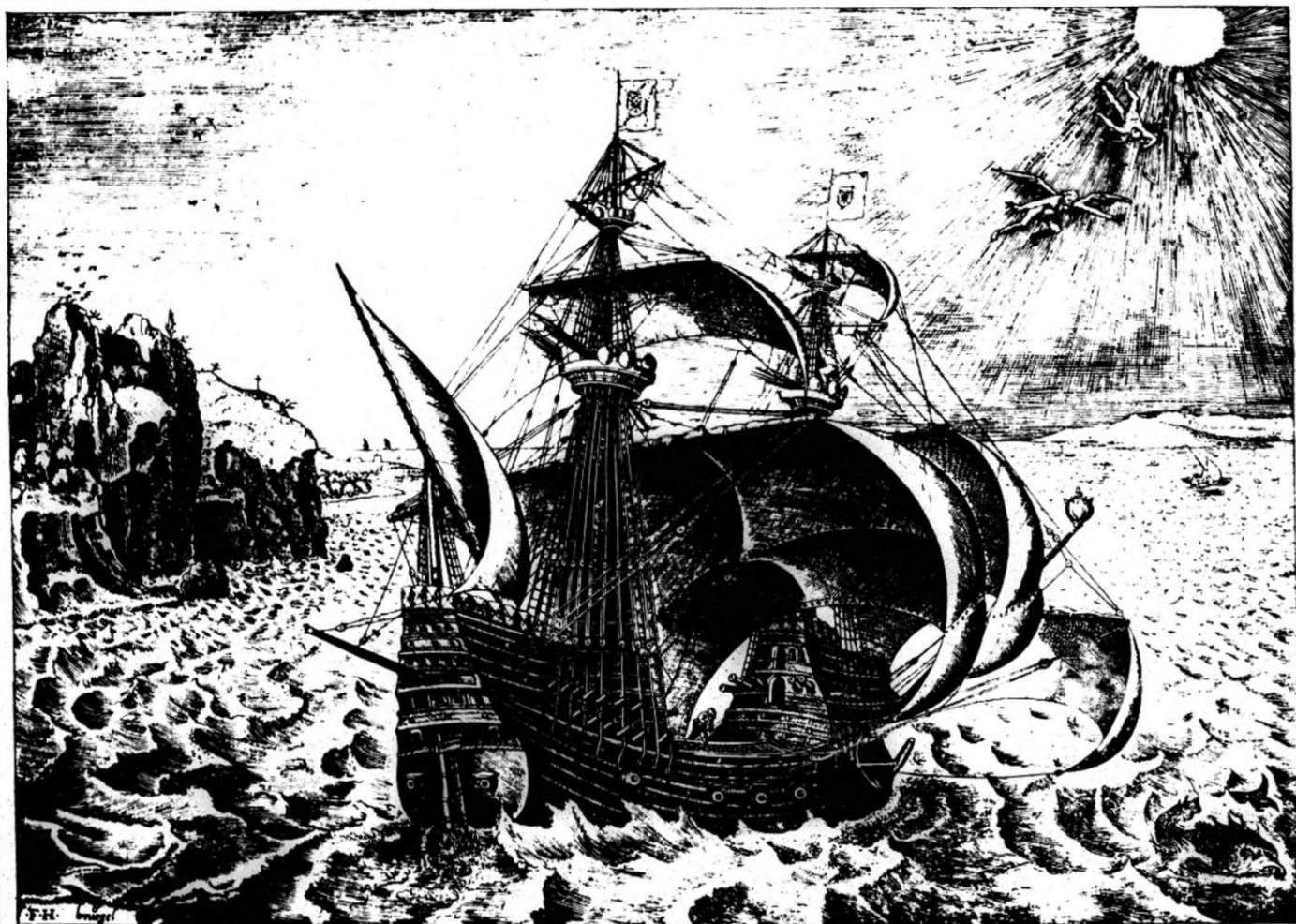


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A VOICE FOR THE  
HOMOSEXUAL COMMUNITY

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Bill Plath

Editors  
Ralph Petersen  
Richard Piro

Advertising Manager  
Ralph Petersen

Bar Circulation  
Max Clements

Editorial Staff  
Dennis Connaughton  
Noel Hernandez  
Mike Newton  
Kevin Norton  
Deno Thomas

## PUBLISHER

The Society for Individual Rights  
83 Sixth Street  
San Francisco, California 94103  
(415) 781-1570

*S.I.R. is now eight years old and the largest active homosexual organization in the United States. S.I.R. is dedicated to giving freedom to the homosexual male and female, freedom from guilt, harassment, and social justice.*

*"Believing in our democratic heritage and that ethical values are self-determined and limited only by every person's right to decide his own, we organize for: the reaffirming of individual pride and dignity regardless of orientation; the elimination of the public stigma attached to human self-expression; the accomplishing of effective changes in unjust laws concerning private relationships among consenting adults; the giving of real and substantial aid to members in difficulties; the promoting of better physical, mental and emotional health; the creating of a sense of community; and the establishing of an attractive social atmosphere and constructive outlets for members and their friends."*

— Preamble, S.I.R. Constitution

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# THE RITCH STREET BATHS

## *An Alternative to the Alternatives*

by Richard Piro

Isn't it time we stopped trashing certain gay gathering places and started encountering negative self-attitudes concerning the facade we feel pressured to present in order to make it? Bath-guilt occurs often not as a result of straight society's condemnation but rather because it represents an act of defiance on our part against gay liberation philosophy. One leading spokesman said, "If we can establish an alternative meeting ground and consequently close every bath and bar in this city, our work has been a success." But the movement matures and so do we, and what was true as recently as two years ago is no longer valid. Thus, in heresy, I stand ready to challenge some outdated dogma such as:

Baths and bars are destructive forces in gay life.

All baths and bars are exploitive.

Baths and bars reinforce negative personal attitudes.

You'll never meet a real lover in a bath or bar.

The only place left for her is the tubs!

Guess who I saw at the BATHS last night?

He's not as classy as you think. I see him in all the bars.

Why do you insist on going to THOSE places?

Oh, take me away from all this, Lance.

"We must provide alternatives," scream the purists. Feeling very much the heretic because of my enjoyment of baths, I decided to check out the current available alternatives which, at the moment, seem centered around gay rap/encounter groups and gay organization-sponsored dances (I don't dance) and arrived at the following simplistic conclusion: A wall flower is a wall flower is a wall flower. If you can't make it in bars (which means dealing with what appears to be but isn't rejection) you are not going to make it anywhere else. "Making it" here is defined as finding and/or becoming available for sexual-romantic involvement. The basic unsuccessful difference between gay rap cruising and bar cruising is that someone is in charge of doing your work for you — handing you Mr. Wonderful on a silver platter for your inspection/approval. Saying, "Hi," to a person in a gay rap just before the session begins is no easier than approaching a dude in a cowboy bar except that in a bar it's a bit more private.

How many successful bar cruisers have you heard lately trashing them? And they DON'T look like *Vector* centerfolds. One such successful cruiser reported, "When dealing with strangers it's impossible to be rejected as a person. My nose, my eyes, my clothes, my hair, my fat, my height, my cock — all of these are unchangeable at the moment and can be rejection material but not ME, not yet."

But we're still afraid. How lazy to blame the physical environment and ignore our complicity!

What brings us specifically to the baths on Tuesday nights when there's a choice between gay raps in San Francisco and the bars? Here's one account, not untypical.

Gently but not happily the "affair" ended in the afternoon after two weeks of mindfucking concerning how constructive it was in becoming the kind of person he demanded I

be. He was my first Virgo. Then, being a double Cancer I flunked all the examinations by reacting too strongly to phone dates broken, lunches cancelled and those terrifying stretches of silence when my soul screamed for verbal communication. He was so free and I hungered for some of that space. Bullshit! It's cold and lonely being that free without the responsibility to and for another human being. Virgo and responsibility didn't seem to mix. He needed unconditional friendship. I needed structured love. It ended. I picked up my things, did the coward's I'll-talk-to-you-later and walked away from the fantasies and towards a hunger which eluded specific definitions.

Tuesday is Lesbian night at my usual bar (the White Horse) and I wasn't really into the San Francisco bars (because he would be there). The only alternative was the baths. Since RITCH STREET was sensitive enough to an outsider's plight to print a convenient map in their matchbook cover, it was the easiest solution to check out that establishment. I dug out the map then rejected it in favor of a quicker route. Mistake! The one-way streets in that neighborhood can freak you out without the fortification of a joint or two. But knowing that little happens in bars before midnight I was more concerned about the early hour (8:30) than I was about the several wrong turns and dead-end streets. I found RITCH STREET at 9 p.m. and restrained the urge to flee the dark neighborhood — warehouses, railroad tracks and emptiness with no sign of human habitation. (Is it because rents are so cheap there or that we are outcasts or that we chose to remain inconspicuous?)

I entered the anachronistic canopied doorway and started up the insitutional stairs heartened by sounds of voices ahead. Surprised, I saw that I was eighteenth in line and had to wait for checkouts to make space available. That's cool. Time to orient. In front of me was a group of giggling college students combatting their insecurity with sophomoric jiving ("Should I give my real name?"). They hadn't yet decided if they were to be out-of-towners checking in on the scene as observers or randy eighteen-year-olds out for a general sexual overhaul. Their rat-packing seemed out of place and offensive. Behind me were two maxi-leather-coated black dudes complete with intricately tooled shoulder bags. Secure and deep into conversation. Behind them two long-hairs with beads, beards and flowered shirts and behind them Mr. Gorgeous. He and I observed each other in our reflections in the brass door appointments and smiled acknowledgement. My inner voice demanded, "Walk down the stairs and suggest you go home since he's exactly what you came here to meet." The lack of privacy on the crowded, well-lighted stairs held so intimate an approach in check.

As the line shortened ahead and lengthened behind, I saw the reason. Tuesday nights at RITCH STREET is buddy night with admission priced at \$6.00 a couple (Normal week charge is \$4.00 per, weekends \$5.00). Thinking that if I had a "buddy" I wouldn't be there, I passed through the courteous, dignified checking-in procedure and was handed a towel and a

set of keys and pointed towards locker number 242. (Rooms are available on a first come, first served basis and, if you remain long enough, you'll be due for one.)

The buzzer released the door. I was inside. Confusion. Disorientation. Creeping excitement. Music seems to come from everywhere with no variation of volume giving a feeling of filmed soundtrack. A not unpleasant combination of scents. Musk? Amy! Nitrite? Chlorox? Gymnasium? Incense? I like it.

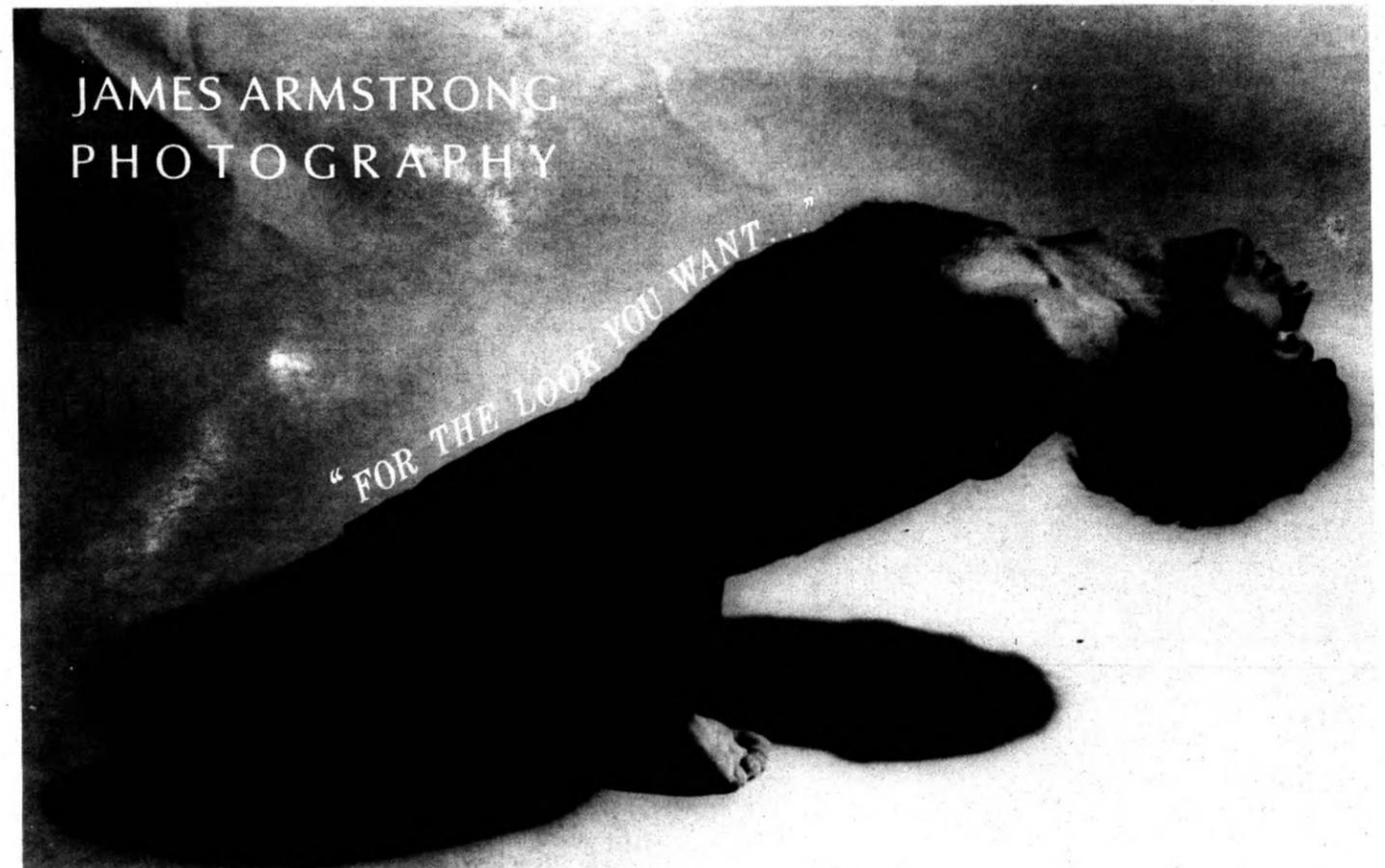
After several false starts I find my locker in the dim light, glad of the opportunity of shedding clothes in an environment where all the people are wearing only towels. OK. Naked. Toweled. Cigarettes with 50 cents inside the cellophane for coffee. Now what? Steam. I'm a steam-room freak because I think it is good for hair, skin and lungs. Again several false starts with conflicts whether to first explore or seek steam immediately. Head still fuzzy. Steam wins.

A large room, to the right the lavatory: mirrors, adequate lighting for grooming, drinking fountain, and to the left open showers. In the middle two smaller rooms, steam left, hot air right. Into the steam. White blackness. How many bodies? Impossible to tell. I strain my eyes. The darkness moves. People breathing. A cough. Exciting sex sounds. Hot. Invisibility. Observation level zero. The door opens and the draft collects the steam making it impossible to see so much as a body outline. Black whiteness. I sit on a tiled lower tier where it's a bit cooler. A hand brushes my thigh, rests, and creeps inward. Nice. I put my hand on his, not sure what message to send. The hand is slender with pronounced veins. Unexpectedly the hand grasps mine in combination of plea and reassurance. We embrace. Into my ear he whispers, "Do you have a room?" I respond negatively, disappointed. Pause. I don't want to come, not now. It's too early. I want him to, though. He does. Afterwards we embrace. I leave first and go

to the showers. He follows. He's gorgeous. We don't speak. I feel very good. Restraining the desire to return to the all-embracing steam, I decide to explore upstairs.

The stairway is cold and uncarpeted and prison-like with the sand-blasted brick wall and iron railing. Into the second floor the scents are stronger. Over the blasting music I hear TV sounds and move towards it. A big color set is playing WILD IN THE STREETS being watched by many people lounging on carpeted tiers with large, soft pillows. Nice. Relaxed. I walk through the room and into the maze. Huge vari-shaped structures covered with optical illusion graphics combined with no-light lighting give total disorientation. Impossible to navigate a path. I follow a blacker patch thinking it's a passage-way. It isn't. A blind corner providing an absolutely sightless enclosed closet-type area. Sounds of sex. I trip over forms on the floor and reverse direction. Totally lost. Brushing off hands occasionally and being brushed off just as occasionally. More encounters with hands and mouths.

Finally, the maze ends in a room with just enough light to see a large circular padded platform in the center filled with entwined shapes with more bodies standing against the walls. I walk through. Beyond, a large room. One wall filled with gigantic lithographs of faces. In the ceiling a revolving mirrored ball throwing pinpoint points of light on the bodies reclining on pillows against the walls. Rest? I lay down and close my eyes. Impossible to sleep. The intensity of the pinpoint points pierce my closed eyes. Several invitations rejected gently. Not time. Not yet. Some soul-searching. I need to give. So much of me had been rejected by my lover that the hunger to give freely is stronger than the temptation to take. Conflict. If I come now I may mindfuck myself into going home. I like this space. Wordlessly, someone joins me on my pillow. Establishment. Short hair. Blond. Athlete's body. A wedding ring. He's frightened.



This is his big moment — reaching out. I accept. We make it. He comes and immediately afterwards gets up to leave, avoiding my eyes. I say, "It's OK." He doesn't believe and flees, leaving his cigarettes and KY and feelings of degradation. I get up, put them in my locker, and with I had a room.

On the way I see a wall with interesting swirling graphics different from the rest of the area. There's a door leading downstairs. I pass through. The music, blessedly, is softer. At the base of the stairs I hold my breath and slowly absorb the variety of visual stimulants. Pride. Pride that this incredible environment was created by gay brothers for gay brothers and there isn't anything to equal it anywhere. Up until that moment the CONTINENTAL BATHS in New York represented the ultimate achievement, complete with Bette Midler's frequent appearances. No more, no way. In terms of taste and elegance and pure, exciting design, the RITCH STREET MINOAN POOL is the zenith. The effect is so total it defies description. The wall graphics are large swirling Cretan/Grecian designs in warm mauves, maroons and muted gilts giving the feeling of both underwater and ancient palaces of Minos. On the lowest of several tiered levels there is an odd-shaped Jacuzzi pool in the center of which is a free-form sculpture pouring water with delicious aqua sounds. On one wall of this pool is a striking 150-gallon salt-water aquarium which in terms of the variety of fish and coral environment beats any tank in the Golden Gate Park's official aquarium. To the left are open showers. Then tiered up on several levels are groupings of large cactus (a mini-mistake — there are no cactus plants on Crete), walls of fractured mirrors in geometric, three-dimensional form which create light and energy rather than reflecting it, then row upon row of tables and chairs and, finally, a snack bar selling various health foods. I buy a large cup of coffee (25¢) and sit down to gawk. The ambiance is perfect. I spot an acquaintance from gay rap group and join him. Michael is working for *Gaily Planet*, the soon-to-be-released gay newspaper for the Bay Area. We talk for about an hour, totally comfortable, totally at ease. My eyes keep roaming around the beauty of this area and again I feel proud to be there, proud to be a part of the gay community and sort of sad/glad that there is no counterpart in the non-gay world. Michael goes for steam and I slip into the warm wetness of the pool, sink to neck level and get into that beautiful, beautiful aquarium discovering even more delights as the shy, more exotic, fantastically expensive fish come from under the rocks and coral.

Then doubts. Up till then it was wandering around as part of a film, with no reality. Eyes were like camera lenses. The real YOU is safe and secure so long as you seek no further than physical communion: not verbal communication. By mutual consent this is built out of the bath system. You must take

care to separate your appetites. There are exceptions such as the time I met Nate at the CONTINENTAL BATHS and we were idyllic lovers for two years. It can happen but it usually doesn't.

Coming out of the maze (and an embarrassing failed attempt at a stand-up fuck) I see HIM. We lock eyes. Forgetting the "system" I approach and say, "Will you join me downstairs for a cup of coffee?" He nods his assent, embarrassed at the eyes which turn to us in chastisement since the unwritten rule is no conversation. We meet and talk. I am very excited. He is very turned on. We finish the coffee and seek a pillow in the room with the revolving mirrored ball, since neither of us had been called down for a room. I stop by my locker for the KY. We find a space. We are both hopelessly impotent. We broke the house rule and were punished. Wordlessly, we drift away. I see him being blown in the maze an hour later. We don't acknowledge each other.

At 3 a.m. I leave. There is still a line waiting to get in. And I feel good, really good, and somehow safe. My final contact (and orgasm) was on the floor in one of the pitch-black blind alleys of the maze — and it was worth waiting for. "It" and not "him" because there was no way for the parts of the body involved in the contact to be matched with a personality (beyond sensuality) and because of this it was possible to abandon myself on a purely and exclusively physical, hedonistic level. It was not an avoidance or denial of another human being's specialness but rather a total focusing upon one aspect of human contact: the physical. Other considerations simply were not involved, nor were they, by mutual consent, expected to be involved. The pact was pure as was the act.

Keeping moderation in mind we must be aware of the purely animal parts of ourselves (NOT a judgment) and the usual consequences of satisfying these feeling levels. Yes, I, too, resent being someone's sex object when, at that time, my need is to respond and be responded to as a total human being. But when both partners in a sexual encounter need the same thing — pure and simple sensuality as TWO objects — a deal is made bringing the couple into total agreement and consequently total satisfaction. If we feel good in the realization that our interests are not always spiritual and that at times our needs do not go beyond body appendages, the the baths will take on a cleaner, healthier place in the gay lifestyle.

Baths satisfy a very real need in all our lives. When enough of us are in touch with those needs and no longer ashamed of having more than one nature and are able to separate our various appetites without moral, traditional Judeo-Christian judgments and without the threats of those we love, then and only then will our leaders stop trashing baths and appreciate them (as we will) for what they are — not a substitute for love, but damn good to have around between loves.

# BOBBY SEALE AND ELAINE BROWN

*two democratic candidates for mayor and councilwoman in the oakland primary elections discuss gay rights and human liberation.*

*Bobby Seale, Democratic candidate for Mayor in the upcoming Oakland city elections, and Elaine Brown, Democratic candidate for a seat on the Oakland city council, recently endorsed an extensive gay rights statement and have adopted it as part of their campaign platform. This excellent compilation of the needs and struggles of gay people was prepared by a group of gay men in the East Bay, and covers areas such as discrimination in housing and employment, harassment by public agencies and representation within these agencies, as well as dealing with issues such as how gays can share in the joy of children, how children should be educated about sexuality, and many other important areas which other politicians have not even begun to address their attention to. It is an outstanding statement, and Vector was encouraged by the Seale-Brown statement. Consequently, here is an interview conducted by Vector editor Ralph Petersen and photographed by Huntington Brown, which gives us a better idea of where Bobby and Elaine are coming from when they support our struggle.*

**PETERSEN:** We are immediately interested in the statement that you endorsed about gay rights, and we are wondering how that endorsement came about.

**SEALE:** People are being discriminated

against, people are being stereotyped; not only gay people are being stereotyped, but all people, categorically. You can find different groups of people, senior citizens, black people, Chicano people, gay people, many different groups of people that are generally discriminated against in one shape, fashion, form or another by government agencies, by the powers that be. So, you say endorsement. I think it's the fact that we start from a basic, very human position.

How that came about is the question. What we are saying is that a long time ago it came about, that we didn't dig the present method used by the system against many people, they were unjust, uncalled for, etc. So how it came about is probably more manifest in the terms of how we think.

**PETERSEN:** Has your own consciousness about the oppression of gay people been raised recently and how? How do you feel personally about gay people, and how do you relate to their sexuality?

**SEALE:** Sexuality of gay people? I'm not discriminating against, I don't stereotype people in terms of sexuality, sexual desires, relationships, or what have you. I'm more concerned with the fact that gay people are discriminated against in employment, areas that cause gay people concern about the present laws and the oppressive activities on the part of the

police department, etc. I will go back again and say it's not only gay people that we are saying immediate oppressive laws are against, but people in general. So we are really all oppressed people.

I don't have time to go through changes about people's sexuality, etc., tripping out into the games people play with each other, you know. I'm not going to contribute to that kind of talk by saying I like this or don't like this, accept this or don't accept this about people, their sexuality, their relationships.

**PETERSEN:** A lot of black women have said that the same condition exists for black women as well as white women in dealing with men. But black women have isolated certain difficulties within their cultural, historical background, that have made it difficult for them to relate to black men. And some gays said the same about relating to blacks.

**SEALE:** I think that is a heavy distortion. We bring up the factor of women's liberation. And one of the facts that I have found out is that the women's liberation movement did not start amongst the rank and file of the oppressed working people, be they black, white, blue, green, red, or yellow. It started amongst the middle class and upper class white women. And they tried to impose an idea that black males, quote unquote, are male chauvinists over black women. They don't

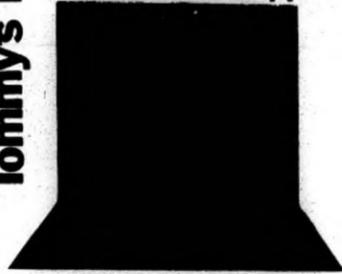


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even understand the very history of black people from Africa to here. That the black woman ran the house, predominantly. The white women's middle class liberation movement has tried to imply this. I'm not saying the white women's liberation movement does not have proper grievances; on a broad scale, against the white male chauvinist, but up in that upper middle class and that upper class bracket, more so. And it was filtered down to our working class people in the white community.

But there is another factor involved here. The white women's liberation movement didn't analyze their grievances against male chauvinism on the basis of private property holding, you dig, and if they did analyze the racism, the male chauvinism on the part of white middle class-upper class male on the basis of the private property concept, then they would find out that historically the black man, in slavery or not, does not own any property.

So the black man has struggled to maintain his dignity. And most of the time, many, many times, the black male left the black home, holding onto his dignity and leaving the black woman in charge. So where they have grievances about having to take care of the babies, the children, and the men don't help them while cleaning the house and stuff like that, well I don't want to hear. My mother taught me, I can iron sheets, dresses, clothes, pants, take care of babies, wash dishes and clean house as good as any woman can. See where I'm coming from? My mother taught me that. I'm saying that the analysis is not applicable to a massive poor; to a grass roots black person. When you call a black male a male chauvinist, across the board, it just doesn't apply. That's all interrelated with the problems of the society of the black poor. It still gets back into whether or not I think black males should relate to black males, and whether or not I think black females should relate to black females. I'm not trying to set a standard.

**PETERSEN:** Have you seen a lot of openness in the black community, say in Oakland, towards gay people and their interests? What I'm trying to find out is whether there is more or less resistance among blacks to the gay person's struggle.

**SEALE:** I think on the large part, you will find out that the black people reject gay people. Just to be honest about it. But I think at the same time, it's not going to take that long really. Black people recognize that gay people are basically discriminated against.

**PETERSEN:** One of the things we are wondering about is why the statement in support of gay rights now? Have you ever

talked about gay rights previously?

**BROWN:** The Black Panther Party was the first black organization to make any overt type of statement in support of the struggle of gay people. And that was in August of 1970. Almost 3 years ago.

**SEALE:** I was in jail at that time.

**BROWN:** That was an official statement. Prior to that we had never said anything one way or the other. But they had their movement going. There are any number of reasons why the blacks are oppressed, but the statement of the party, the Black Panther Party of 1970, provided the official guidelines for our whole party position on the issues of gay people, besides which we have gay people in the party.

**PETERSEN:** Have you interested gay people in the party? Have you expressed an interest in any party politics, like in your newspaper?

**SEALE:** In our latest paper sure, but before ... I think it was the 1970 primary. I don't think there were enough gay people around, making enough input into expressing their interests on a black scale. I think that was the main problem. It has appeared here and there.

**PETERSEN:** Do you think an extension of that would be to assume that black gays feel oppressed even within the Black Panther Party as far as expressing their own gay interests?

**SEALE:** To express, you know, is to have space moving culture interconnected related existence. Expression comes out of relationships, to be able to communicate with people all around the party and communicate about the campaigns; not only to express themselves politically in terms of the party, but being able to express themselves in the community. It's not only the party.

**PETERSEN:** Women, as a group within the party, have been able to voice their particular grievances. At least ten percent of the general population is gay. That ten percent is not expressing itself hardly anywhere. Why, I wonder, aren't they in the party, in the Black Panther Party, where it would seem like they would feel more free to, or how do you feel about that?

**SEALE:** They don't, they haven't. I don't see why they don't feel that they could if they are. I don't know. I don't know if there is even a gay person working around the party. Maybe they aren't really gay, I don't know.

**BROWN:** In terms of women's liberation as a movement within the party though, you forget the other half of it. The party is really one, a solid unit. And I would say that more than the women have been championing these rights. I would say that some of the men have been most

active in seeing that women are not discriminated against within the framework of the party itself. I mean the same concepts, the same leadership have been the expressors on the rights of gay people and other people in our party, to function within the government of the party. In other words, there hasn't been some organized movement on the part of women to say to the men in party now that we deserve this and that and the other.

**SEALE:** Well, that has been expressed at one point. But I think it was pointed out, first, that the women are the majority of the members, a great majority like 65-70% of the people in the party. Second, it was greatly expressed that we wanted all skills. I think it wasn't so much that the brothers in the party necessarily didn't want women to do this or didn't want the women to do that. I think a degree of expression had to occur. We went across the board, throughout the whole party: Where are all the skills at? Be they women or gays or whoever, where are the skills at? We want the skills, because the skills are important to the liberation framework. That's basically what we've done.

**PETERSEN:** How much have you been referring to the gay rights statement in public? Like when people ask you "what is your platform?"

**SEALE:** When people ask me that, I start running down the economics of the city of Oakland, the unemployed people and oppressed people across the board. I've probably talked about oppressed people, be they black, blue, senior citizens, gay or whoever, *in that context*. I've done that quite often. There is one thing I just don't do; I don't do what I heard one other mayoralty candidate say when asked the question, "what would you do for gay people's rights?" He said, with a snicker, "try to make them go straight is all I can say." He got boo-ed, which was beautiful. This cat just didn't understand. He had this little masculinity attack, a psychological masculinity attack when he did that. If a person asked me that question at that time, I would have said that I'm concerned with your rights; I'm concerned with people who are discriminated against, all people, gay people along with many others who are part of the total oppressed who shouldn't be discriminated against. Jobs, the right to keep their children, parents ... everything down the line. I'm just not going to go through any changes about one's choice of sexuality and relationships in society. And I do wish gays would ask more questions.

**PETERSEN:** We can come up with programs to eliminate discrimination in

employment and specifics in legal areas, but the main thing, and I think what the Black Panther newspaper is all about, is consciousness-raising. People must find out that there are gay people, and that a lot of their brothers and sisters are gay, and that they are afraid to tell them that they are gay. There are all kinds of problems. But it's got to be a real general and probably a very difficult process in consciousness development. And I'm wondering why it isn't happening in your newspaper, and why it's been three years since it was discussed in any official statement.

**SEALE:** Well, what we had was a people's revolutionary party government at that time, including all movements, all groups, all organizations and gay people too. People seem to forget that we have been busy defending ourselves. We get shot at, we get killed, and go in jail and get locked up, you know, and we were trying to reach a key segment of the community. They seem that they forget that. That doesn't mean we are exempt. But if it didn't appear until 1970, I'm not apologizing. I'm saying that there were some people out in the community in 1966 toting some guns, and trying to stop brutality, and what if it had been a gay that we were trying to defend from getting brutalized. I don't know. So you are wondering why we didn't say anything until 1970. I don't know.

Let's say, why didn't the gay liberation come out more. Maybe gay liberation didn't come out more because it was being discriminated against and pressured, right? But before you and I came along, why didn't black people come out a little more in the fashion and manner that we did? They are being oppressed.

**PETERSEN:** I would like to talk more generally about the campaign for a while. I don't know much about Oakland or its population, or how it has responded to this campaign, but I'm sure that the people in the hills are very fearful of the possibility of your being elected. Do you think they have anything to fear?

**SEALE:** No, they don't have anything to fear. You see fear is cross-related with a form of self-hate. On one hand people have a certain capacity to feel guilty about things being done to other human beings. And then you have a higher leap; now you feel guilty, feel ashamed of the fact that people around you are still doing these things to other people. I don't think most of the community there has ever gotten to the point of really feeling guilty, especially just in terms of allowing themselves to ever start to feel guilty about the things that were done in the past. Once you get to the level of just being ashamed, not necessarily guilty, it

means you have come through a phase, a process. Once you feel ashamed you can start to forgive yourself. But if you still have the ability to hate self, you have the ability to hate another human being. I refuse to hate myself. I forgive myself and I forgive other human beings in the community. To forgive, not in a charitable sense, but to forgive in a realization sense.

**PETERSEN:** Well, that is how you view their fear, but how have the other candidates used fear? What has been the object of fear in this campaign, so far.

**SEALE:** I think what really has happened is that fear has been conjured, has been concocted. Many people are trying to run a fear campaign, a smear campaign, mainly against me. I'm sure it's not going to work. I've been lied on, talked on, falsely accused, put in jail, brutalized over and over and over again. I have been proving the opposite, and I don't think people will listen to it much. I think people are really interested in what I'm talking about. In the hills you have people that are going to vote the straight Republican party; they are a small minority throughout this whole community. And one thing I have found, even with the Republicans when I go into some of those communities, is that people really come out to meet me, come out to see if I really exist, and I have a chance to talk to them and to explain the program. People say, "well I never really thought about that before." It really blows their minds and they pay very close attention to what I have to say, probably more so than they do the other candidates.

**PETERSEN:** Have you had to change for the election? To what extent have you had to compromise yourself for purposes of the election, in terms of personal feelings about how you like to relate to people? I'm sure you will be glad when it is over.

**SEALE:** To be glad that it's over will mean to me that the masses of the people will have been organized in opposition to the existing fascist power structure. So to be glad it's over is not a very negative feeling but is very positive.

We are in a very different kind of a situation than most politicians. Well, for one, most politicians run a campaign primarily to sock up as many votes as they can as far as gay people and black people and other groups. They have to say something, but not too much. A few limited promises here and there, just to sock up votes. O.K., so they lie to the people. We don't run that kind of campaign. First my name is already known, right? Now that is very important in terms of how you analyze the campaign.

We now have the ability to run an education campaign. That's very difficult for some politicians, and they have to plaster their names all over their billboards, for all of those people to remember names. That's primarily what they want to do. My name is already known. My name is a household word throughout this country. Even the Ku Klux Klan, the Republicans, you name it. Mule Creek Junction and the back woods. Bobby Seale's name is known. So the point is what type of individual program I'm talking about. I'm talking about changes. The corruption of the system and what needs to be done. Most of the people know my programs and associate Bobby Seale's name with that program more than the others, and we educate them in that way. We are getting donations to buy radio time, but to talk about programs and to associate my name with those programs. We are already known. Probably mostly because of the 55% black population in Oakland. Probably 50% of those registered to vote in the city of Oakland are black people, alone, and when you start adding Chicano people, and gay people ... see what I'm talking about? It's still an education campaign. That's what we ask. We are a part of what we call the human movement. You can take the civil rights movement, the black liberation movement, American's people movement, Chicano people movement, women's liberation movement, gay people movements, anti-war movement, and put it all together and you got a gigantic thing called the human movement. That's the way I see it.

That's what I feel. We are only a part of that movement. We are not the total, we are representatives of that movement. Being political office or not, we still are representatives of that movement. My ideas that reflect that total, they reflect somewhat the meaning of being human beings. That's what we are trying to get over.

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## Rick, Bob and Tennessee

In September, 1971, VECTOR ran a photo-story concerning the marriage of Robert Chapline and Rick Winter (after a 12-year living-together courtship). When both the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE and THE EXAMINER ran feature interviews this week concerning the work of these two intense, dynamic, charming and talented men VECTOR decided to do a whatever-happened-to.

The marriage? No news which is the best news. They are still together, still very much in love, still growing and changing and still defying all gay statistics.

Their work? Both are still voice teaching at the American Conservatory Theatre and sometimes acting in the company, as well as commuting to Los Angeles to teach at the Strasberg Institute. So what's new?

Rick and Bob are co-directing Tennessee Williams' recent play, SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS at the Xoregos Dance Studio, 70 Union St. (Phone: 771-6130). This is a fairly new and sorely needed off-Broadway type theatre seating few enough people so that the usual stringent rules of the Actors Equity Union have been relaxed thus allowing ARTISTS' ENTERPRISE THEATRE to employ professional as well as amateur talent. While this may bring a ho-hum from the public it will garner a gut cheer from those interested in fertile theatre.

As far as theatre work was concerned SAN FRANCISCO was a dead town once ACT closed its doors. Actors and technicians have no place to work, especially professional ones. ARTISTS' ENTERPRISE THEATRE hope to change that by providing a place where anyone may read with a reasonable hope that their talent will be recognized and employed.

While local critics took umbrage to some of Tennessee Williams' script, the production credits were praised, especially the directorial work of Rick and Bob.

SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS deals with a day-in-the-life-of type of drama which, according to a recent Williams PLAYBOY interview, represents exactly where his head is at at this point in his life. The play is set in a bar along the Southern California coast and consists of nine characters, among them Quentin, a homosexual, and his lover-trick. Williams has proclaimed a strong identity with the character of Quentin.

According to Rick and Bob, the most difficult aspect of the play is the realization of the lyricism of the language.

The show will be playing weekends only and thus far has been consistently sold out for all its performances, so telephone reservations are suggested.

SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS will be reviewed in the next issue of VECTOR.



Vera Stough (Violet), Myrs Hughes (Leona) and Dennis McLaughlin (Bill) in some of the action of the Artists' Enterprise Theatre production of SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS. (Photo by James Armstrong)

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## Book Reviews: THE PERSIAN BOY

By MARY RENAULT  
PANTHEON BOOKS, 1972. \$7.95

The second of two novelized works concerning the life of Alexander the Great (*Fire from Heaven* dealt with Alexander's earlier life), *The Persian Boy* is the latest in a distinguished series of semi-novels of profound interest to homosexuals.

The "Persian boy" of the title is one Bagoas, an aristocrat from Susa castrated at the age of ten by his father's enemies as a result of one of the many feuds and counter-feuds that plagued Persia shortly before the advent of Alexander, and once we get past that rather traumatic (to say the least) experience in the book, meet Alexander, and experience the love between the conqueror of the world and his eunuch boy, our fascination and sympathy are irrevocably captured. I couldn't put the book down. (As an aside, it is virtually impossible for anybody today to understand the practice of castrating pre-pubescent boys - suffice it to say that the practice was widespread in the ancient world, and may have been considered less degrading than, say, crucifixion.) Renault develops the love affair with skill, restraint, and rare insight, and backs it up with impressive scholarship.

Some years ago when I first heard of Renault and *The Charioteer*, I found it impossible to believe that a woman could write with serious understanding of a love between two men, but then I read the book, reluctantly, and there it was - a woman had, and magnificently. Forgive me, but I toyed around for awhile with the idea that Renault was simply a guy in drag, but rejected that right off as silly. Then it occurred to me that *The Charioteer* wasn't really what I would call a gay novel at all, and I still think that this notion can be argued with a bit of cogency. For one thing, Renault obviously has an enormous commitment to the Hellenic world - read her bibliography - and even in *The Charioteer*, which takes place in World War II Britain, this same commitment shines through. It is an ingenious reworking of *Oedipus* and of Plato's *Phaedrus*, from which she derives the title, and again shows her preoccupation with love as the ancient Greeks understood it.

No mean preoccupation, when one considers that whole, complete generations of Classical scholars have refused to believe the literal evidence before their eyeballs, which was that Horace, Socra-

tes, Plato, et al. did, indeed, spiritually and physically, LOVE MEN. Instead we were given the notion of "Platonic love," especially in the Victorian and Edwardian eras in England (I don't know about other countries) whereunder it was OK fervently to admire, worship, serve, gently caress, look adoringly at, and even wrestle naked with members of the same sex (D.H. Lawrence), but anything less spiritual would land you in Rading Gaol. Lawrence has this up to the eyeballs, and so did E.M. Forster, in the first half of *Maurice*, but Forster ultimately rejects this watered-down Platonism as the crap that it is. The quintessence of the idea, if not the life of the other Lawrence ("of Arabia"), is contained in a statue just west of the Life Sciences Building and Dwinelle Hall at UC Berkeley, depicting two of the most beautiful, and platonically frustrated, young athletes I've ever seen.

This kind of bullshit is what traditional Classical scholarship has given us, and Renault does a Herculean job of cleaning out the Augean stable of their anti-homosexuality.

Still, is *The Persian Boy* a gay novel? Well, no - being myself a person with my own preoccupations - a definition of certain kinds of genre fiction - I would prefer to say that it is a historical novel of the Classical period in which the author gives full, complete recognition and understanding to the role of homosexuality in Alexander's life. If the love of man for man was the very mainspring of Greek culture, let's get at it, and so she does.

Must reading - graceful, and exquisitely penetrating.

- Richard Amory

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## STRAIGHT

A HETEROSEXUAL TALKS ABOUT HIS  
HOMOSEXUAL PAST  
By WILLIAM AARON  
DOUBLEDAY, 216 p., \$6.95

The only guilt William Aaron (pseudonym) has been able to get out of me is the fact that I'm reluctantly giving his book attention.

The primary reason for avoiding STRAIGHT is that it is poorly written. Aaron's style lies somewhere between Alcoholics Anonymous, a Southern Baptist bench confession and the kind of writing which fills the pages between the pictures in pornographic magazines. His ideas so offended me that I seriously considered ripping off the book from the marvelous Berkeley Public Library as a service to my gay brothers and sisters.

Last month it was Merle Miller's WHAT HAPPENED. This month it's STRAIGHT. What's going on in publishing? A quiet voice suggests it may have to do with closet cases getting jollies from homophobic literature containing the same possibilities of graphic gay sex descriptions as the obvious gay publications.

Most of us thought we were in a time space where life styles were no longer matters of debate, where differences were as delightful as similarities.

Mr. Aaron found a woman to love him and bear his children. Wonderful! We all wish him well as we would if he had found a lover to give him the peace and security and happiness he craved. But when he jumps on a soap box and flings shit at those poor, depraved, unenlightened, pathetic souls who are still "trapped" in his "past," then the fragility of his glass house becomes embarrassingly obvious. Aaron has reached the pinnacle where he proudly declares that some of his best friends are gay.

Further discussion of STRAIGHT is irrelevant as is the book.

- Richard Piro

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## Theatre Review: THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON

BY JASON MILLER  
A.C.T. REPERTORY, SAN FRANCISCO

Remember the high school jocks? Remember their swagger? Their cool? Remember how they made entrances at the dances and proms, wearing their dates, everyone looking like a Doris Day? Remember their insolence in class, especially around tournament time and their request/demands for a glimpse at your homework, your exam paper? If they had pimples no one seemed to notice. They could turn gum chewing into a wildly erotic experience and calmly scratch their balls with the chair tilted backwards while you were in a cold sweat because you couldn't understand your own feelings. There was no room for you in that rarified atmosphere of adoration. They were the real American dream and no matter how hard you cheered at the games, saved the local newspaper clippings and prayed for victory, each accomplishment increased your frustration and agony at being on the wrong side of humanity. Were you ever best friend and confidant to one of these Jock Strap-Doris Day combinations?

THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON deals with four members and a coach of a winning basketball team (Pennsylvania State Champions, 1952) who have remained in the small town and reunion annually to relive their moments of glory. The Coach (Dana Elcar) revels in the company of "his boys" and spouts Plato philosophy about life and the purity of the slaughtering field. George Sikowski (Ray Reinhardt) is a fourth-rate former insurance salesman turned crooked Mayor and running for a second term. He desperately needs the \$30,000 contribution from Phil Romano (Ramon Bieri) who has destroyed the ecology by making a fortune in strip mining and, to save his business is ready to make a deal with George's "kike" rival. James Daley (Ed Flanders), the junior high school principal is about to be dumped as George's campaign manager in favor of the brighter guys from Philadelphia, and James sees it as part of the pattern of continuing failure due to his excessive sense of responsibility, which includes caring for his hopelessly alcoholic brother and teammate Tom (Paul Shenar).

Twenty years of booze and sex and boredom have taken their toll of these teenage gladiators, and during this one evening we see each of them peeled like an onion, layer after ugly layer. Each life

is helplessly entwined with each other life, including who's sleeping with whom.

Jason Miller's writing falls far from the promise and Allen Fletcher's direction is confused and shallow, and this unfortunate combination cleanly removes the guts from the production, which becomes not the play which still has New Yorkers on their feet cheering but rather an evening of very good, very popular television at \$6.50 for front seats. The problem is partly complicated by Jason Miller's misuse of humor. The connection between the Coach and Archie Bunker is far too close for comfort and, as directed, each quasi-clever line is played as an immortal punch guffaw by all the characters. San Franciscans are such good audience and pull so hard for the success of the cast that they dutifully laugh rather than embarrass the producers. These forced, wrenched laughs eventually pile up and serve as a weight around the show which gets less and less effective as the heavy punching increases. Poor Paul Shenar was strapped to the old fashioned drunken cynic who seldom participates in the action but is never so drunk that he can't come up with terribly clever observations of the "What fools these mortals be" genre.

Jason Miller's writing lacks the bite and excitement of pure language that shines through every page of Edward Albee, with whom he has been frequently compared. Miller is still tied up with "reality" but in time will realize more fully what theatrical reality is all about. Where Albee orchestrates, Miller simply dialogues. The subject of THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON is too familiar to sustain familiar language in 1973.

It is almost impossible not to respond to THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON as a gay male with a sense of vengeance? that our time has finally come - twenty years later. Many believe that a homosexual's strength and consequent superiority comes first through his conscious decision to get off the world and go it alone. It's the toughest part of the decision involved in "coming out." Straight society is readily equipped to help their own get through a productive life. When we acknowledged our gayness we automatically agreed to go it alone using our own inner resources which eventually makes for stronger, more capable productive human beings. THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON is a fascinating study of four men who served their society by lifting it out of mediocrity into a state championship. Content that they had made their mark at 17 or 18 years old and paid all their dues, they return and settle in that town, marry the



former cheerleaders and ride the crest of their fame to adult success. No way. Now at the age of 38 they are disintegrating. As for self-knowledge and change, they can't even conceive of getting out. They can't leave. How can they start over? There is a point of no return in certain people's lives. For these men, there are no alternatives. What they now know is this: "I'm committed to this road; I have to walk it because I don't have the courage - even the imagination - to do anything else." These men are locked in tight.

Jason Miller wrote in an AFTER DARK interview, "These men really never cultivated themselves. They are five lost men who have existed with false visions of self for 38 years or more. This night, they finally realize the falsity of those visions and the systems by which they live. But it's too late to change. They have to go on. They make REPAIRS, but they do not change."

When I say that it's difficult not to respond to THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON as gay, I mean that the greatest

percentage of gays went through this type of identity crisis at an age where we were resilient enough to navigate the waters ahead unencumbered by what was, and excited about what could and would be. (Which may be a reason for the phenomenal success most gays have in their chosen fields from education to hair dressing). Thus comes the smugness at watching the glory boys of 1952 disintegrate at a point where they have already exhausted their inner resources. Our time has come and we are ready.

In spite of the disappointment with Allen Fletcher's direction, this show remains a thoroughly engrossing and vital theatre experience. It's an actor's evening and the five performers are stunning, especially a newcomer to A.C.T., Ramon Bieri.

Since THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON involves individual choices, and gay liberation is all about choices, it is a play which satisfies us on several levels. While my intention is not to rattle skeletons in anyone's closet, I submit that

THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON, viewed from this specific perspective, serves the cause in a dignified, intriguing, funny, theatrical, exciting manner.

— Richard Piro

(Above) Scenes from THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON, the A.C.T. production. Photographs by Ken Howard.

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# Liberating My Family

by Kevin Norton

One of the more interesting aspects of human nature in general, and of my own personality in particular, is the ability to assume that meaningful communication has taken place when, in fact, only the would-be communicator is aware of the subject of the intended communication. For some time now, whenever I was asked if my family knew that I was gay I would answer that they did, but that we never talked about it. They had all met my lover, in their homes and in ours, and they had all stopped asking me when I was going to get married. That they knew and accepted the fact that I was gay was, for me, an inescapable logical conclusion.

But I was wrong. Most of them, it turns out, neither accepted nor knew, and now because of a series of radio interviews I did on the CBS network about alcoholism in the gay community, many of them do know that I am gay and I have to attempt to get them to accept that fact as I do. The easiest thing, I suppose, would be to allow them to love me in spite of my being gay, but I don't believe that my self-esteem could accept that sort of love. And so I've decided to try to educate them, in much the same way that I try to educate straight people with whom I have no personal relationship of an enduring nature.

Last Saturday night my sister Jane called and asked why I had never talked about my being gay with my family. She said that most of them had not known and that some of them were, as she put it, upset. As for herself, she said that although she hadn't known for sure, she had thought that I was gay and she felt that as long as I was happy, she was happy. But she felt that it showed a lack on my part to have not brought it up with the family long ago. I suppose she was right.

I'm going to New York the day after tomorrow and will talk to my parents while I'm there. No one, as far as I know, has yet told them about the broadcasts, but since my feeling is that they already know that I'm gay, the only reason I'm at all uncomfortable about talking with them is that, as Jane said, I should have told them long ago.

Today I'm writing my two other sisters, whom I may or may not get to see in New York. Those letters follow. Mary is about fifteen years older than I and has seven children, the oldest of whom got married last year. Peggy is about six years older than I and has two children, the oldest of whom, Mark, is six or seven. The book that I mention is Dr. George Weinberg's SOCIETY AND THE HEALTHY HOMOSEXUAL, the pamphlets "Homosexuality and the Sickness Theory" and a few about religion and homosexuality. I'm not sure what response I'll get, but I think that it will be positive. Time, as they say, will tell.

Dear Mary,

Thanks for the phone call of a few weeks ago. You sounded sort of upset to me at the time, but I couldn't figure out why and I guessed that you would have mentioned the cause if you had wanted to talk about it. Now that I know the cause I'm sorry that I didn't talk about it years ago.

Believe it or not, I have assumed for a very long time that everybody in the family knew that I was homosexual and didn't care about it one way or the other. I never saw any reason to bring the subject up since it didn't seem to bother anyone, although I would certainly have been willing to talk about it if anyone had wanted to. At least I think so.

In many ways my being gay is no more important to me than my being a man or having blue eyes. I am a person and like every other person there are things about me that are the same as others and things about me that are different from others. And I do not believe that there is anything wrong with any of those things that, put together, make me, Kevin, the individual that I am. I hope that you agree with me and I think, because of your phone call, that you are as willing to love and accept me now as you were before your mother-in-law told you about the radio shows that she heard.

Because of my failure, in the past, to talk about my being gay, I really don't know what you know or how you feel about the subject, even apart from myself. So I'm sending you with this letter some things that I'd like you to read and learn from. A lot of people, particularly from our background, have prejudices against gay people. If you share those prejudices, I think that the enclosed will help you to overcome them.

And it is important to me that you accept my being gay as I accept it. I love you very much and I think that you love me too, but I really don't want your love if I have to take pity or judgment with it. I hope that you understand what I mean. My basic feelings for you are not likely to change very much, no matter what you feel about me. I've spent too many years being your loving brother to become indifferent about you now. But unless we can continue to have a positive personal relationship, I'd rather not have any personal relationship. It's up to you.

If you think that I'm suffering or unhappy because I'm gay, or that I'm ashamed of it, or that I'd rather be straight, you're wrong. I'm quite happy with my life and my life style, and I'm certainly not ashamed of my homosexuality, nor would I change it if I could.

I would change a lot of society's attitudes, though, and I'm trying to do that by being on the radio and on television, speaking in high schools and colleges, and doing whatever else I can to achieve full civil rights for myself and for the millions of other gay men and women in this country and in the world.

I hope that I see you when I'm in New York, and that your attitude toward me won't be any different than it was before you found out what I'd thought you'd known all along.

Love to you all,  
Kevin

Dear Peggy,

I talked to Jane the other night and she told me that you were surprised and upset to learn that I am homosexual. I'm surprised that you didn't know all along. For the past five years, at least, I haven't tried to hide it in any way. I figured that you all knew but that nobody wanted to talk about it. So I never brought it up.

Perhaps I was wrong to have not brought it up and to have taken your knowledge for granted. But that's past and there's really nothing that anybody can do about it. So now at least you do know and the problem is to stop your being upset over it. But in a very real way, that's your problem, not mine.

This is not to say that I don't care what you think of me. I love you very much, and I do care. What it is to say is that I have come to terms with who I am, and I would hope that you will try to put aside your prejudices and do the same. If you find that you can't love me or continue to relate to me because I'm homosexual, then I'm sorry, but I'm not about to say that the reason for the sorrow is that I'm gay. There is nothing wrong with being gay.

Surely, there are some social problems, and it's certainly easier to be straight and get along in the world as it is now constituted, but that's hardly a good reason for trying to change nature, particularly when I'm quite happy with my life and life style as they are now. It is about as sensible for me to want to be straight as it is for a black to want to be white or a Jew to want to be Gentile. There really isn't any value in denying what is.

Jane also told me that in some ways you identify Mark with me and are therefore worried that he might find when he grows up that he is gay. Don't worry about it. Statistics are on your side, heterosexuals numbering between eighty and ninety percent of the population. But even if he should turn out to be in the other ten to twenty percent, why is that so terrible if he's loved and happy?

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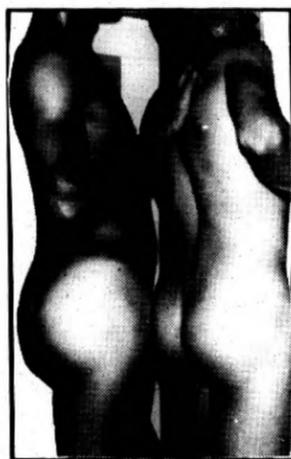
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I assume that readers of this magazine understand that *Vector* is the voice for the Society for Individual Rights. The Society is a non-profit organization and, unlike other Gay magazines you might find at your local newsstand, makes no profit for individuals. Monies earned through advertising and sales go back into creating the succeeding issues. Those of you who advertise in, and those of you who simply purchase or subscribe to the magazine, help to continue the "voice" of S.I.R., and we are indeed grateful to you for this.

Some of you may be seeing the magazine for the first time and wondering, "O.K., so it's S.I.R.'s magazine. Who or what is S.I.R.?"

On the title page you'll find the Preamble to our Constitution. S.I.R. is now the largest Gay organization in the United States with some 1300 members and approximately 700 *Vector* subscribers. Our goal is simply to free the homosexual from oppression and gain us our equal rights, regardless of race, religion, gender, or age. We attempt to do this in various ways. Essentially, our aim is to go out of business by succeeding in our goals.

S.I.R. tends to operate somewhat on the conservative side, working with the Establishment. With the help of lawyers and politicians, we attempt to change existing laws that prevent the homosexual from having the same rights as heterosexuals, and to create laws which will allow us our right to love one another as we choose. Some of us are Democrats; some Republicans. Some of us have short hair; some long. S.I.R. membership is diverse, consisting of people of all colors and religious beliefs, young and old, male and female.

Because of this great diversity we try to remain a "one-issue" organization; the issue being of course,

homosexuality. Now and then an issue comes up that, by vote, the active membership desires to get involved in. For example, the membership recently voted to endorse the California Marijuana Initiative because we felt individual rights as well as personal liberties were involved. Removal of the Death Penalty from the Penal Code also involved personal liberties and individual rights. Membership opinion on this issue however was so varied, that for lack of a 2/3 majority vote, the Society was unable to endorse its repeal.

Through our Community Services Committee, S.I.R. offers a Job Referral Program, interviewing and finding work for unemployed Gay brothers and sisters, whether they are members or not. (For those of you considering moving to the San Francisco Bay Area be forewarned: jobs are not easy to find here.)

In the back of the magazine you'll find a list of activities which take place in our Center. These activities come under our Special Activities Committee and are formed when enough people elicit interest in getting together for some specific purpose. They are open to anyone in the Gay community, both members and non-members, providing an alternative to sitting home alone or going to bars. (We do not object to people sitting at home alone or going to bars, but we do feel it necessary to provide, for those people who would like one, an alternative.)

As this issue goes to press, S.I.R. will have just completed two performances of its second annual camp musical "The S.I.R. 40-40's Models' Guild Review" presented by members and non-members who are either 40 years of age or older, or who's girth exceeds 40 inches in measurement. Funds earned by the presentation will go into our treasury to continue to provide services to the Gay community.

Our Legal Committee is in the process of compiling a manual for lawyers for use as demurrers in sex cases. S.I.R. also provides a Legal Referral Service, referring those who seek legal help to lawyers

willing to help Gays. Along with this Legal Referral Service, S.I.R. also has a Business Referral Service, for persons wishing to do business with other Gay businesses and Gay professional people.

Our Speakers Bureau gives talks and invites discussion by invitation from schools, social and professional organizations, informing the uninformed about Gay lifestyles.

Each Saturday evening the Society holds a dance at the S.I.R. Center, for members and guests. Music is provided either by a juke box or a live group. During the day on Saturday, beginning at 1 p.m. the Center is open for socializing, pool, chess, etc.

S.I.R. is very fortunate to have a large number of volunteer personnel to assist our Business Office Manager. These volunteers donate a portion of their time to work in our office answering telephones, collating printed matter, getting out mailings, and keeping the Center in order. Our major funds derive from memberships, donations and monies taken in from fund-raising events.

If you live in the Bay Area feel free to drop in at our Business Office and rap with us. Chances are we might be pretty busy, but we'll be glad to talk with you. Or come to any one of our Special Activities during the week, a dance or meetings. We have two meetings each month: the first Wednesday of each month is for members-only. Here we conduct the business of the organization. The third Wednesday evening of each month is our Community Open House. At these meetings any number of events may take place; entertainment, speakers or strictly a social atmosphere with conversation, dancing, pool, etc.

If you are unable to drop in at the Center or the Business Office, or you don't live in the immediate area, drop us a line or give us a call. The Society for Individual Rights is available to help you, our Gay brothers and sisters.

And remember, Gay is damn Good!

**mike newton**

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(Above) Jose Sarria in the throes of his "Autumn Leaves" bit in the Chuck Largent Review. Reading clockwise from Jose are Sasha Alexander, Charles Bodner, Darryl Andre and Johni Carlyle. (Below) In this swirl of musical activity, the faces are, left, Charles Bodner and, right, Tadd Waggoner. (Photos by James Armstrong)

## Show Reviews: CHUCK LARGENT

In October 1971, the ingenuous and masterful Chuck Largent gave the Gay Community what was to become its finest cabaret-entertainment achievement, *The Chuck Largent Revue*. It played at both Latex Lily's (torn down for the Yerba Buena Project) and The Mint. The show, originally reviewed as "a beauty, a humdinger of a show" by this reviewer, received the critical acclaim of the City's other Gay publications and won several Golden Awards for that year. Unfortunately, at that time the show was almost too avant garde for the traditional gay bar shows. It featured six men, all appearing as men, singing and boom-eranging their way through scores of songs. It was an immensely entertaining show; bright, witty, and everything a good cabaret revue should be. It also proved once and for all that such stellar performers as Faye and Nancy, both award winners for their female interpretations in S.I.R.'s *Once Upon a Mattress*, were thorough delights and very attractive as male performers.

The Gay Community public, unfortunately, was only willing to support the show for limited runs. It was too accustomed to the stereotype drag and camp shows to seriously support a show which aspired to so much more. However, it was the hope of every critic that somehow, sometime the original concept of the show would be brought back, given another chance.

With the formation of Encore West, Chuck Largent and Don Clarke's new production company, just such hope has materialized. The new *Chuck Largent Revue* has opened Downstairs at The Village for what is hoped an indefinite run. It is a dinner show being presented weekends and although not quite as tightly-knit, as slam-bang fast as the original, nonetheless it is an excellent show in its own right.

The show is presented on platform staging in-the-round, complete with runways, and has been opened up for maximum Gay and straight appeal. The show boasts eight of the brightest talents in San Francisco, and the delight of the evening is that no one singer performer emerges as *The Star*. Each performer is solo-ed at what he does best and the ensemble-medlies from *Paint Your Wagon*, *Godspell*, and *The Man of La Mancha* are intricate, beautiful miniature productions of their own.

All in all, the show boasts some forty

tunes, from camp specialty numbers like Beatrice Lillie's old warhorse, *Fairies in My Garden*, to the sole drag number, *My Man* done with complete, hilarious dead-pan boredom by Jose', to ballad solos by Roger Learn, Martin Meredith, etc.

Performers like Jose' have long ago established their reputations. Johni Carlyle and Roger Learn continue to present new facets of their abilities; and relative new faces and new voices like Sasha Alexander, Charles Bodnar, Darryl Andre, Martin Meredith (what a face! presence! and voice!) and Tadd Waggoner continue to prove that the talent available to the Gay Community, combining both those who have 'arrived' and those in the process of emerging as stars, is inexhaustible and very exciting.

Largent conceived, directed and choreographed his show. The astute, talented James Thomason-Bergner (whose stature continues to grow with his every endeavor) is his musical director and pianist, plus being billed as the costume designer.

In the December 1971 *Vector*, regarding the original revue, I concluded: "Run, don't walk; or put on your roller skates; just get there." I will reiterate that, plus: "You owe it to yourself and you owe it to the fine, hardworking, dedicated people who are adventurously opening up Gay Theatre entertainment to ALL the community, ALL of San Francisco. Do not let *this* musical happening slip through your fingers."

— Noel Hernandez

## DIETRICH

Her detractors want to place her in her 70's, some of her lukewarmer fans will admit that she must be someplace in her 60's, but for the true *aficionados*, which are multitudinous and legendary in the Gay Community, she is only one age, the age she has been since time immemorial: Ageless.

The surname is Dietrich, and like Garbo, Monroe, and more recently Streisand and Minnelli, you do not need to know the first name to realize who is being discussed. She is *the legend*, quite possibly the most perfectly androgynous creature the screen and the concert stage has ever produced. She embodies perfectly the mature, sophisticated characteristics of both the man and the woman: The total human being. Just as Audrey Hepburn is also perfectly androgynous, in a mystifying boyish girlish sort of way, so Dietrich is the older, more mature person of the world, perhaps a trifle weary, sadly mellow, because quite possibly the affairs of the

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heart have been so very exhaustive. A great many of her songs, whether in English or in German, deal with hello's and goodbye's, and there is nothing quite as heartbreaking as Dietrich, reconciled, resolute, singing 'Goodbye.' There is such definiteness, such a finality.

Assuredly she does not have a conventional voice for the concert stage. Frequently she is off-key, and her range is extremely limited. But what she does within the limits of her range is what counts. Deep, husky-throated, a crack in the voice, a sigh, she sings from the heart and it is all the more poignant because she really does not have the vocal equipment to sing at all. One critic, in London several years ago, wrote that France's Edith Piaf or America's Judy Garland, when performing at the height of their vocal perfection, this same vocal prowess proved a distraction to the gut-level, sad bittersweet songs they sang. This was not the case with Dietrich, he felt. Dietrich was and is the perfect embodiment of the woman standing alone, in the fog, on the docks of the bay, murmuring, singing hushedly, "Goodbye," as the ship pulls away.

All the Dietrich concerts are a narrow, limited variation of the format she originally developed years ago. Granted, there are some new additions, *Blowin' in the Wind* and *Where Have All the Flowers Gone?* sung in German, plus *Puff, the Magic Dragon*, and others, and the lush, zingy Burt Bacharach orchestrations, nonetheless it is the old standbys *Falling in Love Again*, *Lola* (from *The Blue Angel*) and *Lili Marlene* that the audience, young and old alike, wait for.

A Dietrich concert is not unlike a concert by the late Judy Garland, only it is more restrained, more subdued because its star is more subtle, a bit more aloof. Nonetheless, a two-way aura of admiration and love go from stage to audience and back again. At concert's end, when the audience rushes up to offer love beads and bouquets of long-stemmed roses, one cannot help believe but that it is all very genuine. And the love beads and peace offerings are all very appropriate. After all, since World War II, Dietrich has been known as a strong advocate of peace. Frequently her songs deal with the tragic futility of war, and the injustice of war to the young who fight them.

The dream-like concerts, gauzy and almost ethereal because of Dietrich's mystical (mythical) aura returned to the Bay Area in late March. The Circle Star appearances were a continuation of the first leg of a national tour.

— Noel Hernandez

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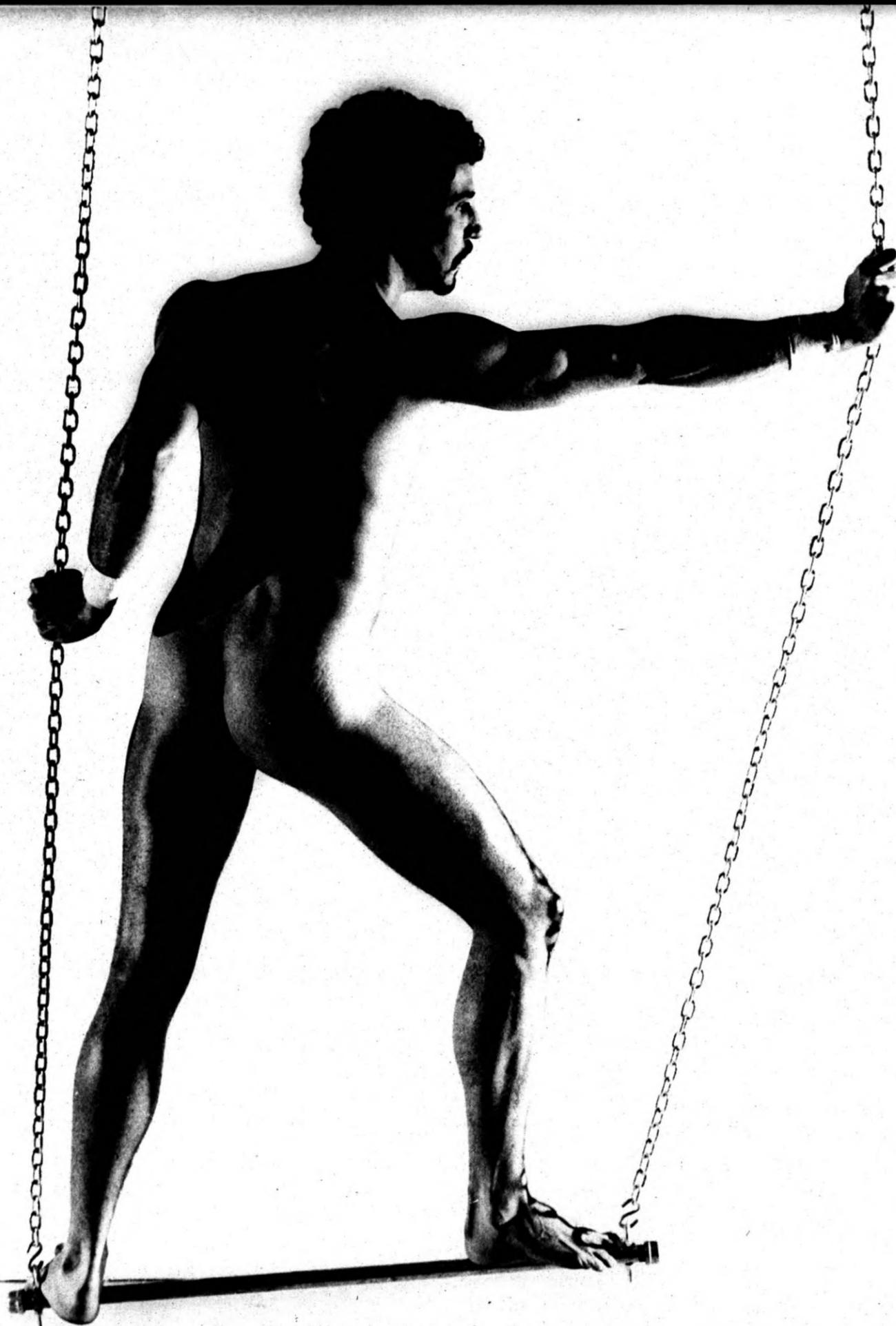
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## Norman and Tom

Photography  
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## AMYL NITRITE by Noel Hernandez

The use of amyl nitrite, commonly known as "poppers," is widespread and frequent throughout the Gay Community. The popper is most frequently used by sniffing the amyl from a specially-contrived nasal inhaler, or by breaking open a small glass vial, the "popper," which is generally used to revive heart victims or people feeling faint, by sending a rush of blood to the head. Most Gay people use poppers at the moment of orgasm, feeling that the rush of blood enhances the climax. Previously it was thought that it was essentially Gays involved in the various sado-masochistic trips who used it; however, it is now a common fact that Gay people of every age, from every level of society, are now exploring and experimenting with poppers.

Bath houses are especially common sites where the poppers are used. Orgy rooms generally reek of the smell, and participants are generally invited to partake by literally having poppers shoved up their nostrils whether they like it or not. One Gay person, a frequenter of the baths, relates that he loves the heightened sense of involvement and excitement which poppers give at the moment of climax; however, he cannot stand the residue smell of the amyl which remains on the nostrils and the hands. "It is so metallic-smelling and nauseating. It is a complete turnoff," he relates.

Some Gay people have reported adverse effects from sniffing poppers. Some claim that although momentarily it does rush them into euphoria, nonetheless, it leaves them afterwards with headaches, faint, and a sense of suspended reality. "I have been stoned, heavily stoned on other drugs, and the severity, the sharpness of the amyl rush completely broke my high. Afterwards, I had to start working on the previous high all over again," one person stated.

Most frequently poppers are taken in combination with marijuana or alcohol. However, people who also use other depressants, psychedelics, and such stimulants as cocaine, caffeine and nicotine also use it. Amyl nitrite, regardless of the "happy" rush which it may effectuate is officially, medically listed as an inhalant depressant on the charts of major drugs.

As with marijuana and most other drugs, obtaining poppers is not as difficult as before, though the high expense still remains. Almost anyone who

has his own inhalant can tell you where to go to buy it, and what the key-signal words are which will trigger the transaction. Amyl dealers, like other dope dealers, need symbolic words spoken by the potential customer, so as to be assured that the customer is "legitimate," i.e., not a narcotics agent. Amyl sells for anywhere from \$12.00 to \$16.00 an ounce.

The actual relation between amyl and the sexual response has been open for debate and investigation by scientists and doctors ever since its widespread use as an aphrodisiac became known. The drug obviously hits upon some responsive chord in the sexual act; however, if it and solely of itself can elicit sexual excitement is highly doubtful. It may enhance what is already there, your own mushrooming passion, but it will not give it to you unless you are already feeling it. As a result, a great many people can sniff on poppers while involved in activities completely unrelated to sex.

Probably the greatest relationship of amyl nitrite to the sexual experience itself is the fact that it can detain immediate ejaculation while prolonging the orgasm when it does occur. As one amyl nitrite addict related: "Once you cum, the rush of blood to the head coupled with the orgasm leaves you completely spent, exhausted. You can feel quite content, very pleasantly spent, or you can feel dirty and jaded because you needed this additional heightener to really get it on. It all depends on where your head is at."

Poppers themselves are not addictive; however, as with the majority of other drugs on the market, it may be psychologically addictive. A great many Gay people can take it or leave it, though others go to great lengths to use it con-

sistently and constantly throughout all of their sexual experiences.

The use of poppers is not as common in the straight community. The reason for this may be twofold: 1) Its use may just not have been as widely publicized and discussed; and/or 2) a certain natural aversion that a great many women feel towards the drug may be preventing its use. Many women feel that sniffing on poppers while making love is akin to taking a coffee break while having intercourse.

To be studied remains the actual effect of the prolonged use of poppers. Little scientific study has been made on the actual physiological and psychological effects once an individual has become "addicted." It is doubtful, however, that even if test results should prove negative, that it would curb the use of amyl nitrite. In that respect, the Gay and straight communities are very similar. Today is the day when society on the whole is drug-orientated and related: The legal and moral condemnation of uppers, downers, hallucinatory drugs only drives them underground onto the Black Market, where they still thrive and flourish, the demand for them becoming possibly even greater, only at higher prices.

As long as society, whether straight or Gay, continues to be indoctrinated and brainwashed into believing that happiness is "a bucketful of booze," "a pill," or "a whiff of 'perfume' (amyl)," then the demand for all of these stimulants will persist. Gays may be a little more open, more honest in relating what pills they are popping, but straights are there also, shoulder to shoulder, where it is all happening.

*(The author is indebted in his research for this article to Guy M. Everett's thought-provoking and incisive "Effects of Amyl Nitrite (Poppers) on Sexual Experience," published in the Dec. 1972 Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality).*

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# THE GO-GO BOY

## A Short Story by Dennis Connaughton

Patrick O'Leary was unhappy with himself that Monday evening when he headed for the bars. It had been a dreadful December weekend in Chicago, cold and grey, remarkable only for the torpor of events. Monday came awash with lethargy and self pity; he felt alone and afraid. There had been better days, last summer in San Francisco for example. Driving down Geary Boulevard in his 1967 Volkswagen seeking Land's End and the sea, he picked up a hitchhiker one day, John by name. Once in the car, John said to Pat, "How 'bout a joint?" and they spent the time from 4th Avenue to 38th united in the sharing. Then together they touched the sea, cold but strangely tender despite its voyages, and listened to fog horns moan deeply and purposefully. An occasional ship passed by. They spotted the bow of one marked boldly "United States Lines" and in the time it took for the ship's stern to fade in the horizon of Golden Gate Bridge, John and Pat experienced one another amid a maze of cool cypresses on a forgotten hillside overlooking the bay. When the sex flow ebbed, they exchanged brief epigrams of their lives and parted as tenuously as they had met.

Patrick thought about John often after that day. There was no reason to think about him really, except that for a few hours on an idle day in San Francisco Pat was swimming more than sinking in some sort of illogic reason making a brief meaningful pattern of the cross fabrics of his life. Pat defined himself through experiences with other people. John appeared to him a rootless nomad oblivious to the structures and traditions of society. Pat, on the other hand, felt rooted in middle class Chicago, a city he hated as much as loved for the tendrils holding him to it. So when he finished his two years in the Army, and after the summer in San Francisco, he went home. Home was an ailing mother living in a dying white Irish Catholic neighborhood

on the city's southwest side. The area had been a cultural ghetto for years and now the fertile Blacks were encroaching, pushing the limits of their own massive ghetto. In two years perhaps, the Whites would be gone completely, fleeing to one of the many suburbs built for accepting them - Oak Lawn, Evergreen Park, Chicago Heights - with visions of green lawns, good schools, and safe streets. The process was an upheaval most of the residents had experienced at least once before. They spoke often of property values and crime rates, and felt somehow caught in a monstrous chess game with their homes as pawns.

On Pat's first day home, his mother spoke of the weeds in the back yard of the aging bungalow, weeds she no longer had the strength to pull. "I'm glad you're home to help," she said. He wanted to talk of his reaction to the war, changes he had gone through and discoveries he had made of himself, but the weeds took precedence. Furthermore, he wanted to say that he was not home to help with the weeds, no matter how important they seemed to her, but to come to some sort of terms with his own reality, whatever form that might take. He did not say any of that, however; he listened instead to her complaints and felt guilty for not caring. Pat was the youngest of four children whom Mrs. O'Leary raised on her own after their father died in 1953; as a result Pat was made to feel obligated to her now that she had suffered a heart attack and was virtually helpless. He did. Her physical condition had a debilitating effect on her mind as well, and about a month after he was home, she awoke in the middle of the night, ran outside, and began screaming uncontrollably. Pat had to stuff rags down her throat to silence her. The neighbors called the police. She said she was suddenly afraid; he said she was getting senile. Neither knew the truth.

In the fall, Pat re-enrolled at the

University of Illinois under the G.I. Bill to finish his Bachelor's Degree in English. His mother wanted him to be a policeman; he did not know what he wanted to be, but not a policeman. During the fall term, only one idea from school imposed itself significantly on his mind, a line from Goethe's *Faust*: "Every man is well aware of his dark urges." He questioned what the line meant; he was not "well aware" of his dark urges, not completely, not yet, and the idea disturbed him. It made him feel fear for the future. At the same time the present offered little hope. His few encounters with other people since John in San Francisco were shabby affairs with middle-aged men in dark corners of the forest preserve on Torrence Avenue: chiaroscuro figures performing mindless rites in a ghoulish world.

So it was on that Monday in December that Patrick O'Leary headed for the bars, alone, afraid, and unhappy with himself. He drove in his 1967 V.W. to lower Clark Street in an area just north of the Loop and just south of Skid Row, where a cluster of boys bars stand amid sleazy hotels and dilapidated warehouses. He went into a bar he had not been in before, called The Twirl, because it looked the liveliest of the bars on that particular night. As he entered he saw a familiar face near the doorway: Dolores, a bartender from a place he used to frequent before he went into the service. Dolores was only a nickname, of course, but Pat never knew his real name; everyone called him Dolores in the other bar. Dolores had a special stunt that made him popular with his customers: when a particular song played on the juke box, he would stand atop a gigantic oval bar and perform a baton twirling routine, sometimes with flaming batons. Pat remembered Dolores say once, "I was raised in Peoria, Illinois, and I knew what I was in high school. So did everyone else in town. So instead of sports, I twirled a baton for the marching band and people began to like me. It was that kind of town. I could be different as long as I played a funny little role consistent with people's ideas about me, but if I ever tried to be a fullback - or class president, for that matter - honey, watch out! They would have run me out of town so fast I wouldn't have time to snap on my living bra." Dolores actually had the bulk of a fullback gone flabby from misuse. He molded and shaped that flab to best use in gaudy but elegantly styled dresses giving him the look, along with wig and make-up, of a suburban matron. Pat liked the teeming inconsistencies of the man and respected him for what he was, or presented himself to be; the two were

much the same to Pat.

"Why, honey, what closet have you been hiding in? I haven't seen you around for ages!" Dolores tremoloed when he spied Pat.

"I've been in the service," said Pat, open-faced.

"Oh, lucky you! Well, welcome back and welcome to my bar. Do you like it?" He gave a coquettish grin. "The bar I mean."

"I haven't had a chance to look around yet, but congratulations on opening your own place."

"Thanks. You'll love it. All sorts of nice boys come here and we have drag shows and go-go boys performing in the back room. Take a look and enjoy, enjoy. By the way, there's a go-go boy contest tonight. The winner gets to dance here for two weeks with pay. Why don't you try out?"

"No," said Pat with an embarrassed laugh, "I would feel too self-conscious, but I'll have fun watching. See you later." Pat touched Dolores' forearm and gave it an affectionate squeeze as he turned into the bar. The front room of the place was dimly lit with candles in egg-drop, red tinted glass containers arranged spasmodically around a compulsory oval bar. The huge bar itself was half in the front room and half in the back, broken in the middle by a rugged flagstone wall dividing the two rooms. There were two openings in the wall; one in the center of the bar allowing bartenders access to both rooms - an arched, Arabic looking passage - and the other a doorway to the right of the bar leading to the back room. Pat walked through the doorway to discover an enormous converted warehouse of a room, effectively masculine in decor, with exposed brick walls bordered at the top by barn siding and climaxing in a high, beamed cathedral ceiling. Various colored baby spotlights illumined the room and gave it a festival flare. The final half of the oval bar jutted out into the room; opposite it, on the right hand wall, stood a low rising platform. On either side of the platform were wooden staircases leading up to a bridge spanning the length of the platform below and extending out about four feet on both sides. The entire structure had the look of a misconceived stage with parts in all the wrong places.

The back room was crowded that night with faces largely unfamiliar to Pat. Some in the crowd were talking amiably with friends or acquaintances trying to be heard above blaring juke box music, others seemed lost in their own thoughts, their own worlds, still others were observing and perhaps hunting, hunting



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for something imagined or real: sex, the promise of love, or simply a bridge away from aloneness; all seemed anxious for the show to begin. Pat ordered a beer and took a place along the back wall in a pool of orange light emanating from a small spotlight in the ceiling. He leaned against a rib-high, foot-wide wood counter supported against the wall. In close proximity, on either side of Pat, stood two men. The man to his left was in his early thirties and had the look of the 1950's: tight fitting tan Levi's cinctured with a cowhide belt and giant silver buckle bearing a vaguely conceived ranch brand; a shirt of blue and white checkered tablecloth design, open at the top revealing a smooth, somewhat diminutive chest; and angular facial features seemingly drawn taut by a close-cropped head of curly hair, vasolined and swept back. Pat turned toward him and looked into the man's eyes, then smiled a warm smile. The man returned a frozen glance directed at Pat and through him as well. He held that glance a few seconds then let his eyes roam about Pat's anatomy: a fleeting survey of the boy, his contour and image. Slowly he averted his attention away from Pat and began to stare into a vacuum of space above the heads of everyone, with a resolute look of wanting to dismiss Pat from his mind. Pat became immediately paranoid; he was suddenly aware that he had taken no particular care in dressing. He was wearing grey, faded, flannel trousers he had owned since high school, and a yellowing white dress shirt. His mind echoed jeers of "fat-ass" hurled at him by classmates in grammar school.

Standing to Pat's right was a young man in his mid twenties with shoulder length silken black hair, and a full Edwardian moustache and goatee completely encircling his mouth with hair. His face had a carefully cultivated demonic look to it. He watched Pat's face twist in agony in response to the other man's act, then he spoke: "I have stood in a wasteland, naked, and have experienced icy precipices; nothing that one man can do to another is unendurable."

Pat looked at him. His voice was cool and reassuring like the dawn, and his eyes were dark and far searching. "Thank you," said Pat in a somewhat entranced voice, then, "I was naked, too."

"I know, I saw it in your face," said the other. "I am attracted to injured animals."

"I am not so much injured as ravaged," Pat spoke with a confidence that was foreign to him. "Ravaged by forces I do not comprehend and by a life with no meaning."

"It is a common condition; many suffer from it, but only few admit to it."

"Does it have a name? Can you help me?" Pat was surprised by his own words. He suddenly became a bit frightened and suspicious. "Excuse me," he said, "but who are you and where are you from?"

My name is Eros. And I was born in hell; not the traditional hell of bowers and fire, but a personal hell, a hell from which death and rebirth are the only escapes, a hell perhaps more terrible than any envisioned by Dante or the Old Testament. As for the name of your condition, it has different names in different people: isolation, union, age, youth, restrictions, freedom, lust, virtue, poverty, wealth - the list is endless."

"What you are saying is that every human condition leads to a personal hell," said Pat. "There is nothing but despair in that view."

"Not completely. You asked me if I could help you; I cannot. I can only tell you of my own death and resurrection; perhaps through that example you can find your own cure. I am a self-styled prophet who needs to speak out to those who will listen. Will you listen?"

"I want to listen. I have no choice," Pat responded.

"Good. First, you must experience death in the spirit: a complete denial of yourself as you perceive yourself, an abrupt change in all of your patterns and routines. Then, a personal recreation of the ego, borne out of necessity, into someone totally different than who you were; not necessarily someone 'better,' for better is a relative term that implies a value judgment, but simply someone different. Perhaps you will need to experience this rebirth several times

before you are happy with yourself, indeed it may be a lifelong process, but through the process you will, if nothing else, come to a deep understanding of an compassion for the essence of humanity."

"Is this rebirth you speak of really possible?" asked Pat in excited tones. "And if it is, it is a terrifying prospect because my ego has certain foundations upon which rest the security of my being."

"The prospect is more terrifying than the process. It is possible if you open your mind to its possibility."

Suddenly, the house lights went out and a giant kleig light illumined a revolving mirrored ball suspended from the bridge above the stage, sending shimmering spots of reflected light twirling around the bar. The loud speaker system began playing an instrumental version of "Everything's Coming Up Roses." When the music died, Dolores appeared on the stage in a spangled white cocktail dress, glittering in the spotlight, and a blond bouffant wig. "Good evening, and welcome to our show, boys and girls." There was a titter of laughter. Dolores' voice was breathy now. "As you may know, tonight is our go-go boy contest. So far we have three contestants, but if any more of you would like to try it, the program is still open. Each contestant gets ten minutes to dance and carry on, then you, the audience, will select the one who pleases you most. The winner will appear with our regular boys Wednesday through Sunday nights for two weeks. In addition to our go-go boys we also have drag shows on the same nights. So be sure to join me, Lady Comptessa and all the girls. Now the moment you've been waiting for. Our

first contestant is named Joe. Let's give him a big welcome." As the crowd applauded, a short, slim, dark skinned young man climbed to the top of the steps at the left of the stage and began dancing to an acid rock record.

Throughout the opening of the show, Pat kept his attention fixed upon Eros. He was trying to evaluate the validity of what Eros had said and, at the same time, trying to take a measure of the man behind the words. Eros was the most unusual person Pat had ever met: part shaman, part showman, and part devil dressed in worn jeans with holes slit at the knees. Yet there was a disarming sincerity to his voice and Pat felt Eros believed what he was saying. Pat wondered about his background and his real name. Actually his real name was Stuart Popovich, the son of a wealthy manufacturer from suburban Highland Park. He worked in the mail room of his father's factory, when he worked. As often as he could he lived as Eros and slowly the self created image was becoming a permanent personality.

Eros watched the first few minutes of the show, then turned to Pat and said, "This is the perfect opportunity to watch the struggle for rebirth take place. See that dancer? What he is trying to be is completely foreign to what his life is now."

"How do you know?" asked Pat. "Just look at him."

Pat watched as the boy contorted his body to the frenetic music. The dancer had partially undressed revealing a smooth but somewhat anemic torso. His facial features were vaguely Spanish and his hair was matted and black. As a dancer, he possessed only average talents;

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he appeared uncomfortable dancing alone in front of an audience.

The second contestant — a well proportioned Black — was more of a performer. He had bedecked himself in red shorts and a red, netted tank shirt, and while the music cacophonated his arms, legs and hips were a mass of extravagant syncopation. The crowd cheered wildly when his gyrations reached peaks along with the music. When the Black began his second number, Eros turned to Pat and with a calm, smooth voice asked, "Why don't you try it?"

"You are trying to manipulate me," Pat replied nervously.

"Sometimes we are all manipulated and manipulating at the same time. The exercise as well as the feel of control is the only way we can experience God or some equivalent power. But no matter whether I am manipulating you or not, deep down you want to be a contestant, don't you?"

Pat hesitated a moment before answering. His mind flooded with fantasies of being judged the best dancer, meeting good looking guys attracted by his performance, and perhaps, just perhaps, meeting someone to fill the void within him. Just as there was John all of a

sudden in San Francisco, there might be another John in Chicago, a buoy for his purposeless foundering. Suddenly he said, "Yes, I want to be a go-go boy." He was dizzy with his words and the thought of entering the contest. Without hesitation, Pat strode to where Dolores was standing and announced with confidence that he was to be a contestant. Returning to Eros, his profile high and his eyes aggressive, he said, "There, done."

"You are on the threshold of freedom," said Eros.

"Or the threshold of insanity. Perhaps they are much the same." Pat's tone of voice was even, almost tranquil. He began to take keener interest in what was happening on stage now. The Black finished dancing and a third contestant climbed to the bridge. Pat's hopes sank a little when he spied the young man on the stage before him: long flowing blond hair topped a smoothly muscled and slender physique, fair skin and limpid blue eyes accentuated a boyishly handsome face, and he was a superb dancer as well. The boy's routine was stylishly professional replete with dramatic gestures and controlled rhythm. The audience was silent and attentive. "I hadn't counted on this," Pat said.

"Just concentrate on winning and

you will; I have confidence in you," replied Eros with somewhat less conviction in his voice than before.

Soon the third contestant completed his allotted time and Dolores called Pat to the stage. Patrick O'Leary wanted to run suddenly out the door, down the street and drive in his 1967 Volkswagen as far and as fast as he could. But he did not. As he approached the steps leading up to the high stage he turned to look into Eros' eyes. Eros looked serene and gave Pat a reassuring smile. Pat began lumbering up the steps, agonized by the heavy movements of his portly body; what should have been an exuberant bounding motion was instead leaden and Wagnerian. There were muffled snickers from someplace in the room. Once at the top of the steep staircase he walked unsteadily to the center of the high narrow stage. The music began; it was fast and loud. Pat swayed his mid-section, roughly in time to the music. His mind directed his arms and legs to fluid, energetic movements, but somehow his muscles made no response and could only manage sullen, jello motion. Lulled by his own body sway, his mind soon gave up directing and became first catatonic, then wildly imaginative. A magnificent panoply of visions assaulted his brain: first he was a

British monarch on coronation day, splendid in rococo array, heady with power and majesty; then a medieval monk in a mountain retreat in Austria, austere and contemplative; next he imagined himself a gargoyle staring immutably from a perch beneath Notre Dame, at once inscrutable and menacing; finally he conjured up a hermaphroditic state of mind and body in which he saw himself in a dark alley being both raped and rapist in a single moment of duality. With unexpected suddenness, the music which had formed a background to his mind play stopped. Pat found himself bathed in a single spotlight, alone on the stage, half naked; he had stripped down to his Jockey shorts unconsciously. His face reddened a bit and he quickly pulled on his flannel pants and faded white shirt while the audience applauded.

Dolores' voice came over the loud speaker. "Thank you, Pat, thank you very much. It's now time for the big moment, the judging. Will the other contestants please join Pat on the stage?"

Pat moved to one end as the others filled the stage. He had no idea what to expect, no concept of what his performance had been like. Dolores appeared on the stage with the others and stood behind the first contestant for a show of applause. The Chicano smiled and the crowd responded with a healthy but unenthusiastic hand. When Dolores moved to the Black, the applause grew louder and more spontaneous. Then came a tumultuous wave of hand clapping and shouts of approval as Dolores stood behind the blond headed boy. Pat began sweating and twitching nervously as he watched the boy bask in the triumph of the moment. Dolores lingered over the blond for an instant, then finally positioned himself behind Pat. Almost as quickly as the applause welled up for the blond, it died for Pat. There was token, almost embarrassed, clapping. Pat responded with a gesture he learned at high school football games: he raised his right hand and turned his thumb down to the crowd, his own act of rejection. When the spotlights went out and the house lights went up, Pat searched the room for Eros. He was gone.

Pat moved slowly down the steps, through the room, and out the door, never once raising his eyes to meet anyone else's eyes. As he walked in the chill December air toward his 1967 Volkswagen, he smiled sweetly to himself and wondered what tomorrow would be like. And the next day.

-end-

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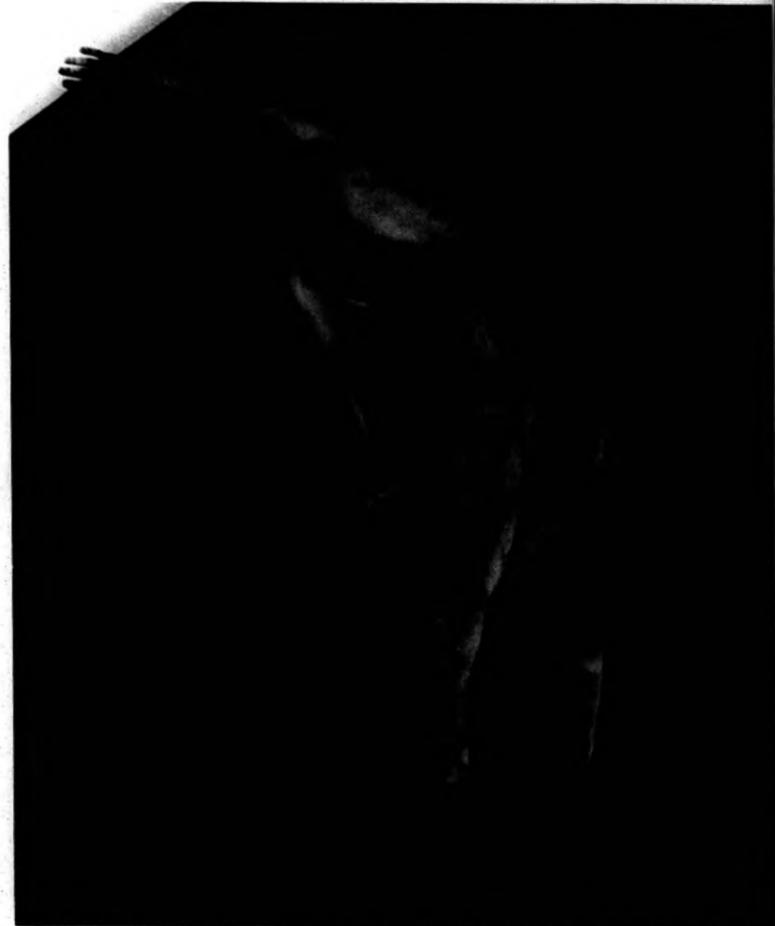
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**Thoughts from Behind Grey Prison Walls**  
by Deno Thomas

Women who have had the misfortune to spend any time behind the prison walls throughout the world can most readily relate their thoughts to one another, in many, many different ways.

The general structure of all of these prisons is basically the same, in that the main objective of each is to lock people away from the so-called Society. But what of the inner turmoil these women suffer? What kind of human beings were they before prison, and what kind of person are they now that they have been released?

Can they adjust to the time spent behind locked doors, and walls? Can they stand the denial of the Parole Board because they did not adjust to what a handful of people thought? The law states that you are given a sentence by a judge, as time prescribed. But actually there is a large gap within the limits of time prescribed. This is the time that the Parole Board has to use against you. They would prefer nothing better than to see you become a ROBOT, a VEGETABLE. They would have you believe that you are not a human being or an individual any longer; they attempt to break your will and spirit, then perhaps give you a Parole date.

Great emphasis is placed today on what is called rehabilitation. But behind prison walls there are few programs for rehabilitation of women. Here in California, Virginia Carlson is the new Warden of the California Institution for Women, at Fronterria, California. There is at least an effort being made to try to set up such a program; one that will let women leave prison with their dignity. With personal knowledge and practical learning, women will be able to return to the outside world equipped with tools necessary to finding a good job; to pick up the pieces of a shattered life and rebuild a new and better one.

Yet many women will be leaving homes, families, and friends behind when they enter prison. Will these homes, families and friends still be there when they return? It would be foolish to think that all will be as it once was. Will there be a lot of guilt feelings about friendships or relationships they have formed in prison; will they be able to say to society-at-large, "I have paid in every way possible for what I did, now leave me

alone. Let me be the person I want to be."? Can they deal with all of the trips that they have to put up with, and deal with out here, on parole?

Vocare is the only women's Halfway House in the Bay Area. This is the place where women who do not have families to return to can find rest in. In some respects a halfway house is better for women released from prison than a quick return to a family might be. At Vocare women have other women to relate to who have shared the prison experience, and together they can seek to release themselves from the personal prisons that wardens cannot unlock. Vocare is a home; there are no locks, no restrictions. It is not necessary to be out on the street, dealing with pressures you have forgotten how to handle, trying to over-please and pay more dues once the prison doors have shut behind you.

For women with families, there are hurt and confused children who need help. "Mommy, why did you go away? Why didn't you stay with me?" Other children do not understand either, and your child is reminded that his mommy was put in jail. The child's happiness becomes sadness inside, and they are ready to strike out in anger and confusion. Not only did the woman go away; the child has gone away, inside himself.

Another common occurrence: if you have a job, or sometimes even at home, when something is missing or goes wrong, the first suspect is you. You learn to live with this. Everyone needs a scapegoat, and you know inside yourself that this is going to happen so you steel yourself against it. As much as it may hurt inside, you learn to never let it show outside. You must build a shell around yourself; after all, who is going to take your side or protect you. It has to be you; no one else can, not because they do not want to but because they do not know how.

Often you hear people who work within the prisons as parole agents, counsellors, doctors and others say that they have put programs into effect to change this or that. But have these people talked to the women who have gone through the prison experience? Have they actually asked, "What do you want and need? What can we do together?" When will we get away from the "you" and "us"? When will we be able to relate to

each other with dignity, and not with pity on the one side and distrust on the other?

Women and men spend four and five years going to school to become attorneys, plowing through tons of books and coming out with a degree which qualifies them to deal with the law and the people it affects. But don't kid yourself, folks. The best lawyers are what we call behind the walls "jailhouse lawyers"; people who can really see the system as it works and fails. Who else but those in prison can follow a case from the beginning to whatever end there may be?

Think about it seriously for a minute. It does not paint a pretty picture, but after all, what is pretty about a prison? What is pretty about a convicted woman? We do not make the social column of the papers; we appear elsewhere in the paper, though. We make news for you to read, we give you a topic of conversation when you have nothing better to talk about.

I believe that women can and do relate to each other in a special way. There is a common bond that, as the dead time goes on, becomes stronger.

I have thought long and hard about writing this article for VECTOR, knowing that there are a lot of you out there who do not know me. Knowing inside of myself that I could not sign it in any other way than my own name. If this changes your thoughts or feelings about me as a person, I can and will accept that. I intend to continue carrying out my commitments as a Trustee of S.I.R. and as Special Activities Director at S.I.R. as long as the membership wants. My main concern beyond these will be to do, in any way possible, anything I can to help any woman or man coming out from behind the cold grey walls. I can not separate myself from their concerns and their needs just because I am a lesbian.

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# Some Day Soon . . . Sonoma!

by Hannibal

How long has it been since you stood in a grove of trees and held the head of a beautiful boy to your shoulder, kissing him gently as the sun sneaks behind a distant mountain? Perhaps it's time to discover Sonoma with its fertile Valley of the Moon and its seductive young men.

Too often, it seems, in our search of the horizon for the unusual and distinctive, we overlook the modest marvels at the tip of arm's reach. Sonoma is a caress of trees along a mountain slope . . . the sly smile of a nearby brook. It's a giggle of cobblestones at your feet . . . a brief visit from the recent past. The countryside speaks the language of the soul in search of tranquility. It is the essence of peace. In Sonoma they don't work at being nice; it just eases out as a part of being a mystical place. The people seem to fit so perfectly with the world around them, you're sure that if you turn away the whole picture will disappear. You feel like looking back quickly over your shoulder as you leave. Maybe it *isn't* really there.

To see for yourself, go over the Golden Gate Bridge. For sure: don't look back. Let reality slip through your fingers as you spin along Highway 101, lured into the sensual embrace of Senora Sonoma. Try an early Saturday morning departure for a leisure, full-day excursion. To rush a beautiful experience is to waste it.

Take the "Sonoma/Sacramento" Route 37 turn-off. Later, take the left turn to Route 121, the "Napa/Sonoma" exit. Watch for the left turn on Route 12 to Sonoma ("Valley of the Moon scenic route"). The freeway ends soon at the Plaza of downtown Sonoma. Make a right turn, then, on to Napa Street. A few blocks later, turn left on Fourth Street to 389. This is one of the few remaining family-owned wineries in California. This quality of the operation is evident in each phase of the operation. It's an attractive facility, handsomely described by staff guides regularly throughout the day. Later, there is the ritual hospitality of the tasting of the wine, which leads you from the gently enticing "whites" to the robust cabernet sauvignon. Don't overlook the handsomely-carved wooden vat lids and the abundance of prize-winning ribbons that are an assurance of undisputed quality.

Go back to Napa Street and turn right to return to the center of Sonoma. You will later stay on this road to Juanita's Restaurant. For now, you can spend a couple of hours strolling around the Plaza.

The State has beautifully restored the home of General



Vallejo and the barracks of his soldiers. The Sonoma Mission has also been handsomely maintained. The Paseo de Sonoma is a shopping arcade that is a charming remembrance of things past. The Brundage General Store makes fresh peanut butter and dispenses all manner of ice cream and candy goodies along with an array of arts and crafts.

The Sonoma Cheese Factory lets you watch cheese being made before you choose the ones you want to buy. (The Sonoma Jack is a superb mild cheese.) The Grey Fox Saloon on the street level of the delightful old Swiss Hotel has a specialty of the house: a private family recipe for "cold Irish coffee." There's no coffee in it; it's a mixture of liqueurs shaken over ice and topped with whipped cream. Try to walk after two of them. (Don't drive.)

Now you're ready to continue down Route 12 to the meal of a lifetime.

Hawaii has its menehunes; Ireland has its leprechauns; Sonoma has its own mythical creature: it's Juanita. And when she reads this, she'll say, "Sheeet."

This ample woman putters regally barefoot about her turn-of-the-century domain wearing an elegant muu-muu and a look of quiet determination. Her hotel and restaurant are a museum of divine funk. Who else can combine a rooster crossing the lobby with a monkey swinging from a barstool, hippies sprawled around a pool table, a priceless assortment of ancient furniture, and a spread of food that looks like a Sunday homecoming picnic in Kentucky? The complete buffet is \$2.25 in the afternoon. Soups . . . salads . . . meats . . . fruits . . . cheeses. Together with rich, strong coffee. Finish the extravagance with the simplicity of mints and plain cookies. A complete prime rib dinner — including the buffet — is \$7.95. You may have never seen a three-pound prime rib before. There is always some left over, of course, to take home in tin foil. Juanita wrote the definition of "hospitality."

Continuing on Route 12, take the left turn a half a mile later (Madrone Road) that directs you to Jack London State Park. Make a right turn on Arnold Drive. Pass Sonoma State hospital on the left. Soon on the right, you'll reach Jack London Village.

What's your mood? You can shop for handcrafts, pottery, stained glass, candles, jewelry, toys and clothing: all made on the premises by the people who sell them to you. There's a rustic restaurant with a paneled glass wall whose entire vista is

a giant working waterwheel on the other side that lazily tumbles its buckets of water into the gushing stream below. Even if you have just coffee and dessert, it's a tranquil experience.

Continue on Arnold Drive to Glen Ellen. It's little more than an intersection. To your left is Jack London State Park for a quick visit to the site of Jack London's Wolf House. To the right is the road to Santa Rosa. When you reach the Square in Santa Rosa, turn right on Mendocino Avenue to 616. That's the Monkey Pod. (Phone 546-5070). This is it for gay life in Santa Rosa, kids. Enjoy. And you will, you know. You will.

There's a small dance floor. Good jukebox (sometimes). You can sprawl around the fireplace in a comfortably padded wicker chair that swivels for easy cruising of the bar and dance floor. Good people mix as easily as the good drinks. Sonoma State College always seems to have a full complement of beautiful boys on duty most Saturday evenings. And, incidentally, some of the most exciting gay women in California come here too. There's a very natural atmosphere about the Monkey Pod. Its low profile lends nicely to friendly conversation and satisfying encounters. The Monkey Pod is my favorite bar. Period. Maybe it's because it's nice to be surrounded by all those delightful young men without the frantic "competition" of the City.

If you somehow don't find what pleasure you want here, there's always Vi's Club Drake in Fairfax at 1625 Sir Francis Drake Blvd. (Phone 453-8247) on the way home. It's a good-sized dance floor. Those Marin-ites *do* know how to dance. This friendly, popular bar is well known to most of you, but if you haven't gone up to visit Vi, put that trip on your list with a big star.

The last bastion of whimsy before the bridge is the Sausalito Hotel above the delightful bar of the Sausalito Inn on the Square in Sausalito. Old Victorian furnishings as a setting for pliant young Victorians. And just a short drink from the bar to your bed. Rooms at the hotel range from \$17.50 to \$35, depending on size, opulence, and whether there's a bath. (There is always a basin, of course). The \$35 room, incidentally, is enormous. It overlooks the street and features a cozy fireplace: the ideal place for one of your honeymoons. An enormous number of celebrities have cuddled under the covers of that stunning bed. Isn't it time you became a part of a legend?

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Write S.I.R., 83 Sixth St. Please send stamped, addressed envelope.

## BRIDGE, CHESS AND POOL TOURNAMENTS

Every Saturday, 1 p.m., S.I.R. Center.

## PSYCHOLOGY RAP

Rap sessions about psychology with Martin Stow. Mondays, 1 p.m., Fort Help, 199 10th St. - Sundays, 6 p.m., S.I.R. Center. No charge.

## RAP SESSION

No psychology, just rapping. Every Tuesday at 8 p.m. Breaks up into small groups to do your own thing. FREE.

## RED CROSS FIRST AID CLASSES

Tuesday at 6 p.m. and Saturday at 9 a.m.; contact Mel Wald at S.I.R. Center.

## SIGN LANGUAGE CLASS

Learn sign language. Join class at any time. Sponsored by the Silent Society of S.I.R. No charge.

## SIR ANGELS

\$3.00 per month or \$30.00 per year. Write 67 Sixth St.

## SPEAKERS BUREAU

Speakers available for speaking to schools, groups, et. al. Call 781-1570 for scheduling.

## WOMEN'S NIGHT

1st and 3rd Fridays of the month, S.I.R. Center.

## SIR BUSINESS MEETINGS

## GENERAL MEMBERSHIP

Business of S.I.R., reports, plus social hours. S.I.R. members only. First Wednesday, 8 p.m., S.I.R. Center.

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS

S.I.R. Board members meet to resolve important business. Members may attend. Second & fourth Wednesdays, 8 p.m., S.I.R. Center.

## WAYS AND MEANS

Recommends financial matters to the Board. Mondays before the first board meeting of the month, 7 p.m., S.I.R. Center. Members may attend.

Sunday, April 22, Maxine and her Royal Guards will lead an Easter Parade from the S.I.R. Center to the Kokpit, Toties, Gangway, Early Bird, Q.T., Hot House, House of Harmony, and the New Bell.

S.I.R.

# EASTER PARADE & BRUNCH

WITH

# MAXINE

SUNDAY, APRIL 22

NOON TO 3 O'CLOCK

At noon that day S.I.R. will serve a buffet brunch. Donations of food will be generously accepted and we hope to decorate the Center, with your help, as a garden. Admission to the brunch will be \$3.50 and includes all the food you can eat and all the Screwdrivers and Bloody Mary's you can drink. This event is intended to be a fund-raiser for the Society. Hector Caceres, Social Director would like to make it a success but says it cannot be so without your help. If you can donate food, give of your time to help decorate or donate money, call him at his home (626-9081) or at the S.I.R. Center 781-1570.

# VECTOR

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SOCIETY FOR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS  
 83 Sixth Street  
 San Francisco, California 94103  
 Telephone: (415) 781-1570  
 ATTENTION: MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
 City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

In the Amount of:  
 \$150 Lifetime Member  
 \$15 1 Yr. Member  
 \$10 1 Yr. Vector Sub.  
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# The Society for Individual Rights

## ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

A drinking problem? Mondays at 8 p.m. and Thursdays at 8:30, S.I.R. Center. No charge.

## ARTS & CRAFTS CLASS

Informal sketching with an instructor. Tuesdays, 8 p.m., S.I.R. Center. No charge. Now beginning anew.

## COFFEE AND CONVERSATION

8:00 p.m. S.I.R. Center.

## DEAF GAY

2nd Friday of every month, 7 p.m. S.I.R. Center.

## DISCUSSION GROUP

Informal discussion of a different topic each week. For this week's topic, call S.I.R.: 433-5-433. Tuesdays, 8 p.m., S.I.R. Center. No charge.

## EX-CON RAP GROUP

First & third Mondays of the month, 7:00 p.m. at S.I.R. Center. Contact Deno Thomas at S.I.R.

## LUNCHES - FOR SENIOR CITIZENS

Free lunch and entertainment for senior citizens. Wednesdays, 12 noon, S.I.R. Center. Volunteers Needed!

## MARRIED MEN'S GROUP

Discussions between married men (only) who also have homosexual relationships. A new S.I.R. group. Confidential. Contact George Mendenhall, S.I.R. Center.

## METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH SERVICES

11 a.m. Sundays.

## OPEN HOUSE PROGRAMS

Forums, lectures, films . . . A different program every month. Seventh year of monthly programs. Every third Wednesday, 8 p.m., S.I.R. Center. Call 781-1570 for details. No charge.

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 Telephone: (415) 781-1570  
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# VECTOR



## Vector's Bar, Bath and Restaurant Guide

### SAN FRANCISCO DOWNTOWN

Alley Cat, 330 Mason St. 982-7968, D  
 Ambassador Lounge, 101 Eddy St. 441-2328  
 Bo Jangles, Larkin & Ellis, D  
 Blue & Gold, 136 Turk St. 673-2040  
 Body Shop, 98 Eddy, 986-0561  
 Frolic Room, 141 Mason St., E  
 Gangway, 841 Larkin St. 885-4441  
 The Wood Shed, 1601 Market St. 861-9462  
 Jackie D's, 147 Mason St.  
 Kokpit, 301 Turk St. 775-3260  
 Landmark, 45 Turk St. 474-4331  
 La Cave, 1469 Sutter St. 775-2060, D, W  
 One-Eighty-One, 181 Eddy St. 441-5373, E  
 Page One, 431 Natoma St. 982-1837, L, B, E, R  
 Peke's Palace, 180 Golden Gate, 775-4959  
 Rendezvous, 567 Sutter St. 781-3949, D  
 Sutter's Mill, 315 Bush St. 397-0121, L, R  
 Tottie's, 743 Larkin, 673-6820  
 Trapp, 72 Eddy St. 362-3838  
 Turf Club, 76 - 6th St. 863-4615  
 Wilde Oscar, 59 - 2nd St. 392-4455  
 Windjammer, 645 Geary, 775-9796, D, B

### VALENCIA - CASTRO - MARKET

Bachelor's Club, 3481 - 18th St. 626-9541  
 Connie's "Why Not?" 878 Valencia, 647-6949

Fickle Fox, 842 Valencia, 826-3373, R, B  
 Gaslight, 645 Valencia, 864-0829, E  
 Hans-Off, 199 Valencia, 864-9652, D, E  
 Kelly's Saloon, 3489 20th St. 285-0066, R, B  
 Midnight Sun, 506 Castro, 861-4186  
 Mint, 1942 Market St. 861-9373, R, B, L  
 Missouri Mule, 2348 Market, 626-1163, R, B  
 Mistake, 3988 - 18th St. 861-1310  
 Naked Grape, 2097 Market, 863-7226  
 Nothing Special, 469 Castro, 626-5876  
 Pendulum, 4146 - 18th St. 863-4441  
 Purple Pickle, 2223 Market St. 621-0441  
 Scott's Pit, 10 Sanchez St. 626-9534, W  
 The House, 1884 Market, 863-3323, R  
 The No. 3, 18th & Valencia, E, D  
 The Twilight, 456 Castro, 621-9193  
 Tiffany's, 1900 Market, 626-1308, B, L, R, 24 hrs.

Toad Hall, 482 Castro, 864-9797  
 Twin Peaks, 401 Castro, 864-9470

### POLK STREET

Cloud 7, 2360 Polk, 474-9960  
 Early Bird, 1723 Polk, 776-4162  
 Gordon's Saloon, 1750 Polk, 775-4152  
 House of Harmony, 1312 Polk, 885-5300, E, D  
 New Bell, 1203 Polk St. 775-6905, E  
 On The Q.T., Polk & Clay, 885-1114, R, B

Polk Gulch, Polk & Post, 885-2991  
 Hot House, 1548 Polk St. 441-8413, E, D  
 P.S., 1121 Polk St. 441-7798, R, B  
 Wild Goose, 1488 Pine St.  
 Yacht Club, 2155 Polk St. 441-8381, B, R

### FOLSOM STREET AREA

Boot Camp, 1010 Bryant St. 626-0444  
 Country Club, 2742 17th St. 864-1949, R, B  
 Febe's, 1501 Folsom, 621-9450  
 527 Club, 527 Bryant, 397-2452  
 The Phoenix, 1347 Folsom  
 Ramrod, 1225 Folsom, 621-9196  
 Round Up, 6th & Folsom, 863-9628  
 Stud, 1535 Folsom, 863-2980  
 The Corner 'Longhorn Saloon,' 1898 Folsom, 861-2811

### AFTER HOURS

Big Basket, 966 Market St.  
 Covered Wagon, 278 - 11th St. 626-7220, R  
 Hamburger Mary's, 1582 Folsom, 861-9223  
 The Shed, 2275 Market, 861-4444, D  
 Tiffany's, 1900 Market, 626-1308

### AROUND TOWN

Club Dori, 427 Presidio, 931-5896, R, B  
 The Lion, Divisadero & Sacramento, 567-6565  
 Peg's Place, 4737 Geary Blvd. 668-5050, D, B, W

### NORTH BEACH

Baj, 131 Bay, 421-1872, R, B  
 Gold Street, 56 Gold St. 397-5626, R, B, E  
 Jackson's, 2237 Powell, 362-2696, R, B  
 Savoy Tivoli, 1438 Grant St. 362-7023, R

### HAIGHT AREA

Big Ange, 1821 Haight, 668-9682  
 Bradley's Corner, 900 Cole, 664-7766, B  
 Lucky Club, 1801 Haight, 387-4644  
 Man Handler, 1840 Haight, 668-7655  
 Maude's Study, 937 Cole, 731-6119, W

E - Entertainment	D - Dancing
B - Brunch, Sunday	W - Women
R - Restaurant also	L - Lunches

### PENINSULA

**Palo Alto:**  
 Kona Kai, 3740 El Camino Real, 493-0204, B, D  
 Locker Room, 1951 E. University, 322-8005  
 The Garden, 1960 University, no phone  
 The Shack, 1972 University Ave. 342-1131

### Redwood City:

Bayou, 1640 Main, 365-9444, D, R, B  
 Cruiser, 2651 El Camino, 366-4955, B  
 The Hive, 3201 Middleford Rd. 365-9568

### San Jose:

The Harbor, 1035 Sunnyvale-Saratoga Road (Hwy 9), 252-9443, D

### Santa Clara:

The Tinker's Damn, 46 Saratoga, 243-4595, D, B

### Cupertino:

The Savoy, 29469 Silverado Ave. 255-0195, W, R, D, B

### SAN JOSE

Magnolia's Closet, 1384 Lincoln Ave., 295-9595

### EAST BAY

#### Berkeley:

Camp Grounds, 2329 San Pablo, 848-9292, R, B

#### Oakland:

Berry's, 352 - 14th St. 832-9116  
 Chalet, 414 E. 12th, 444-8556, W  
 Club Carnation, 1200 - 13th Ave. 532-9425, B  
 Exit, 3333 Lakeshore Ave. 451-2329, E, D  
 Grandma's House, 135 12th, 444-9966, R, B, D, L  
 Han's, 316 - 14th St. 893-6280  
 Lancers, 3255 Lakeshore Ave. 832-3242, R, B  
 Lou & Rae's, 2304 Telegraph, 444-5009  
 White Horse, 6547 Telegraph, 652-3820

#### Hayward:

Aloha Club, 58 "A" St. 581-9856, D  
 Chances R, Manyon & Tennyson, 783-4426, D, E  
 Queen's Palace, 799 B St. 582-9881  
 Turf Club, 22517 Mission, 581-9877

### MARIN COUNTY

#### Fairfax:

Vi's Club Drake, 1625 Sir Francis Drake, 453-8247, D, B

#### Sausalito:

Sausalito Inn, 12 El Portal, 332-0577, R

#### Santa Rosa:

Bunk House, 9117 River Rd. 887-9905  
 El Matador, 3535 Guerneville Rd. 545-9670  
 Monkey Pod, 616 Mendocino Ave. 546-5070

### SACRAMENTO

Topper, 1218 "K" St. Mall, 444-2815  
 Atticus, 5121 El Camino, Carmichael, 481-5595  
 Charlie's Place, 371-9768  
 Cruz-In, 2026 I St., 447-1300  
 Ernie's, 3480 W. Capitol Ave., 371-9901  
 Off-Key, 1040 Soule, 371-9725  
 Purple Stallion, Folsom near 65th St., 383-9958  
 Underpass, 1946 Broadway, 457-5867, R, D  
 Other End, 3480 W. Capital, 371-9901, D  
 Zodiac, 4205 W. Capital Ave. 371-9712, D, R, B

#### Bryte:

Staircase, 3rd & Broderick, W  
 Hide & Seek, 825 Sunset, 371-9817, D, E  
 Club "Yolo" Baths, 1531 Sacramento Ave., 371-9949

### BATHS

#### SAN FRANCISCO

Baths, 3244 - 21st (at Mission) 285-3000  
 Castro Rock, 582 Castro, 863-9963  
 Club, 132 Turk, 775-5511  
 Dave's, 100 Broadway, 362-6669  
 Finnish, 1834 Divisadero, 921-0306  
 Folsom Street Barracks, 1145 Folsom  
 Jack's, 1143 Post, 673-1919  
 Ritch St., 330 Ritch, 392-3582  
 San Francisco, 229 Ellis, 775-8013

#### PENINSULA

**Palo Alto:**  
 Bachelors Quarters, 1934 University, 325-7575  
 Golden Door Sauna, 1205 Bayshore, 325-9121

#### Redwood City:

Fred's Health Club, 1718 Broadway, 365-9303

### RENO, NEVADA

Club Baths, 1030 W. 2nd St.  
 Dave's Motel & Club, 3001 W. 4th St. (702) 786-0525  
 The Jade Room, 214 W. Commercial Row, (702) 786-9841  
 Phil's Copper Club, 1303 E. 4th Ave., 786-9720, R, D  
 Reno Bar, 424 E. 4th St.

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**WEDNESDAY  
APRIL 18**

### BIKE/LEATHER NIGHT

BUTTON PRIZES FROM 9PM  
PRIME RIB BUFFET  
HONORING CLUB PRESIDENTS  
CASH PRIZES FOR RAREST BUTTONS  
M.C.s JJ VAN DYKE & MARCUS  
HOSTS: REBA, EMPRESS IV & EMPEROR MARCUS I

**THURSDAY  
APRIL 19**

### CELEBRITY NIGHT

HOSTS: EMPEROR MARCUS I and JOSE I  
M.C. REBA, EMPRESS IV  
PRIME RIB BUFFET  
ALL ROYALTY TITLE HOLDERS &  
SURPRISE CELEBRITIES

**FRIDAY  
APRIL 20**

### OPENING PARTY & MR. LUMBER JACK CONTEST 9PM

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M.C. REBA, EMPRESS IV  
PRIZES & SURPRISES  
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(\$25 TO EACH FINALIST)  
(See Application Blank on next page)

**SATURDAY  
APRIL 21**

### GAYLA GRAND OPENING PARTY 9PM

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M.C. THE FABULOUS MICHELLE  
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