

VANGUARD

25¢



Within the Universal Life Church, Reverend Jamison has become known as the "Atheist Minister" and the "Demon Priest." Whether he is any of these things is clearly a matter for your consideration. Or you may choose simply to ignore what has been said about him, and to consider for a moment what he has said in a series of letters to this editor.

BRO. JAMISON

(Continued on back cover)

GOD

GOD is the Supreme Universal Law — not a person or a being. There is no supreme being, as the nature of being is limited by LAW and you cannot limit the nature of GOD and still have a GOD as something else is senior to it. Namely, the LAW. So, Christ was not a liar when he said, "Know you not that ye are Gods?" The expression "I and the Father are one" means Christ was acting in the fulfillment of Universal Supreme Law in its highest aspects. Read your New Testament and every place it says GOD, read LAW, and it will make sense. Of course, the Bible Christ never existed, as Brother Van correctly points out. But it makes no difference the story is a typical Sun God story and illustrates how a Christed man would act and behave. As you can see in my message, YOU ARE CHRIST!

the Great American Credit Slavery Death Machine

If we want free people, we are going to have to free the economy from the pernicious effects of the money price system -- which inhibits freedom. Some of the people who have formed intentional communities have found this out. Write to Bishop Ishmael Maecox of Drop City, Trinidad, Colorado, and ask him for his experiences in dealing with people who enter that community and experience freedom for the first time. When you are free of being ground down by the Great American Credit Slavery Death Machine, you experience an enlargement of your natural inborn ability that is incredible. And it feels so good. And once you have experienced this, you will crawl over a mountain of broken glass naked to get back to it. The Fascist thinks money is life, but it is not. If you plant money, it will not grow. You can't eat it, wear it, or do anything but go along with the ape shit that goes with money -- lie, cheat, and steal for it. The money system is geared to a scarcity economy, and works well enough in that framework, but produces wholesale murder, disease, poverty and all kinds of undesirables in a high energy economy such as we have today. In the

gift economy, nobody would lose any money. Just cover out of pocket costs. We could run in a lot of food, not fancy or processed, but edible food, like sweet potatoes, onions and stuff like that by the truckload. Also used clothing. The people in the city are the ones with the food problems. We put a money value according to what it cost in money to run the stuff your way, and a time value according to the units of labor time. This will not be put on the produce or clothing, but if the return is not enough to cover the cost of the operation when we haul it back here and sell it, we will have to abandon the operation. We can turn art work and stuff like that over here. I mean an exchange, not barter, stuff we can use or sell to the other energy gradient of the economy -- the price money system.

antisexuality

the anti-sexual trend in our society can be spotted in the picture on the package of "Bull Durham" cigarettes. They have put a neat little fence on the package picture just so it covers the rather inconsiderable penis and testicles of the bull. The note by Xavier Elias Smith in the Volume 2, No. 1 VANGUARD ties right in with the quote from Adolph Hitler on Page 28 of the issue showing two women kissing on the cover. And Xavier Elias Smith is 100% right in what he says: "It seems to me that there is a direct and obvious relationship in our culture between an economy of scarcity and antisexuality." Amen. A human is a sexual being, and needs an adequate sex life to stay healthy. But it is uniquely the individual's own business to select the kind and variety of sex life and sex partners they prefer, provided there is mutual agreement to the act, and no person's will is forced on another. So what the hell more can you say? Sex laws other than those prohibiting aggressive acts where one person's will is forced on another are obviously unconstitutional, as they are opposed to the general welfare clause of the constitution. You see, the "State" can be defined as "that agency of criminal aggression against the individual in the promotion of a pri-

Story
32 pages
Away

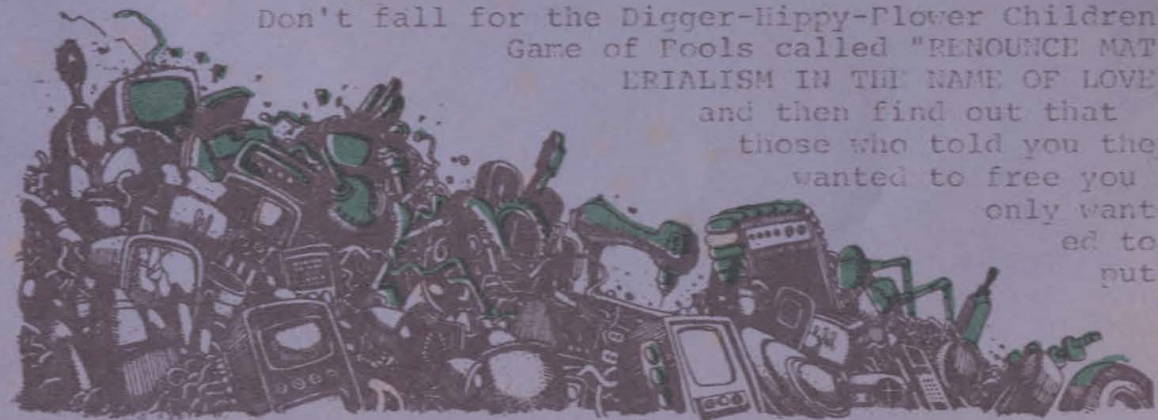
PHALLOS IN CHRISTIANITY

WOULD A RAG PICKER BUGGER A DIGGER?

Don't lend or borrow anything, most of all Love. Be a Rag-picker: a compact bundle of rags and bones. Don't buy or sell Love. Don't trade one good for another. Give and receive freely or don't give at all. Give like a sexual climax--freely with no strings attached. Stay in your own bag while making yourself free of the bondage of anything or anyone that would restrict you from doing what you really know you should and want to be doing. Don't exchange one set of chains for another: Don't exchange the chains of material hang-ups for that of poverty and lack of what you need to do your thing.

Learn the lesson of Walden--don't burden yourself with excess material wealth. Don't become a keeper of things that show what you have done in life. Be a doer of new things every day. Be active in new ways and new directions each day. Reach the sexual climax as often as you can--free yourself of excess material things constantly. Don't be caught guarding the empty safe while life goes out the back door. The only thing you cannot experience again is life itself.

Don't fall for the Digger-Hippy-Flower Children
Game of Pools called "RENOUNCE MAT-
ERIALISM IN THE NAME OF LOVE"
and then find out that
those who told you they
wanted to free you
only want-
ed to
put



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wants to see you stripped of all you have so that he can make you play his game.

Why not dance to your own tune, it's more fun--and that really is where it's at: having fun all the time.

O Ikthus, god of the sky
you flew to me
and made our nest
of your loving.

Re-birth

I grew into a bird
giving all thoughts of clouds
and breeding dawn to you.
I became the mirror
of what your eyes saw...

My eyes fixed on your wings
you cradled me
in gentlest love
and we wove our next
with warm coming.

I see you now circling
looking among men--
And I pray to the gods
to you, Ikthus
that you will see me flying
and take me home at last.

Adrian Ravarour

WOULD A RAG PICKER

you in a new set of chains while they
shit and piss on the hard-won arti-
facts of your life and make fun of your
life-struggle and put you down for fal-
ling into the trap they set because
they fooled you into thinking that they
had given up all when in reality they
had nothing to give up in the first
place--so they took all you had.

Give up material things, but for your
reasons--not because you have dropped
acid and were taken on a mind trip by
a HIGHWAY MAN OF THE MIND who really
doesn't give a shit about you, he just

The only reason people ever band together is because organization gives them the power to satisfy their desires or to attain realization of their needs, helping the citizens of minority groups to gather into their hands sufficient power to help them make and shape their lives as they feel they should be made and shaped. Such community organizations must dig into the morass of resignation fatalism hopelessness and despair which afflicts so many minority groups helping local people to identify, articulate and act upon their resentments and the focal points of their discontent. Necessarily to achieve this sense of community and identity there must be within the group agitation which leads to conflict, a rebalance of power, a



consensus as to action which will be taken, and the final sense of unity and purpose which will make that action worthwhile and effective.

Social action and community organization must now be accomplished within the minority group called "The Poor". Creating such an organization can occur without enormous or impossible expense to those involved if the people themselves donate their time and effort. Representation from all classes of people, religions, political thought, organizations and personal viewpoint must be united in this community action group. Such a social action or reform organization can withstand witch-hunts and public exposure, and indigenous leadership can easily be found within the minority community itself.

In order to affect lasting changes in the social order beyond purely local action, there must be a long range plan or philosophy which in general directs more particular and immediate goals of the organization. Since in society the alternative to monolithic power structures is the existence of a large number of smaller power centers which tend to keep the larger coalitions responsive and somewhat honest, such a community action group creates one smaller foci or power. Within this group one of the real functions of leadership must be to inspire faith in a cause.

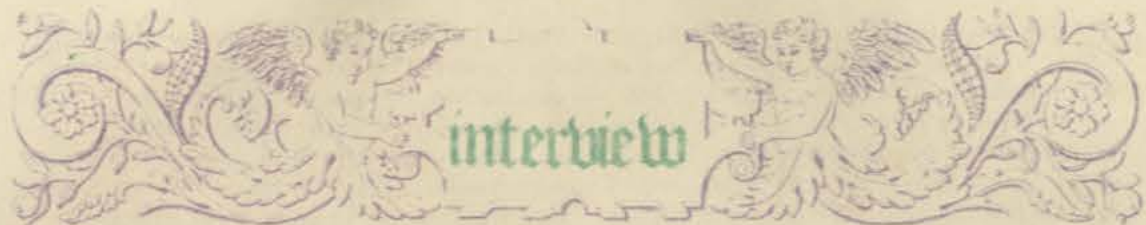
In the recent past we have tended to underestimate the strength of our democratic structure, the effectiveness of our protest, the virtues of our stated system of values and the permanence of our commitment. Also we have vastly over-estimated the power of the established power structures in our society. These so-called power structures get away with what they do because they are not challenged, because we believe in the myth of their power and because we tend to refuse to gather and use effective power ourselves. We must remember that power is not what the status quo actually has, it is more what we falsely think it has.

Conflict of some sort is essential to progress. Conflict generates action, the re-arrangement of power and leads to either a consensus for an appropriate response or a conciliation or accommodation with other power groups. In fact, change of any sort never occurs without conflict. Even non-violent protest produces a violent reaction. Therefore, in conflict within a group, or with the power structure, a personal relationship, friendship, or deals cannot substitute for having real power, the ability to call some shots and to do what you say you are going to do.

The best way to organize is around a general plan of action implemented in flexible and fluid ways which are responsive to immediate situations. We live in a kooky irrational world in which the best plans are never fully realized. Since our sense of purpose and our ability to adopt our plans to on-the-scene developments is crucial to any success we have had or hope to have, in leadership and organization, we must be comfortable and rational even when we are surrounded by irrational and almost chaotic circumstances. Many of the best on-the-spot tactics will not be planned or foreseen--they are going to be things that just seem to happen. Practically speaking, we will never have option to the best course of action, only to picking out the one that seems least bad.

Remember, no person, institution or philosophy should be treated with reverence. Irreverence, like conflict is intrinsic to the democratic process, and it is incontrovertible that in a free society everyone should be questioning and challenging all so-called constituted authority. We must remember that no one has all of the truth, facts, or power. So as persons or organizations we must not be concerned about what our critics say. One can objectively analyze what they have to say in order to learn something that can be of use, but, if one becomes overly concerned or paranoid about criticism, subconsciously it is going to effect action, and dilute capacity, to act in free response to a situation.

Prepared by Mr. Mark Forrester — based on the Alinsky approach



DATA

30 years old
Home in Richmond District
\$9000 salary
new car
Single
Six months active Marine Corps.

George Washington High Sch.
State College, 3 yrs, Phil.
City College, 1 yr, Criminology

EDUCATION

Why did you want to become a cop?

Officier [redacted] All my life I've felt it's not enough to make a product and be compensated for it. When the possibilities existed either of providing a social service, of helping people, or of working to make the world a little better for all of us; I wished to be paid for that instead.

Do you really believe the police department is the place to do these grand things?

Off. II: Yes, in the bulk of crimes, there is a victim. It's often the case that additional attention to the victim would be of great value.

Why not work for a charity, in some sort of social capacity, or for something other than society's "criminals?" Why not do something more immediate to prevent criminals?

I feel that in these other fields there are many highly educated sophisticated people already working. Generally it is required that you have a masters degree to be essential in these fields. Tons of books have been written about all these things but police work is not yet even at that stage. So, the intellectual challenge and the feeling of working in an undeveloped area is much more exciting to me.

How do most police officers feel about homosexual individuals?

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BLIND APATHY



Stan

Off. II: The official policy is to enforce the law impartially. Homosexuality is an area which we don't really know enough about though. The feeling exists in the minds of many generally knowledgeable people that the homosexual is an inferior person. This lack of information about the subject prevails throughout our society. I feel there is a great need for public education regarding the ways of life of all those in the community. There is an endless variety of social customs and life patterns which are compatible

In the past, Police-Community Relations have been a disappointment to nearly everyone. As a police community relations officer can you see that the needs of hippie, black and the homosexual communities are so different from the policies of the Force that it is impossible to even compromise. Don't you realize that most minority groups feel within their ranks that the only total answer is total war?

Off. II: I think that a Community-Relations Program will be developed in the area to solve many of these difficulties. Presently a monthly meeting is structured to include all the people in each police area. I know that I'll always do what I can to assist the total community to solve its problems.

in the middle of the dry grass we sit with our toys and play first with one then with another while behind us a black shadow creeps

ROBERT: (Heavily) COME ON, DON'T MIND THE MESS, THE CLEANING LADY HAD TO BE SICK THIS WEEK.

HANK: UMM, WHAT A NICE APARTMENT YOU HAVE.

ROBERT: YOU CAN SEE CENTRAL PARK FROM THE BATHROOM.

HANK: I GUESS YOU KEEP POSTED THERE ON WHAT'S GOING ON, EH?

ROBERT: (Dryly) THE VIEW IS NICE.

HANK: HOW MANY ROOMS DO YOU HAVE?

ROBERT: FOUR, IF YOU INCLUDE THE FOYER.

HANK: THESE LUXURY APARTMENTS SURE COST A BENT.

ROBERT: (Sighs) OH, ITS NOT TOO BAD. I MAKE \$.

HANK: I DIDN'T KNOW THE KEAHES PAINTED SABLE-YED GAY BOYS TOO.

ROBERT: (Impatently) THAT'S A PAINTING OF ME AND MY LOVER, ... A FORMER LOVEE. IT WAS DONE IN MOVING-TOWNS.

HANK: OH, SORRY. SAY, I LIKE YOUR MICHELANGELO'S "DAVID" ON THE COFFEE TABLE.

ROBERT: THAT COMES FROM FLORENCE.

HANK: I USED TO KNOW SOMEBODY WHO MADE A LAMP OUT OF BYRON'S MUST. (long pause) (That's actually he used his head. (dry silence))

ROBERT: WOULD YOU CARE FOR A DRINK?

HANK: SURE, THANKS.

ROBERT: I HAVE GIN, VODKA, ROUBON, EYE, RUM, SCOTCH...

HANK: DO YOU HAVE A T-L-U-J-O-R LICENSER?

ROBERT: (Sighs) WELL?

HANK: OH, SOME GIRLAND JONICILL DO-FINE, THANK YOU.

ROBERT: MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE.

HANK: CAN I USE YOUR BATHROOM?

ROBERT: THE DOOR TO THE LEFT.

HANK: THANKS. (Phone)

ROBERT: (Impatiently) OH CHRISSE, RAY OUT OF TIME JELLS. AND THAT GOD-DAMN BITCH FORGOT TO FILL THE ICE CUBE TRAYS. (Sigh)

HANK: SAY, I DID THAT SEXY BRANDO POSTER FACING THE TOILET.

ROBERT: (Impatently) THE WILD ONE WAS ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF MY FAVORITE FILMS.

HANK: YEAH, AND IT WAS A GREAT IDEA TO CAST MARLON INTO THOSE TIGHT JEANS.

ROBERT: THE FILM HAS A SOCIOLOGICAL INTEREST FOR ME. HERE'S YOUR DRINK.

HANK: WOULD I'D BE BOMBED WITH JUST ONE. COULD YOU ADD SOME MORE TONIC PLEASE?

ROBERT: I SET

HANK: YOURSELF?

ROBERT: I COME FROM NEW JERSEY.

HANK: IS THAT A COLLEGE BINO?

ROBERT: (Slightly offended) UNIVERSITY. PRINCETON. MY MASTER'S FROM THERE TOO.

HANK: I NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO GO TO COLLEGE. SAY, WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING?

ROBERT: I'M IN THE GUIDANCE DEPARTMENT AT A JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL.

HANK: THAT SOUNDS LIKE A NICE JOB, HELPING ALL THOSE KIDS.

ROBERT: THAT ALL DEPENDS UPON HOW MUCH YOU LIKE TO WORK WITH LITTLE BASTARDS.

HANK: OH?

ROBERT: ANOTHER DRINK?

HANK: NO,, I STILL HAVE SOME.

ROBERT: I'LL GET MORE THEN. (Phone) WHY DON'T YOU GO AHEAD INTO THE BEDROOM?

HANK: (Slightly disappointed) WHY THE HURRY? DO YOU RENT THESE ROOMS BY THE HOUR?

ROBERT: (Impatiently, but calm) DID YOUR FOLKS HAVE A NICE DAIRY FARM?

HANK: THAT'S RIGHT, HOW'D YOU GUESS?

ROBERT: NEVER MIND. WELL, DO YOU WANT TO COME INTO THE BEDROOM OR ROBERT YOUR?

HANK: GARY, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, ROBERT. I JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO SIT HERE AND TALK FOR A WHILE.

ROBERT: (Calmly) IT'S GETTING LATE.

HANK: OKAY, LET ME DRINK UP. (Phone)

ROBERT: DO YOU NEED A HANGER?

HANK: NO, I'LL JUST PUT MY THINGS ON THIS CHAIR. SAY, WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THESE MURBORS?

ROBERT: THEY'RE FROM SLOANE'S. THEY MATCH THE FURNITURE.

HANK: I FEEL LIKE I'M ON TELEVISION OR SOMETHING.

ROBERT: THEY GIVE THE ROOM A CERTAIN ATMOSPHERE, DON'T YOU THINK?

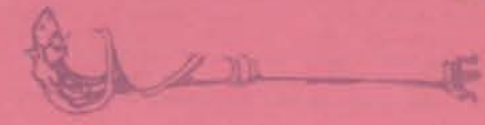
HANK: YEAH, THE ATMOSPHERE OF A TURKISH BATH.

ROBERT: HOW GOOD IT IS TO LIE DOWN. I'M SO TIRED AFTER THOSE DAMN KIDS.

HANK: YOU OUGHT TO MAKE UP A BUS FULL OF NUTS-CROSS-TOWN DURING TWO BUSH HOURS.

ROBERT: THOSE KIDS ARE SO SICK IT REALLY ISN'T FUNNY.

HANK: I HEARLY HAD AN ACCIDENT TODAY, THERE WAS THIS--



A Trick In Time

by Clifford [redacted]



CHARACTERS:

ROBERT.....a young man

HANK.....a young man

TIME:.....the present

The Need To Fight Sexual Fascism

By George Tolmie
LIBERATION News Service

In the Israel of Leviticus and Deuteronomy there was no greater weapon than manpower to fill the armies to ward off the assaults of those wishing to gain possession of the fertile crescent of which Israel was but a tiny part. Hedged in by great empires to the East and the West, and, faced with continuous pressures from tribal hordes in the North and in the South, Israel could wish for no greater gift than the birth of more men for the defense of a paltry corner of the earth. It is mainly, if not solely, the reason that their religion, which was an arm of the state structure, wrote up strict laws and taboos against any form of sexual gratification that did not lead to the production of more military personnel.

Since Christianity began as an outgrowth of Judaic mythology, it incorporated all of that taboo and nonsense, which it pretended to fulfill, with Greek philosophy and the state festivals of Rome.

Such is the brief history of the foundation of that system of morality which was to dominate Europe unquestioned for almost two thousand years.

Whereas the whole rationale of religion -- its proofs for the existence of a God; its proofs for the existence of a soul; its proofs for the existence of any spirit world -- has been wiped out by science as a thing that this archaic and absurd system of thought taught was smashed. What was once thought to be the fearful word of an abstract all-powerful God has now become regarded, in the head of intelligence and reason, as the invention and creation of man himself. Hence, it follows that what man creates he can destroy; what he once needed he can look back upon as history to be discarded. No one would now be as foolish as to claim that what was yesterday's thought, such as the flatness of the earth, be tomorrow's idea.

Yet, in respect to sexuality, this has not been true. This same tribal orthodox mentality still becomes filled with amusement or fear when the Judeo-Christian sexual taboos are called into question. Today even though a planet is over-populated, and thus in no urgent rush for more additions to the human race, the same morality-need system of a tiny ancient country rules supreme in both capitalist and socialist countries in the modern age. No matter how fearless either of these two groups of nations is in renovating the planet and human life to their special needs, they stand paralyzed before the ancient taboos against bi-sexual sexual expression.

Although modern science, which both groups claim as their justification of existence, has shown that human drives are general and become specific only after training and repression and/or condition-

ing, the two groups of nations hold onto the old word and deafen their acting ears to the new word. On the matter of sexuality, both capitalist and socialist parties are equally reactionary and Goldwater-conservative.

Today there are those who believe that they are radical because they jump on the bandwagon of a hundred year old idea of social justice which now prevails in over a third of the world. But let it not be forgotten that a revolutionary idea does not become defined as revolutionary by comparing it with an antique idea (capitalism). A revolutionary is not one who sides in with that which is already gigantic but with that which is embryonic.

It was once revolutionary to speak, act, and struggle for intellectual freedom. Now it is revolutionary to speak, act and struggle for sexual freedom. It was once revolutionary to struggle only against economic slavery and race slavery. Now it is revolutionary only to fight against slavery in every realm, which includes the enslavement of sexual expression.

The Jeffersonian revolution, which founded itself on the freedom of the mind and its expression, has proved itself to mankind as the cardinal reason for the decline of the Dark Ages and the technological revolution. If the body and the mind are one unit, then mankind can only hope to expect a similar benefit by extending the Jeffersonian revolution to the body. Besides, a free mind without a free body can only be an absurdity. The same arguments that were used against the freedoms of speech, press, and assembly are now being used against free voluntary sexual expression. If these same opponents of sexual freedom were alive when the Bill of Rights was being written, one would have every reason to suspect that they would have sided with the Tories.

If one were to translate sexual taboos into food taboos, one could see the glaring absurdities contained in these taboos. Suppose one had to marry what one ate. Suppose one had to eat only what he first ate and no other food item. Suppose people were divided into vegetarians and meat-eaters and that vegetarians could eat only meat and meat-eaters could only eat vegetables. Suppose one could only eat if he regarded food as a sacrament and holy, to be blessed and dressed in special clothing and taken to altars and synagogues for permission to be eaten. Suppose vice squads were set up along with special laws to make sure all of this nonsense was obeyed. Suppose one got sick on what society told him to eat, and yet society told him he would have to eat that food or starve to death. Suppose this person disregarded what society told him to eat, and so he

was mocked and cursed and shunned by all who knew that he ate a forbidden food that only others could eat because they were listed in a certain category. Suppose society said, through its government, that God would curse anyone not eating what he was told to eat. (Religious food taboos are, of course real, but they have been rejected by modern America.) Suppose that phoney scientists, who mistook childhood training for science, went around screaming that the stomach of each person only wanted one type of food. Suppose there were people who ran around calling themselves radical who challenged everything but these food taboos. The sex drive is no more restricted than hunger. One does not pass laws against eating swamp mud because it is a rare person who wants to do such a thing. One passes laws against homosexuality and boy-love, Lesbianism, etc., because people do want to do these things. The existence of prohibitive laws themselves are proof that mankind has enormous numbers contained within itself who want and seek sexual gratification called "unnatural" by some. If it were unnatural, then no one would want to engage in these acts, just as one does not want to eat swamp mud. "Unnatural" means not in nature, or, not of nature. If a thing happens then it is already natural, or else, does one believe that it comes from another universe or spirit world?

To be an exception in thinking is considered a good thing, often the mark of genius. Darwin was an intellectual queer when he thought that man evolved from animals. He was one among millions thinking that thought. Einstein was another intellectual queer. To these men can be added Marx, Columbus and Sir Isaac Newton. They were all mental queers who thought differently from everyone else. Human beings put these men in history books and consider them above all other men of their times. A sexual act that is not the type of act that the majority likes or performs is no different from a minority thought.

It can and must be judged on the same basis. This basis can only be whether it causes definite concrete harm and is forced upon others. Anything outside of this consideration is the concern of no one and the right of everyone. Anyone who thinks otherwise is a fascist in this realm. Today our planet is crawling with Sexual Fascists. Like Hitler, they are even proud of their attitude and believe with a sincerity capable only of a fool and a tool of superstition and ignorance.

It is no paradox that the same mankind that knows cleverly and intensely how to kill by the millions is the same mankind that dreams up taboos on affection. Such is the two hands of brutality upon his own neck, choking out his own destiny.

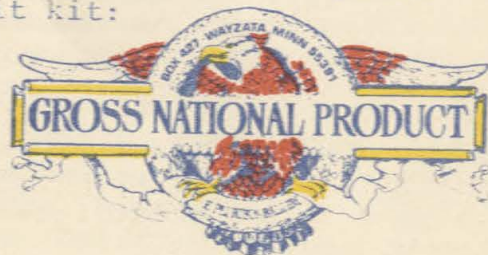
UNITY

Stan

one pair of eyes/caught/ by another
i know
one hand/clasped/with another/i care
one heart/told/to another/ i live
one life/held/by another/ i give

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i want to free myself of all that is
around me. free this body from
lies, and a sickening history of
murder. O america, when will you
see the words of your own beauty
written in your stomach?

when will you
see the music that is played? that
it is not death,
but life.

America, once an eagle
is now a vulture. where
will You go from here?
when will you return to the lamb?

--Heywood [redacted]

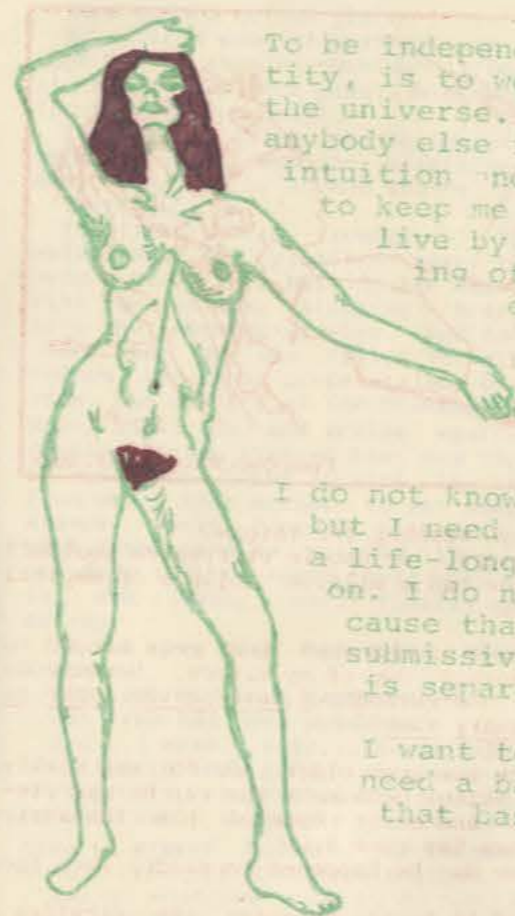


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90035

Lesbians



One day I shall flee to the land which has beckoned
since my birth. If only to stay for one short day,
one small 24 hour period, I will be satisfied. I
will have seen the sun rise, that climbs so
boldly over the horizon. I will have seen it
fly like a chariot burning its way from one side
of my vision to the other. My soul cries out to
the sun, for I know that when it comes again I must
go from this place. My feet embrace the earth be-
neath them, and the earth embraces me. I can feel
things growing around me. Soon I'll come to the
sea and the pure white sand will give warmth to
my body. Long after the sun has gone down, I'll
sit there until the moon has come up, like a large
white pearl it hangs there over a bed of velvet,
and as one of its white beams touches the velvet
waters, it seems that a dancing maiden is whirl-
ing in the distance. First one, then another
and another and another until it seems that
there are thousands of dancing maidens twirl-
ing and whirling just for my personal pleasure.
This land is so vast and beautiful, and yet so
lonely, it seems, now for me.



To be independent is to maintain a viable iden-
tity, is to work with the problems of life and
the universe. To keep who I am separate from
anybody else is to live according to my personal
intuition and perception. My own intuition wants
to keep me by myself, to make enough money to
live by and not to be involved in the earn-
ing of it but instead spend my time and
energy in things which interest me
and find out what things inter-
est me.

TO GO NORTH IS NOT TO GO SOUTH.

I do not know what I want to do with my time
but I need time to find out. I want to have
a life-long project as well as karma to work
on. I do not want to work for my lover, be-
cause that is the part of me that is not
submissive. The intellectual and butterfly
is separate.

I want to write a book and paint but I
need a base to do that from. Evidently,
that base is not myself.

*This magazine is neither a recep-
tical for the profound nor the
titterings of humorists exclu-
sively. It's orientation lies
somewhere between the sexual and
the sensual; the somber and the
divine.*

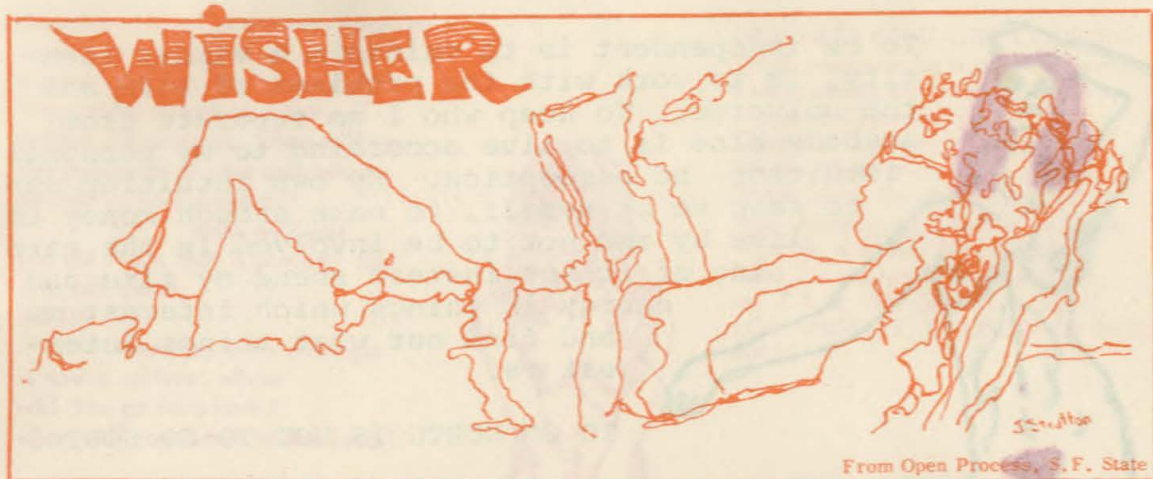
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From Open Process, S. F. State

Once upon a time there was a man who was always wishing for things. He'd wish for things like there'd be no more wars, or people everywhere wouldn't starve anymore, and then sometimes he'd wish he had a million dollars or magical powers, so he could change all the misery around.

But he didn't do anything except wish for things.

He was a bum.

One day a bartender asked him, he said, "Look here, why do you make up all these fantastic wishes? I mean if you want to end wars, why don't you go into politics and do something about it? Or if you want a million dollars, why, man, go out and earn it! Or at least, if you have to wish for things, why don't you wish for something you can possibly get? You know these fantastic wishes are never going to come true."

And the bum explained himself this way, he said, "Look here, a man goes through life wishing for many things, and some of our wishes come true, and some don't—but no man lives his whole life without ever having a wish come true. I mean God must grant every man at least one wish during his lifetime. But you ordinary people! You make so many petty wishes. You wish you had five dollars to buy this or that, or you wish you had this girl or that one, why, it's easy for God to grant one of your wishes. But look at me on the other hand: I have never made an ordinary wish!"

Do you understand?

When God gets around to answering one of my wishes he's going to have some trouble. You're going to see a lot of

changes around when God gets around to answering one of my wishes, because do you understand? I have never made an ordinary wish!"

Well,

The bum grew older, 40, 50, and sickly and skinny because of the way he was living, and still none of his fantastic wishes had come true.

One day he happened to wander into the zoo.

And he began watching the giraffes, which were in a large cage by themselves near the edge of the zoo, so they had a lot of room.

He watched them gallop around, swinging their big necks to and fro like ponderous dancing.

He realized that this was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen.

But something was wrong. He couldn't figure out what it was. At first he thought it was the fact that the animals were caged that somehow spoiled this almost perfect scene, but the cage was landscaped just like a regular jungle scene with rocks and little trees and things, so he decided this couldn't be it.

Then it hit him! It was the fact that the giraffes were so big, they were out of proportion to everything else.

They seemed out of place. He noticed some flowers growing in the cage and he thought—wouldn't it be great if the flowers were giant. He wished that the flowers were tall.

Then he got dizzy, and he put his hand over his eyes, and the dizziness went away, and then he looked and—

There they were!

The flowers were tremendous! 18 feet tall, and the giraffes were running around about them, batting the big blooms with their necks, sticking their noses into the morning-glories, and the perfume! the perfume filled the air; and colors! the great green stalks, purples, reds, and oranges of the blossoms, sprung among the brown and yellow spotted careening giants, stunned him; and then all the giraffes began to lick the flowers from which they seemed to get some substance, their tongues flickering like pink fish, and he watched them one by one drop to the ground, their eyes drooping, and closing, until finally all lay asleep.

It was even more beautiful than he'd imagined.

His wish had been answered.

His wish had been answered!

And...I mean...well...the giraffes and the flowers were nice, they were really very pretty, but—this was nothing like no more war, or people everywhere never have to starve anymore, or Christ. He didn't even get a million dollars.

And he wondered what to do now. He'd never learned a trade, or made any good

friends, and he realized there was nothing he could do. His life had no meaning now.

He was drinking a bottle of orange pop, and he broke it against the bars of the cage like he'd seen someone do in a Hollywood movie, and very methodically he cut his wrists.

And then, for some reason he kneeled down and slashed his ankles and lay down on the grass with his arms stretched out like a man on a cross, to die.

As he lay there dying he reflected that God had been rather mean. Here he'd been so faithful to his belief, never wished

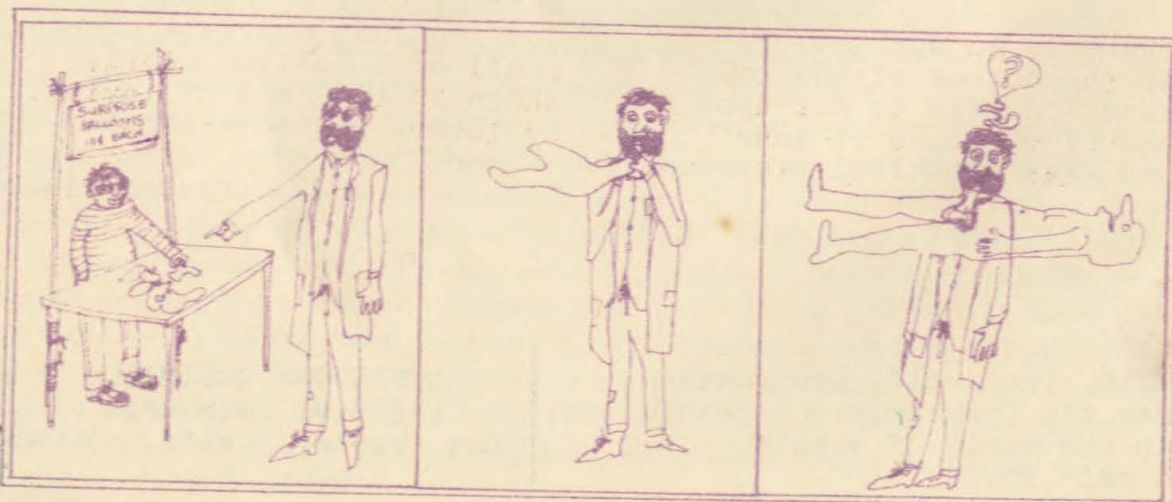
for food when he was starving, or a lover when he was lonely...and he'd been so lonely. He felt cheated, as if God had taken advantage of him. He felt somehow that God hadn't been a very good sport.

But a few minutes before he died he happened to glance back at the rest of the zoo, at the rest of the world.

He leaped to his feet, shocked! at what he saw.

For he saw that God hadn't answered his wish at all.

And he realized that had he not taken his own life God would have granted one of his great wishes, because He hadn't made the flowers giant. He'd merely made the cage, the giraffes...and the man, very small.





Somewhat aside from the candle
There is some light in my window

Smile upwards from the patient
Nature of lasting, and biting and
standing still

Wait awhile. I've hobbled on my
sores and
Left the bandages in the streets
of fatherhood.

Capture me. I'm taking a shirt of
metal with me. Suitcases have
been taken.

Whatever is left, remains as mine.
No clothes seem to fit me. Even
then
Some people will wear grey socks.

Keith St. Clare

CARAVAN

Numbers don't mean the same
on the street of dreams
where maneless nomads
caravan over my flesh
leaving lost debris & burnt-
smell of a telling heart,
shorn by the game of loving,
by lovers who go without a
name.

Paul Mariah

Paul Mariah

KLYPTIC THIRTY-SEVEN

There is an upright
in the corner of the room
that I'd like to sit upon
and play a tune of love
and make beautiful organ-music.

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A NEW HOUSE

Like all new houses mine had to have every utility connected.

The first thing I did when I got up after my first night in the house was to call the phone co., the Gas Co. & the people connected with my new washer & dryer. Since I would be away from the house at times during the day I told each of them the house would be open & to go ahead in & connect the services.

About 10:30, before I had a chance to even leave the house the service man for the washer & dryer arrived. He was a six feet Negro with the skin color of brown velvet. His hair was a little on the long side but not too curly. He wore khaki colored very tight fitting, jump suit which was open to his waist & shows off his smooth full chest. I could see that he had nothing on underneath & the outline of his prick showed very clearly. It hung about three quarters down his leg.

I took him to the basement where he was to work. I left him & went upstairs to get ready to go shopping, suddenly realizing I had forgotten that besides the washer on the floor I had some of my picture collection stored. Hurridly slipping into a light silk robe I went down to the basement to see how he was doing. There on one of the unused mattresses I say him stark naked, stroking his big jet-black cock. It had certainly grown since I had noticed it bulging in his trousers. I couldn't take my eyes off it. It was beautiful. It's head was ruby red & it seemed as fat around as a beer can. He had found the picture & was jerking off while looking at them. In watching him, I noticed my own cock had grown & was throbbing with excitement. I had never seen a Negro nude before & everything I've heard about them seemed to be true. Suddenly he saw me and noticed that I had become excited. He kept right on jerking off. I came closer to see better & when I did, his massive brown arm caught me around the waist & pulled me down on my knees. Then he pushed my head towards the flaming head of his pulsing black tool. I tried to say something & as my mouth opened his giant prick was thrust down into my face. He held my head ther and slowly I began to suck on his beautiful joy stick. As I realized he wanted me to relax, he untied my robe & slipped it from my body. His hand caught my cock & began to stroke it. The touch of it thrilled me so that I began to suck faster & faster until



Come,
I love you with every/smile I make I make you/upon my navel I love you/
wholly you burst through my/sun with your aura-love in/coming to our
coming now.

"Could it be that poetry is really the reverse of masturbation?" Jean Paul Sartre

he moaned & pushed my head as far down the shaft of his enormous cock as it would go, which wasn't even half-way. Then came the great fluid, a massive stream of cum pouring down my hot throat. He held me fast as I had to swallow every last drop.

After a few moments he pulled me up from where I had been kneeling & placed my cock in front of his mouth. He then licked my legs & picked them up in the air so I was at a forty degree angle & began to go to work on my already overly hot cock. I have about 7 1/2 inches of hot cock & he took it all right up to the hilt. He held me firm & sucked up & down with a steady head movement. It didn't take long for me to reach the point of no return & as I did he took all of my tingling cock, even my balls, & I filled his hot mouth with the joy juice of life. My body went limp & he laid me down beside him. It wasn't long before I fell asleep. I awakened to find his big cock throbbing at my small white ass. I knew I couldn't handle it so I tried to get away but his strong arms held me fast. He saw that it would do him no good to try so instead he began to run his tongue down my back till it reached my crack between my firm cheeks. He spread my cheeks and thrust his long wet tongue inside the small hole. At this point, my cock was as hard as a cock could get, again. I began to wiggle my ass as it was fast responding to his wild carresses. It didn't take long for him to moisten it enough to suit his next pleasure.

Before I knew it he had the head of his cock inside me & was getting his body ready for the onslaught. With one mighty push he rammed my small ass with the tremendous prick. The pain of it was so bad that I thought I must be ripped open completely. There he held me fast until my body got accustomed to its visitor. Little by little he would drag his black giant out & push it back until I began to move my ass in the rythm with his cock. After a few minutes he pulled his cock out & turned me on my back. He then threw me legs over his shoulders & in he went again. My cock was getting so hot that a clear fluid was oozing out from it's head. Slowly but surely he worked out two bodies to the edge of the mattress. He then cooled up & his jet black cock in my ass he walked around the basement. It was wonderful. I was now in such a state that I didn't notice we were being watched.

I had forgotten about the Phone & Gas Company, but my black master saw our visitor & was performing much to his surprise & delight. The Phone Co. fellow was a germanic type, 24 or 25 years old. He

watched us for some time & then decided to join the party. I still didn't know he was there. He took off all of his clothes & was ready for action. His cock was already hard from just watching what was going on. He must have been standing in back of me because my black conqueror lowered my body from the waist up. I didn't know what was happening & didn't care, all I knew I was in paradise & felt wonderful all over.

As my body went back my mouth went open only to find it was filled by a very fat, creamed colored cock about 10 inches long, as I opened my eyes with a start to behold two well developed muscular legs & a beautiful pair of balls covered with soft blond hair. Above the cock was a very muscular body that showed there had been a lot of weight lifting done.

The chest was free of hair & the face was a beauty, with white, white teeth & a straight nose --- & exciting light blue eyes. As I looked up he smiled down at me & thrust his instrument of love down my throat as my other lover thrust his massive joint in & out of my now willing ass. I was really getting the full treatment. I was sucking & being fucked by two beautiful men.

I didn't take long before I could see them kissing each other. I could see from my middle position the tongue of the nubian conqueror sliding in & out of the eager lips of the blond vision. We all reached our thrilling climax together. No one had touched my joy stick and no one needed to, it just shot off by itself as the blond filled my throat & the Negro filled my ass with their virile cum. I shot so hard that it hit both of them in the face & they licked it up eagerly. I thought for sure I was completely spent & nothing could arouse me. I went upstairs & got us each a beer & we relaxed on the mattress. It wasn't long before the Negro was pumping his big cock into the face of the blond visitor. His cock was standing up straight & hard & I knew that I had to have it.

The blond was lying on his back & being fucked in the mouth. I got up & sat on his stiff prick. I felt the fat head slip up my ass & then he pulled me on the shoulders & at the same time thrust his entire cock up inside me. We were all off again & going on our way to reach still another thrill. The blond was sucking like crazy & the Negro was really throwing that gigantic cock to him. The blond had no trouble taking all of that hot & willing black tool. I, of course, was beating my meat like crazy while being fucked from my sitting position. I closed my eyes to enjoy the full benefits of what was happening & when I close

them again I saw that he had again, and we were again being joined & watched.

It was a Mexican guy about 19 years old with a Gas Co. uniform on his 5' 4 in. slight 130 lb. frame, Black hair & piercing dark eyes finished off the charming picture. He eyed us all for a moment & then got out of his clothes as quick as a flash. I thought for sure because of his size he would not be able to stack up to the rest of us in the cock dept., so I was really surprised when he got down to his jockey shorts & out from the jet black, curly bush between his legs came a cock that made us all, even the Negro, look small. He must of had it shoved up his ass because I couldn't see how anyone could have hidden a thing like that. It was about 12 1/2 inches long & at least 6 inches in diameter. He had a foreskin that pulled itself back as it was released from its cage. His body had good muscle tone from what I could see, for his chest, crotch & legs were covered with thick black hair. His prick was a prick golden brown and ready for action. He came over & shoved my head down on it real fast & no sooner had I done so when he filled the cavity with steaming hot sweet cum. I thought he was through but for him it turned out only to be the beginning. It stayed hard & I kept sucking only to have my mouth filled as my ass was filled & the blond mouth filled. We had all come at the same time. It was beautiful & a one-in-a-million treat.

I, by this time, felt like my back was breaking, but no rest for the wicked. Our new arrival was still rarin to go & it looked like the blond was to be the target. The Mexican took the blondes great legs & placed them over his shoulders & with his cock still wet from my mouth, pierced the opening of the blond & beautiful ass. In slid his unbelievable cock up to the balls. From where I could see the ass expand & contract as it was fed that probing instrument. That Mexican sure knew his business when it came to using that impressive prick. He was sucking the blond's tits at the same time. Our Negro began to get excited again & shoved the Mexican's moath down on his throbbing cock, just long enough to get it wet for him to fuck that hairy little ass. The three of them were a sight to behold. I got hot again too, & fed my over-used cock to the blond. His head was hanging over the mattress so I stood up for him to get it. By now the Negro was ramming the hell out of the Mexican who in turn was giving it to the blond who was sucking off as he fucked him. It seemed it took about an hour before we all came again

it was glorious.

This fixed the four of us for good. We were all beat & our cocks were limp as wet dish rags. We all went upstairs & had hot showers & got dressed.

If this happens everytime I get a new house I think I'll move every God Damned Month! ##

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**TODAY IS THE FIRST DAY
OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.**

Keith St. Clare
who didn't see
anybody dead
until he was 21 and
then it was
almost too late, spoke
to the
automobile salad
a great
noise. Frankly, I've
stepped
into an aluminum phone booth
and
talked to nowhere, wondering
how to
cope next with the hubby-
daddy mother-
farm-thing and a lot of
pillow sign language
on the toilet top - I cause
myself to
be equally afraid. A liar
spoke to
me about my sanitary
napkins
and whiteness, lopsided
fairies,
and the future of corned beef
pies
what I need doesn't come
in suitcases:
the flat liver panacea of
intestinal
love a gut-cutting shot of
feather
stuff swishing along the
place where pain should be.
Even sunsets wake me
--Keith St.Clare

THE EXPERIENCES OF THIS YOUTH ARE FAR FROM "TYPICAL." HIS STORY IS PRESENTED FOR ITS COMIC VALUE AND ITS PATHOLOGICAL INSIGHT.

I am the most hated person in Burlingame, California. Let me explain. In order to discover how it feels to be a homosexual in a heterosexual environment, I posed as a homosexual for several months. Thinking of a technique whereby I could pose as a queer, it occurred to me that I could wear eye makeup and be recognized immediately as one.

I went to Burlingame Avenue at night. "That guy bugs me. He's got eye makeup on!" That was my first reaction to my eyes that symbolized homosexuality. Most kids in Burlingame have never seen a real live "fem" before. (Fem is a high school word. The equivalent word in gay San Francisco is "nellie." I am nineteen.) Few kids have even seen the kind of action that a San Franciscan commonly sees on Market Street, and therefore the reaction was startling.

People made second glances at me. Soon they stopped staring and started swearing. A group of teenagers was strolling past and one girl turned around and mocked, "Hey, my boy friend likes you!" and "You're cute!" Their comments sarcastically compared me with a girl. The group started to walk towards me but I walked away -- "He's afraid of us," they said. Projection on their part, I thought. They're really afraid of me.

Soon another group of adolescents approached me. "Why do you wear eye makeup like a fucking fem?" asked the male leader. Obviously angry and upset,

I started walking away. "Let's get him!" was all I had to hear. I got into my car and then--crash--a flowerpot hit the car. "If you come back we will put you in the hospital." And so, another threat. My first taste of what it's like to be a homosexual had been bitter.

One girl in particular wanted to destroy me. "You're a fucking fem!" she said. "I know lots of fags like you! Do men chase after you?" "Yes," I answered. "Oh, where?" "In the tenderloin," was my reply. She gasped and lunged. "I'm going to rape you," she screamed, exhibiting latent lesbian tendencies. "I'm going to slap your face!" I quietly began walking back to my car, but she ran ahead and blocked my entrance. A police car drove by. I stopped them and explained my trouble with the girl. She ran off. I ended my conversation with the police with "You don't have to hate me." "We don't," he said calmly. I believed him. At least the police department is not anti-homosexual.

The police are usually gracious to me. A patrolman asked me to leave because there were some tough kids in the area one night. "It's our job to protect you," he said.

Beneath all the questions I receive is an electric charge of hate, barely held in check. One night, a group of young high school kids came up to me and said, "Look at all the boys we brought you," and then changed their tone to "Let's get him!" Fortunately, an intelligent voice usually calms the crowd with, "Aw, leave him alone."

Hippies are not as broadminded as you might expect in Burlingame. Once a long-haired fellow passed me on the street. As he passed, he caught sight of my eye makeup. Amazed, he threw his cigarette into the air and continued walking. He walked quickly to a group of friends. I began to fear his reaction and headed for the car again. As I drove off, they all screamed, "Get out of here, you fag!"

It's best to ignore those who ridicule me. I tell them they have nothing to fear from me if there's a chance. Nonetheless, the yo

of Burlingame just hate queers. They hate fags more than they hate Communists or Negroes. In each case, however, those who hate feel justified in doing so. "Communists are trying to take over the world." Hate them. "The Negro causes riots and brings house values down." Hate them. And "fags are a threat to the young." Hate them. Resentment is high because the homosexual involves an essential in life - sex. And for some reason he (or she) threatens their own sexual image.

The purpose of this story has been to illustrate the intolerance, the potential violence, and the hate directed toward the homosexual. I haven't exaggerated. If you don't believe my story, wear eye makeup in Burlingame.



The Story of a Typical Homosexual's
A Typical Suburban
Community. Duff

SILK TECHNIQUE

THE SILK TECHNIQUE
(Tales from an English Sailor's Evening)

For those with anal inclinations, we have two adaptations of the familiar pastime. The first employs a plain silk handkerchief (nothing else will do quite as well, we are told). For smoothest results, the area should have been "used" thoroughly once. Even so, some additional lubricant may be needed. Then the handkerchief may be inserted slowly while oral or manual excitement is applied to the receiver's penis. Don't forget to let a little dangle outside. As your partner begins to reach his peak, gently and evenly draw out the fabric. You will see that your partner will feel an unusually sustained and intense climax -- pleasant in any way, if he enjoys

creative sodomy.

The second may be much too much to add on to what should already have been a fulfilling evening, if you have diligently applied the above technique. Once again, you should find it helpful to present this technique, like the former, to a rather well-loosened anal sphincter. Therefore, after some penetration has been accomplished, withdraw the penis and gently but firmly insert some rounded ice cubes. (Many find it desirable to round the edges of the ice cubes in their mouth or between mouths while french-kissing.) Then return the penis to its nest and proceed to thrust as desired. You should find that the climax will be unusually intense and warm. Your partner's feelings will be varied, but from all reports they are equally intense.



Cage

Anon.

The values of "This Great Society" are not the values under which human beings can live, but are the values of dehumanized brutes. It is a faceless, nameless, corrupt, exploitative ratrace which pits man against his brothers, which uses people as machines.

In order to be liberated, a man must know that he is oppressed. In the Great Society, people are unaware of their oppression. This is because the system uses liberal rhetoric and operates through rewards instead of punishments, as long as it can control people in this way.

But people are not animals; and this shows itself in the violence and frustration that it is pent-up in all of us. Yet the Great Society manages to even thrive on this violence by pitting individuals against each other. As long as blacks are fighting whites, and men are fighting women, they never fight their real enemy: the power elite which is corporate capitalism.

Once you break through the news-speak rhetoric of the Great Society, it becomes not only moral but liberating to throw a monkey wrench into the machine. Not to pay for the subway; Not to buy from Safeway; Not to think in their terms, and therefore, Not to speak in their language. Then we do everything we can to destroy their system, and in the process attempt to build something new based on our humanity.

Obscenity is the aura of connotations built around words and symbols founded on Christian repudiation of sex and promoted by middle class snobbery. Obscenity is not a property of an object, but exists only in people's minds.

Connotation is the key to obscenity. The meaning of a word includes all of its connotations. Shit and manure do not mean the same thing (to middle-class Americans). Shit would likely connote for most people a smelly mess in the middle of the path while manure would evoke a neatly packaged product from the farm and garden store. Piss may bring up a picture of a man or dog splattering the liquid against a tree, while urine may bring to mind a specimen bottle at the medical clinic.

Fuck and intercourse are two other words which "mean" the same thing, but generally have quite different connotations. Obviously when a person says, "Fuck you," he is not really wishing you the greatest pleasure known to mankind. So fuck connotes something more like rape. The meaning of the expression may have partly come down to us from frontier days when women were scarce and men used force in sodomizing one another. I suspect, too, that some of the evil connotation has come to us from Victorianism, which promoted the pretense that "ladies" did not like sex but always submitted to it reluctantly. Perhaps the ultimate implication of "Fuck you" is to be found in the practice of impaling.

Obscenity

One of our female correspondents in the East has described the connotations of fuck with rare clarity. "It seems to me," she

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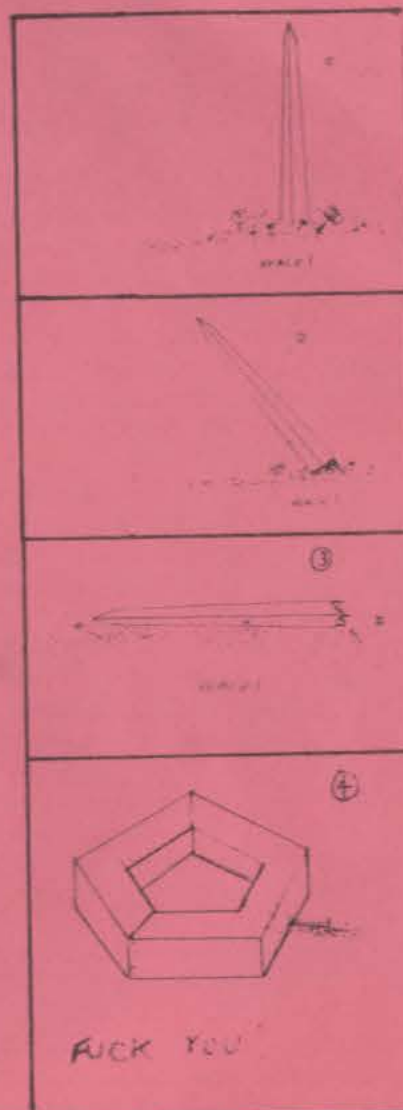
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VANGUARD MAGAZINE

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writes, "that regardless of the former uses of a word, regardless of the denotations and connotations it may now have in other places, that we judge a word and use a word because of the current and local denotations and connotations.

"Fucking has no relation to the pleasant and sociable act that sex usually is. Rather, it is an act performed thoughtlessly, in some unpleasing place, with a more or less reluctant partner. The main difference from the pleasurable act of love is in the area of personal involvement and intent. Especially associated with the word in my mind is a thought that a man feels he has put something over on a woman.

"I think our language lacks a word to describe the act of sex as it really is. Intercourse is too clinical and impersonal, love is not specific enough, and fuck has repugnant connotations."

Pauline Christianity planted the virus that has screwed up Western thinking about sex for two thousand years. Cached in the dirty little gem of Biblical phraseology "conceived in sin", the virus has destroyed the beauty of procreation; made love a dirty word; produced inestimable numbers of sex criminals, sadists, sex-starved tyrants, neurotics; as well as causing lonely desperation, disease, murder, and war.

Certainly we should mention that women are the greatest victims of Christianity's making sex a sin. A woman's life revolves around the functions of copulation, gestation, parturition, and lactation. To treat all the natural functions of a woman as nasty, obscene, and sinful is to relegate womankind to the barnyard manure pile. Yes, even the mammary glands that produce nourishment for the baby are declared obscene by our Christian moralists and must be kept covered under penalty of law. Women will continue to suffer from inferior moral status until the evil of the false sex doctrine of Christianity is purged from our culture.

ENCHANTE

Seven days to fall

looked for love in your
ass-hole

found a clock inside the hall

seven days to fall
the basement is empty
the walls are growing thin

At nine o'clock on the
pocket-watch

a timely deadly sin

seven days to fall
-Astrid

ORPHEUS
Magazine

BOX 1832
Phoenix, Ariz.
85001

This... magazine is intended to countervail the Establishment national-international magazines and to supplement the activity of the underground press in the United States. We are seeking public respondents in the United States. The connotations of fuck seems to me," she

ROBERT: WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M LYING HERE FOR? A SUN TAN?

HANK: OH, I GET IT. YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME TO GO RIGHT DOWN ON YOU OR SOMETHING?

ROBERT: WELL, THAT'S WHAT YOU CAME UP HERE FOR, ISN'T IT?

HANK: AND THEN AFTERWARD?

ROBERT: I CAN'T BE PENETRATED!

HANK: HOW ABOUT GIVING ME A BLOW JOB THEN?

ROBERT: CAN'T I GET DIZZY (pause)

HANK: UH-HUH, WELL, YOU AT LEAST WOULDN'T JERK ME OFF?

ROBERT: I FIND THAT UGLY AND REPELLENT.

HANK: BUT YOU HAVE NO OBJECTIONS, I TAKE IT, IF I JERK MYSELF OFF INTO THE TOWEL AND YOUR EXCITING PRESENCE ACCOMPANIED BY YOUR REFLECTIONS FROM THE MIRROR ON EACH WALL?

ROBERT: IF YOU'D LIKE.

HANK: WOULD YOU WAIT A MINUTE WHILE I FRESHEN UP IN THE JOHN?

ROBERT: SURE, GO RIGHT AHEAD, DO, DO YOU REALLY THINK I HAVE A NICE BODY?

HANK: IT WOULD BE PRETTY DIFFICULT TO MEET YOUR EQUAL.

ROBERT: THANKS, IT'LL BE NICE AND HARD WHEN YOU GET BACK.

HANK: CAN'T WAIT.

ROBERT: HURRY BACK, (pause, then to himself) MMM, I LOVE A NICE LONG BLOW JOB. OH SO MANY MAKE SUCH A LOUSY MESS OF IT. SO GOD-DAMN PISS-POOR IN BED, MMM, IT'S GETTING THERE... DO I NEED A GOOD ORGASM? THOSE FUCKING KIDS GOT ON MY NERVES TODAY. LITTLE WHINING BASTARDS WITH THEIR POLICE RECORDS, THEIR BROKEN HOMES, THEIR OVER-SEXED BODIES, THEIR FILTHY MOUTHS--FUCK 'EM... GEE, I HOPE HE GOES DOWN NICELY. A LITTLE RIMMING WOULDN'T BE TOPS TOO. MMM, (pause) WHAT'S THAT? DID I HEAR THE FRONT DOOR SLAM? HANK? HANK? ARE YOU THERE? FOR CHRIST'S SAKE WHERE'S MY ROBE? OH, THE DAMN THING AIN'T BACK FROM THE FRENCH LAUNDRY YET. HANK? (pause) NO, HE'S NOT IN THE BATHROOM EITHER. HIS CLOTHES ARE GONE. THE BASTARD LEFT! THAT SON OF A BITCH! THAT FUCKING FAGGOT! THAT COCK SUCKER! OH, WHY CAN'T I EVER FIND A NICE GUY? WHY DON'T I EVER HAVE ANY LUCK? SHIT! (pause) DAMN IT, THERE'S NO MORE GIN LEFT. THAT SELFISH BASTARD DRANK IT ALL UP. GOD, NOW IT'S LATE AND I'M SO WORKED UP, I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET TO SLEEP FOR HOURS. FUCKING LUCK I HAVE, GOD-DAMN FUCKING LUCK.

THE END

"A person who nurtures wishes he cannot admit to himself saddles his fellow men with these wishes and his own motives. This is projection."

-Freud

I scoop a thousand WHYS out of my heart
No more do I seek an answer
for there IS none

The epic has been smoking in my bones

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PHALLISM

The Christian Religion is a composition of Pagan elements, and Phallic Worship is its chief corner stone.

The worship of the sexual organs is very old. It has extended all over the world. It originated when man first realized that life was renewed by sex and not by spirits; that sex and not his gods increased his family and multiplied his flocks. The phallus was particularly venerated.

Phallism preceded the Christian religion and was merged in it. Much of the Christian service, the priests' robes and paraphernalia are phallic. The doors of all old churches represent the female organ, and the spires, erected above them, the male.

Millions of savages and semi-savages are now phallic worshipers; but the more ignorant do not yet know the functions of sex. Many primitive peoples, like the Veddahs, Tasmanians, and Yahgans, do not know life results from sex. They think pregnancy is caused by spirits entering the female. Phallism is unknown to them. While the Blacks of Africa, the lowest people who realize the results of sex, are saturated with phallism. Phallic rites predominate—possess them. Among most African tribes, the phallic symbols are everywhere—hanging from rafters, in front of the houses, along the paths and at street corners. The phallic god, Legba, is made of red clay, represented squatting on its haunches looking at its enormous sexual organs. It is protected by a canopy much as Christians protect their shrines. Many tribes, also, have a Goddess of Love, represented in the form of a woman big with child. She has enormous breasts and pudenda. Women anoint the phallus with oil. On the walls they draw the male and female organs in sexual contact. They see nothing immoral in their acts. Some tribes have priests and priestesses. The priestesses, at their festivals, act as sacred prostitutes, yielding to all who may desire.

Phallism is not practiced to avoid hell or smooth the soul's way into heaven. The gods are only asked to make women fruitful, the crops prolific and the flocks more productive.

PHALLISM IN CHRISTIANITY

The Christian religion is rooted deep in Jewish beliefs. It depends solely upon a Jew Christ, a Jew god, and a Jew bible, for its doctrines and worship. Thus, it would be strange, indeed, did it not follow some of its paternal religious customs.

As no religion is based upon a truth, all naturally, subdivide into many sets, and the Jewish religion is no exception. At Christ's time, it was split into many cults. One of the smallest was the Essenes. They were opposed to phallism, taught it was a sin for men and women to cohabit or marry. Christ was an Essenes and taught celibacy. Paul, who switched Christ from the Jews to the Gentiles, was also an Essenes, but far more ascetic than Christ. Paul, to remove all fear of succumbing to sexual impulses, castrated himself. But even Christ and Paul could not obliterate customs which had been grounded in the human character

for centuries. The church has ever tried to follow Christ and Paul but it, too, has failed. Sex can never be eradicated. It is the second strongest impulse of man. The human family craves sex, the people like it. And regardless of all religions, the Christian Church or its efforts, Phallism will linger as long as men love and mankind is propagated. Of course no longer do barren women sit astride a wooden or stone phallus hoping it will make them fertile, nor a fertile woman perform the same act hoping to be more productive. And while the church may prevent Christians from worshipping phallic

deities, such as Cybele, Astarte, Aphrodite, Venus and the other unholo love divinities, while they may substitute Virgin (?) Mary for these goddesses, and Christ for the phallic gods, there is no power in "heaven or hell" that can take from women and men their overpowering sexual desires; neither can it prevent the ignorant from harking back to phallism.

As late as 1906, the Greek Christians in Viza held performances in which a large wooden phallus was carried about. The bearer chased girls with the emblem and upon catching one, the two went through a mock marriage. After which, they danced vulgarly through the streets collecting money. The event ended in a night of medieval sexual debauchery.

Until recently, religious celebrations in Scandinavia were marked by the display of sexual symbols. In Ireland, at a relatively late period, churches were adorned by a female figure looking at, or pointing to, her pudenda. Similar figures adorned churches in England and Spain. There are phallic stones all over England and the phallic maypole still furnishes amusement for thousands. Not so long ago in parts of Italy, on the Feast of St. Cosmos and St. Damian, great numbers of barren women and people afflicted with venereal diseases gathered in reverences to these saints. The wily priests, ever with an avaricious eye, erected curative stalls in the streets and decorated them with wax phallic images. The women bought these figures and gave them to the church. The priests pow-wowed over the barren women and smeared sacred priest prepared oil upon the sexual organs of the venereal diseased sufferers. Voltaire's pen ridiculed these disgusting rites into disgrace—stabbed them to death, as it were. The Vatican stopped them in 1730.

In some parts of Italy sexual organs cut in the walls of buildings can still be seen. On Easter Sunday it is the custom to stone the wicked carvings. Of course the priests do not tell their morons that only a few centuries ago their grandmothers had kissed these awful emblems. Neither do they tell the sisters the meaning of the little gold amulets they are wearing—particularly the amulet—a closed fist with the thumb sticking out between the first and second fingers. The peasant Catholic women are very fond of this phallic symbol.

In the Portici Museum, is an altar vessel upon which is engraved a woman fondling a phallus. During the Dark Ages such phallic emblems were glorified at all church ceremonies. Until 1585 the priests of Embrun in France displayed an object they declared was the penis of St. Foutin. The holy fakers used the object in their pow-wows to make barren women fertile. The object was red from

the wine libations the women had poured over it. So famous did this saint's sex organ become, a cult was created and spread far and wide. Wax models of this notorious relic flooded the churches. They were everywhere. Bunches were displayed in the churches of southern France, and hawked about by the priests as they did sacred candles. These same priests baked sacred sex cakes, sold them to barren women and had the women rub against statues of St. Foutin. And, St. Foutin, who was he? Was he a person? No! This saint was an ithyphallic statue and became so popular with barren women and religious fanatics, the monks canonized it and gave it a human legend. It was so revered, women, with the priest's permission, and for a price, scraped small particles from the statue's phallus, put the scrapings in water and drank them. But St. Foutin was not alone: St. Ters of Belgium, St. Giles of Brittany, St. Rene of Anjou and other famous saints were ithyphallic statues canonized by the priests for profit. St. Arnand, another canonized ithyphallic statue, wore an apron. The priests, for pay, permitted barren women, and they only, to lift this apron and gaze upon the statue's phallus. In the church of St. Eutropius at Orange was displayed a large wooden phallus covered with leather. It was much venerated.

Protestantism has had much to do with suppressing open phallism. Impotent men and barren women, in fact all Christian mankind, now look to Virgin Mary and god to remove their productive deficiencies. Yet, the pulpits still ring and church literature bristles with: "Unless you be born again you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." Why don't the church parasites tell their dupes what "born again" means, and how the saying originated? They are afraid, the cowards! The contribution box might return

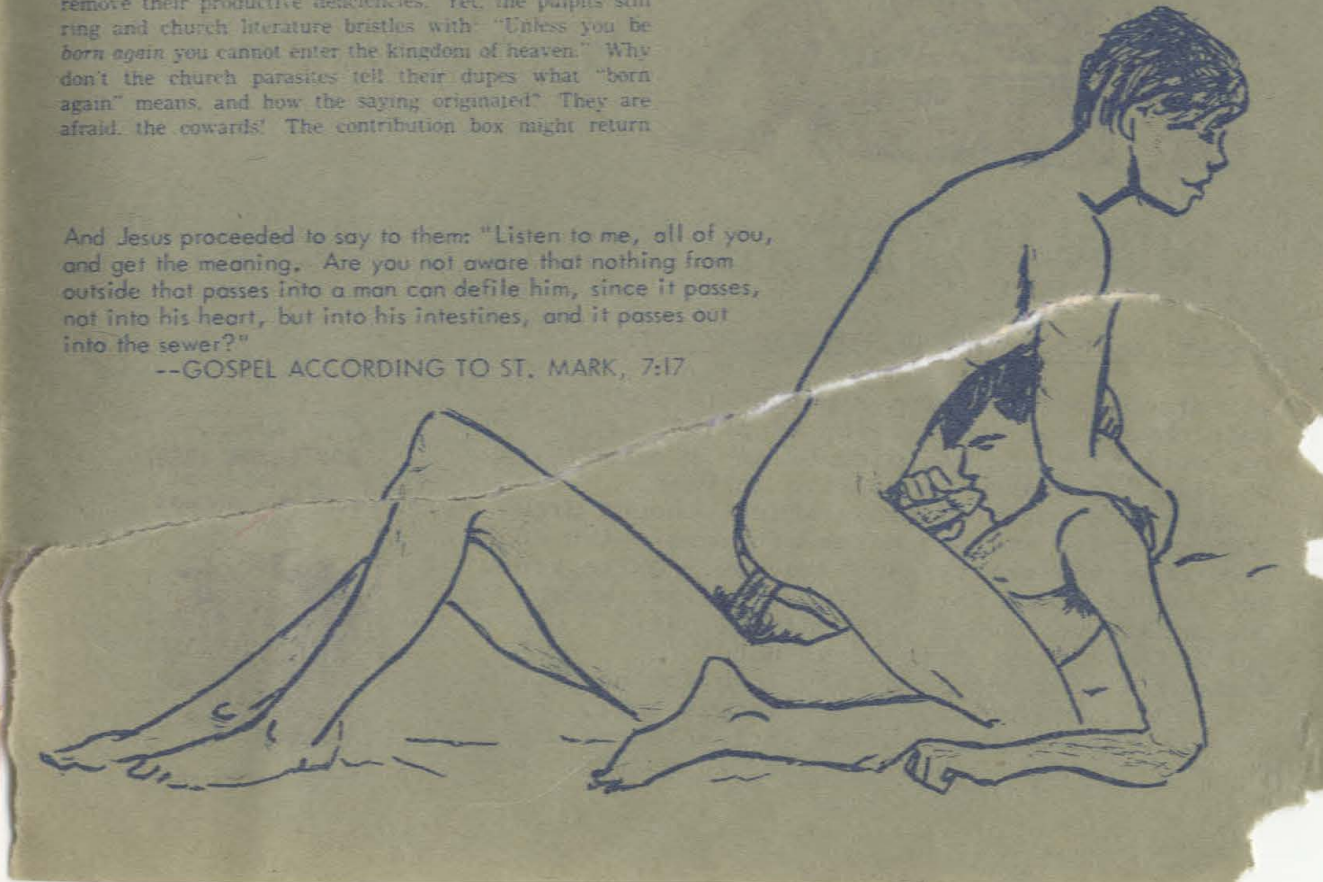
empty. The expression is purely phallic. Every year, millions of memorial phallic worshippers, there are today about 200 million, have purified their followers and removed their sins by giving them a symbolic "rebirth". When a person becomes polluted or sins, a model of a "yoni", female generative organ, is constructed, and with solemn ceremonies the one to be purified is drawn through the model, declared to be reborn and purged from sin. Such rites are still performed in India and other phallic countries.

The Roman church has pretended to end phallism and at the same time winking at its practices. The hold of phallism on the human race has been too strong to be suppressed. The Protestants have been more successful than the Catholics, but they still build steeples on their churches, put up tombstones, build church foyers and then preachers shout "You must be born again."

In Genesis, we have stone, rock or pillar. In Deuteronomy, "the rock that begot thee" and god became the Rock of Israel. In present day parlance, "The Rock of Ages" or "The stone of Israel... the mighty god of Jacob." Then there was, "the rock to which Hannah rendered thanks for a son". Little do the devout imagine the meaning of their singing the "Rock of Ages."

And Jesus proceeded to say to them: "Listen to me, all of you, and get the meaning. Are you not aware that nothing from outside that passes into a man can defile him, since it passes, not into his heart, but into his intestines, and it passes out into the sewer?"

--GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MARK, 7:17





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And heard the wailing notes of stars which fade.
The tough and gritty sand endures. Quite true.
But not to bloom for long were flowers made.
The sensitive have a difficult plight
For life to them is a vulgar hotel
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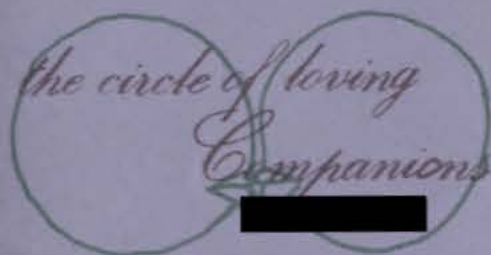
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If religion is valuable, its essence and its motivation come from within. We believe that religion is one of the few optional matters in life. We believe that each man has an equal predisposition toward pain and pleasure. To each of us hell and heaven are literal manifestations of personal desires or aversions. These feelings may have been less easily resolved when physical conditions reinforced arbitrary morality. However, it is the feeling of this Cir-

cle that we need not adhere to historic stereotypes, and that we should respond lovingly to present physical conditions toward the infinite potentials of the mind. We believe that one's life-style should be consistent with (a) what gives him pleasure, and (b) what will not cause pain to others. Applications of these principles may be as intellectual or as simple as one pleases. In every case, so long as an equality of these two drives is achieved to the satisfaction of the individual consciousness, the action is right. This principle returns the value and the meaning of FAITH to the individual man and woman. We feel that "faith" in an abstract divinity or a living statue is responsible for much of the misaligned consciousness in this life. We feel that each person is best as himself. We believe that the past cannot truly be atoned for: therefore we reject the concept that the supreme purpose of the Christ, for example, was to die. Indeed, the most important thing about Christ must be his ability to live. Neither can the future be promised or insured. Once again, the past is memory and the future conjecture. Therefore it is apparent that the reasonable man lives for today: for the present and for all that he conceives that to be.

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Dead -- Minus charged tons -- heavy -- heavy hangs over thy head -- Berlin revisited -- Hanol come to WashedOutington -- sins visited upon heads of states of Chans -- Troops -- Police Cars -- half tracks of United States Government Issues -- "Salute the uniform not the Man" Curfews and sent to my room like 6 years old and want to stay outside on Curfew Evenings -- "It's getting tiresome isn't it." -- "Yah it's getting in my way" Time to get out - escape -- What is there left to say -- live, be good and find your people -- here bands of fucked up looking b off you -- not me -- not my sins -- number me not -- count me out -- have your riot I watch without glee -- I want a world for my son -- for my hopes -- for my being -- don't destroy my being any of you -- I do not consent that you shall -- Go fuck yourself if you want to rape me -- i want none of it -- little boys dragging panda bears from broken stores -- I have no words but feel, house and cloth. I'd jall all troops from Viet Nam and conduct carpentry lessons and send them into every Ghetto in The Country with tons of wood -- nails -- put -- brushes -- hammers -- crowbars -- T squares -- Plumb lines -- bricks -- glass and etc along with milk -- bread and Bologna -- and card tables filled with lemon-
That's what so-called teachers of Lured states should be doing -- lift up -- lift up
While you sip lemonade -- pound hammers and pour concrete -- A new Jerusalem. If you Stokeley, London, Walter Washington really want to build and not destroy blueprint your brain with home construction -- add money to above recipe and start to cook, the recipe is called Righteous Soul-Stew. A new Jerusalem with Simon of Cyrene as Chief Chef -- a new Jerusalem -- "All things fall and those That build them Again are Gay."

your heads you unconstructed -- un-awakened cunning Chiefs of at the Stake -- Get off your ass and grab a hammer -- a new Jerusalem is going up -- it begins in The mind then into actuality -- "All things fall and are built again and those that build them again are Gay" Don't blame it on the loudspeakers and call horns -- Play music till the streets with music

vate interest, who is acting either in his own interest or the public interest and not harming the public weal." Reich will teach you this. If you want an education on real biological functions of sex, read "The Function of the Orgasm" by the great Dr. Wilhelm Reich. Of course, Reich was busted by the "establishment" and died in the Federal Pen, I think in 1957. The Fascist is always anti-life--and this, of course, extends to sex. Try living an unconventional sex life right out in the open, and they kill you. Not physically, but the Great American Credit Slavery Death Machine cuts your money off.

buying "Establishment" bullshit.

Now, the policy of the Universal Life Church is anti-subversive. We are quaint enough to think the individual comes first. But this the "Establishment" subversives cannot understand. Not will not, CANNOT. They derive their being from belonging to some "organization." So we work and work and work to cut costs. Because the "Establishment" is structured on the principle of run the other guy's costs up faster than the other guy can run up yours in order to survive. The rat race, the Great American Credit Slavery Death Machine. So there is no "Establishment" concure, as it would lower costs. The basic fuel of the "Establishment" Great American Credit Slavery Death Machine Anti-Life Juggernaut is BULLSHIT. It runs on the fumes of the bullshit. Remove the bullshit by telling the truth and the Juggernaut is bound to grind to a halt. And what an intense relief this will be for all of us. For love is alive and well. "Establishment" Christianity is a bunch of twaddle about a Sun God (Jesus christ) and a mythical God that lives in the sky and runs things and in general would offend the intelligence of any resentful cretin over six years of age. The whole idea of the Juggernaut is to enslave the minds of man, while the economic system based on money and price enslaves their bodies. The whole idea of liberating men is to get the idea over that:

1. THEY are Christ.
2. There is no being senior to man in the entire universe, or outside it.
3. People Power is the supreme power.

Now, this is too much for the average person to swallow. The average "organization" person lives, moves, and has his being in the organization. Our whole culture is "Establishment" oriented because people cannot be as they are, but derive their identity from belonging to some "organization," so we have a so I order that is subversive. The "crime" of marijuana is that it cannot be handled in such a way as to make money out of it, as it is easily grown. Therefore it is against a private interest, and the Gestapo, or gaggle of goons hired by the "State", bust you. Anybody who thinks different is buying "Establishment" bullshit. They

set up a big cry for Dr. Goddard's scalp when he spoke the truth about the relative poisonous effects of marijuana and alcohol. Any honest doctor will tell you Goddard was correct. Alcohol is a crude cell poison that can be put in bottles and taxed. If the "Establishment" could do it, they would sell you the air you breathe. If you did not pay your air bill, they would cut your air off. To hell with the individual, profits come first.

the new age program.

Now, we do not often say this out loud. There are two outfits working the new age program. One, and by far in the majority, is the hierarchy outfits. They work from guidance from the ascended masters on the other side. And the other, and by far in the minority, is the shamballah outfit. The one, the hierarchy, works from the field of many minds, whereas the shamballa orientation is the individual in the highest sense. And we, the shamballah outfit, work from the field of one mind. YOU!

the Universal Life Church

There is no power in the universe or outside it greater than the power of man. the Universal Life Church is not anything. It has no opinions, does nothing, says nothing, thinks nothing and in general is like GOD in that it is only a philosophical framework designed to liberate the thinking of PEOPLE as nothing is senior to PEOPLE. Our textbook could be Spooner's "No Treason--The Constitution of No Authority." Spooner was the guy who started a private post office system in competition with the government about a hundred years ago. He made it go, too.

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