



# 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 abounds in our juvenile detention facilities he would make the headlines of the papers as an unfit parent.

Yet America allows incompetent, resentful, unskilled, and unconcerned judges, jailers and others to treat the youth of America as if they were so much rubbish to be moved from one spot to another at the whim of the perverted and vengeful.

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

Until recently a juvenile 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 taking the blame for the Shame of America off their hands. However...only in recent days...has the Supreme Court of the United States affirmed that the juvenile has all the rights of any other person.

Our juvenile court in San Francisco goes blithely on their way, paying a lip-service, to the principles of the Court decision.

Recently a youth of 16 was picked up on the streets of the Haight-Ashbury, "because he looked like a runaway."

I suppose in the eyes of the law he was a "runaway." Actually tho he was a "castaway."

America has become a nation of castaway children. The church has blocked efforts to disseminate birth control information; Our employment pattern has provided more time for that most enjoyable of all human activities; Our economy has made it necessary for the husband and wife to both work.

And Love has fled from the family.

And the child left unattended has 'made-do' with playmates. Possibly the mother had to leave the child with relatives, with baby-sitters or nurseries...and the child knew no love, no parents, no home.

And the parent knew the child only as an afterthought from a night of sex and felt no love, felt no thing about the child.

And the child was a castaway and merely drifted away from home, both spiritually and physically.

And he drifted into the hands of the juvenile courts. And there he learns hate.

Raw, unbending, merciless hate for that body of people who would punish him for the misdeeds of his parents; for being born.

Case after case after case of mistreatment in the juvenile halls brings only a mildly interested inquiry into the matter and it is promptly dismissed as only the imagination of a child. In Santa Rosa a guard taunts the young males with, "go ahead and hit me." And merely a lifted hand is enough to insure a trip to the infirmary. This guard takes more to the hospital than do all others, but no one inquires why. In Park Station, San Francisco an officer specializes in having 'resisting arrest' a part of his charges. If they are not booked, then they are taken behind the Station and given some old fashioned "Night Stick Pie."

And the people of San Francisco are not even vaguely interested.

Unrest among the personnel of San Francisco Juvenile Hall causes resignations, but the people of San Francisco only shrug their shoulders.

Judge Raymond J. O'Connor of the San Francisco Juvenile Court is mentally and morally unqualified to sit in judgment on the young. Possibly his disqualifications come from what he believes is his failure to properly raise his own son-who is a dropout. Yet it might be that alone which might make him understand other dropouts that come before him. But instead he acts as if he is an avenging god come to rescue all with a whip and sackcloth.

The writer once listened to this sham of a judge as he dispensed his brand of justice...it would sicken anyone who had the slightest faith in the system of American justice.

Judge O'Connor is well aware that in the facility for juveniles in San Francisco the overcrowding is fantastic. In the cells two children sleep in the bunk beds and two others sleep on the floor. Each cell has a long term in it who keeps the other, less permanent guests, in line. And he teaches them the ropes. Sometimes with guile, oft-times with fists.

In the juvenile hall in San Francisco are some few who will not give the police their names. And they have been held there for weeks. No American is under any compulsion to reveal his name to anyone. But children cannot be bailed out. So they must sit there until they decide to tell the judge who they are. No charges are brought against them. And they read in the books that they are innocent until they are proven guilty.

But the books have been proven to be god damned liars and they stay there as living memorials to American justice.

Mentally deficient youngsters are held in juvenile hall while Judge O'Connor ponders what to do with them. They have committed no crime, but are punished because they are mentally deficient.

Recently the Judge has caused to have press releases given to the Establishment press wherein the juvenile authorities claim the Flower Children have started deserting the scene in the Haight and turning themselves in, hoping for a free ride back home. This is such an unlikely story that those who believe it are also cleaning out their fire place for the arrival of Santa on Christmas.

The Grand Jury of San Francisco looked into the mess at juvenile hall and found it exactly that - a mess. And in their gutless fashion they designated someone to make an investigation. Now the hassel is that the designated authority is not competent, and the California Youth Authority should make the investigation.

This would be like having Senator Dodd's Administrative officer make an investigation of Senator Dodd. The Grand Jury of San Francisco is composed of gutless wonders, compounded by a fear of Judge O'Connor.

And no one is allowed to give aid or comfort to the castaways of California. The law is vague enough to provide for the punishment of anyone who gives a castaway a meal. It is certainly strong enough to provide for punishment for anyone who allows a castaway to sleep in their home. For the law provides that anyone who does anything or who fails to do anything that might tend to make a young person a ward of the court is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Recently a church group decided to open a house where the transients of the Haight Ashbury could go to 'crash' for the night, and where the young might find understanding and the possibility of a permanent home with understanding adults.

All the standing organizations that should be dealing in this problem are making it strictly hands off! The Travellers Aid is not interested; The police department is violently opposed to it; The juvenile court will have no part of it; All of the very nice, acceptable, Madison Avenue type United Fund agencies will have no part of it. And so the church has gone ahead with courage, knowing full well that they might be running headlong into arrest for the personnel in that they may well be "contributing to the delinquency of a minor."

The editor of Maverick feels that he speaks for thousands when he makes the following statement:

The young are due all consideration and sheltering from the traumatic effects of the vengeful tactics of perverted justice at juvenile hall; and,

Our system of treating juveniles as if they are, by their very age alone, delinquents, is a major cause of juvenile crime; and

Every American of any compassion whatsoever will do everything in his power to prevent any child from falling into the hands of the juvenile authorities; and

That any person who has the interest of the young at heart will give them food, shelter and clothing. Even if by doing so they put themselves in jeopardy of being arrested. (Poetic justice that feeding a youngster who might be a runaway may get you jailed. Sad-true.)

And that this writer will, each and every time possible give aid and comfort to the castaways of our society, whether they be 14 or 40; whether they be black, pink, white or green. To be arrested and jailed for this might well be enough reward itself.

Guy Strait, Editor



Note to the U.P.S.: San Francisco is a holy city. You can help us manifest this reality by publishing in your newspaper the Summer of Love poster and the accompanying prophecy. Thank you.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

Sir: In reference to your telephone conversation with Insp. Yasinitsky this date, it would be of great benefit to everyone concerned if some publicity were given to the numerous thefts from automobiles which have been taking place more and more frequently in the vicinity of the Fillmore Auditorium, particularly on week end nights when dances and other events occur at that dance hall.

In compliance with your request, we offer, as a sample, the property which was stolen last Saturday night, June 10, 1967, in each individual case. It must be remembered too that we suppose that maybe as many cases of such thefts go unreported; therefore, the number of victims could almost be doubled, if everyone were to have made a report. These are the items which were reported stolen:

1. Purse and wallet, papers \$5.00 cash
2. Pair of prescription glasses
3. Wallet with \$4., credit cards
4. Woman's grey coat-jacket
5. Handbag, wallet, papers \$25. cash, credit cards
6. MIRANDA AUTOFLEX camera, 135mm lense, flash
7. Prescription sunglasses
8. Black 3/4 length coat with grey lining
9. No loss (only a broken window and ransacked)
10. Credit cards, \$5. cash
11. No loss
12. Purse with wallet incl credit cards, op. license, etc.
13. Tan, 3/4 length coat
14. Man's green jacket
15. Woman's wallet and contents
16. No loss known at this time
17. TOPCON camera; telephoto lenses, gadget bag

We suggest that you stress in your publication against any property at all being left in automobiles, especially in that area, and during the events taking place at the Auditorium. We also suggest that cars be securely locked when parked, to prevent theft of the vehicles themselves.

Yours very truly

Thomas J. Cahill,  
Chief of Police



Photos by Sam Adams

San Francisco enjoyed the Summer Solstice as a community should enjoy the beginning of a new season of growing, 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 name groups. One group was stationed in the valley and played to the crowds playing with a huge ball and hungrily watching the food being prepared over a 20 foot trench of glowing fires. Another group played at the entrance to the polo grounds and then one group at each side of the grounds.

Probably never before had so many people smiled, spoke and enjoyed the sheer beauty and joy of being free in the sun for a few hours. For the summers in San Francisco are not noted for being sunny. But Saint Francis smiled on his favorite flower children and provided the first sunlight in several days for the celebration.

A brisk breeze came down thru the valley and the scantily clad hovered closely to their lovers, and this was in itself a beautiful thing. The two pairs of beautiful lovers pictures were only being close to each other for warmth-- as bodily as well.

The Indian Dancers were a poem of indescribable music. They performed in several areas of the area.

Before the festivities began in Golden Gate Park the celebration of the rising sun was held by Krishna atop Twin Peaks, this high-point of San Francisco looking down Market Street. The sun barely peaked out from under the fog before it was obscured from view, but the chimes and the horns announced the beginning of the Summer Solstice and the early risers (or late retirers) tramped down the hill to the nearby Haight Ashbury where the coffee and doughnuts of Tracy's and the big breakfast at the Drogstore Cafe got undivided attention until the trek at noon to the meadow in the park got underway.

It was definitely a mixed bag in the park. We saw some of the media there. They are still able to blow their minds at some of the costumes of the Love Generation and a beautiful girl offering a simple flower to a hard bitten TV Cameraman still makes the camera go astray from time to time. The assemblyman from San Diego who was attending a conference of Democrats in San Francisco drifted out into the meadow... He is



shaking his head and wondering what happened to him that enjoyment was the order for him rather than the condemnation that he was prepared to level against the hippies--those people he had heard so much about but had only seen from the seat of an automobile in his native San Diego. He enjoyed the Grateful Dead. When he found out the name of the group he frowned disapprovingly, but his foot kept in motion.

The visitor from Decatur, Ill., kept thinking what would happen if such a celebration was held there.

The New Yorker who still had his leg in a cast from the Be In there, was out of his mind with the beauty of the grounds and the complete lack of law officers. He kept looking over his shoulder to see if

they were lurking in the bushes with night sticks. But the police apparently enjoyed the day in their own way somewhere else. A few narcotics agents in plain clothes were there. And they could not reveal their cover merely to make a bust for using.

The meat on the spit never got completely done before it was consumed by the hungry people.

The sun went thru its daily path and started sinking at the foot of the Park and the Flower Children and the Love Generation and the Political Activists, and the Christians and the Buddhists, and the Atheists and the musicians, and the dancers and the beautiful people from all over these United States followed the sun down to the beach in a straggling herd to the end of a day that will live in thousands of memories for many many years.

This was the day that we reaffirmed our faith in the goodness of mankind and the hope of a continuing future filled with an abundance of

Summer Solstices, Winter Solstices and a hope for the future of mankind.

How many people were there? Who gives a damn--there were thousands. How many people met new friends and renewed old knowledges. This is the important thing--and thousands did this. The joy of free men associating in a free sun, did wonders for the soul of San Francisco and it will be working as a force all summer long.

The Summer of Love 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.

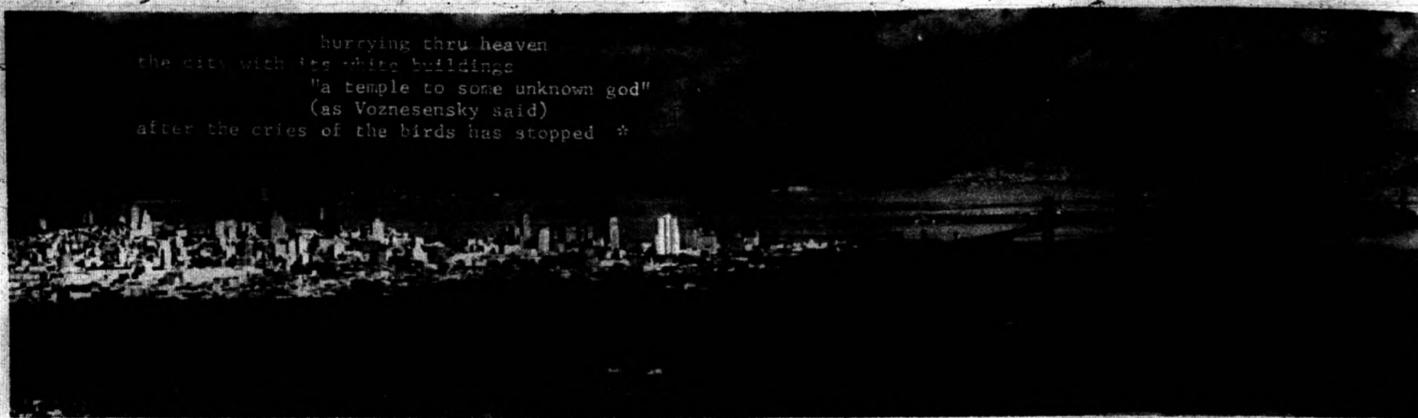
San Francisco, The West Coast and America awaits the other celebrations of the Summer of Love and its great spiritual experience, the beginning has come and the celebrations of the future cannot fail but have a profound effect on the future of America.



SOLSTICE

ROOMS 44

hurrying thru heaven  
 the city with its white buildings  
 "a temple to some unknown god"  
 (as Voznesensky said)  
 after the cries of the birds has stopped \*



To sons, to daughters, to mankind, and to all the weavings of life's glorious loom: In this moment of greatest need for true communication, may the Father of all people and all things guide us, as His humble servants, in a deep understanding of one another.

This Summer, the youth of the world are making a holy pilgrimage to our city, to affirm and celebrate a new spiritual dawn. I am here as a representative of the Summer of Love. The Summer of Love is a family, and a seed-bearer. We carry to you this message:

The activity of the youth of the nation which has given birth to Haight Ashbury is a small part of a worldwide spiritual awakening. Our city has become the momentary focus of this awakening. The reasons for this do not matter. It is a gift from God which we may take, nourish and treasure.

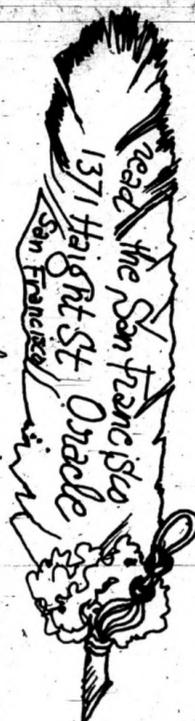
The facts are these: many thousands of young people, our children, our brothers, and our sisters, will soon arrive in this city. They seek meaning. Our city will provide them with meaning because it is a great city, because it has been chosen for this role in the history of the American Continent, and because it is made up of human beings, all of whom are manifestations of God.

This city is not a wasteland; our children will not discover drought and famine here. This city is alive, human, and divine. Because it is alive, it will act. Because it is human, it will provide food for the stomach and rest for the weary feet. Because it is divine, it will provide food for the soul and joy for the mind.

These are the facts I give you. Already, individuals and groups who have seen deeply into the situation are making preparations. Kitchens are being made ready. Food is being gathered. Hotels and houses are being prepared to supply free lodging. The Council for a Summer of Love expects to receive a huge tent, larger than a football field, which will be put up by the Haight Ashbury Community, and will be open all Summer. It will contain a field kitchen, sleeping facilities, educational programs, concerts, art shows, lectures, and similar activities.

But these physical structures do not exhaust the needs of the new generation, nor the capabilities of our people. There is an even deeper spiritual need. To help fill this need, there will be great celebrations all Summer long. Celebrations which affirm the universal values of Life, Love, Peace, and self-knowledge. There will be small centers for meditation and discussion, and there will also be large festivals such as the festival for the Summer Solstice, for Midsummer's day, the Tolkien Festival of Elves and Hobbits, the Holy Days of the traditional religions, Festivals of Christ, and festivals of Krishna, festivals of the young and festivals of the old, festivals of brothers.

We are not doing this alone. It is you, all of you, who are doing it, as men who must meet and recognize the true youth of the country, those



who are holding up to your faces a shining mirror of a new direction for mankind, and who are asking each one to look therein and be renewed. Many will, no doubt, turn their faces into shadow. But also many will not. To those of you who have thus far held back from the truth of your own lives, come here to meet you in the form of the Children of God. I give you greeting and welcome, and encourage you now to take a step forward.

These programs I have mentioned are already beginning. There is no doubt that they will grow for it is the will of God that his children will be met with Love. It is His will that Love will grow and flourish in this country, in America, so that its great power will finally turn to the right path--that is, to the path of Life.

We individually, are meeting with religious leaders and gurus whenever we find them, and asking their action, based upon the clear call that has been sent out to transcend small thoughts and to respond to the great strength that vibrates from New York to San Francisco in the souls of our young. We are asking your action. If you have food, share it. If you have money, give it. 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 underfoot, 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 enlightenment 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 announce that the people of Haight-Ashbury and their brothers of Marin and Sonoma County are preparing a gift for the City of San Francisco. There is a beautiful statue of Saint Francis, located in Marin County, and carved from a holy California Redwood tree. This statue is twenty feet tall.

We are now collecting money to buy this statue. It will be brought by hand or cart across the Golden Gate Bridge in a mighty procession of children and it will be given to the city to be placed in Golden Gate Park at the foot of Haight Street facing East toward the place of the dawn.

And this gift will be very beautiful, and its meaning will flow far and wide. But it is really only a symbol of the greater gift which the youth of the nation may give to the world this Summer: a renewed America that will at last learn to look within, and find that therein, God still dwells.

\*From a poem by  
 Lawrence Ferlinghetti

SUMMER OF LOVE  
 In the City of San Francisco  
 May, 13, 1967

SUMMER OF LOVE

Lord make me an instrument of Thy peace  
 where there is hatred let me sow love  
 where there is injury pardon  
 where there is doubt faith  
 where there is darkness light  
 and where there is sadness joy

Divine master grant that I may not so  
 much seek to be consoled as to console  
 to be understood as to understand  
 to be loved as to love  
 for it is in giving that we receive  
 it is in pardoning that we are pardoned  
 and it is in dying that we are born to  
 eternal life. -St Francis

FREE CELEBRATIONS, HAPPENINGS, EVENTS, IDEAS (415) 661 7204

# A CELEBRATION OF THE FUTURE

As the electric music and imagery fills the air and its resonance harmonizes with the solar system, two great rooms measuring two-thousand years appear...one stretching backwards 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 tribes, now growing toward a shining future symbolized by a concern for creatures, and rivers, and air, and the American land.

St. Francis loved his meadow and the birds and wolves of the countryside, just as the American Indians made their tipis come alive with rainbows and snowflakes glowing on the skin covers. Each tribe felt devotion to their mother, the earth, and after watching an intrepid pioneer turn over the western plains sod with steel, they said it in two words, "upside down".

Soon we will all say "Right side up" and create a great "Celebration of the Future", fueled by a faith in the tribe, and in creatures, air, 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 rape.

Funny concept...virginity.

Here are some of the things that will happen. Watch closely because you will find fulfillment in them. The fence between you and your neighbor will vanish... it is pointless and in the Haight-Ashbury there will be long blocks of open yards with trees and shushine and people. The policeman will abandon his storm trooper visage and will wear different clothes in different neighborhoods...with a fresh flower attached to his badge of office and a nightstick carved with Hindu Gods of Peace. His motorcycle will change into a princely steed...with bells and feathers; sparkling lights and a flowing mane of the finest horse hair. Old people will be redeemed from fear and the retirement village cloister and they will find joy with children and their tribe who will love them and make them useful again.

And the stainless steel deathless world will become full of life and death, and so we will all know death as a friend and the undertakers will pull open their musty curtains and paint flowers, skulls, and skeletons on their old black shiny hearse, and at each day of death bones and skeletons will be part of the spirit departure celebration.

In our houses a new kind of spring cleaning will come forth...more like striking and moving the tepee. When you are ready you will hang a beautiful purple and gold flag on your home and open all the doors and windows, and gradually from the street will appear a procession led by a butcher, baker, and candlestick maker who will lead a parade through your house to relieve you of all your stored up and useless treasures.

Perhaps the nicest thing will be the street painting parades at the solstice. Can you imagine a spring lizard which extends out of Grace Cathedral and down California Street to Montgomery Street, entwines itself around and around the Russ Building, up and over the new Bank of America, down to Market Street, through Union Square, over the Swedish Pancake restaurant and the cable car tracks, and finally ends in Grace Cathedral with its tail in its mouth?

At the darkest time of year electricity will find a new meaning as the winter solstice is made a time of prayer and cosmic harmony. When the sun sets and the skies get dark, all the lights in the city will go off along with all electronics and motion. For the most night stillness will prevail, until on the highest building a new fire will be kindled, and before dawn the city will explode with light as great buildings blaze with electricity and throb as if they were human, and searchlight projections spill flowing light of all colors throughout the downtown streets.

As all the old war centered holidays fade away...like Armistice Day, the 4th of July... the land ethic will create in people's minds other times for rejoicing like when the Acacia blooms or the blue gum exudes its summer fragrance.

its summer fragrance, or the tides collide at the Golden Gate. Mushrooms, poppies, and scotch broom will grow profusely in the city and great waterfalls will tumble from the high buildings, causing moss and lichens to grow on their surfaces and birds to nest in their crowns. In fact, at the back of some Safeway Building in a dark corner of the city an old gentle bear just might find a lair and a handout each night from San Remo's kitchen door. And the nomads, whether they be creatures, Saint Francis, or Lyndon Johnson, will be welcome to wander and the tribes will master the esthetic of the instant city as the eighteenth century Chautauqua is reborn. Families will come out in the summer to visit encampments of American Indians and American Nomads in Central Park and Golden Gate Park. And each encampment will be a giant circle of softly glowing tents with a fire burning night and day in the center... a symbol of peace and resolution.

A long line of men have shown us the way and we need only to listen. Chief Joseph around his Idaho campfire, Captain Jack in the lava beds north of Mt. Shasta, and the Taos Indians in the Southwest. And if you would ask the Indians they would tell you about the Constitution and our democratic form of government and how closely it is patterned after the tribal agreements of the Iroquois Nations.

(They will also tell you that the Iroquois Nations had Ambassadors to the original thirteen colonies, the Court of St. James, and the French Court.) In more recent times other Indians have appeared like Uncle John McLaren, the white chieftan who fashioned Golden Gate Park for our use in perpetuity. And even more resonant throughout the coming centuries will be the work of Frederick Law Olmsted, who helped us understand Yellowstone and Yosemite Parks at the request of Horace Greely and Abraham Lincoln. Aldo Leopold, another recent American Indian, wrote Sand County Almanac and suggested that perhaps a river meanders because it wants to; to which we might add that streets are sometimes pregnant with people and bicycles rather than cars because they want to be.

And then one should think about the Indians who make the farms work, and thesewer and water systems flow, and keep the streets clean and paint god's eyes in surprising places in the city and the country. (Would you stop if the stop sign was a god's eye?) And when you pee in the toilet think how long it will take for the water to go to the ocean, get carried over your head in the sky, fall as snow in the High Sierra and come down the pipes to your drinking glass again.

There is a lot to be done in the next two-thousand years...Tribes of America... so find a flower for your favorite policeman, and turn on your favorite electric light bulb after the solstice, and tell the sewer and water man that he is doing a great job and that you can help him clean up the rivers and unpollute the air. And in your own home tribe in Kansas, or Florida, or Louisiana, build a kiva with a rainbow and a storm cloud and dedicate it as a public utility for the purpose of the fusion of creatures and people...because

America Needs Indians

In fact

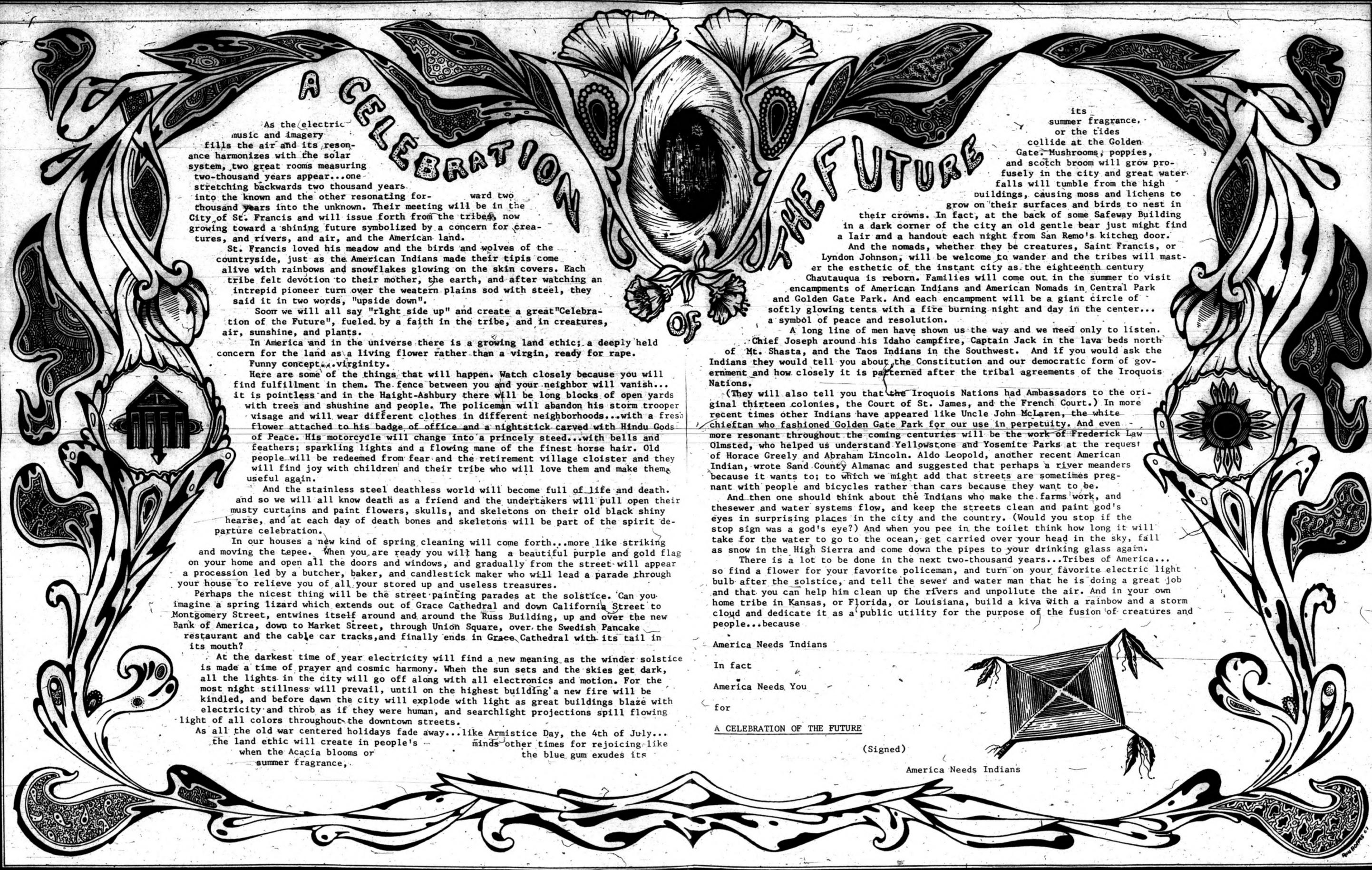
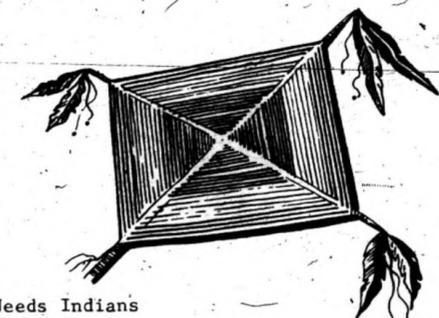
America Needs You

for

A CELEBRATION OF THE FUTURE

(Signed)

America Needs Indians



TRIP WITHOUT A TICKET

Guerilla Theater

Our authorized sanities are so many nembutals. "Normal" citizens with store-dummy smiles stand apart from each other like cotton-packed capsules in a bottle. Perpetual mental out-patients. Maddeningly sterile jobs for straight jackets, love scrubbed into an insipid "functional personal relationship"

Our authorized sanities are so many nembutals. "Normal" citizens with store-dummy smiles stand apart from each other like cotton-packed capsules in a bottle. Perpetual mental out-patients. Maddening sterile jobs for strait-jackets; love scrubbed into an insipid pacifier. Everyone is kept inside while the outside is shown through windows: advertising and manicured news. And we all know this. How many TV specials would it take to establish one Guatemalan-revolution? How many weeks would an ad agency, require to face-lift the image of the Viet Cong? Slowly, very slowly we are led nowhere. Consumer circuses are held in the ward daily. Critics are tolerated like exploding novelties. We will be told which burning Asians to take seriously. Slowly. Later.

But there is a real danger in suddenly waking a sonambulistic patient. And we all know this.

WHAT IF HE IS STARTLED RIGHT OUT OF THE WINDOW

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 normals again. They will become life-actors.

THEATER IS TERRITORY. A space for existing outside padded walls. Setting down as a stage declares a universal pardon for imagination. But what happens next must mean more than sanctuary or preserve. How would real wardens react to life-actors on liberated ground. How can the intrinsic freedom of theater illuminate walls and show the weak spots where a breakout could occur?

GUERRILLA THEATER INTENDS TO BRING AUDIENCES TO LIBERATED TERRITORY TO CREATE LIFE-ACTORS. It remains light and exploitative of forms for the same reasons that it intends to remain free. It seeks audiences that are created by issues. It creates a cast of freed beings. It will become an issue itself.

This is theater of an underground that wants out. It's aim is to liberate ground held by consumer wardens and establish 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 dispenser would be an open automat on the street. Locks are time-consuming. Combinations are locks.

So 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. Distrust of human nature, which means distrust of Nature. Distrust of wildness in oneself literally means distrust of Wilderness." Gary Snyder

Diggers assume free stores to liberate nature. First free the space, goods and services. Let the theories of economics follow social facts. Once a free store is assumed, human wanting and giving, needing and taking become 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, "Eh, Who wants 75 cents?" A girl who had just walked in came over and took it.

A basket labeled FREE MONEY.



STREET EVENT: BIRTH OF HAIGHT - FUNERAL FOR MONEY NOW?

Pop Art mirrored the social skin; happenings X-rayed the bones. Street events are social acid heightening.

Pop Art mirrored the social skill, happenings X-rayed the bones. Street events are social acid heightening consciousness of what is real on the streets. To expand eyeball implications until the facts are established through action.

The Mexican Day of the Dead is celebrated in cemeteries. Yellow flowers are falling petal by petal on graves; In moonlight. Favorite songs of the deceased and everybody gets loaded. Children suck death-head candy engraved with their names in icing.

A digger event. Flowers, mirrors, penny-whistles, girls in costumes of themselves, Hell's Angels, street people, Mime Troupe.

Angels ride up Haight Street with girls holding NOW signs. Flowers and penny-whistles passed out to everyone.

A chorus on both sides of the street chanting UHH! -- AHH! -- SHH. BE COOL! Mirrors held up to reflect faces of passers-by.

Penny-whistle music, clapping, flowers thrown in the air. A bus-driver held up by the action gets out to dance a quick free minute. No more passers-by, everybody's together.

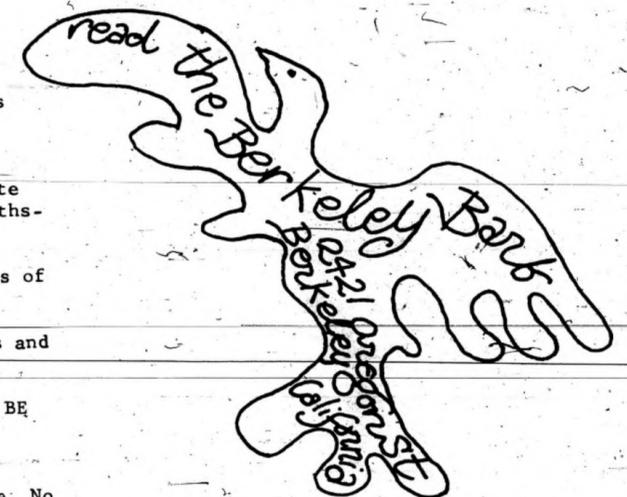
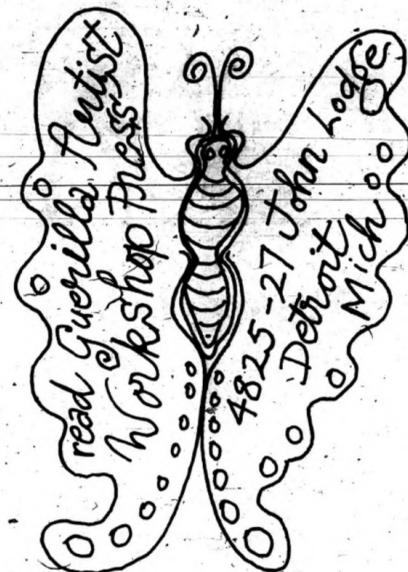
No owner, no manager, no employees and no cash register. A salesman in a free store is a life-actor. Anyone who will assume an answer to a question or accept a problem as a turn-on.

QUESTION: (whispered) Who pays the rent?  
ANSWER: (loudly) May I help you?

Who's ready for the implications of a free store? Welfare mothers pile bags full of clothes for a few days and come back to hang up dresses. Kids case the joint wondering how to boost.

Fire helmets, riding pants, shower curtains, surgical gowns and WWI boots are parts for costumes. Nightsticks, sample cases, water pipes, toy guns and weather balloons are taken for props. When materials are free, imagination becomes currency for spirit.

Where does the stuff come from. People, persons, beings. Isn't it obvious that objects are only transitory subjects of human value? An object released from one person's value may be destroyed, abandoned or made available to other people. The choice is anyone's.



The burial procession. Three black-shrouded messengers holding staffs topped with reflective dollar signs. A runner swinging a red lantern. Four pallbearers wearing animal heads carry a black casket singing Get Out Of My Life Why Don't You Babe to Chopin's Death March. Members of the procession give out silver dollars and candles.

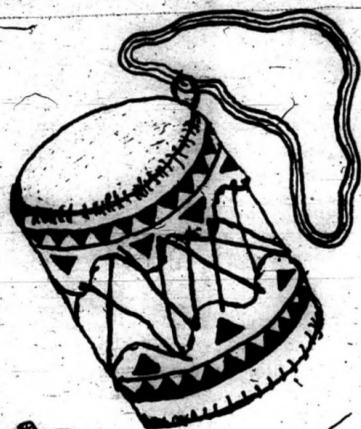
Now more reality. Someone jumps on a car with the news that two Angels were busted. Crowd, funeral cortege and friends of the Angels fill the street to march on Park Police Station. Cops confront 400 free beings: a growling poet with a lute, animal spirits in black, Candle-lit girls singing Silent Night. A collection for bail fills an Angel's helmet. March back to Haight and street dancing.

Street events are rituals of release. Re-claiming of territory (sundown, traffic, public joy) through spirit. Possession. Public New-Sense.

Not Street-theater, the street is theater. Parades, bank robberies, fires and sonic explosions focus street attention. A crowd is an audience for an event. Release of crowd spirit can accomplish social facts. Riots are a reaction to police theater. Thrown bottles and overturned cars are responses to a dull, heavy-fisted, mechanical and deathly show. People fill the street to express special public feelings and hold-human communion. To ask "What's happening?" The alternative to death is a joyous funeral in company with the living.

WHO PAID FOR YOUR TRIP?  
Industrialization was a battle with 19th century ecology to win breakfast at the cost of smog and insanity. Wars against ecology are suicidal. The U.S. standard of living is a bourgeois baby blanket for executives who scream in their sleep. No Pleistocene swamp could match the

(Continued on page 14)



A CURSE ON THE MEN IN WASHINGTON, PENTAGON

OM A KA CA TA TA PA YA SA SVAHA

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.

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 give them Chief Joseph, the bison herds,  
Ishi, sparrowhawk, the fir trees,  
The Buddha, their own naked bodies,  
swimming and dancing and singing  
instead.

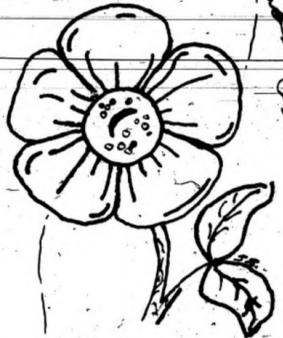
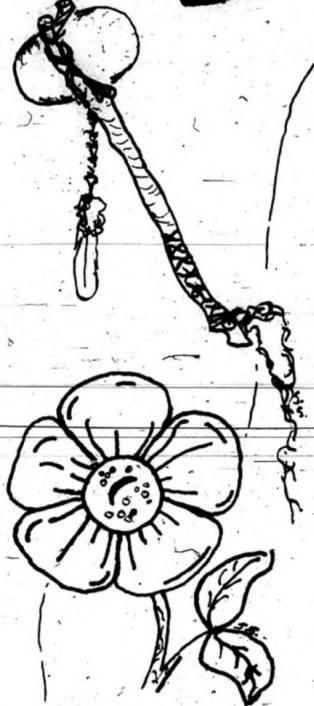
As I kill the white man  
the "American"  
in me  
And dance out the Ghost Dance:  
To bring back America, the grass and the streams,

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.

HI' NISWA! VITA! NI Gary Snyder



SOME TIME THIS SUMMER

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 cars.  
the cops.  
the hippie shops.  
everything!  
'down to the ground.  
we meet somewhere  
in the middle,  
in the broad daylight,  
between the flaming building  
frames, on the pavement  
and strip naked, black and white  
flesh sweating in the sun  
and fire,  
laying down in the hard bed of the street  
to fuck  
exchange social diseases  
and right there in the truth  
of the sun/in the screaming goddamned 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)

ALL WATCHED OVER BY  
MACHWES OF LOVING GRACE

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  
(right now, please!)  
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  
(It has to be!)  
of a cybernetic ecology  
where we are free of our labors  
and joined back to nature,  
returned to our mammal  
brothers and sisters,  
and all watched over  
by machines of loving grace.  
By Richard Brautigan  
(From Communication Company UPS)

pestilential horror of modern urban sewage. No children of White Western Progress will escape the dues of peoples forced to haul raw materials.

But the tools (that's all factories are) remain innocent and the ethic of greed aren't necessary. Computers render the principles of wage-labor obsolete by incorporating them. We are being freed from mechanistic consciousness. We could evacuate the factories, turn them over to the androids, clean up our pollution. North Americans could give up self-righteousness to expand their being.

Our conflict is with job wardens and consumer-keepers of a permissive looney-bin. Property, credit, interest, insurance, installments, profit are stupid concepts. Millions of have-nots and drop-outs in the U.S. are living on an overflow of technologically produced fat. They aren't fighting ecology, they're responding to it. Middle-class living rooms are funeral parlors and only undertakers will stay in them. Our fight is with those who would kill us through dumb work, insane wars, dull money morality.

GIVE UP JOBS SO COMPUTERS CAN DO THEM! Any important human occupation can be done free. Can it be given away.

Revolutions in Asia, Africa, South America are for humanistic industrialization. The technological resources of North America can be used throughout the world. Gratis. Not a patronizing gift, shared.

An event for the main business district of any U.S. city. Infiltrate the largest corporation office building with life-actors as nymphomaniacal secretaries, clumsy repairmen, berserk executives, sloppy security guards, clerks with animals in their clothes. Low key until the first coffee break and then pour it on. Secretaries unbutton their blouses and press shy clerks against the wall. Repairmen drop typewriters and knock over water-coolers. Executives charge into private offices claiming their seniority. Guards produce booze bottles and playfully jam elevator doors. Clerks pull out goldfish, rabbits, pigeons, cats on leashes, loose dogs. At noon 1000 freed beings singing and dancing appear outside to persuade employees to take off for the day. Banners roll down from office windows announcing liberation. Shills in business suits run out of the building, strip and dive in the fountain. Elevators are loaded with incense and a pie-fight breaks out in the cafeteria.

Theater is Fact/Action.

Give up jobs. Be with people. Defend against property.

THEATER IS FACT/ACTION

# CANCER

On the twenty-first of June the sun moved into the zodiacal sign Cancer, and on that day summer officially began. Cancer, the crab is ruled by the moon, and in turn, rules the time between ten pm and midnight, which is called the Fourth House.

Cancer is a cardinal water sign. Cardinal signs are initiatory by function, generative, the way the engine of a car generates power. Water represents emotion. So Cancer generates emotion. It is the manic-depressive of the zodiac, according to the phases of its ruler the moon: happy and expansive when the moon is full, withdrawn and tearful when the moon is dark.

Cancer is the primitive being stirring in the womb. It is a self-contained thing, sensitive, pulsating and warm, where the Cosmic energies entrapped must cycle endlessly, yoked to life's needs.

Cancer is also the ebb and flood of the tides. It is swimming naked in a warm moonlit sea. Cancer is a tropical reef, teeming with life. It is the pale pulsating thing within an egg.

Cancer is mother, fat and tearful. It is apple pie, stew and dumplings. It is a steaming kitchen full of the rich smells of cooking. Cancer is babies and milk, and measuring marks on the wall to see how much junior has grown. It is the humming, gurgling washing machine and fragrant stacks of laundered clothes. It is the housewife in New Jersey.

Cancer is green living things: leaves and clover, cool and dew-spangled in the morning. It is fruit, heavy on the trees, oozing rich syrups. It is seeds hidden in the

earth, sending out the first threadlike root. Cancer is also the moon, silver, white flowers, sailors and the common folk. It is the breasts, the stomach, memory, women, the imagination. Cancer is what happens to you immediately after you die: your funeral, with your family weeping over the casket, it is the heavy smell of flowers, and where your grave will be.

Cancer folk are for families. They are for hot generous meals, a houseful of children and visiting relatives. There question is: "Have you had enough to eat?"

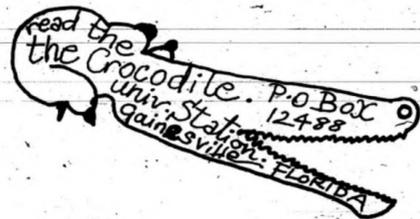
Cancers like and dislike intensely. Whatever or whoever they like, they try to possess. Whatever or whoever they like they will protect as savagely as a mother animal.

They will not allow cruelty to others, although they are sometimes thoughtlessly cruel themselves. All who are helpless, hungry, deprived, weak, needy arouse their endless compassion. When they become strong again and self-reliant again, Cancer rudely pushes them out of the nest to make room for others.

Gemini

## DEPARTURE

A silver moonshaped hope floating in shadowy waters Unfurled nirvana dreams and westward sailed, Leaving drear isles of petty garish huts Where fat fearfulness dwelled, and iron gauntlets ministered to hate. Grey soaring monuments, pimpled with lights and filled with nervous greedy things, Enormous on the islands, Seem dim and insubstantial now. But on the fading shore, pale tired things Call after us, and offer gold and worry.



## SHORT TRIPS

### THE PAY TOILET

The epitome of free enterprise in the United States is the pay toilet. It puts it up front that you have to pay to exist in our parent's society. The holy dollar held aloft by holy Christians yelling, "kill for peace and Win With Jesus." Banks are as holy as He is. The next step is to put crosses on their sides, and pulpits inside where the bank presidents can become ordained ministers and preach the love of money and hate of mankind. Listen and you can hear their sermons:

"If you have no money you have no soul, I am here to collect your money. And thru your money your soul so I can commune with you for your sake. If you have no money you are like dung in His eyes. Without money you have no hope at all of Him ever answering your prayers. For you He does not exist.

"But you who have money He shall answer every beck and call. He shall be your servant. And you can give me your money to hold in my four-foot-thick-steel and iron altar-it doubles Monday thru Friday, 9am to 4 pm as a vault.

"My altar is as strong as a regiment of green berets-they also rent out as body-guards if you want.

"My altar is as secure as you are when you sleep well in the knowledge that your National Guard is awake. (They also rent out but the charge is higher when the infidels riot and they are called, sorry, but when the risk is high so is the charge, it's only fair that I get paid for their bigger risks.)

"My altar is as safe as Orange County (whose religious we all should hold in high esteem and try to emulate, where else can people pray every day of the week in the banks of their choice, and have visiting privileges every other day, so their money won't be lonely. Such enlightenment should not go un-noticed.)

ANNOUNCEMENTS: Next weeks sermon is entitled- HOW TO KILL FOR CHRIST

Irving Kaller

+++The press of the nation keeps on keeping on with new highs reported each and every day.

Most of them get reported in the Underground Press or in the San Francisco Chronicle but here is one reported in a Miami paper:

"Hippies in New York and San Francisco smoke bananas for kicks, but in central Florida, they prefer the dainty blue and white petals of the periwinkle.

"Dr. George Dame, Manatee County health director, said youngsters in their early teens are floating off to dangerous euphoria on smoke drawn from periwinkle pipes.

"I don't know how the youngsters learned about it, but it is widespread," said the doctor.

"Periwinkle, a trailing, flowered vine which grows in abundance here, contains vincristine, a drug used in the treatment of leukemia in children, Dame said. It is dangerous because it lowers the white blood cells count in normal bodies, inviting infection.

"Although the drug produces a sensation of floating and well-being, it also causes a withering of muscle tissue, loss of hair, constipation and painful neuritis, the doctor said.

"Those who use it show a lack of coordination in their movements and walk with a slapping gait, bringing their feet down flat, said Dame. The effects last 30 minutes or more.

"Forest Johnson, county juvenile counselor, said the periwinkle problem (Editor's note: Already yet it's a problem.) reached him in the confession of a known glue sniffer (Is that something like a known murderer?) from a middle class family."

From the horticulture department of the Maverick Press we have the notation that whereas Hydrangea, THE WEED, and oftimes bananas flourish in San Francisco, the periwinkle does not.

From the same paper we note that Florida has outlawed the Lost Soul Drug (named by that great and noble Senator de la Parte of Tampa who is under investigation for hanky panky with some Florida State Dollars).

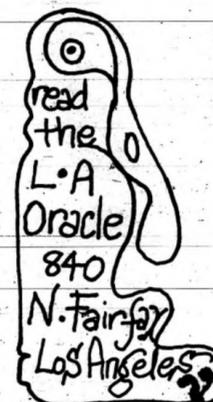
We also note that Governor Maddox of Georgia opposes bingo as a way of life. "Betting on bingo cards can lead to other forms of gambling," he said, "and gambling in turn will lead to other crimes, even murder."

## A WARNING TO THE SELLERS OF UNDERGROUND PAPERS

You are not selling the Examiner, The Chronicle, or the American Opinion News. If you were you could stand on your head naked at Haight and Masonic and not get arrested. As it is you are selling papers that are sometimes critical of the police. It is therefore nothing but natural that they make you toe the mark. You must therefore not obstruct traffic in any way. The car facing you probably contains the latest detail instructed to arrest all those who commit that heinous crime. Therefore be careful. Do not obstruct traffic. At least check to see that you are not selling a paper to one of San Francisco's law enforcement officers.

If however you are arrested, you should make particular note of any destruction of your property or the property of the newspaper that you are carrying. The police department has assured the MAVERICK that the papers are not destroyed. Frankly we do not believe them.

Signed Guy Strait, Editor



THE RISE OF MAN  
An ivory virgin in the dark garden  
Robed in byzantine enigmas  
Reached for silver fruit  
And God, the Serpent, smiled

by Gemini

THE SAN FRANCISCO MAVERICK IS PUBLISHED EVERY TWO WEEKS UNLESS THE EDITOR IS IN HEAT. The staff of the MAVERICK is large and impressive, therefore only the department heads are listed. This is not to take away credit from the many who have assisted in this issue.

Editor: Guy Strait  
Chief Maintenance Engineer: Guy Strait

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Do you have a yen to place a personal ad for a lover, a mistress or a used Nixon button? Do your thing free in the pages of this paper. MODELS WANTED-nude, male and female, strictly legit. long hair ok, beards no. immediate bread if acceptable. Call 431-4260 Give my regards to old Broadway-I've left the topless behind. Call me please Jim-Irene THE MAVERICK NEEDS writers, artists and ideas. Drop by 22 Russ for a cookie

THE HAIGHT ASHBURY THEATER Workshop is looking for playwrights with original material. Can be contacted at 1525 Waller in the evening. Ask for Bob. Sketch pad lost in the panhandle end of may. Please notify Mary McClain 1333 Kearney, 362-6374 THE SAN FRANCISCO MAVERICK is now distributed at 265 Frederick and at 22 Russ. Russ St. only from 9-4. Make some bread with Maverick 861-3269 '57 Ford truck, new clutch radio. \$310. 585-9014



PEACE