

VANGUARD

REVISITED

February 2011



What's Going On Here

My Darling VanGuard...

This is a Piece of Literature written in the mindset of rebellion... for oppression still reeks in the era I live. I fight and I come to you...my darling Vanguard because long ago... before I lived in the T.L. I lived in a place where the rebel who speaks to you now... was confined with no way to express so much of what I feel and deal being...solely who I am. No place but my own journals to express and release my torment. No street legends to speak of who stood up for something other than beauty and trendy clothes... Until I made a pilgrimage to San Francisco, and in the heart of the tenderloin I heard of "The Vanguard Boys" and what you stood for during your own era of oppression and rebellion... I read your words and heard your voices in the depths of my soul, and now I wish to give you mine.....to apart of what you started long ago. To see our hearts collide on paper... you make the rebel in me have meaning thank you... my darling vanguard.

---Gotti 2011

Statement of Purpose for VANGUARD

Vol 1
1966

VANGUARD is an organization for the youth in the Tenderloin attempting to get for its citizens a sense of dignity and responsibility to long denied.

We of VANGUARD find our civil liberties imperiled by a hostile social order in which all difference from the usual in behavior is attacked. We find our rights as human beings scorned and ridiculed. We are forced to accept an unwarranted guilt which is more the product of "societies" hypocrisy than scientific fact.

We have finally realized that we can only change these processes through the strength we develop for ourselves through our own efforts. VANGUARD IS DETERMINED TO CHANGE THESE CONDITIONS THROUGH ORGANIZATION AND ACTION.



Vol 1
1966

Editors

Megan Rohrer
Joey Plaster

Contributions
from the original
Vanguard are courtesy
of the GLBT Historical
Society in San Francisco.

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Cover Art: Gotti 2011
Design: Megan Rohrer

This magazine resuscitates the history of the 1960s queer youth organization Vanguard and explores the ways in which its history is embodied in the present.

Tenderloin street youth founded Vanguard in 1966. They protested police harassment, picketed discriminatory businesses, and held same-sex dances in church halls. They also produced a blunt and honest magazine about poverty and queer politics; drug use and sex work; isolation and loneliness; artistic expression; and faith and queer theology.

Working with a variety of homeless youth services organizations, program coordinators Joey Plaster and Megan Rohrer presented the history of Vanguard to today's queer youth. We then asked them to respond by submitting stories, art, and poetry "in conversation" with original 1960s essays, or touching on similar themes.

This magazine presents their writings along with reprints from the Vanguard Magazine of the 1960s. These materials are supplemented with archival materials, a historical narrative, and writings from urban ministers and youth organizers. Working over a period of three months with a group of youth at Larkin Street Youth Services, we sought to create a magazine that spoke to their expressed desire to "enlighten youth, celebrate the queer history of the Tenderloin, and create a voice for the unheard."



The magazine is also part of a larger "Vanguard Revisited" project that meets Monday nights between Feb-June 2011, led by youth with the support of the San Francisco LGBT Center's Youth Program and the Faithful Fools Street Ministry. For more information, contact Youth Program Coordinator Beck, at (415) 865-5560 or Beck@sfccenter.org.

Project Managers: Joey Plaster and the Rev. Megan Rohrer **Site Coordinators:** Beck, Peter Carrou and Debbie Neigher **Advisers:** Martin Meeker; Bernard Schlager; and Sharon Groves. **Financial Support Provided By:** Extraordinary Lutheran Ministries; The Carpenter Foundation; The San Francisco Foundation; The Horizon Foundation; San Francisco LGBT Community Center; The St. Francis Endowment of St. Francis Lutheran Church in San Francisco; The Human Rights Campaign; The Rev. Megan Rohrer; and The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence. **Partner Organizations:** GLBT Historical Society; Welcome; Larkin Street Youth Program; The San Francisco LGBT Community Center; Youth Services; TransThrive; and Roaddawgz. **Special Thanks to:** The New Vanguard Youth; Adrian Ravarou; Keith; Joel Roberts; the Rev. Larry Mamiya; the Rev. Chuck Lewis; Joanne Chadwick; Ink Works Press; Paul Boneberg; Rebekah Kim; Lauren Richards; Teddy Wallace; Paul VanDeCarr; Don Romesburg; Chris Carlsson; the Screaming Queens; Kate Grzeca; Aimee Forster; Cecilia Chung; Felicia Elizondo; and Chelsea Ross.

<http://vanguardrevisited.blogspot.com> ²

J.-P. Marat

PREJUDICE...

DAY AFTER DAY I HEAR COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE PEJUDICES THAT THE STRAIGHT SOCIETY HAS AGAINST THE GAY SOCIETY. LET'S LOOK AT OUR OWN PREJUDICES. WE ARE MUCH MORE PREJUDICED ABOUT OUR OWN KIND THAN THE STRAIGHTS ARE! WE OSTRACIZE PEOPLE BECAUSE THEY DO THIS THAT OR THE OTHER IN BED. WE MAKE SNIDE REMARKS ABOUT A DRAG QUEEN WHO ISN'T QUITE CONVINCING ENOUGH. THE "LEATHER BOYS" ARE THE BUTT OF MANY JOKES AND MUCH RIDICULE. THEN THERE IS THE HAIR FAIRY.

IF WE WANT THE MAJORITY OF SOCIETY TO ACCEPT US AS WE ARE, WE ARE GOING TO HAVE TO START ACCEPTING OURSELVES AND THE OTHERS LIKE US.

THERE ARE MANY ORGANIZATIONS FOR HOMOSEXUALS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. MOST OF THEM HAVE RULES LIKE: NO DRAG, NO HAIR FAIRIES, ETC. ETC. THIS IS FINE IN A LEGAL SITUATION, BUT, WHY SHOULDN'T WE TAKE THE CHANCE OF GETTING BUSTED? THESE PEOPLE ARE HOMOSEXUAL JUST LIKE US. WE ALL WANT UNITY, BUT NO-ONE WILL FIGHT TO GET IT. AS I SAID BEFORE: LET'S START TAKING A GOOD LONG LOOK AT OUR SELVES BEFORE WE START TEARING DOWN SOMEBODY ELSE.

THE VANGUARD HALLOWEEN BALL!!

THE BALL WILL BE HELD OCTOBER 28th, AT GLIDE MEMORIAL METHODIST CHURCH, 330 ELLIS ST., S.F. THERE WILL BE LIVE MUSIC, A LARGE BUFFET, PRIZES FOR THE BEST DRESSED, ETC. IT WILL BE A COSTUME BALL SO GET OUT THE FINERY AND REALLY MAKE A SCENE. A KING (FEMALE) AND QUEEN (MALE) WILL BE CHOSEN. TICKETS WILL BE ON SALE AT THE VANGUARD OFFICE AT 330 ELLIS ST. STARTING OCTOBER 15th. THE TICKETS ARE 1.00 IN ADVANCE AND 1.75 AT THE DOOR. LET'S MAKE THIS THE BIGGEST AND BEST HALLOWEEN BALL THAT SAN FRANCISCO HAS EVER SEEN.

"The conservatives saw us as criminals, and [the liberals] thought we were mentally ill.... And I didn't like the choices. And the choice that was left for me was the choice that was there for me growing up with an abusive father, was really religion.... I really saw Christ as this—victim, and so I could identify. When Jesus says 'find me in the least of these,' I think of Jesus as somebody hanging out in the streets, and meeting people that way.... And, finding incredible faith and generosity in those people."

- Vanguard member Joel Roberts (oral history with Joey Plaster, 2010)

"What I really liked about my gay friends, the core group which was the very early Vanguard, [was that] if you turned a trick, you spent that money on your other friends. It was an incredibly horrible time, and yet it was an incredibly wonderful time. Because I had the family I never had before."

dis/RESPECT

DAY AFTER DAY I FACE DISRESPECT FROM MY TRANS COMMUNITY, EVEN THOUGH ALL TRANIMALS FACE DISCRIMINATION FROM THE HETEROSEXIST SOCIETY AT LARGE. MY TRANS SIBLINGS WHY DO WE READ EACH OTHER AND TEAR EACH OTHER APART WHEN ALL WE HAVE IS EACH OTHER? WE LAUGH AT THE TGIRL WITH THE TIRED WIG INSTEAD OF TEACHING HER HOW TO TAKE CARE OF IT. WE HARASS THE BOI FOR NOT BEING ON T, INSTEAD OF LETTING HIM KNOW WHERE HE CAN GET IT FOR FREE. WE MISPROUNOUN THOSE WHO ARE GENDER QUEER INSTEAD OF HAVING A DIALOGUE ABOUT HOW THEY IDENTIFY.

IF WE WANT THE GAY MAINSTREAM AND THE HETERO SOCIETY AT LARGE TO RESPECT US, WE HAVE TO RESPECT OURSELVES IN ALL OF OUR GENDER DIVERSITY!!!!

THERE ARE MANY TRANS ORGANIZATIONS AROUND THE WORLD. MOST OF THEM HAVE RIGID US AND THEM MENTALITIES, YOU ARE EITHER MALE OR FEMALE, RICH OR POOR, AND PRE-OP OR POST OP.

TRANS PEOPLE ARE A TESTAMENT TO DIVERSITY IN THE HUMAN EXPERIENCE AND HOW BLACK OR WHITE, THIS OR THAT MENTALITIES ARE UNNATURAL AND "MAN MADE". WE ALL WANT OUR RIGHTS, BUT FIRST WE HAVE TO START WITH R-E-S-P-E-C-T. RESPECT YOURSELF, YOUR TRANS SIBLINGS, YOUR QUEER SIBLINGS. . . RESPECT ALL THINGS AND EVENTUALLY IT WILL COME BACK TO YOU. IT'S THIS THING CALLED KARMA, YOU SHOULD GOOGLE IT.

RESPECTFULLY,
MIA TU MUTCH 2011

"There were cracks in society, just places where nobody were not literally looking or figuratively looking, so we got away with stuff. . . .It wasn't on anybody's radar even though it's right there in front of their face. And our survival was based on that."

-Vanguard member Joel Roberts (oral history with Joey Plaster, 2010)



1:9 1967



TENDERLOIN TRANSEXUAL

Dear Vanguard:

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

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

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

knew I was very alone.

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

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

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

1:9 1967



1:9
1967



1:6 1967

Summary of the

1:9
1967

through devastating experiences in prison or in the service.

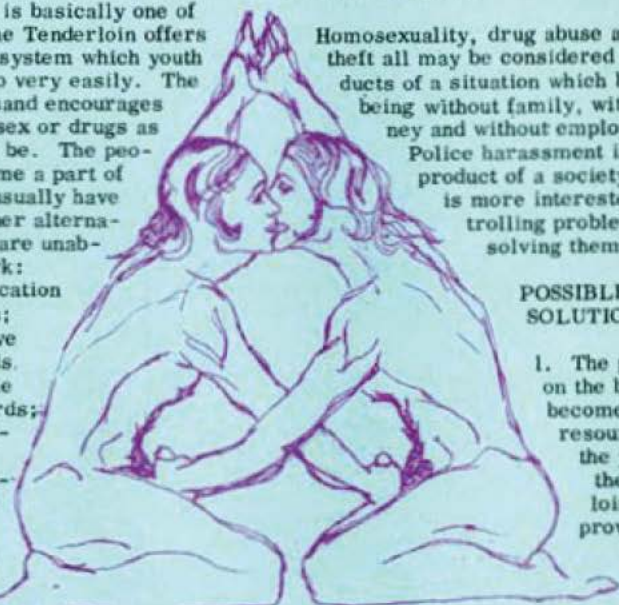
The problem is basically one of survival. The Tenderloin offers an economic system which youth can enter into very easily. The pressing demand encourages suppliers of sex or drugs as the case may be. The people who become a part of this system usually have exhausted other alternatives. They are unable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

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

POSSIBLE SOLUTIONS:

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

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



27



3:1
1970

Tenderloin Problem

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

2. The Police Department is often the first agency to know that someone has a problem. It should explore the possibility of maintaining its own information service and referral agency to help those getting out of jail find food, clothing, housing, jobs, medical and psychiatric help.

3. Merchants in the Tenderloin should recognize that they are operating businesses in what is for many a residential area. The Tenderloin youth live there. The street often must substitute as a backyard. If the merchants are concerned with the visibility of the youth, they should pool their resources and help the kids to finance their own recreation center or coffee house.

4. Merchants, schools, unions and the Police Department should cooperate in initiating in-service job training and education within the Tenderloin area taking into consideration the special problems of the youth living there.

CONCLUSION:

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

"Billy Garrison self described himself as a hai fairy—which meant that the clothing he wore was heterosexual, you know, guys clothes—jeans and a shirt—but then he had his hair ratted up and hair sprayed so it was stacked like a beehive almost. And he then had on make-up eye, brow pencil, rouge, some lipstick, foundation, he did his nails. And one of the things that happened in the community was that, because people were looking different and didn't pass as women, they would often get snide and rude comments, being called names and so-forth— and so Billy was talking about well—how can we overcome this? And I think it was over a period of about a couple weeks that we were talking [in the El Rosa hotel] that he pointed out that he had come from Seattle, and when he had been in Seattle he said he was a straight male—he was heterosexual—and he had been a member of a gang, he said he had been a leader in a gang. He said there were problems within a particular Seattle neighborhood between the community and the gang and that a particular minister had reached out to both communities, brought them together and created a dialogue and actually had some of the members helping each other so that it mitigated the friction and people began to understand one another and create tolerance, and to—programs around that. And Billy was wondering, is this something that we could do in the Tenderloin?"

- Vanguard member Adrian Ravarour recounting the beginnings of Vanguard (oral history with Joey Plaster, 2010)

A (Brief) History of Vanguard: Joey Plaster 2011

In the 1960s, San Francisco's Tenderloin vice district was a haven for runaway queer youth and a residential ghetto for an emerging transgender community. Young adults banded together for safety and claimed space in the area's streets, residential hotels, 24-hour cafeterias, and coffee houses. Archival documents offer up an anarchic scene: young queens flamboyantly calling to each another across Market Street, teenagers stepping into the cars of wealthy men, servicemen escorting their dates into gay bars. Beneath the clamor, youth often succumbed to drug abuse, suicide, and violent death.

In 1966, the Tenderloin youth organization Vanguard emerged out of these extremes of freedom and desperation. Three years before New York City's Stonewall riots, young adults held street protests and picketed discriminatory businesses, organized dances in church halls, and produced a remarkable self-titled magazine that linked themes of poverty and social stigma; loneliness and community; sexuality and gender; political action; and faith and queer theology. Historians now consider Vanguard to be the nation's first gay liberation organization.

Early Vanguard members Keith Oliver, Adrian Ravarour, and Joel Roberts began organizing their peers at the "Meat Rack" male prostitution district, at Mason and Market, in an effort to counter feelings of rejection and loneliness, police harassment, economic exploitation, and tension between neighborhood business owners and street youth. "People were beaten down by their environment, by being called names, by being told they were worthless, by families [who] threw them out," Adrian said. "I saw Vanguard as an opportunity where people could stand their ground." Joel Roberts, infuriated by the drug overdoses, abuse, and suicide he saw on the streets, also began looking for ways to organize. "My original idea definitely was to empower the kids to be more than what they were," he said. "I saw real virtues in them." [1]

Adrian and Joel found themselves in a space uniquely conducive to their organizing. A five-block radius around the Meat Rack housed the offices of the Mattachine Society, an early "homophile" political and social service organization; the country's first gay community center, operated by the Society for Individual Rights; and Glide Methodist Church, the homophile movement's "spiritual home." Joel and Adrian approached Glide for support and held their first organizational meeting in the church's community meeting room. In the following weeks, they drew support from Glide youth minister Ed Hansen; anti-poverty and homophile activist Mark Forrester; street priest Rev. Ray Broshears; and Daughters of Bilitis founder Phyllis Lyon. They also benefited from a successful fight for federal War on Poverty funds, which Tenderloin urban ministers and homophile activists secured in May 1966.

1. Oral histories with Joey Plaster, 2010, San Francisco GLBT Historical Society (GLBTHS).

In July 1966, the gay newspaper *Cruise News* announced that youth formed Vanguard “with aims of self improvement of the lot of hair fairies, lost kids, hustlers, young adults without family ties, and all the other varied types that frequent Market Street seeking entertainment, money, a meal, a change of clothing, or just kicks.”[2] At their first action, Vanguard youth picketed Market Street with signs that read “Hustlers Demand Rights” and “Drag Queens Demand Rights,” Adrian recalled. They handed out flyers decrying police harassment, the “endless profit” adults made off Tenderloin youth, and the “unstopped and seeming unstoppable flow in pills”—as well as “being called ‘queer,’ ‘pillhead,’ and being placed in the position of being outlaws and parasites when we are offered no alternatives to this existence in our society.” They demanded a coffee house and meeting place, emergency housing, medical aid, employment counseling, police cooperation, and financial aid.[3]

Vanguard also dramatized these concerns through a tongue-in-cheek “street sweep” in which they pushed large brooms down Market Street while holding signs reading “All Trash Before the Brooms.” The action played on the language of the police street sweeps that often targeted street youth, countered City plans to “clean up” and redevelop Market Street, and positioned Vanguard youth as productive members of society. “We’re considered trash by much of society,” said Marat, “and we wanted to show the rest of society that we want to work and can work.”[4]

The young adults who created Vanguard appear to have been primarily white, gay cisgendered males between the ages of 16 and 24 who lived and socialized in the Meat Rack area. Some also identified as “hair fairies,” a term that referred to a style of cross-dressing and gender presentation that might now be understood as transgender. Vanguard picketed Compton’s Cafeteria in July 1966, after the businesses’ discriminatory practices sparked one of the first recorded transgender riots in United States history.[5]

“What was at issue were pretty serious issues,” Keith recalled. “People were being killed, beaten, stabbed robbed, denied their rights. Fired. Un-hirable. On the other hand there as an awful lot of celebration. And a lot of caring and taking care of each other.” They organized weekly dances in Glide’s basement, published Vanguard Magazine, and distributed free food and clothing to their peers. “What I really liked about my gay friends,” remembered Joel Roberts, “the core group which was the very early Vanguard, if you turned a trick, you spent that money on your other friends. It was an incredibly horrible time, and yet it was an incredibly wonderful time. Because I had the family I never had before.”[6]

2. “YOUNG Rejects form Organization,” *Cruise News* Volume II No. 7 July 1966.

3. Vanguard “We Protest” flyer, c. 1966, Don Lucas papers, 11/17, GLBTHS

4. Vanguard Magazine Issue 1, No. 2, October 1966.

5. “Young homos Picket Compton’s Restaurant,” *Cruise News and World Report* Volume II No. 8, August 1966.

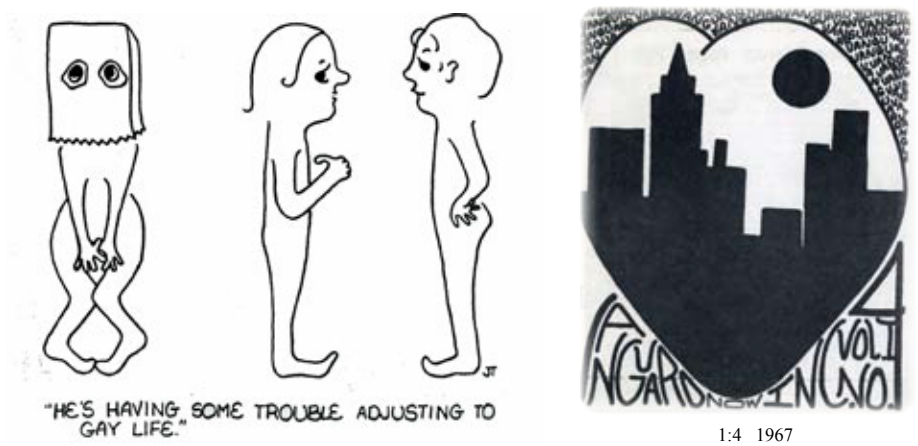
Vanguard distributed a broadside demanding that management “changes its policies of harassment and discrimination of the homosexuals, hustlers, etc., of the Tenderloin Area.”

6. Oral history with Joel Roberts by Joey Plaster, 2010.

By 1967, Vanguard had achieved many of their original goals. Vanguard president Jean-Paul Marat and advisor Mark Forrester were appointed aids to the administrator of the War on Poverty-funded Central City Target Area. The office funded the nation's first transgender organization, Conversion Our Goal (1967); the first urban mobile health unit; and Hospitality House (1967), a 24-hour drop-in service center for runaways and street youth that remains in operation to this day. An Information Center operating out of Hospitality House provided Tenderloin youth with employment, food, lodging, health care, emotional care, and drug and alcohol counseling.

While Vanguard dissolved as an organization—an outcome the editors of Vanguard Magazine attributed to personality conflicts and leadership struggles—a similar group called the Street Prophets quickly emerged in its place, operating out of Hospitality House. Keith continued to publish Vanguard Magazine from 1967-1969 out of 330 Grove, a community center in the Haight that also housed the Angels of Light and the Black Panthers. “The message of Vanguard is LOVE, Keith said. “You know when you are isolated...if you can’t love then it builds up a certain amount of anguish, sometimes hostility. If you can’t love somebody freely then you don’t feel free, so you want to do something that you’re free to do. The longing for love seems to break out into typist fingers. It seems to break out in song, in verse. Submitting your written work freely to a free magazine is one free thing you can do. And that’s what they did.”[7]

7. Keith [last name omitted at his request] oral history with Joel Plaster, GLBTHS.



30 Types of Cereal: Clay Johnson 2011

Sex and consumerism should have a parade of their own. After all it does seem like they've tied the knot in the states.

"Captain crunch is living the Life and counting his Frosted Flakes with none other than the Count himself, Chocula. They're after me Lucky Charms he'd always yell at the Trix bunny who was busy getting Kix from the Honeycomb." Walking towards the grocery store we would often play this verbal story game. It's just to pass time or uncertainty, whichever is less in demand.

Approaching the buildings automated sliding gateway we both look at each other...knowing what was to come. We had only talked about doing it in the past but now we had taken the first faithful step on a staircase of which we couldn't quite make out the end.

Inside the speaker box voice from above is blaring/glaring a mush soup of warbled words and either broken or muddled sentiments lost in the haze of suburban hub. It sounds like Charlie Brown's teacher saying, "Important message for all shoppers; Wiggly womp fruit buried in sun blasted raw profiles of strained optimism and feigned relativism." We laugh as we walk past the detergent and barbed wire.

The magazines say the word so much and yet avoid it directly. Proper posture and the crass laughs of class stringing deep, line the magazine racks just covered in it. They seemingly scream, SEX!

"This week on sale; a new product called Visa that lets YOU consume virtually and with a brush less guilt."

Love is a verb that implies doing. The act of love being communicated through various forms of language. In aisle 14 the making of this particular verb includes us naked. You (the reader) and me (the writer). After all what are love and reading both if not communion? So we are in the store, on the floor sprawled out in sublime ecstasy. People pass like ships in the night. They never glance directly down the aisle and through their blinders that both lead and bewilder. It's cozy to put up defense mechanisms I suppose.

Gender lost in an androgynous gel that heats the scene. Approaching the arc of an eternal climax we look up and notice 30 different types of cereal. I think to myself, "that's a fairly absurd number of cereal choices" then shrug as we're putting our pants back on.

All of a sudden I can for the first time clearly discern what is playing on the loudspeaker. It's "Lost in the Supermarket" by the Clash. You just gotta love that voice from about right? We walk away whistling.



FROM THE PRESS RELEASE: Tonight a "clean sweep" will be made on Market St; not by the POLICE, but by the street people who are often the object of police harassment. The drug addicts, pillheads, teenage hustlers, lesbians, and homosexuals who make San Francisco's "MEAT PACK" their home are tired of living in the midst of the filth thrown out onto the sidewalks and into the streets by nearby businessmen... This VANGUARD demonstration indicates the willingness of societies outcasts to work openly for an improvement in their own social-economic power. WE HAVE HEARD TOO MUCH ABOUT "WHITE POWER" and "BLACK POWER" SO GET READY TO HEAR ABOUT "STREET POWER."

1:2 1966



In 2011, the youth at Larkin Street Youth Services also sweep streets. As a part of the HIRE program youth learn employment skills and often join the San Francisco

Department of Public Works and neighborhood business groups to get neighborhoods clean. The sweeping is not only job training, but it is an attempt to fight the stigma that all homeless people are messy and lazy. While the literal street sweeping continues, the Vanguard youth of the 60's used sweeping to combat police discrimination and the very practices that became law in 2010 with the passage of Prop N, known as the sit/lie law.

Darlings,

I bought your filthy magazine from a street seller much to my dismay. I find that it is nothing more than a rag for low-grade perverts, dope addicts and pacifists. We don't need anymore communist literature. Instead of trying to show how wonderful the Tenderloin is you should be trying to destroy it, before God does. I would like a refund immediately.

Mr. Ralph Angle
Mission District SF

1:7 1967



1:7 1967

Why I'm Not a Billboard for HIV..... and I'm Positive?

Anonymous 2011

There are those who have guided us from birth doing the best that they could to raise us to be our best and yet when one is face to face with the roads of life alone and for the first time, sometimes you end up in situations you yourself use to mock and not take serious because there were just certain things you didn't do to end up like others you've heard of. like sleeping with every 10 inch dick you can find or letting five guys dump their loads in your ass Just because it was hot and fun, or better yet just not caring about condoms and being safe at all times.

I cared so much I fancied myself a "better-type-of-gay" and took pride in my bitchy and prude attitude when it came to sex, but as many lessons are given through life you must experience them and not read about them. I wonder to this day how much people would listen if I tried to explain to them how I contracted HIV? I wonder in fear constantly how many would wait before sizing me up as some disgusting diseased faggot who" brought it on himself It. The fact of the matter is not too many of them would, not too many of them would believe that the first man I fell in love with...the first man I gave myself to at 20 years old was the one who gave me this precarious illness. It was because of the love I had for him that I never gave into other guys. Actually other guys just could not compare to him so I was never tempted. Temptation was never the problem for me but for him the desire to taste all the "flavors of the gay fucking rainbow" was too great and his inability to admit it to me even greater. It was a year after we had broken up that he told me through an e-mail he found out he was HIV positive....I found' myself running to the clinic because I couldn't feel my heart and the world was closing in on me relentlessly over and over again he was the only person I'd had sex with most of the time with a condom and I trusted him!...after thirty minutes of waiting in the clinic holding back tears of despair, the nurse called me in and sat me down.

"Your HIV POSITIVE" she says it didn't take longer than a second for me to start crying. I felt my body dying all around me and life itself seemed over. "whore", "sick-dick", "bare-backer"....the thoughts streamed non-stop and I could not silence them. I was the literal walking dead in my own eyes and I could not overcome my despair "How did YOU of all people END UP ON THIS PATH!!!", It was too immense to reconcile on my own. So I went on a very divine coke binge for a month straight every day four to five times a day "8-bombs" were my correspondents into another world where I could feel nothing but my rage and sadness. I felt like someone threw me into a fucked up "twilight-zone" version of "Philadelphia" and I wanted the movie to be over.

Now that I was behind enemy lines I got to feel full force the effects of ignorance and misunderstanding, rightfully so it was painful because I was one of those people who just didn't want to understand the pain and tribulation behind something like having HIVi was one of those people who didn't care about the intimate and relevant details because I fancied myself a "better-gay" and now I approach the anniversary of my diagnosis December 1st, world aids day ironically, and I am no closer to feeling better about myself

more than I was then. I feel eternally damned from love because of the things straight and gay people say about someone like me sometimes to me it only seems like the only way they will understand is if they've contracted it themselves....something I wish for no one, but this is why I carry my burden alone in painful silence from day to day...I don't want the world to think I was out having sex with every boy I could get my hands on infecting others shamelesslyi was a virgin ...and I was in love...this is why I won't allow myself freedom and will bare my cross silentlythis is why I won't let myself have a boyfriend This is why I won't be a billboard for HIV.



Excerpts from *Exitls of Sin Incorporated*: Laurence Tate, Berkeley Barb, Friday November 11, 1966, Courtesy of the GLBT Historical Society.



He moved away, and another boy walked up and said he was Jean-Paul Marat (pronouncing the "t"), president of Vanguard. He was thin and pale, with black wavy hair piled on his head; his cheeks were reddish, his lips thick and babyish. As we sat down to talk, people were moving around noisily, getting the room ready for the meeting. Jean-Paul looked at one loud group and said, "Quiet!" When they laughed, he tossed his head and said, "I'll just stop thinking about you and you'll all stop existing."

He snapped his fingers, "There!" Fixing his gaze on a good-looking blond boy, he added, "I won't stop thinking about YOU."

"The Tenderloin area is filled with just about every type of misfit, parasite, and low character you can think of."

--A San Francisco policeman, on a TV documentary

It is estimated that up to a thousand young men and women between the ages of twelve and twenty-five live and/or work in the Tenderloin as prostitutes, pimps, jackrollers, and pill pushers. Early this summer, a group of these kids--"kid" is the generic name for a habitue of the Tenderloin, regardless of age--organized into a group called Vanguard and made news (even ABC television) by picketing a Tenderloin cafeteria that allegedly discriminated against them. Their most conspicuous local mention was in Herb Caen's daily column: "Compton's, the all-night cafeteria at Turk and Taylor, is now being picketed by some of the weirdoes who've been rousted by the tough Pinkertons on duty there. If you've never dug the Tenderloin types who generally hang out there after midnight, you've missed one of the Sights of the City. Positively eerie



"I've been on and off the streets for six years now," Jean-Paul said. "When I first got into town I was stopped by the police seventeen times in three days. The last time I got a dislocated jaw. That sort of thing happens all the time." He paused. Had Vanguard made any progress in this? "It's slow," he answered. They regularly made official complaints to a group called the Police Community Relations Board, and the police at least were cooperating some. They had got a police lieutenant to act as intermediary between Vanguard and Compton's.

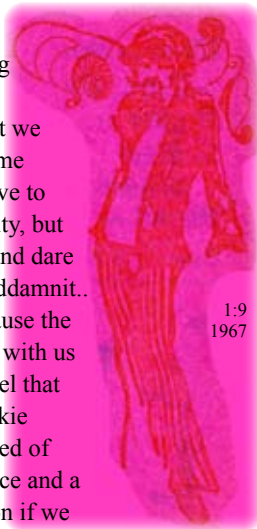
ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE

Open Letter to the Fags

Dear people,

I come to you today with a letter from the soul and visions of the era I live in, so pay close fucking attention. We are fragmented in our unity when those before us have shed blood and prose for the relevance of our equality and our liberation. We wage war amongst ourselves while still the world wages war against us! Our rights, characters, and moralities are still under fire by those who would see us wiped off the face of the planet and sadly it seems not too many of us give a shit. To top it off you sill little fairies are fine with the shit corroded stereotypes they want to make and publicize about us...and the bastards and pussies who hate us actually pass a lot of the untrue things they say about us as concrete truths!

Dear people the world has proclaimed we are unfit! Is it me or does it seem like that fight that started before us is slowly loosing momentum. Yes we are in the public eye!, the fruit flies love us!, and celebrities love to wear us!, but do they know truly what we fight for!? The fact remains that they don't... it still confounds me that so many people especially the male celebrities of my day love to disassociate themselves with anything dealing with homosexuality, but have no problem wearing a designer like Alexander McQueen and dare still to retain the word "fag" in their vocabularies!!! Yes Goddamnit.. we are loosing momentum and it breaks my heart primarily because the responsibility of gaining respect and liberation in all ways relies with us still, and I see so many of my fellow gays and friends alike shovel that responsibility away like steaming piles of "right out the ass" junkie shit I pass walking around in the Tenderloin high off the best weed of my life. Thinking about all of the things my people and I still face and a harder thought how we will never overcome our silent oppression if we don't reunify and fortify our efforts in this time of economic and heated political uproar.



Our first Black president Mr. Obama got millions during his run for president and from his human rights campaign and can you believe that they still won't "LET" claim your "gayness" in the military for fear of perversion that secretly already taints the army as we speak, and most likely not from the ones who accept their gayness but the ones who hate it and fear it... those who still think of "gayness" as a think of darkness and of the night! Gay marriage is still not legal, church with angry homophobic pastors still riot and condemn us, and the death of Matthew Sheppard is like a fucking gay fairy tale.....

I would try to lighten this up just a “cinch” more but it gets better. Our young people are suffering dearly. If you don’t have HIV you have a serious drug addiction... and I’m not talking coke. I’m talking heroin, meth, and crack. And if your gay and not associated with any of those things then you are another gay person who most likely has their back turned on all of it and you yourself forsake us as well.

Could you deny that maybe we make it easy for the world to look at us as citizens of Sodom and Gomorra? Not whole heartedly I can’t. But in my ranting and raving...hope remains. Through all of the self-destructive beauty I have seen here in the Tenderloin I know goodness still remains among us....people care to see us see our dreams and ambitions no matter how creative or outlandish, become real if we only need try. On Larkin is where I found the door to follow my bliss and sanctuary from the hellish world I walk in day in, and day out, sunrise to sun up. We are shedding our blood wastefully and I will not stand for it... not when I have discovered people like the “vanguard boys”, not after I left my life behind in another place far from San Francisco in search of a place to express all that lingers in my heart painfully, not after overcoming the fear and self-doubt! Most of us on the street cling to like life.

Dear people I will rebel if you will not, I will continue to overcome if you will not. I will show the world we are all not fallen angels susceptible to perversion and drug addictions, but angels who rise and achieve like any other like or unlike us. So that I may smite those who seek to condemn what they no nothing about! Because I hold us all in my dreams, in a world where we walk among all in equality, a world where we can be fathers and not suspected of molestation...a world where we are judged in personality alone and nothing else. A world for us where we have peace.

.....Don’t get me wrong I love and hate you faggots and I will carry on the burden of society for us because I have seen the beauty in our destruction and will not see it wasted. So that when the day that equality is ours and gay governors who play “footsie” in the bathroom with other men comes to an end. I can sit back with a fat blunt a house full of art and wrinkles on my face and say “I was apart of that era...and I helped it to go forth in whatever way I could without regret and all of my spirit.

---GOTTI 2011



LONELINESS in the Tenderloin

1:4 1967

We, each and everyone of us, long for a truly intimate relationship. Also we wish to feel a kinship with all people. This manner of yearning, which every normal person has, stems from a deep unconscious belief that we are all one within life itself. Furthermore where there is no sense of separation from life there is no loneliness. Yet the lonely people, those chronically lonely, are often bitter about their aloneness. Look around you. Lonely people almost always have a feeling of rejection. They tend to make cutting little remarks, "dirty dish," or indulge in various subtle accusations as though others were responsible for their feelings of separation! However when we examine things, it is the lonely person himself who is truly out of touch. Also, an individual's loneliness can be a substitute for or a bi-product of some other problem, perhaps intolerance, self-centeredness or just plain spiritual rigidity.

The youth of the Tenderloin feel, for the most part, that religion is corny or out of date. However even the most hardened of us can let his thoughts wander back to childhood-to the time when he did go to church. He can drift back and remember that warmth, the security that only active belief in a loving God can give.

A lonely person should pray for understanding of God's love in him. The basis for tolerance, for love of others and for respect of individual viewpoint is relational to one's own feeling with God.

Moreover policeman, hustler, congressman and all need to realize that just because they believe in something it need not follow that others can or should believe the same. For love of the Author we respect the free will of others.

Lastly to have a friendship endure; to make it true, worthwhile and a thing beauty, we should cultivate an attitude of friendship toward everybody and everything.

"Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labour."
Ecclesiastes 4:9

Rev. Ray



Writing by Vanguard Member, Mark Miller, From the Papers of Ray Broshears, Courtesy of the GLBT Historical Society

Loneliness is directly correlated to the misconception of 'aloneness'. We are not alone. Reach out, touch the hand of your brother and you touch the hand of God. Any connection, any cosmic linkage between one man and another immediately produces love, trust and complete honesty. Until you open your hands, heart and are ready to accept united love divine, you will stand alone. The key to brotherhood is truthfulness with the total exclusion of all doubt, desire and ambition. To make a personal contact with another human being is to be sharing the blessings of God. Wars, mistrust and hatred are based on loneliness. To prove your worth to humanity, you must let go of the cherished ego, come to reject all selfish desires and accept the glory and joy of love.

Continued to the right.

Horny? Horny? Horny? Horny? Horny?

FRIENDS! We're back with Horace Horny to soothe those tired muscles and to bandage hemroid hearts. Send your problems in to Horace, guys and gals.

Dear Horace,

I am in love with M, who is a bisexual and married to a very broadminded girl. They have invited me to share their home and their life. I should be very happy but one thing bothers me. What will be my new role in this household/relationship?

Need an answer quick

Dear Quick,

Can you sew?

Dear Horace,

This week I lost my sugardaddy, someone put sand in the petroleum jelly and an open sewer is running through the bedroom, I feel so miserable I want to die. What can I do? What's wrong with me?

Ready to end it all

Dear Ready,

We all have bad weeks. Nothing's wrong with you. Buy a good joke book and learn to laugh again.

Dear Horace,

Blonde, beautiful George loves me, but Jim says that he _____s and I can't do that. Then Bob broke with Joe because Joe said he wants to know me better and so George is upset. Also Jim told Mike that he wishes I were free. Who should I believe and who would you love?

Unsure

Dear Unsure,

Yes!

Dear Horace

Is it true that Sparkles (female) attended a recent marriage of two bisexuals in full drag and as best man? I think it's terrible and that the wedding's therefore null and void don't you?

Outraged

Dear out,

Only if the minister was straight.

1:4 1967



When a man becomes trapped in the syndrome of thinking he is alone, he feels the need to rebel, to prove himself. A child rejected will become a braggard [sic], a liar, anything to get the attention he so desires. ...In man's search for love, he so often looks everywhere except inside himself. Self-exploration is the beginning to honesty and honesty is the beginning of a gratifying personal relationship. The unity of brotherhood is in the palms of our hands, it takes only need strong enough to see it....Instead of the centuries of misery, the lonely eons, men should reach out of their own pointless suffering and indulge themselves in the joy of human closeness....Serenity is attained not by watching by participating in life. Deep thought should be given to the full meaning of existence until meditation is replaced by feeling and transcended spiritual awareness begins to flow easily. Thought and the ego are only guideposts for the eternal road of infinite perception.... - Brother Mark Miller

Tenderloin in the Loneliness

Loneliness is something that everyone experiences at some point. Whether it's from the nagging reminders in high school from bullies, from holidays spent alone, from the yellow remnants of bruises from parents or loved ones or from the lack of serotonin in the brain, I believe the greatest poverty issue San Franciscans of all income levels face is loneliness.

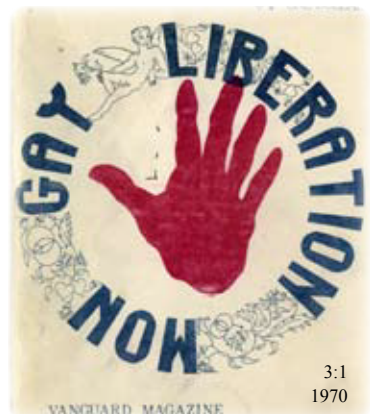
As someone with relatively rugged mental health and a very public career, surrounded by hundreds of homeless, hungry and faithful folk each week, I often feel even lonelier when surrounded by people who have seemingly endless need, without any real knowledge of my truest self.

Living in the Tenderloin for more than seven years now, I've discovered that there are times when the Tenderloin makes the loneliness easier. It's a neighborhood that wears its loneliness, perversion, poverty and sexuality on its sleeve. Sometimes the grime and the grit reminds me, that even in my deepest loneliness, I am still very well off. But I also see, in those who call me pastor, that the Tenderloin's above and underground economies are designed to feed off of the loneliness, destitution and desperation of the lonely souls who have been thrown away by families, society and in some cases their congregations.

If you have resources, access to mental health care, some luck and truckloads of inner strength, you will find that the Tenderloin is a cure to loneliness. If you don't, the Tenderloin will demand all that you have, put a red light in your window, will forget your name and will treat you like you're dead until one day you have become one of the disappeared whom either got housing in public housing or in a mansion in the sky.

Benevolent Uncle (God), I pray for those who are lonely, that they may have hope. I call for an end of the delusion that anything will solve homelessness, other than housing. God, remember your promise to bring justice to the weak, orphaned and persecuted. Bring health and protection to all the hustlers, panhandlers, lost and forgotten. Restore compassion to politicians, police officers and business owners who have the power to shape the short and long term futures of the poor and oppressed. Bless the residents of the Tenderloin!

Pastor Megan Rohrer 2011





“Perhaps I have seen the other prophets in the faces of some of the young people who live and hustle in the Tenderloin. They are the ones who have exhibited a kind of compassion which you and I are afraid to show. They have allowed as many as eight or more homeless hustlers of Market Street to sleep on their floors and to share their meals. Some of them speak, even in their personal loneliness, of a love that overcomes the barriers that have placed them in society’s garbage can.”

-Glide Methodist Intern Larry Mamiya, c. 1967 (Lyon Martin papers, Courtesy of the GLBT Historical Society.)



“My original idea definitely was to empower the kids to be more than what they were. I saw them—I saw real virtues in them. And that’s part of love and I think very few people learn how to love. Loving is seeing virtues in a person even if they don’t see them....and what’s what I saw in the kids.”

-Vanguard member Joel Roberts (oral history with Joey Plaster, 2010)



1:6 1967



Rev. Megan Rohrer 2011

let there be a force of cause
 when there is a midnight
 and let there be life in the midst
 of a silent wind-hushed battlefield.
 let a flower blast through the mud-splattered
 snow of winter.
 and let there be a cry from that final silence
 to let all the universe know
 that we will stir into movement
 and move into growth
 and the people will grow into a
 race of gods-
 and the midnight

PEOPLE
POWER

be damned!

Amen.

In an effort to establish identity, in order to give purpose to heretofore bitter lives, a small group of people have united in a single cause; to better themselves, to better their city, to better their nation, and, ultimately, all mankind. These individuals in the Vanguard Movement, idealists of the slums, have banded together to promote an environment of love and understanding between all the peoples of the earth.

It is imperative, for the survival of such an organization, to maintain these basic principles:

- (1) to expand to include all people needing help, and all people willing to give aid to the organization or members thereof.
- (2) to unify as friends to meet the needs of the organization. And
- (3) to promote a public image of dignity, respect, and understanding. These three factors are so closely related that not one can be isolated. Not one should be misused or ignored.

All life consists of growth and movement. The motto of the Vanguard Movement is: "Going places and doing things!" These places and things must include the entire Bay Area to help bridge the gap of lack of communication. We cannot survive as an isolationistic organization! We must go to the world with hands and hearts open with the willingness to accept those very people who refuse to accept us.

Our voices can, must, and will be heard!

To find the answers in our search for identity, recognition and appreciation, we must be willing to guide each other as a brotherhood of friends through any and all personal and administrative road-blocks. Together we can do this, and together we will.

PEOPLE POWER continued:

We are participants in the parade of
 humanity. Let us pledge to work with
 one another to let our banners fly,
 proud and free. We have the power of
 people. God Bless

mark miller

Why do you take your care from me
 Am I not like you
 Why do you say I am unworthy
 Was I not born like you
 Why do you say I'm a parasite
 Am I not able like you
 Why do you deny me
 Was I not created too
 O why dark soul O why are you so black
 I have been in the womb like you, conceived
 Yet u say I'm less than you
 Heaven shines, and Angels sing
 Yet u growl at nature like a beast
 Change I say, open your heart I tell you, for you are no greater
 And I am no greater than you
 Humble yourself you selfish heart
 And continue not hating me for what you don't understand
 Open your hands and look at mine, aren't they the same?



People Power is an issue made by a Vanguard movement for the sole purpose of promoting understanding and love for all the people of the earth.

As a writer I got very interested in the fact of change: how change has always created controversy, yet there seems to always be a silver lining in the midst of chaos.

Equality for the LGBTQ community is the main reason this issue of Vanguard Magazine was created in the 1960s. I see that now, December 23, 2010, we are still fighting for equality, yet fifty years later we stand waiting for equality. San Francisco has broken a lot of those barriers. Yes, we can hold hands and kiss in public, but the mentality and the lack of education and open-mindedness has still failed us poorly.

There are still people out there who want to postpone our equal rights. Republican and church leaders have deemed us sinners and a corruption to society. This makes me wonder whether society knows anything about change, since the richest people in America usually make the rules and regulations.

I believe that a movement keeps going forward. We should continue to make bold statements through education within our community and exterior communities. We as the affected can continue to deflect all negative assumptions about the LGBTQ community. By gaining knowledge, the mind frees itself from the suppression that society created.

Little by little we will get equal rights and be politically free, because what they don't know is that we continue to teach freedom as righteous and necessary!

What I Don't Like About San Francisco: A.E 2010

What I don't like about S.F.....it's the power of dehumanization that the older gay community has on the younger generation. Before I first became homeless, the first thing I did was sleep at Grace Cathedral. The pride I had in myself was really high. So I didn't want to sleep just any 'ol place. After losing some of that pride, I began to offer my body for shelter and food; not money, I was still too prideful for that.

Two days later... it was anything that was offered ... I was a little gay latino art student ... with nothing to offer but my body. Sadly, that's all I am seen as in the older gay white community. They don't know I'm actor, singer, a big brother, a best friend. They hold on to my possessions I get on my knee and choke on their dicks, call them daddy (or bitch), be raped or rape them, lose my soul.

To you old gay white men who read this, YOU are at fault. You are the founders of our culture but you keep the keys and secrets to yourself. You see the younger gays, like me ... and you only take whats south of the border. You see the younger gays trapped by poverty, Chrystal Meth, hate crimes, prostitution ... so much more. You see the organizations that take care of us and you'd rather look down from your rainbow, 80's diva songs, sex dungeon castle, and throw stones to tear them down ... The worst part is that some of my brothers, African American, Caucasian, Asian, Middle Eastern, latino, mixed ... From 12 years of age on up ... we buy into this world you've set up for us. To the point where we begin to like it, beg for it, CRAVE it like a goddamn drug.

Just wanting to be treated less like a human, and more like a device ... To be used over and over ... Praying that you'll need us forever, that you won't leave us like daddy did, that you won't try to change us like mommy tried to do ... Castro is a country in decline.

The magic is fading and what will you old crafty crones do then ... tell the straight population to shove off? You can't. Along with S.F. the older gays are dying out as well. No one said it was a good thing. In a way, its bad ... the new generation is lacking the support and cultural knowledge to keep the boat going. Sure, Berlin is slowly gaining popularity, but yeah ... that's not S.F. I'm not writing this so that the younger generation ... My gay brothers will know that we are not only responsible for ourselves but we are also responsible for the future gays---the ones whom we'll be tempting when were 75. The homeless ones whom we will watch freeze in the January air, the Innocent ones whom we will conceal our HIV status from, the ones in dire need we blackmail and backstab, the ones we will avoid while we are with friends. then sleep with at night, and the ones who are probably better singers, dancers and artists but we brand trash.

We are responsible for them, and to our beloved S.F. ... The Gay Version of Atlantis .. By now you must be thinking "Is he a heartless faggot or what?"

To answer your question, I've been in S.F. for a year and a half, and it only took a month to get this way.

These streets ain't her home: Amy [REDACTED] 2011

(Just some musings on the experiences of an Intersexed girl's life in the Tenderloin.)

She walks down Ellis St with her head hanging down, scanning the ground for cigarette butts that she can smoke to stay warm in the brisk San Francisco wind. She wasn't always this way – tired, cold, dejected and without hope. No, she once had hopes and dreams, people that cared about her, a purpose that she refused to let go of. But, that was before. Before she was told that she didn't belong, that no one wanted her because she was different from them. Even the transgendered girls on Polk didn't want anything to do with her because she wasn't one of them. It was the same with "normal" girls too, they thought that she was transgendered, a man to be mindful of, a man to be feared. So it was that she found herself walking alone this cold December night, no where to even lay her head down for a few restless hours of sleep. She heard the whirring of the police car's engine as it pulled up behind her, the officers giving her the once over before pulling away, having decided that there were bigger fish to fry tonight. "Hey sexy thang! I said hey!" a deep voice layered with gravel from too many cigarettes and whiskey shouted behind her. She bent her head lower and quickened her step, not wanting to encourage any further advances from the potential lover. As she walked, trying not to appear scared, she heard a muffled curse, then a glass bottle smashed against the wall next to her head, stale alcohol splashing her face. She broke into a mindless run, heedless to her direction, turning onto cross streets several times. Slowing back to a brisk walk, she struggled to catch her breath, her heart pounding under the influence of the methamphetamine in her body. Stopping at the corner of Geary and Leavenworth, she cursed at the way that the nameless man had tried to hurt her. She asked herself what it was that she was doing here in the big city, where did she go wrong, what did she do to deserve this. "WHY!!!!!!????!!!!!!?" She screamed at the empty street, not getting an answer. There really wasn't an answer, really. There was no reason for nature to have gone awry, it certainly wasn't her fault. Or for that matter there wasn't any reason for people to treat her the way that they did – as a freak of nature, as if she could change her biology. For though she was homeless, and had no other home, these streets were not her home, and they never would be. For though she was above these dismal streets, made to be better than what she had become she belonged nowhere, yet she belonged everywhere, but these streets just ain't her home.

The scene in this story is repeated countless times all over the world, but we never hear about it, we never know about it, because for most of us, it simply doesn't exist. We have no experiences to draw on to understand it, because we belong in one of the main two binary genders. Either we are Male, or we're Female – we don't experience any grey area, and so therefore can't understand the grey area of Intersexuality. But for those of us that don't belong in one category or the other, we often find that we identify with one or the other, but are never truly accepted due to biological factors that we can't control. I hope that through this short story, you as the reader can take a moment to think about what it means to not fit in, to never have acceptance for who and what you are.

1:5 1967



CAMP Stamp

VD Secretary phone # 826-8451
VD Editorial phone no. 387-6985
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 crowd. 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: 387-6985 LOVE --

1:3 1966

THE LADDER

a unique monthly magazine for,
about and by

the Lesbian

for a sample copy send 50¢ to:

Daughters of Bilitis, Inc.
3470 Mission Street
San Francisco, CA 94110

"We walked the streets of San Francisco at night accompanying Ray. He was not preaching- he was seeking people in distress who we could help. If we were separated and needed him we were to blow our whistle so he'd join us. He then would look in his thick wallet of phone numbers and go to a pay phone and call the person he had helped in the past & then call in the favor of the assistance for these new people. No matter how badly people dished Ray, I saw him do more to assist others than those who only spoke of kindness or concern."

-Vanguard member Adrian Ravarour (oral history with Joey Plaster, 2010)

“A ‘Secularized’ Church Pursues Its Mission In Unorthodox Causes, Wall Street Journal, March 13, 1967, Courtesy of the GLBT Historical Society.

San Francisco Homosexuals Helped by Glide Methodist; Some Members Unhappy

Movement “part of a wider trend called ‘secularization.’” “The clergy is a major source of recruits for the civil rights movement.” “Essentially, they say, their job is to apply Christian ideals of charity to urban problems.” “Glide’s members are especially concerned about homosexuality. It is widespread in San Francisco. Police estimate that 80,000 to 90,000 San Franciscans, or more than 10% of the city’s 790,000 people, are homosexuals.

Glide permitted the Vanguard, a group of young male prostitutes, to have a dance in the church. Glide also has made office space available to the Vanguard, helped them secure a clubroom and bought them furniture. “We were the only ones who would respond to the needs of these people, says Mr. Williams. “If you make yourself available to people, there’s got to be a complete commitment. A commitment just to help those its easy to help is hypocritical.”

Glide ministers haven’t tried to ‘reform’ the homosexuals. But Mr. Durham says some have responded to the sympathetic treatment they have received. “One fellow who was really struggling with his sexual identity has gotten married and found a job,” he says. “Two or three have joined the church. Some who have gotten away from the kind of life they were leading have even come back to help those still caught up in it.”

...

Whatever else may result from the aid to the Vanguard, it already has opened some communication between homosexuals and the police department. A policeman has been assigned to counsel the group. Oddly, among those unhappy with the Glide, Vanguard relationship were leaders of several other homosexual organizations. “We thought the publicity (about dances and prostitution) would tend to perpetuate in the public mind a stereotype of the homosexual as irresponsible and sexually permissive,” one says.

...[mentions Saul Alinsky preaching, abortion “defender” preaching, CCH, etc.]...

If Glide’s activities appear unorthodox, its ministers say, it is largely because of a strong ‘anti-urban’ strain in American Protestant thinking. While most denominations have willingly, even eagerly, dispatched missionaries to primitive and sometimes savage foreign lands, many religious leaders have sied away from work in the domestic ‘jungles.’ Heretofore, says Mr. Durham, “The role of the church in the city was somehow to save people from the evils of the city and to remind them of the sanctity of their rural heritage.” But no matter how “atheistic, Godless, immoral, demonic” modern city life may seem to be, Mr. Durham says, God create it and loves it.”

PENALTIES FOR SEX OFFENSES IN THE U.S.

1:8 1967

STATE	FORNICATION	ADULTERY	COHABITATION	1000MY*
ALABAMA	\$100 to 7 or 6 mos.**	\$100 to 7 or 6 mos.**		2-10 yrs.
ALASKA	\$500 or 2 yrs. or both	\$200 or 3 mos.		1-10 yrs.
ARIZONA		3 yrs.	3 yrs.	5-20 yrs.
ARKANSAS			\$20-\$100***	1-21 yrs.
CALIFORNIA			\$1000 or 1 yr. or both	1 yr. to 7
COLORADO	\$200 or 6 mos.****	\$200 or 6 mos.****		1-14 yrs.
CONNECTICUT	\$100 or 6 mos. or both	5 yrs.		30 yrs.
DELAWARE		\$500 or 1 yr. or both		\$1000 and 3 yrs.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	\$300 or 6 mos. or both	\$300 or 1 yr. or both		\$1000 or 10 yrs.
FLORIDA	\$30 or 3 mos.	\$500 or 2 yrs.	\$300 or 2 yrs.	20 yrs.
GEORGIA	\$1000 or 12 mos. or both	\$1000 or 12 mos. or both		1-10 yrs. 2nd conviction, 10-30 yrs.
HAWAII	\$15-\$50 or 1-3 mos.	\$30-\$100 or 3-12 mos. or both*****		\$1000 and 20 yrs.
IDaho	\$300 or 6 mos. or both	\$100-\$1000 or 3 mos.-3 yrs.	\$300 or 6 mos. or both	5 yrs. to 7
ILLINOIS	\$200 or 6 mos. or both	\$500 or 2 yr. or both		
INDIANA	\$500 or 6 mos. or both	\$500 or 6 mos. or both		\$100-\$1000 or 2-14 yrs. or both
IOWA		\$300 and 1 yr. or 1-3 yrs.		10 yrs.
KANSAS	\$500 or 6 mos. or both	\$500 or 6 mos. or both		10 yrs.
KENTUCKY	\$20-\$50	\$20-\$50		2-5 yrs.
LOUISIANA			\$1000 or 1 yr. or both	\$2000 or 5 yrs. or both
MAINE	\$100 and 2 mos.	\$1000 or 5 yrs.	\$300 or 5 yrs.	1-10 yrs.
MARYLAND		\$10		1-10 yrs.
MASSACHUSETTS	\$30 or 3 mos.	\$500 or 3 yrs.	\$300 or 3 yrs.	20 yrs.
MICHIGAN	\$500 or 1 yr.	\$1000 or 4 yrs. or both		15 yrs.
MINNESOTA	\$100 or 3 mos.	\$300 or 2 yrs.		20 yrs.
MISSISSIPPI	\$500 and 6 mos.	\$500 and 6 mos.		10 yrs.
MISSOURI	\$1000 or 1 yr. or both	\$1000 or 1 yr. or both		2 yrs. to 7
MONTANA	\$500 or 6 mos. or both	\$500 or 6 mos. or both		5 yrs. to 7
NEBRASKA	\$100 and 6 mos.	1 yr.		20 yrs.
NEVADA	\$500-\$1000 or 6 mos.-1 yr. or both	\$500-\$1000 or 6 mos.-1 yr. or both		1 yr.-life

Maximum fine and/or imprisonment for first offense unless otherwise noted. When two numbers are given, they represent minimum and maximum penalties.

STATE	FORNICATION	ADULTERY	COHABITATION	SODOMY*
NEW HAMPSHIRE	\$50 or 6 mos.	\$500 or 1 yr. or 2-3 yrs.		\$1000 or 5 yrs. or both
NEW JERSEY	\$50 or 6 mos. or both	\$1000 or 3 yrs. or both		\$5000 or 20 yrs. or both
NEW MEXICO			\$100 or 6 mos. or both	\$2000 or 2-10 yrs. or both
NEW YORK		\$250 or 6 mos. or both		\$500 or 1 yr. or both
NORTH CAROLINA	Fine or jail or both as court may direct	Fine or jail or both as court may direct		5-40 yrs.
NORTH DAKOTA	\$100 or 1 mo. or both	\$500 or 1 yr.	\$100-\$200 or 1 mo.-3 mos.	10 yrs.
OHIO	\$200 or 3 mos.	\$200 or 3 mos.		1-20 yrs.
OKLAHOMA		\$500 or 5 yrs. or both		10 yrs.
OREGON	\$50-\$200 or 1-6 mos.	\$200-\$1000 or 3 mos.-2 yrs.		15 yrs.
PENNSYLVANIA	\$100	\$500 or 1 yr.		\$5000 or 10 yrs. or both
RHODE ISLAND	\$10	\$500 or 1 yr.		5-20 yrs.
SOUTH CAROLINA	\$100-\$500 or 6 mos.-1 yr. or both	\$100-\$500 or 6 mos.-1 yr. or both		\$5000 or 7 or 5 yrs. or both
SOUTH DAKOTA		\$500 or 3 yrs. or both		10 yrs.
TENNESSEE				5-15 yrs.
TEXAS	\$50-\$500	\$100-\$1000		2-15 yrs.
UTAH	\$100 or 6 mos.	3 yrs.	5 yrs.	5-10 yrs.
VERMONT		\$1000 or 5 yrs. or both		1-5 yrs.
VIRGINIA	\$20-\$100	\$20-\$100	\$50-\$500	1-3 yrs.
WASHINGTON		\$1000 or 2 yrs.	\$1000 or 1 yr. or both	10 yrs.
WEST VIRGINIA	\$20 to ?	\$20 to ?	\$10 to ? or 6 mos. or both	1-10 yrs.
WISCONSIN	\$200 or 6 mos. or both	\$1000 or 3 yrs. or both	\$500 or 1 yr. or both	\$500 or 5 yrs. or both
WYOMING	\$100 and 3 mos.	\$100 and 3 mos.		10 yrs.

*Sodomy, often referred to as "the crime against nature," includes a wide variety of "unnatural" sexual activity, with animals or with another person of either sex, both within and outside of marriage.

**\$300 to 7 or 1 year for second conviction; 2 years for third conviction.

***\$100 to 7 or 1 year for second conviction; 1 to 3 years for third conviction.

****Double next sentence imposed for second conviction and so on for subsequent convictions.

*****Penalty for male only; for female, penalty is less: \$10 to \$100 or 1 to 3 months' imprisonment.

Indie Boy romance ...and the meth mistress: Gotti 2011

Once upon a time there were two boys born into the world, both of them born on the same day under the same sign of the stars but from the opposite sides of the world and with families like day and night. Little did they know their destinies would meet in a city of runaways....and little did they know that in their meeting they would find an instant emotional bond in each other, a bond that decimated the stereotype of sexual deviance given to so many boys of their kind... they were different boys....indie boys boys of immense emotional power ,creativity and known lusters of rebellion, legends. But as is the fate of all who live in the world, their kindredness was to be marked and tested by a mistress a mistress of another kind with unremarkable power and lives in a glass castle lit by fireher name was METH and her name is legendary in the world of indie because she reached even there land and wreaked much havoc. The mistress came across the two boys one day snared one of them silently instantly using his rebellious nature against him cooing him all the while with the false promise of letting him go easily ...the mistresses hold became so strong over her newly found victim that her powers eventually broke the two boys apart with ease. The Mistress Meth was only so loving to bring her victim back to his lover to flaunt the new person she had transformed him into overnight, with the glow of hell she sparked in his eyes with her glass wand. She was lethal indeed for she cursed the other indie boy who would not see her in his sight or feel her within him...she cursed him to watch her lay waste to his lover. ... and see his love die quickly and his already broken heart melt just as she does in her glass bed. Indie boy romance was legend to surpass all worldly constraints and ideals ...for indie boys were rebellious and are held captive by no one except those they are connected to in mind and spirit But the meth Mistress hailed from another world, the world of "addiction" and her world is littered with the souls of many from all worlds she has armies all over the world that carry out her bidding and her power to many of them is absolute because of the very souls she captures and the pandemonium that reverberates from each one. She herself is why the legend of the "indie boy Romance" exists ... as is the Way of indie boys they do not leave behind those they love for they are connected in spirit... ...the power of the indie boy itself was a misunderstood thing and it is because of this misunderstanding in their power is how the other boy saved the spirit of his lost lover. The lonely lover took all of his love and poured it into a black bookin this book he poured his love and bathed it in shed tears over his lost lover... in doing this he immortalized his soul and the love they shared. And after he binded their love in this black book he faded into the night and "un-know-ness." I'm waiting silently to rescue the body of his lover and send him into the west....where the mistress meth cannot be summoned. Where she has no power..... even unto this day the indie boy waits in shadow for his lover. ...shedding tears carrying the soul of his lover in a little black book rivaling the mistress meth and all of her power.



II. PROBLEMS PERSONALLY OBSERVED:

In terms of problems personally observed, the respondents made replies that grouped themselves as follows:

{ Loneliness	10	"Tenderloin"	6	Provincialism	1
{ Directionlessness	3	narcotics, prostitution	.		
{ Housing	5	Wasted children, youth	5		
{ Poverty (Welfare)	3	Parking, traffic	2		

Dec. 1, 1966. A Study of the Needs of the Downtown (Tenderloin/Central City) Cooperative Parish, From the Papers of the Rev. Charles Lewis, 2A SPS North Beach Fellowship, SF CA, Coutsy of the ELCA Region 2 Archive.

WE PROTEST

WE PROTEST THE ENDLESS PROFIT ADULTS ARE MAKING OFF
YOUTH IN THE CENTRAL CITY

WE PROTEST THE UNSTOPPED AND SEEMING UNSTOPPABLE FLOW
IN PILLS WHICH AFFLICTS THE AREA ONLY THOSE
WHO ARE WILLFULLY BLIND CAN OVERLOOK

WE PROTEST POLICE HARASSMENT OF YOUTH IN THE AREA WHEN
THE BIG TIME SPECULATORS SEEM TO WORK OPENLY
AND RECEIVE NO ATTENTION

WE PROTEST AND DEPLORE THE FACT THAT THE "CITY FATHERS"
SIT ABOUT IDLY WHILE THIS UGLY SITUATION GROWS
"ORSE

WE PROTEST BEING CALLED "QUEER", "PILLHEAD" AND BEING PLACED
IN THE POSITION OF BEING OUTLAWS AND PARASITES
WHEN WE ARE OFFERED NO ALTERNATIVES TO THIS
EXISTENCE IN OUR SOCIETY

WE ASK HOW YOUTH CAN BE RELEGATED TO THE EXTREME
DEGRADATION IN A COUNTRY WHICH CLAIMS TO BE
"MORAL"

WE DEMAND JUSTICE AND IMMEDIATE CORRECTIONS OF THE FACT
THAT MOST OF THE MONEY MADE IN THE AREA IS MADE
BY THE EXPLOITATION OF YOUTH BY SO-CALLED NORMAL
ADULTS WHO MAKE A FAST BUCK OFF SITUATIONS
EVERYONE CALLS DEGENERATE, PERVERTED AND SICK

VANGUARD PLEDGES THAT ITS YOUTH WILL WORK TO PROVIDE
THE HELP AND CONCERN ADULTS SEEM UNABLE TO
MUSTER

Excerpts from Jean-Paul Marat Letter, From the Lyon Martin Papers, Courtesy of the GLBT Historical Society

"You must realize that 99% of the homosexual organizations in the U.S. are composed of and run by, the middle class, well established hidden homosexual. VANGUARD and one or two other organizations are composed of the other 1% of the homosexuals in the country. We are the hustlers, who are bought and paid for by the same people who will not hire us to a legitimate job."

"We are the people with long hair who will neither hire to work for you nor allow in your organizations. We are the young homosexuals, as young as thirteen or fourteen, who are to [sic] damn young and confused to really know where else to go but to one of the well known organizations."

CRUISE NEWS & WORLD REPORT

VOLUME II
NUMBER 7
July 1966

A STRAIT PUBLICATION
TELEPHONE AREA CODE
415 - 431-4260

YOUNG REJECTS FORM OWN ORGANIZATION

San Francisco is about to be given the opportunity to support a real grassroots organization of its "undesirables."

VANGUARD is an organization whose membership is drawn right off the streets of the city, with aims of self improvement of the lot of hair-fairies, lost kids, hustlers, young adults without family ties, and all the other varied types that frequent Market Street seeking entertainment, money, a meal, a change of clothing, or just kicks.

Requirements for membership, according to Joel Roberts, organizer of VANGUARD is that the person be a 'kid on the street.' In the common parlance this can mean of any age, from 16 to 60 but he has made it clear, "we want people who are 'on the street', not a bunch of nice type social workers. We believe that we can take care of a large portion of our problems without the interference of the Federal government, head shrinkers or older people, most of whom do not at all understand the problems of the kids."

VANGUARD is seeking donations to get their program underway from those who are interested and hopes to have some kind of a center open with the needed facilities within a few weeks. Donations may be sent to VANGUARD % Glide Foundation, 330 Ellis, San Francisco.

St. Francis Lutheran Church
152 Church Street
between Duboce Ave & 14th St
San Francisco across from Safeway
Dr. Robert Goldstein, Lead Pastor
Pastor Megan Rohrer,
Missionary to the
homeless in San Francisco



SUNDAY SCHEDULE
9:45 AM Adult Forum
11:00 AM Worship Service
12:15 PM Coffee Hour



J.P. Marat



Mark Forrester

1967 J.P. Marat and Mark Forrester photos from the Don Lucas Papers, courtesy of the GLBT Historical Society.

Interview with "Mr. Fuck the World"

Gotti 2011

I Escaped to San Francisco with the one wish to be free to Express myself in truth no matter the subject, content, or tone. By the merciful grace and ever-watchful eyes of GOD and" a little hit of coke my wish is now being realized and born with this issue of Vanguard Magazine "revisited", But it's important for us all to remember that before you start conjuring those shallow ass thoughts of you may have. You take care to remember that the thoughts of others carry weight in the world and will echo if Given the chanceall one need do is pay attention to what's being expressed and think about it before labeling it as nonsense or some shit you don't give a damn about, because at the end of the day this is real life and the voice of a real person actually living this. I had the fucking esteemed pleasure to interview Shaun Darell Morris A.K.A "Mr. Fuck The World" Born in Detroit Michigan. A gay runaway San Franciscan refugee just like me. Not a junkie, not a whore or escort, not some hell bound soul that some dick craving priests would like to depict us to be, but someone who is an "over-comer" and a person who will fight for his freedom if for no one then for himself. Not someone asking for but demanding unbiased and fair treatment from anyone gay or straight.

Q: So shaun A.k.A "Mr. Fuck The World" you and I have had so many things to say about the "the gays" in regards to just how fucking bitchy and fragmented our so called community is. What are some of the reasons you think so many gays outcast and discriminate on each other. ..seemingly almost more than the heterosexuals?

A: "Well to totally be honest with you Gotti, I don't think you should even waste your breath using words like "unified" because in my eyes and based off my experiences, it seems that before we came into this world and when men were just attempting to "come out of the closet" and begin to bitch and moan for their rights. It wasn't about having other gay people to hang around and stare at disgustedly or cruise on because the physique was just too sexy to resist! But about survival and the acceptance of one another and having some place to go where there were mass quantities of assholes and freaks just like you shared their worries of being judged because of who they were, their outfits, having a curling iron stuck up your ass by self-hating "homophobe" who probably wanted to fuck you anyway, or dealing with and trying to cope with an "un-known" disease killing half of your friends or other peoples friends with machine gun intensity with no solid answers as to why. Apparently that history, fear, and sense of "community" is dead or in the process of dying with many of our young gays is what I think, more so the "gays" not dealing with the family disowning's, hereditary poverty or un-repairable family dysfunctions. So many of us are so competitive and not genuinely understanding towards one another, these bitches are so quick to piss on each other for whatever reasons they see fit. To top it off So many boys like us are embracing the "fuck the world" attitude" and have embraced it to the point where they are now projecting discrimination on each other without even thinking twice about how contradictory that truly is in "real life." Or how it translates into the reinforcement and publication of the ignorant mentalities and teachings of a portion of society that is "hella" against us, and our God

given freedom Now taking this full circle, to fucking blacklist and discriminate against one of your own and then cry to the "heteros", republicans and even the fucking democrats about how we want equal rights and all that political shit sounds like a joke to me when I see it on CNN, KRON-4 or in the magazines, I laugh at it with no remorse I don't give a damn that I'm gay as well at least I knew or thought better. Are you kidding me? Don't expect ignorant fucks to embrace and hear us if we can't even embrace and help one another rise! Oh and I just have to say this what's with the gay flag? IT'S JUST A PIECE OF FALSE SYMBOLOGYthe rainbow flag IS only a symbol of how many varieties of us there are ...and yet with all its colors and representational "hype" When Shaun Morris looks at it, it only reiterates in my mind how divided and separate all of us actually are For starters make the gay flag black. That's all the colors combined, but we would actually have to be united as a community now wouldn't we for that idea to even fucking work, UGH! A waste of breath what's the next question."

Q: You've got many identical opinions that connect directly to how I feel about being gay today in 2010, and how difficult it can be co-existing with our own and sometimes having to force the respect of bigots. We are bitches "for a reason" together seeing the same "prejudice" image being repainted right in front of our twenty one and twenty-three year old eyes even here in San Francisco...just with bright" gays ass rainbow colors" used as a cover-up. Actually I feel better knowing that it's not just me feeling so "over it" and I love that shit " Secretly", now I can sleep without popping a Vicadin and a shot of Grey Goose...j/k. But even after your "sickening" response to the previous question I asked, do you think that the idea of a unified "Gay Community" is truly possible or is it something that just sounds nice to think about while you're high?

A: "Until the gays" show me something more as far as being vastly more empathetic towards one another! Or more efforts on T.V. striving toward a greater good for all the gays, and not just a select few or the self-proclaimed" decent and acceptable gays"! UNTILL the exclusion and the "forgetting" of those of us who may have fallen into drug addiction, involuntary homelessness, or just being lost in the damn world because of the lack of support in our lives and then having to no option but to try and deal with the complex and lethal decision making process entirely alone with the gays and the rest of the world on your back about what you're doing and how, a lot of them not giving two shits either!... You're fucking right Gotti that is just something for me to think about while rolling a fat blunt with a grape swisher getting high at Civic Center. Maybe if the "fashionistas" stopped worrying about how cute and trendy they looked toward an onlooker or prospective "one night stand". Put a little more emphasis on making our community function better internally, and when the damn day finally gets here when we can approach each other without rolling our eyes or slaughtering the feelings of a gay guy who does not meet our misconstrued standards with unwarranted hostility May then I won't be such a "MUTAHFUCKIN" cynic and just maybe I might start hoping for a better future for us all!

I'm not like you Gotti, Until those things happen whenever that may be. I'm going to just smoke my weed, handle my priorities possibly giving the "fuck you finger" to whom it may ever concern, get the money that is to be made here in California, and remember to remember those who stuck with me and supported me the entire way through this "totally fucked up" phenomena and "hand of cards" dubbed "life".....now that that's finished lets go to Civic and smoke a blunt I can't thinking about this shit for too long without wanting to go off on every gay person I see for the rest of the day are they really going to read this"

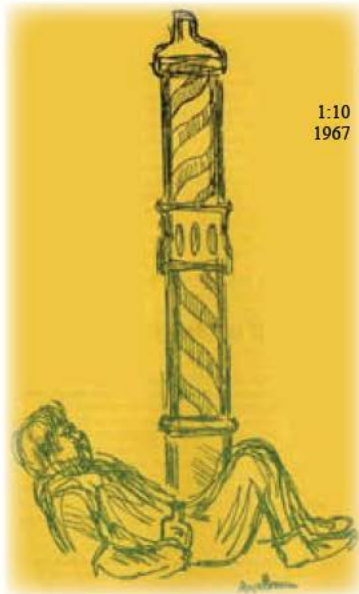


THE CITY

1:2 1966

A POEM BY MARK [REDACTED]

Walking through sidewalk sorrow
 Tomorrow?
 Tomorrow.
 Boozing,
 Cruising;
 Loosing.
 Falling into suitcase nightmares
 walking,
 talking
 midnight sun sign
 lustre-dent
 "love for a ticket"
 but my moneys spent.
 done are the flowers
 soil into sand.
 Gone are the seedlings
 thrown from the hand
 of Miss Fortune
 (she's a Bitch of a girl).
 Swirling through corridors of mind
 I find myself walking,
 and asking-
 Tomorrow?



1:10
 1967

If I am not for myself, who will be for me?
 If I am for myself only, who will I be?
 If not--when?

, Talmudic Saying



"There was so much discrimination that even, the gay kids on the streets eating at these really sleazy joints...For nineteen cents you'd have a hamburger, but you weren't allowed to eat there, and the manager would yell at you, saying—"Faggot, eat your hamburger outside." "You've lost everything, you've lost your family, you may have lost your boyfriend, cause he OD'd. You may have lost your freedom, being busted for petty crimes. And you can't even eat a damn hamburger?" And it just really got to me... My friends overdosing, and not even being able to eat a goddamn hamburger in a sleaze joint."

-Joel Roberts (oral history with Joey Plaster, 2010)

...are a group of young and young-minded people. Individually, they have few parrells. Most are gay, impoverished and emotionally unstable. They're searching for a place in a complex world that rejects them for the most part. Nonetheless, the group seems to feel that group effort is the best way to win the rights of all. their programs are right on



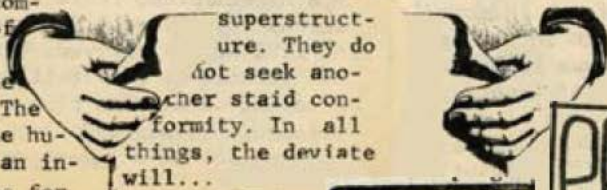
the street. This new bunch is dedicated to a multi-front improvement right on the local scene.

But none of this is new. This mag- has recorded the fluctuating passions, loyalties and diversions of the L's children. Dynasties have risen and fallen with amazing ease. No single group has ever been able to serve all of their variances. No one has given

unity. In fact, no effective group has ever even outlasted half the reign of its founders without monthly overhauls! Without a doubt, the Street Prophets is another sincere league for social discovery. But it is not permanent. However that does not imply that it is not important. It is! It is the most important thing on the scene today.

Every Friday they serve a donation-only dinner at Glide for those who frequent the Tenderloin. Prophets aid the still-free Hospitality House daily as volunteers, entertainers or in 'special capacities.' Most important to the cause is their effort to create a community feeling-- which is reminiscent of the best days of the Vanguard organization. Unfortunately, that was many months and several administrations ago.

Nevertheless, we have no confidence in an eternity of the Street Prophets, nor for any of its successors in the Tenderloin in the foreseeable future. Even as they organize they decay. They factionalize & die. The complexities of superstructure. They do not seek another staid conformity. In all things, the deviate will...
 1:7 1967



STREET PROPHETS CONT.

deviate to the extent of his personal commitment. They follow poorly. Regretfully, organization brings about inequality. Inequality breeds distrust, discord; dissimulation. Eventually any leader will commit an error of judgement, misuse power, or fall victim to rumor; then the community will vanish. As an organization then the Prop-

Prophets

hets are doomed. But let us all work, each in his own way so that the programs begun will turn out good. Let us all work so

PROPHETS

that there will be many accomplishments before another Tenderloin Reich develops.

Again peace to the Prophets. We pledge our support and a fair & equal reportage.

For a Freer Country: Taylor Brown 2011

I remember, long ago, there was a crazy incident. It was frightening, but to this day the memory remains crystal clear in my mind. It started with an explosion of flavor in my mouth. They were the tastiest burritos I'd ever had, and the Sriracha sauce I drizzled throughout the wrap added copious amounts of only intensified the flavor and heat of the famed Mexican dish. And then there was screaming. From some room in the distance behind, muffled voices could be heard. It was nearly impossible to understand what they were saying, but from the urgency and volume of the voices it was plain to see that someone was irritated. The sounds suddenly started to move, to my left...and then ahead of me...and then to my right...They were circling around the building, but I was in no position to see them. And then there was a gunshot...No scream of pain, just a startled shriek. It appeared that a warning shot had been fired.

One of the voices turned frantic. Words were spewed faster than a machine gun. It was intense. I was frightened, to be brutally honest. Suddenly, one of the participants in the argument came flying through the plywood wall of the building I was in. I was shocked; then again, recent rains had weakened that particular wall, so maybe it wasn't much of a surprise. The assailant came through the broken wall after his quarry. I ran over to help the victim. She was cute, but with a closer look, she was much like me. The man pointed his pistol at me. In self-defense, I picked up a stray board and swung it with all my might. I hit the man in the side of his head and knocked him out. There wasn't any blood or anything, but I knew I had done some damage. As he lay innate and comatose, I helped the girl up and took her to a back room, and locked the door.

She proceeded to tell me her story. Her name was Cindi, but once long ago she was known by a different name. Her name in childhood was Carl. From this I had already pieced together that she, like me, was transgender. She grew up in a small mountain town full of backwards people and backwards ideals. Anything away from the norm was shunned as evil, dark, against the almighty will of the Lord. It was a cookie-cutter society, one where everyone was basically the same. Once someone tried something different, whether it was something as simple as a radical new hairstyle or as mind-breaking to them as exploring their sexuality, they were deemed possessed, or worse. Se knew she was supposed to be a girl from a young age, but when she tried to bring it up, her parents gave her a look that made her take it right back out of self-preservation. It was another eight or so years before she finally decided to explore the situation a bit more. She cross dressed in private, stealing her brother's girlfriend's clothes when se wasn't looking. The more she did this, the more she explored her femininity, the more right she felt inside. There was a sort of...resonance between her mind and her body when she cross dressed that wasn't present in her day to day life. The appearance of being female is what clinched it. She quickly found a forum for trans folk like her, and in a post that was mostly joking around, asked if anyone in this area we now found ourselves. Someone responded, and she moved down and began her transition.

It wasn't easy. Her roommates were mentally abusive, and used her as a tool for rent, and treated her as such. She got food stamps relatively easy, but her state-run medical insurance wasn't as easy. It took her five months, but in the end she got it. Without missing a beat, she ran to the nearest medical center and got the tests done so she could begin hormones. The clinic had a special program that allowed her to skip the therapy, and proceed straight to HRT. It was the happiest day of her life. Her roommates continues to treat her like the lowest form of life there is, but she persevered and continued her regimen. Then, one night, things went over the top. They freaked out on her, and told her about events of the past that their mind had twisted to put them in the best possible light. As a natural defense, her body shut down and became catatonic. She had no idea how long she remained in this state, but she estimated it was about 20 to 30 minutes. When she came to, she found that she couldn't move. Even trying to roll over a tiny bit required an immense amount of effort and willpower. It frightened her, but it also allowed her to come to a realization. Not only did she realize that she needed to get out of there, she also realized that her mental capacities weren't quite up to the requirements needed to live on her own. Luckily, the same night she was kicked out of that place, giving her the avenue she needed to move out.

Two days later, she boarded the fast train to the city nearby, and never looked back. She had all the clothes she needed. The weird thing was that even though she was now homeless, she was in a better place mentally than before. She applied for a bed at a local youth shelter and within three weeks she had a bed there. She was currently living there as well. I sat listening to her, comforting her when she needed it. I had already called the police, and they were arriving just as she had finished her story. She hadn't explained who the man was, aside from the fact that he was outraged when he found out she was a trans girl, and his rage was similar to that of the residents of her hometown. The police asked us a few questions, and we answered them to the best of our ability. They were satisfied with our statements, and hauled the man away from jail. Apparently, he was a repeat offender. Most of his crimes were hate crimes against the LGBT community, and the police told us that this was the final straw. He'd be taken away for a long time, and Cindi would be safe. I was relieved as well. That day I made a new friend, and I was glad I had saved her. After all, it never hurts to help.

We are friends to this day, and although we are still pre-op, we've never been happier. It's the greatest feeling in the world. We campaign across the country for equality with the LGBT community (mainly the T, but still). It's what is right, for this is a free country, and all should be free to live as they like. One day, we visited her hometown, and shocked them all. However, that is a story for another day.

Love is good. God is love. You are love. You are God. Peace.
keith

CENTRAL CITY: PROFILE OF DESPAIR

AS THE WALKER SURVEYS THE SKID ROAD DERELICTS ON 6th ST., OR THE HUSTLERS ALONG THE MEAT RACK ON MARKET, HE IS STRUCK BY THE SIMILARITIES OF THE PEOPLE LINGERING THERE. IN THE YOUTH AND AGED ALIKE, YOU CAN READ A TERRIBLE LONELINESS, A SENSE OF FUTILITY, ENDLESS BOREDOM, AND THE ENNUI OF A-WAITING FOR THE NEXT HAPPENING. SOMEHOW IT IS ALMOST LIKE A SUSPENSION OF CARING FOR SELF OR OTHERS.

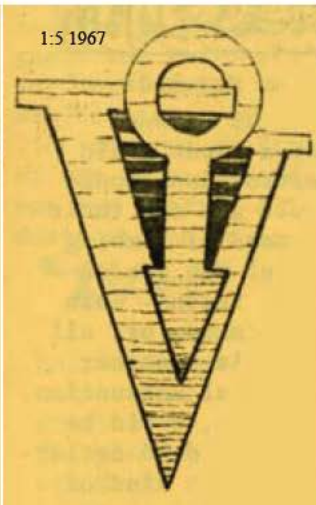
PERHAPS THIS IS TRUE. PERHAPS THIS IS THE SORT OF THING THAT SOCIETY WANTS TO BE TRUE IN ORDER TO MAINTAIN IT'S SMUG SELF ASSURANCE THAT IT IS LIVING BETTER THAN THEY ARE. SOMEHOW, EVEN WITH THE WORST THAT WE CAN FIND IN THE SITUATIONS HERE, THERE IS A NIGGLING DOUBT THAT PERHAPS HERE TOO, HUMAN BEINGS ARE WORKING OUT THE RIDDLES OF PERSONAL EXISTANCE, IN WAYS THAT OFTEN SHOCK YET STILL RETAIN A FLAVOR OF COMMITMENT.

AFTER ALL, IS THE DEDICATION OF THE WINO IN PURSUIT OF HIS NEXT BOTTLE SO UNLIKE THE STRUGGLE OF THE MONTGOMERY STREET BUSINESSMAN FOR AN EVEN GREATER SHARE IN THE "BUCK" OR THE POWER OF MONEY TRANSACTIONS. IN THE LEAST, ALL THE WINO DESTROYS IS HIMSELF, WHILE THE BUSINESSMAN, THROUGH THE PHILOSOPHY AND METHODS HE EMPLOYS, TAINT AN ENTIRE GENERATION OF YOUNG PEOPLE WITH A SLAVISH MENDACITY TO THE LOWEST DENOMINATOR IN PUBLIC OPINION. DOES THE HUSTLER DAMAGE ANYONE BUT HIMSELF? IS HIS POVERTY OF SPIRIT LESS THAN THOSE MIDDLE-CLASS WHITES IN CHICAGO WHO CHANT "WHITE POWER" IN THE FACE OF ORDERLY CHALLENGES TO THEIR SECURITY BY THE LONG SUPPRESSED "BLACKS." WHO ARE THE REAL DERELICTS OF THIS SOCIETY? IS IT THE HIPPI "BEATNIK" HIGH ON DOPE SITTING IN SOME JOINT HAPPY WITH HIS VISIONS? OR IS IT THE SWEET, MIDDLE-CLASS BOYS WHO, WITHIUT A MURMER, GO TO WAR, PAY TAXES, GET JOBS, RAISE KIDS, POLLUTE THE AIR, SUSPECT ANY AND ALL PROTESTS OF BEING COMMUNIST INSPIRED, DON'T VOTE, AND DAMN IT, JUST GENERALLY DON'T CARE ABOUT NOTHIN' NOHOW THAT DOESN'T IMMEDIATELY AFFECT THEIR POCKET. THANK GOD FOR THE MIDDIES, THEY DO EXACTLY WHAT THEY ARE TOLD, IN JIG-TIME.

PERHAPS THE BIG BLAST IN ALL THIS IS THAT IN GENERAL, THE OUTCASTS OF THE CENTRAL CITY TEND TO HURT NO ONE BUT THEMSELVES. THE OTHERS MANAGE THROUGH PERSEVERANCE, DEDICATION, FAITH, SOLIDARITY, AND SELFMANSHIP TO HURT ALMOST EVERYONE ELSE THAT THEY TOUCH: THE NEGRO, THE POOR, THE QUEERS, THE OUTCASTS, ALL THAT THEIR SANCTIMONIOUS RELIGION TRAMPLES ON, ALL THAT THEIR GREEN GREASES UP FOR QUICK SALE.

LET'S START ASKING THE RIGHT QUESTIONS OF THE RIGHT PEOPLE BY EXAMINING THEIR BELIEFS AND ACTIONS.

MARK FORRESTER
LAY ASSISTANT



Pt. 2 Profile of Desperation: Beck 2011

*thanks to my elder M. Forrester for the inspiration

The lights of the Castro sign flicker from top to bottom, reflected in the storefront windows and in the eyes of the tourists eating within. Families shield their children from a few heavily bundled, scattered buskers silently pleading for mercy with scrawled cardboard signs; Nearing Castro at 18th, outside the Walgreen's, a young gay man lies shoeless advertising spiritual tarot readings for \$1 as an older man's dog sniffs his dampened blanket. The boy reaches over to pet the pup.

"C'mon, Muffy" woofs the bear, as he yanks his precious poodle from the boy's affections. Elsewhere on MUNI, commuters stare deep into their smartphones, squishing tightly into themselves as to remain as far as possible from the themselves. Strolling market street, a homeless man is ticketed for resting on the sidewalk. Those distracted at work watch a video of 6 San Francisco Police murdering a disabled man on Howard street.

In 1966, the city of salvation was in need of a savior. In 1978, Harvey Milk was slain. Now where are we?

Yet and still, the blacks and browns are herded into the expanding prison system, as prison guards unionize for greater wages and private CEOs relish in their slave labor profits. Undocumented immigrants lay awake at night, peace impossible, always awakened by approaching sirens. Poor young queens and queers fight tirelessly to get the scraps they need to survive from overworked non-profits, trekking from shelter to shelter, wondering where they would go from here.

After all, This was supposed to be the promise land. For us. For all of us.

They all come from everywhere filling up the busses and streets everyday. Those who Have. Opening their businesses pillows of the street, a rude awakening in a cold city. The rest live restless inside themselves, for there's nowhere else to go. It's illegal to sit around here, nowadays. Forced into the system of hopping hoops for crumbs and desensitized "charity", a pressure is created within the streets. There's a burning inside, a desperation, a knowledge that having nothing means there is nothing to lose. Going from the day to day, letting the fire roast inside until it burns too hot and there's a fever only cured by dousing it with elixirs or turning it into a flame.

The police watch closely, stalking anyone whose flame goes untamed, their fingers steady and ready at the trigger. It's been 50 years since the first Vanguard and it is past the time for questions and answers. It is now time to combine fires and to begin demanding humanity on the streets of San Francisco for the Outcasts, the Immigrant, the Black, the Queer, the Transgender, the Poor. Otherwise, the wait will slowly burn us from inside and from without.

**BETTER
POLICE-COMMUNITY
RELATIONS
CONCERN YOU**



1966, Rev. Chuck Lewis Papers,
Courtesy of the ELCA Region 2 Archive

"If I could withstand [my father's] beatings I was not going to be beaten down by society's misstatements, misconstructions, pejorative attitudes, imagining me to be vile when I imagined myself to be a spiritually empowered individual....I really believe that if you get to that innate self, that self is good, and that's what I wanted to do in Vanguard."

-Vanguard member Adrian Ravarour (oral history with
Joey Plaster, 2010)

If you are involved in or see
police brutality or harassment...

call

776-9669

24 hour assistance

Citizens Alert

The purpose further states, "Recognizing that unequal enforcement of the law, based on income, color, national origin, sexual identification and minority status, exists, Citizens Alert has been formed with the realization that the law enforcement bodies, local and national, need the full cooperation of all citizens to attain the high standards necessary in the rule of law and order."

1. A person dials 776-9669--our 24-hour answering service.
2. The person on duty at the answering service determines the nature of the problem and its seriousness.
3. The call is transferred to one of our volunteers if the need of the caller is immediate. From 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday the calls are handled at our office. At other times we have a staff of volunteers who are available at their home telephones to handle emergencies. If the call is not an emergency the caller is asked to come to our office (or call) during daytime hours.
4. When a volunteer receives a call his initial response is to take down all pertinent information on our "short form." This includes the caller's name, address, home and/or other phone numbers, where (or if) he is being held, if he expects to be moved and, if so, when and to where, if he wants us to contact a bail bondsman, attorney or some other person for him. The volunteer also asks if the person is injured and, if so, what are the nature and extent of the injuries.
5. The volunteer then reassures the caller that Citizens Alert will assist him, and ends the conversation.
6. Immediate steps are taken by the volunteer to provide assistance.



“I saved some money so I quit my job and moved to California, thinking that this would be the proverbial promised land...Jobs were scarce, almost nonexistent. Dope was so plentiful it was frightening....In July of '66 I was elected President of VANGUARD, an organization started by and dedicated to helping the Tenderloin street people, many of whom were pushers or users or both. I soon realized that the objectives of VANGUARD were much more important than my Crystal and the small amount of money I was making pushing. Also, my potential as a leader was being diminished by my being on a constant trip. I decided to come down one weekend so that I could be more helpful to the Organization. Once I did come down, I was better able to contend with any and all problems that arose in the Organization and in thee area....In my own way I have proved to them that a ‘hopeless junkie’ can make it, that there is a way out which is not so difficult as to be impossible.”

-Vanguard President Jean-Paul Marat, from “Drugs in the Tenderloin,” 1967 (Don Lucas Papers, Courtesy of the GLBT Historical Society)



1:5 1967

1966

VANGUARD NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT

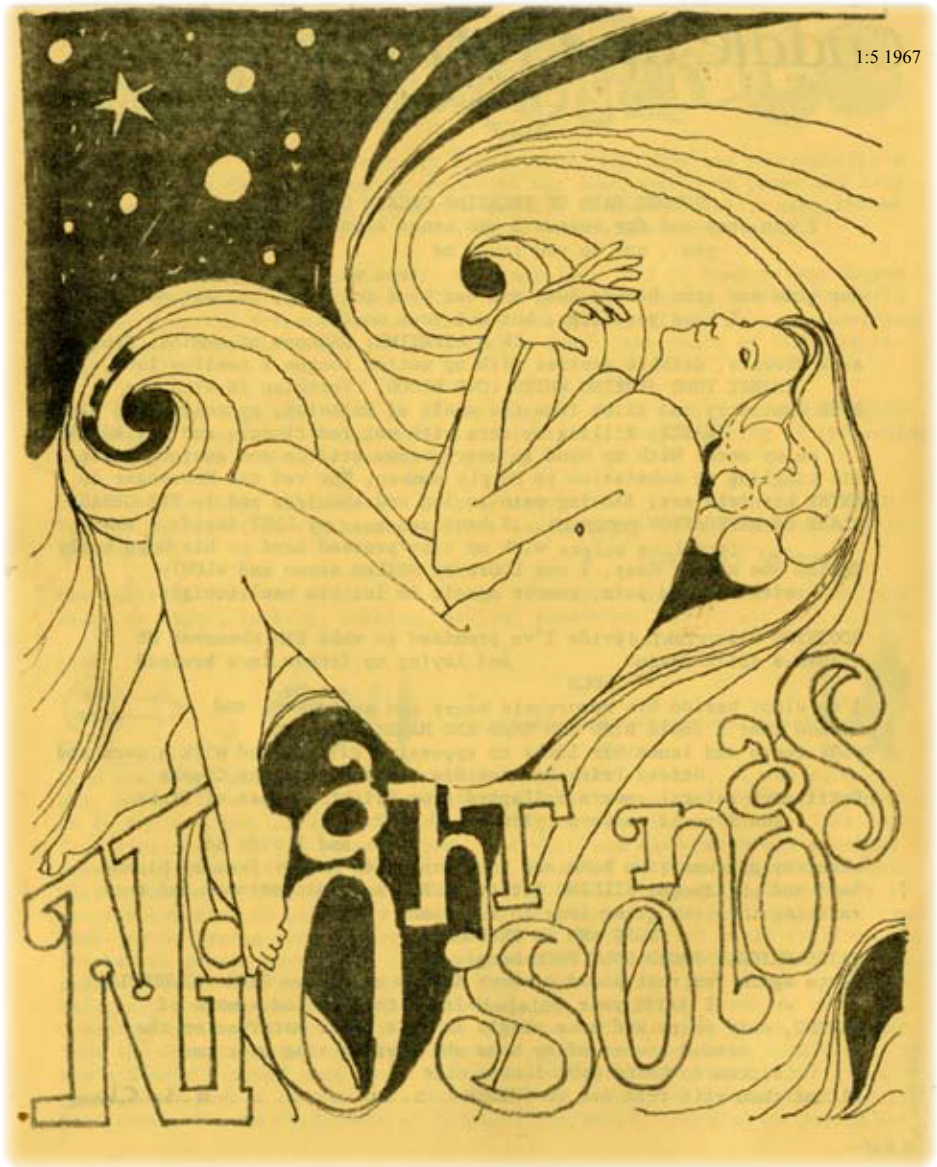
This organization of, by, and for
the "kids on the street"
can use clothing,
jobs,
cash,
a building,
and many, many other items.

Our membership is limited to those who need help..

**write: VANGUARD, % Glide Foundation,
330 Ellis, San Francisco**

“Jesus talks about it, a seed is nothing until its broken, until it goes into the ground... There’s something about being so broken... you can either become a monster or a hero ...And these days our wonderful corporate media tells us about the monsters, but I don’t think we record the heroes at all. And if we did I think it would be unfashionable to mention that really broken people are heroes. They were my heroes, they were my buddies, my boyfriends.”

-Vanguard member Joel Roberts (oral history with Joey Plaster, 2010)



EVERY OTHER DAY, I CLIMB THE FIRE ESCAPE TO THE ROOF OF THE DOWNTOWN HOSTEL, AND EVERY TIME THERE'S A DUDE IN THE BUILDING ACROSS FROM IT WITH THE WINDOWS OPEN. THIS IS A POEM DEDICATED TO HIM.

I GUESS IT'S HARD TO WATCH PORN WHEN YOUR VISION IS BLURRING, SLOPPY WANG IN ONE PALM, OTHER HAND TIPPIN THE BURBON. YOU'RE A SIP AWAY FROM HURLIN', ONLY ONE THING IS FOR CERTAIN — ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS SEE YOU JERKIN — YOU FORGOT TO CLOSE THE CURTAINS... AGAIN.



THE HUSTLER 1:1 1966

I sell my love for dollars,
If you can spare the time,
A hug is but a nickle
A kiss is but a dime.

I'll go to bed for twenty,
All night for just ten more.
Now don't get the idea
That I am just a whore.

For if I didn't sell my love,
Where else would it go?
I have no one to give it to;
No one who'd care to know.

So, open up your wallet
and show me what you've got,
And whether I should love you
A little or a lot.

ANONYMOUS (This was sent to
the VANGUARD office with no
name or return address)



1:5 1967

1:6
1967

the pissed off call girl

fuck you for kissing both my cheeks
but never returning my calls
fuck you for canceling our appointment
at the last second
fuck you for saying you love me in one breath
and the next saying goodbye forever

but in the end

thank you for boosting my self esteem
with your constant compliments
thank you for keeping me off the streets
and paying some (NOT ALL) of my bills
thank you for keeping me company
on those cold SF nights

in the end, I know
you could end my life at any moment
or help me start a new one
it's all a coin toss

damn, it all goes back to the money. . .
doesn't it?

Anonymous 2011

Excerpts from Exiles of Sin Incorporated Continued

I cornered the vice president for a few minutes. When I remarked that a lot of the dancers looked very young, he suddenly became defensive. "Some of them may be runaways, but it they are it's not out business. If they want to come, we don't ask questions." I managed to pacify him. "Most of these kids just wander in off the streets," he went on. "They stay awhile, then they have to go out and work again. If they don't have the money, we let them in anyway. We try to feed them, give them a hot dog or something before they go." I noticed that, though people were coming and going regularly, the number of people in the room seemed to stay roughly the same.

MY TONGUE

1:9
1967

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

MISREPRESENTATION

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

Some have hair on their chest
and sleep in umbilical position
with nothing on but the covers. Shave
and work regularly and spit
upon occasion
to clear something
caught in throat
from last night's love/work/shop.
(And the passing pedestrian
thinks it's nothing but phlegm
from a hearty, virile male.)

PERSONA

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

Now it's Empty Night
by Paul Mariah



A Special Thanks to Ink Works Press. As a worker-run printshop, Inkworks has always maintained the highest standards of safe operation of equipment and of chemical use. And from their founding in 1974, they have conserved resources to reduce waste so as not to pass on unnecessary costs to their customers and to limit our contribution to the waste stream. Learn more at inkworkspress.com.

MIDNIGHT LADY

I WAS A MIDNIGHT LADY
WHO WALKED THE SWEET STREET
FUCKED THE CHEAP CREEP
AND RODE THE CREST OF THE SILVER
NEON.

WHEN I DIE I WANT A DOUBLE URN
ONE PART FOR THE ASHES
AND ONE PART FOR THE GIN

IF YOU START THE PARTY I'LL
BE BACK.

I DON'T SIT IN THE BATHROOM
AND BEAT THE MEAT
I AM A MIDNIGHT LADY

Sharon [REDACTED]

"On the streets of the city today we see the desolate, alienated and oppressed people, the adolescent runaways and so-called 'hippies,' to youth without homes and street-people, to Black-people, Latin Americans & Indian-Americans, to draft-resisters demonstrators for peace & radicals who rightly feel that the institutional church has betrayed the revolutionary message of the Gospel. But it is in the midst of this desperation there also lies our most creative hope. For here the new situation of urban man...is now coming to a head: shaping new structures, new patterns, alternative forms of human life....It is precisely in this place and at this time that we are called to participate in the revolutionary lifestyle of Jesus as the man for others."

-Michael Itkin, "Christ and the Homosexual,"
sermon, Christmas 1969. (Papers of Raymond
Broshears, Courtesy of the GLBT Historical
Society)

1:1 1966



THE FAIRYTALE BALLAD
of
KATY THE QUEEN

She's a Queen, oh Mary,
and you know it.
She's a Queen, my luv,
and she shows it.
She thinks she looks
and acts so fair,
But she's only a fake
and we know it!

She can swing her hips
like a lady,
And her violet eyes are
the right shady.
Her blouse and her pants
are so tight,
And she breaks her wrist
just right.
BUT, her real name's
Calvin, not Katy.

She swishes down Turk
so very femme,
With bracelets jangling,
she shrieks at Jim.
She plays and lisps and
carries on like a tease.
When it comes to the thing
she'll up and freeze.
'Cause she's a her, not a
him.

So here is what happened
to Katy the Queen"
She came on too loud on
the Market St. scene;
She blew her mind, and
the Vice's too
'Cause Katy in drag is not
too cool
Now she keeps the Fuzz
happy
And the Gay Tank clean.

MISS SHARI KENYON

UNCLASSIFIED

1:7 1967

POT POSTCARDS... lid of 10 for \$1.
Liberty Products, 203 Clayton, SF

willing male is available sunday
evenings at 8:00, 845-9265

A \$50-75 apartment is needed by
an old responsible pacifist homo
sexual. PHD. Please lodge infor-
mation with Keith at 221-9435

The VD typewriter is experiencing
emotional trauma. A good cheap
electric or even a manual is sore
ly need. We have a little cash.

Exert yourself
Once in a while
Either ride a bike
Or force a smile
Go and take a hike
If you're really bored
Trek a valley pass
Swim in open shores
Every chance you get
Scale a mountainside
If you see no reason
Do it for your pride
When the wind is right
Spread your wings and soar
Take a world wind flight
Out your bedroom door
Don't get to relaxed
With the day to day
Or attempt to pass
Your life away
Realize the need
To wonder why
In the end
That's how we all survive
Take the time to smell
And time to touch
Feed your senses well
Don't desire much
Live like Kings and Queens
Life's too short to beg
So exert yourself
It's another day

Devyn Pleasants

2011



I leave Li's House
I needed a Couch for the night
Li's house is Safe
Safely is what I have been missing
These last two nights.
You see I was in a place where I didn't
Want to be, where it was unsafe.
I was in no other choice
As I did not want to sleep on the streets!
But I was out of character, I was not myself
But what other choice did I have
It's a sticky situation
Sticky like the Pot I just packed in a
Bowl I traded a nugget for in Dolores Park!
From a guy named Patrick!
Oh my Patrick! Nobody understands him,
Patrick and I are a lot alike
Our frail bodies have been beat to death, to
Bone with sexual immorality
With abuse, with broken hearts
With death
But you see the only difference me and Patrick
Do have is that Patrick still craves death!
But how do you escape since you have been stuck
In a box where no one understands
No one gives a damn!
But what I do for Patrick is I just listen!
Listen with an open mind, open heart,
Open soul, that is true listening

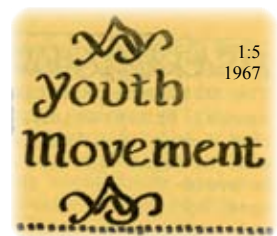
Vinnie 2011

The Manifest

The Manifesto of a lifetime...

I wanna tell it cause I need to shine
I go hard to get and keep mines
cause Afa Kasi is here it is my time
a brotha come from nothing wanting something
contribute to society
not the FED's eyes on me
a 9 to 5 could do fine
Rather do the work go to school and drink wine
besides that...I feel fine
Yearning for security to maintain my state of mind
Housing Health Employment Education
The four building blocks that determine your place in this
nation
not who you are inside
Rather who's in your inside circle
not what you can bring to a table
but if you can fit a label
Not let me help the sick
but what plan you with
Yeah the schools will teach
but is the curriculum good to eat
of course for my words there will be skeptics
yet look around second guess and test it...

Marc [REDACTED], aka Afa Kasi 2011



“Today, with not only America being torn apart by riots and the like, we ask the question, ‘why’, and ‘what can be do [sic]?’When we find ourselves beset with bitterness from with it oft times seems, ‘all sides’, when we find ourselves ‘alone’, devoid of friends, we must turn to the One who never can fail us, that is, the God within. ... This sea of selfpity [sic], and greed is taking down into it, many good people, and all because they had not Love nor Understanding. ... Let us all today, renew our efforts to ‘love ye one another’ and see if our streets do not once again become ‘safe’.”

-From the Ray Broshears papers, c. 1967, Courtesy of the GLBT Historical Society

MY FAVORITE PERSON TODAY IS THE ASSHOLE WHO PUNCHED ME IN THE FACE THIS MORNING.

THE TOUGHEST PART ABOUT LIVING ON THE STREETS IN SAN FRANCISCO IS THAT THERE'S NOWHERE TO CRY. BUT WHEN YOU DO FINALLY BREAKDOWN AND CRY, IT IS THE MOST INTENSE AND AMAZING EMOTIONAL RELEASE YOU WILL EVER EXPERIENCE.

I HATE THE FEELING OF NOT BEING ABLE TO DEFEND MYSELF, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S BECAUSE I KNOW GETTING MY ASS KICKED SUCKS LESS THAN SLEEPING ON THE STREET. BUT SOMETIMES YOU NEED TO GET YOUR TOOTH SPLIT TO REMEMBER WHAT PAIN IS, AND WHEN YOU FEEL THE FRUSTRATION AND PHYSICAL PAIN TOGETHER YOU GET SO ANGRY THAT YOU JUST DON'T GIVE A FUCK. SO YOU ROLL AND SPARK A JOINT TO TRY AND CALM DOWN AND IT DISTRACTS YOU JUST ENOUGH TO ALLOW YOU TO REMEMBER ONE OF THE ACTUALLY FUCKED UP THINGS IN YOUR LIFE AND YOU BEGIN TO CRY, BECAUSE YOU DON'T GIVE A FUCK ANYMORE. ALL THOSE DIFFERENT THINGS POP INTO YOUR HEAD, AND YOU ARE ABLE TO LET THEM OUT AND JUST BREATHE AND REALIZE THAT NOTHING MATTERS AND EVERYTHING CAN BE CHANGED.

Zack Smith 2011



PRAYER

1:10
1967

(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)



the prodigal daughter of Saint Francis
careening through the Tenderloin on a late night, naked
street light, manifestor/ 2:10am on some idle Friday.
she brings nothing but a broken hearted headrush.
poised with apathy, you pretend to ignore this tediously
fearful vagabond cowering in the crowded, shrouded
corners of existence on Pill Hill. this is crackhead
corridor during the hours of obscurity, where dark and
depraved addictions are fed with handshake drugs
through a dirty needle. she's somebody's daughter,
but lives under a dilapidated cardboard box saturated
with homeless piss in the notorious part of town, reads
stolen books by Vonnegut.. and its all she has to call
her own.

-p.c.t-
2011

This is a sheet of paper.

1:10
1967

Sit on it. Jump on it. Dance around it.
Tear it up in small pieces. Give it to a
Friend. Start a war with it. Ignore
it completely. This sheet of
Paper does not love you.
It could not give less of
A damn. Paper is not
The same as people.

Be advised.

agit-free



1:10 1967







Keith
1:8
1967



Joey Plaster & the Rev. Megan Rohrer
2011

Photo of the Rev. Ray Broshears, from the
Papers of Ray Broshears, courtesy of the
GLBT Historical Society.

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.

Cuddle up a little closer...

BEFORE PAIN OF BREAKING ORGASM COMMUNION

I can stop and for reason I can sense alone I dont 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 DEFECTION 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 oppossing 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ wide to
shear my circumsision 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. Chare

1:5 1967

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

1:5 1967

HAPPYSTANCE

1:5 1967

3:1 1970



a SAFE and SOBER SPACE for QUEER YOUTH

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EVERY WEDNESDAY

LARKIN
STREET

2011

www.larkinstreetyouth.org

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



THIS EDITION PUBLISHED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH

3:1 1970

VANGUARD PUBLICATIONS



**NO
SPECIAL
LAWS
FOR
FAGS**