What's love got to do with it?

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INTRODUCTION

Each year since 1993, the San Francisco Arts Commission's Art on Market Street Kiosk Poster Series has commissioned artists to create unique sets of posters that are displayed in the bus shelters along Market Street from the Embarcadero to 8th Street. The posters often feature subjects that are particular to San Francisco or Bay Area culture, and sometimes artists are asked to respond to a specific theme. For the 2017 series, artists Deborah Aschheim, Kate Haug and Sarah Hotchkiss were selected to create new work that considered the city's 50th Anniversary of the Summer of Love. Each artist spent time mining various regional archives and delving into the rich history of the Bay Area circa 1967 to create three sets of posters that are diverse in style and subject matter.

To capture and contextualize the complex, multi-layered history of the Summer of Love within the limited space of a poster series is no small task. While conducting research for their poster series, each artist amassed a wealth of information—images, quotes, articles, personal stories, etc.—that informed their design. This publication offers a space for that material to reside and a vehicle to reflect on the multiple narratives that exist around the Summer of Love.

—

Zoë Taleporos
Public Art Project Manager
San Francisco Arts Commission

Deborah

Aschheim

Deborah Aschheim

GHOST STORY

When the actual Summer of Love was starting, I had just turned three. My parents moved us to the suburbs. I got a new baby sister.

Growing up in the Nixon years felt like showing up at a party the morning after it ended. I wished desperately to live in the mythic sixties.

The sixties haunted my early teen years. I made a copper enameled peace sign necklace in arts and crafts class. I listened to Jefferson Airplane records. I sent away for Zap Comix, lying about my age on the order form.

But then I discovered boys, and punk and other music, and I grew up and moved around the country. The sixties receded into the past.

In 2011, I was invited to be an artist-in-residence at The Orange County Great Park in Irvine, California, newly created on the site of the decommissioned Marine Corps Air Station El Toro.

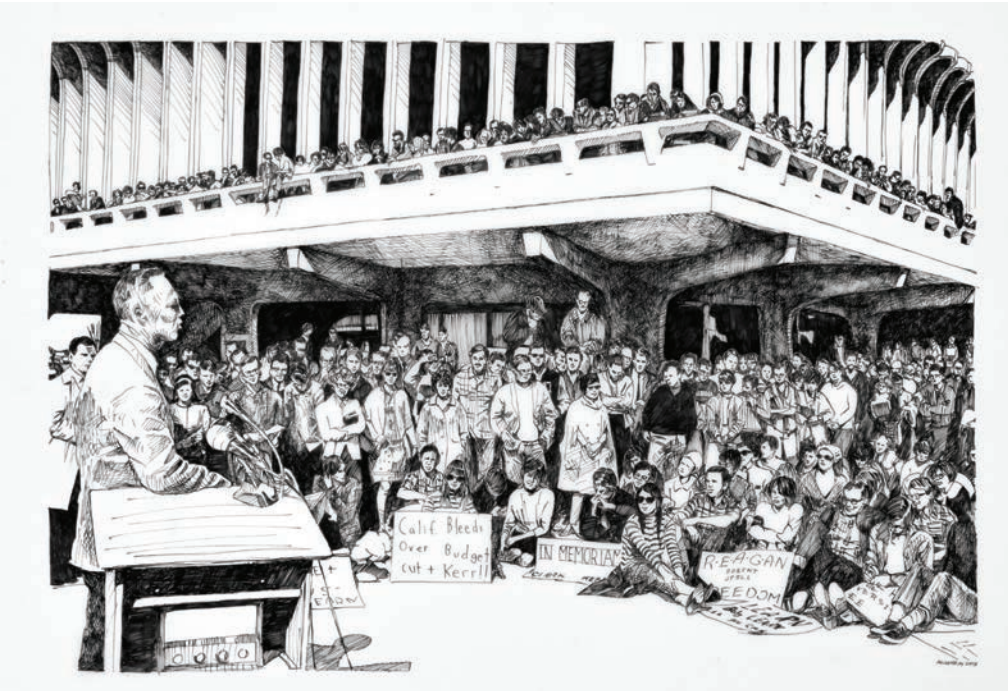
Looking out the window of my studio at soccer fields and community gardens, I thought I could see phantom jeeps bumping across the dusty former tarmac where thousands of Marines departed for Vietnam.

Visitors to my open studio included Marine vets who wanted to see what Irvine had done with the base. One guy in a USMC Jacket told me yeah, he'd been there before, on "the last normal day of my life." Other baby boomer guys told me about joining the antiwar movement at UC Irvine to avoid the draft. I had taught at UC Irvine (UCI) and I'd never heard a word about protests there. I wanted more evidence, so I went to UCI to dig around the photo archive.

UCI special collections are housed in the same library where the anti-Vietnam War protests took place.

In these images from January 1967, the archivist told me, the students are protesting Ronald Reagan's firing of UC President Clark Kerr as part of his promise "to clean up the mess at Berkeley."

I was filled with admiration for the students.



But later, I met the legendary activist Tom Hayden in Mexico.

He looked at my drawings and told me the students were protesting fee increases and budget cuts as much as they were fighting to defend Kerr.

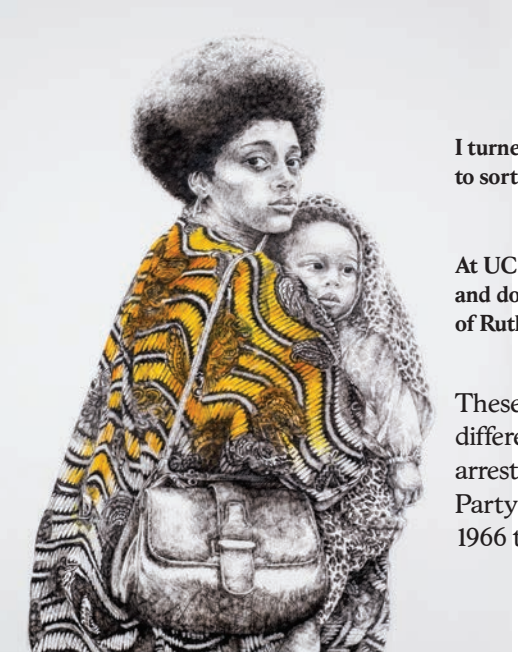
They weren't heroically less self-interested than college students today.

My search for the Summer of Love is infected by a similar blurring of mythology, discredited memories, wishful thinking.

Last summer, I read historical accounts of the Human Be-in: hippies, intellectuals, musicians, artists, poets, counterculture luminaries, gurus, Hells Angels, peacefully coming together for a "gathering of the tribes" in Golden Gate Park's Polo Fields on January 14, 1967.

But then I read a description of the day in *Ringolevio*, the autobiography of Emmett Grogan, a member of the Diggers anarchist theater and collective action group. Grogan scorned the famed utopian day as a "gathering of the suburbs."

While the Diggers fed turkey sandwiches to the crowd, Grogan despaired over the media attention that would bring thousands of kids to an already overcrowded Haight-Ashbury.



I turned to the archives again to try to sort memory from myth.

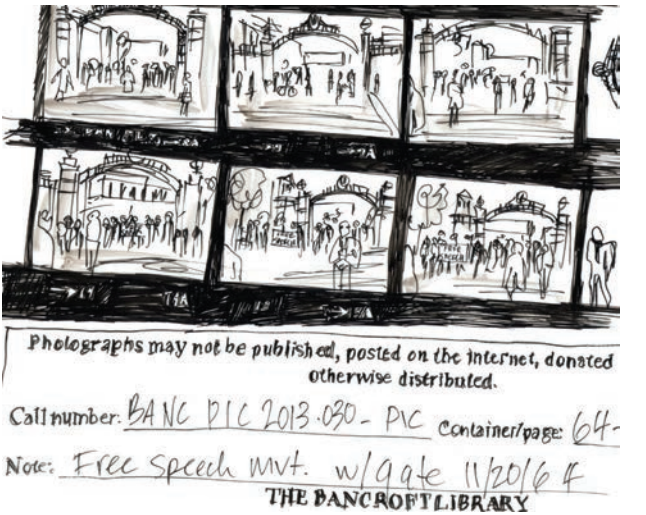
At UC Santa Cruz, I put on white cotton gloves and dove into the Black Panther photographs of Ruth-Marion Baruch and Pirkle Jones.

These intimate and dignified portraits tell a different 1967 story: of young black men being arrested and shot by police, the Black Panther Party for Self Defense forming in Oakland in 1966 to protect residents from police brutality.

At the GLBT Historical Society, I found images of teenagers kicked out of their homes for being gay, living in the streets of the Tenderloin and forming the early activist Vanguard group to support each other and protest discrimination.

Pouring over contact sheets in the Bancroft Library at Berkeley, chills of sixties ghosts ran up my spine. *This really happened, 300 yards from this table where I'm crouching with my magnifying loupe.*

Somehow the grids of grainy unselected photos turn the iconic image back into an event in real time, unfolding before people's eyes one fall day in 1964. No one knew that the steps where Mario Savio spoke would one day be named after him.



I tried to imagine 70,000 people marching up Market Street on April 15, 1967, turning up Fulton to rally in Golden Gate Park. More than 11,000 American soldiers died in Vietnam in 1967, almost double the casualties of the previous year.

It was the third highest death toll of the whole war that Summer of Love year.

I spent October of 2016 chasing the ghosts of the Summer of Love in University of California archives. On November 8, I woke up really early, excited to cast my vote for the first woman president. On November 12, we took to the streets.

By the time my posters went up on Market Street this winter, I had no difficulty connecting with the ghosts of the sixties. The rage, alienation and vulnerability in the faces of the 1967 activists are all too present in faces I see now.

I used to feel like the battles of the Vietnam and Civil Rights era were from a distant past, and that the victories were permanent. Instead, I am wrestling with the understanding that history includes now and is never finished.

I wonder what these images of history being made now will mean if anyone feels inspired to dig into my archive in 2067. What mythologies will we have woven to make some kind of sense of the Summer of 2017?

Kate

Haug

HISTORY'S NOTHING BUT A PARTY (AND POSSIBLY A DISCOUNTED HOTEL ROOM)

Anniversaries invite history into the room. Filled with tales and stories, remembrances and yore, dramatic events and tragic moments, anniversaries can be ebullient, boisterous parties, a raucous rambling of voices.

It's the Summer of Love's 50th Anniversary, an occasion traditionally honored with the gift of gold, which is apropos of this glittering moment. In our popular imaginations a certain golden light shines over the Summer of Love. A goldenness that goes beyond the blond, sun bleached hair and tanned teenage thighs of hippies, a goldenness that goes beyond the sun setting on the surf at Big Sur. It's a gilding of the Summer of Love's history as a concept commodity that marks its 50th anniversary.

As the popular adage says, *"history is written by the victors."* And in this instance, much of that holds true.

San Francisco and other cities capitalize on a particular version of the Summer of Love, one that hints at hedonism, a disheveled Eden of bare feet, group hugs and matted hair. One can find various themed offerings from "Summer of Love Hotel Packages" to "Janis Joplin's San Francisco" tours to Boudin Bakery's "Sourdough Peace Bread," encouraging this buoyed, bullion vision, this alluring sunshine twirl dance of 1967.

In its grossest, most cynical hyperbole, this commercialized image is one of young white "flower children" dressed in scant hippie garb, ecstasy-bound in their personal freedoms and psychedelic highs, finally able to connect with their true selves, the cosmos and uninhibited sexuality for the betterment of all of humankind. It's a fantasy.

And as with most fantasies, there's a certain amount of truth.

The marketable Summer of Love mines a certain vein of gold prone to commercial co-option. For instance, 1967 is also known as "The Long Hot Summer," a time marked by over 150 American race riots. Yet, there are neither hotel packages nor much popular acknowledgements of these historic events.

Kate Haug

To recognize this is not to diminish the Summer of Love's history but to mark it, and possibly history itself, as inextricably tied to commodification and consumption. It is to witness its use by marketers, news makers, fashion editors and writers, and by pulp sensationalist and literary purists to sell a feeling, an idea, a fantasy. To see this connection is to open up an invitation to move around and inside the fantasies, not to judge them but to try to puzzle out their importance and place in any historical dialogue.

Like these marketing fantasies, *The Summer of Love Trading Cards* are fictional. They do not exist. They are false documents commemorating real people and real events, forcing a union between what is fact and what is illusory in re-telling history. The people featured in the *Trading Cards* present interesting case studies, emblematic of larger historical impulses such as Ronald Reagan's populist conservatism, Sly Stone's influence on psychedelic soul, and Joan Baez's lifetime commitment to nonviolence.

In an early iteration of the *Trading Cards* project, the work focused solely on conservative figureheads such as Milton Friedman, the economist who architected much of Reagan's trickle-down economics, Robert McNamara, a San Francisco native and the controversial Secretary of Defense during the Vietnam War, and Christian evangelist Billy Graham, who held a religious crusade in January 1967 at UC Berkeley. These men are not often associated with the Summer of Love, but they represented the establishment and left a profound impact on our current political and economic lives.

The final version of the *Trading Cards* presents figures closely associated with the commercial, countercultural zeitgeist of the Summer of Love. This choice was intentional in order to create a commodity, a desirable object. And this is where a shiny paradox presents itself: the dominant culture (represented by someone like Milton Friedman) is not a sexy object. He's not an easy sale — but Timothy Leary is. Therein lies the crux of the commodification of the Summer of Love. The counterculture's surface appeal, youth, fashion, and unconventionality holds special attraction for companies looking to sell products. The image of charismatic rebellion captivates and translates into sales. Today, social media marketing campaigns such as #vanlife utilize similar visual and cultural narratives.[1]

The time period of 1967 is entirely fascinating. To dive into 1967 is to plunge into a world where social norms of the post-war era

were being tested, from the Digger's anti-capitalist Free City to the Black Panthers' armed self-defense to massive anti-war protests at Kezar stadium to Joan Baez's arrest at the Oakland Induction Center to Leary's belief in the transformative power of psychedelic drugs. Taking these multiple histories into account, the *Trading Cards* circulate as catalysts for both consumptive fantasy and actual history.

The *Trading Cards* do not impose a hierarchy, leaving value determination up to the viewer. This produces intersections around legacy and cultural value. How does Jerry Garcia's social and historical impact mesh with Bobby Seale's?

Through the various figures represented, the *Trading Cards* highlight the wealth of sentiment and contradiction flowing through public discourse at the moment. They offer an entry point for the viewer to engage with a loose chronology of momentous events, simultaneous histories, and texts that have come to shape our understanding of the time.

The year 1967 starts off with California's newly elected Governor Ronald Reagan's January 5 inaugural address, during which he gives a rousing call to defend freedom, showcasing his patriotically inspired conservatism:

> *Freedom is a fragile thing and is never more than one generation away from extinction. It is not ours by inheritance; it must be fought for and defended constantly by each generation, for it comes only once to a people. Those who have known freedom and then lost it have never known it again.*[2]

On January 14, 1967, the Human Be-In takes place in Golden Gate Park, where Timothy Leary declares "*Turn on, tune in, and drop out,*" beckoning legions of disenchanted teenagers, men and women to join the counterculture, standing as an anathema to what Richard Nixon will later call the silent majority. The Human Be-In tests and pushes the freedom that Reagan wants all Americans to defend.

Lenore Kandel, the only female presenter at the Human Be-In, read from her book of erotic poems, *The Love Book*, which had been seized for obscenity violations. Her book expresses the freedom of female sexual pleasure and sexual autonomy, which was declared as "*lacking any redeeming social value*" [3] in a 1967 trial. Yet, the work is part of a continuum of anti-establishment freedoms, which were continually and conceptually driven forward by various contingents in 1967. From *The Love Book*:

To Fuck with Love Phase III

to fuck with love

to love with all the heat and wild of fuck

the fever of your mouth devouring all my secrets and my alibis

leaving me pure burned into oblivion

the sweetness UNENDURABLE [4]

In May 1967, five months after the Human Be-In, Huey P. Newton and Bobby Seale publish the "Black Panther Party and Program" also known as the "10-Point Program" in the first issue of *The Black Panther*, the Black Panther Party's official newspaper. The "10-Point Program" is a political document divided into two parts. The first, "What We Want Now!" lists demands. The second, "What We Believe," outlines a corresponding set of beliefs, which expand on the demands. The first part reads:

What We Want Now!

1. *We want freedom. We want power to determine the destiny of our Black Community.*
2. *We want full employment for our people.*
3. *We want an end to the robbery by the white men of our Black Community. (Later changed to "we want an end to the robbery by the capitalists of our black and oppressed communities.")*
4. *We want decent housing, fit for shelter of human beings.*
5. *We want education for our people that exposes the true nature of this decadent American society. We want education that teaches us our true history and our role in the present day society.*
6. *We want all Black men to be exempt from military service.*
7. *We want an immediate end to POLICE BRUTALITY and MURDER of Black people.* [4]
8. *We want freedom for all Black men held in federal, state, county and city prisons and jails.*
9. *We want all Black people when brought to trial to be tried in court by a jury of their peer group or people from their Black Communities, as defined by the Constitution of the United States.*
10. *We want land, bread, housing, education, clothing, justice and peace.* [5]

In 1967, Reverend Cecil Williams of San Francisco's Glide Memorial Church removed the cross from the church's sanctuary. Believing that the cross symbolized death, he urged his congregation to celebrate life and the living, saying *"We must all be the cross."*

These quotations are all relevant to our contemporary moment, but the fragility of commercialized history does not inspire for-profit ventures to host a reading of *The Love Book* to discuss its relevance to contemporary sexism with its overreaching policies into women's bodies, nor do we engage in a public reading of the "10-Point Program" in conjunction with Black Lives Matter protests. There will be no tours of Glide Memorial Church and its free daily meal service or "Men Unlearning Violence" program.

Instead, *San Francisco Magazine* uses a photograph of a naked, white woman, held up and paraded through a group of men in a park like a sacrificial virgin or shameful whore, as its cover image. To make the woman's nakedness more prominent, she is in color while the men remain in black and white. In this way, the commodification of history does not serve us politically, culturally or intellectually. It simply upholds the establishment, the very systems which the counter-culture sought to defeat.

The woman's nudity on the magazine's cover is intended to represent liberation. Instead it is simply the same voyeuristic fantasy that has been present in the patriarchal Western art canon for centuries. Out of thousands of images, *San Francisco Magazine*'s editors choose that particular picture to represent the values with which its customers are most comfortable, the idealized history they want to see and promote. It's also the image that sells magazines.

Commodified histories often reflect the same systemic hierarchies apparent elsewhere in society. In the Summer of Love, objectification of a wan, faceless female body and youth fetishism pervade this commercialized portrayal.

When certain moments, such as the Summer of Love, are parsed out from a common chronology, it undermines the systemic connection among past events, isolating, fragmenting and segregating shared histories and social structures, which are ultimately dependent on one another.

The Black Panthers are not disconnected from the Summer of Love. They are part of the story, part of the larger intellectual conversation of the counterculture. Yet, they are dissociated from the commercial packing of the Summer of Love. In reality,

the Panthers were not separatists. Instead, they were driven by anti-capitalist and anti-colonialist theory. They sought systemic change, which has overlapped with the anti-capitalist stance of the Diggers and other countercultural movements.

The historical dialectic, a struggle for memory, for connection, for history, appears in this 50th anniversary moment. If the Black Panthers and "The Long Hot Summer" are removed from Summer of Love's popular memory, the social context of white privilege, which played out in events like the Human Be-In, is lost. If the questioning of capitalism becomes an isolated exploration rather than a common intellectual thread, it disappears as a unifying theme of the counterculture.

When we loose these relationships and contexts, Summer of Love imagery can re-iterate sexism, racism and social privilege while employing signifiers of liberation and revolution. This conflation of signs creates a confusing mix, diminishing history's relevance and contemporary impact. If the Summer of Love is only used to market specialty bread or repackaged sexism, its wealth of information can become devalued and suspect in meaning.

This struggle for historical memory is seen across the cultural production for the Summer of Love within San Francisco. While *San Francisco Magazine* uses commercialized sexism, The California Historical Society offers a panel discussion on Women of the 60s Counterculture[6] to expand historical memory. The Museum of the African Diaspora hosts programs to broaden this representation:

> *Conjure up sights and sounds from San Francisco's legendary 1967 Summer of Love and invariably it will be of long-haired, pot-smoking young white people dancing to rock music in Golden Gate Park. They were "the hippies" who defined a youth culture and way of life that challenged and shocked the country's established mores. However, what is often unacknowledged is that Black musicians, writers and thinkers in California and beyond helped shape and enrich the cultural developments leading up to the Summer of Love as well as during and immediately afterwards .*[7]

The Summer of Love did happen. It's estimated that between 75,000 and 100,000 people flocked to San Francisco during the summer of 1967. Some were runaways, many were seekers, most were curious. And when they got to San Francisco, they did find a city brimming with ideas, with counter-cultural action, with anti-establishment critiques. It was a city filled with new ways

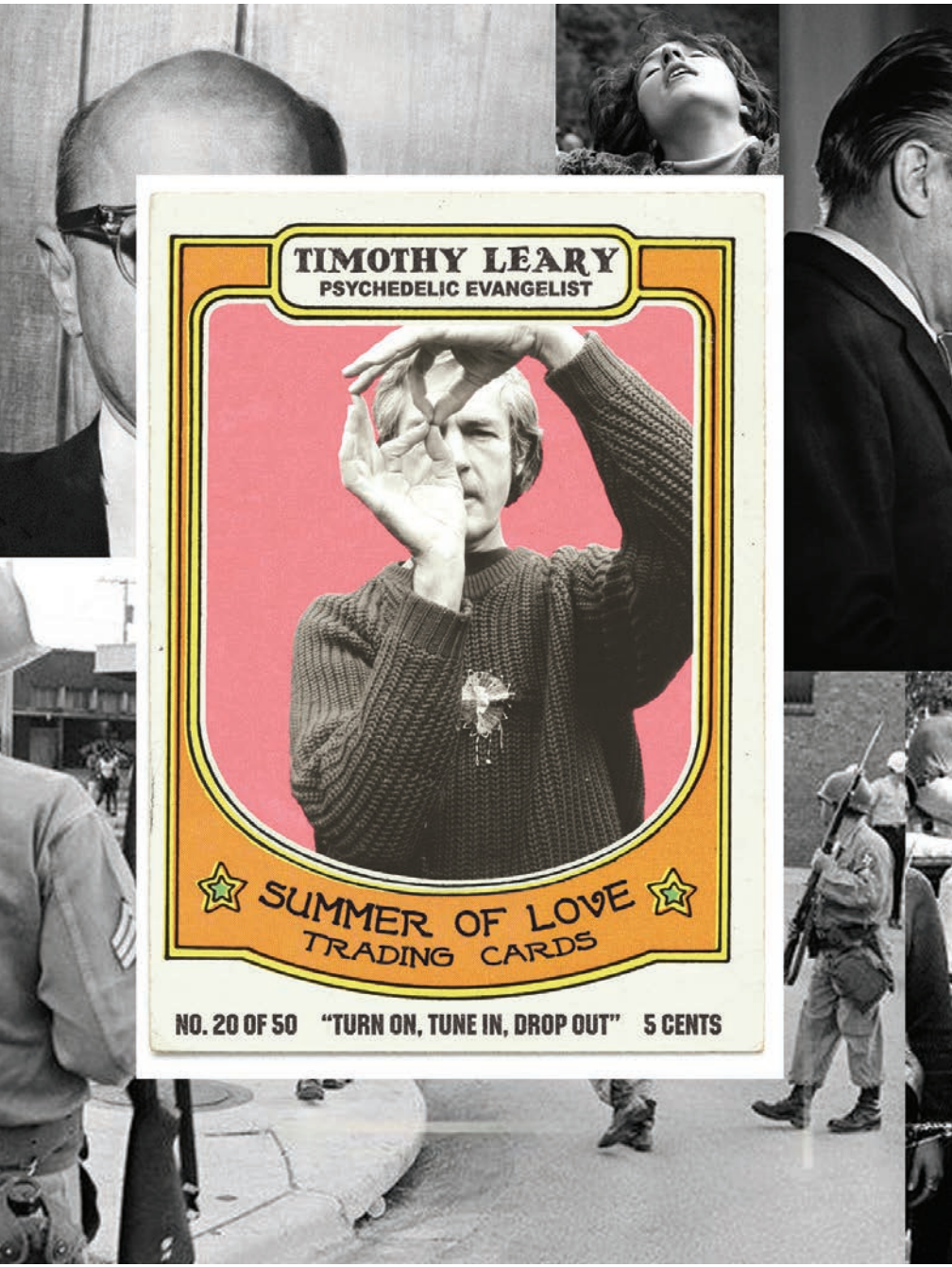
and alternative means. To celebrate the Summer of Love's 50th Anniversary is to open the doors to the party, to know it's a complicated dance, to watch the hosts and to listen to the band. It's a fascinating, rich year, full of nuggets, full of gold.

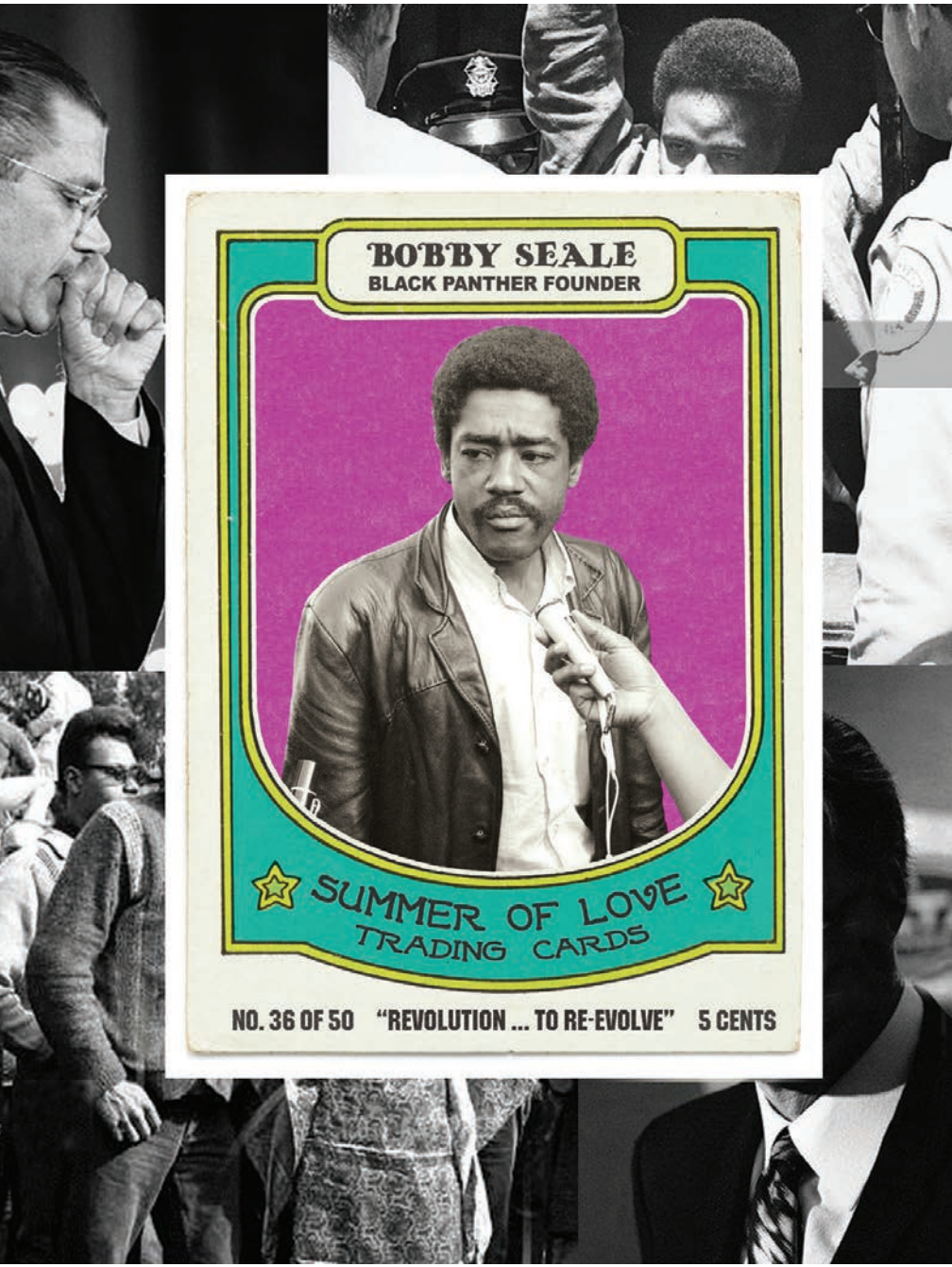
DeYoung Museum, The Summer of Love Experience [Bus Advertisement]. (2017, June).

[1] http://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2017/04/24/vanlife-the-bohemian-social-media-movement
[2] http://governors.library.ca.gov/addresses/33-Reagan01.html
[3] https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lenore_Kandel
[4] Lenore Kandel, The Love Book, (San Francisco: Stolen Paper Review Edition, 1966) pp. 5.
[5] Wikipedia, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ten-Point_Program
[6] https://my.californiahistoricalsociety.org/single/EventDetail.aspx?p=442
[7] http://www.moadsf.org/event/love-city-picture-show-tropicalia/?instance_id=13923


RONALD REAGAN
HOLLYWOOD GOVERNOR
SUMMER OF LOVE
TRADING CARDS
NO. 11 OF 50
"RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY"
5 CENTS


LENORE KANDEL
POET ON TRIAL
SUMMER OF LOVE
TRADING CARDS
NO. 32 OF 50
"THE LOVE BOOK"
5 CENTS


TIMOTHY LEARY
PSYCHEDELIC EVANGELIST
SUMMER OF LOVE
TRADING CARDS
NO. 20 OF 50 "TURN ON, TUNE IN, DROP OUT" 5 CENTS


BOBBY SEALE
BLACK PANTHER FOUNDER
SUMMER OF LOVE
TRADING CARDS
NO. 36 OF 50 "REVOLUTION ... TO RE-EVOLVE" 5 CENTS

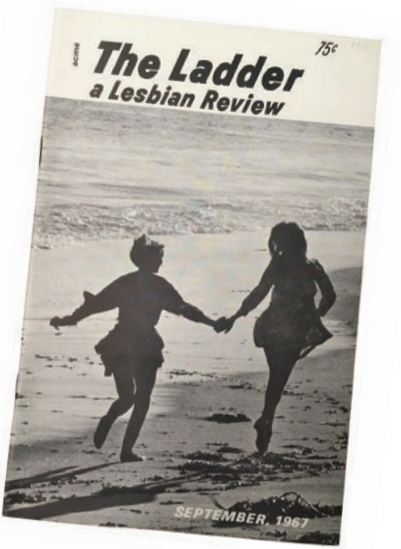
Sarah

Hotchkiss

14

Two bits says we will find something for this day by the time it gets here.

READERS RESPOND



WHERE LOVE IS SOMETHING ELSE

Sarah Hotchkiss

The thing about the Summer of Love is that it was also, simply, 1967 in San Francisco. It's true that hordes of hippies heeded Timothy Leary's call to "turn on, tune in and drop out." And less rigorous rebels followed Scott McKenzie's gentle urge to show up "with flowers in their hair." But for many of the city's residents, life continued relatively undisturbed by these new arrivals.

How is that possible, you ask? Wasn't San Francisco completely draped in tie-dye bunting?

Perhaps these residents lived outside of a certain radius stemming from the intersection of Haight and Ashbury streets. Perhaps they didn't feel the need to join the crawl of slow-traffic looky-loos hoping for a glimpse of a rock star. And maybe, just maybe, they had other things to worry about.

It's hard to imagine this now, 50 years after the Summer of Love, when the hippie looms large in San Francisco's self-perpetuated origin story. According to that mythology, 1967 was all about a specific set of rebellions: longhairs against squares, children against parents, radical social experiments against conservative family values. And yet, it couldn't be so binary at the time, could it?

This is the question that propelled me into the windowless archives, to bypass the story that gets told in 2017, for the primary sources produced and disseminated during the summer of 1967. That's right, I looked at microfilm.

In my first visits, I found exactly what I expected to find. The papers peddled on the streets of Haight-Ashbury—the *S.F. Oracle*, *The Maverick*, *Haight Ashbury Free Press* and *Sunday Ramparts*—circulated the good news of head shops, free Dead concerts and the Diggers' latest shenanigans. Between their groovy lettering and rainbow gradient covers, these publications capture the aesthetics associated with the Summer of Love almost too perfectly. (But those aesthetics had to come from somewhere, right?)

Only in the margins of these papers does an inkling of a world outside of the hippie scene emerge: an event listing for weekly gay dances, an ad for male models, a heartfelt same sex personal. I dug deeper, putting in requests for more and more archival boxes. And then, in the basement rooms of the GLBT Historical Society's

archives, I hit the jackpot.

While the *S.F. Oracle* sought to shed the trappings of an "ordinary newspaper" and become, as editor Allen Cohen later described it, "a journal of arts and letters for the expanded consciousness – a tribal messenger from the inner to the outer world," *Vector*, a monthly magazine published by San Francisco's largest homophile society, ran cover stories like "Drag," "Sex in Public Places" and "God and the Gay." By the very nature of its contents, *Vector* could never be ordinary.

Vector's analog was *The Ladder* (subtitled "A Lesbian Review"), a less graphically ambitious, but equally niche publication. It featured reviews of lesbian films and literature, news clippings, profiles of accomplished women, reports on national studies related to homosexuality, erotic fiction and sappy love poems. It even had a column narrated posthumously by a pet cat.

But before I get too far ahead of myself, let me set the stage for these magazines. The city wasn't unfurling rainbow flags quite yet, but in 1967, the LGBT community of San Francisco was coalescing into what would become the foundations of the Gay Liberation movement. These were hard-won foundations.

Declared the "gay capital of America" in a 1964 *LIFE Magazine* cover story, San Francisco's permissive attitude didn't guarantee equal rights for its gay population. The Twin Peaks Tavern still had blacked-out windows (those wouldn't come off until 1972). Police raids on bars were still a real and constant threat. Both men and women could be arrested for wearing clothing "not belonging to his or her sex" (that law stuck around until 1974). And the Consenting Adult Sex Bill, repealing the state's sodomy law, wouldn't pass until 1975.

Against those odds, San Francisco was home to the Daughters of Bilitis, the first lesbian civil and political rights organization in the United States, founded in 1955 and responsible for publishing the first issue of *The Ladder* the following year. In 1962, a coalition of bar owners and liquor wholesalers formed the Tavern Guild, the first LGBT business association in the country. The Society for Individual Rights (wonderfully acronymed SIR), the homophile group behind *Vector,* started in 1964. And in August 1966, the Tenderloin's transgender community fought back against police harassment in Compton's Cafeteria riot, paving the way for the Stonewall Riots three years later.

While the *San Francisco Chronicle* and *The San Francisco*

SUPPORT YOUR
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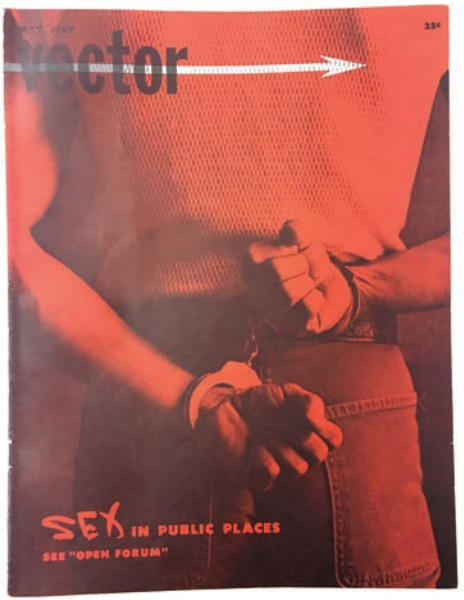
Sarah Hotchkiss

Letters to the Editor...

WHERE CAN I BE MYSELF ?



GAY POWER

FOR SALE. Polar Bear rug. White, mounted head. Over-all length 8'. Asking $600 or trade for Tiger or your suggestions of equal value. Ph. 474-2363.

Examiner, the city's mainstream newspapers, offered stuffy, tweedy takes on the Haight Street scene (a favorite headline from the former: "Rhododendron Victims: Hippies Loving Flowers to Death"), little to no mention was made of the city's LGBT population outside of arrest reports. Even the Compton's Cafeteria riot didn't warrant a mention.

So, like the Black Panthers across the Bay, it was up to the DOB and SIR to create their own news services. Reading through the copies of *The Ladder* and *Vector*, carefully preserved by the GLBT Historical Society, paints a picture of organizations much like any other: members don't show up to meetings, readers complain about too much of this, not enough of that, and other readers soundly contradict them. But between the gripes, the DOB and SIR organized a staggering amount of social events, conferences and ways to represent their communities to the people of San Francisco at large, often through meetings with religious leaders and public forums.

It's not surprising then, that I found scant references to the Haight-Ashbury scene in the 1967 issues of *Vector* and *The Ladder*. Perhaps the editors, writers and their readers had, as conjectured earlier, other things to worry about.

But when they did turn their attention to the "love generation," DOB and SIR were generally sympathetic and often concerned for the hippies' well-being.

In an August 1967 letter to the editor, a "T. M. Edwards" rails against *Vector*'s efforts to compare the city's homosexual population with the hippie population, who Edwards believes have contributed nothing but damage to the image of San Francisco. *Vector*'s even response? "We do agree, homosexuals and hippies are not the same, but they are what is happening."

For the most part, the pages of *Vector* and *The Ladder* document communities seeking to gather—for bowling, dances, drag performances, Esperanto classes, book clubs and holiday celebrations—and support each other. *The Ladder* contains frequent references to SIR and *Vector* contains frequent references to the DOB (sometimes scolding the male members of SIR for not being as dedicated to the cause as their female counterparts).

Like the Haight Street newspapers, the most revealing and personal moments in *Ladder* and *Vector* come from classifieds and letters to the editors. In the June 1966 *Vector*, the wonderfully idiosyncratic "FOR SALE. Beautiful artificial palm plant in pot.

Also antique geisha wig. Call MI 8-5694 eves." The ads set the scene for the readers' social gatherings. Businesses range from "private" to "very private." "Traveling North?" reads an ad. "Visit Dave's Steam Baths—for younger men exclusively."

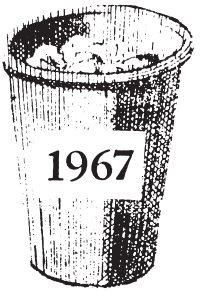
In many respects, *Vector* and *The Ladder* aren't so different from their Haight-Ashbury contemporaries. They speak to their readership about the specific issues that concern their communities. They map networks of friendly businesses and specialized services. They provide news briefings, cultural recommendations and forums for debate.

But here the similarities end, because one of these histories dominates the other and it has everything to do with those slow-traffic looky-loos. The hippies were media darlings. They lounged on street corners and ate the Diggers' free food and wove daisy chains in Golden Gate Park (because the stereotype has to come from somewhere). Their often performative social politics made them the targets of police harassment and the *Chronicle*'s tweedy scorn. But ultimately, their form of love, though anti-capitalist, was not illegal.

The hippies sold their stacks of papers in public, at bookshops and like-minded magazine stands, possibly even through the windows of the creeping cars on Haight. Across the country, they joined other alternative publications to form the Underground Press Syndicate, congratulating themselves on creating a system of communication "outside the establishment."

For subscribers to *Vector* and *The Ladder*, theirs was a very different kind of underground—a space created by physical and emotional necessity. Their underground was also outside the establishment, but invisibly so. The dominance of the false binary at the heart of the Summer of Love narrative reinforces that invisibility, erasing the far-from-over self-organizing of the city's LGBT population.

What's needed is a more nuanced timeline, then: for subscribers to *Vector* and *The Ladder*, 1967 was the year their magazines continued to arrive inside plain sealed envelopes, their covers hidden from view.



HEY! LIKE HELP! ALREADY

Sarah Hotchkiss

The Shape of Love

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