

# VECTOR

**MARCH 1973**

**Mr. Gay California  
Contest**

**A Gay American  
in Greece**

**Theatre, Film, and  
Book Reviews**

**A Gay Look  
at Alcoholism**

**Interviewing  
a Gay Family**

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# VECTOR

A VOICE FOR THE  
HOMOSEXUAL COMMUNITY

VOLUME 9 NUMBER 3

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San Francisco, California 94103  
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*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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Now, let me rave about the current issue. Don Jackson's article on aversion therapy is an important, and oh so true thing; Danny Smith's article is being read by the Prison, Probation and Parole Desk staff for its consciousness value, Frank Fitch has told us of just how much fresh air has been allowed into the room, and thanks for reprinting Susannah Lessard's article. I saw it at the time it was published and felt it important. A reprint will doubtless bring about more discussion.

Peace, Love, Joy,  
Morris Kight

Congratulations on your selection for the January VECTOR coverman! It is certainly time, what with the obvious increase everyday in our gay society of more and more blacks and whites getting together, that we can have the satisfaction of knowing that a publication such as yours can also see our black brother as being truly beautiful. I'm sure that it took some courage on your part to have made such a wonderful choice, and I'm also sure you will undoubtedly have to hear some unfavorable reactions from the biggots in our midst, but perhaps this letter will be but one of many thousands of congratulations that your magazine and staff so richly deserve.

Sincerely, George D. Fish

There is a matter which I rather wish Vector could look into. Recently during a group discussion with heterosexuals I was trying to explain some of the patterns of behavior encountered among homosexuals to them.

One of them finally asked me, "Why do they like to dress up in women's clothes?" Frankly, I couldn't answer because I don't know why myself. I am past forty and well-acquainted with most phases of gay life but the precise motivation, or motivations, for this aspect of it are unknown to me.

I am speaking, of course, simply of those persons who dress for parties, balls, etc., without feeling a need for doing it on all other occasions, as do transvestites. The latter have been studied deeply, and quite often highly unperceptively, by the representatives of abnormal psychology. My perplexity is with the people who do it solely on special occasions, put much work into their costumes, and yet don't live for it.

When I first got into gay life I was hostile towards anyone who wore feminine clothing or make-up. I associated them with the harassment and persecution I'd encountered. Later I realized I was unjust, that even if every male homosexual in the world wore rampantly

masculine clothing and spoke in a basso profundo it wouldn't automatically mean our acceptance by straight society. In time, it dawned on me that these dressed-up people were human beings like everyone else and to be liked or disliked as one does everyone else solely on what one felt about them as people. I also came to see that many of the costumes were quite striking and had taken considerable work in their preparation.

However, I still don't know why people dress up in the first place and strongly suspect many other gays don't really either. It seems to me, therefore, if Vector could carry some material on the subject, both from the professional and personal viewpoints, you'd be helping all

## LET THERE BE LETTERS



of us. I may be wrong but it seems to me it's not only the public that needs to be educated but us too.

Yours truly,  
JACK PARRISH

Dear Ralph,

I am secretary for a small gay club in this city consisting of fifteen members between the ages of twenty-two and twenty-nine and have been wanting to write you for myself and my fellow club members since noting your attractive photo which appeared in the Nov. 29th issue of the BAY AREA REPORTER in which Geo. Mendenhall of the ADVOCATE was interviewing you. We never miss reading any issue of the ADVOCATE and the Bay Area Reporter and you know, fella, and this is no B-S, with your looks and your build, no doubt, why in the hell didn't you ever enter the

GROOVY GUY CONTEST, you could have won hands down, you sure do have sex appeal plus, and I don't speak alone, all of us in the club are unanimous, about this statement. We have a billboard in our reading room or library in our club room and we are wondering if you have a photo of yourself, full length standing or reclining, you know the type we mean, if that type is not available, the regular type photo will be OK.

Sincerely,  
Jake Thomas

The time of Thanksgiving this year was a special time. I was stricken and in the hospital full of fear and quite alone I felt — until somehow the fellows at S.I.R. found out I was there, and in that low feeling.

Immediately I began to receive phone calls, cards, letters, bouquets and visits (Vice-President Stahlmann visited me several times) from hitherto "strangers" yet new friends. One great flower arrangement said "to our friend, brother and worker in the cause of Gay Liberation." I do not deserve such an accolade, but it touched me. The nurses, orderlies and other patients began to think of me as some celebrity and had to get new vases out of storage. To answer their raised eyebrows I merely answered "from my Gay Brothers who know I'm here," several (straight) orderlies raised clenched fists and said "Right on!" How proud I was that I was not forgotten. I think many people in the hospital were equally impressed as I.

I do not say that this is a forced "function" or obligation of SIR, but to anyone found in that situation, or wondering what Brotherhood means — it means SIR.

Your appreciative friend, always,  
Gregoire (Ahmed) Gallipeau

1) It's true that Wittman's manifesto had a leftist bias, but I do not think it was an oppressvie one. 2) Gays should not look on themselves as androgynous, but then neither should they look on themselves as supermen. We all know what an overabundance of machismo can do to men and nations. Still, one should not put down other gays who wish to camp it up or who feel more comfortable acting in what society calls a 'feminine' manner. 3) Communism or Marxism is not the answer for most gays, as witnessed by the author's statements on the horrendous Cuban regime. 4) Gay men who are not campus radicals still have a lot to lose by coming out. 5) Much of the gay subculture is dehumanizing after a period of time (e.g. all the impersonal

sex), and much could be said about making it and ourselves more human. 6) Every human being does have the right to be autonomous — and it is more than a right it can be called a duty.

Now for the points I disagreed with or dispute. 1) 'Men and women have fundamental physical and psychological differences.' What is meant here by 'fundamental'? It is obvious that the sexes have different genital equipment, but as for great psychological differences, this has not been medically or scientifically proven. Many psychologists today are doubting that men's and women's minds are as 'different' as was previously supposed. This statement sounds like pure prejudice on the author's part, since he does not offer any 'facts' to support his assumption. 2) The author's pessimistic view of human nature. For thousands of years, this has been the way mankind has viewed his fellow man, and the time has come to boot out this kind of gloomy thinking. It is precisely because he will not, or can not, love or trust his fellow men that has caused heterosexual males to create the kind of society we live in today. Must gays be forced to continue the old fearful, mistrusting, hating attitudes against gay society as well??? Hell, No!! 3) The author does not want a new society, mainly because of his pessimistic view of human nature. But I believe we CAN have a new society if enough of our people want it. I believe we can change our world at least. We have done so much in four short years already! We should all actively work towards a new society, with better breaks for gays and a better life for all. Undoubtedly, this change will be slow, nor will it come easy. But gays must have a goal or our movement, like any other movement, will just fall apart.

Mr. Hanson seems to have a profound dislike of what he terms 'radical' gays. But I would like to point out that without such 'radical' gays as the ones that were in the Stonewall Inn on a June night a few years ago, gay liberation might still be an unfulfilled dream instead of an active reality. The author might still be in a bar somewhere, if not for the actions of these radicals, still talking about the best way to 'assimilate' gays into society, as noiselessly and painlessly as possible. Radicals are important in any kind of movement. They get liberals moving and talking and conservatives off their butts. They are always the first ones to put a thought provoking foot into the door of the greater society.

But I do not think that politics alone, whether capitalist or communist, (Both have their obvious drawbacks) is where our greatest oppression lies. With many of

us, our greatest oppressor is ourselves. Until we can all look at ourselves and our gay brothers and sisters honestly, without contempt or self-hatred, until we can change inwardly into the sort of people we want to be, we are not going to change any other gays or society either. So how can a gay be liberated who is sitting in his closet of conservative fear? Real liberation would seem to mean the courage to take chances; a freedom from fear.

Black singer Roberta Flack embodied this concept of internal oppression in a song to her people where she told them to let Pharoah go, Pharoah being the white oppressor internalized in all black people. Don't fight him, she sings, just let him go. That is what we gays have to do, also — let the heterosexual Pharoah go. Only then will we begin to know real 'Homosexual Freedom.'

Peace,  
Carl Jerven

I just read Craig Hanson's "Libertarian Conservative Statement" in my January VECTOR, and nothing could better qualify the unsophomoric and non-cause-crazy conclusion that social revolutionary schemes, Marxist, academic, or whatever, are out of date as are the already over-large corporations out of place.

There are a lot of people, very young and not so young, who confuse their wayward urges with something called being 'gay.' Gaiety as a way of life is one thing, and confusing erotic urges with resentful thoughts about conflict and the organization of society is another. I don't think that in gaiety as a way of life there is a moments time for resentful thoughts about society.

We have already been educated and organized to work for democracy. But what was popular democracy after all? A political malady, a fatuous, mutually repugnant equality of indifferently collected nonentities in which everyone was equally contemptuous of everyone else. Our emotions have already been confused into bitter thoughts, and we have already been organized to work.

As for the natural differences of men and women: — Vive la difference! And so it does not seem fair in gaiety as a way of living free from intolerantly hard thoughts that anyone who may make an art of what others know as sex should be referred to as a weirdo. So Vive la Difference!

Possibly gaiety as a way of living without seriously depressing thoughts will be tolerated. Possibly different, unique, and even odd emotions not in effect injurious to others may remain one's own

private business not regulated by organized conformity.

Edward Vargas

P.S. If you must return to a revolution, Mr. Hanson, why the revolution of 1776 and not that of 1649 in which Charles Stuart who had considerable gaiety and a French wife was beheaded by our Puritan forbears? But then perhaps upon serious thought the reason is that you are not really a Cavalier. I fancy upon real reflection that gays would have been granted nothing at Bunker Hill and Valley Forge.

## STAFF PROFILE: RICHARD PIRO



Joining our writing staff for the first time in the February Issue, RICHARD PIRO is a recent dropout from New York City. (He prefers to claim that he's finally dropped in.) Upon graduation with a Master of Music degree from Boston University in 1960, and a two-year hitch with the United States Army in Germany (where he played flute and cymbals in an Army Band) Richard began a teaching career which ranged from a small town in Southeastern Massachusetts to plushy Scarsdale, New York, finally settling for seven years of teaching service in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn with time off to produce, direct, and perform in professional and community theatre. He has published extensively in professional journals dealing with music and drama, written a cookbook (*The Well Tempered Cook*) and most recently authored a book concerning his experiences in producing *Fiddler on the Roof* with a black and Puerto Rican cast in a Brooklyn ghetto school. *Black Fiddler* won the American Library Association's top award as a notable book of 1972. Richard was also the subject of an award-winning ABC-TV documentary film telecast nationally several times concerning his work in the ghetto.

Richard will be covering events for VECTOR ranging from restaurant/film/theatre/concert/book reviews to an occasional revelation concerning his extensive travels abroad. He currently resides in the Berkeley low lands.

## A GAY AMERICAN IN GREECE: WHAT TO EXPECT

by Richard Piro

Inspired by a three-thousand-year-old myth, American gays deplane at the Athens Airport breathing signs not unlike the exiles' return. This is where it began, the setting of secretly read philosophical studies concerning the love that dared to speak its name. A trip to Greece is akin to a pilgrimage. In 1973 post-revolution Greece, what can we anticipate in terms of acceptance of our gayness as well as the opportunities for expressing sexuality? After four summers plus an eight-month residence on a small island in the Cyclades, I am prepared to express one man's opinion of the contemporary Greek sexual climate.

In all strata of Greek society, peasant to aristocrat, the attitude concerning homosexuality is one of ridicule, disgust and (we'll discuss this later) fear. Whenever Greek males gather, a major segment of conversation will center around crude jokes concerning stereotype faggots. It's easy for Westerners to ignore the awesome power of the Greek Orthodox Church, forgetting the fact that this organization was responsible for whatever Greek culture survived the centuries of Turkish occupation. A primary goal of the Church was to swing societal acceptance away from preceding pagan mores (Check out the virginity hangups of the early Roman Christians). The Turkish liberal acceptance of men keeping boys for sexual pleasure was a prime concern for the Eighteenth Century emerging Greek nationalism and it hasn't changed. This refers to the attitudes of the people and not official political policies. In several trips I have never seen nor heard of any gay difficulty with the police, and I rather suspect they know better than to try controlling an activity that is so ingrained into the entire male population, and it is not uncommon for American gays (especially Blacks) to be honestly propositioned by members of the military, including police officers.

There is no gay community in Athens outside of a couple of summer bars in the Plaka district, frequented by international hustlers and bewildered Americans looking for the non-existent scene. No self-respecting, genuine Greek gay would dare be seen in these places. Those Greek gays who can afford to go to Mykonos for their week's romp in the gay hay. (Mykonos has the only gay nude beach in Greece.)

One fine summer afternoon I was lying naked on a rock some distance from any civilization on a remote corner of

Mykonos, not too far from the nude beach. I heard a great whoosh of water and after the orange spots cleared I opened my eyes and looked down. Rising out of the sea was a man as near to a Greek god as I'd ever experienced. We flashed on each other's genitalia, both coming to the ready position. He pulled off a diver's mask and said in perfect English, "Hello. My name's Petros." I stumbled a greeting. Petros then dove down and quickly returned with a handful of sea urchins, those black spiny terrors which take some of the glory of Greek beaches. When he had piled a sufficient number of them on shore, he climbed up the rock, his eyes never leaving mine. We discussed the urchins, my claiming ignorance as to their gustatory delights. Anxious to continue the camaraderie, he took a knife, scraped a portion away and held the urchin out to me with the command, "Suck." I did, wondering if his English was good enough to know the double meaning. Greeks are tricky — they touch, hold hands, and kiss as acceptable gestures of friendship, not indications of sexual availability. I was confused; wildly turned on, but confused. I said, "What are those tiny flecks of orange that taste so good?" He replied, smiling, "Sperm." I said, "Wouldn't it be marvelous if ours tasted as good." He murmured, "Sometimes it does." No happy ending. Just then my 'friend' returned, perceived the situation and clung to us like a fungus. For the next few days we hung together, always increasing the frustration. Petros and I were determined to get it on. We didn't that time.

A year later I returned to Athens and called him, surprised that this tremendously sexual upfront, gorgeous Greek spoke in hushed, whispered tones over the phone. No, I couldn't meet him at his apartment. (I was alone, terribly, frustratingly, agonizingly alone.) We arranged a meeting spot and that night he drove up with his Greek lover. I got in the car, ignoring their obvious nervousness. And we drove and drove and drove until we came to a fancy taverna frequented by American Air Force officers and wives out by the American Air Base. We went in the back way and sat in the darkest part of the outdoor garden and, again, conversed in hushed whispers. Petros is an executive in a well-known Athens firm. This was his way of life. The least I'd hoped for was to get in to a gay group of Athenians or at least find out where to go. Negative on both. They don't exist.



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How do, where do, Greeks meet? They don't. Most lover situations begin as innocent friendships which then may flower into what we consider a lover relationship. This is both good and bad. Every Greek man is supposed to have a special friend. When going off to war or military duty the last person to say goodbye to the departing hero is not the mother, the girl friend, or the wife — it is the friend. Sleeping together, taking trips together, holding hands, embracing, dancing — these are part of the common union between two male friends and is seldom suspect by the population. On my island I had such a friend; a Greek musician fulfilling his draft duty as one of the three sailors assigned to that post. When he allowed my sexual advance our "friendship" turned into something else and my fears of guarding his reputation were unfounded. The natives were delighted that Nikos had finally found his friend. But oh, those preliminary weeks of touching knees under the table, whispered endearments, being serenaded on a beach in front of an open fire freaked up my head. I wanted so much more. That time I got it — even more than I had anticipated which brings us to the next point.

If you're an American in search of humiliation and punishment for being Gay, Greece could be the last stop on your way to degradation. Almost any Greek male will indulge in homosexuality playing active or passive roles, but at no time does he feel gay and even while you're fucking him you are made painfully aware of the fact that YOU are the faggot and he's straight trade. He might have cruised you, followed you, made the approach, insisted — but afterwards he'll ask for your cigarette lighter and then accept whatever you choose to give from cash to a package of Salems. He may not need these things but he does need the realization that he's not gay. American gays are easy targets for the Island boys who are so frustrated by primitive mores in getting traditional heterosex that they're randy for anything. I've sat in tavernas and listened to the local boys brag of their exploits with that new blond American faggot who got off the boat yesterday. At no point is the Greek criticized or condemned or in any way considered gay by association. And, as Greeks are wont to do in their earthy natures, every pinch, giggle and groan is related to an applauding audience. The tourist may then pass by and be victim to hideous overt jokes in Greek. (No, they never suspected I understood enough to catch what was going on.) One night I was followed by a local fisherman and almost forced to go down on him. I was afraid of violence if I didn't comply. Afterwards he demanded money — American money. His friends roared with laughter every time I entered our local taverna.

Don't look for feelings. The system (especially on the

Islands) is such that all of the men are bought by the women, since no girl may marry until she has a dowry, which must include a fully-equipped house. Tenderness is a thing which, if it exists in Greek men, does so only in deepest privacy. Out-of-doors his machismo demands something else. In order to make it be strong and pretend indifference — only these cock-robin games keep Greeks interested and turned on.

So where do you make sex contact in Athens? Everywhere. The beautiful, beautiful park surrounding the palace just off Constitution Square (where real peacocks roam freely) is excellent cruising ground, especially if your bag is military. Athens is dotted with public restrooms (Omonia Square Subway station) and tiny pissoirs that are open 24 hours a day, and the lights go off at midnight! Walk into any of the public tearooms and you'll see twenty hands furiously beating their meat, trying to catch your fancy. Check out the cabbies cruising the parks for more than a fare. If you're black you are in for a special treat (or agony). This is the ultimate for Greek exotica. Behind every black walking the park there is a parade of Greeks striving to get it on; policemen, soldiers, sailors, businessmen, etc. The people who make it easiest are the non-Mediterranean types — blacks, blonds, blue eyes, etc. The darkish Italo-American, Jew, Greek-American, etc., has difficulty because the average Greek will never come on sexually to another Greek.

One final word of caution. To the Greek (who is part Arab in mentality) sex means that someone gets fucked ONLY. (This applies heterosexually also.) If you do more along the lines of oral-genital sex, what little respect the Greek has for you is lost completely and you are filth to him, even though he willingly places his cock in your mouth. Fuck him and he may bring you home to meet his family. Blow him and you'll never see him after you give him his handout.

There is nothing judgmental implied about having good raw frequent sex. If you fuck and move on you should be in heaven, but if you're planning on staying a while and you're looking for more than finding or being an object, Greece is definitely not for you. If anywhere in your makeup there is a tiny need for humiliation and/or punishment, the Greek is shrewd enough to give you exactly what you want, even before you have acknowledge the want to yourself. And Athens (Plaka) is full of American gays and American straight women who are on such a humiliation trip. Perhaps that's why the average Greek is so quick to catch on.

Read your Mary Renault and weep, but remember — it isn't that way and hasn't been for thousands of years. But go, anyway. The country is a land of enchantment but not entrapment.

# FITCH, SCOTT, SMITH, HAYDEN, FOSTER, MILLER, DE YOUNG, THOMAS, NORTON, BAILLEY, BENTLEY, BRADY & CLEMENTS ELECTED.

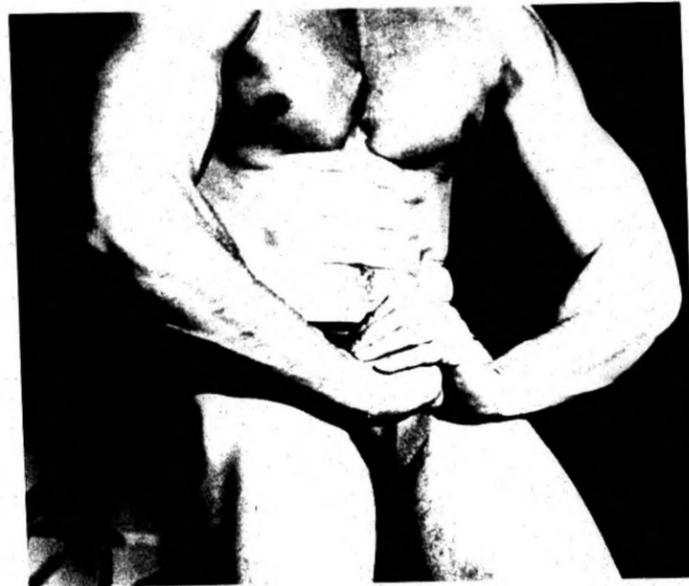
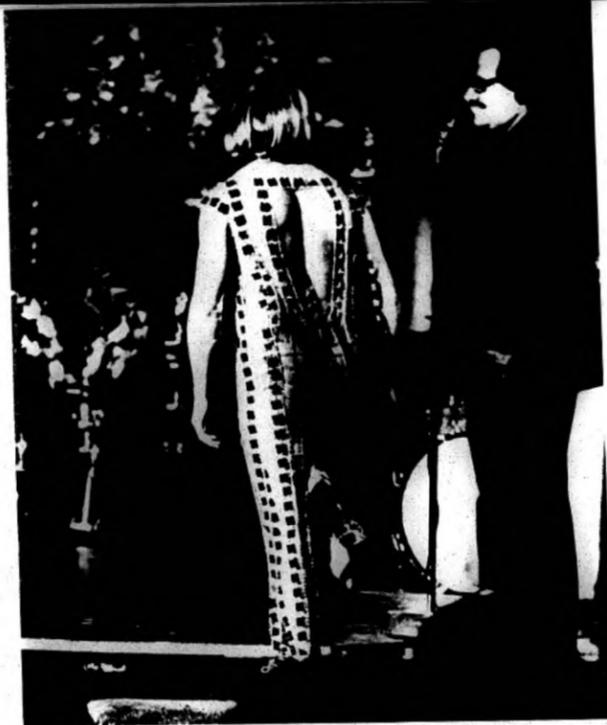
By an overwhelming majority, active members in the Society for Individual Rights elected the above persons to terms of office at the Annual Membership Meeting, Wednesday, February 7. S.I.R.'s new president and vice president, Frank Fitch and Don Scott campaigned as a team, their platform based on a "Let's Bring S.I.R. Together" theme in which a more positive and constructive attitude be adopted both within the organization and without. A stronger effort to promote the basic principles for which the Society was created eight years ago and a desire to make S.I.R. more "fun" was also part of their campaign. Duke Smith and Roger Hayden, incumbents unencumbered by opposition were reelected as Secretary and Treasurer, respectively. The newly revised Constitution voted into being as of the Annual Meeting calls for a Board of Trustees of nine persons who will determine the policy and direction of the organization (instead of as the old board which consisted of thirteen committee chairmen and the four officers). Serving as Trustees will be Jim Foster, Gary Miller, Doug DeYoung, Jene (Deno) Thomas, and Kevin Norton. Foster and Miller, recipients of the majority of votes for Trustee positions, will each serve for a term of two years, the remaining members will serve for one year each. The Ways and Means Committee which controls the budget and expenditures the various committees choose to make in order to finance their separate projects will see Aubrey Bailey, Wynn Brady, Ron Bentley and Max Clements serving under the leadership of Roger Hayden, treasurer.

MIKE NEWTON, EDITOR OF *The Insider* (the S.I.R. monthly membership newsletter) will now write a monthly column in VECTOR concerning significant S.I.R. developments and progress.

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# The Mr. Gay San Francisco and Mr. Gay California Contests



(Left, Top to Bottom and Left to Right) Naomi watches John Adams of Adam Wigs (or is that Barbra Streisand?); A contestant posing (or cracking a nut); Brad of the Bachelors Club, 1st runner-up in the Mr. Gay S.F. competition and VECTOR's choice for Mr. Gay Western Hemisphere; Fat Fairy, who unfortunately did not compete.

(Above) Kimo of the Ramrod, who would have won the Talent competition, had there been one, with his great fire dance; Gay San Francisco contestants Wayne of the Alley Cat, Sonny of the Hans Off, Bob Renskers of the Alley Cat and Kimo, with Bashka (Wayne was 2nd Runner-up and Winner of the Congeniality Award); and the Mr. Gay California finalists: Mike, Mr. Peninsula and the first runner-up; Norman Hughes, Mr. Carnival and the second runner-up; and Jimmy Hughes, from Los Angeles, Mr. Gay California 1973, with the greatest Empress of all, Jose.

(Left) Perry congratulates the winners, Jimmy Hughes and Ray, of the #3, Mr. Gay S.F. 1973. (Below) Ray thanks us all.



"As long as she stays in her room and nobody sees her, it's all right." ... "He has problems so he drinks; when the problems are gone he'll stop." ... "My only problem with booze is getting enough of it." ... "So I get drunk a lot! That doesn't make me an alcoholic." ... "Everybody drinks. Why shouldn't I?"

Alcoholism is a disease which afflicts approximately ten percent of the population, regardless of race, creed, color, national origin, sex, sexual orientation, or marital status. It is not the same as occasional heavy drinking and bears little relationship to the amount drunk. By far the majority of people who drink are not alcoholic, and many alcoholics, unfortunately, use this fact to reject their own alcoholism.

If two people, one an alcoholic, were given excessive but non-lethal amounts of alcohol every day for a week, at the end of the week the non-alcoholic would not want another drink for a very long time while the alcoholic would continue to drink. The alcoholic is not the same as everyone else. The alcoholic is a person who is hurt by the use of alcohol and drinks in spite of the hurt. The alcoholic is a person whose life is made unmanageable by drinking. The alcoholic is a person who seeks the solution to a problem by indulging in the problem itself.

Alcoholism has been misunderstood probably as long as it has been in existence. Until quite recently, in fact, it was not even thought of as a disease but rather as a symptom of some-

nize alcoholism in others cannot see it in themselves.

Too often in the past, professionals have treated gay alcoholics for the disease of homosexuality of which alcoholism is merely a symptom. The only way in which such treatment has appreciably reduced the number of suffering gay alcoholics has been by reducing the number of living gay alcoholics. In Los Angeles the Gay Community Services Center recently received initial funding for a gay alcoholism facility. In San Francisco the Society for Individual Rights is working on the possibility of a gay alcoholism center and a half-way house for gay alcoholics. In other cities similar services can and probably will be attempted in the near future.

Currently, at least part of the need for alcoholism services specifically oriented toward gay persons is being met in many places by Alcoholics Anonymous, "a fellowship of men and women who share their experience, strength and hope with each other that they may solve their common problem and help others to recover from alcoholism." The first Gay A.A. Group started five years ago in San Francisco with one meeting a week. That meeting proved so popular with gay alcoholics who wanted to do something about their drinking that the group now meets four nights a week. There are now several other Gay A.A. groups throughout the country, including Alcoholics Together in Los Angeles which has its own center with meetings every night.

The first step in recovering from alcoholism is to admit

## A Gay Look at Alcoholism

by Kevin Norton

thing else, a sin, a crime, an indication of weak moral fibre, and even, from time to time, a sign of possession by devils. It is interesting to note that homosexual orientation has also been incorrectly described in all of the above ways. The myths surrounding both subjects are remarkably similar. Fortunately, the disease concept of alcoholism is becoming widely accepted, while the "sickness theory" of homosexuality is being soundly rejected.

But myth-inspired emotions tend to persist even when the facts are known. Suffering alcoholics frequently find it difficult to come to grips with their alcoholism because of their illogical emotional reactions. Some homosexuals, for the same non-reasons, find it difficult to believe that gay is as good as straight. Aside from the myths, and the consequent difficulties they present in accepting reality, alcoholism and homosexuality have nothing in common. Gay people are no more or less prone to alcoholism than any other group. Because gay people are people, however, some of them are afflicted with the disease of alcoholism.

Probably no other arrestable disease encounters such high resistance to acceptance by those who suffer from it. People who are otherwise rational and intelligent often refuse to believe that they could possibly be alcoholic. Many who would easily accept a life of insulin and controlled sugar intake were they diabetic would rebel at the thought of a life of abstinence or controlled alcohol intake. For most alcoholics abstinence is the required amount of control. Curiously, many who recog-

that the condition exists. The second step is to accept the condition and the fact that recovery is possible. The third step is to do something about it. This is the way Alcoholics Anonymous works, in part, and it is also the way that any other successful alcoholism treatment works.

Unless an alcoholic admits the problem, accepts it, and wants to do something about it, there is no hope of recovery.

A.A. is not a religious program nor is it an encounter session. Members of Alcoholics Anonymous groups, straight or gay, simply help each other to admit, accept, and do something about their alcoholism. If you think that you might have a problem with alcohol, it might be a good idea for you to look into Gay A.A. What have you got to lose?

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## Book Review: WHAT HAPPENED

BY MERLE MILLER  
HARPER & ROW, 342 p., \$7.95

Merle Miller's recent novel is a fiction biography of George Lionel, world renowned concert pianist. At the declared age of forty-nine, George is confined in a mental institution and, as in *Portnoy's Complaint*, his story is related through conversations with a silent psychiatrist. The book is episodic as George's mind wanders over a lifetime of events, throwing in names and events in stream-of-consciousness style. (But not actually. Miller is too shrewd a craftsman to risk confusion so rather than tax the reader he arranges the appearance of disorganization.) The largest single series of events concerns George's upbringing in a small Iowa town, making a fascinating portrait of Americana seen through the eyes of a persecuted homosexual. Unfortunately, the least amount of space deals with George Lionel's appearance before the House Un-American Activities Committee during the McCarthy panic in the Fifties. George's life was never less than interesting from his rural torture by a homophobic community to his student days in New York where he involved himself with the Harlem jazz scene, and on to world renown taking him into the drawing rooms of all the "beautiful" people including four changes of government in the White House. These are externals; the pegs upon which Miller hangs a repulsive personality portrait of an old auntie who loathes himself while having the brilliance of finding filth and punishment in every human endeavor, from a definitive reading of a Mozart Sonata to a possibly beautiful relationship with a black clarinet player. There are no detailed sex act descriptions but anything connected with gay (which for George included just about everything) is also connected with obscenity and self-abasement.

Throughout *What Happened* the writing is impressive with constant flashes of brilliance. Miller creates whole worlds in few sentences (dealing with tricks) and there is enough condensed drama in each chapter which, if fleshed out, could fill countless other novels. The book starts on page one and races on until the end, often frustrating as he leaves situations undeveloped, as they are in gay life, which is why so many of us need novels: to tie everything up in digestible packages. Miller is an accomplished novelist second to none on the market today.

And now the conflict. Given only *What Happened* we might bless Miller on

his portrayal of a particular kind of bitchy, sissy, self-loathing, miserable, wretched, doleful, anguished old auntie who has mingled with the best of them — Lenny, Van, Truman, Rudy, Franklin, Harry — and never got the mud off of his brain for being gay. What a good way to expose those dreadful aspects of gay life; the Moroccan tricks who steal you blind, Paris hustlers in pissoirs, beatings, bus terminal busts, public park entrapments, subway toilets and the local Americana YMCA's. But here's the rub. While nothing ugly that has happened to any of us has not been thoroughly treated in *What Happened*, few if any of the beautiful things we've found in our life style are covered in *What Happened*. If Miller is speaking for all there is we would long ago have made like lemmings and done the cliff number. In 1973 just who is Merle Miller's fantasy audience?

One Sunday morning last year a delighted New York gay community discovered an article by Merle Miller in the *New York Times Magazine* titled, *On Being Different: What It Means to be a Homosexual*. The man was coming out and in print! That delight quickly turned to shock and then to fury. What the hell was the *Times* trying to do? Realizing their mistake, they printed a few response letters two weeks later (thousands were sent) and killed the subject. Miller came out, granted, but he came out as George Lionel in a disgraceful orgy of breast-beating and pity me because I've been dealt such a cruel blow in turning out gay. The piece reinforced every homophobe's prejudice and ignorance and was simply a flamboyant introduction to *What Happened*. Therefore, I find it impossible not to equate the man Miller with the character George. They're both sending messages and we're reading them. *What Happened* may be required reading for every homophobe, every frightened mother, every ignorant clergyman and for everyone who considers being gay as a major life tragedy.

Yes, there is identity in his life — lots of it when George says, "If only we didn't need to be loved. I have probably said, 'I love you' more times than any other living American, and every time I said it, what I really meant was, YOU love ME, don't you? Say so then, say it over and over and over." And again: "Altogether he looked handsome, lordly and loathsome, but I still loved him. The fact that someone is loathsome has never caused me to stop loving him. That's often WHY." On the mark, Miller, but only on ONE mark. Isn't there any more?

In public interviews Miller has complained of his book's being ignored by

daily reviewers because of his coming out via the *Times*. If the book has been ignored it probably has more to do with its anachronism. This brand of gay is, fortunately, a thing of the past. Like you, Mr. Miller, we went through the horrors of seeking punishment but, unlike your kind, we learned and many of us — most of us — have at least loved once and blessed whatever circumstances which led us into the happiness of being gay, led us into embracing it.

In 1914 E.M. Forster, then one of the world's leading novelists, did not have the courage of coming out (and risking imprisonment) but he did write a gay novel called *Maurice* (which is now out in paperback), and it was unpublishable. Why? As a postscript to this beautiful, beautiful reading experience Forster wrote, "A happy ending was imperative. I shouldn't have bothered to write otherwise. I was determined that in fiction anyway two men should fall in love and remain in it for the ever and ever that fiction allows, which by the way has had an unexpected result: it has made the book more difficult to publish. If it ended unhappily, with a lad dangling from a noose or with a suicide pact, all would be well, for there is no pornography or seduction of minors. But the lovers get away unpunished and con-

sequently recommend crime. Mr. Boronius is too incompetent to catch them, and the only penalty society exacts is an exile they gladly embrace."

— Richard Piro

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## Film Review: SLEUTH

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As a film, *Sleuth* does not work. As a play it is typical of a special genre of contemporary theatre wherein dialogue is equated with music. The specific meanings of words takes second place to the flow of language, the sparkle of concepts (as opposed to moment-by-moment ideas) and the specialness of human beings personifying a kind of orchestra



with themes, counterpoint, secondary melodic treatments and, always, the super-charged feeling of spontaneity and, yes, dangers of errors. In productions such as *Rosenkrantz and Gildenstern are Dead*, *Sleuth*, and most of Edward Albee's plays (not films) you sit on the edge of your seat as a symphony of sound rushes past your eyes. Action is secondary. Sound is primary. Such plays are the darlings of the critics who are basically verbal and not visually oriented and the success of a play such as *Sleuth* (Tony award and running for years in London) is the created smash hit of critical (not audience) approval.

The very mechanics of the making of a film (takes, retakes, continuity, etc.) eliminate the most important quality of this media: spontaneity. It must appear to be happening at the moment — a verbal improvisation, a verbal theme and variations, even a verbal fugue.

The results in the film *Sleuth* are wooden and where it should fly it staggers as the two characters, Lawrence Olivier and Michael Caine talk and talk with as little truly verbal interaction as physical. Cute camera work hardly improves the distance between the two men.

It would be unfair to discuss the plot at the risk of spoiling the surprises, but suffice it to say that *Sleuth* deals with reality and fantasy. The two central characters try their best considering the fact that the nature of the media is in direct conflict with the nature of the script. The results are neither here nor there.

— Richard Piro

## Theatre Reviews: A DOLL'S HOUSE

HENRICK IBSEN  
A.C.T. REPETORY. SAN FRANCISCO

So it isn't New York, and it isn't Lincoln Center, and it isn't Edward Albee, and it isn't Ethel Merman, and it's going to be long, and preachy, and "classical," and terribly aware of itself. And it rained all day forming a proper atmosphere for a first look at regional professional repertory theatre. Difficult to admit, yes, but those were the attitudes on opening night. The best I'd hoped for was to stay awake through enough of the show to write reasonably intelligently about it.

The house lights dimmed (on time) and before silence a strange, ethereal sound crept over the exposed stage. Single areas of the set illuminated and then dimmed as attention roamed throughout Torvald Helmer's apartment in a Norwegian city. Amazingly enough, the combination of lighting, sound, and set created a cinematic effect. In place of the usual sitting room unit set, designer Ralph Funicello has created a wider environment, a house, a doll's house with dining room, study, children's room, back stairs, mail box, sitting room, and upstairs all blended together by Fred Kopp's masterly effective lighting. Technically ACT doesn't mess around.

Marsha Mason's entrance as Nora can be compared to still another stunning light cue. Her shining joy shatters the sombre mood which had been so beautifully established but, though gone visually at the moment, remains as a constant warning that things aren't often what they appear to be. With a laugh somewhere between giggle and guffaw she enters the apartment, nose and ears stinging from the bitter Norwegian winter and arms laden with family Christmas gifts. How is it not possible to immediately adore this delightful, whimsical, mischievous, perky, attractive woman? But *A Doll's House* is supposed to be heavy drama. Checking the program we see that in 1878 Ibsen wrote, "A woman

cannot be herself in modern society. It is an exclusively male society, with laws made by men and with prosecutors and judges who assess feminine conduct from a masculine standpoint . . . A mother in modern society, like certain insects, retires and dies once she has done her duty by propagating the race." That's heavy! Then I felt afraid for Marsha Mason. Could she sustain her acting approach and still make the transition from doll to woman believable? She had chosen a tricky and possibly disastrous route to the play's climax. This she did and did it brilliantly and, more importantly, did it in ensemble with the rest of

the cast.

As the play's central character, Nora Helmer commits a selfless but legally questionable act to save her husband's life. Nora's decision to follow the dictates of her own conscience rather than those of the law propels her into a shattering personal crisis which forces her to confront not only the emptiness of her marriage to Torvald Helmer but also of her life as a woman and a human being.

Ten minutes into the first act and I was hooked. If it were film you'd call it a movie-movie, but since it wasn't then describe *A Doll's House* as a super-drama. How marvelous to be able to view a con-

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temporary production secure in the knowledge that under the manipulation of the playwright and director you have sufficient information to adequately perceive the concepts, thus freeing you from those oppressive what-does-it-mean so popular among the anti-plottists. The overwhelming excellence of even the most minute details (the guests leaving the party) served to create an experience. Thus, you don't watch this show, you live it: quickly becoming partner to Kristine's pain, Dr. Rank's slow death, Torvald's bewilderment and Krogstad's drive for acceptance. There are no heroes, no villains and, as in life, each character speeds towards their destiny, only this time accompanied by your understanding and empathy.

The acting is uniformly excellent, a large canvas with countless delicious details such as Donald Ewer's hassle with Barbara Colby's projection of deep inner pain which, in spite of her surface chin-up attitude, kept me on the edge of tears, and Peter Donat's fantastic control of attitudes (his embroidery bit was brilliant) and the maids, Anne Lawder and Shirley Slater, who with few lines became closely tied to the drama with a look, a hesitation before an entrance or exit, and even Paul Shenar whose physical attitudes became interesting only because of his inconsistency in maintaining them. This was not Nora's production supported by others. Each actor, each moment stood shiningly on its own and captured its own possibilities.

Where cast/technicians/playwright's work ended and Allen Fletcher's direction began is imperceptible and this is the director's ultimate achievement. Every element of this production was as meshed and evenly proportioned as a Mozart symphony. Allen Fletcher has theatrical instinct and rare talent to realize it.

As Nora was leaving her home, her husband and her marriage in order to become a woman (and dressed like a famous photograph of an early suffragette — another indication of Robert Blackman's superior costume art) I became aware of a tremendous force of energy flowing from the audience to the stage. This magic ingredient of total theatre is generally lost in a sophisticated and jaded New York audience. In addition to discovering the treasure of A.C.T., I found this the most unique aspect of the evening. Quality theatre is not unusual, mutual energy flow across the pit from people to production is.

The American Conservatory Theatre's production of *A Doll's House* is

superb, and exciting, and moving, and immensely satisfying. If the intensity of my group's conversation on the way home about what Nora should or should not have done is any indication of the play's impact in 1973 one can only imagine the shocked attitudes of a society hitherto asleep to woman's liberation in 1878. It might just have been considered intellectually pornographic. Who needs anywhere else? We should declare ACT a national monument and extend the season to 11 months.

— Richard Piro

## YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN/MOSS HART  
A.C.T. REPETORY, SAN FRANCISCO

Once again A.C.T. has served up a theatrical banquet which, at the very least, is an evening of theatre so total that it transcends usual descriptions such as "satisfying," or "thoroughly professional." I cannot recall when I last had such a rollicking good time at a show.

Tempering elements of wild farce, sharp satire and hard-boiled wisecracks with an underlying warmth and tenderness, the play takes us into the Vanderhof household in New York circa 1936. The cast of characters includes three generations of Vanderhofs and their husbands, wives and friends. Grandpa Martin is the head of the family, a wise old man who walked out on his job thirty-five years



earlier and never went back. All their lives reflect Grandpa's philosophy that life is best when people do as they like rather than as they should. Sound contemporary? It is. Change the year to 1973 and the locale to Berkeley and you're in your own time and space. *You Can't Take It With You* is now and ever shall be an American classic for all times.

The stars of the evening were authors Hart and Kaufman, who were joined by an audience that turned a ritual into a celebration of laughter and warm feelings, interrupting the action several times to heartily applaud the ideas being expressed

(Left) Scenes from A.C.T.'s *A Doll's House*, and (below) Scenes from *You Can't Take It With You*.



(especially those concerning nonpayment of income taxes). We became members of the Vanderhof family and this morning I, for one, miss my new family. One can't help getting the impression that the happenings in the Vanderhof household are an ongoing thing and if you drop into the Geary Theatre at any time they'll greet you warmly, offer you a place at the dinner table (for watermelon and cornflakes) and simply go about their business of living the good life. Take those one or two friends with whom you never seem to be able to spend enough time, put them under the same communal roof, add a dash of conflict, and you've got your own *You Can't Take It With You*.

This production is flawed, however, but not enough to spoil the evening's fun. Program credits note the presentation as "based on Ellis Rabb's original APA Production." This may be the fly in the ointment — a revival based upon another revival (which I did not see) may have been just enough to stop director Jack O'Brien's own creative juices from flowing freely. Theatrical duplication is a most dangerous business indeed. In time the A.C.T. cast may be able to relax in the iron molds of APA's luminous creativity but at this time ensemble work and energy levels are inconsistent. When they are there you feel an electric charge shooting from actor to actor; when it isn't, due to A.C.T.'s tremendous professionalism, you know it'll return in a moment or two. The momentum never falters. Since forced moments set up the charged ones, the end result was perfectly served.

The large cast were, as individuals, uniformly superb led by William Paterson's Martin Vanderhof who never pushed, never seemed aware of his presence in a hilarious play but simply went about his business and let the moments happen spontaneously, resulting in a lightness that did Hart and Kaufman proud. Lightness should have been everyone's key. On the opposite end there was Ray Reinhardt's Boris Kolenkhov, the ballet teacher whose outrageous histrionics brought down the house time after time. Marc Singer's Tony Kirby, the typical 30's cardboard lover from the other side of the tracks was not an easy role to breathe life into. Singer played it so that flesh and blood eliminated the cardboard, making his love scenes with Marsha Mason enthralling and, would you believe it, much too short. This was not easy and, until last night, many thought it couldn't be done. Looking like Imogene Coca, Judith Knaiz kept the stage sparkling with her absolutely delicious no-talent as a ballerina. Barbara Colby's cameo as the Grand Duchess of Imperial Russia was another indication of this woman's depthless reservoir of talent. There are nineteen performers, each stars, constantly contributing to the constellation of this beautifully crafted play.

Upon leaving the theatre someone asked, "I wonder why *You Can't Take It With You* was never done into a musical?" The answer given was, "It's a musical now. Why spoil it?" And it's true. This play sings and sings and one leaves the theatre humming the characters. Remember when theatre was always like this? I don't.

— Richard Piro

## B.A.R.T. — A HANNIBAL INSPECTION

A group of travel industry dignitaries (ahem) was invited to preview the Civic Center B.A.R.T. station and attend a cocktail party afterwards as the guests of the Towne House Hotel, which, coincidentally, is located at the same intersection.

Well, it was through a plywood door, watch your head, and hold the escalator handrail. Our tour guide wore a hard hat which makes one wonder what he knew that he wasn't telling his followers. It must have been simply cosmetic since not a single scrap of debris fell on the assembled heads.

A portable P.A. system carried by our guide amplified his otherwise pleasant voice to the decibel level of a rooster crow. Instant migraine and nowhere amidst all this electronic wizardry was there a single aspirin dispenser.

The station seemed spacious enough, but, of course, there were no trains or buses to give a realistic perspective. Card-board was taped over most of the walkway. It will presumably be removed when the station is in use. Underneath is a variety of beautiful marbles.

Readers with weak kidneys and/or long commutes will be interested to learn that each station apparently has one (1) set of restrooms. The door to each is protected by a row of BARS electronically controlled by the attendant in the nearby Information Booth. Pray that he's never preoccupied with such a mundane pastime as dispensing information when you *have* to go. And what if he asks, "Do you REALLY have to go?" Which isn't as unlikely as you may imagine since the men's room has one urinal, one basin, and one toilet (which has no stall for privacy). Imagine the lines waiting to relieve the foolishness of that third martini before heading home. My companion — a lovely creature who is an articulate spokesman for the heterosexual viewpoint — obliged my curiosity by inspecting the women's facility. One toilet, ladies: one. As my buddy quickly observed, "What if there's somebody in there doing a mascara and fresh-up number and you gotta go?"

B.A.R.T. has an answer: "Well, there was a survey and 'they' said we should keep these things at a minimum. This is ... uh ... where most of the ... well ... uh ... rapes and ... uh ... murders take place ... and ... uh ..." His voice trailed off, and anything else he may have mentioned was lost in the caverns of

B.A.R.T. or the feedback of the P.A. strapped on his shoulder. (At least now you know for sure what the prize is in the really BIG boxes of cracker jacks.)

The wise commuter will carry an old orange juice bottle and wear an over-sized raincoat.

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— Hannibal

## Film Review: HEARTBREAK KID

WRITTEN BY NEIL SIMON  
DIRECTED BY ELAINE MAY  
FROM AN IDEA BY BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

It's difficult to report on HEARTBREAK KID without re-encountering feelings of guilt for having inadvertently shared in a ripoff film experience. I didn't like myself during the viewing as waves of anti-Semitism (anti-New York?) pinned me to the seat making it impossible to walk out.

What immediately comes to mind during HEARTBREAK KID is that you are imprisoned in an enormously exaggerated segment of BRIDGET LOVES BERNIE. In spite of the exciting grouping of comedy writing superstars, Simon, May and Friedman, HEARTBREAK KID is a pompous, ho-hum TV situation tripe where events, not in the least believable, become monsters that move people in impossibly silly situations.

Lennie (Charles Grodin), that nice looking, talented, young New York Jewish hope-of-our-future-type meets Lila (Jeannie Berlin), the archtype Jewish American Princess at a New York singles pickup bar. They go home. She says, "But I *do* wait." (In 1973? In 1973.) They get married and motor to Miami Beach for a honeymoon. During the journey he learns, to a point of getting turned off, that she is an egg salad freak who doesn't mind food smeared over her chin and that she needs constant reassurances of his affection. Upon arrival she overdoes the first day of sun and is bed-ridden. Kelly Cochran (Cybill Shepherd), the ideal Candice Bergen type, puts the heavy make on Lennie in Lila's absence. Kelly's father, a wealthy Minneapolis tycoon (played honestly by Eddie Albert until he, too, gets caught in the script-direction inanities) sees through Lennie as a pushy, insensitive, not too bright but determined fortune hunter. However, folks, Lennie manages to form a kind of relationship with Kelly using outrageous lies which would bore a three-year-old,

not to mention a passionate bride waiting in her bridal suite. Lennie divorces Lila and goes to Minneapolis where he marries Kelly in spite of her father.

The most effective moment, though hardly worth the wait, is the final wedding reception scene where the wealthy of Minneapolis listen to Lennie's pitch ("You know, I'm not your normal young man of today...") politely, then move away. Two children are less polite as they walk out leaving Lennie in mid-sentence in his self-sales talk. Finally, the last shot, Lennie is sitting alone on the sofa closed out as only the filthy rich can do. At no point is his cartoon, offensive Jewishness so much as mentioned, the absence of which is a possible reason it so heavily pervades the film.

At its most root level, comedy must grow from situations which are believable if not to the audience then at least between the characters. This is basic enough to be undiscussable. At no point in HEARTBREAK KID is there a shred of credibility. Historians will credit Elaine May as a pioneer comedienne during the golden age of improvisational comedy with Mike Nichols. They became masters of bits that left you aching with laugh pain and perception pain as they dug into our humanity. Unfortunately, Ms. May is still doing bits and pieces which do not a film make.

Nonetheless, she has not lost her touch with brilliant moments of high comedy. One such touch occurs during the honeymoon. Lennie and Lila stop for lunch at an International Pancake House. Lennie orders hamburger and a coke. Lila pores over the menu in breathless anticipation of gustatory delights, finally settling upon a double egg salad sandwich and a double malt. The dialogue ends (freeing Elaine May from Neil Simon) and the actors/camera record the moment which is hilarious as well as painful. Lennie is distressed at his bride's earthiness; she is delighted to share her favorite things. The food arrives. Lila attacks her sandwich ("You may as well know now that I'm an egg salad freak.") and, part of her delight is the food smeared over her face. Totally open, she holds the sandwich out to Lennie who reacts with disgust. Is this the creature society requires him to remain mated to for the next forty years? It's a perfect set-up for the remaining sequences and one of the last moments of dramatic credibility. Flashes of the same level of directing occur but by that time you've long tired of comedy bits and are looking at the large picture which gets closer and closer to a cartoon or, as mentioned before, a tired half hour TV situation comedy.

Charles Grodin's performance as Lennie is fine when the script allows him reality, and when it doesn't (most of the time) you feel personal shame for what he is forced to do. Jeannie Berlin (Elaine May's daughter) has been nominated for an Oscar and she may well deserve it. It's unfortunate that her role is written out midway as the story leaves her. Her work is intelligent and professionally shrewd and, I suspect, her altercations with her mother-director during shooting came from her unwillingness to exaggerate so that her scenes were never embarrassing in their excess. Cybill Shepherd (also an Oscar Nominee) is difficult to judge. Her role, as written, was so full of inconsistencies that eventually it created audience anger. She is, first off, a beautiful woman, cool, bright, relaxed, and very much the rich man's daughter who controls everyone and everything. The mere fact that she didn't instantly see through Lennie for what he was strained credibility to the breaking point. She knows her acting business and is one to watch in the future. Audry Lindley as Kelly's mother simply repeats her role as the dumb Irish mother in TV's dreadful BRIDGET LOVES BERNIE. Eddie Albert is playing Spencer Tracy in GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.

HEARTBREAK KID is another rip-off movie that falls very far from its promise. An oversimplification could be the tremendous power of the production lineup (Neil Simon, Elaine May and Bruce Jay Friedman) and the inexperience of this particular group of actors. Simon and May may just require a Walter Matthau or an Art Carney or a Maureen Stapleton to keep the writing excesses in check. Brilliance, like anything else, needs control.

— Richard Piro

## BUTLEY is Coming!

Tickets are on sale at the Curran Theater box office for the two weeks engagement of "Butley," starring Alan Bates and the original New York cast. The Simon Gray comedy will play the Curran March 5 through 17, with performances Monday through Saturdays at 8:30, and Saturday matinees at 2:30.

"Butley" is the all-too-human story of a man torn by his inner emotions and struggle to cope with them. Ben Butley, the anti-hero, is an English teacher at London University, who finds both his wife and boyfriend walking out on him on the same day. Bates created the role in London (where he won the "Best Actor" award), recreating it in New York, and now will only play San Francisco and Los Angeles on tour.

MARCH 1973



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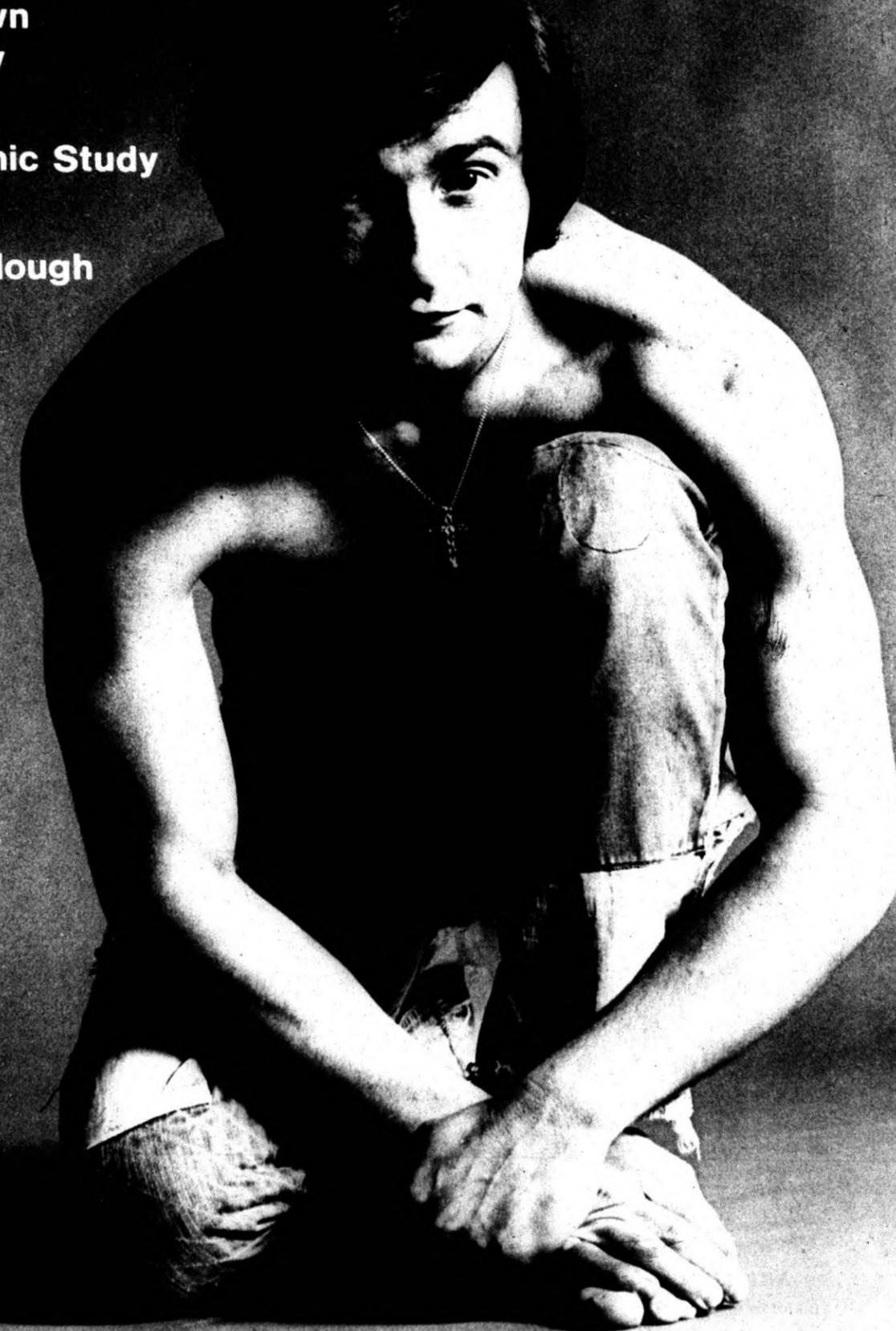
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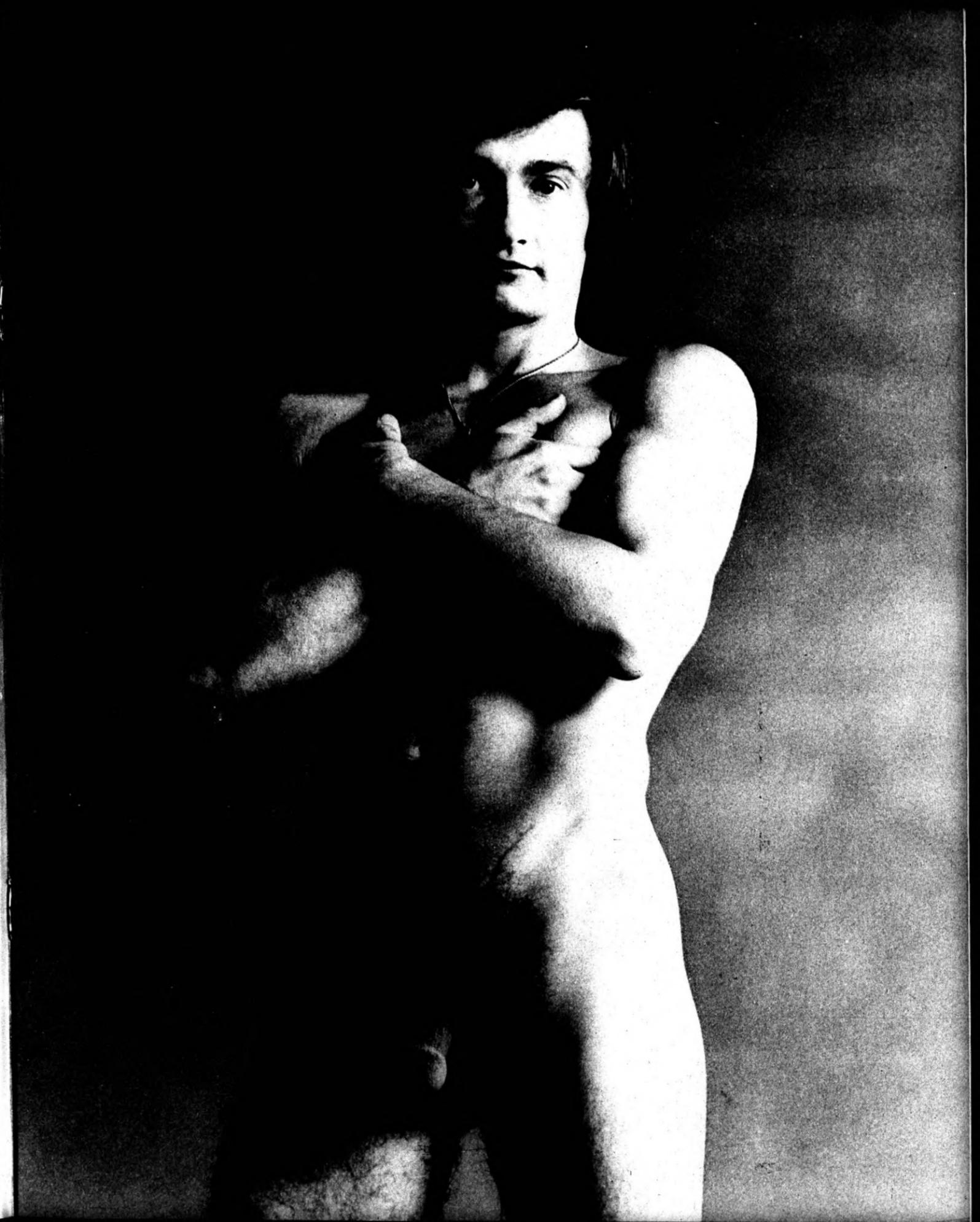
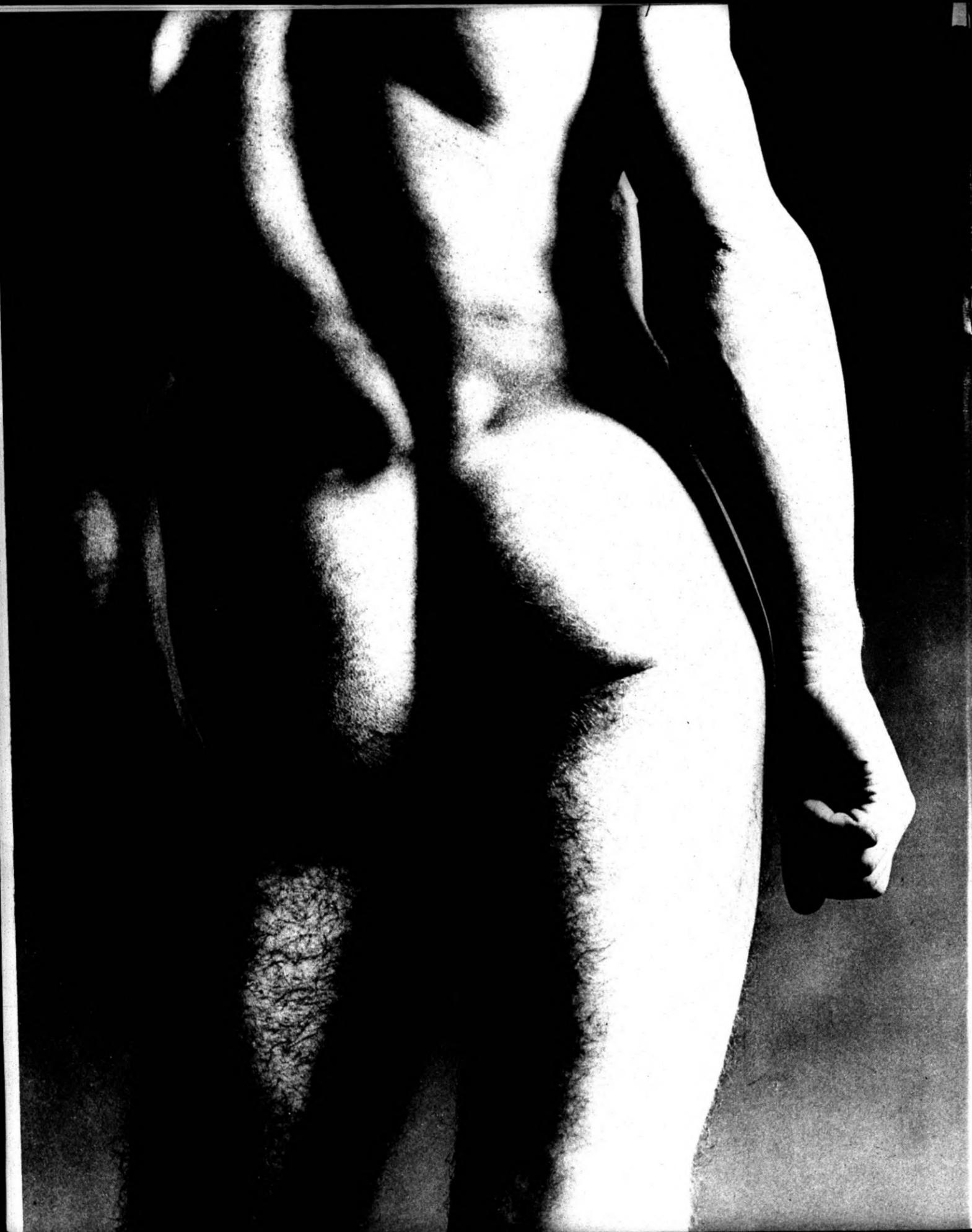
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## BLAINE DENVERS

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GROOVY Guy

A Photographic Study  
by  
John David Hough







# SHERIFF DICK HONGISTO

*the recently elected san francisco county sheriff discusses gay politics, jail politics and his politics*

BY DUKE SMITH

*Sheriff Richard Hongisto is known to the gay community as one who is not afraid to speak out in its defense. Indeed, he is not afraid to speak out on any matter that concerns him. Since he was elected Sheriff of San Francisco, he has demonstrated a flair that is almost unprecedented in modern politics.*

*The Sheriff has been acclaimed in national publications as being the most progressive county prison administrator in the country. He claims that the Sheriff of Boston would share in this honor. Naturally San Franciscans are prejudiced in the matter.*

*Recently the money from the Federal Revenue Sharing Program became available. This event set off one of the wildest scrambles by both government departments and private organizations ever beheld in the usual staid atmosphere of City government. When it comes to money, everyone wants to get into the act.*

*Joining the throng of course, was the Sheriff's Department. In its case, however, there is a particular need in that the San Francisco jails have been declared far below the standards set by State law.*

*Unfortunately, the Mayor did not see the need in this area and allocated only a very small percentage of the total request made by the Sheriff. When this fact became known to our indomitable Sheriff, he set off a political rhubarb that even Teddy Roosevelt would have been proud of.*

*Dick Hongisto has made as many enemies as he has friends during his first term in office. It will be interesting to see whether the voters like a man to be outspoken and honest or one who feeds them the pap that has traditionally graced the electoral table of so many constituencies. In any event, here is a brief interview with the phenomenon, made by literally cornering a busy man doing his job as best he knows how, by serving those who elected him.*

**VECTOR:** Sheriff, you received a very large vote in your last election. Do you attribute a part of this to the gay community?

**HONGISTO:** Yes, I absolutely do. The elected official classifies the voting contributions of the gay community in terms of

electoral turnout. It is my belief that the gay community is responsible for many thousands of votes, and I do believe that the community was rather united behind me without division.

Some of the candidates for other offices did not receive a unified gay vote, though they tried to appeal to it. In my opinion this was because of their inconsistencies or because of an occasional apathetic performance on their part in not delivering the kind of support that the gay community needs.

I think that explains why Dianne Feinstein did not get all of the gay community support when she ran for Mayor of San Francisco. Let's hope that she will get this support in future campaigns.

It is very important for me to say to your readers that there are other dimensions of community support. One important dimension is that the gay community has a penumbra effect in that there are gay people with straight friends whom they encourage to vote for specific candidates. As the community becomes more aware in future years it will give not only its own support, but also the support of



*We have a variety of programs that need to be put into effect. We are also in desperate need of just the basic clerical necessities that are required to run a department of this size. We did not even get those.*



*It is my belief that the gay community is responsible for many thousands of votes. . .and I do believe that the community was rather behind me without division.*



*If I were given everything I wanted, I would calculate that over a five year period there would be a reduction in crime of 30%.*

the sympathetic straight community, to those candidates who deserve it.

The second dimension is the ability of gays to work within the existing political structure. Since my campaign, the gay community has started a Democratic Club (Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club) and have become very well organized. As time progresses the percentage of Democratic volunteers and financial contributions from gays will become larger and larger, thus giving it a firm entrenchment in the Democratic Party. The gay community accounted for twenty-five percent of my entire campaign fund and I hope it will be bigger in the future.

Five years ago this movement was in its political infancy. It makes me very happy to see that its political awareness has not slowed down, but rather has been spurred on by its own efforts and desires to receive fair treatment in San Francisco. By its natural resources of intelligence and energy the gay community is moving ahead with political weapons in its arsenal that would never have been dreamed of a few years ago. There's a lot more there, than just votes.

**VECTOR:** What reasons do you think spurs gay people to vote? What forces organize them into a "block vote.?"

**HONGISTO:** Several years ago Saul Alinsky remarked that people can be organized around hate, fear and hope. This is a kind of frightening thought because hate and fear are negative. Only hope is positive.

The gay community has reason for fear: fear of arrest, harassment, intimidation, persecution, etc. Concomitantly, it has reason for hope. I think that there is reason for hope in an improved political climate in the City through the continued efforts of its leaders. So, you see, the gays can be organized around both fear and hope; fear of what is or might be, and hope for what could be.

We saw those motives playing a very large part in my election. I advocated then, and I do now, that gays should not be persecuted, and I did this unequivocally.

**VECTOR:** Would you say that San Francisco is in the forefront of accomplishment in the area of political awareness?

**HONGISTO:** Well, yes. I would say that. I could be wrong since I don't claim to be an authority on the subject. From what I can gather by watching the newspapers and other national publications San Francisco is somewhat ahead of other areas in the struggle for equal rights for people regardless of sexual orientation.

In a general way, I think that San Francisco has the kind of Board of Supervisors that will at least come close to responding in some symbolic ways. They may not do all that much directly, but at certain times they begin to get close to some sort of understanding and support. It is at least different from the kind of raw persecution you see in so many other places in the country.

**VECTOR:** Are you aware, Sheriff, that the arrests of gay people in San Francisco for gay-oriented crimes has increased over 800% in the past two years? If so, to what do you attribute this increase?

**HONGISTO:** I was aware that there was some kind of increase, but I did not know it was in that proportion. Being a criminologist, I would have to have a substantial amount of raw data to analyze before I could begin to account for the change in statistics. It could be due to a change in the booking procedures in the Police Department which doesn't represent any significant change in enforcement policy other than the way the code numbers are used. Of course it could be purely political, caused by such things as the gay community supporting Feinstein instead of the winning candidate, Mayor Alioto. I would have to have much more information before I could make a truthful

analysis.

**VECTOR:** How many people would you say are incarcerated in the County Jail for gay crimes?

**HONGISTO:** I would have to speculate that there are between 30 and 50 at this time.

**VECTOR:** Do you segregate them?

**HONGISTO:** Yes.

**VECTOR:** Why?

**HONGISTO:** When the segregation patterns break down, we have found that a couple of things occur. The first and primary one is that the assaults against the gay inmates increase. There is a problem in every jail with homosexual rape, and it is sometimes definitely spurred on . . .

**VECTOR:** Are these rapes perpetrated by homosexuals upon heterosexuals or heterosexuals upon homosexuals?

**HONGISTO:** Heterosexuals against homosexuals. People who at least, let's say, identify themselves as heterosexuals, and as far as I can tell, conduct themselves as heterosexuals through the larger part of the year. These are the ones who participate in individual and gang rapes of homosexuals during the period that they are confined.

It is a problem. And the problem is profoundly aggravated by integrated confinement of readily identifiable homosexuals with aggressive heterosexuals.

**VECTOR:** Do you segregate only those who can be identified as homosexuals by their mannerisms, or do you segregate all known homosexuals such as those who do not fit the standard stereotype image but were convicted of homosexual "crimes"?

**HONGISTO:** Well, if a person comes into the jail the other inmates are going to find out what his booking charges are, because we don't have the clerical staff we need to have only Civil Service employees work on the records. The jail tends to be run by inmate trustees.

If a person comes into the jail whose mannerisms do not portray the homosexual image, and if he was not booked on homosexual charges, then he will be put in with the general population even though the guards may know that he is a homosexual. This is a rare occurrence, but if it does happen, the guards will watch for any unusual activity. If any homosexual activity starts getting talked about among the other inmates, then we must separate the individual because he is participating in an obviously illegal activity.

**VECTOR:** Obviously, Sheriff, there is going to be homosexual activity even between so-called heterosexuals when males are confined with males for an

extended period of time. What are your instructions to your Deputies when they hear of or actually see such things going on?

**HONGISTO:** I don't have any particular instructions for when they see such things, because they never see such things. There is too good an early warning system among the population for that to happen. If by some remote chance that that were to actually occur, then the law would be the guide for the Deputy.

Hearing about it is of course, not sufficient for prosecution. So when it is heard about, the person is removed to another section of the jail with other homosexuals or with alcoholics who are far past the point of participating in any form of sexual activity.

**VECTOR:** Sheriff, you have recently been having a major altercation with the Mayor of San Francisco over the funds which he allotted you in his Revenue Sharing program. The total Federal funds from this was, I believe, twenty-six and a half-million dollars. How much of this 26.5 million dollars did you request for your department?

**HONGISTO:** 606 thousand dollars.

**VECTOR:** For what purpose was this to be used?

**HONGISTO:** We have a variety of programs that need to be put into effect: vocational and rehabilitation training programs, medical and dental programs, to name just a few. We are also in desperate need of just the basic clerical necessities that are required to run a department of this size. We did not even get those.

**VECTOR:** How much did you actually receive?

**HONGISTO:** Of the specific projects we asked money to fund, we received twenty-five thousand dollars.

**VECTOR:** I've seen the Mayor's proposal, Sheriff. If I remember correctly fifty-five thousand was allocated for x-ray equipment for the San Bruno Jail. Is this correct or was I seeing things?

**HONGISTO:** What you saw was fifty-five thousand that was allotted to the Department of Public Health. I did not ask for that equipment in my budget request. It was, however, a number one priority in the Department of Public Health's request, and I respect that priority because we need the equipment badly. The equipment we have now has broken down. Even if it weren't out of commission, we could not use it, since we don't have anyone who can operate it.

**VECTOR:** What are your priorities?

**HONGISTO:** The first priority is the medical/dental programs. Our second priority is the vocational and rehabilitation program. And thirdly, we have a number of requests for some administrative package improvements. We desperately need a payroll clerk for instance. Every payday we come dangerously close to not being able to pay the Deputy Sheriffs because of a shortage of personnel. We need a research and administrative component which we have never had.

We need additional doctors and medical equipment.

We asked for additional training programs such as cooking school which would both improve the food in the jail and provide training for jobs on the outside. We asked for a printing shop so that we could do our own printing and provide invaluable vocational training.

We didn't get any of those things. We couldn't even get a \$300 dollar check writer. At present, my assistant and myself sign close to a thousand checks a month by hand. It is the most idiotic waste of time that exists in City government.

**VECTOR:** Sheriff Hongisto, what do you think the reduction in crime would be if you were given the proper rehabilitation system?

**HONGISTO:** If I were given everything I wanted, I would calculate that over a five year period there would be a reduction in crime of 30%.

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# A Silly, Sassy, Slightly Sullied Sally to Scintillatin' Sakammena

by Hannibal

The seemingly endless trudge in pursuit of a few stolen hours of passion leads inevitably to outposts farther and farther from civilization as we know it. Come with me, then, to Sacramento — somewhere on the outskirts of time.

If you liked the Eisenhower years, you'll love the state capital. A visit is like pretending to be young again. Remember when streets were wide and lined with trees? There was a time when people smiled simply for the sake of smiling; they asked "how are you?" and listened to your reply. There's a small colony of such people an hour and a half from the City. In Sacramento the inhabitants observe the quaint, endearing custom of talking to each other. And visitors.

Give yourself a treat by driving up some Saturday evening. Spend the night; look around the next day. You'll have a good time and come home with the feeling that there is a rather nice, if somewhat different, world beyond the bridges across the San Francisco Moat.

## HOW TO GET THERE

Soon after you cross the Bay Bridge you will see signs directing you to Sacramento via Highway 180 East. Half an hour later there is a stop for a thirty-five cent toll. An hour beyond that is a sign, "West Sacramento — W. Capitol Ave — right turn." Shortly after you make this right turn there is a stop sign. Then, you turn left. Go under the overpass and make a right turn.

## THE ZODIAC

Just past the storage lot for jeeps on the right you will see a sign with three neon arrows announcing "Cocktails/Lunch/Dinner." Below that is a white display sign announcing the evening's entertainment if there is any. Nowhere does the sign say "Zodiac." (You have to be coming from the other direction to see the bar's only sign admitting the name). Who knows, maybe they're trying to hide the place. It's 4205 W. Capitol Ave. (phone 371-9712).



Sam Jones and his San Francisco Troupe Review appear there occasionally — whenever you can drag them out of their twenty-room Victorian relic in the lower Haight. They feature a spoof of drag shows that has its moments of hysteria. It was easy to like Sam when I first met him more than ten years ago, but it's impossible to be at all tolerant of someone who refuses to age. After all, we all expect to pay our dues of a few wrinkles and perhaps a sprinkle of gray. Where does he come off looking no older than he did a decade ago?

Attention, serious drinkers: The Zodiac is one of the two gay bars in the area with a liquor license. So, stop by on your way to Ernie's for those first drinks to prime your evening.

If you like caramel-colored cuties there is a chance to see how much adrenalin your heart can pump. Check out Joey, one of the waiters at the Zodiac. Easily the most beautiful Latino in Northern California and, therefore, perhaps the world. (Don't hesitate to send me pictures of *your* candidate for this accolade, however; I still need a few more things for my bedroom ceiling).

If I lived in Sacramento and this were the only bar in town, I'd be checking my vacuum sweeper hose by now to see if it would attach to my car's exhaust pipe. But a look at Joey is worth the trip. The mood of this place fluctuates, depending on whether there's entertainment and how late Joey works. (He likes to dance at Ernie's). There is also another waiter there who just happens to be a little slice of heaven. I wish they'd go to work somewhere else or that this place would fill up. Drink up for a good cause. You could put this place on the map.

## ERNIE'S

Down the road a quarter of a mile on the left at 3480 W. Capitol Ave. is Ernie's (phone 371-9901). The sign, however, says "The Other End Bonanza — Beer & Dancing." Mounted on the roof is a life-size replica of a horse(!) Please don't ever explain it to me. I like to think that some day it's going to be wheeled on to the lawn of the state legislature, and all the fairies from the Valley are going to climb down from the belly and vote the passage of Assemblyman Brown's consensual sex bill. (Sometime before he becomes the Mayor of San Francisco).

Ernie's is *why* you go to Sacramento. He only serves beer, but the place would be chock-full of young lovelies if he only served ice water. It's called charisma. About ten years ago, when I managed the Life Magazine office in Sacramento (see how the clues keep piling up), Ernie used to ask me to dance at the old Log Cabin. A moment of silence, please, for another gay landmark bulldozed off the face of the earth. Ernie was the best dancer in town and may still be for all I know. He has a personality that makes everybody want to be nearby.



The bar was apparently decorated by a deranged acid freak, but the total effect is fun. You can shoot a game of pool under a poster of Mark Spitz — cheek-by-jowl with a naked teen-age boy. There is a quivering, sensual jukebox for senior citizens who like to dance with junior citizens. Whoever has the Johnson's baby powder concession in this city is a rich man. All those pretty new faces . . . and so young! Love it, love it, love it!

It took me three visits to Sacramento before I could drag myself beyond Ernie's. Only a pervert would tear himself away from this massive assortment of yummys.

## HIDE & SEEK

Continue up W. Capitol Avenue to the next intersection (Harbor Street). Turn left. Go over the railroad tracks. Then, you turn right and soon go under an overpass. At the next intersection look to your left across the street. There's the Hide & Seek (825 Sunset, Bryte, phone 371-9817). If, instead, you turned right for a couple of blocks, you'd be at the Baths. (More about that later).

The first time at the Hide & Seek it didn't look so much like a dance bar as "show and tell time" at the geriatrics ward of a charity hospital. Either that or it was a bomb shelter that filled up some time in 1941, and some of the folks haven't cared to leave since. I don't condemn any place after one visit; so, a month later, I went back. What an improvement! This time it looked like a mini-United Nations. There were several attractive Japanese boys, a pride of handsome black dudes, and even a token transvestite. Check it out for yourself. It is, incidentally, the *other* bar that serves liquor. The jukebox leans heavily on the "big band sound." Remember, I promised you a time warp.

I have trouble saying "no." I don't hurt anybody's feelings that way, but it makes for some interesting dance partners. So there I was on the dance floor in the clutches of a slaving, inebriated troll who looked like the type who slurps the foam from urinals. He somehow managed to fondle every extremity of my body during a two-minute, twenty-six second waltz. As soon as the needle lifted from the record, I did a Loretta Young twirl across the dance floor and out the door. Try doing that while finishing a drink and fishing out your car keys. Nureyev has been an inspiration to us all.

## CLUB BATHS

Nothing like an invigorating visit to a sauna to put things into a pleasant perspective. Go back *past* the road you just came down. Bear to the left. At 1537 Sacramento Avenue (phone 371-9949) is the Club Baths. The sign outside just shows the street number and a mascot that looks like a hunch-backed, knock-kneed goat. It has been said that it is a likeness of an infamous Travel Editor who shall remain anonymous.



Enter the parking lot on Yolo street just beyond the building. For \$5.00 (Friday/Saturday) you can join the other voluptuaries inside. Sunday is buddy day: two for \$4.00. BankAmericard and MasterCharge are accepted. Why does that amuse me?

Don't expect the marvelously florid decadence of Ritch Street. (Yes, Virginia, there is a heaven, and it's the new basement of Ritch Street). Anyway, in Sacramento you're in small-town America. It's a very clean place . . . and pleasant. There's a delightful clientele. Young members of the military and students from nearby colleges who hesitate to become a part of the bar landscape find their pleasures here.

## MISCELLANY

A couple of new bars have just opened. The Purple Stallion on Folsom near 65th Street (phone 383-9958). The old Corker is now the Underpass (phone 457-5867). It has a restaurant, and on weekends there is a live band (1946 Broadway, phone 457-5867). The original Ernie's is now Charlie's Place (phone 371-9768), a popular after-hours place. The bars in Sacramento play a mystifying game of musical chairs. You may get there only to find they've shifted again.

A bar that deserves to succeed is the Cruz In downtown at 2026 I Street (phone 447-1300). The owner, Ben, is such a charmer! He's not shy about making introductions, either. There's also a good dance jukebox. If you Greyhound it up to Sacramento, you can walk to the Cruz In or take a short taxi ride. He's open Friday and Saturday all night. Of course, you can probably get a ride from here to the bars in the outlying area. Another bar downtown is the Topper at 14th & K streets (phone 444-2815). A bar that is home base for a lot of gals is the Off Key, 1040 Soule (phone 371-9725). The Atticus at 5121 El Camino in Carmichael (phone 481-5595) caters to gay guys and gals, according to my spies. We'll probably do a follow-up piece on Sacramento soon to explore these other bars. This will get you started. Let me know how your trip goes, so we'll know what your *need* from a travel feature. This is, after all, your magazine.

## SIGHTSEEING

If you decide to stay over and see what the real-life city looks like, congratulations. You can tour the State Capitol. It's open daily 7 a.m. - 9 p.m. One hour conducted tours are available. Call 445-2401 to verify times. If you're downtown, take a walking tour of "Old Sacramento," which is now a historical landmark. For a map of the area and a guide to the historical buildings, write to Redevelopment Agency of Sacramento, 1006 Fourth Street, Sacramento, CA 95814. Sutter's Fort at 27th & L Streets has an Indian museum. The fort is open daily 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.

## The 1973 GOLDEN AWARD Nominees

On February 3rd, at the Village, a dinner/dance was held to nominate the people/persons to receive the 1972 Golden Awards, given by the San Francisco Academy of Performing Arts. We will name some of the most important nominees:

For best actress the incomparable Faye was nominated for the part he portrayed as Mame Dennis in that never-to-be-forgotten play "Mame." Also nominated were Lori Shannon playing the campy Ruth in "Wonderful Town" and Michelle as Dolly Levi in "Hello Dolly."

For best actor, Jim Hart won the nomination for Beauregard Jackson Pickett Burnside, in "Mame," and Don Cavello playing Bob Baker in "Wonderful Town" and Malcolm Smith as Horace Vandergheden in "Hello Dolly."

The nominees for best dramatic actress were the fantastic "Nancy" (you do remember him in his first 'Nancy' role in "The Boy Friend" from whence his name evolved in all future productions playing his role up to the hilt in "Light Up the Sky"; also Lori Shannon in "Light Up the Sky" as Irene Livingston and Vern Becker as Francis Black in "Light Up the Sky."

The nominees for best dramatic actor were the indefatigable Chuck Waltz in his marvelous performance as Sydney Black in "Light Up the Sky," Bob Lester as

Martha in "Virginia Woolf" and Robert Jeffries as George, also in "Virginia Woolf."

The supporting actress nominees were: the delightful Nancy again in one of the best performances of his outstanding career as Agnes Gooch in "Mame," Jim Short as Nora in "Mame," John Reynolds as Vera Charles in "Mame"; Vern Becker as Minnie Fay in "Hello Dolly," and Melanie as Irene Malloy, also in "Hello Dolly."

For best supporting actor the nominees were Fernando as Ito in "Mame," Johni Carlyle as Dwight Babcock in "Mame," Roger Learn doing a very believable Patrick, Jr. in "Mame," Zane Tomas as Cornelius Hackel in "Hello Dolly" and Brent Wayne as Barnaby Tucker in "Hello Dolly."

The nominees for the best costumes were the multi-talented Pat Campano and Herman Nieve for their work done on "Mame," again Pat Campano and Pat Montclair for "Wonderful Town," Duncan Knox and Hampton Woodall for "Light Up the Sky" and Shirley and Zane Tomas for "Hello Dolly."

The Society for Individual Rights received four nominations: Vector for best News and Information Media, the 40-40's Review and S.I.R. San Francisco Tonight for best event and "Hello Dolly" for best show of the year.

This year's presentation of the Awards will be held at the fabulous Kabuki Theater on March 24th.



## Class suit challenges federal hiring bias

At a joint press conference at the Society For Individual Rights Center on Wednesday, January 24th, held by S. I. R. and the Neighborhood Legal Assistance Foundation, it was announced that a lawsuit had been filed by S. I. R. and Donald W. Hickerson against the U. S. Civil Service Commission and the U. S. Department of Agriculture. This is a class action suit which seeks, in behalf of all Gay people in the U. S., to end the Commission's practice of firing people just because they are Gay, and to have the court order the Commission to reinstate, with back-pay, all those that have been so fired in the past.

Donald Hickerson was discharged from his position as a Supply Clerk with the Consumers and Marketing Service of the Department of Agriculture, in August of 1971. The discharge was the result of an investigation conducted by his employer, which revealed that Mr. Hickerson had admitted to being homosexual while in the Army. He was fired from a nonsensitive, nonpublic job because, to quote the decision of the Commission:

"... the evidence of the appellant's homosexual conduct, coupled with the absence of any indication of contrition or rehabilitation, which strongly supports the conclusion that the appellant will continue that conduct, makes it likely that his retention in the Government service will bring that service into the type of public contempt which will reduce the Government's ability to perform the public business with the essential respect and confidence of the citizens which it serves."

Mr. Hickerson represents, out of a work force of 5.2 million subject to Civil Service standards, an estimated 208,000 exclusively homosexual employees and 1,300,000 employees who have continued homosexual experience over at least a three-year period (Kinsey; 1948). These figures are the very conservative 4% exclusively homosexual and 25% more-or-less homosexual. But conservative figures or not, it is a lot of people who have the same right to a job that any one else has. The Civil Service Commission has never focused its energies on the estimated 95% of the workforce that has broken one or more of the statutes regulating sexual behavior. Instead it has adopted the policy that EVERY homosexual, regardless of his or her talent, devotion to duty or patriotic zeal, is to be weeded out of federal employment. This we are opposing.

As Jim Foster said to the news media: "Of the many different kinds of oppression that Gay women and men encounter in the course of their lives, discrimination in employment is perhaps the most insidious. When you have restricted or limited a person's right to a livelihood, you have fairly well destroyed that individual. It should be of some interest to the tax payers of this country to note that the Federal Government spends in excess of 12 million dollars annually investigating the private sex lives of its employees. As tax payers ourselves, Gay people very much resent being asked to subsidize the discrimination practiced against them. What Mr. Hickerson has agreed to do in cooperation with Neighborhood Legal Assistance, is a very brave and significant step for all gay women and men in this country. S. I. R. is proud to join in this effort."

Present at the news conference were Attorney David C. Moon for N. L. A. and Rick Stokes for S. I. R. Rick told of the number of people that come to the job placement service of the Society with a record of having been dismissed by the Commission for nothing more than being Gay. Often times, he said, this is a result, as in Mr. Hickerson's case, of the Army having known they were Gay. What we have needed is one Gay person with the courage to step forward and allow his or her name to be used on a suit challenging this unfair and discriminatory practice. We now have that person in Donald Hickerson.

NLA Attorney David Noon told the newspeople: "There can be no excuse for the denial of federal employment to such a substantial minority of the citizenry. I have fullest confidence that the next few years will be ones of great progress in the area of Gay rights. If it takes a militant movement such as accompanied the black movement of the 60's, then so be it. I know the Gay community is capable of such. However, I don't believe that violent confrontations are either wise or necessary. But to avoid the possibility of such, the federal government must take a leadership role in assisting the Gay minorities into equal status with everyone else. One excellent place for them to start is in public employment. This lawsuit is an attempt to give them a little boost in the right direction."

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# VECTOR NEWS BRIEFS

**Rochester:** A homosexual convicted of first-degree assault has been placed on probation by a judge who said that he did so "reluctantly" because of fears that the man would be "dehumanized if not killed" if sentenced to a term at the State Correctional Facility at Attica. The Monroe County Court Judge, David O. Boehm, said that before sentencing 29-year-old Michael Dodd on the assault charge last week he had asked prison officials about the potential danger to a homosexual inmate.

"They were very candid," Mr. Boehm said. "There have been stabbings and fights over this situation, and yet all they can do is give verbal instructions to the prisoners."

"I just couldn't see throwing him into that situation," the judge said. "It would be cruel and unusual punishment. He'd become an object of barter there, completely dehumanized, if he wasn't killed."

Mr. Boehm placed Dodd on probation on condition that he seek psychiatric help and stay away from the victim of the assault, Irwin J. Goodman, 34, of Webster, N.Y.

The judge told Dodd that if he violated any condition of parole, "it will be a clear indication that you're not concerned, as I am, with what might happen if you're sentenced to prison." "I resent the fact that we have no

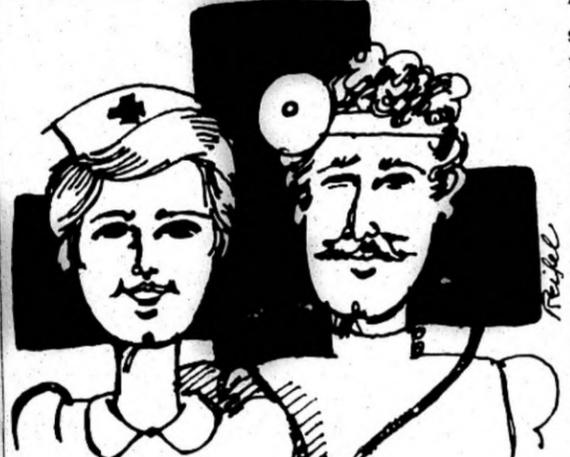
**San Francisco:** Six hundred prisoners at San Francisco County Jail at San Bruno received gifts of cigarettes and candy on Valentine's Day as a friendly gesture from the Society for Individual Rights. This was done, according to SIR office manager George Coffman, to let the prisoners know "that we are aware of poor conditions at the jail and are supportive of the reform efforts of Sheriff Richard Hongisto." The project was directed by SIR's Jim Foster. When asked by a television reporter why was SIR doing this, past president Bill Plath responded, "Why not SIR?"

**San Francisco:** For the first time, in the history of this country, and possibly in the history of the world, a major city has awarded a Certificate of Merit to a gay person for services rendered as a leader of a Gay Liberation organization. Supervisor Robert Gonzales introduced a motion to grant such an Honor at the February 13th meeting of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors and the Supervisors passed it unanimously.

State Senator Milton Marks presented on behalf of Supervisor Robert Gonzales, who was unable to attend because of a prior commitment, the Certificate of Merit at the 1st Annual Presentation Banquet held at the Society for Individual Rights on February 17th at S.I.R.'s Community Center.

The Certificate presented to Plath reads: *With a full and grateful appreciation of his extraordinarily notable contributions to the business, social, fraternal and civic activities of San Francisco, AND PARTICULARLY FOR HIS INVALUABLE SERVICE AS MEMBER AND PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY FOR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS whence his qualities of leadership and altruism will endure as inspirational testimonials of his incomparable character of heart and mind.*

**Washington, D.C.:** A newsletter is available from the National Gay Student Center called interCHANGE. This group, a project of the U.S. National Student Association, is acting as a clearing-house and innovation center for Gay Campus and community groups and individuals. They suggest a donation of \$3 for 6 months, or if you can't afford that much, send what you can and tell us that's what you are doing. 2115 "S" Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008 (202 265-9890).



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alternatives," Judge Boehm said later. "This is a heck of a thing, and the public ought to know about it. I resent the fact that another person may come up who's a homosexual, and he may have a more serious crime, and I'm stuck."

**San Francisco:** The Society for Individual Rights is offering a First Aid Training Course to union brothers and sisters on Saturdays from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. at the S.I.R. Center. The total cost is \$5.00, which includes the Red Cross text and media kit. Please contact Deno Thomas: 781-1570. The course will meet the requirements of the

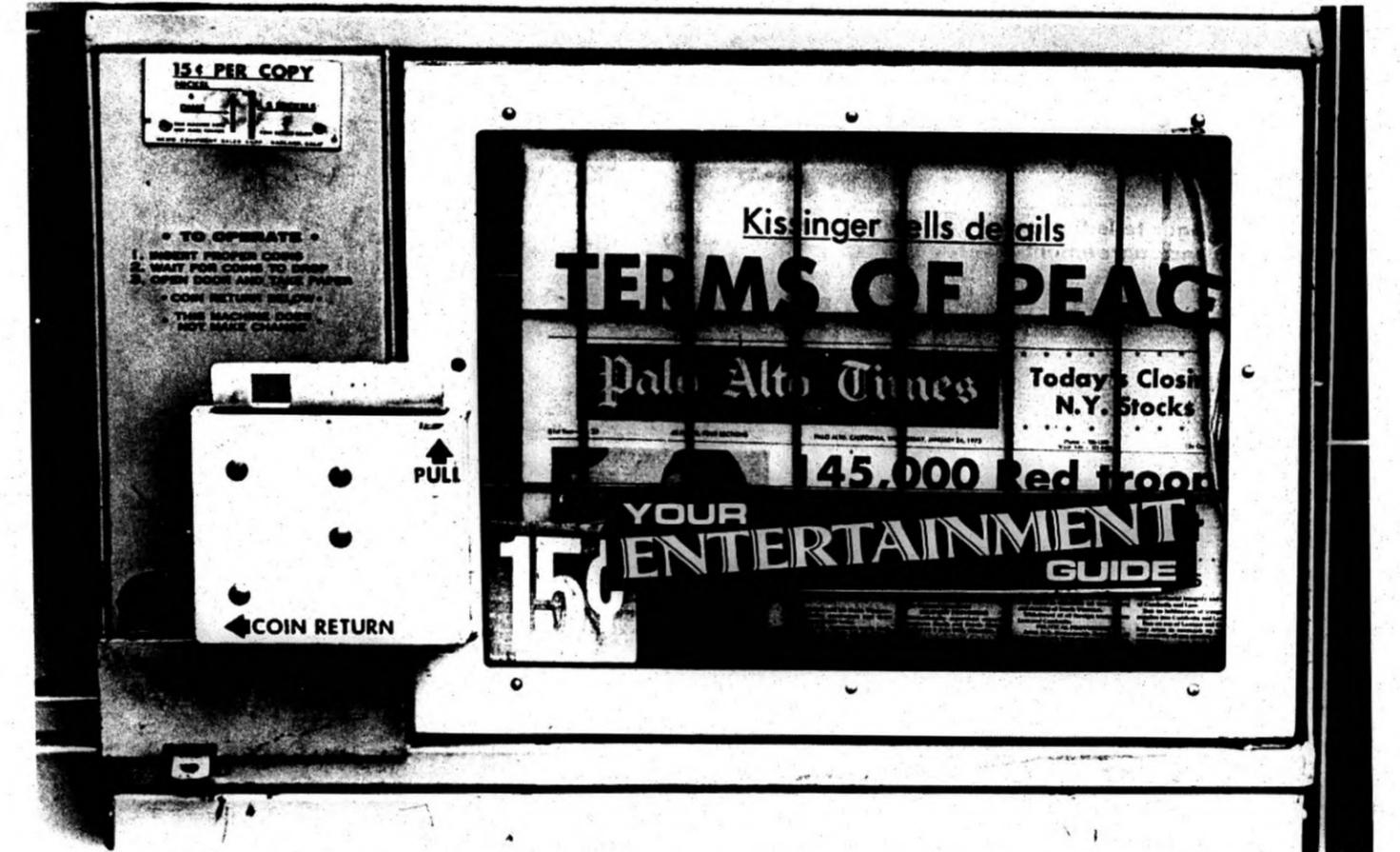
**San Francisco:** Two young Fort Ord WACs were hauled before their commanding officer on AWOL charges, but when they were heard it was learned that they had not only gone AWOL but also had gotten married, to each other.

As is usual Army practice, immediately upon finding this out, the Army started proceedings to discharge the two as "undesirables", which would disqualify them from receiving veterans' benefits, among other things.

This "undesirable" tag upset the San Francisco Gay Alliance and its leader, Rev. Ray Broshears immediately insisted that the Army discharge them on a general

A couple of days after the marriage, the newlyweds went AWOL from Fort Ord and turned up at the Helping Hand Center looking for guidance. They stated they wanted to declare their new status and get out of the Army. Four days later they turned themselves in and made their marriage announcement.

**Illinois/Maryland:** The National Education Association is assisting classroom teachers in Illinois and Maryland who contend that administrative actions have deprived them of their constitutional rights. In Illinois, a nontenured teacher of German claims in



Occupation Safety and Health Act referred to in the resolution of the Executive Committee of the San Francisco Labor Council (March 29, 1972): *That first aid trained personnel must be on the work site if no infirmary, clinic, or hospital is in the near proximity.* The course will be offered by a S.I.R. member qualified to issue a labor card that demonstrates completion of the course. Reservations must be made to keep the class to a reasonable size. A second course is also being offered on a different schedule: Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. for a total of 12 hours.

discharge, a type of administrative discharge that does not carry the "undesirable" stigma. He said the Gay Alliance will march on the Presidio if the undesirable discharge goes through. The two newlyweds are Privates Valerie J. Randolph, 18, of Baltimore, and Gail J. Bates, 19, of Washington, D.C., both of whom have been in the Army for about eight months. They were married in a double ceremony performed February 3 at the gay community's Helping Hand Center here. The Rev. Ray Broshears, chairman of the Gay Alliance, officiated at the ceremony in which he said two other WACs were also wed.

the U.S. Court of Appeals that she was deprived of property—the right to continued employment—when she was not rehired. In Maryland, a teacher has filed suit in a U.S. district court charging that he was unconstitutionally transferred from the classroom to an office job because he is an avowed homosexual.

In the Illinois case, NEA and the Illinois Education Association argue in a friend of the court memorandum that the school board must provide a pretermination hearing because Illinois statutes gave her a "reasonable expectancy of reemployment." In denying her renewal,

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**VECTOR  
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they charge, the board deprived her of property. The Maryland teacher, supported by the NEA and its state and county affiliates, charges his rights under the Fourteenth Amendment were violated when he was transferred from teaching earth sciences to a job as a curriculum specialist after the school board learned he was a homosexual. A school board official said the superintendent has the authority to transfer and assign teachers.

**San Francisco:** Two young men entered the Naked Grape on November 8, 1972 and walking through the bar, knocked a few glasses from the hands of several patrons, and were then ushered out of the bar. Shortly thereafter, two patrons left the bar and were attacked as they exited. One of the young men who had previously been in the bar causing trouble struck at McMahan with a tire iron (or similar instrument) and destroyed his watch, valued at over \$150.00. Another struck Rice with a beer bottle, damaging three teeth. The two men ran for cover. Shortly after the police arrested all three assailants. Because the assailants received no more than a slap on the wrist from the district attorney's office, it seems in order to send them a stronger message

from the gay community; to do so publicly so that others will be deterred from attacking members of our community for "fun" or otherwise. This can be done through a Civil Suit for assault and/or battery. Damages, including punitive damages may be demanded. A Press Conference can be called both before and after the suit so that all persons, citywide, can learn of the cost of attacking gay persons. An attorney, Tom Crawford, has offered his services for \$300.00. He has interviewed both victims and has concluded that it should be reasonably easy to get a judgement. However, he thinks it very unlikely that he would be successful in collecting it. Therefore, it is necessary to raise the funds. Neither victim having the money for the suit, nor wishes any of the proceeds from it.

The Society has authorized Dick Gayer to raise the money in its name, on argument that it owes the community a duty to protect its members from such violence.

Noe Valley is the scene of 5 attacks per month, and the Naked Grape is on the outskirts of this area, which has the highest concentration of S.I.R. members, as well as gay people in general. Police protection, although available, is obviously

inadequate, in light of the number of attacks and the dearth of arrests. (This case is significant in that it is one of the few where the assailants are known. It is suggested that interested persons "invest" in this suit, to share the proceeds in proportion to their investment. So far one person has pledged \$100.00. To simplify the accounting, it is suggested that individual shares exceed \$50.00. Since the attorney is ready to begin this month, commitments are needed at this time. If you are interested in participating, contact Dick Gayer (861-3464) or S.I.R.

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We as children were totally dependent on parents for knowledge of who we were and what we were supposed to become. In the American society parents are legally, socially, economically and morally responsible for keeping their children in line. We, in turn, as children, must answer to our parents for our actions. This keeps parents and children pitted against each other because there is no room for individual creativeness or self-determination on either side. Sweet girl, wife, office girl, coffeemaker, sexpot—the stereotypes of accepted behavior are the guidelines of control. Our parents teach us as girls to be helpless, passive and dependent in relating to others. Little girls are “to be seen, not heard,” “play with dolls,” “don’t get your dress dirty” and “keep your legs together.”

Parents function as police in the individual cellblock of the family to insure that the child will be controllable by whatever authority is over her. This is necessary so that she can fit unobstructively into the chains of controls to which she must submit in future life—schools, marriage, motherhood, menial shit job. If a child rebels from the controls of family, i.e., runs away from home or is truant from school, she is sent to a more repressive level of control—boarding school, or, if she is poor, to juvenile hall or reform school.

before a woman becomes grown  
if she's black and poor  
she learns that the world  
is cold ready to rape you  
of everything  
if a blackgirlchild wants to ever  
become free she has to really  
struggle like we did  
shouts of hatred  
and screams of amerikan misunderstanding  
prison can make you look back on a lifetime  
of bitterness. . .  
handed-down clothes—  
cold winter nights  
—for whites only,  
colored served here  
etc.

memories only other black women could understand  
fully  
of trying to be what ain't  
of trying to see what's not  
of trying to rid ourselves of what never was  
of men crying  
of children dying  
of abortions—just because. . .  
memories that harsh and cruel of alley ways  
where people live  
of “police” who not only attack with weapons  
but with words (which you cannot combat)  
—if you're black and poor and female  
like my mama  
like me and my sisters

Ericka Huggins  
Niantic Prison, 1970

# WOMEN IN

EMMA GOLDMAN, IMPRISONED 1891

*My three weeks in the Tombs had given me ample proof that the revolutionary contention that crime is the result of poverty is based on fact. Most of the defendants who were awaiting trial came from the lowest strata of society, men and women without friends, often without a home.*

I wake in middle-of-the-night terror  
next to the warm sleeping body of my lover  
yet alone in the conviction that I am in a prison cell  
shut away, suddenly, from all that makes my life.  
I sense the great weight of the prison  
pressing down on the little box of room I lie in  
alone forgotten.

How often do women awake  
in the prison of marriage,  
of solitary motherhood  
alone and forgotten  
of exhaustion from meaningless work,  
of self-despising learned early,  
of advancing age  
alone and forgotten.

How many women lie awake at this moment  
struggling as I do against despair,  
knowing the morning will crush us once again  
under the futility of our lives.

And how short a step it is  
—for us—to the more obvious imprisonment  
of bars and concrete  
where our sisters lie  
alone forgotten.

See now, in this middle-of-the-night emptiness  
how little it matters  
whether we wear a convict's ill-made cotton dress  
or a velvet pantsuit—

We are possessions to be bought and sold,  
We are children to be curbed and patronized,  
We are bodies to be coveted, seized, and rejected  
when our breasts begin to sag,

We are dummies to be laughed at.  
I sense the great weight of the society  
pressing down on the little box of room I lie in  
alone and forgotten  
like my sisters in prison.

If you hear me  
consider  
how the bomb of human dignity  
could be planted outside your cell  
how its explosion could shake  
the foundations of our jail  
and might burst open the door that separates you  
from me,  
how we might struggle together to be free.

Sandy Boucher

# PRISON



ANGELA DAVIS, JUNE 27, 1970

*I think that if we look around us we see that somehow or another a very small minority of people in this country have all of the wealth in their hands and to top that, we don't even see them out working. We do not see them in the factories. We don't see them in the fields. We don't see them using their labor to produce the products which they then present. That tells me that something is wrong. Why is it that the masses of the people in this country have to work eight hours a day every day and somehow or another what they produce goes to some people who are sitting out at a country club, on a golf course, and not doing a damn thing?*

*That tells me that something is wrong and it tells me that the real criminals in this society are not all of the people who populate the prisons across the state, but those people who have stolen the wealth of the world from the people. Those are the criminals. And that means the Rockefellers, the Kennedys, and that means the state that is designed to protect their property, because that's what Nixon's doing, that's what Reagan's doing, that's what they're all doing. And so every time a black child in this city dies, we should indict them for murder, because they're the ones who killed that black child.*

MARCH 1973

QUOTE FROM FORMER PROSTITUTE

*From the time a girl is old enough to go to school, she begins her education in the basic principles of hustling. Now there is certainly some conflict there, because on the one hand she is being taught, verbally, to value love, self-worth, pride, compassion, and humanness, while on the other hand she is receiving distinct messages from those around her (from parents on down through her favorite television personalities) that the really important goals are economic ascendancy and status acquisition, and that she, a female, can acquire all these things if she plays her hand right. So, in reality, all the hustler has done is eliminate the flowery speeches and put things where they're really at.*

The only means for economic survival available to women are marriage, working, welfare, theft, and prostitution. Middle class women, socially acceptable and educated, stand a better chance of supporting themselves than poor women, who from the first know that they have no hope without a man. And though a college degree, the dream of a professional career, generally leads to the stagnation of a secretarial or clerical job for middle class women, poor women, tracked out of “higher education,” might not even get that. Whatever job a woman gets is sure to be lower paying than a man's, and almost always menial.

Welfare is a dehumanizing process that keeps us dependent on the state for survival and beats us down to a level of bare subsistence. In San Francisco the monthly allotment for a woman and one child is \$148.00. Reagan's cuts are now threatening to lop off fifty dollars of that and leave the two of them with \$98.00 at a time of high unemployment. It's not difficult to see why many women turn to theft or prostitution. Theft has become an economic necessity for more and more women as there are fewer and fewer legal means to obtain the basic necessities for our subsistence. Prostitution is merely the extension of what we have to do every day to make it. We are all channelled into the prostitute mentality of being bodies for barter, objects to get what we need. We have to be attractive to get the man, get the job, get the “trick.” We are trained to be physical comforters—mothers, nurses, maids, secretaries, waitresses, wives. Prostitution, a physical service, is like the other roles we, as women, must play.

Prostitution is also a form of self-hate that all women participate in to one degree or another. And much of this is expressed in the drugs we take: there are diet pills for the woman who hates the shape of her body, there are tranquilizers for women who hate their lives, and, finally, there is heroin for the prostitute whose life is so unbearable that she must escape completely. Everything in this society tells us that we must look better, we must change the way we look from our natural selves to the “look of fashion.” We aren't good enough the way we are. Eventually, we hate our thoughts and our feelings too.

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PAGE 39

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## Interviewing a Gay Family by Noel Hernandez and Donna Dorian

Recent developments in the traditional concept of the family point to a redirection and a broadening of the scope which the concept has generally covered. The traditional family unit has comprised the mother, father and off-spring. With the emergence of communal living, and liberated sex mores, the concept has grown to include pairs of men and women living together, considering themselves all one another's mates.

With the new openness and freedom in society today, as "unconventional" life styles and Third World people become more publicized, sociologists, psychologists and theologians have had to re-evaluate the old concepts. Alvin Toffler's *Future Shock* presented interesting and provoking thoughts on the future of marriage ("cyclical unions") and the directions the family concept is taking. In time, the term *marriage* may become obsolete, and certainly the legal concept of marriage, as it is viewed now, will have changed. The legalities of marriage today exist primarily for the protection of the children, but it is slowly being recognized that the worst "protection" which can be given to any child is the hostility and unwillingness of two desperate frustrated people involved in a loveless union: thus, the recent changes in the law which facilitate the dissolution of marriages.

Gradually, society is recognizing that as two men can make up a family unit, likewise can two women. The life style of the homosexual family unit has recently come to the forefront of public attention. In a recent case in San Jose, the judge in a divorce case ruled that the wife and her female lover could not get together if the wife had custody of the children. The headlines blared, "Lover or Children Must Go!" This case seemed particularly ridiculous, considering the wife's ex-husband's favorable testimony as to her fitness and dedication as a mother. The wife agreed to the ruling. More recently, in a Sacramento case, the judge ruled that the wife's lesbianism did not endanger or jeopardize her fitness as a mother or her ability to raise the child.

The natural instinct of the divorce courts has always been to leave the children with the mother. Thus, in the latter case, discrimination against Gay mothers has at least begun to cease in one instance.

An unusual and exciting example of this breakthrough is reflected in the case of Cathy and Dallas, two exuberant young women who are obviously very much in love and consider themselves a completely valid and independent family unit. Cathy is not a special Gay woman, nor does she claim to be one, only her situation is special and that is why she consented to be interviewed for this article.

Cathy was born twenty years ago in a middle class home surrounded by two brothers and one sister. The usual, normal balance between frustration and fulfillment did not prevail, thus the negative aspects of her feelings were stressed. This ensued from her conflicting and, she feels, ill-fated attempts to compete with the extreme beauty of her sister and the dominant masculinity of her brothers. The result, she says, was that she neither developed a strong masculine nor feminine identity. At the age of eleven she came out and remained gay, though she has gone through periods of asexuality.

With the help of two years of college, she now works as a technician for the recording industry. Her apartment reflects security as does her car and clothing. She is obviously an energetic, aggressive, and reasonably successful young person. She exudes a bubbling, charming sort of confidence which underscores all of her social endeavors.

She is often asked how she happened to choose a pregnant nineteen-year-old girl from Texas, named Dallas, to be her lover. Cathy is not sure, except she knows that for the first time she is enjoying being the aggressor, which her other relationships never allowed.

Whereas Cathy reflects the aura of her solidly confident middle class background, Dallas also reflects her own individual upbringing. She comes from a broken home where the opportunity for education was nearly nil. She was the eldest of three children, and her mother had a severe alcohol problem. The mother married four times, with the father getting custody of the other two children.

When Dallas ran away from home for the first time, at thirteen, she knew she was gay. She had several lovers. Her first heterosexual experience, at nineteen, occurred when she was assaulted and raped, leaving her pregnant. Just prior to meeting Cathy, she lived in a heterosexual

relationship which she enjoyed for several months, until the superficial playing-house syndrome wore off, returning her to her old fantasies of finding a new gay lover.

She and Cathy discovered one another through an advertisement in the 'personals' column; when Cathy discovered she was pregnant, it brought out in her all of her maternal, feminine needs and instincts. Subsequently, Cathy came to consider herself equally the child's mother, and at the baby's birth shortly after their meeting, it was difficult to say who had really borne the pain and joy the sharpest. The child bears Dallas' maiden name, and Dallas was registered as unmarried on the hospital records.

They were allowed to take the baby home without hassles from social workers or interested hospital parties because of the effort of Cathy's mother to be there, to lend stability (and 'respectability') to the situation. The staff may have known the situation between Cathy and Dallas; if so, they ignored it, and continued to treat Dallas with warmth and care. They were undoubtedly impressed by the image of solidarity which this family unit presented.

Although the images presented by Cathy and Dallas are at diametrically opposite ends of the role pole, with Cathy superficially appearing cast in a more male role, and Dallas more feminine, nonetheless the two are very clearly (and securely conscious) of their roles as women, two gay women. Neither is interested in husband-wife role playing, and both consider the baby as having two mothers.

Dallas affirmed her love and fealty to Cathy when she said that the baby, Shelley, belonged to both of them.

Thus two very unlike Gay women live together with one very small baby, and somehow make it all come together. It is interesting and exciting when one considers the diverse and different backgrounds which produced them, and one is conscious that they are two intensely *human* people overcoming obstacles and conflicts, both inner and outer (societal), in their need and love for one another.

Obviously no one can say what the future holds for them, but the importance lies in what they have already achieved, i.e. they have formed the *we* of *us* which is the basis, the heart of every family, regardless of the particular life-style involved.

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#### 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  
 Gold Eagle, 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  
 Pkce's Palace, 180 Golden Gate, 775-4959  
 Rendezvous, 567 Sutter St. 781-3949, D  
 Sutter's Mill, 315 Bush St. 397-0121, L, R

Totic'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

#### 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

#### 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

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

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#### 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, 3520 16th St. 861-4444, D  
 Tiffany's, 1900 Market, 626-1308

#### EAST BAY

**Berkeley:**  
 Camp Grounds, 2329 San Pablo, 848-9292, R

#### 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:

A Ioha 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

#### 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 Galley, 163 W. Alma St. 286-9656, B  
 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

#### 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

#### 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

#### 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.

#### 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

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## ARTS & CRAFTS CLASS

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

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2nd Friday of every month, 7 p.m.

## DISCUSSION GROUP

Informal discussion of a different topic each week. For this week's topic, call S.I.R.: 433-5433. Fridays, 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.

## 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.

## OPEN HOUSE PROGRAMS

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## PEN PALS

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

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## 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.

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## SIR THEATER WORKSHOP

All Gay Theater. Call SIR, 781-1570, for appointment if interested.

## SPEAKERS BUREAU

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

## WAIST WATCHERS

Every Monday at 8 p.m., S.I.R. Center. FREE.

## WOMEN'S NIGHT

1st and 3rd Fridays of the month.

## 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.

### SIR COMMITTEES

Readers may participate on many of S.I.R.'s committees by contacting S.I.R. at 781-1570 or by visiting the S.I.R. Center and getting the chairman's name and phone number. The regular, standing committees of S.I.R. are: Community Center, Community Service, Legal, Funding, Political, Productions, Publications, Public Relations, Religious, Small Activities, Social, Vector, and Membership. Those wishing to be placed on a list of volunteers may contact George Coffman, Office Manager, at 781-1570.

## S.I.R. NOTICES

**EMPLOYERS NEEDED** - S.I.R.'s employment referral service has had tremendous success in satisfying the needs of employers who have contacted us. If you are an employer or know of one who needs qualified employees, contact S.I.R. We are discreet!!!

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