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VECTOR is the monthly publication of the SOCIETY FOR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS, an organization dedicated to the education of all people who may be interested in better understanding the homosexual community. VECTOR articles represent the viewpoint of the writers and are not necessarily the opinion of the VECTOR staff or the SOCIETY FOR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS. Advertising rates available on request.
THE HOMOSEXUAL
THE HIPPIE
AND LOVE

Edited by
David Noel Hinojosa
and Leon Christopher

(The following dialogue was edited from over six hours of taped conversations between The Poet, who works in the financial district; Tauremini, a noted mystic bead stringer and dancer; Mr. Christopher, a poet; and Mr. Hinojosa, a regular VECTOR contributor.)

NOEL: Sex, homo or hetero, the hippie, freedom, love.
LEON: Like wow, three simple uncomplicated topics.
THE POET: Why don't we take on the full spectrum of American mores as they evolved from middle-class English Puritanism? Or better, the evolution of poetry from Chaucer to Ferlinghetti.

NOEL: We may yet; don't be so facetious.
LEON: The homosexual, his bag how's it different from the average hetero's? With both, on the whole, it's just sex involved, very little to do with love.
NOEL: You've got a point there. Homos seem to want to hold out their sexual orientation like a badge. just as a great many heteros do.
LEON: They're both so busy being either homo or hetero they forget they may just happen to be human beings also. In the end, it is so easy to deceive oneself, be unrealistic about sex.
NOEL: Sex is everywhere; a fantastic abundance, yet no one seems to know what the hell it's really all about. It can be such a powerful means of expressing love, but it can also express pure utter hatred. How can you get into bed with a stranger?

TAUREMINI: It's not hard.
NOEL: Thank you, I know; but still how's it done?
LEON: You're so naked, so stark, not only physically but in every other way. Imagine the defenses put up in order to have an intimacy with a stranger. And this concerns heteros also.

THE POET: We're living in a sexually orientated society. Advertising, films, books, every possible media of communication is used to transmit vibrant sexuality.
TAUREMINI: The real hippie--
LEON: Let's get away from labels. The real human being--
TAUREMINI: The real human being then, puts the emphasis on love. Love in art, love in people, in everything. And sex depending upon the person, can play a very small part in his loving.

THE POET: That's were the mistake is made; sex is thought of as a synonym for love; among both a great many hippies and ninety percent of the non-hips. Sexual empathy seems to automatically imply love--
LEON: But what a falsity.

NOEL: There is so little empathy, rapport of any kind anywhere.
LEON: People think that because they're communicating sexually, that that's it, like wow, nirvana, the whole bit. But with all the levels of communication open to man, it's so restrictive, limiting to concentrate only on that one.
NOEL: And that's what we're trying to get away from. I love you doesn't have to mean I want to get you in bed. Man, a screw is a screw, but let's not kid ourselves into thinking it's anything more if it isn't.
LEON: If it happens, it happens but that's not the important thing.
TAUREMINI: The modern, today's person, is trying to give new dimension to that much misused term, Love. Not to de-emphasize the role sex can play in Love, God, we don't want to go back to the Victorian period, but to broaden the perspective, to bring to the fore all of the word's possible ramifications. Sensuality, lushness, ecstasy these don't have to apply solely to sex.
LEON: Art is fantastically sensual; reading a poem, better writing one, sculpturing, all of these are sensual.

THE POET: What we're all doing, I think, here in this room, is rebelling. We're fighting for an acceptance of the total human being. Like look, how straighter can you look than me. I work, I don't wear beads, I get a haircut every two weeks. This whole hippie idea, this philosophy of love, is a state of the mind; it's incidental whether you look Haight-Ashbury personified or not.
LEON: And you know that's the great thing; a great many straight-looking people are really with it, they know where it's at. And vice-versa, unfortunately. A lot

(Cont. on Following Page)
THE HIPPIE, THE HOMOSEXUAL
(continued from preceding page)

TAUREMINI: And that's the difference between
the hippies and the homosexual scene. The
hippies are not crying for acceptance into
the old order, structure of society. We're
trying to usher in a new one. But the
homosexuals are bound and determined to
impose society; meanwhile, society advances
five ten years and the homosexual
keeps standing in the past and not in the
here and now. Thus, the homo becomes so-
licentious as to be revolutionary rather than its
avant-garde. How many homosexuals really know
what's here and now in the fields of art
and pop culture?

NOEL: The homosexual has got to fight for
acceptance as a human being. Once he's got
that, no one will care what his sexual
preferences may be. Before that though, he
himself, has got to start acknowledging
others as humans and not as "gay" or "hetero".

LEON: These damn labels. We're living in a
label society; mechanistic, too, dog-eat-
dog. Man is a machine; eats, sleeps,
works, screws.

NOEL: Man, the Work Machine, the Screw Ma-
chine. But what about the Love Machine?

LEON: Wow, that's a term for you. The Love
Machine. Wait till Madison Avenue gets a-
hold of that. First they mechanize sex,
now it'll be love.

TAUREMINI: The whole world should go on a
self-realization trip.

LEON: That's another thing; everyone seems
to take drugs, but what do they get out of
them? Smoke grass, then eat or have sex or
anything, but don't learn anything about
yourself. That world be disastrous. Wow,
1984 is here.

NOEL: But we're fighting it; all of us, in
our own way, each of us a voice in the
dark, and all the others like us, and
we'll make it.

LEON: I am optimistic, believe it or not. As
long as we can write and sing, we'll be
heard. After all, we're not demanding any-
thing so outrageous. Just that love be.

NOEL: The homo, the hetero, the hippie, all
of us beautiful, every single person
beautiful because we're linked by our one
common humanity, all of us an extension of
the other. If we only have the guts to
acknowledge that link; accept the loving
that it entails; then Wow!

LEON: Wow is right.
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MON., THURS., FRI: 10 'TIL 8
TUES., WED., SAT.: 10 'TIL 6

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BETWEEN PINE & BUSH
Well, it happened. The PHOENIX BIRD (ballroom dancing) rose from the ashes of age (trying to fit around the schedule of the Productions Committee) and is now in full "swing" (pardon the pun) under the excellent training of John De Leon. This is always an interesting small activity in that, unhindered it just grows bigger and bigger.

Tommy Brown has had his first sewing "happening" (I thought I ought to have some "hippy" phrase in this month's column) on Tuesday June 20th. There they were— an eager group, learning to gather, pleat, dart, drop-stitch, blind-stitch, and a host of other athletic sounding things. If you want to learn to sew ANYTHING (except people) show up on Tuesday at 8:00 P.M.

Summer is here! The beach is getting lovelier each weekend. The Swimming Group is meeting each Saturday morning at 9:30 A.M., at the SIR Center. Rise early and join in the swimming, sun and fun.

The Dinner Group has been moved back to 7:30 P.M., on Tuesdays and Thursdays to allow Chef Extraordinaire— Bill Plath, to more easily consummate his culinary creations.

The Men's Glee Club was born on Friday June 23rd under the flamboyant baton of Don Watson. We were lucky to get such a good pianist at the "eleventh hour". I'm sure the group will bloom to love such things as our mid 30's version of PAGAN LOVE SONG and, of course, the NAVY HIM (I mean HYMN).
In our September 1966 issue of VECTOR we treated two conflicting cases concerning the deportation of aliens because of their sex identification. The U.S. Supreme Court has now ruled on the matter in the case of Boutilien v. Immigration and Naturalization Service, decided May 22, 1967, no citation available to-date. In an opinion which establishes bad law, the Court rationalizes from beginning to end. The opinion thrown in enough exculpatory dicta to allow it to later retrench - and retrench it will one day do! The opinion passes the buck in the most ludicrous manner onto the U.S. Congress. Excerpts from opinions are as follows, (the dissent will be dealt with more extensively):

"The legislative history of the Act indicates beyond a shadow of a doubt that Congress intended the phrase 'psychopathic personality' to include homosexuals such as (Boutilier)."

"Boutilier's" contention must fall to his own admissions. For over six years prior to his entry petitioner admittedly followed a continued course of homosexual conduct...petitioner admitted being a homosexual at the time of his entry...into this country.

"Congress has plenary power to make rules for the admission of aliens and to exclude those who possess characteristics which Congress has forbidden. Here Congress commanded that homosexuals not be allowed to enter".

The Court keeps trying to assuage its guilty conscience by saying: "The petitioner is not being deported for conduct engaged in after his entry into the United States... when petitioner first presented himself at our border for entrance, he was already afflicted with homosexuality.

THE DISSENT

Justices Douglas and Fortas join in a healthy well written dissent. They point out that Congresses' "psychopathic personality" is a treacherous one like "communist" or in an earlier day "Bolshevik". The dissenting scholars point out labels of this kind may mean only an unpopular person. And that by no means do the experts agree on what "psychopathic personality" means, its classification or etiology. "It is much too treacherously vague a term to allow the high penalty of deportation to turn on it. When it comes to sex, the problem is complex."

The dissent pointedly recalls that in this century homosexuals have risen high in our own public service - both in Congress and in the Executive Branch - and have served with distinction. (The dissent could have accurately included the Judiciary in order to complete the trilogy of American democracy.) The dissent states Congress did not intend to exclude every-one who was a sexual deviate no matter how blameless his life has been nor how creative his works nor how valuable his contribution to society.

The dissent quoted the Kinsey statistics to show the large incidence rate of some kind of homosexual experience. And to the effect that we would now prohibit entry into their country of Sappho, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Andre Gide, Shakespeare and countless other world leaders if we classify under the heading "psychopathic personality" every person who had ever had a homosexual experience.

The dissent points out that the administrative agency will now almost certainly act in a capricious judicial mental way under the authority of their opinion. And that it will extend to include: "Anyone can be caught who is unpopular, who is offbeat, who is nonconformist." "Deportation is the equivalent to banishment or exile."

Our readers are reminded that the famous dissenters of the Supreme Court, e.g. Cardozo, Hand, Douglas, and Black have all been completely vindicated in later opinions. A more enlightened court has in a host of later opinions overturned earlier ones and adopted in toto an earlier dissenting opinion. We predict someday Justices Douglas and Vortas dissent will be the law of this subject.

(Cont. on next page)
M. Boutilier is unfortunately a lost cause for the present. What does his case teach us? We must advice our foreign friends that they must have never had a homosexual experience in their lives if they want to even visit these unfriendly shores. To admit upon interrogation that they have done so will automatically exclude them under the existing law.

We have thus arrived at the juncture which Charles Dickens', Mr. Bumble found himself when he said: "If the law supposes that ... the law is an Ass, and idiot."

(A) Legislature:

The State Legislature passed the Beilenson Abortion Bill. Senator Moscone voted for the bill. Assemblymen Charles W. Meyer and John F. Foran, both Roman Catholics, voted against the bill whereas Assemblymen Willie Brown Jr., and John L Burton voted for it.

(B) Supreme Court:

Clive Michael Boutilier, Petitioner vs. Immigration Naturalization Service.

The Supreme Court has ruled that homosexuals are ineligible for admission into the U.S., because they are considered "afflicted with psychopathic personality."

This decision has shown us that we cannot count on the courts to obviate all of our problems. We must become politically active. The politicians we elect appoint these judges.

Members ruling against homosexuals: Chief Justice Earl Warren, Associate Justices Hugo L Black, Tom C. Clark, John M. Harlan, Potter Stewart, Byron R. White.

Members ruling in favor of homosexuals: Associate Justices William O. Douglas, William J. Brennan Jr., and Abe Fortas.

Address of the members of the U.S. Supreme Court is U.S. Supreme Court Bldg., 1 First St. NE, Washington, D.C. 20543

(C) Registration Drive.

The Political Committee is starting a voter registration drive. We will be registering persons in bars, parks, on streets, in stores, etc., at all times of the day and nite.

Volunteers Wanted: You may set-up your table where and when you want. Requirements are that you be a resident of California for one year and the city for 90 days. You must also be able to write legibly. Call Don at 282-8268 or Jim at 431-8792 for all information.
San Francisco may be the city that knows how, but Berkeley is the city that knows what. Each Friday the sleepy, peaceful college town of Berkeley, California, gives birth to a unique monster, a monarch of the yellow weeklies known as the BERKLEY BARB. Its editor is the former owner of California's most unusual bistro, an intellectual haven called the Steppenwolf, where the graffiti on the men's room walls were worth their weight in gold. Much of this graffiti now appears weekly in the form of articles in the BERKLEY BARB.

Deepest of the West Coasts underground newspapers, the BERKLEY BARB thrives on exposes about sex, race relations, civil wrongs, misbehavior of the fuzz, napalm vigils, the Diggers, the grape strike, hanky-panky in the University of California, sit-ins, the grape strike, folk-rock, bells, flowers, feathers and beads.

The BARB's meteoric rise to infamy is relatively recent. Some two years ago Berkeley had but one newspaper, a conservative organ known as the BERKLEY GAZETTE. Liberal minds in the academic community organized to produce a rival newspaper, the CITIZEN, which, cooperatively-owned and University-oriented, would print the respectable approach to the truth. But the BARB had gotten there first. Each Friday both the CITIZEN and the BARB appeared on the scene with all the news left out of the GAZETTE. But respectability could not hold up its head and the CITIZEN folded (which says a lot for the University crowd). For so flip is the style, so vivid the journalism and so tantalizing the choice of topic in the BARB (e.g., nude bathing at San Gregorio, the tribulations of the Love Book trials, the clandestine doings at the Sexual Freedom League, muddiving in the Florence Schwimley Little Theater) that no other newsmen could compete. Were it not for the BARB, even the ethereal SUNDAY RAMPART might have had a chance.

The steadfastness of the BARB's editor in the face of authority, in a city where police activity is increasingly nervous, is praiseworthy. The classified ads are memorable ("Oscar Wilde found Alfred, will I find you?") and there is a hip medical column. Other opinions consistently fall short: the prejudices of an uptight music critic whose antagonism toward the establishment is so extreme that he cannot hear the music for the notes; and his colleague, a film reviewer who is so far underground that there are only worms there to keep him company. But if you want to read the news that won't fit in the big metropolitan dailies, read the BERKLEY BARB. The truth hurts, and the BARB almost makes you feel the prick.
By Tequila Mockingbird

Squelch that vicious rumor! The lumps on Tom's head were not incurred when he and Lee took over the management of Bradley's corner from Gloria. Popular Tom Stewart has a whole set of explanations for the lumps and bandages. Ask him and he will serve you one with your next drink.

When people ask you where Roby Spicer's Palmer House is, just tell them that it's one more block down Valencia Street from the Ebb Tide. If everybody doesn't know where the Ebb Tide is, both Hank and Jim will be amazed. The Palmer House is a tastefully decorated bar with an intimate dining room. The new bar and restaurant is a welcome neighbor to the old Ebb Tide. With parking an increasing problem you can cover both places with just one stop as with Fe-bes and the Stud. Speaking of the Stud, the O'Malley is back bigger (by about 15 pounds) and better than ever. It shows that you can't keep a good Thom Down-for very long.

One of the most beautiful bars in town only lasted one night. The Coits took over the bar at Russian Hall and transformed it into a bower of Green Leaves and tiny Fairy Lights. The bar had no name, tho it might well have been called the "Tulle Box". The costumes were lavish, the drinks substantial, the whole affair was literally a ball.

The same week that the Coits' Tillion debutants were stitching their "Coming Out" drags, Fe-bes observed its first anniversary with drawings for prizes all through the night and special prices for drinks. Fe-bes seems to have had wall-to-wall people from the day they opened and it doesn't seem that a whole year has passed.

Last month's Bar Tour column mentioned Ann Weldon's singing as being worthy of approval from ministers. Well, that's just the way it came out. On Father's Day Ann was the featured performer at the regular service at Glide Methodist Church. At the conclusion of her singing of Born Free both the clergy and the congregation gave her a much deserved standing ovation. The Cashews at the Fantasy would be wise to polish up their drum. They may be next.
There is no deeper schism between groups than that which divides the Christian Church and the homosexual community. As demonstrated by our last Open Forum, "God And The Gay," there is near unanimity as to the failing of Christianity to meet the problems of the homophile. While nearly all respondents chastized the church, few openly questioned the God concept, the religious experience, or the idea of sin.

We have in our American heritage, in our homosexual American heritage, beautiful concepts of God and creation such as Walt Whitman's "Out Of The Cradle Endlessly Rocking" and "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry." Why must we be saddled and subjected with the Judaic-Christian bigotries? Have we been so over-conditioned by the inviolate position of the Church that we cannot bring ourselves into the arena of honest open inquiry on this subject? The reactions since the June VECTOR from some gay persons would suggest as much.

Why can't we address ourselves to the basic concepts of God and religious experience again? Is it possible to be adjusted to man's creation and the adjacent fears that arise from as yet unknown aspects of our lives as death, extent of the universe, unreasoning natural forces, etc. without a consoling religion to help? Many persons in the homosexual community say that it is, and their religious reserve may express a validity from which society could learn productive lessons.

We must remember the sociological reasons for religion. When a primitive group did not understand and feared a natural force or some aspect of their lives, there was a conceptualization of the dilemma as a God that could be swayed through prayer and other religious ceremony. Societally, religion becomes a political-social tool; personally, it becomes a crutch for acceptance of trauma. The history of mankind shows advancement from such conceptualizations as Rain Gods to many different Universal God concepts, yet all have been strung within the stumbling and limited perception of individual trauma. Isn't it about time to objectively question and study contemporary religious experience with psychological-sociological empiricism?

Hundreds of years have passed since Thomas Paine rejected the subjectiveness of the religious experience for thinking man. Many hundreds of years before that, David Hume destroyed the center of the universe-free will-sin concept of the individual. In our day one can feel the supercilious attitude about man's inept extension of himself into subjectivizing creation and God as in the analogous "Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolf" with the unhappy marriage of mother-earth-Martha to man's-history-George, et al. Or what is more devastating to the simpering naivety of Saint Francis and his "Little Flowers", than Tennessee Williams' positive religious experience in "Suddenly Last Summer" when God's Creation is subjectively traumatized as a sickening bloodbath? Is society missing what the contemporary homosexual community is saying about religion as completely as it missed what "camp" means and is and implies?

When contemporary society finds that it is necessary for its advancement to psychologically dissent, study and experiment on homosexuals, why does it not find it much more imperative to scientifically explore, with compassion of course, the religious person and his trauma? I am certain electric shock treatments will recondition the religious among us to a more mature conceptualization of God.

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Swimming Group, 9:30 AM
Dance, 9:00-2:00
C.M.C. Field Meet

SUNDAY - July 2
Bridge Group, 5:00 PM
3160 Clay Street
C.M.C. Field Meet

MONDAY - July 3
Ballroom Dancing, 8:00 PM
Vector Committee, 8:00 PM
C.M.C. Field Meet

TUESDAY - July 4
4th of July Holiday
C.M.C. Field Meet

WEDNESDAY - July 5
Membership Committee,
7:00 PM
Closed Meeting, 8:00 PM

THURSDAY - July 6
Dinner Group, 7:30 PM
Social Committee, 8:00 PM
Political Committee,
8:00 PM

FRIDAY - July 7
Discussion Group, 8:00 PM
1256 Page Street
Men's Glee Club, 8:00 PM

SATURDAY - July 8
Swimming Group, 9:30 AM
Dance, 9:00-2:00

SUNDAY - July 16
Bridge Group, 5:00 PM
3160 Clay Street

MONDAY - July 17
Vector Committee, 8:00 PM
Ballroom Dancing, 8:00 PM

TUESDAY - July 18
Dinner Group, 7:30 PM
Ways & Means Committee,
8:00 PM
Art Group, 8:00 PM
Public Relations Group,
8:00 PM
Sewing Group, 8:00 PM

WEDNESDAY - July 19
Membership Committee,
7:00 PM
Open Meeting, 8:00 PM

THURSDAY - July 20
Dinner Group, 7:30 PM
Social Committee, 8:00 PM

FRIDAY - July 21
Discussion Group, 8:00 PM
1256 Page Street
Men's Glee Club, 8:00 PM

SATURDAY - July 22
Swimming Group, 9:30 AM
Dance, 9:00-2:00
SUNDAY - July 9
Bridge Group, 5:00 PM
3160 Clay Street

MONDAY - July 10
Membership Committee Wkshp
6:30-9:30 PM
Ballroom Dancing, 8:00 PM

TUESDAY - July 11
Dinner Group, 7:30 PM
Board Meeting, 8:00 PM
Art Group, 8:00 PM
Sewing Group, 8:00 PM

WEDNESDAY - July 12
Community Center Committee
8:00 PM

THURSDAY - July 13
Dinner Group, 7:30 PM
Productions Committee, 8:00 PM
FRIDAY - July 14
Discussion Group, 8:00 PM
1256 Page Street
Men's Glee Club, 8:00 PM

SATURDAY - July 15
Swimming Group, 9:30 AM
Dance, 9:00-2:00

SUNDAY - July 23
Birthday Party, 3:00 PM
MEMBERS ONLY
T.G.S.F. Picnic

MONDAY - July 24
Membership Committee Wkshp
6:30-9:30 PM
Ballroom Dancing, 8:00 PM

TUESDAY - July 25
Dinner Group, 7:30 PM
Board Meeting, 8:00 PM
Art Group, 8:00 PM
Sewing Group, 8:00 PM

WEDNESDAY - July 26
Community Center Committee
8:00 PM

THURSDAY - July 27
Dinner Group, 7:30 PM
Production Committee, 8:00 PM
FRIDAY - July 28
Discussion Group, 8:00 PM
1256 Page Street
Men's Glee Club, 8:00 PM

SATURDAY - July 29
Swimming Group, 9:30 AM
Dance, 9:00-2:00

SUNDAY - July 30
Bridge Group, 5:00 PM
3160 Clay Street

MONDAY - July 31
Ballroom Dancing, 8:00 PM

TUESDAY - August 1
Art Group 8:00 PM
Sewing Group 8:00PM

WEDNESDAY - August 2
Membership Committee
7:00 PM
CLOSED MEMBERSHIP MEETING

COMING IN AUGUST

(see gold sheet for advanced ticket sales reservations)
A properly analyzed birth chart is the second most valuable information you can possess.

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The simple idealisms of the hippie movement seem to be a lack of definite philosophy but a belief in the existence of many philosophies for the betterment of men. This leads to a liberal, decentralized social relationship bound by the idea that a man has the right to live as he wills so long as he does not infringe upon the rights of others. A "hippie" tries to be free of the hangups of conventional society. Questions about the movements are as follows: What do you actually believe a hippie is? What relationship should your community have with the hippies? Is the creation of the hippie movement your own experience or just a reaction from this group? Can the gay community identify with and support the hippie movement? Answers are some of the replies to our readers.

"All my life we have developed" or society. The fact I can recall are the guises. These were helpless people who roamed about, making their way in life as they found. The next ones I heard were the bohemians, who had a place to live, but paid for it by themselves. Many had to take the beatniks, any times, or pads. The recent "group" to enter this field is the hippie, who has 1/16th of the floor area in 1/3 of a home sometimes, and who digs drugs. A friend advised me that the graduation between a beat and a hip is drugs.

"My Community??" What the hell is my community? If you mean queers, I think that the relationship between "us" and "them" should take on as many aspects as "My Community" has. Some of us are hip's. Some of us hate the hip's. I am neutral. I have lived with one, talked with several, and feel no particular strong feeling one way or the other.

I feel the hippie, in his own way is contributing as much to our system as anyone else. He is taking the standards we all accept and setting (literally) on them. This is a very interesting concept to explore. Can I say that I could give up: money, a warm bed, my electric typewriter, my fancy clothes, my beautiful body, and everything else that makes me-me? And not go completely out of my mind?? This is what the hippie has done, and it seems to be that he is doing the crudest, most overwhelming self-experiment conceivable. For those that survive, my congratulations!

My experiences, very limited, have been that these people can explain their situation in clear, understandable terms, and that the "straight" world would be far better off if it could understand the underlying message that the hip way of life has. Unfortunately, being straight (ha), I can only understand it to a limited degree.

"The Homosexual" (see par. 2) is not a homogeneous entity that can or cannot identify with and support the hippie movement. Even I, one person, cannot with what I know now give support or
condemnation to the hip's. I am certainly not opposed to any way in which we can cooperate with them, either as an organization, or as individuals. I should appreciate an opportunity to visit with them and explore more of the attitudes and ways of the hip. On request, however, I want to take my "Linus' Blanket" with me to keep track of who I am.

Robert Koch

To me a hippy is a responsible member (or even non-member) of our society. I go along with their conforming, non-conform, but only to a point. I do not dig their apparent lack of good manners in their general sloppiness of dress, dirty bodies that smell disagreeably, their apparent total bodys that smell disagreeably, their apparent lack of good hygiene, i.e. not seeming to have a paid job, but constantly asking the casual passerby, "Mister, do you have some spare change?" As outrageous as it sounds, dump them all out in the middle of the bay, or put them in the army, in that order. I resent them keenly. My tax money, for which I work so hard, is being used to keep them in this easy way of life. I repeat--I resent them keenly. If the gay life were to identify and support the hippies, I'd quit.

David Stahlmann

I can only quote the Noble Eightfold Path of Buddhism and ask questions. (1) Right views--have they attempted any view at all except negation? (2) Right aspiration--to what do they aspire? (3) Right speech--at least they're working on the idea. (4) Right behavior--that's open to a lot of discussion. (5) Right livelihood--how many of them are working at all, right or wrong? (6) Right effort--have they seen very little in that direction, effort I mean. (7) Right mindfulness--can one be mindful if they are on a trip? (8) Right concentration (see no. 7).

Don Miller

Yes, the gay blades can learn from the hippies. The most to learn is to be friendly. Also to be free and fearless about what others think. My experience has been to receive from them lots of love, friendship and freedom. I feel so free among them, being older, since they accept all ages and treat all as humans. They are broad-minded toward the gay blade, although I feel 99% are heterosexual, as I see so many with their arms around the girls with long hair. The Haight hippies are so friendly to each other and are more friendly than the Berkeley hippies, for the former mix with older people in their life, while the latter are so young and love sick.

Bois Burk

Look inside yourself for the meaning of life, your soul. Your soul is made in the process of living. Living means love. To love one must face things which are meant to destroy. This takes courage. How can one live if he doesn't create for his existence? This takes effort. All forces working together build your mind and body.

Man alone is nothing, but living together, there is meaning. People of today's cities do not live together but are alien to each other. The present system of values prevents them from knowing or helping one another. The real community is mutually supporting. I believe that a new community is happening. It's happening within and in spite of the old.

If one follows as he believes, and knows his fellow man, this is the first step of becoming a hippie. The real "flower children" find peace in their lives and try to spread the happiness they have found to everyone.

Society is hung up on certain social mores. The new happening community is not...
about to accept the ideas that have been handed down to them. Man was not made to be restricted and tied down by a large monster society. Therefore, the new happening has accepted the tribal life as their own. They are copying this life in their dress, art, and music.

To me this new life is not a fad as compared with the Beatles, beatniks, "teenyboppers," etc. This is going to grow and become more acceptable because if truthfully told, people are tired of present day restrictions and will eventually drop them.

I remember one man who left his home and family and dressed in rags and made his own living. His hair grew very long and he convinced other young people to leave home also. He approached girls and had them cut their hair short. They started their own community based upon love and peace. They were condemned and laughed at, but never did he or his followers fail. His name: Francis of Assisi.

Groove with the scene and just understand! ....Haight-Ashbury Flower Child

I think most homosexuals (including me) are too selfish, self-centered, and materialistic to become genuine hippies. Also, I would say most homosexuals (not including me) have no desire to identify with or support the hippie movement because they are concerned only with the homophile movement and cannot be bothered with anything that does not affect them directly. However, the freedom of the hippies may eventually be the same as our own freedom. If society at large suppresses the hippies, it will soon get back to suppressing homosexuals. We should fight for the hippies' rights as if they were our own. They are! ....Anon

What is a hippie? Young people from every walk of life, mostly under 25, who are in rebellion to the present social-moral-ethical aspects of our society who, in a desperation, seek refuge in a community that expresses both vocally and physically that rebellion. They are pioneers in a brave new society. Naturally, they are making mistakes, and "going too far," but then theirs is an unchartered course.

Their sages are men between 31 and 35 who are deeply rooted in the social revolution that began in the early fifties.

My work community could have no valid relationship with the hippies, nor could my home neighborhood community. Such communities as these, the middle-class moralians, need understanding. They are not open to such. My homosexual community, whose members have always been active in the social revolution, should be understanding, considerate, encouraging. Never integrative, but always separate, not identifiable with, but tolerant for.

Each time I have encountered a hippie, and they are quite recognizable by more than just their attire, they have not only with them a quiet abandonment of contemporary values, but a satisfied despair toward a greater prospective. They have been kind, civilized human beings. Never have they seemed, in my observations, to be capable of stifling the rights of persons not of their own kind.

The gay community, a forerunner into the field of battle for the evolution of social man, certainly must appreciate this new rebellion. Support must be given to their rights and to their cause. Certainly the older homosexual can look to these young people and be reminded of heartaches and memories of expulsion and persecution. But the gay community cannot osmosise this movement into its own, nor can it integrate the hippies or be integrated into the hippie movement. The gay community must maintain a distance socially and organizationally in order that both movements may survive independently. The survival and health of the one aids and abets survival and health of the other. Yet, each movement should have an ambassadoral relationship. The leaders of the homosexual movement can do a great deal to help the leaders of the hippie movement, for many of the social, political and religious problems are quite similar. But at no time should identification with or integration into be accomplished. The homosexual community which is involved in joint community operations should at all times support the hippies in such efforts. It is imperative that the gay community could rely assurance of a better government for the individual. ....Robert Cole

The August OPEN FORUM will be on "Homophile Organizations." Check the enclosed Gold Sheet with this issue.
The SOCIETY FOR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS, in cooperation with the Tavern Guild, the San Francisco Police Community Relations Unit, the Tenderloin Committee, interested parties in the Haight-Ashbury, and the San Francisco Public Health Clinic at 33 Hunt Street, is engaged in a summer campaign directed towards the control of venereal diseases.

Perhaps you have seen the "LOVE NEEDS CARE" posters and the art reproductions which urge everyone to have a blood test. In coming months there will be buttons and matchbooks supplied by the Tavern Guild, with the same theme.

While the campaign is still in the formulation stage, the enthusiastic response has been overwhelming. Requests for posters and campaign material have been received from as far away as Chicago and Washington, D.C.

The purpose of the "LOVE NEEDS CARE" campaign is to focus attention of the public on the acute problem of VD in the San Francisco Bay Area. It has long since reached endemic proportions, and the simple solution to the problem rests with each and every one of us. We can control and eventually reduce the incidence of VD if every one of us INDIVIDUALLY and/or COLLECTIVELY marched ourselves down to 33 Hunt Street and submitted ourselves for a free blood test. Detection and cure is the ONLY way by which we can control and eventually reduce VD to the lowest percentage.

Something to remember! The records of the Health Department are ABSOLUTELY PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL. Not even the California State Police nor the State District Attorney or any court in the entire U.S.A. can subpoena health department records.
By Pat Kelly

This shall be my last column as Secretary. I have resigned from the Board in order to accept the position of Secretary to the Board and Office and Office Manager. I would like, therefore, to address myself primarily to the members of S.I.R. and other organizations.

Although I have been closely associated with the Board for over two years and have served on the Board for over a year, I had never realized the difference between being a member of the Board of Directors and being an Officer of the Corporation. I still cannot explain the difference, and probably no one who has not served on a Board and then become an Officer will be able to understand the difference, between a Board Member and an Officer. I have found that in some intangible way, an Officer is much more able to influence the overall direction of the thinking of the Board than a person who is elected to the Board. Perhaps it has to do with the fact that if you represent a particular group or activity, as do the members of the Board, everything you do or say is taken in regulation to that group or committee, whereas an Officer is not quite so readily identified with a specific idea.

My ability to write about intangibles is very limited so I may not be able to get my point across. Basically it boils down to this. A great deal more thought MUST go into the selection of an Officer of a Corporation that into almost any other office which you will be called upon to fill. I am almost frightened when I see the possibilities that are open to an Officer in putting across his own ideas and influencing the thought of the other members of the Board.

I am now almost completely convinced that an Officer can by his attitude, and actions be very influential in making an organization a success or a failure more than any other person within that organization. Any officer who does not realize this within a few months of his election, and then act in a way to find the organization together rather than disrupt it should be removed from office.

This column is, in effect, being written for the guidance of the members of S.I.R., and any other organization, who is facing the election of one or more officers.

Remember, the person you elect will be in a position to put across his personal philosophy and concepts of what the organization should be. Unless you know that you agree with the philosophy of the person, be very careful. The old saying that he cannot do anything by himself is a false illusion, and one that can very well make you wake up one day to find that the organization to which you belong is no longer in existence except in name. The organization is not in actuality destroyed.
Mme. Aida Soto-Voce is now a semi-retired star of the opera and concert stage who, during the apex of her career was the romantic toast of three continents. VECTOR is honered to have her on our staff to answer your questions on "Matters of the Heart". Address all correspondence to Mme. Aida Soto-Voce, 83 Sixth Street, San Francisco, California, 94103.

Dear Mme. Soto-Voce,
I am very much in love with a man in Portland. He had been seeing me whenever he came through town on business. Now I discover he is engaged to a woman...in Seattle, but he claims this will make no difference as far as we are concerned. He will still have business calls in San Francisco and he wants to see me when he is here.

To add insult to injury, I have received an invitation to their wedding! Madame, I am torn between taking what I can get or sending them a present...one that is ticking.

Wondering if there is a Ray of Hope

Dear Ray,
Don't do anything drastic! I mean, don't just blow up your whole affair in a fit of pique. I remember when I was appearing in Die Walkure with the French Lick Opera Lovers Assn., in French Lick, Indiana when Stella Smedly, the contralto playing Fricka, came to me in my dressing room in tears. It seemed she was madly in love with a Basso who was always on concert tour. She was upset when she found out he was going to marry a coloratura from Boston and had asked her to remain as his mistress. Stella was then furious when she discovered she was just part of a long string of lovers...including a bleached blond hula dancer from Los Angeles named Leilani Reid! Stella was enraged and was threatening all sorts of violence. I wisely interceded and suggested to her that her boyfriend problem was excessive vanity (a vice a truly great prima-dona like myself could never understand). I suggested she deflate him with a Cavalier attitude. She was to make it clear to him that if she was going to be just another "whistle stop" along his one track mind, perhaps he was only one page of her past and maybe she had an exotic dancer or two on the string herself. When she told him, all of French Lick (Indiana) heard his ego collapse. He did, however, go to Boston and marry the coloratura, but he left a humbled man.

In closing, Mr. Hope, don't sit off in the wings like an anxious understudy waiting for the star to miss her entrance. My first suggestion is to dump him. If your heart won't let you do this then puncture his ego by letting him know you're playing the same game. If he survives this and is willing to give up his other paramours for you, then he's hooked. To control this kind of man you must keep him pursuing you, you can't be pursuing him.

Dear Madame,
For several years now, the Empress of San Francisco has been crowned at the annual Halloween Ball. These aspiring thespians have been be-gowned, be-jeweled and be-coiffed to the point that their everyday street-selves would hardly be recognized. They have sung and danced and cavorted for the vast entertainment of their constituents but have retained their own sweet identities.

Tell me then, dear Mme. Soto-Voce, how does one join the ranks of these star studded luminaries?

Another Simple Drag

Dear Simple,
It seems like just yesterday when I was asked this type of question by a rather timid, plain jane chorus mezzo-soprano named Mavis Machree. I had just finished a triumphant performance of Massenet's Thais in Jackson Hole, Wyoming when she worked up enough courage to ask me what made me, and other stars like me, great. I told her that greatness is a composite virtue. You cannot be just great on stage and dull offstage. As Verdi once said "All the world's a stage". I told Miss Machree to look at my full mirror. I said to her "Face it Dahling, all you'll ever be is a frumpy chorus mezzo-soprano. Take hold of yourself and build something out of what you've got. Well, she faced facts, got out of opera and became a firebrand in socialist politics. I last saw her in a TV newsreel being carted off by the police hollering, "Workers of the world unite—you have nothing to lose but your chains!" She became a star.

In closing

Drag learn from this and realize that the present and former Empress are as regal in or out of costume.
Can the President of a middle-class organization with strange values be un-squared?

Can St. Francis Wood suddenly become as loving as St. Haight-Ashbury Wood?

San Francisco has been the beautiful hair, bells, candles, incense, flowers, beards and wonderful colors—but are we really getting the message?

I think many try—and with sincerity—but we still judge according to the Establishment system. Everything becomes a problem, of health, police or property all because we fear that which we do not understand!

I find it refreshing to have a costumed stranger suddenly wish me a happy day or give me a flower. Such spontaneous, loving acts do not indicate a lack of interest in serious matters. H-A residents are fully aware of their problems in housing, food and medical care, and react accordingly with appreciation when services are given—not from guilt, but with affection and concern.

The hippies have helped us look at our whole culture and its values—from chrome to napalm—and it's a sad picture.

How does S.I.R. fit into this scene? I have discussed the homosexual and homophile organization on numerous occasions. The hippies are politely attentive, but often cooled by the use of labels. They are interested in a beautiful person, spiritually and physically, and seem to swing in either direction depending on the individuals involved. I think this is the ideal when one can fully love either sex and appreciate all parts of human bodies. To be hung up completely on one way to fulfillment is limiting, and to fail to give equal appreciation, without shame, to the whole anatomy is an insult to any Creator whatever may be his spiritual approach!

I want the Haight-Ashbury resident to know S.I.R. loves them as valuable human beings; and listen and respect their individual rights. We may not be free enough to agree and should not think we always need to, but communication is vital to both sides.

I'm still square, but the bells have been ringing—so don't think you're not getting through, man!
At a recent S.I.R. meeting, the young but very vocal Pat Hallinan, suggested that if all else fails for us as a minority group, we can always invoke our secret weapon GAY POWER, upon the economic world.

We do not feel that we must resort to THAT end as yet, but we did feel that GAY POWER would be a good title for a regular monthly column with our advertisers.

After all, it's our advertisers that make VECTOR possible. They are also the ones whose ads appear in our special theatre programs throughout the year, and by their continued support we feel that we owe them our support. Therefore, we are going to tell you about our fine advertisers from month to month, but not about our wonderful bar advertisers, because they are covered elsewhere in VECTOR by a most capable writer-Miss Tequila Mockingbird.

I've just returned from RENO where I checked the action at DAVE'S WESTSIDE MOTEL and to my surprise, I ran into people from Seattle, Salt Lake City and San Francisco. They were all readers of VECTOR.

FRED, the genial attendant at the VIP ROOM at Dave's WESTSIDE, told about preparations being made for a "hard times" party they are giving on July 22nd. He expects to see many San Franciscans there really suffering "real hard times" after a night in the casinos and gambling halls. Rex was in "the city" getting the new baths opened up before they put the wrecking ball to the old landmark on Washington Street, and find some of the old landmark customers still in the steam room. The new Dave's will be at 100 Broadway, and I can hardly wait to attend the grand opening, and when I do, I'll give you a blow-by-blow description.

Another spot in San Francisco where you can run into friends is (of all places) at FRED'S SERVICE STATION on Market and Douglas Streets. Of course with a location like that in the very heart of the thickest community population, you might expect as much. Those of you who want to use a credit card may do so at FRED'S with your BANKAMERICARD or you can ask for an application for a SEASIDE Credit Card which I have done. And by the way, those of you who think that SEASIDE is some second rate brand, cool it, because I fill my car up about three times a week at FRED'S, and I've seen the Major Oil Company tank truck that pumps the gas into FRED'S reservoir tanks. (I've also seen the cars up and down Market Street every night, so BUY it from FRED'S as he has been a regular advertiser in VECTOR since the early days when it was a mere two-sheeter. FRED is also a good one to know for minor repairs and special services. (He also services TRUCKS).

Mr. B's is in for some competition from the very newest after-hours spot which the several owners have elected to call the BIG BASKET. It's opening has certainly created some wild activity where PAGE meets MARKET.

Actually, I'm not sure that these two after-hours spots will be at all competitive because each of them cater to an entirely different clientele. I acted as doorman at the BIG BASKET after the COITILLION BALL and I can report that the only reason there were no more people inside the BIG BASKET is because they could not squeeze any more into the place, and the crowd had to wait outside to get in as others left. It was indeed a gala opening for the BIG BASKET, none of which you could see because of the exquisite gowns being worn by most of the customers...I'll bet the sweepers gathered up handfull of seed pearls and sequins the next morning.

I'll be telling you about ADONIS on Ellis Street and ACCENT ON PETS, next month. I'll also check-in at the RICH STREET BATHS and visit Dean and Harris at the GARDEN PATH.

As the months roll by, I'll be visiting with all of our fine advertisers and telling you about their goods and services, but in the meantime won't you please visit them yourselves and tell them you saw their ad in VECTOR. Your patronization of our advertisers is GAY POWER.
S.I.R.'s three one acts, presented June 9-10-11, achieved maximum effect. Of positive value to the program was continuous building upwards. The evening was one that grew theatrically and when the final curtain call was over, one felt they had received a valuable theater experience.

Outstanding characterizations were given by: Dan Hendren--as the Grandmother in Fumed Oak, and as the director in Final Dress Rehearsal; Nancy--as the Fairy Godmother to end all "Oh God, Mothers," but shame on Dora; Ken Fantastic--as Cinderella, it kind of turns a lot on; Ron Warren--a superbly wicked Stepmother and whip wielder, the mind reels; Shirley--as Shirley, one always knew she'd get to center stage. Stirring and convincing portrayals were given by the cons on death row in The Last Mile. Dick Eckert deserved his solo bow for a long and difficult role very well done. Bill Burns as Callahan was of utmost seriousness. Kevin Macre, as O'Connors, performed with a distinct meaningfulness. Kevin Harper's qualities of fantasy was romantically associated with Cons.

The play which showed the best direction was "The Last Mile". "Final Dress Rehearsal" may really be so close to home that it may have been the result of brilliant direction. After the unrelenting and slow pace of "Fumed Oak" and the grim and gripping emotional drain of the "Last Mile", the "Final Dress Rehearsal" was the exact vintage champagne that the audience needed. It bubbled delightfully with nuances that kept the audience rocking with laughter.

Ken Fisher's costuming shone forth in the Last Mile. The sets were imaginative and beautifully executed. It was a well worthwhile evening of theater and all who contributed their time are to be congratulated.
BY WILLIAM E. BEARDEMPHL

Must all gay persons be so clever? One suggested the following heading for VECTOR's hippy issue to replace THE MARCH OF THYME.

THE PSYCHEDELIC RANGE
by Lloyd Pot

With all the suggestions I get, we could run a column of headings -- no copy, just headings. We could start with:

CHARACTER BUILDING CONDIMENTS
by The Flour Fairy

COME FLY AND FRY
with Nanny Nutmeg.
(Too much nutmeg produces a hangover you wouldn't believe so be careful)

To follow through with the hippy scene, I decided to dig out a classic recipe from a gay hippy of a bygone era, Alice B. Toklas. Not so strange to understand is that the following has been omitted from some American editions of her Cook Book.

HASHICH FUDGE
(Which anyone could whip up on a rainy day)

This is the food of Paradise - of Baudelaire's Artificial Paradise; it might provide an entertaining refreshment for a Ladies' Bridge Club or a chapter meeting of a DAR. In Morocco it is thought to be good for warding off the common cold in damp winter weather and is, indeed, more effective if taken with large quantities of hot mint tea. Euphoria and brilliant storms of laughter; ecstatic reveries and extensions of one's personality on several simultaneous planes are to be complacently expected. Almost anything Saint Theresa did, you can do better if you can bear to be ravished by 'un evanouissement reveille'!

Take 1 teaspoon of black peppercorns, 1 whole nutmeg, 4 average sticks of cinnamon, 1 teaspoon coriander. These should all be pulverised in a mortar. About a handful each of stoned dates, dried figs, shelled almonds and peanuts; chop these and mix them together. A bunch of canibus sativa can be pulverized. This along with the spices should be dusted over the mixed fruit and nuts, kneaded together with about a cup of sugar dissolved in a big pat of butter. Rolled into a cake and cut into pieces or made into balls about the size of a walnut, it should be eaten with care. Two pieces are quite sufficient.

Obtaining the canibus may present certain difficulties, but the variety known as can-

ibus; sativa grown as a common weed, often unrecognized, everywhere in Europe, Asia and parts of Africa, besides being cultivated as a crop for the manufacture of rope. In the Americas, while often discouraged, its cousin, called canibus indica, has been observed even in coty window boxes. It should be picked and dried as soon as it has gone to seed and while the plant is still green.

(From the Alice B. Toklas Cook Book - Double Day Anchor Book)

The Board of S.I.R. acts with "euphoria and brilliant storms of laughter; ecstatic reveries and extensions of... personality on several simultaneous planes" without the fudge. Wouldn't it be a gas to send a package of candy to the Boards of certain other gay organizations across the country, from Alice.

SPICES

Our last column brought up again in recent conversations an interesting point about spiced foods tending to bitterness or a medicinal quality. I have always contended that this is mainly because the way spices are overcooked in the food preparation process. I consider an infusion of spice in the same way I consider an infusion of tea or coffee. No one would boil tea for two hours and expect it to be at its best. The same standard should apply to spices. Try adding spices near the end of the cooking process and see if you notice a difference.

This, of course, does not apply to salt, pepper, sugar M.S.G. and the like. Which gives me the opportunity to squelch the rumor that M.S.G. and L.S.D. can be used interchangeably. They can not even be used in conjunction with each other except in the recipe "Pork Chops A La Ginsberg" and I guess that exception proves any rule.

PAGE 23
Dear Editor:
Thank you for your reply and your most courteous attention to my subscription to Vector. Enclosed also is a small sum (XXXX) as a donation to your general fund because I am so impressed and inspired by all of your activities and accomplishments and I shall send more when I feel I can spare it.

Vector is improving with each issue until it is now a luxurious publication and the pride of homophile statesmanship. However, I want to object to one of your ads for a steam bath which states that it is exclusively for young men. I consider this to be discriminatory and totally contradictory to the policies of S.I.R. Do you agree?

LTB, Woonsocket, R.I.

Dave

Dear Dave: It is not a fact that any member may air his political views in Vector. Please do not confuse Vector with the Gold Sheet. These are two separate publications.

Editor

Dear RAB: Don't fight, make love. You and others may help by sending in new memberships. SIR does not limit its helpfulness to the Bay Area. Didn't you read the story in the April issue on the NLDF (National Legal Defense Fund).

Editor
II. WHY SHOULD I BECOME INVOLVED?

III. HOW DO I BECOME INVOLVED?

IV. WHAT ARE THE PROBLEM AREAS IN INVOLVEMENT?

The Corps will be hosting the S.I.R. center each evening during the week and on weekends at all S.I.R. functions, especially the Saturday night dances and other social functions. The Corps will also be functioning in all Small Activities and at open and closed meetings.

Even though a good beginning has been made, in order for the success to continue the Host Corps will need the support of every member. If you can help with any of its activities, please submit your name to the Religious Committee. YOU ARE INVOLVED!

The Religious Committee would like to take this opportunity to thank every member who in any way contributed to the success of the Happening. At the suggestion of the group it was decided that the Corps would sponsor an involvement session each month.
Share 4-room apt. Own bedroom fully furnished, $75 incl. phone & util. Man not over 30, must be working. SU 1-1570

Share 1 bdrm apt on Nob Hill. 4 rms, TV, & stereo, $50.00, SU 1-1570

FOR SALE: Poodles, all males. Will be weaned in approx. 6 weeks. 3 Silver and 1 rust colored; $35 each. Call Oscar SU-1-1570

Furnished apt. for rent. 3 rms, $90.00 incl. util., picture window. Bernal Hts. SU 1-1570

FLAT FOR RENT. 8 room Victorian with sun deck, 176 Page, #225.00 Avail July 8, Tony, MA-6-8664

Wanted - job painting, house cleaning, windows, floors, light gardening. Call Rich. 621-0498

Terrier Pups for sale. Not registered but are pedigreed. $35.00 each. Phone; 552-1737, Buck.

FLAT FOR RENT. 4 rooms on Dolores near 30th street. $120 per month. Available July 1st. Stove and Ref. Call AT-2-8619 or DO2-2372.

HOUSE TO SHARE. Wanted, man to share with 28 yrs old man, own bedroom, all furn, color TV, split expenses, 50-50, Refs. Req'd. Call; George Mills: 552-0110 for app't after 6:30 p.m., 108 Alpine Terrace.

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