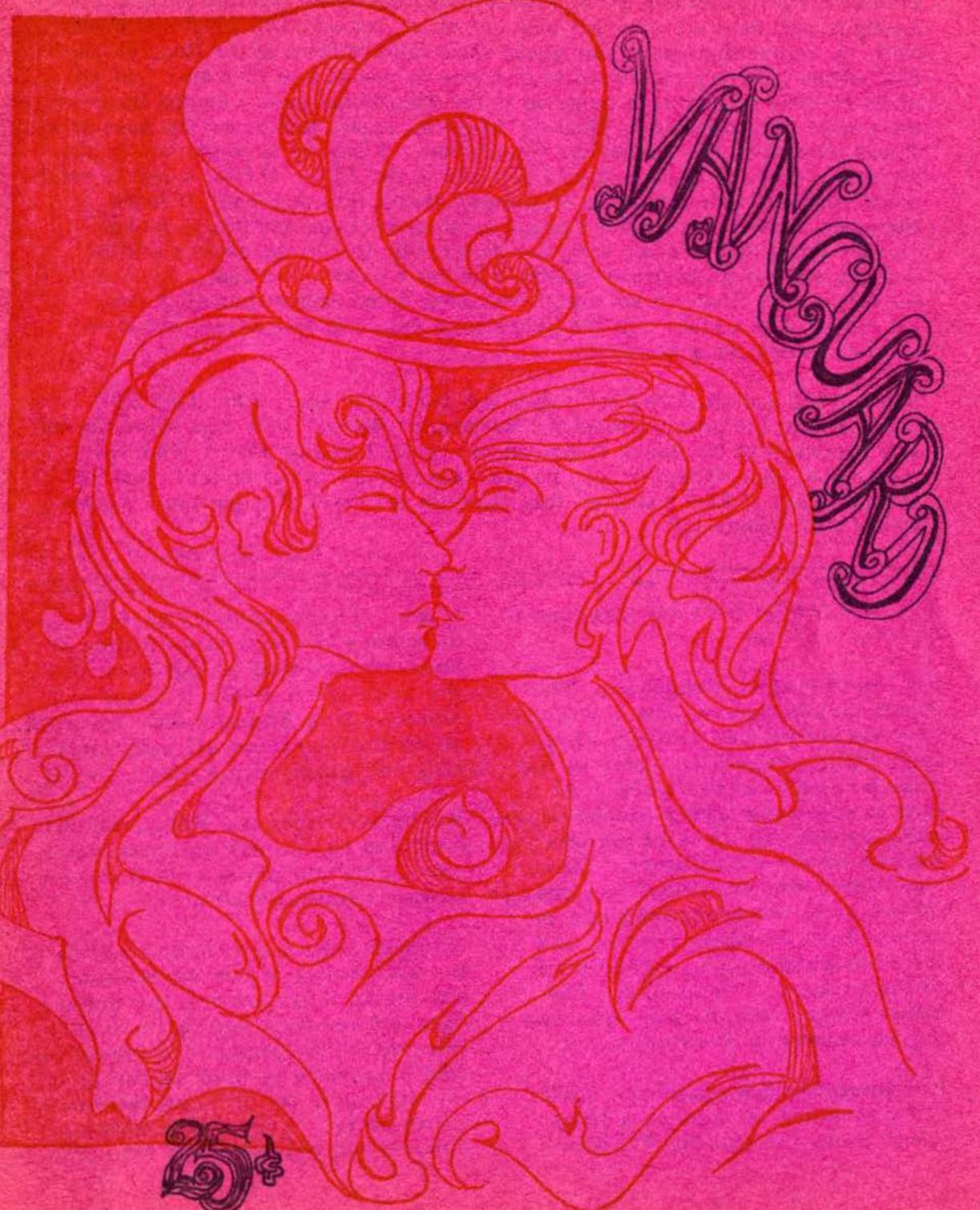


WINTER

25



People of the Tenderloin area, it seems that our great poverty program is trying to pull the wool over not only our eyes, but over Washington's eyes as well. It seems that one of our great white fathers down at the Central City EOC office is trying very hard to convince everyone that they have had all kinds of little pet projects going on in the Tenderloin area. Among these is the Center City Hospitality House. As we all know, this is not the case at all. It was started by the Tenderloin Committee. If anyone is to get any credit for this venture, I think it should be given to the TLC. If EOC wants to send people there to help out at the Hospitality House this is great. If Mark Fourster wants to hire Alice Cavana as an area organizer (which he has already done) this is great too; but let them do it with the same humility that the other organizations like the TLC have used in the past. After all, the Hospitality House is not a political lever to be used to benefit a few, but rather it is a place that the kids have wanted for themselves and it is a place needed for a long time.

Some of the questions that we might ask ourselves are: Why does EOC need or want the possession of the Hospitality House? Why was Alice Cavana (the president of the board of governors) really hired by EOC? What little treats does Mr. Fourster have up his sleeve to use in the future? And last but not least, if EOC wants all this reaction why don't they put their money where their mouth is?

Tony G. Amato

This magazine does not represent an organization.

Six months ago, Vanguard: The Youth Organization, Inc., which this magazine was loosely affiliated with, ceased to exist in the popular sense of the word. At that time, Vanguard's hierarchy of officers and its tiers of members dissolved the community. Since that time, the president has changed his sex, the treasurer has renounced the administration, and the vice president has gone back to the streets. Vanguard: The Youth Organization, Inc. has now one member: a president.

Fortunately, the magazine staff has continued to remain a little apart from fluctuating TL dyna-

sties. Throughout its history, we have have made it clear although its profits would be put back into the area from which it drew resources (the Tenderloin), we would remain aloof from all petty politics and bitch power plays.

We believe that the Vanguard will continue to remain an open forum for forthright prose and intimate human communication.

No effort has been made to curb the searching of our writers or artists in their search for unrecognized beauty. No censure for "impolite" phrasing is forthcoming. The Vanguard is open to the gay, the straight, the hip and the black community. Your comments or considered opinions are welcome.

VANGUARD

MAGAZINE, PUBLISHED MORE OR LESS MONTHLY

VOL 1 # 9

UNDERGROUND PRESS SYNDICATE MEMBER

STAFF

Keith St. Clare -- High Scribbler
 Will Albert -- The Fascination of the Abomination
 Michael Kindman -- Steamboat Gothic
 The Electric Buddha -- Phallic Symbol
 John Proctor -- Etching Device
 Mr. X. -- John Dollar

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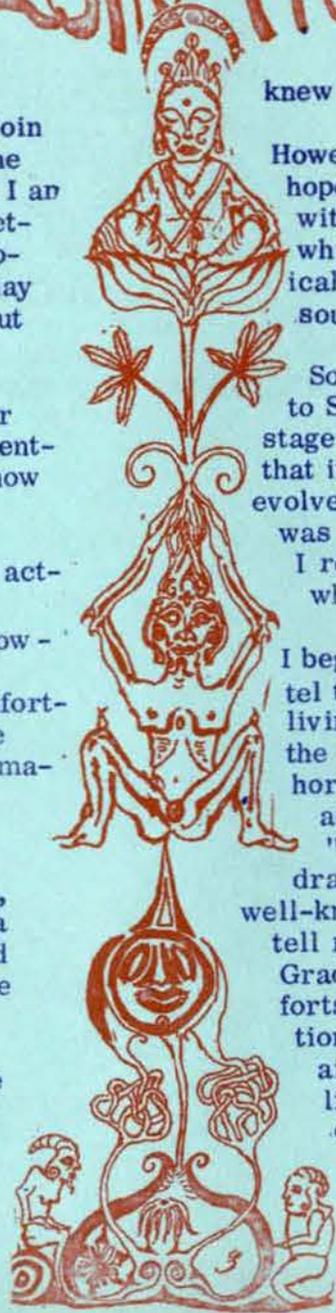
TENDERLOIN TRANSEXUAL

Dear Vanguard:

I am a resident of a Tenderloin hotel. I live constantly in the clothes of a woman although I am a biological male. In this letter to you, I want to give moral support to anyone who may want to do what I've done, but isn't sure of quite how.

The change in me came after years of living without an identity. Not long ago I didn't know who I was. Now I know.

In New York I worked as an actor. I was in search of an identity then and theater allowed me to pose at least as a playwright's character. Unfortunately, I couldn't be on the stage 24 hours a day. The majority of my life was spent trying to play a role that I didn't fit. Though I was born with a male appendage, I couldn't consider myself a male. My psychiatrists and psychologists considered me sane, and normal in every way but for my anti-social yearning. My great trouble was inside. Biologically a male and psychologically a female. My doctors told me that it's not easy for someone born with the "wrong" physical attributes for the inside of him.



knew I was very alone.

However I was not without hope. I am now a woman with a few abnormalities which can be corrected surgically. I believe this. In my soul I know that it's true.

So, I left New York and came to San Francisco. I left the stage agony and I became aware that it was necessary for me to evolve above it. My objective was clear—adjustment to what I really was and finding out where I really was.

I began working at a T.L. hotel to earn enough money for living expenses and to cover the cost of electrolysis and hormone treatments. Until I accepted the job, there, "queen hotels" and living-in-drag were unknown to me. A well-known TL personality had to tell me all there was to know. Gradually through my own efforts I pulled through temptation and frustration. It certainly was easier for me to live there because I was accepted for whatever I was. In the hotel there is a fosterhood and a community feeling. It's a good thing.

cont. page 10

Homosexuals and Law

By Fred P. Graham

Washington

ONE OF THE MOST difficult philosophical issues posed by the law is whether society has the right to punish individuals for private conduct—even though not injurious to others—merely because it violates generally accepted moral precepts.

A decade ago in England a royal commission under Sir John Wolfenden encountered this dilemma in a study of the country's harsh laws against homosexuality. Its conclusion: "There must remain a realm of private morality and immorality which is, in brief and crude terms, not the law's business."

In line with this principle, the commission recommended the abolition of laws against homosexual acts committed by consenting adults in private. This touched off a national debate between backers of the Wolfenden report and those who argued that society must have the right to preserve the social climate and moral values that its members approve—even if it means punishing people for conduct that injures no one but themselves.

Commons Vote

Last week England seemed on the verge of resolving the controversy in favor of the Wolfenden view. The House of Commons had voted, 99 to 14, to repeal criminal penalties for homosexual conduct by men over 21. (Lesbianism has never been condemned by English law.) Since the House of Lords has twice approved the change, prospects for enactment are considered very good.

Law reformers in the United States could never score a one-shot legislative victory of this magnitude, since morals legislation is a matter for each



state to decide. But about a dozen legislatures are quietly moving toward consideration of Wolfenden-type repeal laws within the next couple of years, and the climate for change appears promising.

The shift in attitudes dates back to 1948, when the Kinsey report was published. The report found that at least 37 percent of the men interviewed had had at least one homosexual experience. This and other findings about the sexual behavior of American males led Professor Kinsey to conclude that "if the existing laws were to be vigorously carried out, we would almost all of us be in jail guarded presumably by females and enuchs." *cont. page 9*

This month we interview a well-known T. L. personality. In the past he has acted as Vanguard's job counselor and advisor. Ray has been active in the area for nearly a year. He is always available in times of trouble to do what he can. When we spoke to Ray, a friend of his, John was present also to volunteer summations and such.

Vd: Ray, what progress could you say has been made by the church in accepting the homosexual position?

Ray: Fantastic! But the greatest progress made by any church in the U. S. has been made by the Universal Life Church,

the most liberal church in the country. John: Possibly that's is why our membership is so small. Vd: What reservations does the church still have regarding the homosexual? Ray: As long as one does not impose his will upon another there is nothing wrong with homosexuality. John: Right, no coercion, no violence.



Vd: What advice would you give to a homosexual who came to you for guidance?

Ray: The first step is to learn to accept yourself. If you believe the act is evil it will be evil. It is simply a state of mind. To try and fight it will end up causing you a nervous breakdown or a psychotic disorder from which there may be no return.

Vd: Do you feel that the homosexuals as a class are lacking in any human dignity?

Ray: There is nothing called heaven; there is perfection, of course, but no heaven per se. My point is that the homosexual can attain dignity if he respects himself. If he doesn't he merits disgrace. John: Metaphysically speaking, moreover, heaven is a state of consciousness. God is not a personality. He is a formless identity.

Vd: What would you suggest we do, as a community, to help the homosexual?

Ray: Try and put forth an image to the so-called Christian population that the homosexual is really a beautiful person, full of love. The image they now hold is that he is a mentally disturbed person who preys on small children. The homosex-

ual does not force himself on anything or anyone. This is the image that is important--that must be broadcast to the world. John: Actually, a very small percentage prey on children. true homosexuals are not this way. There are, however, disturbed homosexuals just as there are disturbed heterosexuals.

Vd: How does the church feel about heterosexual, and homosexual, prostitution?

Ray: Prostitution is the oldest profession known to mankind. There is nothing wrong with prostitution so long as the prostitute does not impose himself on others. Where there is a product there is a demand and vice versa. The gentlemen and ladies of the evening are not injuring anybody. If prostitution were

Interview: The Reverend Ray
Broshers, The Universal
Life Church, & Ed Genus
Omne
by Keith G. Lane

legal there would be fewer sex crimes. John: And the VD rate would go down about 50 per cent. Ray: Sex crimes are a result of sexual frustration.

Vd: Ray, do you feel that the church should unite with the state to help promote communication between minorities?

Ray: I feel that there can be no intercourse with the state on any problem of this kind in the foreseeable future. Most churches are growing smaller in their thinking. The government, too, is taking a very narrow attitude on this type of problem. They seem to feel that everything can be handled with the man with the badge. They act as if there is no room for the church. However, the Universal Life Church is an organized church that is truly liberal in its actions and its thought. The others are limited because of their hellfire and damnation ministry.

Vd: With the progress already made, where can social volunteer aids go from here?

Ray: Until the material needs of the homosexual are met through organizations built along the line of the Diggers; until an employment service recognized by the Chamber of Commerce is established, no further progress can be made. Moreover, an employed homosexual paying his way in the community is a happy homosexual.

Vd: Do you feel that an overt display of homosexuality by an individual is helpful or harmful to the image of the homosexual?

Ray: Every man is born with free will. If he desires to wear his hair in curls down to the crack of his ass and walk through staid old city hall that is his given right. I do not feel that the image of the homosexual is hurt by hair fairies and drags. Those who are not understanding will not accept the homosexual if he wears a Roos Atkins suit every day of his life.

Vd: Ray, would you care to make any additional statements regarding your feelings and the church's position on homosexuality?

Ray: The Universal Life Church does not condemn the homosexual. It does condemn narrow-minded, bigoted orthodox "Christian" churches.

Vd: Is it true that the Universal Life Church is primarily homosexual?

Ray: No, it is not. A very small percentage are, in fact, only about three per cent.

Vd: Does homosexuality interfere with your salvation?

Ray: Salvation is a misnomer in the Universal Life Church. We believe that God is man and that man is God. You will achieve perfection in some life. We believe in reincarnation. The soul uses the body as the body uses the automobile. When the body or the automobile is old and used up it is destroyed.

Vd: Are you active now in the T.L.?

Ray: To an extent. I had to stop due to harassment from the police department.

Vd: What is the problem uppermost in your mind concerning the Tenderloin?

Ray: The T.L. has been hurt lately by an influx of dime store punks who have no respect for themselves or others. They are retarding the others of the T.L. in lifting themselves up.

Vd: How do you feel about Sado-masochism?

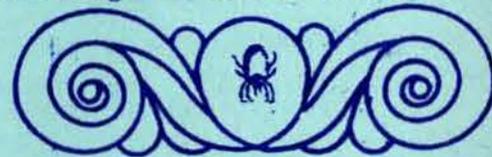
Ray: It is a form of mental illness and any person afflicted with it should seek out immediate psychiatric help before it leads to an accidental killing that has happened in hundreds of cases.

Vd: How about drags and female impersonators?

Ray: They are a beautiful thing if they know what they are. If they are still holding onto a man's desire, they are nothing but men in women's clothing. But, if they desire and feel like a female then I urge a transexual operation post haste.

Vd: Any other comments?

Ray: The orthodox churches are drowning in their own muck.



Fallen leaves
Brown yellow white
Near pagoda eaves
War spends a night

Tumbling hand holds unsteady light
Breath catches
Bosom heaves.
Brothers, lovers,
Fallen leaves

GREG BRAM

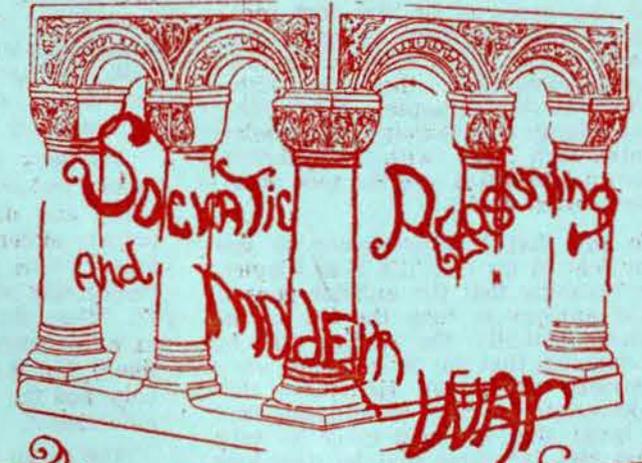
The following statement by an eighteen-year-old American draft resister first appeared in an underground high school newspaper in Southern California, and was reprinted in the American journal, Manas, on April 12.

When I eat a plate of spaghetti, I like to think I'm doing more than refuelling my cells, and if I become well-acquainted with an attractive girl, there is more to motivate me than the reproduction of my species. Again, if I were to build a beautiful home, it would not be to protect myself from rain and cold, merely. In other words, I enjoy the human adventure. I don't react the way an animal does, merely. Neither will I live by instinct alone, but principally by reason.

The motivation within me to experience, to love, and to create, I believe, is the heart and meaning of man's existence. I oppose taking people's lives because I believe that those who hate and destroy are least likely to promote love and creativity. Consequently, I have taken a stand as a conscientious objector, and this has led me to write about my rejection of the armed service.

Non-resistance has the advantage of being passive, and, because it is adopted by a minority, it demands of its advocates more time-consuming thought. Combat, on the other hand, is at a disadvantage, because, while it may stem from a justifiable motive, its supporters are innocently compulsive.

It dismays me to witness the pride that militarists have when they are successful. They pin medals on each other for courage, when the entire operation to which the courageous contribute is unworthy of their energy. I don't deny that countless individuals have, during war, proved themselves virtuous men. But these men are too good for the job of a soldier. War cheats them by contradicting their good judgment: absolute virtues are ignored in the compulsive effort to achieve victory. According to military philosophy, these virtues can be modified in time of war because the safety of the nation has priority over anything else.



Here I have struck upon the fantasy that killed Socrates some 2,300 years ago, when at his trial in Greece, he chose the search for truth over the survival of Athens. I think there is a direct parallel between Socratic reasoning and conscientious objection, because the United States government may imprison me if unconvinced of the validity of my argument.

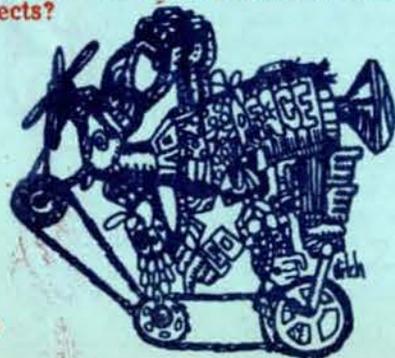
At this point, a reader might say, "It's easy for you to sit here and talk of your principles while Americans are dying for you in Vietnam." Nonsense! In the first place, I didn't ask anyone to go there for me. Besides, I believe it is just as easy to talk of patriotic battle when you are not in the midst of it. I doubt that many who talk of "fighting for freedom" would so idealise the genuine experience of conflict. To illustrate, here is a passage from *The Choice Before Us* by G. Lowes Dickinson:

"It is only those who have lived weeks and months in the trenches, those who have taken part in a bayonet charge, those who have struggled like brutes with feet and hands and knives and clubs, who

have trampled on the faces and mangled limbs of wounded men, and staggered away at last hardly knowing what they have been doing; those who have lain hour after hour between the lines at night, tortured themselves and listening to the screams of the tortured; those who have hung in agony on barbed wire till a spout of liquid fire released them: these men, with their bowels dropping out, with their lungs shot through, with their faces torn away, with their limbs blown into space, are the men who know what war is."

To say that I refuse going to war for fear of my own life is as illogical as claiming that the enlistee goes to war anxious to take the life of another. Actually, the soldier may be convinced that he is carrying on a patriotic endeavour. He claims that non-resistance risks annihilation, but I insist that his reluctance to take that risk indicates that he may lack the courage he so dearly values. As a result, I believe my position to be the more patriotic one. The difference is that at the end of a long war, the nations are marked with burned flesh and demolished cities, but at the end of a long peace, the nations are marked by advances in medicine and cultural harmony.

The most convincing single argument of the militarist is that if everyone took my position, it would invite our destruction. Well, if in order to survive we must live by the laws of animals, then our reasons for living are nearly void. Then wouldn't it be just as well if we ended it now and left the rule of the world to the insects?



Homos and the Law

Relying on the Bible

The laws governing such behavior are archaic and difficult to understand. Many of the Victorian-minded Legislators who passed them couldn't bring themselves to consider the subject closely, so they relied heavily on ecclesiastical law and the Bible.

Florida's law, for instance, condemns "whoever commits the abominable and detestable crime against nature, either with mankind or with beast." This was plagiarized from a respectable source (Leviticus XVIII: 22; "Thou shalt not lie with mankind, as with womankind: It is an abomination"), but it is poor legal draftsmanship, and the courts have had trouble enforcing it.

The result in most communities is spotty enforcement by the police, yet the mere existence of the laws on the books encourages blackmail.

Model Penal Code

The situation has prompted the American Law Institute to recommend, in its model penal code, that the states repeal their laws against homosexual behavior between consenting adults. Under the ALI view such conduct would be punishable only if it involved solicitation in public.

Illinois became the first state to adopt this model code provision in 1961, and although the idea has not spread to other states, it has been accepted calmly in Illinois.

In the past two years Legislators in New York and Wisconsin have considered making the same change and have shied away. Determined opposition from the Roman Catholic church did the trick in New York, and in Wisconsin the proposal became a political issue when the young Democrats favored the idea and were labeled "homocrats" by the state's Republican governor. *cont.*

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Every day now I get up, take that extra hour to get ready and go out to do my thing. It's really enjoyable having found an identity and firmly following it.

Since October last, then, I've gone to the point where I live entirely as a girl. I've made a complete switch-over. When I did it, I knew it was the best thing. The idea of wearing male clothing is embarrassing to me. I was a psychological morphodyte. All I can think about is that I'm really me now ... and I like me.

I get up at 6:00, get to school by 8, spend 8 hours studying, get home, do my homework and household chores and go to sleep by 10 or 10:30. Sounds dull? To someone who hasn't had the dullness of a normal growing-up, it sounds wonderful. I don't associate with any homophile groups, because none of them are sensitive to my particular situation. Some even condemn me as a deviate, a blight or a danger to their image." I haven't time for cliques. I feel normal as a female person, not as a male, and that in itself is quite repulsive to many homosexuals.

10

The hormone shots have done a lot to improve my appearance. Cosmologists have told me what to eat, how to wear my clothes, apply make-up, etc. The average woman doesn't walk the street after 11 p. m. --neither do I. I've no police record and there hasn't been any public problem in my past. I'm a clean person--my room is clean and I feel I live a good life.

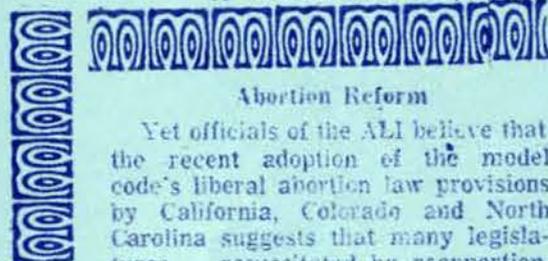
According to the original philosophy

of Christ, I am a Christian. I love God and try to live by the Golden Rule --have no animosity toward anyone nor hate for the world.

I'm going to school and hope to become a philosophy teacher. Through the help of men like Elliot Blackstone of EOC I'm well on my way at college. Some of the students there sense something a little different about me, but there's been no trouble, no friction. Pat Rogers (EOC) has helped me a lot, too.

As for sex, I can have it two ways now: by oral or anal copulation. However, until I can have it the way that is normal for me, I won't have sex. I'll wait until the transformation is complete.

Yours affectionately,
A Tenderloin Resident



Abortion Reform

Yet officials of the ALI believe that the recent adoption of the model code's liberal abortion law provisions by California, Colorado and North Carolina suggests that many legislatures -- resuscitated by reapportionment -- are ready to update other archaic laws involving sex.

At present the legislatures of 14 states are moving toward consideration of the model code: California, Connecticut, Colorado, Delaware, Hawaii, Iowa, Kansas, Maryland, Michigan, Montana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, South Carolina and Texas.

Many may decide that the action taken in the House of Commons is not for them. But others may decide that regulating such private conduct is not the province of the law.

New York Times

Homos and the Law

SUPPER

MICHAEL VELLA



He came walking down the cracked and weed fringed sidewalk. The sidewalk rose and fell with the alternate nearness of swollen tree trunks. Its cement was cracked into growing green gardens of winter weeds. As he walked he thought, not quite aloud, but forming words and phrases that never reached his wrinkled lips. Leaves blew swirling down to lie brown-dead on green grass. The trees moaned in the passionless wind.

As he walked he passed a faded truck. On the running board was an empty beer can, shining blue, and empty. The tires were faded grey, and one was flat. He was tired from his walk; he was tired from his thoughts that did not quite talk.

When he reached his front yard the grass seemed longer than usual but not especially green for all this drizzily September rain, not especially jubilant or re-vivified for the moisture of this fall, not vigorous in its green growth. He followed the cracked path that led him blindly to his porch. He climbed the wood stairs. As he groaned tired, they squeaked and breathed. Their breath smelled of shredded wet wood, and he sighed as he reached the porch. He bent over to pick up the paper, rolled in wax-paper, looped with the poor paperboy's re-used rubber band and besmudged with printer's ink. Tucking it under his arm he fumbled with the door. He noticed the floor of the porch was as shredded as the stairs, and its paint, whatever color it had been, was virtually gone. It would have to be painted next Saturday, he thought.

He walked into the house.

As he entered the door he felt that pang of boredom that had arose each day upon his arrival home from work. The seemingly uninitiated and uncalled for aching boredom reached its oily paws into his mind as he thought of next Saturday's

chore, and contributed that thought of the eternal and perpetual next-Saturday-chore. He wondered why today, and not yesterday or the day before, he noticed the porch needing paint. Why did he notice it today when it had been corroding and shredding with trampling traffic and stamping shoes for such a long time? He entered the doorway, forgetting the porch and the next Saturday chore as soon as he smelled her crackling, frying egg-cooking.

Bacon and eggs for dinner.

He headed for the stairs not announcing his arrival. As he climbed them they moaned in the same tone and betrotten language as the porch stairs. The rug's drizzily September smell comingled with the eggy home stuffiness, emitting a purple smelling dustiness from its faded purple flowers, mixing with the humid egginess of the house breathed air. He entered their room. Sitting on the edge of the bed he noticed its sagging, less resilient than usual, seemingly too tired to give support to tired people. He spread his knees out, stretching his groin and inner thighs, feeling the muscles stretch gently. Remaining there, his elbows on his widespread knees, he contemplated the shaggy yellow rug that lay an island in a hardwood sea. The waves rolled monotonously to its shores in browns and tans, tides that broadened with the spreads of grain. He sat there, all the while contemplating the mattiness down of the island rug. He sat there, all the while contemplating his boredom and its sourcelessness. He didn't consider himself old or tired, he could still revel Hemingway fashion in the outdoors; he had had a strenuously good time at Seville Lake last summer. 'I still have energy of mind', he thought, 'the mind of my youth'.

"Sure, I'm no young buck," he mumbled, "but I'm not an old man." And he muttered and thought, one fusing into the other as liquid . . .

He sat there, forgetting the stairs needing paint, as he did each day; he sat there mumbling incoherently about Seville Lake and age, as he did each day; with his elbows on his dark knees, the dark knees of his pleated black slacks.

As he slowly rose to reach for his deerskin slippers, hidden as they were under the bed, he reminisced about his beginnings at Shreve's as a clerk. Responsibility and challenge; the depression. The responsibility and challenge of a newlywed. More challenge than most, having to support a wife on that pay. 'I still have challenge', and thought on. There was absolutely no sense to his boredom and he was resigned to ignoring it away. He fumbled for his slippers, and putting their yellow leather over his hidden yellow soles he stood up and stretched. He walked downstairs bored with being unable to find the source of his boredom, bored with ignoring it.

"Alice dear, I'm home."

"Oh, I didn't even hear you come in, these eggs are frying so loud."

"What's for dinner?", he asked, as he adolescently strolled into the kitchen,

sniffing like a stray dog, and caressing the floor somewhat sloppily with his yellow slippers.

"Just eggs and bacon, but we'll have tossed salad before. I know it's not an ideal dinner. But I didn't feel well today dear," she said rather quickly, letting her words run together, realizing his irritability for the past days.

"Nothing serious?", he asked nonchalantly, knowing that it wasn't anything serious, and that she probably just didn't feel like going to the store or leaving the house to drive in drizzily weather. She always hated to drive in drizzily weather or at night. After driving thirty years she lacked the confidence that most receive on the morn of their sixteenth birthday. She was still a bumbler behind the wheel he thought, and he remembered how nervous she made him with her awkwardly slow caution, and her peculiar braking and steering habits. He walked over to the table and sat down, remembering as he did so that he had left the newspaper on the maple cabinet in the dining room. He got up, still shuffling his feet indecently, and exited shortly to return mumbling something about marines landing here and there.

"Please dear," she scolded, "you've been shuffling your feet like a retarded child and now you're mumbling to yourself like some other sort of moron. What is the matter with you?"

He didn't hear her. He was totally absorbed in the newspaper. If it wasn't Seville Lake it was his war experiences. A sharp shaking of his shoulder aroused him, which he at once found to be a rude intrusion and damned irritating . . .

"What is the matter with you?" she demanded.

"Oh, sorry honey," he offered none too enthusiastically, suppressing his violent response, "I didn't even hear you."

"Well dinner will be ready soon, maybe you'll be a little more courteous then."

He could just vaguely hear her say something about slaving all day and being alone all day and then just the word "washing" . . . and then something about respect or love . . . and then just the grey tones of a grey-haired woman . . . his wife for thirty years.

He put the paper down and waited for his salad. On the table was oil and vinegar in liturgical looking cruets. Cruets, one holding vinegar, the other olive oil. He chuckled. His wife busied herself behind him. He could hear the rustle of her print apron and the scraping of her fuzzy pink slippers. The clatter of the pots and the scraping of the forks and the steaming sizzling of the frying eggs made an ironically humorous symphony . . . a damn boring humorous conglomeration of domestically tranquil sounds that was a blasting symphony, the undercurrent theme, the stated theme — thirty years ago, the developed theme of which was marital bliss . . . and he chuckled out loud. It wasn't long before his wife was placing the salad in front of him. She sat down near him. Her hair and its roots revealed the

manifold secrets of decay. It was pathetic about hair dye, he thought . . . again it all struck him funny and he chuckled. By the time he reached into his salad he was almost laughing. His wife was meekly furious. She nervously poked at the wrinkled green leaves, visibly agitated at the way they rolled and tossed promiscuously with the shredded purple cabbage. He put a forkful of lettuce into his mouth and chewed it thoroughly. As did she, both eating and chewing like cows . . . greens for their stomachs he thought, to keep the system just right, his boredom was spasmodically broken by both internal and external chuckles. He was enjoying the salad and particularly the dressing.

"Alice, you know Alice, I have to hand it to you. You keep our stomachs just nice. You know that Alice?"

She gave no reply; she stared with her aged soft eyes. Her yellowed whites encased brown pupils that studied the writhing salad.

The salad was tasty. It was prepared exactly the way he liked it. Not too much olive oil, just the right amount, and a little parmesan cheese sprinkled over the leaves for a certain tartness. Salt and pepper already added, and once again in perfect suitability to his tastes. He was enjoying it very much. He was quiet for a while and then he pondered . . .

"Alice," he finally broke out, "what made you use oil and vinegar dressing on the salad tonight?"

"I don't know dear. Don't you want it? I have some Thousand if you'd rather."

"No, no . . . this is just fine, just fine. Uh, — why'd you put those damn cruets out . . . you knew you made the dressing just right, why'd you put those godawful cruets out?"

"Just in case dear, just in case it wasn't just right. You never can tell when I'll slip up . . . and you'll leave me because of the salad dressing!" She tried pathetically to add humor to the rising tension.

He didn't laugh. Just as before, while reading the newspaper, he didn't hear her. All he could think of was the oil and vinegar, the salt and pepper, and cheese were in perfect proportion to each other in the exact manner of his tastes. And his tastes . . . it was years ago that he decided he liked his coffee absolutely black and his tea with honey and his beer luke-warm and that the best route to work was along West Poplar. It was years ago that he decided that he liked oil and vinegar dressing over all the rest. He had made those decisions long ago and was still living by them because they were best. It was an inevitable "V". How ideal he thought. After thirty years he could come home and be sure of at least one thing, that his tea or his coffee or his salad would be just right.

"How'd you know whether I'd want oil and vinegar tonight? How the hell you'd know I'd want tossed green salad with eggs of all things? It's abominable

you know! An abomination that I like!" He was practically yelling.

"I—I really don't know dear, experience—I don't know." she replied, in her meekly feminine way. And then with a rare surge of strength she sarcastically and shrill-ly replied . . . "You know *darling* if you'd like you could leave and eat out — *by yourself!*"

For the first time in many conversations, arguments, he heard the shrillness of her voice. I could leave, he thought, I could leave. I could break the V, I could turn it upside down. He wolfed down his salad. He enjoyed it. He wolfed it down while he suffered enjoying it. He knew she really didn't know, but somehow she'd been right about those things like the salad for as long as he could remember . . . She'd always been right about those things and she didn't have a clue about them, she didn't ever really know. His disgust rose in him like a bilious gas. I could *leave*, just simply walk out the door. His stomach churned with vinegar and olive oil and it was choking . . . and is his disgust he heard and felt the same shrillness, the same cracking as was in her throat.

He looked at her, her roots, her yellowed eyes and he simply, and slowly, and very articulately said, "Alice — dear, today at the office . . ."

Fag Hag Continued

prostitution?

Susan: It should be legal. **Secondly**, it could be more organized and dignified. It's a personal thing and a personal need. Prostitutes could employ business ethics, I think, to make more money and to achieve more honor.

9. VD: What is a fag hag?

Susan: I'm not really a fag hag or a fruit fly. I'm a queen mother. Ha ha. To me, the difference is that a fruit fly is on the make for gay guys and a fag hag is only a social friend of homosexual men.

I enjoy spending time with gay guys because they enjoy me as a person primarily, and as a sexual partner second or not at all. Right now, I'm right on the sex

borderline anyway. I've never had a hetero- or homosexual experience. I tried to think of girls sexually and failed and can't submit to a man outside of marriage.

If someone a year ago would have told me about all the things that a fag hag goes through I wouldn't have believed her. Nonetheless, I love it, I love them and I'm happy. It's an enigma. I need to be surrounded by guys. I don't get along with women. But I don't want to have to constantly fight off the sex thing with every male I go with.

Being a fag hag circumvents that problem.

I've accepted it. I may be this way the rest of my life. I don't know. I'll be this way until I'm not happy doing it, I guess.

MY TONGUE

My tongue has such an erection
that I think my spit
of hate is pure semen
and I am scattering it as hate
all over the belly of this world.

MISREPRESENTATION

Not all fags
dream in falsetto,
have pinkies, wear eyeshadow,
or leather boots,
or sprinkle sunshine knots with chains,
or purse lips like Bette Davis,
or shave their legs.

Some have hair on their chest
and sleep in umbilical position
with nothing on but the covers.

Shave
and work regularly and spit
upon occasion
to clear something

caught in throat
from last night's love/work/shop.
(And the passing pedestrian
thinks it's nothing but phlegm
from a hearty, virile male.)

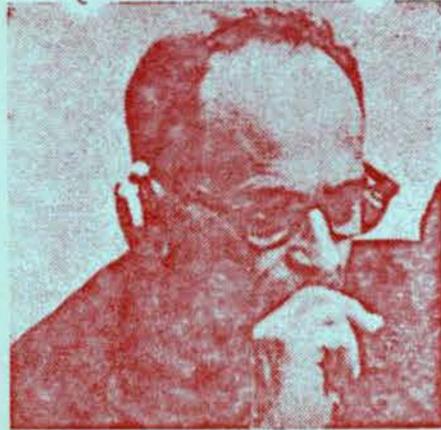
PERSONA

I twist and turn
in my bed of delight
as I screw
the lightbulb in for another night
to get up and write
another poem of blue
love. Once it was you;

Now it's Empty Night
by Paul Mariah



THOMAS MERTON: A devout meditation in memory of Adolf Eichmann



One of the most disturbing facts that came out in the Eichmann trial was that a psychiatrist examined him and pronounced him *perfectly sane*. I do not doubt it at all, and that is precisely why I find it disturbing.

If all the Nazis had been psychotics, as some of their leaders probably were, their appalling cruelty would have been in some sense easier to understand. It is much worse to consider this calm, "well balanced," unperturbed official going about his desk work, his administrative job, which happened to be the supervision of mass murder. He was thoughtful, orderly, unimaginative. He had a profound respect for system, for law and order. He was obedient, loyal, a faithful officer of a great state. He served his government very well.

He was not much bothered by guilt. I have not heard that he developed any psychosomatic illnesses. Apparently he slept well. He had a good appetite, or so it seems. True, when he visited Auschwitz, the Camp Commandant, Hoess, in a spirit of sly devilry, tried to tease the big boss and scare him with some of the sights. Eichmann was disturbed, yes.

He was disturbed. Even Himmler had been disturbed, and had gone weak at the knees.

Perhaps, in the same way, the general manager of a big steel mill might be disturbed if an accident took place while he happened to be somewhere in the plant. But of course, what happened at Auschwitz was not an accident; just the routine unpleasantness of the daily task. One must shoulder the burden of daily monotonous work for the Fatherland. Yes, one must suffer discomfort, and even nausea, from unpleasant sights and sounds. It all comes under the heading of duty, self-sacrifice, and obedience. Eichmann was devoted to duty, and proud of his job.

The sanity of Eichmann is disturbing. We equate sanity with a sense of justice, with humaneness, with prudence, with the capacity to love and to understand other people. We rely on the sane people of the world to preserve it from barbarism, madness, destruction. And now it begins to dawn on us that it is precisely the *sane* ones who are the most dangerous.

It is the sane ones, the well adapted ones, who can, without qualms and without nausea, aim the missiles and press the buttons that will initiate the great festival of destruction that they, the *sane ones*, have prepared. What makes us so sure, after all, that the danger comes from a psychotic getting into a position to fire the first shot in a nuclear war?

Psychotics will be suspect. The sane ones will keep them far from the button. Nobody suspects the sane, and the sane ones will have *perfectly good reasons*, logical, well adjusted reasons, for firing the shot. They will be obeying sane orders that have come sanely down the chain of command. And because of their sanity, they will have no qualms at all. When the missiles take off, then, *it will be no mistake*.

We can no longer assume that because a man is "sane," he is therefore

in his "right mind." The whole concept of sanity, in a society where spiritual values have lost their meaning, is itself meaningless. A man can be "sane" in the limited sense that he is not impeded by his disordered emotions from acting in a cool, orderly manner, according to the needs and dictates of the social situation in which he finds himself. He can be perfectly "adjusted." God knows, perhaps such people can be perfectly adjusted even in hell itself.

And so I ask myself: What is the meaning of a concept of sanity that excludes love, considers it irrelevant, and destroys our capacity to love other human beings, to respond to their needs and sufferings, to recognize them also as persons, to apprehend their pain as one's own? Evidently, this is not necessary for "sanity" at all. It is a religious notion, a spiritual notion, a Christian notion.

What business have we to equate "sanity" with Christianity? None at all, obviously. The worst error is to imagine that a Christian must try to be "sane" like everybody else, that we *belong* in our kind of society. That we must be "realistic" about it. We must develop a *sane* Christianity: and there have been plenty of sane Christians in the past. Torture is nothing new, is it? We ought to be able to rationalise a little brainwashing, and genocide, and find a place for nuclear war, or at least for napalm bombs, in our moral theology.

Certainly, some of us are doing our best along these lines already. There are hopes! Even Christians can shake off their sentimental prejudices about charity, and become sane like Eichmann. They can even cling to a certain set of Christian formulas, and fit them into a Totalist Ideology. Let them talk about justice, charity, love, and the rest. These words have not stopped some sane men from acting very sanely and cleverly in the past.

No, Eichmann was sane. The generals and fighters on both sides in World War II, the ones who carried out the total destruction of entire cities, these were the sane ones. Those who have invented and developed atomic bombs, thermonuclear bombs, mis-

siles; who have planned the strategy of the next war; who have evaluated the various possibilities for using bacterial and chemical agents: these are not the crazy people, they are the *sane* people. The ones who coolly estimate how many millions of victims can be considered expendable in a nuclear war, I presume they do all right with the Rorschach ink blots too. On the other hand, you will probably find that the pacifists and the ban the bomb people are, quite seriously, just as we read in *Time*, a little crazy.

I am beginning to realize that "sanity" is no longer a value or an end in itself. The "sanity" of modern man is about as useful to him as the huge bulk and muscles of the dinosaur. If he were a little less sane, a little more doubtful, a little more aware of his absurdities and contradictions, perhaps there might be a possibility of his survival. But if he is sane, too sane . . . perhaps we must say that in a society like ours, the worst insanity is to be totally without anxiety, totally "sane."

Thomas Merton is one of the most distinguished modern American poets, essayists, and religious thinkers; for many years he has been Master of Novices at the Trappist Monastery of the Abbey of Gethsemani near Louisville in Kentucky. This essay is taken, by kind permission, from his latest book, "Raids On The Unspeakable," published in America by New Directions. © The Abbey of Gethsemani, Inc, 1965.

GAY PERIODICALS
IMPORTED NUDES
CURRENT BOOKS

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NIGHT SONG

"Master-child"

Gentle-gentle-gentle
Kind as a wistful cloud smile-
The movement inside is so strong
Like mists of twisting cigarette smoke
Entwining with the air so sensually-
My body has overcome the labor of rest-
lessness.

My mind has granted itself reunion with
the earth.

Together they make openness and awareness
Creating life in tender stories of another
breath-another joy
Another newness to found my soul with peace.

All is a part-all belongs-all surrenders
To the sacredness of quiet awakening.
Wake with your eyes- then let your soul out
And give it space to grow and show you
Themandering paths wherein every stop
is home
And every amazement part of Yourself.

The rain is hushed-
The sky is asleep-
All gestures toward things vanish.
O cherish each sinking swirling blending
particle of

Flowing Inside-Outside Joy
Touch me
And let the mad-uplifting-passion of Union
Be everywhere between, about, and through
Us
Melting the last quivering grief of doubt.

millifilus



The happenings at the haight-ashbury district are really beginning to worry me. At one time I hoped that some great day that governments would collapse and the modern day hippie would pacifistically move in and pick up what was left of the human race and put it back into the garden of eden the world once knew millions of years ago. I have had a radical change in my attitude about this whole love generation movement. I am beginning to project paranoid dislikes for people such as Dr. Timothy Leary. I am not condemning the districts and coffee shops and hangouts that I still patronize in the hippieland. Nor am I condemning the hippies that frequent these places or the district in general. I am becoming afraid of what haight-ashbury is becoming. Dr. Timothy Leary encourages the use of drugs... fine... but does he know just who he is encouraging? Has this man become the god of all children? Does he know the social background, the emotional hang-ups, the possible psycho-

tic tendencies of each of the thousands that he addresses? What's his reaction when people start jumping out windows? Stop where you are and take a good look! is the love generation in the same state of tranquil happiness that they were when they were hundreds instead of thousands? are they as non-violent as they wanted the world to know they were? is the hippie element still in haight-ashbury? The hippies are no longer so tightly contained in the haight-ashbury. Hippies are appearing everywhere in San Francisco... in a way this is beautiful. It is beautiful that so many people can smile to each other while passing on the street it is beautiful that so many people can give close attention to the naturesome things in life to live together without the terrible racial element that has cursed this country and made it the laughing stock of the world to live together in a true love a true peace however it's not happening it's not true ...

not when one has to use lsd, stp and pot to such a terrible extent that it causes paranoia, homeless people, diseases instead of happiness. What scares me more is that there are the hippies and there is society ... and there are crackpots on both sides ... people are coming from all over the united states and canada to san francisco ... the biggest thing since the gold rush and the grapes of wrath ... the love generation of months ago in haight-ashbury are no longer there to influence what we have in haight now is serious drug addiction, hungry, hungry hungry people with no place to sleep, and the most terrifying collection of paranoia I have seen in my life ... and it all boils down to the same factor: THE ABUSE OF DRUGS! the not knowing where in the hell you're going element the hippies speak of freedom and happiness and peace of mind ... where is it man? ... I don't see it!

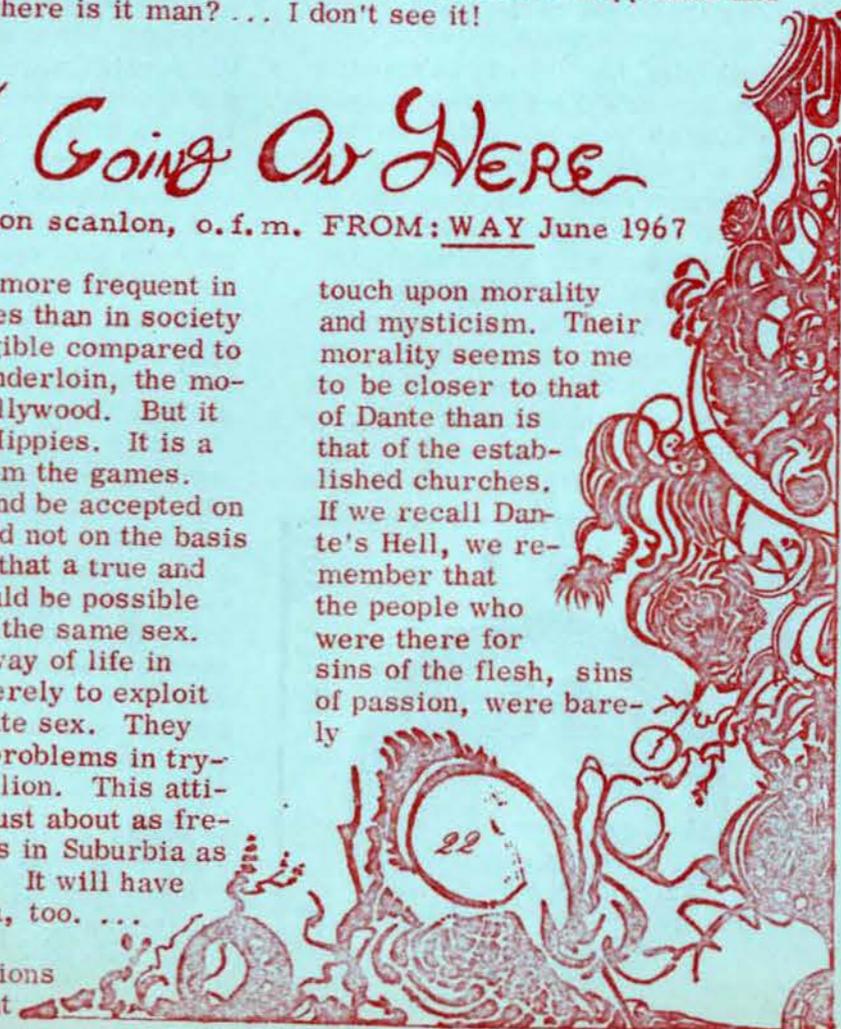
What's Going On Here

By simon scanlon, o.f.m. FROM: WAY June 1967

Homosexuality is not more frequent in the Hippie communities than in society in general, and negligible compared to the San Francisco Tenderloin, the motorcycle clans and Hollywood. But it has a reason for the Hippies. It is a way to break away from the games. They want to accept and be accepted on the basis of person and not on the basis of sex. They believe that a true and deep abiding love should be possible between two people of the same sex. They are rejecting a way of life in which 'love' means merely to exploit someone of the opposite sex. They get caught up in real problems in trying to effect this rebellion. This attitude, I might add, is just about as frequent among teenagers in Suburbia as it is in Psychodelphia. It will have to be faced in Suburbia, too. ...

The religious implications of the Hippie movement

touch upon morality and mysticism. Their morality seems to me to be closer to that of Dante than is that of the established churches. If we recall Dante's Hell, we remember that the people who were there for sins of the flesh, sins of passion, were barely



in Hell. They were flying around the borders. But buried in the floor of Hell were liars, hypocrites, betrayers, and exploiters. Sins of the flesh did not pervert the nature of things; they were overdoing a good thing. But a lie is a crime against the nature of man, against his dignity as a man. All sins could be ultimately reduced to lies. Christ did not say: "I am chastity." He said "I am the Truth."

We have seen sins of the flesh, sexual sins, become the greatest sins, almost the only sins. I can remember docilely listening to a parish missionary telling us "nine out of ten persons in Hell are there for sins against the sixth commandment: and the tenth is not free from it." But we know of only one person who is certainly in Hell, the Devil, and it would be impossible for him to commit a sin against the sixth commandment. We have made our life adjustment to sex, that devil, by manipulating marriage in the courts. Marriage covers up our shame. The Hippies rebel against

this manipulating of marriage. They come from homes where the "life commitment" of marriage is made three or four times, to give promiscuity respectability. They won't buy that. They have been victims of it.

If we strip marriage of all its external rituals and conventions, it is a response to the situation where two people meet and love and select each other for an exclusive and permanent total commitment to each other. In a tropical jungle that is all that is necessary for a valid marriage. In our steel and concrete jungles, that is all the Hippies deem necessary for marriage. They have seen relationships in which all the ritual and convention, religious and civil, were present, but which did not have this exclusive, permanent and, above all, total commitment. They will not buy that either. The Hippies are not promiscuous. Perhaps that explains some of the anger at them in the establishment, why the straights want to wipe out the Haight-Ashbury community but not the Tenderloin. A tourist can pick up a young girl or boy of from nine to thirteen in the Tenderloin, but not in Haightville. The hippies can not be reached with the measuring of necklines and hemlines approach to sex; but they can be reached on the principle that promiscuity is a lie. Perhaps they will eventually see that the commitment needs some ritual too....

Stripped
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BOOKS



Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.

THE ANATOMY OF DIRTY WORDS, by Edward Sagarin, Lyle Stuart Publisher, New York, 1962, pp. 220.

It has been pointed out previously by this writer that the two themes of the history of Western Europe are the gradually increasing acceptance of the concept of democracy, the idea that the goods of life should be enjoyed by all men who have the interest and capacity to profit by them, rather than by a selected and favored few, and rationality, the idea that man's thinking should ever approach reality more closely. As one contemplates the history of thought, he is amazed at the obstacles against which rationality has had to contend: large areas of phantasy, superstitions, stupidity, greed, and sheer ignorance. And yet withal, each century since the Renaissance in the fifteenth century has shown a definite victory in some area. In our own times many aspects of man's concern are being questioned with a new vigor. Among these sex in its various manifestations is occupying a prominent place. The present volume is a study of the language of sex, a subject of more controversy almost than the facts of sex itself.

When England was conquered in 1066 by William I, the original Anglo-Saxon population received an influx of Norman French which thus created a twofold language situation. As Latin was the language of the Church and

the learned world, it added a third linguistic element. The Anglo-Saxons became the serfs or lower classes, the Norman French the nobles or aristocrats, and priests and diplomats a third element in the population, these three levels lending their social status to the languages. With the passing of the years, lines of division were obliterated and modern English resulted. But curiously enough, the status levels persisted and to this day words of reputed Anglo-Saxon origin are considered inferior and Latin or Latinized expressions of superior usage.

Thus in the areas of elimination and reproduction there is an entire vocabulary generally termed Anglo-Saxon, or four-letter, that has been tabu in printed form and polite society, although known and used universally by men and boys from their earliest years. It was called obscene and remained outside all serious study until the present period when increasing rationality, considering all human concerns as grist to its mill, has commenced to break down the tabu. The author, Sagarin, finds that the original, literal meanings of this subterranean vocabulary have been widened into figurative and symbolic connotations which are definitely harmful to our thinking. The elimination of waste as a bodily function has come to give a highly distasteful character to the reproductive function which should be beautiful and significant.





Bisexuality

by Keith St. Charles

It is well known that at all times there have been, as there still are, human beings who can take as their sexual partner a person of either sex without allowing one trend to interfere with the other. We call these people bisexuals and accept the fact of their existence without much wondering. But in the shade of grey wherein we all live it is, I believe, more realistic to label all those who simply can make it with either sex as bisexuals; and to encourage ourselves and others to adjust to a bisexual pattern of living as hastily as possible.

Human animal-ness is such that the individual is quite naturally endowed with a set of versatile sexual organs and several diverse erogenous zones making it necessary for him to respond to a variety of sex stimuli and frustrating for him to deny his nature. Should he attempt to thwart his plurisexuality, his spirit becomes uneasy and his body cannot rest. During periods of particular need those parts of his nature which have been most neglected irritate his consciousness the most and make it difficult for him to think of anything else but their satiation.

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Unfortunately, society, religion, and mother have conspired in our civilization to "free" man of his natural impulses, thus tying him to them. From birth the masses have been taught to discredit their nature and to adopt an unnatural set of values and inhibitions. These psychological hangups result in frustration and self-condemnation whenever we experience wholesome lusts for the "wrong" sex or the "wrong" act.

Even as children we are taught that we must choose. We must select the "good" sexual pattern or the "bad." Inevitably we will lack either the softness of women or the virility of men in our sexual affairs. Frequently, the individual later builds a terrific hatred for his own or his opposite's sexual apparatus in order to adopt a single sexual pattern as the most "simple" solution to his innate plurisexuality.

But all human beings can be warm and loving. Tender sensual feelings for another whether manifest or covert should not be suppressed because of the age or the color or the gender of one's partner. Neither is it really important whether these desires result in sexual acts. The desire and the acceptance of the desire define the issue. We are unnatural when we suppress love or lust because "it is not done" or it is "improper."

We can rejoice that more individuals today are freeing their social-sexual desires to flow naturally in both directions in an orderly fashion without conflict. The covert or overt anxieties produced by suppressed homo- or heterosexuality that previously affected the average man has been overcome by a sizable minority. Tolerance, free love and acceptance of the variety of our natural lusts have spread from the artisan-bohemian classes to the ranks of the philosopher, politician and educator.

26

Proliferation of this natural tendency will directly and indirectly reduce tensions with sexual minorities. Those who are primarily homo- or heterosexual will no longer be forced to despise their counterparts because of a seeming lack of similarity.

Great cultural advances can be made. There will be new dimensions in the fields of art, music and literature. Radical changes will occur in our armies, navies and air forces. The natural expressions



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Summary of the

The problem is basically one of survival. The Tenderloin offers an economic system which youth can enter into very easily. The pressing demand encourages suppliers of sex or drugs as the case may be. The people who become a part of this system usually have exhausted other alternatives. They are unable to find work: they lack education and job skills; they often have police records, or undesirable service records; they are rootless, transient and usually resigned to their own deficiencies. Homosexuality is a problem, but not the problem it is imagined to be; perhaps one out of every hundred could be considered a "true" homosexual, that is a person who seeks out sexual satisfaction with a member of their own sex exclusively. Most have discovered homosexuality in the Tenderloin under economic pressure. Some have become homosexual

through devastating experiences in prison or in the service.

Homosexuality, drug abuse and petty theft all may be considered by-products of a situation which begins by being without family, without money and without employability. Police harassment is a by-product of a society which is more interested in controlling problems than solving them.

POSSIBLE SOLUTIONS:

1. The policemen on the beat should become a major resource for the youth in the Tenderloin. Through providing information, assistance and

taking an interest in the youth, the police could help them to solve some of the problems which lead them to criminal activity. If the Tenderloin was regarded as a community of "underprivileged" youth as opposed to the vice section of the city, one might better understand the need for guidance from an adult. If one were to understand the difference between the hustler and the welfare recipient, perhaps it would be more obvious

Tenderloin Problem

why guidance from the police would be more valuable than guidance from a social worker. Men, such as Elliot Blackstone in the Police Community Relations unit, could train other policemen in the handling of the special problems of Tenderloin youth.

2. The Police Department is often the first agency to know that someone has a problem. It should explore the possibility of maintaining its own information service and referral agency to help those getting out of jail find food, clothing, housing, jobs, medical and psychiatric help.
3. Merchants in the Tenderloin should recognize that they are operating businesses in what is for many a residential area. The Tenderloin youth live there. The street often must substitute as a backyard. If the merchants are concerned with the visibility of the youth, they should pool their resources and help the kids to finance their own recreation center or coffee house.
4. Merchants, schools, unions and the Police Department should cooperate in initiating in-service job training and education within the Tenderloin area taking into consideration the special problems of the youth living there.

CONCLUSION:

Police and merchants working in the Tenderloin are in a position to know the problems of the youth living there. They should take responsibility where others have not. Someone must decide it is their job and stop passing the buck to other agencies and fate. Hearing and heeding the problem and taking some measures to help correct them is the best preventative of crime.

Bisex. Cart.

of bestiality and autosexuality will be freed from acquired inhibitions fears and remorse. We will finally be able to discard the ridiculous assumption that each person has a certain amount of pleasure allotted to his sex life--or that perhaps he has only a certain amount of sex life allotted to his pleasure.

Adolf
Hitler, writing in *Mein Kampf*.

This cleansing of our culture must be extended to nearly all fields. Theater, art, literature, cinema, press, posters and window displays must be cleansed of all manifestations of our rotting world and placed in the service of a moral, political and cultural idea. Public life must be freed from the stifling perfume of our modern eroticism. . . . The right of personal freedom recedes before the duty to preserve the race . . .

The Phoenix



VD is one of the most down to earth real publications available today, and does a great job of revealing the problem you kids face and how you feel.

Would like reprint rights to the article Aware by Julia Stanley for a future The Phoenix. how about it?

Keep up the good work, kids--we're behind you 100 per cent.

Best wishes,
Drew Shafer

Neo - American Church

P. O. Box 191

Mount Eden, Calif. 94557

Dear Keith,
The issue is wonderful.
Would sure like you to run the ad again.

Peace and Love,
Ralph, sec.

July 20, 67

To the Vanguard Editor:

I inspected the magazine enough to recognize your advertisement and pimp activities. I expect if your mind is so filled with filth like the magazine that it is not unlikely that you also indulge in perverse sexual acts.

When you decide that life of selfishness is not for you and you want to kick the habit get a job which calls and uses much physical strength and then fill your mind with good books, good music, good things and beautiful thoughts. Try writing a diary to God, giving forth of the good in your A life pursuing self-satisfaction is a life sick and dying. Living is giving good of yourself.

Who ever told you life was easy. It's a struggle to make good.

Homosexuals are not born, they develop. Saints are not born, they develop. The world makes neither but the person by choice.

Remember your soul belongs to God not to you and you must see that it is returned to God. And your body houses your soul so don't abuse it. Get away from your nasty associates. If you truly



want help you can get it.
This is all I can say to you.

Sincerely
with much sorrow and true
caring for the good of your soul,
I remain,
Joann van Hat tum

Dear Sir:

I had the pleasure of reading one of your papers the other day and I would like to read more of them.

I believe in free press and using the right words to express a meaning.

Thanks,
Bill

Illinois, 26 July 1967

Dear Keith,

Greetings from the State of the "Free" and the home of love!

Thanks for sending me the sample of copy of Vanguard. It's real, man!

Is that really your picture inside the cover? WOW!

Enjoyed the article, especially, "Don't Eat Meat on Friday, etc." How about that real groovey guy inside the back cover page. Is he for real?

I have always wanted to come to San Fran but don't know anybody there. I'm afraid I'd be lost. Sure is a lot in the papers about activity there these days. I'm 20, six-one, blond, 185 lbs., been in athletics since high school--basketball, baseball, swim team, track--love drama, art, travel and people. Tell me about yourself.

Lovingly,
Ed

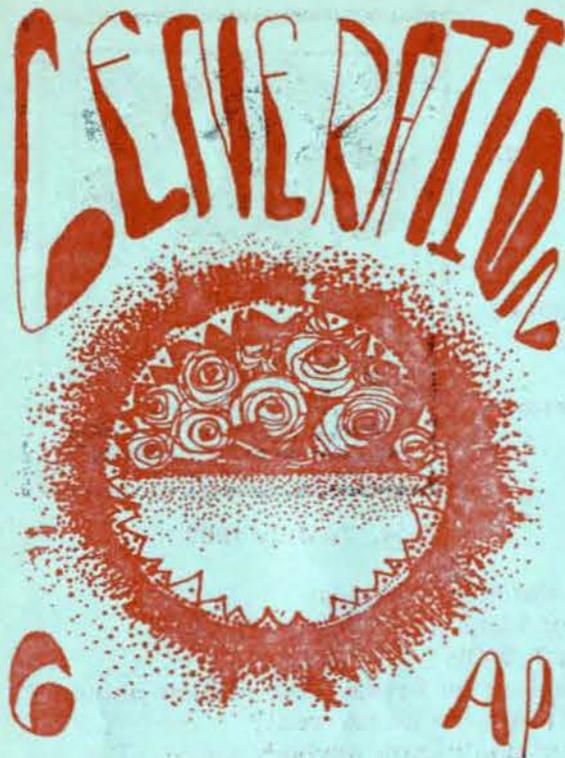
BEAUTIFUL BLACK

Painting revolutionary things
Painting beautiful things, too
Trying to brainwash
The brainwashed
With a stroke or two
Painting a revolutionary thing
Whites hanging black men
Painting a revolutionary thing
Whites raping black women
Painting revolutionary things

Niggers fighting whitey's war
Painting revolutionary things
Painting a liberation scene too
Black people killing whiteys
It's about time
It's four hundred years overdue
Painting beautiful things too
Big lips, small lips, middle
size lips
Painting beautiful things

This poem was donated by the Black Arts and Culture Room at Bessie Carmichael School during the EOC Summer Youth Program.





By Lawrence Charles

Young people have inherited a world that is very different from the one their parents knew in their teens.

Computers can do calculations a man could not complete in a lifetime.

Since the first atomic bomb exploded over 20 years ago, Dick Clark points out, "Someone other than God can blow up the whole scene."

This generation is challenging not only their parents' authority, but their very way of looking at the world. Widely different views of life create communication problems and have given rise to a growing "Generation Gap."

"The real gap is in the rules, regulations, morals and codes," says Lou Adler who produces records by the Mama's and Papa's and Johnny Rivers.

"The kids aren't sitting back and taking it anymore; they're questioning the old codes. This is a brighter more intelligent generation. A 16-year-old talking to a policeman usually knows more than he does."

During the 50's parents were urging their children to break out of their silence and apathy. In the last six years young people have become concerned and outspoken about their world. At civil rights demonstrations, war protests and campus rallies, they have become the most visible generation.

Adults often act as if they expected young people to be radical and non-conformist in tidy rows. They are often startled and dismayed by the force and spontaneity of the youth movement.

Members of this generation resist attempts to standardize them. Their long hair and mod clothes express their taste and establish them as individuals.

"I think the grown-ups have to open their minds to the fact that kids with long hair are not just idiots carrying signs," says Tommy Roe. "they have opinions—some good, some bad. I think both sides, the kids and the grown-ups, have to open their minds."

Grownups who impatiently order teenagers to cut their hair or change their habits can learn from the experience of one woman at a Sunset Strip demonstration who asked Bobby Jameson, "How much does that hair really mean to you?"

"Exactly as much as it means to you to have me take it off," he answered.

"Grownups don't like our hair long because it shows disrespect to them," said Doug, a Los Angeles teenager, "but long hair shows masculinity. Look at Sampson. Caesar wore his hair short in Christ's time."

Young people are subjecting the adult world to a harsh, critical examination and often finding it undesirable. They question the fierce competition, the brutalizing rat race for money and power.

Tense, defensive adults in a bitter contest for goals with no humane basis can't appreciate each other as people. Is it worth sacrificing human kindness, spontaneity and the joy of living to compete for anything?

Many young people say no.

"The older generation's darkest fears may be justified," warned Robert A. Gross, 21, general secretary of the U.S. Student Press Association.

"While a majority of students passively accept the values of their parents, a significant minority is turning off and opting out of the system," he told an audience of 300 college newspaper editors, Washington officials, professors and journalists gathered in the nation's capital to discuss "The Generation Gap—Translators Wanted" a month ago.

Today's youth values decency, tolerance and honesty. Grownups pre-occupation with expensive homes, lavish cars and material status symbols tarnish them in the eyes of many young people. In a 1966 Look Magazine survey 550 teenagers were asked if they had any heroes. Most of them weren't sure they had any or even knew what a hero was.

They struggled to list JFK, Mickey Mantle and Elvis Presley—but not one of them mentioned the current President of the United States.



And so have I heard it said that the young will always disagree with the elder until the young learn the way of the elder. Or could it possibly be said that the time it takes to hypnotize the young into standardization is called growing up.

There is now a double standard of regard toward everything. A difference in expectations of situations, a gathering of the seekers of the unseekable. There are two sides and both see themselves as right and duly licensed to express their natures. Communication between the two entities becomes less and less. Reaction toward one another becomes totally abrupt, and lacks control. Thus a war of standards!

Bobby Jameson

21-year-old singer-poet



If you're good enough



PACIFIC OCEAN TRADING CO.
1711 HAIGHT ST.
SAN FRANCISCO

1. VD: What do you think about anti-sexual legislation?

Susan: It's all the result of fear and prejudice. I don't think a person's private life should be dictated by something as impersonal as government. The only kind of anti-sex laws I do support are those that deal with visible public sex-- that is visible to non-consenting people.

2. VD: What is the role of the Catholic Church in anti-sexual legislation or morality?

Susan: They teach anti-sexual morality.

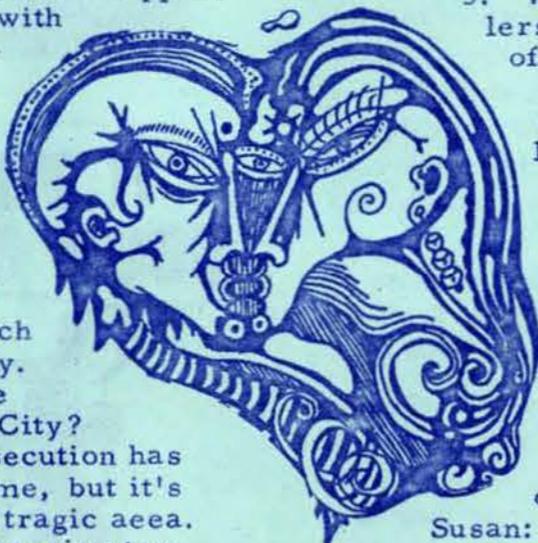
3. VD: Do you see changes in Central City?

Susan: The persecution has been going down some, but it's always been a very tragic area. Structurally, it's changing too. Since the Market St. construction began all kinds of shuffling has been going on. There have been so many half starts and half-finished projects there too. I haven't seen really very many people rescued. My outlook is pessimistic right now.

4. VD: What about pornography?

Susan: Well, to me it's just that. Usually it's just two animals banging away. Sometimes it's done with sensitivity and beauty. Then I think it's acceptable. I

Interview with a Fag Hag



continued on page 10

am sad that pornography is the most common way that people are exposed to

filmed sex. People with minds could use more good, sexual films. Overall I condemn anti-pornographic legislation.

5. VD: Are the hustlers in Plush Doggie offensive to you?

Susan: To me, no. I understand them. I know many of them. However, they are very odious to many others because of the way they act or dress or treat others.

6. VD: Are homosexuals lacking in human qualities?

Susan: No, I've found more sensitive people in the gay world and on the periphery of the gay world than in the straight. 7. VD: Are homosexuals often more neurotic than their "straight" counterparts?

Susan: The duality of role is complicated. I think the homosexual is hurt as an individual by the forced environment. Some are permanently unhappy; others, fool themselves; and others seem perennially gay.

8. VD: Well, what about male

1. VD: Are homosexuals capable of giving to the world?

PFC: Yes, but often not to themselves. I'd think they would be always looking for something they can't identify.

2. VD: Is it catching?

PFC: No, but it is uncomfortable to be around. That's why the military forbids it.

3. VD: How would you describe a homosexual? Stereotype one for us, please.

PFC: They are weak by nature and inclination. They are people who have resigned from the human race. One could say they are in a constant state of degradation and on the negative side of emotion. Usually but not always, they are effeminate.

4. VD: Do you consider them inferior to you in human qualities?

PFC: Yes, they lack in dignity and courage. The problem is disturbing to me just by its messiness. But they should be left alone. The problem is mostly to themselves.

5. VD: Do you believe the high percentage of American homosexuals as researched by Kinsey and Masters, etc.?

PFC: No, I don't believe them. The statistics don't tell the truth in this case.

6. VD: Do you recall any homosexual experiences in your youth?

PFC: Perhaps. I had a homoerotic admiration of Charles Atlas. It was a sexual thought, but now the thought is repulsive.

Interview with an Army PFC Conductor at a Coffee House with the fag hag



Would You Believe?

Michigan's Supreme Court and how it went to bat for the right of prostitutes. In a sweeping decision, the dignified jurists archly declared that a lady of the evening has just as much right to wave or whistle at a friend, to hail a taxi, gesture, etc. "or do any one of a multitude of innocent, legal acts" which Detroit's law would strip her of because of prior conviction.

We are in Vietnam to save face



and this is the face we are saving

AGAINST TRANSEXUALS

by Ian Ferguson

This article is a reply to the story in the July issue of Vanguard regarding the "transsexual."

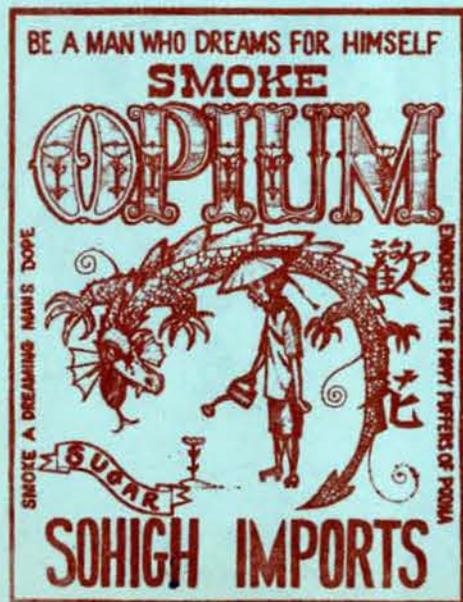
Whenever I consider the idea of a male or a female being trapped in the body of the other, I tend to conclude that the problem really is that the person simply desires to be of the opposite sex. Therefore the problem is not in their innate physic, but rather in their will.

But in several countries they have even gotten doctors to believe in the "born-wrong" idea. And to consent to operations under that assumption.

I believe a person who is born a physical male should actively live as a male. Although I, for instance, am a homosexual (who occasionally enjoys the "fem" part of sexual acts) I see no reason to live in drag or do anything that would make me thought of as a woman. I can't find in myself to see how anyone can live in the dress of the opposite sex.

At this point I would like to react to one of the interview questions from last month. Ques.: "Are you a man or a woman?" Ans.: "Totally neither." My reaction to this statement was that we all have some parts of our mind that are more feminine than masculine. Many men, for example, 'prefer housework, sewing or gardening. Many women enjoy boxing, business or automobile mechanics. These are mere personal preferences and not a comment on the sexual preference of the activity.

It is also true that not only does society reject and misunderstand the transsexual, neither does the gay world accept. The transsexual surely must consider the feelings of the majority as a comment on the veracity of his or her theory.



KAREN

Karen looks like a goose. Ha Ha. But still she's still pretty. Since Karen looks like a goose this is a story about a goose named Karen.

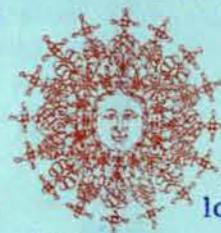
The Goose Named Karen
Once upon a time Karen had eggs. I bought them. The man said, "I'll give you 3 pennies. She was curious to find out, so she sold them for 3 pennies and went out to the Bakery. She said, "What are three pennies?" The baker said, "If you give me the three pennies I will give you three cookies."

They were goose cookies and they were made of goose eggs. She bought them. She broke them open and the little baby goose sat inside. The cookies had been made with her eggs. Now Karen is happy. The end

Anita Saler



This really happened to me. I woke up in the middle of the night because I was having nightmares and I didn't want to be in them. David was in the city. I put on the light. And my cat. I have a cat. we have a cat with one eye and I woke up and he was by my pillow making a salami, tomato, lettuce and mustard sandwich on rye and he asked me if i wanted half and i said yes so he cut it in half and gave it to me. I bit into it and he said, "how is it?" and I was about to say "delicious but the tomato is made of rubber which it was. but then he disappeared and even the sandwich should've made me suspicious in the house or lettuce my cat is missing. he's a wichee but i miss him. beard and he's less than a if you see him, give him my love.



phoebe

HELENE'S FABLE

Friend Donkey

There was once a donkey who lived on a hill. A little girl lived on the next hill. Every day the little girl would go down her hill and up the donkey's hill to bring him good things to eat. She liked the donkey because it had brayed loudly at the man who was mean to his two friends, the black & white dogs. One day, when she brought him some fresh celery, he bit her.



We are pleased to advise you that on July 26, 1967, the United States Federal Court for the District of Minnesota upheld in a landmark decision the right of all persons to receive materials dealing with the nude male figure.

On trial were the owners of DSI Sales (Conrad Germain and Lloyd Spinar) on 29 counts of producing and mailing obscene materials. The charges were brought by the federal government and conviction on all 29 counts could have carried a maximum sentence of 145 years in prison and \$145,000.00 in fines.

Government Says DSI Material Obscene Because It May Appeal to Homosexuals

Trial was held in Minneapolis from July 12 thru July 24, 1967. During the trial the government introduced into evidence nearly every item sold and every brochure and catalog distributed by DSI. The theory used by the government in prosecuting its case was based on the proposition that, because the average person does not tolerate homosexuality and considers homosexual behavior morbid and shameful, any materials designed to appeal to the homosexual are obscene.

In a lengthy seven-page memorandum written at the conclusion of the trial, the Court examined all the charges brought by the government and determined that

they could not be sustained. In its memorandum, the Court found that "the materials have no appeal to the prurient interests of the intended recipient deviant group; do not exceed the limits of candor tolerated by the contemporary national community; and are not utterly without redeeming social value. Furthermore, the Court concludes that the evidence does not suggest pandering within the meaning of the Ginzburg case."

Respect the Rights of Others

With regard to the issue of homosexuality, the Court stated in its memorandum: "The rights of minorities expressed individually in sexual groups or otherwise must be respected. With increasing research and study, we will in the future come to a better understanding of ourselves, sexual deviants, and others."

In conclusion, the Court stated: "If I were to convict the defendants, I am satisfied that the convictions would be reversed by the Supreme Court, if not by the Court of Appeals for this Circuit. I therefore grant the motions of both defendants for acquittal on each of the 29 counts; and I further find by verdict that each defendant is not guilty on each of the 29 counts of the indictment."

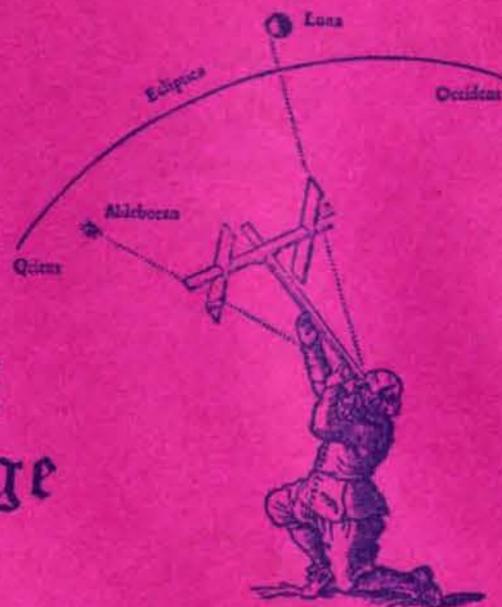
Loose News

British philosopher Bertrand Russell's personal secretary today accused the United States of using saturation bombing in North Vietnam to wipe out the entire

I hope none of the people who read this are still buying marijuana. It's still illegal in this state and it's still expensive. Besides that, it's a plant and it grows.

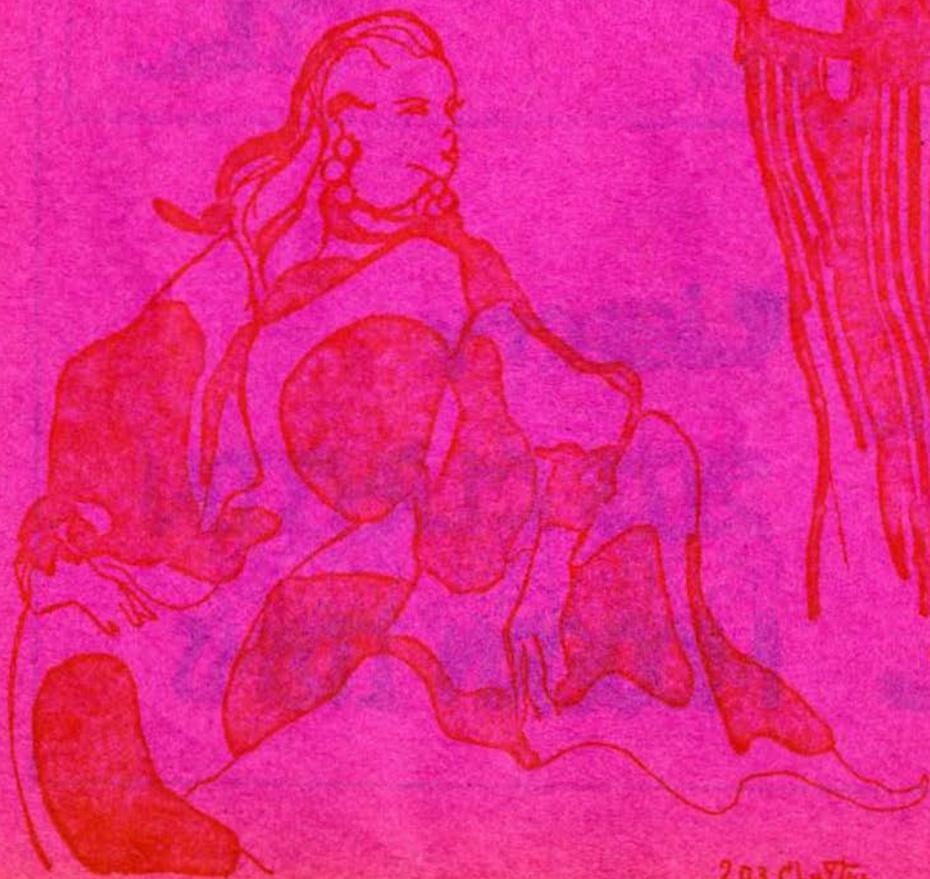
God's Law Whenever man has not written a law covering a subject or cannot find a good excuse for writing one, this is a common reason. -- Guy Strait

Wed and Sat
are Turn-On
Nights at
the BJS
BASKET
Market and Page
9pm — 5am



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