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Volume One - Number 10

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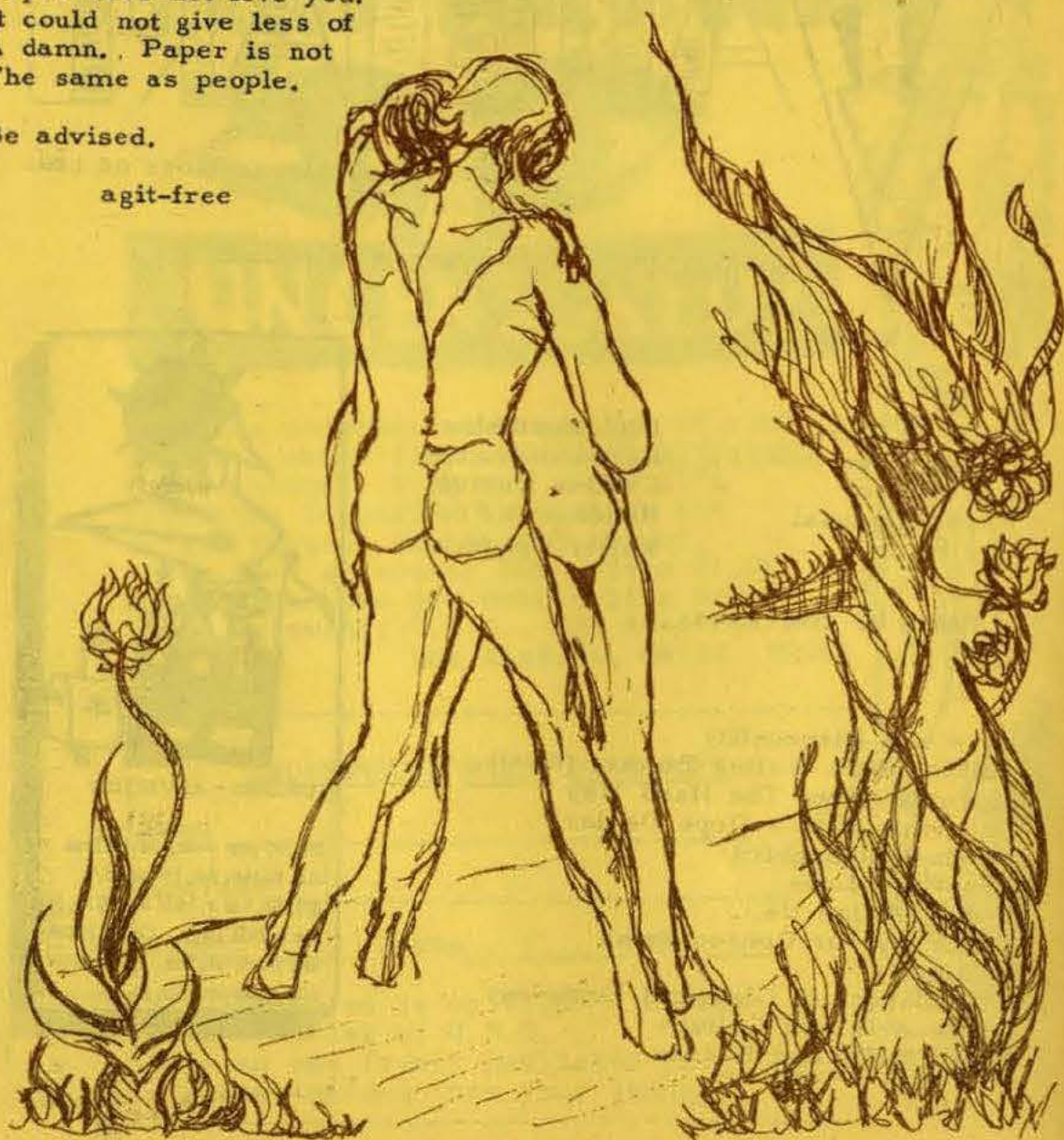


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# LOVE AND BISEXUALITY

Although in the literature of psychology there are thousands of books and articles on the subject of homosexuality, there is almost nothing on bisexuality. Why this enormous discrepancy? Because bisexuality is so rare--or of so little interest from a psychological standpoint?

The answer emerges if we keep in mind that the learned authorities of any society, "objective" though they may strive to be, are still members of that society, who have great difficulty in breaking through the ideological framework which is built into every member of the society and into the relationships between members.

Bisexuality is much more strongly tabooed than exclusive homosexuality; it is associated historically with "pagan" gods of pre-Christian religions and their followers in ancient Greece, Persia, Egypt, Rome, etc., as well as with witches and other heretics during the 13th - 17th centuries, when the inquisitions (both Catholic and, from the 16th century, Protestant also) dominated all of western Europe.

It is also associated with "savages" in many "primitive" societies throughout the world. In early mission times in San Francisco, the Franciscan monks burned alive some American Indians for the awful practice of bisexuality (see the chapter on witchcraft in Robert Briffault's, *The Mothers*).

The exclusive homosexual, especially one who attempts to conceal his nature and looks properly guilty, unhappy, or seared, is playing a role which, though "disapproved" and "outlawed," is nevertheless tolerated by our society. He performs a valuable, though ultimately destructive service, by providing someone who can be looked down upon and pitied.

"Sin" is permissible if the individual clearly pays a price for it (this is one of the reasons alcohol is legal while marijuana is not). The learned authorities who are oriented toward "sin" are much more comfortable with exclusive homosexuality than with bisexuality, because the former can easily be classified as "pathological" (because the failure to be attracted to the opposite sex is clearly a deficiency or limitation of function) whereas the latter cannot.

The tendency to classify anyone as "homosexual" on the basis of even one homosexual experience -or even on the basis of "homosexual tendencies" - avoids the difficulty of thinking about bisexuality

and has the added advantage of forcing the individual into one of the two monosexual paths.

Let us now approach this subject from a developmental standpoint. It is clear that the young child needs close affectionate relationships with both sexes to develop optimally, and it is impossible to give a young child a feeling of being loved without at times expressing one's love physically - children need to be held, otherwise they will literally shrivel up, begin to move in a mechanical or jerky manner, "droop", withdraw, get sick, etc. Love is a more basic need than sex, Freud notwithstanding.

Now at what point does the individual stop needing physical affection from both sexes? There is no such point; throughout life we all have this need.

The need tends to be denied, however, by both heterosexuals and homosexuals, partly because of the official and public stress on monogamy. Homosexuals who get "married" and live in strict and sometimes self-righteous monogamy illustrate this point.

Whenever an extreme exists within a society, the opposite also exists; promiscuity, like official monogamy, is extremely common. The two are often combined; there are many men who have sex with prostitutes or strangers whenever convenient but who are nevertheless monogamous in the sense of knowing only their wives.

The other women used as sexual partners are not known as individuals at all, but merely as females carrying out a female function. Many wives would object that their husbands do not know them either, but they are talking at a different level.

Promiscuity is an escape from the possessiveness and impossible demands generated by monogamy--one feels safe with a stranger, because the latter can make no damaging demands upon one's feelings.

Monogamy and promiscuity form merely one illustration of "opposites" whose co-existence prevents effective and desirable cultural change, other such pairs being prudishness and pornography and mechanism and mysticism.

These extremes, though at first appearing to be at odds with one another, are opposite sides of the same coin which mutually support and reinforce each other.

The officially severe sanctions against homo-



sexuality - including everything from men who think they are "in reality" women to the proto-fascistic variety which was popular in early Nazi Germany, especially in the military (Capt. Roehm, et al); this latter variety, like a common variety of male heterosexuality, downgrades all "feminine" characteristics and exalts all that are "masculine."

Among one of the Melanesian societies, on the other hand, one in which all males engage in homosexuality during adolescence and adult life, exclusive male homosexuality is non-existent. When asked by Davenport, the anthropologist who studied them, whether they had ever heard of a man who was exclusively homosexual, they laughed and looked astonished—I am indebted to Dr. Evelyn Hooker of UCLA for this information).

By depriving bisexuals of social identity and acceptable social roles we force individuals into a monosexuality (hetero or homo) which breeds dissatisfaction, longing, loneliness, alienation, jealous possessiveness, impossible demands upon the mate, etc., because neither sex alone can satisfy all the emotional and physical needs of an individual.

Love does not flourish under such conditions and the emotional quality accompanying sex tends to become that which is expressed by such phrases as "fuck you" - an expression originating perhaps from the practice of rape, not only of women but also among boys.

It is hardly an exaggeration to state that there are no taboos on sex per se in our society. Most men (and many women), especially in urban centers, have "all the sex they want," of any variety, if they are willing to accept the conditions under which sexual acts are available, namely, clandestine and often very expensive arrangements with prostitutes, strangers, or people whom one knows but for whom one has little respect.

The taboos are not against sex but against "indiscretion" - i.e., open violations of the official rules. This is especially the code of the "upper" and "upper middle" classes, who tend to lead their private lives as they please but are usually very careful to be "discreet."

It was not Oscar Wilde's homosexuality but his openness that so shocked, scandalized, and frightened the upper and upper middle classes of England; the same was true over sixty years later with the Profumo scandal. "Discretion" is a so much nicer word than "hypocrisy" or "cowardice," and any well-bred person might point out that one can easily go to the bathroom rather than pee on the floor in front of everyone.

Nevertheless, when anyone is caught and exposed, the failure to defend him from the savage and stupid

cruelties of the "authorities" and the "public" shows the true colors of the ruling classes. This point is admirably elaborated by Sir Compton Mackenzie in *Certain Aspects of Moral Courage* (Doubleday, 1962), an important and neglected book.

Women are sometimes puzzled by the inability of men to combine love (friendship) and sex. A woman whom I saw in group psychotherapy asked in a plaintive voice one day, "Dr. Adams, why can't a man love a woman?"

If she had been either an "intellectual" or a wallflower I would not have been so impressed with her observation, but she was neither. She had been loved in a "romantic" sense by more than one man, but she had sensed something lacking - too much of one kind of love and too little of another.

The answer lies, I believe, in the homosexual taboo, where feelings of friendship and sex become finally separated. This separation is perhaps just as common among homosexuals as among heterosexuals - many of the former are just as unlikely to sleep with their friends as the latter are.

There are many men who are so afraid of homosexuality that they will never touch another man, just as there are many homosexuals who are so afraid of being detected that they touch other men only in strict privacy. Ideologists sometimes reinforce this madness - two psychologists in a clinic in Southern California were criticized by other staff members for "touching the young men who were patients," as though they had some "latent tendencies" which they needed to "work through."

Fears of homosexuality - or of the appearance of homosexuality) and the resulting feelings of alienation from other men account for the stiff, wooden, or zombie like appearance and behavior of many men, both homosexual and heterosexual.

When people are inhibited from close affectionate contact, they eventually become "cold," anxious, depressed, etc. They may still talk of love, but it is claimed to be of a higher type.

This higher type of love for all mankind was expressed by the inquisitors (largely Dominicans and Franciscans trained not only in the love of God but also in communal brotherhood) by imprisoning (without even the due process found in the civil courts of the time), terrifying, torturing, and burning some of their love objects (the objects were "abandoned to the secular arm," in order to preserve the motto, "The Church abhors bloodshed").

Their modern counterparts can be found among those mental health experts who "treat" their patients as they would treat some part of the body. (I have elaborated on this parallel in a long essay

to be published this year by Esalen Institute - "Cynicism and Matricide").

The freedom to love and be loved tends to make people strong, not only by providing strong positive feelings (including that all too rare jewel of an emotion, joy), but also by creating an atmosphere of trust, in which privacy may be respected but in which "secrets" do not have to be kept and guarded.

In a hypocritical society the individual is at the mercy of the ideologists who are also deluded but who nevertheless have access to information not available to the ordinary person, because they have many people revealing their "secrets" to them. The physician, psychotherapist, priest, lawyer, judge, or accountant may know the "sins" of many members of the community, including many who have not "confessed" to him directly - thus he can be a formidable enemy, especially if he is willing to be ruthless and unethical.

Some ideologists, however, wake up at least to the extent that they see the absurdity of perpetuating a hypocritical society. If they do not go permanently mad in a way that impairs their functioning (this sometimes happens - in the backwards of a mental hospital one can sometimes find a former psychiatrist), they may actually turn against hypocrisy and try to destroy it by exposing it.

Luther and Calvin did this in the 16th century, but unfortunately retained and created some rules which were still much too severe (i.e., strict monogamy). Among those ideologists in our time who have attempted to expose the absurdities of hypocrisy, which most men do not see as absurd but as a necessary evil or even an interesting game, are T.S. Szasz (*The Myth of Mental Illness*, Law, Liberty, and Psychiatry, etc.), Erving Goffman (*The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life*, Asylums, Stigma, etc.), Morris Ploscowe (*Sex and the Law*), G. Rattray Taylor (*Sex and History*), and Wilhelm Reich (*The Sexual Revolution*, etc.).

Nothing in the foregoing should be taken to imply that social pressure should be put upon anyone to become bisexual, to abandon promiscuity, monogamy, or celibacy, to sleep with his friends, etc. On the contrary, each individual should be allowed by the community to pursue his own sexual needs, as he feels and perceives them to be at the time, as long as he respects the rights of others. In such an atmosphere, in which the individual feels that his rights are respected by the community, a feeling of love has a chance to flourish, especially among strong people who are willing to take the responsibility for their own actions. Des-

pite the "sexual revolution" people are still sex-starved (even some "hippies" are), but they are even more starved for love and joy. Many patients in mental hospitals cannot come alive because they are not allowed to "act out" sexually in whatever way they are capable. Sexual freedom coupled with intelligence, information, and honesty can lead to a great increase in the healing and revitalizing emotions of love and joy. Absurd though it may sound, the answer to the age old question, "Why can't people love each other more than they do?" is because we are not allowed to.

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JD: What do you mean by enlightenment?

Walter Bowart, editor of the East Villiage Other: When a man finds his universal self he finds a social self and an intellectual self. The paper tigers are part of the illusion. The game players are the masses. The full aware self is a revolutionist. I'm for passivity as long as it works. Until recently I was for Haight, for instance. However now, I believe this country is coming to a burning. I don't want to be burned.

Talking with  
Walter  
Bowart  
(EVO)



The guy who has power now in Americal is not the intellectual. He is merely a dilentante. Money and money men are the forces that matter to this country. Before we can get to the point where we can love one another, we must drop our phoney illusions. There is no choice but to scream out and rebell. The majority of New York for instance is mad up of plastic people with unconcious eyes which have been bulldog bred. It's not really all their fault, of course. There are two forces at work--the men who are striving for enlightenment and those who wish to hinder the evolution so that everyone remains a slave. A slave is what? A slave is one who is tied to all those things that have been profitable primarily to the traditional European aristocarcy. Although the traditions are not physically familial, they are intellectually familial. Those who are enlightened enough to realize that a game is being played usually remove themselves from the chess board, but they continue to play with the pawns. Almost always too, the pawns remain ignorant of their position even as pawns. Logically, the superior man then is one who gets off the chess board and just doesn't play. That's what is meant by dropping out. I'm still involved in the game to a point, but I'm working to drop out in my own time. Each man has his own point of enlightenment. Meanwhile back to the game...

The day is coming very soon when the liberal is going to cease to tolerate the Utopian-seeking, anarchistic freeing forces which the black disinfranchized youth and the traditional artists represent. Now a liberal is a difficult thing to define, man. But you might say that

the liberal forces have made it possible that only safe-don't-rock-the-boat-art is supported. The hippie movement represents nothing more than the middle 20th century art forms invented by the surrealistics and the Daddists. It has become emasculated. It has become safe-don't-rock-the-boat-type. America has the ability to absorb the superficial qualities of an art form while leaving out the contents that are potentially dangerous to the 2000 year old status quo. So, uh, if art is life (or if life is art) then war is death. But often neither fortunately or unfortunately it is necessary to die before either can occur. Possibly that is why we have had all the great art movements within a social or political art movement. And the "We shall overthrow" movement which represents the marriage of the new black nationalists with the much older forces of the Militant Left. The latter, after some blood letting will probbly become the "We shall overcome ourselves" movement which is where it's always at really anyway.

So I sit here perplexed, attached to my time and not yet able to wholly overcome myself before the mythic farce which interferes with the realization of a Universal man.

The main difference between any two things is the reality principle. In New York any fantasies that are entertained do not involve an escape from the outside, whereas in California it is possible to get away from the external fantasy into an internal one. I think NY is our most important national park. It needs a lot of ecological guidance to reinstate a balance, but as Hugh Romney says, "San Francisco is alive in New York." Also, I mean the same forces are everywhere and that there is a total exchange of ideas between the coasts. If SF is the laboratory, NY to me is the proving ground.

We're all striving for enlightenment. Everyone has to do it in his own world and in his own way. There is no WAY. I am only telling you the way of my attempt. In SF the plot is more insidious though, because you are not as aware of the culmination of the Judeo Christian materialistic myth. Whereas in NY ther can be no question as to the horror of the myth.





# Identification: the Hard Way

hal van nlak

I ask you - and me - when I hit my thumb with a hammer - to have blood spurt out from under your fingernail - and to say, with me, "Cha-rist Almighty!" With no pretension of recognizing reverence in my cry - but giving my pain full reverence.

I ask me - and you - to feel sweetness, desire, the tenderness of the homosexual - with him or her - the same as he does toward his or her lover.

If you are a homosexual, I ask you - and me - to feel the tenderness of Juliet, the passion of Romeo - joi de vivre of Fanny Hill when you see conventional couples embrace.

I ask me - and you to tear down the goal-posts, rend the stadium with cheers, when someone cleans a basement, washes dishes - and that basement, those dishes are cleaner than any such since the dawn of time.

I ask you - and me - to feel, experience, know at first hand, the the cold hate the lost Hippie feels towards you, wearing the tie, driving the late model car.

I ask me - and you - to tolerate nothing, accept nothing, forgive nothing - but to feel with him every nuance of his hate, his contempt

for you, his bafflement with you. And I ask you - and me - to demand in the most effective way you can - not the most self-satisfactory way to you - I ask you to demand the same Being-in-your-shoes, being-in-your-flesh and blood, the same living in your background, from those whose life you are feeling with every inch of your - his - body.

I have known this miracle once physically dramatically, and surely. My then-wife had migraine headaches, a pain which she described as an axe driven into the skull - and it would go on for days. I asked - prayed in my unGodly way, asking no name deity - that I might take her pain for a brief respite. And I answered my prayer - woke from sound sleep screaming aloud with intolerable pain. It lasted less than a minute, and I've not had it since - or before. I had her axe driven into my skull.

It is possible, then. It is possible the pain, the final external nothingness of the man you kill, I kill.



Once there was perfection in your thin, angular body. In a moment you could be high, above the clouds my clumsy feet were always stationed, to the wet hard cold earth;

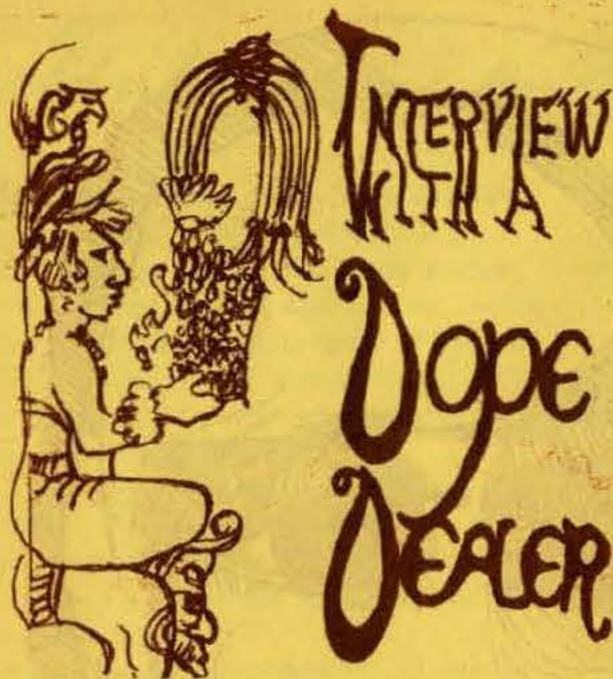
but you, with such beauty of notion, would soar to heights and places unknown to me. Even my thin thread of reality could not restrain your restless moods. I pretended I could hold you, and when I did, you cried, "Let me go! Aeolus, Aeolus, take me away!"

Now Aeolus, the force you loved so much, has made you his slave, forever.

Kathy







What does being a dealer mean to you?

Timothy: Because of me and my efforts a lot of people are turning on. A lot of people who would spend their lives killing their head are learning to use it. I'm in the dope business based on the supposition that if people turn on in the right situation with the right frame of mind, it will be a pleasant and a learning experience.

VD: Most people think dealers do it principally for the money and that is is a Dirty Business. How do you react to that?

Timothy: It is a dirty business. The people I buy from are pow-

er-hungry, egocentric maniacs. They are the paranoids of the hip generation. But, the people that I sell to are those that I like and respect and trust--or I wouldn't sell to them. I feel that the unpleasant aspects of the dope business is something I want to shoulder, to allow my clients to enjoy good, honest, dope. That's what I'm paid for--the high risk, the pressure and the patience.

VD: What should the price of pot be in this state?

Timothy: \$15 a kilo, including taxes at the corner drug store. I'd like to see it sold in colored boxes at \$1 an ounce to people over 18. However my ideas are still considered Utopian. Nonetheless, there should only be enough legislation to encourage people to abstain from driving under the influences or to give it to minors not in the immediate family.

VD: Why did you become a dealer?

Timothy: It's my thing. Initially, a few semi-straight friends asked me to cop some pot for them. I enjoyed the excitement and the tension of dealing so I've stuck with it. My secondary reason is money. You see, I'm kind of a misfit in this world basically. Dealing is a semi-conscious attempt to shoot the finger at the society. I really can't feel per-

secuted too much though, but I can't really conform to society either.

VD: How much do you fear narcotics officers?

Tim: Not very much. I'm very careful. My problem is police informers and criminals who may rip me off for my dope or bread.

VD: Do you want to be a rich dealer?

Tim: I don't want to be a wholesaler. I'd like to be a large retailer dealing primarily with the consumer. I don't like quantity deal personalities. I'd like to have 50 steady customers.

VD: How much salary do you expect a month?

Tim: \$150.00 a week.

VD: What do you do with all that money?

Tim: There are some risks you know. I run the risk of being busted and if that happens I need money to beat the rap. Of course, I need to keep a small pile to invest from. Also, I need a car to lessen my risk. My biggest money goal is to fill a safe-deposit box with money and then to leave the county..I don't anticipate living in this country 2 years from now.

VD: Why are you leaving?

Tim: My reasons are apocalyptic.

I see a militaristic situation in which small wars will be fought on several fronts for the next 20 years unless there is a radical change in the government's foreign policy. I see a severe break in educational institutions forthcoming. Even now, educational media is almost non-existent. With the foreign policy as it is, I see within the next decade more and more hysteria directed toward deviant behavior.

VD: What do you mean by deviant behavior?

Tim: Actually I hear "abhorrent" behavior--harmless, though unpopular. Some examples are those who consume illegal drugs, the "drop-outs" in the obvious sense, homosexuals and pacifists. There is very little tolerance now toward unpopular thought and action. More restrictions would make it more unbearable for all.

VD: How do you think people should use drugs?

Tim: Opium should be used as a medicine. Cocaine, I won't deal steady in it. I'd use it for a tooth extraction. Speed might be useful as an aid for the release of energy in pressed situations. But a regular gig is odious and harmful. I wouldn't recommend it used as a wakefulness drug for more than a day or during driving. Grass and hash should be used as openers to esthetic perception. It's a peek thru into what we're really



like. Acid, mescaline etc. are the most intense pschdelic catalysts we have now. They should be used as the "doors of perception" and as aids to discovering the levels of consciousness. I think it is possible to explore the entire spectrum of reality.

VD: There's a lot of dilution of drugs in the area. Are you very concerned?

Tim: I haven't found that to be true. I won't cop just anything anyway. The acid and the grass that I sell is the best available. The reason again is simple. I like to deal with steady customers.

VD: Do you see dealing as an honorable thing or as a tradition?

Tim: Yes, I do. There are so many dealers who are unreliable, vicious, ambitious, dangerous people. There are 1000's of consumers who despise getting their dope from the dealer. I think it should be a pleasant thing. Copping should be no more odious than grocery shopping.

VD: Suppose pot was legal would you sell it then?

Tim: No. VD: Why? Tim: If it was legal it would be sold in the pharmacy and I don't want to work with a pharmacy. VD: Don't you think it would be sold in a more colorful store than the Rex-all Drugs?

Tim: Maybe, but I think it would probably just replace liquor to many people and therefore the purchase would be regulated and taxed. There would be more indulgence of course, but fewer problems and insights.

VD: What problems will still exist when it is legal?

Tim: It won't be legal in this generation. The problems in 30-40 years when it is legal will be similar to those encountered now with alcohol. Consumption in social and emotional situations may bring harm to the individual or to other people if the user is so disposed. People shouldn't take it as an escape or as a panacea anyway, I think.

VD: Do you deal much in the tenderloin?

Tim: No I've lived there, but I didn't like it and so I moved. I absolutely won't sell in the TL. It's very difficult there to tell the good people from the bad. VD: Who are the good people and the bad people anywhere? Tim: Well, I've no generalizations. But to me as a dealer, the people who are headed toward arrest are the bad people. These people-about-to-be-in-trouble are the ones who become police informers either willingly or through some sort of trickery.



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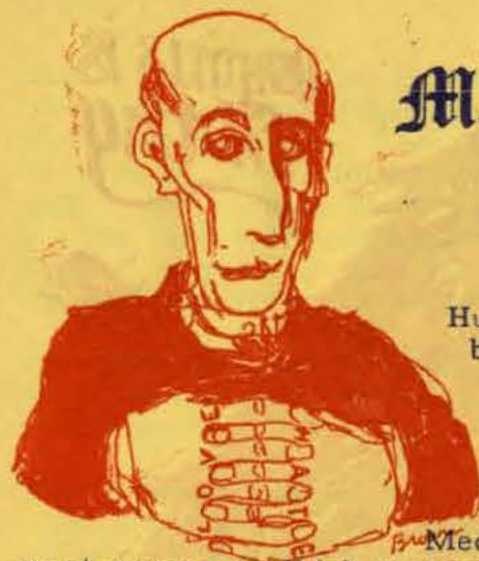
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REVISED: November 1964.





## Mavis Mockingbird:

### Library book review

By Miss Mavis Mockingbird  
of Mouldering Pines, Mississippi

Hullo, you all! This is Mavis with another book review. And this month, we only received one new book at the Davis-Lee-Jackson-Early Memorial Library. And I am really shocked at the smut that the "yankees" are putting forth. "Oral Love" by R. J. Hagerman, and published by Medco books in Smog Angeles. Now, I don't

want anyone to think that we down here in Mouldering Pines are narrow, and bigotted, but really! The title of the chapters are just gastly. "Lovers' Kisses", "The Peculiar Art of Oral Masterbation", "Illegal Kisses", and the most evil of all "The Mouth of the Male Homosexual". Now, I want to tell you, that if my civil service rules didn't call for me to have to read every single piece that comes in, I surely would have not. So, I took several tranquilizers, smoked a little grass, and began. Now, you have to be depraved to read something like this, really, just listen to this, "Fellatio to those unaware of such terms refers to oral sex in which the p---- is taken into the mouth, and stimulated whether or not a climax occurs". Baby Jesus save us. Can you imagine such smut. And another, "Cunnilingus is the act of applying the mouth to the female g----, for stimulation until an orgasm occurs". Such terms as "Muff diving" and "going down" and "frenching" are used throughout this trashbook. And they way they describe the acts, oh my heart, "I'm not overly big, seven inches, but it's thick, and the sight of it surprises him, and after a little playing around, I felt something warm cover the head of my p----. It startled me for a few seconds until I realized it was his lips. They slid down about half way then back off. He worked on it about ten minutes, up and down, slow and fast, and sucking. He continued right through the ejaculation". Now, as the Confederacy is my holy witness, I feel that such writers should be delt with by the Klan. I being a real southern lady of course do not understand just what all of these terms mean, for we don not have occurances like this down here in beautiful Mouldering Pines, Mississippi. They speak so freely of mutual c and c licking, that it almost makes me upchuck, as it would any real lady.

Can you imagine a lady allowing herself to be used in this way as described on page twenty-five, "Spread your thighs, you see how I'm adjusting her. Her ass is all yours. Suck it while my tongue licks her c". So vulgar. I don't know what this world is coming to. Another vulgar passage was, "I'm a size queen," and "If I'm going to put a c in my mouth, I want to know that it is there." Any creature so perverted as that...well. Then someone named Ron was quoted as saying, "There's nothing wrong with a blow job. I'd be a liar if I said I didn't like getting my c--- sucked. But I only do that with guys." Another place was so bad that I had to upchuck again. A man said that he liked to put oysters into the vagina, and then suck them out. O dear, my poor ancestors, what they would say if they only knew such perversion was going on. The North would be burnt to the ground, and these creatures who partake in such sick acts would be done in with. In all of the years my late beloved busband Beau & I were married, I do not believe that sex ever entered into the picture. God rest his soul. But, sometimes I do wonder what he looked like all over. But, enough of my happy past. I am not going to allow this book to be put on the library shelves, I shall take it, and lock it in a trunk in my bedroom so that the children of the South shall be saved from the horrors of the perverted Yankee carpetbagger press. So...lovies to you all, till next time. Miss Mavis

### AFFIDAVIT OF NON-VIOLATION OF PRIVACY

1. I am not a police officer.
2. I am not a police informant.
3. I am not a participant observer seeking to develop information for use in prosecutions of violations of criminal laws.
4. I am not an employee, regular or special, of any governmental agency seeking to develop information for prosecutions of criminal laws.
5. I am not a private investigator seeking to develop information of a confidential nature.
6. I have never been employed or engaged in any of the above positions on a regular or special basis.

I voluntarily sign this affidavit under penalty of perjury.

(date) \_\_\_\_\_ (signed) \_\_\_\_\_

(date) \_\_\_\_\_ (witness) \_\_\_\_\_



Oh shit  
 Can't think for myself a little  
 Cigarettes are salty masturbation.  
 Grass confuses -- puts me uptight.  
 Acid shakes me.  
 Speed opens me a little.  
 Wine makes me bla.

Alan T.  
 (age 17 yrs)

Z O E

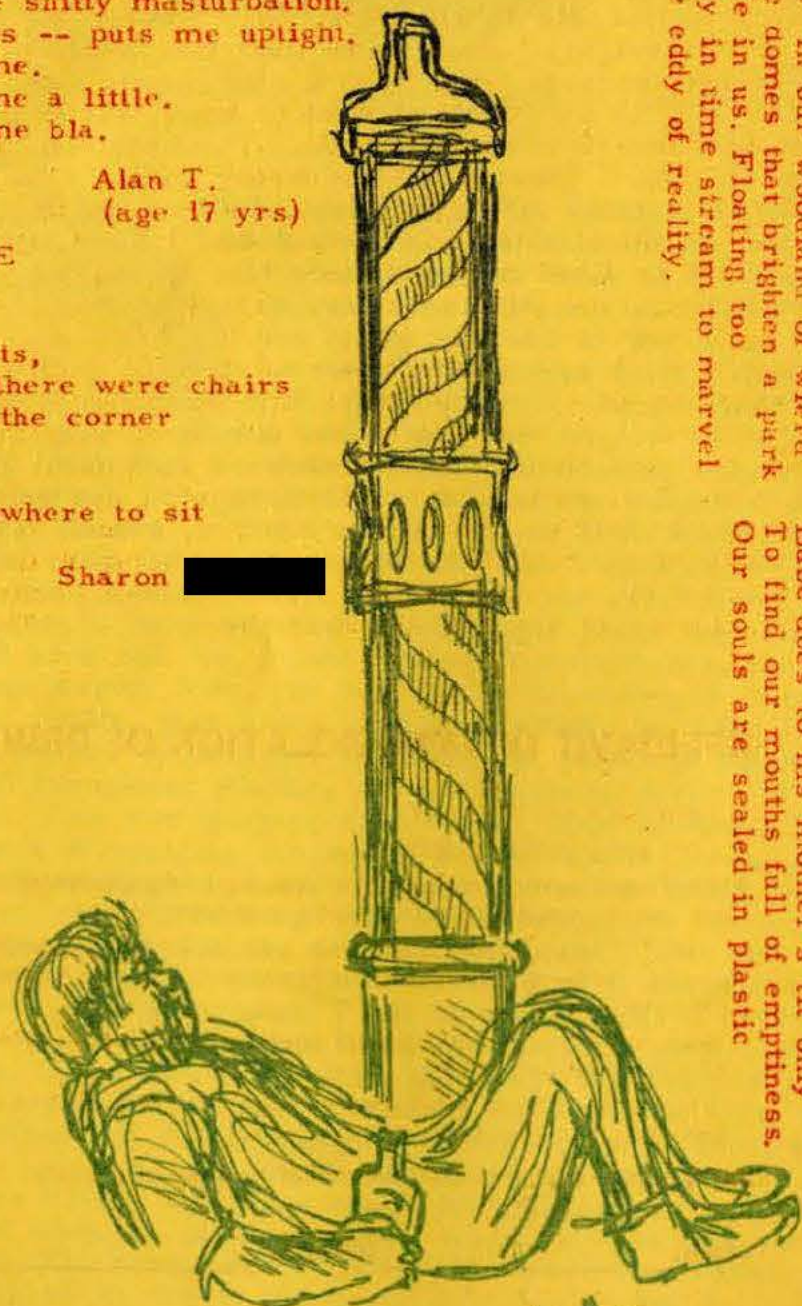
You  
 Guys, you poets,  
 Sitting, when there were chairs  
 Piled up in the corner

And the  
 People had nowhere to sit

Sharon

I  
 Don't write  
 Street poems

Jeff



We do inhabit a near close  
 Place in our woodland of wierd  
 O one domes that brighten a park  
 Of life in us. Floating too  
 Swiftly in time stream to marvel  
 at the eddy of reality.

We pursue status as a hungry  
 Babe does to his mother's tit only  
 To find our mouths full of emptiness.  
 Our souls are sealed in plastic

LOS ANGELES

Greg

This in not meant as a great treatise on the celibate life or an argument againse one of the greatest drives that man, as created by God can experience. This is merely the feelings of one individual in one brief second of his like.

Love is the highest peak that any man can reach. For love is a sharing in God's infinite happiness. But there are many types of love that must be investigated questioned, understood, grokked and realized in every creation of God that ever existed or that ever will esist. For anything by its very creation from the manifestation of Love, the Source of All Love i.e. God--shares in His Love.

The love between people is just one example of the various infinitude of loves that exist. Anytime that at least two individuals are striving for each other's good good, they may be said to be in love. In loving and caring for each other they are loving God through His creation. They are loyng something warm, respond-

*The Pure Love  
 by Tom*

ing, tangible. This is as life should be according to the divine plan. Any deviation from each individuals' capacity for loving would be wrong--sining against themselves and God. By deviation I do not mean 'perversion' as it is often colled. That word is only corrupted in the minds of those who do not see that they are on-

ly blinded by their own inadequacies and who fail to understand the myriads of loves between men created by God. By deviation, I mean the case in which a person tries to share an act of love that is totally right for others but not for himself. I believe that all the infinite types of love are variations on the Eternal theme of God's love for His creation and for Himself. Man is tangible and restricted by dimensions in all of his actions: thus man's love is restricted to the tangible by his body. The body is the acchor rope holding man down to the world of what he can see and touch and feel. Hence Man needs to satisfy the physical drives that have been felt ever since Adam felt something missing as he saw the other animate creations of God in the Garden with complementary mates. This was Adam's desire to fulfill himself. This first man desired a warm, responsive being even though he had everything that he needed as given to him by God.

However man does not consist of a body only. To many throughout the existance of Man, the body & its drives have been a hinderance in the search for the simple-comples, Supreme type of love that is God. His existance is His Love. He is Love. His Love is Reality. Without his Love there is nothing.



God gave each man a capacity to do only so much work before he becomes exhausted; a capacity to withstand only so much pain before he faints; and a certain capacity for knowledge God has also given man a capacity to love which is individually his. God has ingrained in each human being a sense of how to express and channel this love I believe that each man's capacity to love is just as unknown as a man's true I.Q. Even if it were known, no man could live up to his own capacity at all times. Some men have received a 'Blessing-Curse' from thier creator. They find a definite lack in their relations with other human beings. Their love is aimed directly toward God, the source of all love. Therefore instead of loving God through one of His many creations, they have a love that includes all of His Creation, and thus only Him. They feel restricted in loving just one of His Children at any one time for they forget the rest of His children while concentrating on the one individual. This LOVE is not a physical, sensual love but rather a love in the soul, a spiritual love. It is a curse because such a LOVE denies the body and can make one oftentimes lonely and despairing; for when one sees others making love, the body yearns to be able to enjoy such a love. But it is a terrifically wonderful beautiful blessing in that he is not caught up in the human frailties of love. His LOVE is eternal. He can find the Love he needs in a tree, a rock, a strain of music, a clear blue sky as well as in a kiss, an embrace, a kind word. The LOVE recieved by any of these is just as ardent. The only time that his love is lessened is when his lover becomes so caught up in his own love that he becomes selfish and interferes with the former's LOVE for all existence.

Perhaps this as a very selfish LOVE but how can it be when it is all inclusive. When a person loves God so directly he can not help but love everything that exists and thus shares in God's Life-Love. I am not sure that this is my type of love but today this is how I feel. If anyone feels ill towards me for feeeling as I do that is all right for I still love his soul and I always will. As long as they do not strangle me with their love I can even love physically but as soon as I am caught up and hung-up with one individual I must leave and I will leave so that I can continue in my LOVE. Amen. Tom

Universal  
Life Church



SAN JOSE  
DISTRICT

### Rather Than

This summer sits still  
On the clouded windows-  
Draperies within.

But fingers of an icy  
Autumn are caught in  
My hair.

Faint from assault  
From the campaign still ahead  
I've sat  
And played like children -  
My fingers in sand  
And with thoughts held by air

### THIS MAGAZINE

For me  
This edition has been  
The thing  
Of a sense of survival,  
Of faith in myself  
And not love.

The dedications  
And love belong  
To Will  
And to our friend  
Michael  
In the east

Oct '67

If there was  
There will be.  
Listen to the horn  
Of the multitude.  
Daffodils fall.  
A piece is one of  
Many. There is no

Containing. There  
is no containing.  
It will seep through.



Keith St. Clare



## 'POLICE ABUSE US' HOMOPHILES ACROSS NATION CRY

HAL WALDMAN

There is growing concern among homosexuals across the country about the increased harassment by police, especially in the areas where "gay bars" exist.

Fire Island in Long Island, New York, a favorite beach area for the gay set, has police raids as an everyday occurrence. The fear of embarrassment in a public court on the mainland causes many who are arrested to plead guilty, and the police rely on these pleas of guilty for 95 percent of homosexual convictions.

The Mattachine Society has organized to offer legal aid to convicted persons, and will offer education on the rights in the courtrooms.

Columbia University, in New York City, has granted a charter to the Student Homophile League, comprised of both homosexual and heterosexual members, in order that the student group be able to seek equal rights for homosexuals. The Committee on Student Organization issued the charter after checking the names of the members and assuring themselves that each was a student at Columbia.

Meanwhile, back in Los Angeles, the cry of harassment of gay bars has risen. Homosexuals in the Rampart Street Precinct complain that unwarranted and excessive police action is being taken toward patrons of these establishments. They claim, also, that undercover vice squaddies are frequenting the bars to lure and entrap customers, and that there are more than enough plainclothesmen and uniformed officers on hand during the arrests, even though Chief Reddin continues to speak of a shortage of manpower.

Police Lt. Peterson, Vice Squad, of the Ramparts Street Precinct Station, admits to the undercover vice squad members

being used to infiltrate the bars. However, he was quick to note that these men did not bait patrons, but were there only to check, and arrest if necessary, anyone breaking the law.

"Complaints have come to us from neighbors in the area who say they have seen homosexuals in the area of MacArthur Park trying to entice children," Peterson said.

"One woman claimed her husband was beaten and rolled after he walked into a bar," completely unaware of the evils that lurked within.

An eyewitness reports to the Free Press that on August 20, at about 1 a.m., Lt. Peterson entered the Explorer Bar on Hoover Street followed by eight uniformed henchmen. They joined forces with several plainclothesmen, who were already in the bar, while 15 others grouped outside—a shortage of manpower, Chief?! Secure in numbers, they proceeded to round up and arrest a number of patrons for lewd conduct.

Lt. Peterson stated that there was nothing more distasteful to the force than having to do this type of police work, and that many members leave the vice squad after experiencing work of this

nature. "But as long as complaints come in from the public, it is the Police Department's duty to check each complaint, and take measures to see that public safety is secure," he added.

Homophiles argue that the "public" includes those minority groups that are being subjected to vicious police tactics. "We are members of the citizenry and are told to remain silent and cooperate in order to preserve our physical well being."

For every cop that leaves the force, they feel, there seems to be ample replacements who relish flaunting their gun-on-the-hip-billyclub-in-hand powers over unarmed citizens, who are in many cases innocent whipping posts for the frustrations and perversions of a certain element that joins the police force in order to "Protect and Serve" their own egos.

"Negroes, Spanish Americans, hippies, homosexuals and others represent minority elements of society," says one homophile. "They are also the public. Who, then, will defend the public from the public defenders?"

Los Angeles Free Press

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## PRAYER

(O) Father, I pray for  
Humanity. We do not  
Love you. We find  
Gods in each other

Adrian Ravarour

## Besides

We cannot even whisper  
Our Love. So strong.  
I started to speak--  
At 10 AM.  
By noon your ears  
Were full of flowers

(Glide Happening)

## I WOULD LIKE YOUR ENERGY

I would like your energy  
You are among a thousand winds  
Your face could be of this world  
And your body of another  
It is your spirit  
The brush of psychic fire fingers  
Across my spine, my centers of nerve  
and energy  
For which I as man near realized  
yearn. We are gods brother Shiva  
You and I as elemental spirits  
Have wrestled naked in the forest  
and have run the city streets  
On Indian beaded feet.  
You are good brother flesh  
Brother Shiva  
You are good

Ted,om in Venus  
April 1967, Monday  
San Francisco, Calif.





# The Week of the Rising of the Beast

|               |             |           |             |              |
|---------------|-------------|-----------|-------------|--------------|
| Soldiers      | drops       | beer      | of          | Politicians  |
| pink          | of          | bellies   | lust's      | Fear         |
| cheeked       | blood       | pistols   | brutish     | ripping      |
| white         | with        | hanging   | grin        | into         |
| boys          | silver      | at        | beating     | Favors       |
| sunburnt      | bayonets    | knees     | desires     | Fat          |
| bivouacing    | red         | double    | black       | stomachs     |
| in            | trickle     | barrelled | defeat      | of           |
| Kezar Stadium | on          | riot      | bloody      | glutted      |
| thin          | hot         | guns      | cleansing   | power        |
| frightened    | pavement--  | in        | to          | ulcerous     |
| puppets       | gone        | hand      | bathe       | diseased     |
| of            | home        | helmets   | in          | livers       |
| Movement      | with        | slipping  | politicians | internal     |
| received      | Fear        | over      | semen       | Flaggelation |
| or            | Knit        | Ears      | beast's     | Fagged       |
| gave          | into        | small     | claws       | out          |
| no            | their       | and       | given       | Ambitions    |
| Flowers       | skins       | Large     | black       | upholding    |
| this          | POLICE      | clubs     | bohemian    | germanic     |
| Indian        | pale        | teeth     | homosexual  | inventions   |
| Summer        | Flapping    | clenched  | meat        | of           |
| but           | jowels      | snapping  | to          | terror:      |
| drew          | overstuffed | Jaw       | tear        | law          |

Allen

Horace Honey proudly announces that the Ass Brass Band is willing to play anytime someone gets really laid. Get ready. If anyone wants to get serious about sexual discrimination in employment, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission is going to have its (his or hers) hands full. On the one hand, Equempoppocom says that sex is a valid consideration when it is significant "in terms of community standards of morality or propriety." On the other hand sex doesn't count if its merely a matter of "historical usage, tradition, or custom." If it turns out that community standards of morality and propriety are also a matter of historical usage, tradition, and custom--then Equempoppocom has the final say. Can a male homosexual serve as a brassiere fitter? Does the law empower Equempoppocom to conduct examinations to determine the sex, if any, of plaintiffs and plaintives? But we always knew this would be the culmination of the Snooper State:cough.

September 1966

|             |            |
|-------------|------------|
| and         | hysterical |
| order       | cocks      |
| cowboys     | electric   |
| planting    | erections  |
| barbed      | raised     |
| wire        | From       |
| on          | Sacramento |
| Fillmore    | Washington |
| Street      | anguished  |
| noxious     | neurons    |
| wires       | of         |
| control     | organism's |
| tapped      | Life       |
| Minds       | planets    |
| batteries   | Galaxies   |
| running     | of         |
| emotionless | Feeling    |
| bodies      | gasping    |
| reason      | Lost       |
| running     | harmonies  |
| wild        | chasms     |
| short       | of         |
| circuitied  | Feeling    |
| Feeling     | Opening    |

Now that the New York education strike is over we can all breathe easier. Wow, for awhile there I really thought we might get behind the Russians. Fortunately we're only two weeks behind in Sandbox. South Vietnam government represents an honoured American custom --the Ky Club. Keith St. Clare's picture is on this weeks issue of The Haight Asbury Free Press. HA's Huckleberry Runaway Thing was buted last week despite police promises of non-interference. Nine chickens were taken back to the family morgue. The L.A. Free Press runs regular features on the gay set. That's nice, but how about some substance once in awhile rather than the same tired information? Final details of a \$1.3 million U.S. grant to India to buy American-made birth control pills and contraceptive devices are being worked out. According to Louis Armand of the Academie Francaise "Size is what will dominate the world of tomorrow." Little does he know. Anyway, he also warns us that the era of transnational firms has begun in spite of European efforts

to curtail the "monolithic effect." Piss-On Prize of this year is awarded to the tart who told her tenderloin buddy, "Honey, the only reason you're a drag queen is because your head is the only bad feature you can hide."...Rudolf Nureyev's new film, Le Jeune Homme la Mort is based on a plot by the late Jean Cocteau (say it like it looks). General Wheeler incerts in the record that the VD rate in VN is 280 per 1000 men

Guy Strait

SAN FRANCISCO

Martachine Society, Inc.

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New Telephone



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"If Hitler can kill his Jews, why-in-hell can't we kill our niggers?"

"Those hippies! All of them jacked up on drugs. They should be locked up!"

"COMMUNISTS! EVERYWHERE. You just don't know these days."

And Jesus said, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." And concerning the nature of war: "Speak not evil one of another, brethren. He that speaketh evil of his brother speaketh evil of the law, and judgeth the law; but if thou judge the law, thou art not a doer of the law, but a judge."

How can we reconcile the overwhelming gap between our cries for war and our cries of 'worship'? We are truly caught in dualism of concepts, neither concept completely understood, neither entirely believed. Today we spend twenty to thirty billion dollars yearly on the war effort in Viet Nam. Moses cried to the Pharaoh, "Let my people go!" The PEOPLE of Viet Nam ask not for liberation from an abstract ideal for another abstract ideal, they want twenty to thirty billion dollars spent on food, clothing, housing and medicines to become productive and self-sustaining. From the wreckage of war, how many decades will it take to rebuild a devastated nation into an organized, healthy, happy people?

## CRITIQUE

Thus far, the homosexual mass movement has maintained a discreet veneer. Indeed, most of the individuals involved seem to prefer a supplicant's role instead of reveling in each others individuality. The overall intention is to pursue conformity to the Plastic Inevitable, etc. We suspect that progress for the movement involves repairing legislation and opening public opinion, but the most central issue is the expansion of each of us as total people.

Therefore, several dissident elements of the homosexual community are deciding to publicly acclaim their dissatisfaction with this futile search for anonymity or "acceptance" and to proclaim their personal freedom. By its very nature, the Vanguard hopes to remain near the spearhead of this probing dissatisfaction.

## TRUTH and/or CONSEQUENCES

How many generations? How many generations will it take for the American people to earn the forgiveness and respect from children yet unborn?

We are in the Aquarian Age, the Age of bursting spirituality, yet Jesus of the Piscean Age, after being battered and reshaped to complement man's gross ego, has been rejected and stands alone. . . as always. You and I, trying to carry the burden of love and truth face scorn, hatred, condemnation and possible imprisonment by Christians the world over for following the very precepts that they teach! Groups, committees and sub-committees are weak and are destined to fail, our only strength and our only protection comes from within. Each of us, at one time or another, stand the test of the wrath of man. We must help one another as MAN to MAN. We cannot hide, isolation is not a retreat but a self-deceptive trap.

"The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

I am afraid. In the name of Christ, Buddha, Tao, Krishna or cosmic consciousness, let us help one another.

— MICHAEL

Obviously, dear reader, it is not our contention that all homosexuals are liberal. Indeed, some of the society's most conservative bigots are cocksuckers. Let us assure you however, there are many who are aware, turned-on people. We do feel that the homosexual group - as a minority faction - has an inherent similarity to other oppressed minorities and a collective interest in other minority rights activities. It behooves especially the more flagrant, outrageous homosexuals and those who don't have any hangups about it to consistently become involved in the pursuit of individual rights not only for their immediate needs but also for the personal freedom of others.

The Vanguard Magazine continues to encourage a free exchange of art, literature and news between these various points of view and between other minority group movements. In spite of the commercial obstacles from former supporters of the Vanguard and the emotional difficulties of doing this sort of thing, we intend to continue offering both the conformist and the radical an equal opportunity to express any literate opinion.

## MANUAL OF Classical Erotology

Friedrich Karl Forberg

English translation with original texts

Friedrich Karl Forberg, author-editor of this unique collection of the erotic writings of ancient Greece and Rome, is best known as a philosopher and teacher, who worked closely with the great German philosopher J. G. Fichte at the University of Jena. Forberg was a vigorous defender of Fichte's view of revealed religion, in particular his belief that no fact in the world of practical experience can be regarded as supernatural; this laid him open to the charge of being an atheist.

In 1807, Forberg exchanged his academic post for the more congenial one of court librarian at Coburg, capital of the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg. The position enabled him to devote the remainder of his life to literature, and particularly to the study of some of the lesser known works of classical Greece and Rome.

While working in the Coburg ducal library, Forberg discovered a manuscript of the *Hermaphroditus*, a collection of erotic verse from ancient times to the Renaissance, gathered by the Italian scholar Antonio Beccadelli. This work was roundly attacked by the reformers and publicly burned in the market places of several Italian cities, and its later publication in Paris at the height of the Revolution was full of textual errors. The discovery of the Coburg library manuscript gave Forberg the idea of editing an authoritative edition of the work, together with a detailed commentary.

Using the manuscript as a basis, Forberg

set about collecting all the information he could find on the subject of sexual intercourse in classical times, supplemented by the researches of other writers such as Pietro Aretino, Lorenzo Veniero, author of *La Puttana Errante*, and Nicolas Choder de Laclos. By the time he had completed his research, Forberg had compiled such copious notes that the commentary exceeded the text of the *Hermaphroditus*, and he decided to publish his findings in a second work, to which he gave the Latin title, *De Figuris Veneris* ("The Metamorphoses of Venus"), or as the book came to be known, *Manual of Classical Erotology*.

Forberg divided the *Manual of Classical Erotology* into eight chapters, corresponding to the same number of "special manifestations" of the amorous fancy and its depravities.

Forberg died in 1848, and it was not until 1882 that his work was translated into a modern language. A French edition, limited to one hundred copies, appeared in Paris in that year, and two years later was followed by a privately printed English edition which was never offered for sale. The present volume is a facsimile edition of the original 1884 text, and is the only English language translation of the work.

A hundred and forty years after its composition and some seventy years after its original English printing, this first edition generally available to the public will be of considerable interest to classicists, historians, and laymen alike.



GROVE PRESS, INC.  
NEW YORK



## CHAPTER II

### ON PEDICATION

So much for copulation in the normal way. We will now discuss another mode of pleasure, — that due to introduction of the member into the anus. A man who exercises his member in the anus, be it of a man or a woman, pedicates; he is called a pederast, pedicon, drawk, and the other party, who allows himself to be invaded in that way, is called the patient, cinaedus, catamite, minion, effeminate; if adult or worn out, he is named exolute. The masculine pleasure (so called because women allowed themselves much more rarely to be pedicated than men) is appreciated equally by the active party, the pedicon, as by the passive party, the patient. The pleasure of the pedicon is easy to understand, as the enjoyment of the virile member consists in the intensity of the friction; the pleasure felt by the patient by the introduction of the member in his entrails is more difficult to make out, — a least for my feeble intelligence, for such practices are quite strange to me. Do not believe, however, that the pleasure of the patient is only secondary, nor yet that he prostitutes himself only in order to do the same afterwards himself, nor that he remedies in this way the sluggishness of his own member by the vigorous working of another man's nerve causing a pleasurable titillation of the posterior, analogous to that which Antonius Panormitanus (*Hermaphroditus*, I, 20), tells us may be produced by inserting the fingers in the anus or still better, by beating the same

However to return to our proper subject, from which we have strayed. If pleasure felt by the passive party cannot be conceived to be of a kind, which through the anus is communicated to the mentula (member), we must come to the conclusion that the patient experiences in the anus the same kind of irritation which the other party feels in his genital parts; that, therefore, the patient feels in that place a real pleasure unknown to those who have not tried it. Martial at any rate speaks out without any circumlocution of this rut of the anus:

« Of his anus, split to the navel, not a vestige is left to Carinus; for all that he is in rut to the very navel. Oh! the scurvy lot of the wretch! Bottom he has none, — but he will be a cinede » (VI, 37).

An ardour of this strange sort even affected Tullia, as she confesses herself in the pages of Aloysia Sigaea:

« Seeing resistance was in vain, I yielded to the madmen. Aloysio bends forward over my buttocks, brings his javelin to the back-door, knocks, pushes, finally with a mighty effort bursts in. I gave a groan. Instantly he withdraws his weapon from the wound, plunges it in the vulva and spurts a flood of semen into the wanton furrow of my womb. When all was over, Fabrizio attacks me in the same fashion. With one rapid thrust he introduced his spear, and in less than no time made it disappear in my entrails; for a little time he plays at come and go, and scarce credible as it may sound, I found myself invaded by a prurient fury to such an extent that I have no doubt, that I should get accustomed to it very well, if I chose » (Dialogue VI).

Coelius Rhodiginus confirms this pruriency of the anus in chap. 10. of XV. book of his *Lectiones antiquae*.

« We know », he says, « that the minions experience a very great pleasure in undergoing this shameful act. »

And he gives a reason for it too, whether good or bad the doctors may decide: « With people whose seminal ducts are not in normal condition, be it that those leading to the mentula are paralysed, as is the case with eunuchs and the like, or for any other reason, the seminal fluid flows back to its source. If this fluid is very abundant with them, it accumulates in great quantities, and then the part where the secretion is accumulated longs for friction. People thus situated like above everything to play the part of patients. »

Be this as it may, nothing is more certain than the fact of such enjoyment on the part of the patient. So highly did the Roman cinedes prize a stiff member between their buttocks, that they could not see a big mentula without their mouths watering; they were ready to give their last penny to enjoy the favours of a man extraordinarily gifted in that way.

Juvenal, IX, v. 32-36:

« Destiny governs man; it influences the parts which the toga covers. If your star pales, useless will be the length and strength of your member to you, — even though Virro shall have seen you naked with lips that water. »

Martial, I, 97:

« He wants to know why I think he is a minion? We bathe together; he never raises his eyes, but gazes with devouring looks at the sodomites; and cannot behold their members without his lips trembling. »

And again, II, 51:

« Oftentimes you have no more than a single penny in your box, and that penny more worn than your anus, Hyllus; yet neither baker nor wine shop will have it, but some man who sports an enormous member. Your unfortunate belly must starve for your anus; while the latter devours, the former is famished. »

It is therefore not astonishing that the public baths resounded with plaudits, when men with extraordinary members entered them.

It is, however, not without some inconvenience, or even danger, that one lends oneself to the passive part. Aloysia Sigaea, Past-Mistress in the Sciences of Love, enlightens us on this point:

« In the first place intolerable sufferings are inflicted upon the patient, for in most cases he is invaded by too large a stake; hence frightful infirmities, incurable by all the art of Aesculapius. The confining muscles are ruptured, and consequently the excrements cannot be held back and escape. What could be more disgusting? I have known noble ladies afflicted with cruel maladies to such a degree by eruptions and ulcers, that it took them two or three years to recover their health. I myself (Tullia) have not escaped scot free from the accursed embraces of Aloysio and Fabrizio. When they first forced their darts in, I endured atrocious pain, but soon the feeling of slight titillation consoled me... When however I reached home again, I felt a burning pain at the place they had lacerated; I felt myself consumed by an itching as if I were on fire, and in spite of the nursing of Donna Orsini, it cost much trouble to extinguish that confounded fire. If my lacerations had been neglected, I should have died a miserable death » (Dial. VI).

You understand now why the young slave of Naevolus (Martial (III, 71) had pain at the anus; why the same Martial (VI, 37) says Carinus' posteriors had to be cut; and where the sting lies in the following distich:

« You, who know all the reasons and weighty arguments of the sects, — come tell me, what dogma is it bids you be perforated » (IX, 48).

This effeminate philosopher, who affected to speak as though he had been the successor and heir of Pythagoras, was indeed bound, if anyone was, to know the reasons of lacerations of the anus, and the weights of men's members. He was accustomed to the passive part, of whom Ausonius says in mockery, as we saw a little above, that his *clazomene* served as an anvil:



Men preferred to be supposed *predicators* rather than *patients*; hence Martial's witty epigram:

"It is now many a long day, Lupus, that Charisianus has been saying he cannot predicate. But whenever his friends asked him why, he said his bowels were relaxed" (XI, 89).

Would you see the picture of a man engaged in pedication? he is being interrupted in the midst of his business, but the drawing is not the less pleasant for that. The engraving belonging to chapter III. of the third part of *Felicia*, presents this position.

Who does not know that the Greeks and Roman were intrepid pedicors and determined cinedes? In the Greek and Latin authors, to the indignation of the pedagogues, the male Venus parades on every page:

"All burnt with the same fire" — we are quoting Aloisia Sigaea, and we could not express ourselves better or more elegantly. We are, however, going to make annotation to this extract, — "all burnt with the same fire, the common people, the higher classes, the King. This depravity cost Philip, King of Macedon, his life."

(excerpt from...)

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## BLACK ARTS + CULTURE

Late this summer a young man who aspires to become a local civil rights revolutionary, gave the following interview to the Open End, a federally subsidized magazine. At the time he was employed as a team leader in the Central City Summer Youth Program,

The Open End: Do you want to give your definition of Black Power? Jerry: I don't think it would have any meaning here. It would be paradoxical to give such a definition of something to the ones it's aimed against. TOE: Well then, what do you think the situation of the Negro in America is now? Jerry: In this morning's paper I read a columnist who said that he was sorry to say that things in Detroit would never be the same. I'm not sorry. If people wanted things to be the same they wouldn't have rioted. Black people are going to control their communities by any means necessary. People in power now fail to consider that the old line organization is impotent. They have neglected to relate to the groups now involved. Such groups have become only for the middle-class Black anyway. TOE: You've said repeatedly that the white man has been mis-educated. What do you mean? Jerry: Today there is no effective means of communication. White man cannot talk to the black man. The white man's idea of the black man is formed by the blacks. However, unfortunately many of these black men have been white-washed. That is, those who have lost contact with their people are the ones who are representing us. The white man is continually going about speaking with the wrong people in an attempt to negotiate with the Blacks. For example, in Detroit white leaders completely neglected to talk with those who are causing and directing the riot. TOE: Do you feel that there have been any attempts to set up a means of equal communication although the attempt was futile? Jerry: If there had been you wouldn't have had these riots in the streets. I say there is no means of communication set up now other than physical violence. Violence is the only media now that both black and the white understand. I'd like to talk some more about education. TOE: Please do, Jerry: When a black kid goes to school in America he studies white learning and attains white ideas and learns very little about himself and the nature of his nigrity. TOE: What are the specialized needs of the Black people? Jerry: Simple. Better employment opportunities, better housing opportunities, and self-aid projects. There should be loan agencies.....



that would make low interest loans to those Black people who want to buy out the white businesses in their community. Furthermore, the Black man must be aware of his enemy, of who he is himself and how to liberate his own mind. TOE: Do you believe then in the isolation of the Negro as a race or as an ethnic culture? Jerry: I prefer the integration of our Black people with all other Black people. When ever I look at America I see that the white man's time is up. He's in the minority now in this world. He is hindered by his refusal to negotiate with any nation that is not white and his refusal to consider seriously any culture that is not white culture. As LeRoi Jones has stated many times the only thing left even for the white liberal to do now to show his true penance for the situation is to cut his throat. Amen

#### FDA SOLVES RIDDLE OF 'SEX JUICE'

The Food and Drug Administration has ended the mystery surrounding a substance popularly called "68" or "sex juice" and said to be hallucinogenic. In reality, it is oil of peppermint.

Peddled through the mails, "68" is being taken in sugar cubes by teen-agers in New Jersey, says Raymond A. Neff, public health coordinator for Cape May County. At a press conference last month, Neff announced that the substance could bring on a violent, epileptic type of seizure. "Something explodes in the user's head all of a sudden," he said. "There is no question that this drug is dangerous." But the FDA analysis showed "no known hallucinogenic agent."

The Vanguard people would very much like to buy an electric typewriter. Please call or write. Thank you.



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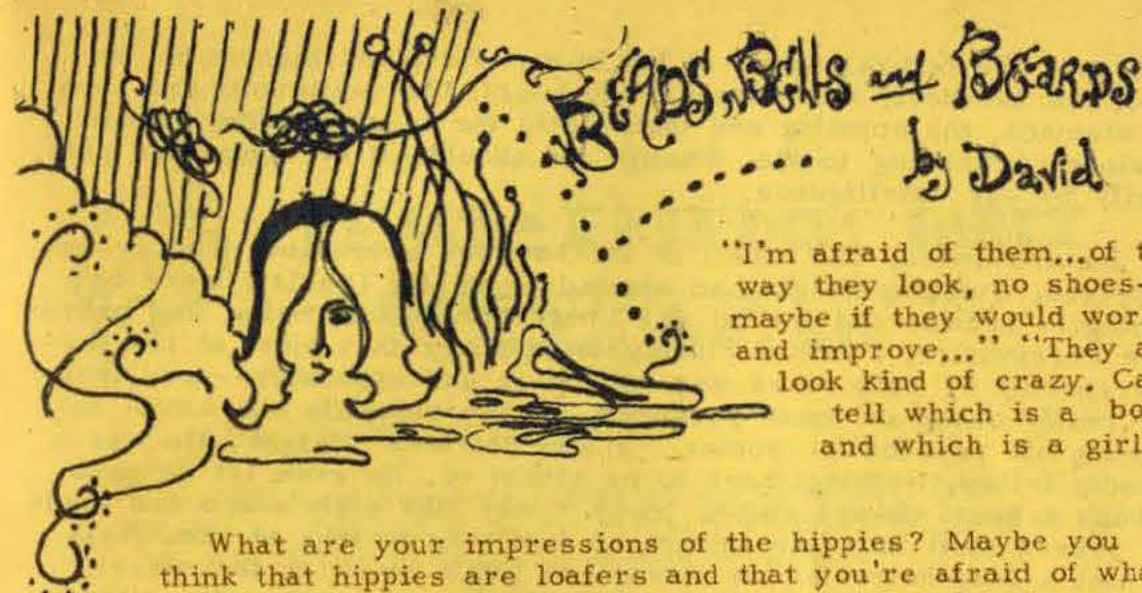
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What are your impressions of the hippies? Maybe you think that hippies are loafers and that you're afraid of what they represent. Do you consider them a joke? Maybe you don't know or have had no impression.

This reporter decided to find out first hand and rolled out at 9 a.m. with the fog for a visit to the Haight-Ashbury. The first person I spoke to was a red-haired guy selling the "Haight-Ashbury Tribune." Aside from the papers he was selling, his dilapidated tennis shoes and mussed clothing; he didn't seem like the 'hippie type.' He was short-haired and clean shaven. He praised the Haight Ashbury life with its free food, free clothing, free lodging, free pot, friendly people, and unhurried atmosphere. He invited us to a lecture given by a Hindu Swami. Sounded groovy, so we went. As I entered the building and walked up the flight of steps, I noticed that everything was painted plain white. The sweet, overwhelming smell of incense filled the lecture room. The room was bare except of a few chairs and the imposing figure of the Hindu lecturer, draped in vivid orange. Most of the people were on the wooden floor, their legs crossed and their shoes off. He began with a sonorous, spell-binding voice. At first he was hard to follow, but then as the ear became accustomed to the rhythm of the words, they seemed to resound within the mind--I sat hypnotised.

Is this really the Hippie philosophy? It sure wasn't what I expected it to be. What he said about the mind being like a river that cannot be stopped and that it is up to you to direct it and show it the way made wonderful sense. He encouraged us to "be-ourselves" There was no sure way he said. Rather it is more important for each person to find his own way. He told us that the upright stance of men



expresses the natural order of his being--first and highest is the mind, the intellect; then comes the heart, the sentiment; and then the stomach, the appetite and then lastly the trunk and the sexual passions. According to the Swami, we should all be controlled primarily by our intelligence.

The lecture ended. The smell of incense was very faint, The crowd dispersed. Outside, Haight had started to swell. Tourists were beginning to browse and traffic was congested. Beads, bells, and beards were everywhere. I looked closely to discover that most of the jewelry sported by both sexes was attractive and expensive--very little was really cheap or mass produced. On the sidewalk an artist sat drawing his psychedelic poster, "I love thirteen Haight" He was a friendly fellow. Nothing there to be afraid of. He even let us gaze through a heart shaped amber jewel. It was like a fly's eye and made one person split into five images. A new way to look at life. Next we met a long-haired hippie sporting a lion's mane on the street corner who was even friendlier. The Lion's mane was soft, curly, and would have made a good security blanket. He said he needed money. 75 dollars? Then it was \$65, the absolute rock bottom and no more...Well, mabe for 55 dollars now. The hippie scene he said had changed. Everything used to be quiet, peacefull, and beautiful. However the tourists came and there was an influx of outsiders--those summer kids, the panhandlers and the teeney boppers selling newspapers to support themselves. A lot of the new hippie scene really didn't have anything to do with the movement at all, he said.

I left late that afternoon. I really didn't want to. I felt that I had gained a'n insight into these people and into their way of life.

There's really nothing to be afraid of, but I guess it's only human to be afraid of something new, different or unusual. One thing be came very clear ---the stereotype hippie does not exist except as a rare exception.

If you attempt to guess what a "hippie" is before you meet them, you will probably be wrong. Hippies are people with names of their own.

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