there is a growing land ethic: a deeply held concern for the land as a living flower rather than a virgin, ready for our use.

In America needs Indians.

In fact America Needs Indians

In America Needs Indians for a celebration of the future

(Signed)

America Needs Indians

America Needs Indians
Once a free store is assumed, human wanting and giving, needing and giving, a store of goods or clinic or restaurant that is free becomes a social art form. Ticketless theater, out of money and control. Diggers assume free stores to liberate nature. First free the space, then fill it with stuff.

Our authorized sanities are so many narratives. "Normal" citizens with a trace of dumpy smiles stand apart from each other like corn-packed caps, each with their own mental out-patients. Maddeningly, sterile jobs for straight jackets, love scrummed into an insipid "functional person." It all fails to make any sense.

Our authorized sanities are so many narratives. "Normal" citizens with stubborn shiny smiles stand apart from each other like corn-packed caps, each with their own mental out-patients. Maddeningly, sterile jobs for straight jackets. What happens next must mean more than sanctity or preserve. Now would real madness react to life-actors or line up for a special? When the intrinsic freedom of theater illuminates walls and show the weak spots where a breakout could occur?

GUERRILLA THEATER INTENDS TO BRING AUDIENCES TO LIBERATED "TERRITORY WITHOUT WALLS. Its plays are glass-cutters for empire windows. The diggers are hip to property. Everything is free, do your own thing. Human beings are the means of exchange. Food, machines, clothing, materials, shelter and props are simply there. Stuff. A perfect dispensary would be an open automat on the street. Goods and items released from one person's value may be destroyed, abandoned or made available to other people. The choice is anyone's.

WHAT IF HE IS STARTLED RIGHT OUT OF THE WINDOW

So no one can control the single circuit breaking moment that charges games with critical reality. If the glass is cut, if the cushioned distance of media is removed the patients may never respond as normally again. They will become life-actors.

THEATER IS TERRITORY. A space for existing outside padded walls. Setting down at a stage declares a universal pardon for imagination. But what happens next must mean more than sanctity or preserve. Now would real madness react to life-actors or line up for a special? When the intrinsic freedom of theater illuminates walls and show the weak spots where a breakout could occur?

Guerrilla Theater intends to bring audiences to liberated territory to create life-actors. In a sense light and exploitative of forms for the same reasons that it intends to remain free. It seeks audiences without walls. Its plays are glass-cutters for empire windows. The diggers are hip to property. Everything is free, do your own thing. Human beings are the means of exchange. Food, machines, clothing, materials, shelter and props are simply there. Stuff. A perfect dispensary would be an open automat on the street. Goods and items released from one person's value may be destroyed, abandoned or made available to other people. The choice is anyone's.

A store of goods or clinic or restaurant that is free becomes a social art form. Ticketless theater, out of money and control.

"First you gotta pin down what's wrong with the West. Desolate land, the cats of human nature which means desolate of nature. Desolate of wildness in ossified literally means desolate of wildness," Gary Snyder.

Diggers assume free stores to liberate nature. First free the space, goods and services. Let the strangers of economics follow social facts. Once a free store is assumed, human wanting and giving, needing and becoming wide open to improvisation.

A sign? If someone asks to see the manager tell him he's the manager.

Someone asked how much a book was. How much did he think it was worth? 75 cents. The money was taken and held out for anyone. "Oh, Who went 75 cents? A girl who had just walked in came over and took it.

A basket labeled FREE MONEY.
AS YOU SHOOT DOWN THE VIETNAMESE GIRLS AND MEN IN THEIR FIELDS
Burning and Chopping
Poisoning and blighting
So surely I hunt the white man down
in my heart.

As you shoot down the Vietnamese girls and men
in their fields
Burning and Chopping
Poisoning and blighting
So surely I hunt the white man down
in my heart.

The crew-cutted Seattle boy.
The Portland boy who worked for U.P.
that was me.

They won't pass on to my children.
I'll save them Chief Joseph, the bison herds.
I'll save them Chief Joseph, the fir trees.
The Buddha, their own naked bodies,
swimming and dancing and singing
in my heart.

As you shoot down the Vietnamese girls and men
in their fields
Burning and Chopping
Poisoning and blighting
So surely I hunt the white man down
in my heart.

I won't let him live. The "American"
I'll destroy. The "Christian"
has long been dead.

They won't pass on to my children.
I'll save them Chief Joseph, the bison herds.
I'll save them Chief Joseph, the fir trees.
The Buddha, their own naked bodies,
swimming and dancing and singing
in my heart.

As I kill the white man
the "American"
in me
And dance out the Ghost Dance:
To bring back America, the grass and the streams,
To trample your throat in your dreams

This magic I work, this loving I give
That my children may flourish
And yours won't live.

HÎ' NISWA'. VITA' N1 p.

Let's say on the fourth of july
our black brothers and sisters
start at one end of haight street
we at the other,
and we start towards each other
burning everything between:
the tourist in their cafes,
the cops,
the hippie shops.
everything!
out to the ground.
we meet somewhere
in the hfoa*2Pdaylight
between the flaming building
frames, on the pavement,
and strip naked, black and white
skin sweating in the sun
and fire
laying down in the hard bed of the street
to fuck
exchange social diseases
right there in the truth
of the sun/in the screaming godnamed daylight,
give seed to children so holy and beautiful
that every rotten building, in every rotten
block, in every rotten city in this whole rotten
country will have to be burned to the ground,
to make it pure enough for them to walk on.

By Steve Tyler
(Reprinted from the Communication Co. UPS)

I like to think (and the sooner the better!)
of a cybernetic meadow
where mammals and computers
live together in mutually
programming harmony
like pure water
touching clear sky.

I like to think
of a cybernetic forest
filled with pines and electronics
where deer stroll peacefully
past computers
as if they were flowers
with spinning blossoms.

I like to think
of a cybernetic ecology
where we, are free
of our labors
and joined back to nature,
returned to our emotional
brothers and sisters,
and all watched over
by machines of loving grace.

By Richard Brautigan
(From Communication Company UPS)
CANCER

On the twenty-first of June the sun moved into the zodiac sign Cancer, and on that same day officially began the summer solstice. Cancer is a twelfth house sign, and it rules the time between June 21 and midnight, which is called the Fourth House.

Cancer is a cardinal water sign. Cardinal signs are the first in their zodiacal houses. They are the signs of the beginning of something new, and their energy is powerful. Cancer is a warm, soft, and nurturing sign, and it rules the home and family.

Cancer is also the sign of the Crab, which is ruled by the Moon. The Moon is associated with the subconscious mind, emotions, and intuition. Cancer is said to be ruled by the Moon because it is the Moon that gives Cancer its energy.

Cancer is associated with the water element, and it is said to be ruled by the Moon because the Moon is associated with water. Water is a symbol of life, and Cancer is said to be ruled by the Moon because it is associated with the Moon.

Cancer is a water sign, and it rules the stomach and the digestive system. Cancer is also associated with the Moon, and it is said to be ruled by the Moon because the Moon is associated with water.

Cancer is a moody sign, and it is said to be ruled by the Moon because the Moon is associated with water. Cancer is also associated with the Moon, and it is said to be ruled by the Moon because the Moon is associated with water.

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