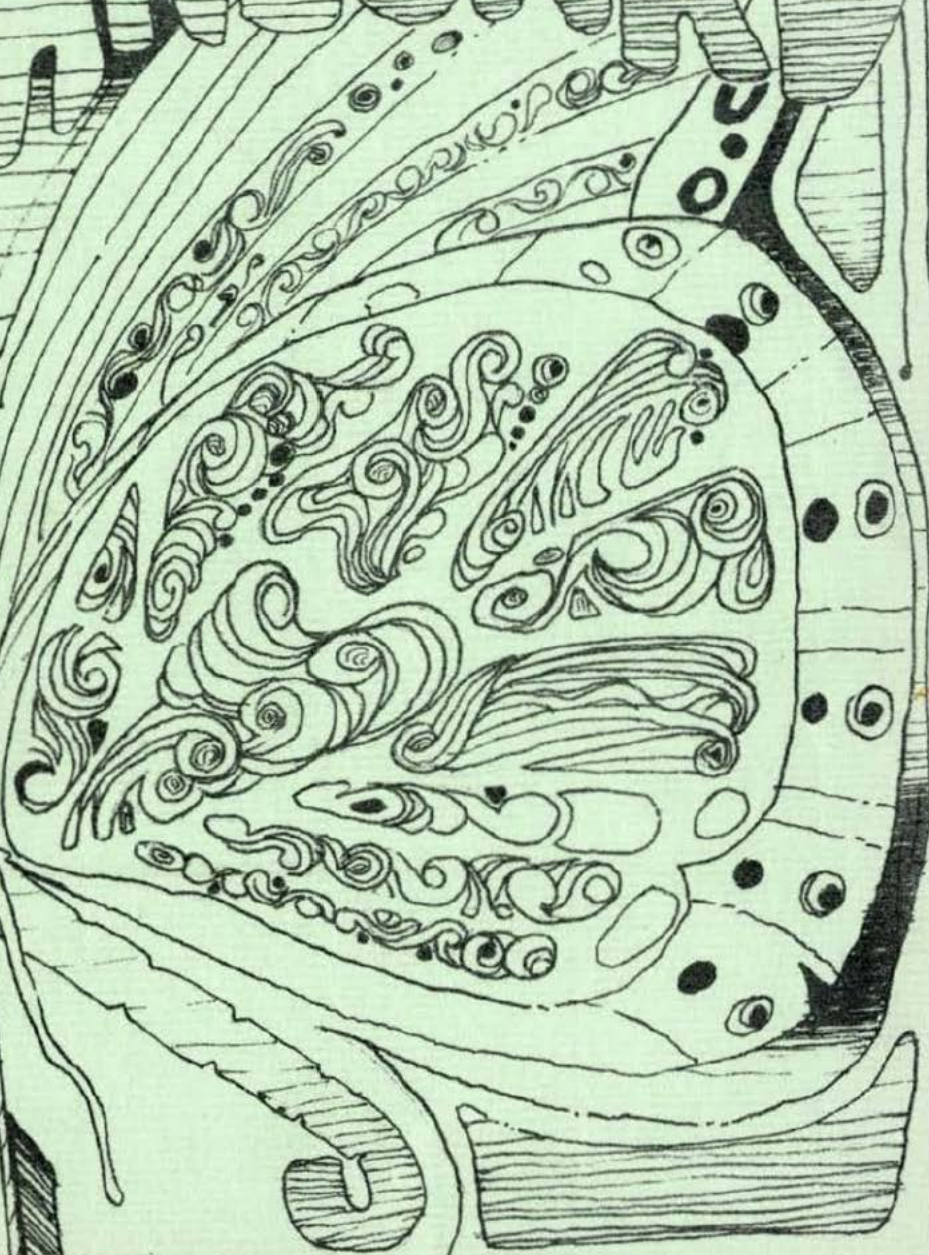


VANGUARD

Vol. 1 -

No. 5

25¢



President's Page

Well, Vanguard may not have a grand office nor an organization phone at this writing, but we are still on the job. We do our best to represent the interests of the area youth and to secure his simplest rights under the law.

The Police-Community Relations meeting held at St. Boniface, Mar. 14 was a complete fiasco, consisting of boos and heckling from so-called adults and the T.L.'s children. Although we welcome the youth of the Central City area (and from any area), an unfortunately large group of them acted in an irresponsible manner. However this is all past. Vanguard feels that in the future Fr. Bruno of St. Boniface Church would be the most impartial man Chief Cahill could choose as well as the most qualified candidate that could be chosen in a democratic election. We feel confident that the Chief of Police will comply with the wishes of the majority of the citizens in attendance to elect officers to the committee by democratic vote. For him not to do this would be to generate disunity and disgrace to the program. Mr. Popham, the chairman appointed by the Chief, may be a sincere man, but we feel he is a puppet of the Establishment and dogmatically prejudiced.

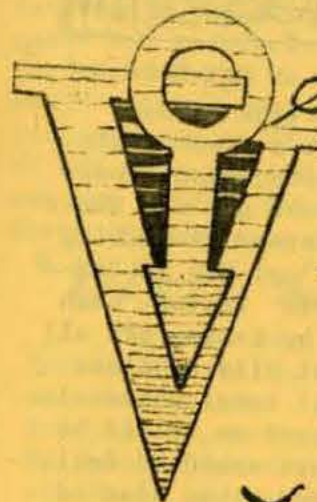
April 18 is the next meeting of the San Francisco Police Dept. Open Bitch Session and I will be there bitching for the youth of the Central City. Your ideas and complaints are needed too. Come to the meeting and get your rights as a human being or know the reason why! Are you a member of the Great Society?

Sincerely,

Doug [redacted]

"The important thing is to pull yourself up by your own hair, to turn yourself inside out and see the whole world with fresh eyes." J.P.M.

"United we stand; divided they will catch us, one by one." Jose Sarria,



San Francisco
Volume 1
Issue 5



Youth
Movement

- TABLEAU -

High Scribbler

Keith St. Case

Low Scribbler

Curtis Kwan

Pornographer

MIKE



Our aim in establishing this magazine is to give the youth of the Tenderloin and the other interested minorities as well as the Establishment, a means of expressing grievances or as a means of finding unity. Our phone is open almost always. Our mail is often delivered and we are around. Any additions or correction, in fact, any stuff you'd like to lay on me is good. We expect to provoke controversy and illuminate frauds. We aim to create a new, solid peace in the area, yet we are willing to wage war in words or in ways of really equal representation. Each VD. wants to tell it like it is. We depend a lot on you.

Fuck For Peace
Visit Lovely Park Station
More Peace Talk
Is There Life on this Planet?
HAPPENSTANCE & OH GLIDE!
Cuddle Up A Little Closer
NIGHT SONGS
Herb's \$200 Suit
NEWSIES
Horace Horney
Loose News

next month:
Lavender

In

UNIFORM!



THE ULTIMATE SOLUTION... FUCK FOR PEACE... WAR IS A PRODUCT OF SEXUAL FRUSTRATION.

The Ultimate Solution... Fuck for Peace... War is a product of sexual frustration. Only cats who are super up-tight because they cannot get laid, want to fight if he be avoid-egos by and na-vision a- other to prove their clothes and fucking The last the king ed the war wou- Fuck for Peace...

Loving one's neighbor then, may become the respect and notice of ones self esteemed traits---and endless selection and estimation. True love will include all as different beings in one world of common aim--happiness--and respect for the motivation and method of each one to attain it. Respect and love for all men will not necessarily allow us to allow cannibals to eat our friends, nor to permit Communists to direct the P.T.A. Love is an intangible and love's works are substance and non-substance. If the natural and expected and good intended aims of another endangers our own good aims, we are bound to hide the other's progress while strengthening our own

II

Love too, is a conscious thing. Pure love is unselfish. It is everstriving to complete the happiness of others even if they are dead to it or cannot respond.

IV

Shall I sing joy and youth and you to the world and faraway as I do to the meadow and ground and sun? If you must be less for loving me, we are both beside the rest together in brown homes. Can't we talk to the sea and the gull of our mystery? Will the people care if I can talk to you alone? Whether I lie between blankets of sand or grass and, thinking of some solid shine of an inner star, write on papers of natural wonder you must wear a suit and so do I.

V

Then will you allow me to join him in fusion on the swelling topography of a bronze chest and lion neck and wonder of eyes and the silence of our pressed mouths. May I love him and he reach me? We are the same in duplicate parts and movements. Each portion of our singularity trespassing the

CONTINUED...

cate parts and movements. Each portion of our singularity trespassing the goals and responses unheard by the loneliness's one. Taking two into lust-ing morning. Can we solid flesh and mind-love want a filmy soul and rested sex? No matter what the holding of the pebbles and swords. Whether all the lion-donkeys of Etruscans today may tell us, a solid longing for the union of ass sameness and different longings and the empty potion you fill, reason and fulfill all just kisses. Girl, man, or om-thing sucks in my soul & dusty extension as I eat in the brown confectionary region region of you.

VIST LOVELY PARK STATION

Just how long will it be before the Chief of Police and the Police Commission of San Francisco take heed of the highly illegal and unconstitutional suppressive activities of policemen from the Park Station in their ruthless, unrelenting campaign to intimidate the "hippie" community of the Haight-Ashbury into conforming with the standards of the Irish-Catholic, Sunset District level of thinking?

It is unfortunate that all the complaints from the new members of the Haight-Ashbury community have fallen on nearly deaf ears and that their picketing of the Park Station was practically in vain. Officer Arthur Gerrans (#624), a resident of Colma (yet a resident of San Francisco for voting purposes), has chosen to harass and illegally arrest numerous people in the vicinity of the Panhandle and Haight Street. It seems that his hope is to achieve some kind of "Sade success" and personal aggrandizement, not to mention the lucrative payoff an officer receives for going into court (approximately \$4.25 per hour for a two-hour morning session and a similar rake-off for the afternoon court session, plus pay for the District Attorney's conferences,

In an article in the San Francisco Chronicle (March 1, '67) describing a protest, Lieutenant John J. Curran, acting captain of the Park Station was quoted as asserting that the person arrested "probably was under, maybe, a little LSD, you know." This was in direct correlation with a remark that the arrested prisoner had pushed a policeman down the stairs. However, when questioned whether a warrant for the search of the premises had been obtained, he took a different type of pose and insisted, "I wasn't there, you weren't there. I don't know what happened and neither do you."

How interesting it is to see that Acting Captain Curran, a police official, can defend an illegal action by feigning ignorance; yet in the matter of the supposed guilt or innocence of an arrested party and who was supposedly responsible for an assault, he can make a definite observation, even to the extent of diagnosing that a particular drug had been used, even though he was not present before, during or after the arrest.

In another case a police clerk at the Park Station was the victim of some parkster who put LSD in his coffee at work which resulted in a prolonged absence from the job and for which he is suing the city for \$100,000. In this case the police at Park Station have similarly feigned ignorance of where the actual guilt lies, not admitting it

CONTINUED

MORE PEACE TALK

In less than thirty years, the United States has participated in three major wars. The First World War involved most of the nations of the North Atlantic. The Second World War affected all the great nations. The "Cold War" continued with devastating effects.

One would think that as a result of the terrible costs, and the distresses of these wars, man would not want to pass willingly through this experience again. War has always been the greatest source of suffering and misery for the human race.

The organizations for peace established after WW I did not prove strong enough to avert WW II. However, after the latter a new peace group was established--the United Nations. The UN was part of a plan for world government which was to be thoroughly effective in bringing about world peace. However we do not have peace now and the efforts to recognize individual rights throughout all nations and among all people regardless of race, sex, language or religion have not yet been begun in earnest.

Yet, human beings must establish a government of justice in the world to eliminate extensive military training and the manufacture of war equipment. We must create peace in order to create a future for mankind. A lasting peace is not an idle dream. Simply because we haven't had it does not mean that it can't be obtained. However, as long as independent nations exist, there will be disputes, but they could be settled by a means other than the means of war. An idea of world discipline is necessary. Today, if we as individuals have grievances we expect them to be settled by peaceful means. This is what will have to be done in international affairs if the world is to usher in an era of permanent peace.

Today, with the atomic bomb and other mighty weapons, we should be convinced that further war is dangerous. This is why we must strive so earnestly for world peace. FACT: MODERN SOCIETY CAN NOT AFFORD WAR AS A MEANS OF SETTLING DISPUTES. All men know this, yet we have been unable or unwilling to find a solution to war.

IS CONTINUED

Since the Second World War the United Nations has become a disputing and turbulent organization. Its members have selfish viewpoints. The UN is unable to give the world what it is craving right now----lasting peace.

IS THERE LIFE ON THIS PLANET?

All my friends are "Free souls." They tell me so. They have to. Otherwise I would never suspect. Actually most of us, I think, are burdened by a plethora of personal prejudices, psychoses and not too few neuroses. Not that I mind "sick" people in the least. No, after a hitch in the service and some dealings with the "responsible" people in this lovely world, a little instability is nothing. Let's face it, this is quite an upsetting place often and anyone who is not the least bit affected by it needs to be locked up.

However, some common hangups that give unnecessary pain and upset unfairly the concepts of others could be avoided. Would it surprise you, for instance to know that your most wicked and base thoughts--secret, fantastic desires and sadistic yearnings--are not unusual, and should not alarm you. Far from making you a depraved monster, your thinking is probably far from original! This today is the consensus of opinion of psychiatrists, churches and the organizations in this city. The point being, you may be much harder on yourself than you are on others. When you learn to accept yourself, with all your foibles, you will be able to accept other's too. You and they will be happier when near.

There are a lot of half alive people running around in the world, any number of whom are "gay." If you're partially dead, it takes a little doing to turn on again. You're probably lonely. The more chronically one is lonely, the more selfish he becomes. "I just want someone to love me!" you cry. Do you? Usually not. Are you waiting for Prince Charming or Snow White to carry on with? Give up, Mary. The secret, the power to overthrow your loneliness is within. Put self aside and learn to love others! Paradoxically, concern will breed concern and (Sorry 'bout that) you'll lose your aloneness.

One way to learn concern is through uninhibited enthusiasm. Don't hide your feelings too well. Life is enjoyable Show everyone your happiness and share it with them. Applaud and praise at the least honest provocation. True appreciation never alienates anyone. Affectionate companions and amiable friends are rare, but if you become one you will have more than your share. If, when surrounded by "strangers," you can forget the presumed differences in favor of some assured parallels, living will be a hell of a lot easier to control.

PARK 5th Nc. keith st. clare

could be the work of anyone enforcing the narcotics laws of our state.

Had these illegal incidents happened in the Sunset among white middle-class families, there would have been a storm of protest, coupled with actions for damages which undoubtedly would be in favor of the individuals victimized by these officers who have no respect for the laws they have supposedly sworn to uphold. Yet people new to the city, who are strange and peculiar by middle-class standards are fair game for predatory officers such as Patrolman Arthur Gerrans in

CONTIN

HAPPINSTANCE

Glide Memorial Church, February 25th, 2:05 AM. How can you describe a happening in words? A happening cannot be set down neatly on paper and left for someone in the future to examine coldly; it must be felt, experienced lived, enjoyed, become a part of you while you become a part of it.

There are (how many?) people here this morning, all of them to one degree or another part of what is here. They are dancing, singing, sitting quietly and enjoying the presence of one another and giving off an aura of something that is not happiness, not joy, but simple truth; the truth of life, of being.

The "word" is that this will go on for a total of 72 hours, days and nights of people. People is the key word to this thing. People giving of themselves and being given. Love is sometimes giving.

Given what: Giving what? Love? Love is a word that is inadequate. It sits lightly on the mind, does not penetrate to the inner being. Perhaps life is the word.

Life...

by JERRY

the manifold joys and sorrows of being, of progressing from day to day, and night to night, looking, seeking, giving, receiving.....Life

Life...that is the word.....and.....Peace.



OH!

GLIDE MEMORIAL METHODIST CHURCH

AGAIN



Friday Night

Even the drags were there. Food for anyone in the basement. I saw pornographic movies in a room while a political discussion was in progress. We moved to Indian Chanting in the Sanctuary. The neo-American church. Jazz or free expression in the primary room. A real free expression press and we kissed over typewriters. (Suited people checking on pot in the bell tower) Vaughn Marlow in the sanctuary has called for an Abraham Lincoln Brigade of volunteer medics to assist in the Vietnamese conflict. A girl doing one topless in the typing room. Everyone turning on. People with coats still on who checked on people turning on in the basement. People to people halls. Color people. Orange and red and green and different people. The church as a live building. Looking around. Talent shows in the Game Room. Poems or verses. Groups singing. The Community Police Relations Officer was there. Gentlemen from the Chronicle wandered from floor to floor in some dazed condition. Who's Emmett Grogan? Live music everywhere. Playroom for kids. Religious avant gardy events in the sanctuary. One said a UFO was spotted over the Bell tower. No one uniformity of opinion. Hot people checking on people

-UED

Cuddle up a little closer...

BEFORE PAIN OF BREAKING ORGASM COMMUNION

I can stop and for reason I can sense alone I don't love
you, nor do you touch me

and we caress lying tethered to
our time and true hearts away and out hand together, but without
I kiss your lips, but not your mouth.

IN A LIFETIME: GALLONS of seminal fluid
soak throats, dribble panties with my wetted tongue I swallow love,
INJECT YOUR JERKING WHITE LOVE BLOOD. Tasteing it with the
BACK dentistry and faint from the smell of Emission, my saliva and his
WATER, filling my ears with wet red fingers and heated air
on my neck. With my hand in every brown orifice and searching for
his tingling or submission to Purple member, The red tit Messenger to
ENTER his iris ass, flowing pain to leg and shoulder and in THE GREASY
PLANE OF DEFECATION TORRENTS...I have squeezed my LUST inside A small
intestine bulges with my size pressed hard to his WORN belly
TAKING one bitter leap, I can LOOSE my SOILED semen and SLOWLY
with ERECTED pain, remove myself to let him heal tonight.

SOOTHING his wrinkled pride I've promised to wake HIM whenever HE
wishes a split again and laying my finger in a bruised

HOLE

I've slept beside his hemorrhoid heart and ankle ears and
Wished that I could BIND HIM HEAD AND HANDS AND
pull teeth and lance his limbs to opposing pillars and with a warm and
Sticky Prick Inflict His Stubbled Rounded Cheeks
Until each natural cavern collapsed from fright or loss of fight
and I could carve a cylinder 10 DEEP

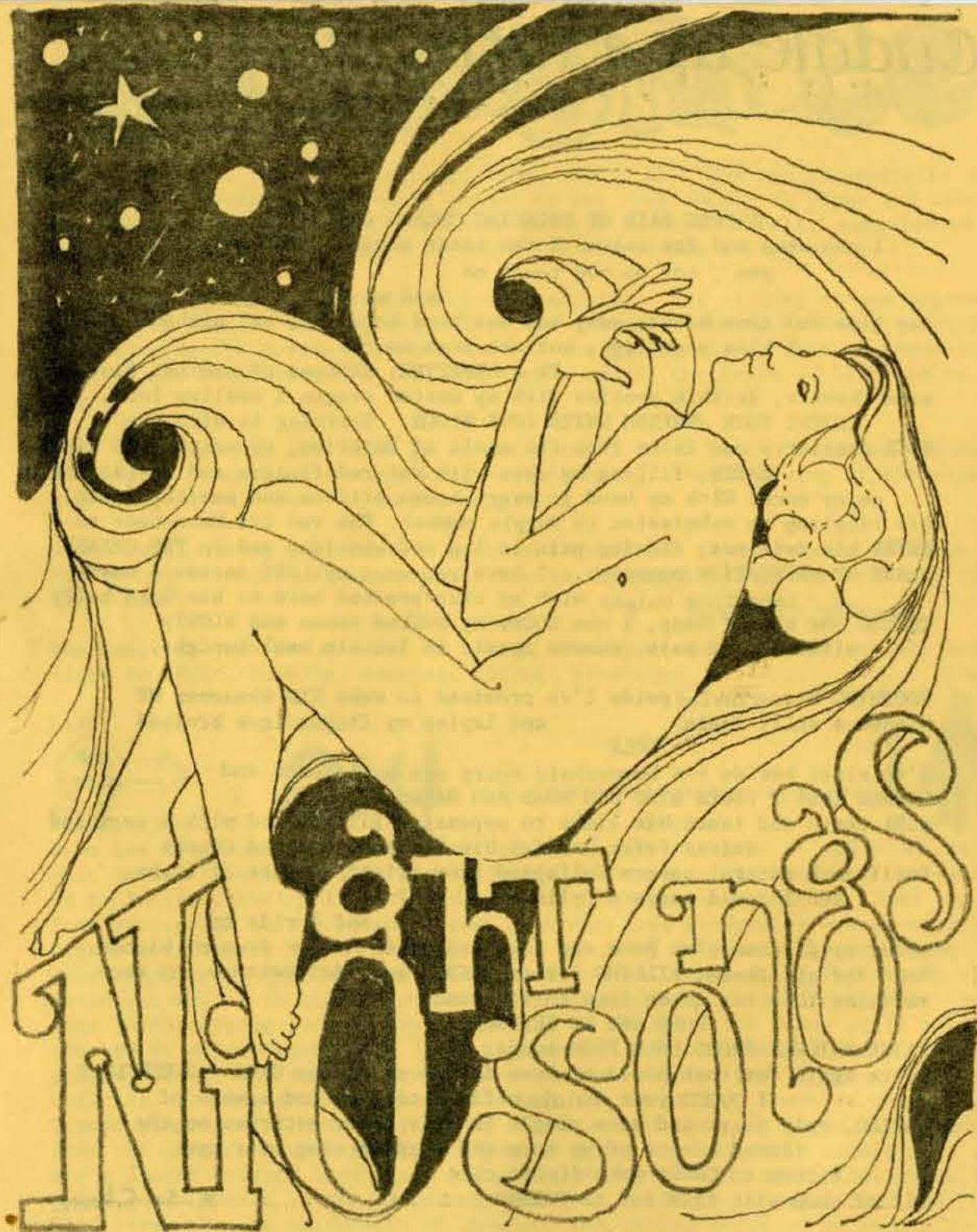
and $\frac{1}{4}$ wide to
shear my circumcision Bone and tuck tragedies inside from my blonde
head and childhood: KILLING father, CHURCH and circumstance and sac-
raficing this one queer lamp to lust and
HOPE AND TO REVENGE.

RAISE PRICKLE PROUD ONLY FROM hunger or
Taste again for that Blood of love inside my fallen SACK. CAREFULLY

I RAISE your colored farts to eyes and senses of
EATING, only yours and mine mingle in this paper mattress on the
tinted covers of my home and vespers sing over men

Bitten to their aphrodisiac clit
All of them slit from Ass to THRONE

K. St. CLARE



THE PEARL SHOULD BE LEFT TO THE
 OYSTER — EXCEPT FOR WHEN IT'S
 HAND PICKED FOR LOVE BY THE
 OOOO DIVER OOOO
 SHALL WE GO NOW — PURPLE INDIGO
 AWAITS OUR RETURN — SHALL WE GO
 NOW — THROUGH THE EVEN ON A
 SUNBEAM — SWIFT AS SHOOTING
 OOOO STAR OOOO
 AND TWICE AS DEADLY *
 LIFE • SOUL • DEATH •
 LOVE • FORTUNE • FAME
 STAR • SUN • MOON •

ON A MAN WALKING ALONG MARKET STREET--Alone

The sphinx moves
 hesitantly across the neon desert,
 Speeding up when the sands shift
 Suddenly (red to green),
 brushing against without acknowledging
 another sphinx
 (a faceless face--like a million other
 faceless faces)
 grappling for the starlight amidst the RED, YELLOW, GREEN
 "EAT AT JOES" and BUY THISTHATANDTHE OTHERTHING;
 looking for something tangible
 but not to be found while the lights of the
 Pharaohs conjure up false gods
 To gnaw at the starlight and the inner
 treasures of the sphinx
 until he too
 is resolved
 to the desert----a faceless god

Herbie's \$200.00 Suit

Rik [REDACTED]

Perhaps, if I were a frequent visitor to the bars, a part of the crowd rather than an outsider, I might never have noticed the group at a nearby table. No one else was paying any attention to them. The bartender had served them each a beer over an hour before and had not come near them since. But bartenders are used to a lonely crowd and as long as there is a place at the bar or a table free for other customers, they don't care how long one lingers over a drink.

He had served me with the same indifference he gave everyone. I'd come into the bar hoping to meet someone who could take my mind off my own problems and why I finally noticed these people, I don't know. Maybe I'd reached the limit of time I could spend alone with my own uncomfortable thoughts, and a scraping of chairs or a raised voice had pulled my attention on them.

The four were an off group. One, no more than twenty stood out from the other three who were spaced in a vague middle age bracket. They called him Herb, and he was somehow separated from them by more than age. He had soft, wheat colored hair, and the open, vacant good looks of the boys in the new cigarette ads.

He left the others to go to the men's room, parading across the room in the tightest levis I'd ever seen. With his scarlet T-shirt stretched equally tight on his six foot frame, his clothes proclaimed all the smooth lines of muscle and bone that belong to the athlete by right and to boys like him by cynical chance.

I felt compelled to smile at his crude sexuality. It may have been nothing more than the contrast of his youth and good looks set against the all-grayness of the bar and the eroded pallor of his companions that caught my eye. They all wore the look not of failure, but of never having tried. They were worn by time, and their clothes, faded and shapeless, were as much without identity as the flesh within.

When Herb came back, the three of them were talking quietly and laughing a bit about something.

"Hey, Herb" one called. "Where's ya two hundred dollar suit that we ain't seen yet? In the cleaners?"

"Herbie's the one who that got taken to the cleaners," another jeered.

"Yeah, Herb," the third man said, "you're sure in a mess now without Carl. No bread, no pad and back to hustling the streets. Ya should've stayed with him till ya had a rich John on the hook."

"How come you ditched him, Herbie? We thought you were getting kinda hung up on Carl."

Herb glared back angrily at the last remark. "On that fruit? I only stayed with him 'cause he was spending all kinds of dough on me. When his dough went I went."

"Who do you think kidding? Carl never had any dough worth mentioning in

his life."

"Well, he had it when I was with him," persisted Herbie. "I moved in when he promised me that two hundred dollar suit. After he bought it for me he didn't have no dough left so I walked out." He waited a moment, then added "Besides he was so damn jealous it wasn't worth all the jazz I had to listen to just to have a few extra bucks in my jeans. I can get me a rich John anytime I want, so who the hell needs a slob like Carl?"

"Well, for someone who can latch onto a rich trick anytime you sure are a sorry sight right now. You can't even spring for a lousy beer for us."

"A two hundred dollar suit, just listen to him," laughed another. "Why, ya stuck with him because you're just as fruit as he is."

Herbie's voice was shaken but defiant as he shouted back at them, "You washed up fags just wish you could make out as good as I do! You're all so ugly you'd starve to death if you depended on your looks for a handout."

The third man slammed his fist on the table and yelled, "Why, you crummy punk hustler. Who the hell do you think you're talking to; one of your two dollar tricks? Anybody who'd buy you a two hundred dollar suit would have to be out of his cotton pickin' mind 'cause anybody can get what you got for a meal and a bed and a five dollar bill. And they'd still be paying too Goddam much!"

Herbie no longer had a defense against their insults and sat meekly, silently staring at his empty beer glass.

TV (CONTINUED: THE FIRST OF TWO PARTS) COME.

ing masculinity, a sense of identity and self-respect. In fact Mike Wallace actually said that homosexuality is more dangerous to America than prostitution, abortion, dope, etc. Really!

Keeping all these dreary facts in mind we hurried out to a gay bar after the show and had a good time.-----editor

PARK COME.

his struggle to reach the top, in the personal crusade for his own glory. When are the people and the officials in charge of city government going to discipline officers who treat other human beings as nothing more than a dung heap to be tread on? NOW LET'S GO SEE THE QUEERS..



DO NOT SHOP LIFT!

I

Especially don't shoplift in Littleman's around Haight-Asbury. One fine Sunday last month at 2 pm, a hungry girl stole 70¢ worth of peanuts and cookies. For this atrocity she was brutally busted and placed on \$220.00 bail. Tilly [redacted] napped the desperado inside the store and with a steady twist on the wench's arm brought her to justice against the protestations of the store manager. Our inside says the gendarmes are cracking down on shoplifting in hipland. The girl said, "He grabbed my arm and pushed me around. When (my friend) offered to pay he told her to leave. The manager seeing her need asked the officier to drop the charges, but to no avail. Fact: She was guilty Second Fact: She was treated brutally and without real justice. Ironically the story ends thus; she was given a ten day suspended sentence and the officier ate the cookies.

II GRETA'S EVICTION!

Someone known to you as Greta G., has been brutally attacked by a local known as a bike rider. This action was a shame and a scandal and a totally unrelated to his standing as a rider. Indeed, bike rider morals forbid this sort of thing. Mr. Garbage is on welfare. We know about welfare. Government supported people usually suffer a kind of malicious poverty. Because Greta's check was one week late, he was unable to pay his rent. The landlord ordered him evicted and promptly sold G.G.'s life-collection of "dirty books." The amount received was strikingly less than the full commercial value of this collection. In blind desperation, a sad, old Greta assailed the owner and demanded retribution. He was severely beaten and ridiculed. Among those who know Mr. Garbage, few love him. He is lecherous and crude, but he is human and reasonably intelligent. A suit and a counter suit are in progress. The landlord, the manager and Greta will be judged by those who are paid for it. Let us hope they are just. Our point is-----there would be a saving to all if there were a little more true love in the T.L. as the antidote to "social service socialites" and officiers-of-the-peace in name only.

III

"Beatnik types are only parasites."

Dr. Clark Kerr, X of U. of C.

A group of parasites give a free meal daily to anyone; clothe and shelter people who request and burn money. Another group of parasites, operating in space donated by parasite merchants find jobs free of charge for anyone. Smiles are certainly in abundance in Parasite Land. Buenos Dias, happy beatniks!

"Academic people are parasites."

Arthur Lisch

COFFEE
House?
134 Eddy

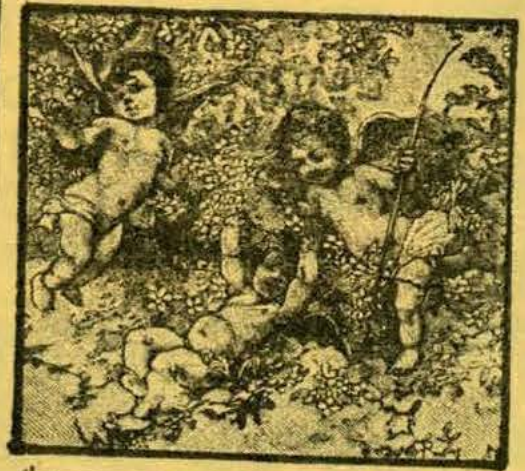


VD Secretary phone # [redacted]

VD Editory phone no. [redacted]

We elect Bill Beardemphl the most democratic editor in the land. ● We know you enjoyed the "Boyfriend." It simply was the greatest camp SF has seen yet. Indeed, all four performances were flawless. By Sunday night a camp stamp on every song and every motion demanded such a

series of encores and recalls that it was Monday before we could skip uptown. We think that Nancy, the clubfoot sweetheart stole the show. Our one small regret is that the waiters were underpaid, positioned unfairly and lecherized by the captain. ● Bravo cigarettes smell like pot and taste like smoked lettuce. Scoey Mitchell (at the Troubadour) says, "Wouldn't it be a bitch if marijuana is the cure for cancer?" ● Paranoid ideas are those which can't be dispelled through knowledge. ● The music is so loud at the Gilded Cage during Charles and Rio's number that your ass vibrates on the throne. Our advice is to see the show, but to tear up the cocktail napkin and stick wads of it in your ear. A great conversation starter to be sure. ● Nudists need not apply for the gay little flick being filmed by local professionals. However, positions are open (\$5 an hr) spasmodically...Ed. ● "It is best to follow tradition and work for change later. Tradition is an umbrella."--Mr. William K. Popham CC Police-Community Relations Chairman. ● Glory yes I paid my dollar to the giggling man in his new T-shirt, but found the mezzanine closed while the rug (ha ha!) was being shampooed. ● The poor break the law, the rich make it. ● In Viet Nam, where GIs starve for entertainment, a guitar becomes a life and death possession immediately. However, even more rare than instruments are the folk-type songs which a patriot can sing. Let us offer the following: "John Cho's Body (Lies A-Burning in the Fields)", or "These Boots are made For Walking (on Women and Children 4 out of 5 Times)", and if something can be done about the message, we'd even suggest, "We Shall Overcome". ● Folks, the main difference between SIR and Vanguard is that Vanguard's people are basically concerned with essentials. SIR members reflect a more financially secure croud. SIR is dominated by people who need sex. SU 1-1570.



ARTIFICATION

posters bodies bar wall murals windows or whatever for information call MIKE or leave message at: [redacted]

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& donuts

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Monday - Saturday

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prices!!!

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Discount
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honest, cheer-
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lower shelf
prices than the
"sale" prices of
any grocer in
San Francisco."

- Keith St. Clare

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eggs \$1 a case
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2 lbs. - 29¢
yams 3 lbs. .25¢
frozen juices
10¢ a can
canned vege-
tables 6 for \$1
bulk beans,
rice 2 lbs. 29¢
bulk noodles
only 15¢ lb.
refried beans
no. 303, 6/\$1
bread 4/\$1
dog food 10¢ lb.
50 lbs. of soap
for \$7.50
fruit cocktail
#2 1/2, 4/\$1
sogo, 24 cans
for \$4.50
lg. can of
peaches
5/\$1
all cigarettes
\$2.20 carton

Dear Horace

HORACE HORNEY

My problem is that I like straight boys. For about four months I have been going with the same fellow. Suddenly he has met a girl, fallen in love and wishes to leave me. I am willing to share him, but not to lose him. What can I do to keep him?

A Sugardaddy

Dear Daddy,

You are a masochist. Realize this and make your decision. Either continue dating straights as a rule and suffer as they seek their destiny or find a gay partner who is compatible and who will allow you to date straight whenever your fetish demands.

Admiringly yours, Horace

We Do T.V.

The ever-pompous Dean Rusk shrugged and smiled smugly before the camera after hearing that homosexuals were picketing the White House. Would it surprise him too (as it does us), that some of America's gay millions voted for his Sugar-Daddy, LBJ? Then later Gore Vidal blasted Professor Albert Goldman for such sweeping generalizations as, "Homosexuals are extremely clannish and have a reputation for helping one another" (It follows they are therefore dangerous to heterosexuals). Anyway, it looks like he's never been in the T-L.... In another scene ex-vice officers Castro and Nieto brought an "occasional man" to "justice". And so on....

It all happened March 7, 10 PM on CBS. That long-suppressed CBS special "The Homosexuals," narrated by Mike Wallace, was finally presented as a public service to the nation. No commercials either---not a soap nor a bra would dare. Then a Doctor Socaridies insisted no homosexual can be happy for long, a bisexual they interviewed felt that his wife would leave him soon, and a young man remembered how terrified he was when he first began to suspect he was "different." Not a single gay, straight or otherwise lady was heard (the DOB were the first to note, with dismay). Mr. & Mrs. America were reminded again and again that we are one of the most despised minorities. Although a majority of people interviewed in a poll conducted especially for the documentary felt that homosexuality was a sickness, a majority also felt that legal penalties should be enforced for acts conducted in private by mutually consenting adults! Amid all this jollity, Mom and Dad were admonished for failing to fulfill their respective roles. Dr. Brown even went as far as to say, "I don't believe it possible to produce a homosexual in a family where the father is warm and affectionate toward his son." And more of the same. Homosexuals were portrayed as mortally afraid of women, envious of and seek-

CONTINUED....

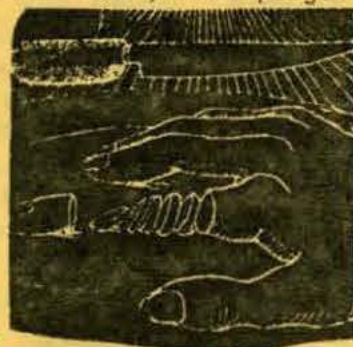
LOOSE NEWS

YOU CAN FIGHT CITY HALL!
Protect yourself and your
love with legal, efficient
reaction to the silver br-

oaches. 1st call O.R. Ba
11, 552-2202 and then t
he Neighborhood Legal S
ervices. Both exist to
bring the benefits of

protection under the law to those who have long been denied. Re-
member! The poor break the laws; the rich make the laws. It soon
will be time for those who are willing to spend \$100,000 to get a job
that pays \$25,000 a year to be needing your vote. Don't give it to
someone who wants your ass in the crack. Vote wisely. More later. The VD
cheers them if they're right; spears them if they're wrong. Police are
making unofficial inquiries into possible affiliations between us and the
Hell's Angels. We heard VP Humphrey say that if America does not solve
its problems of prejudice, "The cause of world peace and freedom will have
suffered a serious, perhaps fatal setback." Also, that prejudice is one of
"the greatest dangers to human survival
course, he didn't mean all prejudice,
meant the politically advantageous anti-
judice. Anyway, I think the real mess-
clear as black and white. We all have a
and a common threat. The Negro, the
hippie are victims of simultaneous in-
from the same sources. We call on our
brothers to help all of us in our
We need your support and we pledge ours.

Tel. # is [redacted] Homosexuals
right of freedom of assembly, according to the California Supreme
Court Ref. #1 Cal. Rep. 4999, Dec. 3, 1959. "Informed sources"
have told us that the SFPD Bribery Fund is up to \$25,000 a year
in pay-offs to informers. Payment is in cash, booze, stolen
goods or dope. What do you think about the implications of the
Real-1st magazine concerning the connection between the CIA and
the shotgun slaying of Malcolm X? Rev. Ray Broshears predicts that LBJ
will not run again, and that Gov. Reagan will try for the U.S. Senate...The
Western Homophile Conference is planned for April. It will be in the malign-
ant land of the Tyrannosaurus Blue--Los Angeles...27,000 cliquey civil
"servants" live in upper middle-classy Sunset and Taraval. You'd be amazed
how many are related...The Diggers "banana boycott" and picket of the re-
cent Winterland Love Circus succumbed to the ingenuity of the managers--
reputed to be puppets of a local mob. Righteous agitators entered free, and
thus the banana folded...The Establishment isn't ready for Vanguard yet. It
will never be ready unless we make it ready...Don't give your money to those
who would string you up by the balls. Help those who recognize your person-
ability. Gay merchants pay for your trade in loss of sales from "decent"
citizens...69



today." Of
he only
Negro pre-
age is as
common aim
gay and the
justices
"straight"
struggle.
Vanguard's
have the

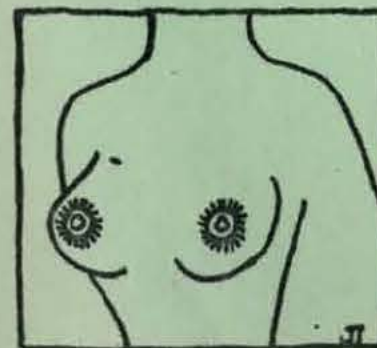
OH GLIDE! CONT.

screwing in the basement, in the bell tower, and in the mens' rooms. Anyone
creating? Did anyone find Bob [redacted]? Why did John Dillinger Computer file
their copies for the posterity when everything they say doesn't count after
now? Obsenity trials in the basement proved fruitless, but some did go. Love
Axiom. A girl who wanted her boyfriend to show his ultimate love asked him
to commit the ultimate crime. He grabbed her, raped and left. When people
are not specific in their wishes, they get screwed. All children were lost.

Envold Co. was attacked by the Trojans as rubber condoms were popped before
laughing crowds. At last the sanctuary was seized by a bright light in the
eye. A homestringer and diluter of the first water forbade climax in no un-
certain terms.

Lights and colors and people. A man searched for homosexuals to interview..
Resurgence people putting things on Walls. I.W.W. people from New York play-
ed recorders and we met Chester. Mayor Shelley penetrated. All young, wierd
men living and running the whole scene. Doing it now. Some of their fathers
in the army. Things in German. Excited long hair belles, hunchbacked anima-
tion kids in creation. One boy painted chemical myths melting and flowing
into each other. "Legalize Living" Buttons. "Let's ask and give free," from
a Digger. Blowing up the Statue of Liberty --Dogs in the building, fighting.
Small halls. Cromagnon attitudes and liberal, super-loose frantic looking.

We followed with "Take A Virgin To Lunch Week." A good fuck-for-peace argu-
ment was given. I felt more like I did now than before I came in! There were
hoos and boos. Whatever, it was real. Just gentle police; commitments were
made and broken. I saw a nude man on the altar. The burial service for the
flowers. Beer people, Lenore Kandell and dialogues--real dialogues with light
in the sanctuary. Things carried out into the street and Claude's bustable
barn versus unbustable Glide. We, the people wanted to do our thing there. A
masturbation type of thing. But wax on cushions, heel cuts and shit blew the
Church's mind. 548 Commercial up and off. Dispersing persons gloom. Stop it!
Go to the beach! Word dealers beware from the office! And Saturday Morning.



WANT SOME SHOTS
LIKE THESE?
Sorry, we don't
have any. But,
we do have some
lovely picture-
postcards of
the Rocky Moun-
tains--call VD:
[redacted] Editor

5 MORE PEACE TALK CONTINUED

It is fact that peace is not
the answer. Indeed, it is the
result. The way is by a selfish
preservation of each living
person. The way is through fun.
Maybe the answer is unity and
love of unity. Perhaps this can
still be done through the U.N.
I don't really know. How do you
feel about it? --ed.

SIR AIDS

A small group of concerned people met in a private home less than three years ago and formed the Society for Individual Rights. Since then the organization has expanded to almost 600 members who meet at the SIR Community Center, and elsewhere, to take part in many programs.

This society was organized to reaffirm individual pride and dignity regardless of orientation; to accomplish effective changes in unjust laws concerning private relationships between consenting adults; to eliminate the public stigma attached to human self-expression; to give real and substantial aid to members in difficulties; to promote better physical and mental health and to create a sense of community.

A referral service is available to those who seek information on housing, legal aid, employment, ministerial and medical assistance. SIR works with and supports such groups as Citizens Alert, the San Francisco Health Clinic, the American Civil Liberties Union, the Community Relations Unit of the San Francisco Police Department, the San Francisco Tavern Guild, the San Francisco Council on Religion and the Homosexual, and the many active homophile groups.

The community center at 83 Sixth Street is open weekdays from 11:00 A.M. to 7:00 P.M. and at other hours when there are scheduled events. All interested persons under 21 are welcome during these hours and are invited as guests to attend the open meetings held the third Wednesday of each month at 8:00 P.M.

