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

— Preamble, S.I.R. Constitution

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THE RITCH STREET BATHS
An Alternative to the Alternatives
by Richard Piro

Isn’t it time we stopped racing certain gay gathering places and restrictive self-attitudes concerning the facade we feel pressured to present in order to make it? Bath-guilt occurs often not as a result of straight society’s condemnation but rather because it represents an act of defiance on our part against gay liberation philosophy. One leading spokesman said, “If we can establish an alternative meeting ground and consequently close every bath and bar in this city, our work has been a success.” But the movement matures and so does our desire to interact in places where we feel pressured to present a facade.

We must provide alternatives,” scream the purists. “We must offer a more healthy alternative to bathhouses,” or “If we don’t have places to go, kids will be out.” “Bathhouses are outcasts or that we chose to remain inconspicuous?”

But we’re still afraid. How lazy to blame the physical environment and ignore our complicity! Their rat-packing seemed out of place and offensive. Behind the bars? Here’s one account, not atypical.

Tuesday is Lesbian night at my usual bar (the White Horse) and I wasn’t really into the two Francisco bars (because he would be there). The only alternative was the baths. Since RITCH STREET was sensitive enough to an hustler’s plight to print a convenient map in their matchbook cover, it was the easiest solution to check out that establishment.

When there’s a choice between gay raps in San Francisco and the bars? Here’s one account, not atypical.

As the line shortened ahead and lengthened behind, I saw the reason. Tuesday nights at RITCH STREET is buddy night with admission priced at $6.00 a couple (Normal week charge is $4.00 per, weekends $5.00). Thinking that if I had a room? “I wouldn’t be there, I passed through the courteous, self-righteous, and reassuring. We embraced. Into my ear he whispered, “Do you want to come, not now. It’s too early. I want him to, though. He does. Afterwards we embrace. I leave first and go to the showers. He follows. He’s gorgeous. We don’t speak. I feel very good. Restraining the desire to return to the all-embracing steam, I decide to explore upstairs.

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

Finally, the maze ends in a room with just enough light to see a large circular padded platform in the center filled with entwined shapes with more bodies standing against the walls. I walk through. Beyond a large room, one wall filled with gigantic mirrors. I think of a room in a New York revolving mirror ball throwing pinpoint of light on the bodies reclining on pillows against the walls. Rest? I lay down and close my eyes. Impossible to sleep. The intensity of the pinpoints pierces me stronger than the temptation to take. Conflict. If I come now I may get rejected by my lover that the hunger to give freely is im"
This is his big moment — reaching out. I accept. We make it.

Avoiding my eyes. I say, "It's OK." He doesn't believe and he comes and immediately afterwards gets up to leave, fleeing, leaving his cigarettes and key and feelings of degradation.

I get up, put them in my locker, and with any luck I had a room. We have a room.

The wall graphics are large swirling Cretan/Grecian designs in warm mauvies, maroons and muted greens giving the feeling of both underwater and ancient palaces of Minos. On the lowest of several tiered levels there is an odd-shaped Jacuzzi pool in the center of which is a free-form sculpture different from the rest of the area. There's a door leading presented the ultimate achievement, complete with Bette Midler's dimensional form which create light and energy rather than pouring water with delicious aqua sounds. On one wall of this feeling of both underwater and ancient palaces of Minos. On the way I see a wall with interesting swirling graphics exotic, fantastically expensive fish come from under the rocks. Consensually, here is an interview conducted about gay rights, and we are wondering by Elmer Zalewski, a political science professor at the Picano who has endorsed an extensive gay rights statement and have adopted it as part of their campaign platform. This excellent compilation of the needs and struggles of gay people was prepared by a group of gay men in the East Bay, and covers such areas as discrimination in housing and employment, harassment by public agencies and representation within these agencies, as well as dealing with issues such as how gays can share in the joy of children, how children should be educated about sexuality, and many other important areas which other politicians have not even begun to address their attention to. It is an outstanding statement, and Vector was encouraged by the Seale-Brown statement. Consequently, here is an interview conducted by Vector editor Ralph Petersen and photographed by Huntington Brown, which gives us a better idea of where Bobby and Elaine are coming from when they support our struggle.

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

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

How that came about is the question.

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

PETERSEN: You have your own consciousness about what is oppression of gay people been raised recently and how, how do you feel about gay people, and how do you relate to sexuality?

SEALE: Sexuality of gay people? I'm not speaking about sexual orientations, or what have you. I'm more concerned with the fact that gay people are discriminated against in employment, areas that cause gay people concern about the present laws and the oppressive activities on the part of the police department, etc. I will go back again and say it's not only gay people that we are saying immediate oppressive laws are against, but people in general. So we are really all oppressed people.

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

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

SEALE: I think that is a heavy distortion. We bring up the factor of women's liberation. And one of the things that I have found out is that the women's liberation movement did not start amongst the ranked and file of the oppressed working people. They are black, white, blue, green, red, or yellow. It started amongst the lower class and upper class white women. And they tried to impose an idea that black males, quote unquote, are male chauvinists over black women. They don't.
BROWN: The Black Panther Party was the direct organization to make any overt type of statement concerning the strength of struggle of gay people. And that was in August of 1970. Almost 3 years ago.

SEALE: I was in jail at that time.

BROWN: That was an official statement. Prior to that we had never officially said either way.

SEALE: In the upper middle class there is a great deal that goes right down to our working class people in the black community.
Rick, Bob and Tennessee

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

VERA STOUTH (Violet), MYRS HUGHES (Leon) and DENNIS MCLAUGHLIN (Bill) in some of the action of the Artists' Enterprise Theatre production of SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS. (Photo by James Armstrong)
SAME OLD BAR SCENE . . . ?
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BOOK REVIEWS:

THE PERSIAN BOY
By MARY RENAISSANCE
PANTHEON BOOKS, 1972. $7.95

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

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

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

No mean preocupation, when one considers that whole, complete generations of Classical scholars have refused to believe the literal evidence before their eyests, which was that Horace, Socrates, Plato, et al. did, indeed, spiritually and physically, LOVE MEN. Instead we were given the notion of "Platonic love," especially in the Victorian and Edwardian eras in England (I don't know about other countries) whereunder it was OK fervently to admire, worship, serve, geni­ tally caress, look adoringly at, and even wrestle naked with members of the same sex (D.H. Lawrence), but anything less spiritual would land you in Rading Gaol. Lawrence has this up to the eyeballs, and so did E.M. Forster, in the first half of Maurice, but Forster ultimately rejects this watered-down Platonicism as the crap that it is. The quintessence of the idea, if not the life of the other Lawrence ("of Arabia"), is contained in a statue just west of the Life Sciences Building and Dwelline Hall at UC Berkeley, depicting two of the most beautiful, and platonically frustrated, young athletes I've ever seen.

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

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

Must reading -- graceful, and exquis­ itely penetrating.

- Richard Amory

STRAIGHT

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

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

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

Then it struck me that it was Merle Miller's WHAT HAPPENED. This month it's STRAIGHT. What's going on in pub­ lic? is Mr. Aaron's style, it is not the practice of castrating prepubescent boys -- suffice it to say that the practice was widespread in the ancient world, and may have been considered less degrading than, say, crucifixion.) Renault develops the love affair with skill, restraint, and rare insight, and backs it up with impressive scholarship.

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**Theatre Review: THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON**

**BY JASON MILLER**

*A.C.T., REPERTORY, SAN FRANCISCO*

Remember the high school jocks? Remember their swagger? Their cool? Remember how they made entrances at the dances and proms, wearing their dates, everyone looking like a Doris Day? Remember their insolence in class, especially around tournament time and their requests/demands for a glimpse at their fame to adult success. No way. Now at the age of 38 they are disintegrating. As for self-knowledge and change, they can't even conceive of getting out. They can't leave. How can they start over? There is a point of no return in certain people's lives. For these men, there are no alternatives. What they now know is this: "I'm committed to this road; I have to walk it because I don't have the courage— even the imagination— to do anything else." These men are locked in tight.

Jason Miller's writing lacks the bite and excitement of pure language that shines through every page of Edward Albee, with whom he has been frequently compared. Miller is still tied up with "reality" but in time will realize more fully the superlative comic potential of Miller's style. Where Albee orchestrates, Miller simply dialogues. The subject of THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON is too familiar to sustain familiar language in 1973. It is almost impossible to respond to THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON as a gay male with a sense of consciousness. This is not a second term, the first one has already been completed. This is a gay liberation experience. It's not the gayness that counts, it's the recognition of that gayness. It's not even the recognition of the gayness that counts. Remember the high school jocks? They have to go on. They make repairs, but they do not change.

When I say that it's difficult not to respond to THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON as gay, I mean that the greatest percentage of gays went through this type of identity crisis at an age where we were resilient enough to navigate the waters ahead unencumbered by what was, and excited about what could and would be. (Which may be a reason for the phenomenal success most gays have in their chosen fields from education to hair dressing.) Thus comes the smugness at watching the glory boys of 1952 disintegrate at a point where they have already exhausted their inner resources.

Our time has come and we are ready.

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

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

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Liberating My Family
by Kevin Norton

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

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

Last Saturday night my sister Jane called and asked why I had never talked about my being gay with my family. She said that most of them had not known and that some of them were, as she put it, set aside. As for herself, she said that although she hadn't known for sure, she had thought that I was gay and she felt that as long as I was happy, she was happy. But she felt that it showed a lack on my part to have not brought it up and to have taken your knowledge for granted. But that's past and there's really nothing that anybody can do about it. So now at least you do know and the problem is to stop your being upset over it. But in a very real way, that's your problem, not mine.

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

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

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

Dear Mary,

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

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

In many ways my being gay is no more important to me than my being a man or having blue eyes. I am a person and like every other person there are things about me that are the same as others and things about me that are different from other. And I do not believe that there is anything wrong with any of those things that, put together, make me, an inescapable logical conclusion.

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

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

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Love to you all,
Kevin

Dear Peggy,

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

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

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

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

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

Love to you all,
Kevin

Nobody on earth is meant to live up to someone else's expectations, neither to yours nor to yours, and if you can come to accept that, then you will find much more happiness in those who don't do with their lives what you think they should do in their places.

As for the radio shows that I did that brought all this about, I didn't realize at the time that if I did them that they were going to be broadcast nationwide, but even if I had I still would have done them, because I thought that they could do a lot for a lot of people. Obviously there is an attitude about being gay and I don't think that anyone should be. And I don't feel in the least guilty either about my gayness or about the shows.

The thing that I do regret, however, is that I misread your love and acceptance. Had I thought that you did not, in fact, know about my homosexuality, you would have told you before the radio or your friendly neighborhood bigot had a chance to.

I'm enclosing a pamphlet and, if I can find it, a book that I'd like you to read with an open mind. Try not to let the law or religion or establishment social values stand in the way of your understanding. Laws change and religions do, too. So do establishment values, even.

I love you and I love you. I feel much the same about you today as I did yesterday and last year and I probably will continue to feel so regardless of how you feel about me. I'll be sorry if you reject me for being gay of this, but I'll be much sorrier for you than for myself.

I want you to know that I'd rather have your rejection then your acceptance with disadvantage or judgment.

If I didn't care I wouldn't have written this letter. If you don't care, or even if you do care but judge, you won't write back. I hope you write back.

Love to you all.
Kevin

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FOR PERALTA COLLEGES BOARD OF TRUSTEES

CORNELIA RENSI is a 26-year-old Albany housewife and mathematics specialist. She has teaching experience on the primary, secondary, and college levels.

ROBERT SCOTT, 23, is currently completing his M.D. degree at U.C. Medical Center. He also teaches Biological Sciences at Laney.

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APRIL 1973
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S.I.R. is now the largest Gay organization in the United States with some 1300 members and approximately 700 subscriber. Our goal is simply to free the homosexual from oppression and gain our equal rights, regardless of race, religion, gender, or age. We attempt to do this in various ways. Essentially, our aim is to go out of business by succeeding in our goals.

S.I.R. tends to operate somewhat like a business. The third Wednesday of each month is for members-only. Here we conduct the business of the organization. The third Wednesday of each month is for members-only. Here we conduct the business of the organization. The third Wednesday of each month is for members-only. Here we conduct the business of the organization.

Our Legal Committee is in the process of compiling a manual for lawyers for use as demurrers in sex cases. S.I.R. also provides a Legal Referral Service, referring those who seek legal help to lawyers willing to help Gays. Along with this Legal Referral Service, S.I.R. also has a Business Referral Service, for persons wishing to do business with other Gay businesses and Gay professional people.

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

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

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

If you live in the Bay Area feel free to drop in at our Business Office and rap with us. Chances are we might be pretty busy, but we'll be glad to talk with you. Or come to any one of our Special Activities during the week, a dance or meetings.

We have two meetings each month: the first Wednesday of each month is for members-only. Here we conduct the business of the organization. The third Wednesday of each month is our Community Open House. At these meetings any number of events may take place; entertainment, speakers or strictly a social atmosphere with conversation, dancing, pool, etc.

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

And remember, Gay is damn Good!

Mike Newton

Stephen & Edward

MEN AND WOMEN'S HAIR STYLING

BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

409 CASTRO STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94114
PHONE: 863-3469

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MEN AND WOMEN'S HAIR STYLING

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Show Reviews: CHUCK LARGENT

In October 1971, the ingenious and masterful Chuck Largent gave the Gay Community what was to become its finest cabaret-entertainment achievement, The Chuck Largent Revue. It played at both Laxtex Lily's (torn down for the Yerba Buena Project) and The Mint. The show, originally reviewed as "a beauty, a humdinger of a show" by this reviewer, received the critical acclaim of the City's other Gay publications and won several Golden Awards for that year. Unfortunately, at that time the show was almost too avant garde for the traditional gay bar shows. It featured six men, all appearing as men, singing and harmonizing their way through scores of songs. It was an immensely entertaining show, bright, witty, and musically a good cabaret revue should be. It also proved once and for all that such stellar performers as Faye and Nancy, both proven once and for all that such stellar performers as Faye and Nancy, both...
heart have been so very exhaustive. A great many of her songs, whether in English or in German, deal with hello's and goodbye's, and there is nothing quite as heartbreaking as Dietrich, reconciled, resolute, singing "Goodbye." There is such definiteness, such a finality.

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

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

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

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

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

Bath houses are especially common sites where the poppers are used. Orgy rooms generally reek of the smell, and participants are generally invited to partake by literally having poppers shoved up their nostrils whether they like it or not. One Gay person, a frequenter of the baths, relates that he loves the heightened sense of involvement and excitement which poppers give at the moment of climax; however, he cannot stand the residual smell of the amyl which remains on both the nostrils and the hands. “It is so metallic-smelling and nauseating. It is a residual effect of the prolonged use of poppers. It is difficult to scrub it out. It leaves them afterwards with headaches, faint, and a sense of suspended reality.” I have been stoned, heavily addicted to poppers while involved in activities completely unrelated to sex.

The actual relation between amyl and the sexual response has been open for debate and investigation by scientists and doctors ever since its widespread use as an aphrodisiac became known. The drug obviously hits upon some responsive chord in the sexual act; however, if it and solely of itself can elicit sexual excitement is highly doubtful. It may enhance what is already there, your own mush- rooming passion, but it will not give it to you unless you are already feeling it. As a result, a great many people can sniff on poppers while involved in activities completely unrelated to sex. Probably the greatest relationship of amyl nitrite to the sexual experience itself is the fact that it can detain immediate ejaculation while prolonging the orgasm when it does occur. As one amyl nitrite addict related: “Once you cum, the rush of blood to the head coupled with the orgasm leaves you completely spent, exhausted. You can feel quite content, very pleasantly spent, or you can feel dirty and jaded because you needed this additional heightener to really get it on. It all depends on where your head is at.”

Poppers themselves are not addictive; however, as with the majority of other drugs on the market, it may be psychologically addictive. A great many Gay people can take it or leave it, though others go to great lengths to use it consistently and constantly throughout all of their sexual experiences.

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

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

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

(Author's note: in his research for this article to Gay M. Everett's thought-provoking and incisive "Effects of Amyl Nitrite (Poppers) on Sexual Experience," published in the Dec, 1972 Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality)

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THE GO-GO BOY

A Short Story
by Dennis Connaughton

Patrick O'Leary was unhappy with himself that Monday evening when he headed for the bars. It had been a dreadful December weekend in Chicago, cold and grey, remarkable only for the surfeit of events. Monday, last summer in San Francisco for example. Driving down George Boulevard in his 1967 Volkswagon seeking Land's End and the sea, he picked up a hitchiker one day, John by name. Once in the car, John said to Pat, "How 'bout a joint?" and they spent the time from 4th Avenue to 38th united in the sharing. Then together they touched the sea, cold but strangely tender despite its voyages, and listened to fog horns moan deep and purposefully. An occasional ship passed by. They spotted the bow of one marked boldly "United States Lines" and in the time it took for the ship's stern to fade in the horizon of Golden Gate Bridge, John and Pat experienced one another amid a maze of cold expressions on a forgotten hillside overlooking the bay. When the sea flew ethereal, they listened to some brief epigrams of their lives and parted as tensely as they had met.

Patrick thought aloud of John often after that day. There was no reason to think about him really, except that for a few hours one day in San Francisco Pat was swimming more than sinking in some sort of illogic making a brief meaningful pattern of the cross fabrics of his life. Pat defined himself through experiences with other people. John appeared to him a rootless nomad oblivious to the structures and traditions of society. Pat, on the other hand, felt rooted in middle class Chicago, a city he hated as much as loved for the tendrils holding him to it. When he first arrived in Chicago his two years in the Army, and after the summer in San Francisco, he went home. Home was an ailing mother living in a dying white Irish Catholic neighborhood on the city's southwest side. The area had been a cultural ghetto for years and now the ferrite Blacks were encroaching, pushing the limits of their own must ghetto. In two years perhaps, the Whites would go completely, fleeing to one of the many suburbs built for accepting them - Oak Lawn, Evergreen Park, Chicago Heights - with visions of green lawns, good schools, and safe streets. The process was an upheaval most of the residents had experienced at least once before. They spoke often of property values and crime rates, and felt somehow caught in a monstrous chess game with their homes as pawns.

On Pat's first day home, his mother spoke of the weeds in the back yard of the aging bungalow, weeds she no longer had the strength to pull. "I'm glad you're here, but not a policeman. During the fall term, only one idea from school imposed itself significantly on his mind, a line from Goethe's Faust: "Every man is well aware of his dark urges." He questioned what the line meant; he was not "well aware" of his dark urges, not completely, not yet, and the idea disturbed him. It made him feel fear for the future. At the same time the present offered little hope. His few acquaintances with other people since John in San Francisco were shabbily affairs with middle-aged men in dark corners of the forest preserve on Torrence Avenue: chiaroscuro figures performing mindless rites in a ghoulworld.

On that Monday in December that Patrick O'Leary headed west,既是工作, 又是娱乐, 又是逃避。There had been better days, with lethargy and self pity; he felt alone and afraid. There had been better days, with lethargy and self pity; he felt alone and afraid. There had been better days, with lethargy and self pity; he felt alone and afraid. There had been better days, with lethargy and self pity; he felt alone and afraid. There had been better days, with lethargy and self pity; he felt alone and afraid. There had been better days, with lethargy and self pity; he felt alone and afraid. There had been better days, with lethargy and self pity; he felt alone and afraid. There had been better days, with lethargy and self pity; he felt alone and afraid. There had been better days, with lethargy and self pity; he felt alone and afraid.

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

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On Pat's first day home, his mother spoke of the weeds in the back yard of the aging bungalow, weeds she no longer had the strength to pull. "I'm glad you're here, but I wouldn't have time to snap on my make-up, of a suburban matron. Pat liked the teeming inconsistencies of the man and was impressed with him he was, or presented himself to be; the two were much the same to Pat.

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

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

"Oh, lucky you! Well, welcome back and welcome to my bar. Do you like it?" He gave a quizzical grin. "The bar means a lot, honey..."

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for something imagined or real: sex, the

a rib -h ig h , foot-wide w ood counter

spotlight in the ceiling. He leaned against

took a place along the back wall in a pool

from aloneness; all seemed anxious for

two m en. The man to his left was in his

checkered tablecloth design, open at the

seemingly drawn tau t by a close-cropped

1950's: tight fitting tan Levi's cinctured

tive chest; and angular facial features

directed at Pat and through him as well.

He held that glance a few seconds then let

fleeting survey o f the boy, his contour

wanting to dismiss Pat from  his m ind. Pat

o f everyone, with a resolute look of

tion away from  Pat and began to stare

partic u la r  care in dressing. He was

land, naked, and have experienced icy

agony in response to the other m an's act,

face had a carefully cultivated dem onic

precipices; nothing th at one m an can do

with no m eaning.

"I am not so much injured as

res t r i c t i o n s , f r e e d o m , lu st, virtue,

r e s t r i c t i o n s , f r e e d o m , lu st, virtue,

any envisioned by Dante or th e  Old

escapes, a hell perhaps more terrible than

Testam ent. As for the name o f y o u r con­

were; not necessarily som eone 'b e tte r,'

som eone totally different than w ho you

you o f my own death and resurrection;

ex p e rie n c e  this rebirth several times

d iffe re n t. Perhaps you will need to

for better is a relative term  th a t im plies a

prophet who needs to  speak o u t to  those

hell," said Pat. "There is n o thing b ut

My name is Eros, And I was born in

d an c e ," Pat responded.

"Good. First, you m ust experience

and reassuring like the dawn, and his eyes

and compassionate for the essence of hum anity."
he appeared uncomfortable dancing alone in front of an audience.

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

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

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

Pat hesitated a moment before answering. His mind flooded with fantasies of being judged the best dancer, meeting good looking guys attracted by his performance, and perhaps, just perhaps, meeting someone to fill the void within him. Just as there was John all of a sudden in San Francisco, there might be another John in Chicago, a busy for bid purposeless foundering. Suddenly he said, "Yes, I want to be a go-go boy." He was dizzy with his words and the thought of entering the contest. Without hesitation, Pat strode where Dolores was standing and announced with confidence that he was to be a contestant. Returning to Eros, his profile high and his eyes aggressive, he said, "There, done."

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

"Or the threshold of insanity. Perhaps they are much the same." Pat's tone of voice was even, almost tranquil. He began to take keener interest in what was happening on stage now. The Black finished dancing and a third contestant entered the stage before him: long flowing blond hair topped a smoothly muscled and balanced physique, fair skin and limpid blue eyes accentuated a boyishly handsome face, and he was a superb dancer as well. The boy's routine was stylishly composed with dramatic gestures and controlled rhythm. The audience was silent and attentive. "I hadn't counted on this," Pat said. "Just concentrate on winning and you will; I have confidence in you," said Eros. With unexpected suddenness, the music began; it was fast and loud. Pat swayed his mid-section, roughly in time with the music. His mind soon gave up directing and his vision assaulted his brain; first he was a jams immense; next he imagined himself a gargoyle staring immoveably from a perch beneath Notre Dame, at once inscrutable and menacing; finally he conjured up a hermaphroditic state of rebirth and renewal. His face reddened a bit and he quickly pulled on his flannel pants and faded white shirt. By this time, Dolores' voice came over the loud speaker, "Thank you, Pat, thank you very much. It's now time for the big moment, the judging. Will the other contestants please join Pat on the stage?"

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

"That's all right. Pat approached the steps so that they obscured his eyes. As he walked in the chill December air toward his 1967 Volkswagen, he smiled sweetly to himself and wondered what tomorrow would be like. And the next day—"
A PHOTOGRAPHIC FEAST
The Work of James Armstrong
**Thoughts from Behind Grey Prison Walls**

by Deno Thomas

Women who have had the misfortune to spend any time behind the prison walls throughout the world can most readily relate their thoughts to one another, in many, many different ways. The general structure of all of these prisons is basically the same, in that the main objective of each is to lock people away from the so-called Society. But what of the inner turmoil these women suffer? What kind of human beings were they before prison, and what kind of person are they now that they have been released?

Can they adjust to the time spent behind bars, doors, and walls? Can they stand the denial of the Parole Board because they did not adjust to what a handful of people thought? The law states that you are given a sentence by a judge, as time prescribed. But actually there is a large gap within the limits of time prescribed. This is the time that the Parole Board has to use against you, and together they can seek to release themselves from the personal prisons that warden cannot unlock. Vocare is a home; there are no locks, no restrictions. It is not necessary to be out on the street, dealing with pressures you have forgotten how to handle, trying to over-please and pay more dues once the prison doors have shut behind you.

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

Another common occurrence: if you have a job, you come home at home, and when something is missing or goes wrong, the fingers point at you. You learn to live with this. Everyone needs a scapegoat, and you know inside yourself that this is going to happen. So you steal yourself against it. As much as it may hurt inside, you learn to never let it show outside. As much as it may hurt inside, you know inside yourself that this is going to happen, just as you steal yourself against it. As much as it may hurt inside, you learn to never let it show outside. As much as it may hurt inside, you know inside yourself that this is going to happen.

Yet many women will be leaving homes, families, and friends behind when they enter prison. Will these homes, families and friends still be there when they return? It would be foolish to think that all will be as it once was. Will there be a lot of guilt feelings about friendships, or relationships they have formed in prison; will they be able to say to society: "Yes, I have paid in every way possible for what I did, now leave me alone. Let me be the person I want to be." Can they deal with all of the other pressures that they have to put up with, and deal out here, on parole?

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

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

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Some Day
Soon . . . Sonoma!

by Hannibal

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

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

To see for yourself, go over the Golden Gate Bridge. For
sure: don't look back. Let reality slip through your fingers as
you spin along Highway 101, lured into the sensual embrace of
Señora Sonoma. Try an early Saturday morning departure for
a leisure, full-day excursion. To rush a beautiful experience is
a giant working waterwheel on the other side that lazily
turns its buckets of water into the gushing stream below.
Even if you have just coffee and dessert, it's a tranquil experi­
ience.

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

There's a small dance floor. Good jukebox (sometimes).
You can sprawl around the fireplace in a comfortably padded
wicker chair that swivels for easy cruising of the bar and dance
floor. Good people mix as easily as the good drinks. Sonoma
State College always seems to have a full complement of beau­
tiful boys on duty most Saturday evenings. And, incidentally,
some of the most exciting gay women in California can be
seen here, too. There's a very natural atmosphere about the
Monkey Pod. Its low profile lends nicely to friendly conversation and satis­
fying mixtures of cocktails. The friendly bar is my favorite bar. Period.
Maybe it's because it's nice to be surrounded by all those
delightful young men without the frantic "competition" of the
Pool. If you somehow don't find what pleasure you want here,
then there's always Vi's Club Drake in Fairfield at 1625 S Firs Drake
(Bighthouse) Bridge. (Phone 453-8247) on the way home. It's a good­
sized dance floor. Those Marin-ites do know how to dance.
This friendly, popular bar is well known to most of you, but if
you haven't gone up to visit Vi, put that trip on your list with a
big star.

The last bastion of whimsy before the bridge is the Sausal­
oto Hotel above the delightful bar of the Sausalito Inn on
the Square in Sausalito. Old Victorian furnishings as a setting for
plant young Victorians. And just a short drink from the bar to
your bed. Rooms at the hotel range from $7.50 to $35,
depending on size, opulence, and whether there's a bath.
That's $35 room, incidentally, is enormous. It overlooks the street and features a cozy
fireplace: the ideal place for one of your honeymoons. An
enormous number of celebrities have cuddled under the covers
of that stunning bed. Isn't it time you became a part of a
legend?
**The Society for Individual Rights**

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

**ARTS & CRAFTS CLASS**
Informal sketching with an instructor. Tuesdays, 8 p.m., S.I.R. Center. No charge. New beginning soon.

**COFFEE AND CONVERSATION**
8:00 p.m., S.I.R. Center.

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

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

**EX-CON RAP GROUP**
First & third Mondays of the month, 7:00 p.m. at S.I.R. Center. Contact Deno Thomas at S.I.R.

**LUNCHES - FOR SENIOR CITIZENS**
Free lunch and entertainment for senior citizens. Wednesdays, 12 noon, S.I.R. Center. Volunteers Needed!

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

**METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH SERVICES**
11 a.m., Sundays.

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

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

**RADIO & ARTS**
S扩建, CHEESE AND POOL TOURNAMENTS
Every Saturday, 1 p.m., S.I.R. Center.

**PSYCHOLOGY RAP**
Rap sessions about psychology with Marvin Steen. Mondays, 1 p.m., Fort Help, 199 10th St. . . Sundays, 6 p.m., S.I.R. Center. No charge.

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

**RED CROSS FIRST AID CLASSES**
Tuesday at 6 p.m. and Saturday at 9 a.m.; contact Mel Wald at S.I.R. Center.

**SIGN LANGUAGE CLASS**

**SIR ANGELS**
$3.00 per month or $30.00 per year. Write 67 Sixth St.

**SPEAKERS BUREAU**
Speakers available for speaking to schools, groups, etc. Call 781-1570 for scheduling.

**WOMEN'S NIGHT**
1st and 3rd Fridays of the month, S.I.R. Center.

**SIR BUSINESS MEETINGS**

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

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

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

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

**EASTER PARADE & BRUNCH**

**SUNDAY, APRIL 22**
NOON TO 3 O'CLOCK

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

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APRIL 1973
GRAND OPENING WEEK

THE WOOD SHED
1601 MARKET  861-9462

WEDNESDAY
APRIL 18

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

THURSDAY
APRIL 19

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

FRIDAY
APRIL 20

OPENING PARTY & MR. LUMBERJACK CONTEST 9 PM
PRIME RIB BUFFET
M.C. REBA, EMPRESS IV
PRIZES & SURPRISES
ELIMINATION FOR MR. LUMBERJACK
($25 TO EACH FINALIST)
(See Application Blank on next page)

SATURDAY
APRIL 21

GAYLA GRAND OPENING PARTY 9 PM
PRIME RIB BUFFET
M.C. THE FABULOUS MICHELLE
HOST; EMPEROR MARCUS and HIS KNIGHTS of the COURT
FINALS & SELECTION OF MR. LUMBERJACK - $100 CASH PRIZE
FOR WINNER AND OTHER PRIZES plus MANY, MANY SURPRISES

JOIN US - BURY YOUR HACHET AT
The Wood Shed
OPEN 6am 7 Days a Week