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THE BISEXUAL BLUES
GAY SUBCULTISTS

BAR, BATH, RESTAURANT GUIDE
FOUR DAYS OF OPERA IN SANTA FE

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Departure - August 15, 1973

ESCORTED BY - PETER BESSOL

ITINERARY:

Wednesday, August 15
- Depart San Francisco via Continental Airlines at 10:25 A.M. Luncheon served aloft. Arrive Albuquerque at 1:28 P.M. Motorcoach transfer provided to Santa Fe and the INN OF THE GOVERNORS.
- Evening performance of Wagner’s THE FLYING DUTCHMAN sung in German.

Thursday, August 16
- Day at leisure or all day tour to Taos, Taos Indian Pueblo and Spanish Missions.
- Evening performance of Franz Lehár’s THE MERRY WIDOW sung in English.

Friday, August 17
- Day at leisure or all day tour of Old Santa Fe and Bandelier Cliff Dwellings.
- Evening performance of a special American premiere - OWEN WINGRAVE by Benjamin Britten sung in English.

Saturday, August 18
- Full day at leisure to enjoy the annual Indian Market Fair and Art Show which takes place at the Plaza.
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In the eyes of straight society, including those who control the laws of our city, the Gay Freedom Day Parade was no different from most circus parades. There were the ever-popular clowns, the slightly scarce freaks, the muscle strong all the world to see and shudder. men, the outrageous female elephant attendants, the rare and

The sidewalks were crowded with leather-jacketed, denim-trousered, smug, comfortable homosexuals who smiled indulgently as the marchers shouted, "Off the curbs and into the streets!"

Remembering that the Stonewall Incident happened because, for the first time, gays fought back and, remembering, it was the butch on the sidelines —

...
A Poem

I read your magazine (Vector) and very much interested in S.I.R., even though I'm from Los Angeles, where gay have been all of my 27 years, and love everyone of it. I love all of my brothers and sisters throughout the world.

I'm a patient at Atascadero State Hospital (MDSO) 218, should be going home in a few months. The picture in this month's Vector (pg. 30) inspired me to write this little poem, titled "This Is Me." I hope you and all the brothers and sisters like it?

With gay love,

Dennis Atascadero, CA

Drastic ocean sunset, A sea gull soaring high above,
This is what I see.
Brother & Sisters laughing — playing.
Trees whispering in the wind,
This is what I hear.

The cool breeze, Sandpiles under my feet,
This is what I feel.
Being Gay — being free
This is me.

Waste Space

I have visited favorite places to write,
For a year and a half — and under the direction of three VECtor editors —
I have visited favorite places to write about them for my brothers and sisters who read VECTOR.

For a year and a half — and under the direction of three VECtor editors — I have visited favorite places to write about them for my brothers and sisters who read VECTOR. No more so than the present issue. It is the layout of the magazine. I only wish we could spare that much white space.

The picture in this month's Vector was very artistically done, and in refreshing good taste.

Stay with Hough and Armstrong.

Arthur Sacramento

Photographs

This is me.

Letters

To: The Advocate

Dear Advocate,

I came upon the June copy of Vector, and was very much impressed by the photographs by Hough and Armstrong.

Very artistically done, and in refreshing good taste.

The young human body (male or female) is a beautiful thing when photographed by someone who knows his business.

Sincerely,

Jimmy San Luis Obispo

7 Years for Oral Copulation

I just finished reading the article by Susan Trager in the June issue of the Vector, "7 Years for Oral rape," and I was very impressed.

I was arrested at the age of 19 for violation of Penal Code Section 288a (oral copulation) with a male consenting party of my own age.

I pleaded guilty on the advice of my attorney and was promised by the D.A.'s office that I would not have to do more than 12 to 18 months in prison. I am 26 years old now and I'm still in prison.

Of course I have grown a little bit in the last 7 years because I have seen people come to prison for murder and armed robbery and go home in 18 months. Does this mean that society would rather have a few Unix killed on the streets that homosexuals? It would appear so. I have seen people killed because custody was so bad that they killed their children.

To anybody who is concerned with my case I would say that my case is not unusual; it is within the law. It is the society that is wrong.

Now after 7 years I have been given a release date for September 15, 1973, and have been told that I must be returned to Sacramento, California.

I have been in prison for 7 years because I have seen people come to prison for murder and armed robbery and go home in 18 months. Does this mean that society would rather have a few Unix killed on the streets than homosexuals? It would appear so. I have seen people killed because custody was so bad that they killed their children.

Now after 7 years I have been given a release date for September 15, 1973, and have been told that I must be returned to Sacramento, California.

Sincerely,

Hannibal

No Homosexual Position

One of the items on the Common Cause agenda mentions Equal opportunity in every aspect of American life, particularly in education, housing, employment and voting. Effective action at every level against discrimination based on race, ethnic background, and sex.

While this is a broad statement of principle, opposing arbitrary discrimination of various kinds in our society, we have not taken a position on the status of homosexuals.

There are important and urgent issues of national concern, about which most Americans would agree. As a national citizens' movement, Common Cause is, in general, more likely to select such issues for action than others on which there are no such consensus. This is particularly true because our organization can concentrate on relatively few issues at any time, if it is to be effective.

We appreciate your interest in Common Cause, and hope you will decide to become a member,

Sincerely,

Robert Meier
Assistant to the President, Common Cause

Pro-Gay Support

But that Common Cause has recently been running ads in such homosexual publications as the Advocate and Vector, which are distributed here on the west coast.

I'm not sure if these advertisements would be paid for by our organization or by individual members. Nevertheless, we in the homosexual community feel particularly safe since you do not support gay liberation issues, and I'm particularly impressed by your support of the National Civil Rights Movement, the American Women's Union and the Americans For Democratic Action apparently have no trouble supporting pro-gay positions. You certainly would not dare tell such a story to any group of Blacks, Chicanos, or Indians. They would not tolerate Common Cause for one minute.

Apparently you think gays are safe to ignore since you obviously take on only safe issues that will offend the smallest number of people. Your definition of democracy would make any reactionary smile.

Frank J. Howell

Champagne opening

come in and have a glass!
Wondering what to wear, come fall.

Even though you may still be beach-bagging it on weekends, those nights of chilly air and bad blood aren't really far away. Come September, don the jeans that made Mr. Levi famous...just slightly longer to cover most belts.

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Yellow Journalism

RE: Carol DeArment's report on the recent Lesbian Conference (Vector's, June 1973), is a classic example of yellow journalism.

I wrote with great interest her statement that I arrived in Los Angeles with a press agent and sound crew, particularly as I have never had a press agent or sound crew (or manager, or bodyguard or contact, etc.). Neither did I threaten any law suit in order to perform, I have been singing at Lesbian movement benefits and parties in L.A. for nearly three years. It is for this reason I was asked — months ago — to sing at the conference, as were Maxine Feldman, New Woman, &c. That's it — no lawsuits or threats. Moreover, her comment on my appearance and the transsexual cause sounds suspiciously like white reactions to the physical acts but all rights marches of ten years ago — especially when one notes her sexist selection of pronouns.

As for Ms. DeArment's blatant red-baiting of the conference organizers, the only relationship between Lesbian Activist Women and the Socialist Worker's Party is the fact that one LAW member was once dating an SWP member. Which, I suppose, makes all of them fellow travelers? As to LAW's allegations, LAW members were lavender organizer's arm bands throughout the weekend and had their position paper readily available at the registration desk.

And just what exactly is her trip on and schedule? The planning of the conference had been open, and publicity had been sent out months in advance requesting suggestions as to workshops and agenda. According to the May-June issue of the Lesbian Tide a group of San Francisco women telephoned the organizers three nights before the conference with their own agenda, which they demanded be adopted. Does sisterhood mean never having to be realistic? Where were these women's ideas during the months of planning?

It is good to see Vector taking an interest in women's events. It is unfortunate, however, that you did no better than the egotistical ravings of a hypocritical, red-baiting liar. I don't know what kind of a trip Ms. DeArment is on, but it obviously is not a journalistic one.

Sincerely yours,
Beth Elliott
was very pleased to see the article on society page of the San Francisco Chronicle. "Among his outside activities are the California Academy of Sciences, Bay Area Council of the Boy Scouts, the Governor's Committee on Traffic Safety, S.F. Opera Association, regent at USF and member of the advisory council to the business schools at Stanford and Cal as board chairman of the Bay Area Crusade, Hull has been trying to set the business schools at Stanford and Cal..."

I have donated to the Bay Area United Crusade every since I have been employed. However, I feel that Mr. Jerome Hull is Board Chairman of the Bay Area United Crusade, then I plan to write United Crusade and tell them that I will not support them any more as long as Mr. Hull is associated with them in any way, and I will tell them about Mr. Hull's record as the foremost opponent of fair employment practices for people in the San Francisco Bay Area. Sincerely yours, R.W.

Too Little, Too Late

Having read "Sacramento Responds" in your June issue I decided to express my own views concerning this March issue, and include a "Sacramento Responds to Sacramento Responds" to the June issue.

As a fellow Sacramenter, I agree with D.J.S. (June issue) when he said that in Sacramento a stranger is made to feel welcome. Of course he is. Whenever a local person goes into any of the (17) bars in the Sacramento-San Joaquin area, he knows that he is going to recognize 95% of the people in the bar. Recognize as ex-lovers, ex-tricks, hopeful recognizers, and the Zodias; are no longer among the living, they are there in their demise having occurred some time ago.

The teamwork of Vector and John David Phillips (Photography Scene "March"

minorities in the gay movement (gender-fuckers, drags, etc.) then everyone rests.

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books

KEROUAC
By Ann Charters
Straight Arrow Books, 1973, $7.95

What Jack Kerouac means to you probably depends on how old you are. If you are old enough to have lived through the 'beatnik' days of the 50's, you may well have seen Kerouac buzzing around North Beach and down Market in Neal Cassady's "Green Hornet." If you are somewhat younger or more literary, you may merely identify him as the would-be Thomas "(I, Last!)" Wolfe author of On the Road. Or if you are absolutely chicken and/or totally intolerate, you may never have heard of him at all, no matter.

Regardless of what category you are in, you might enjoy at least skimming through this thoroughly-researched and candid biography. To begin with, look at the pictures, which seem as telling as any of Mrs. Charters' analyses of Kerouac's various relationships. There's Jack as the studly young French-Canadian athlete in his Lowell High School track clothes, Jack staring into Allen Ginsberg's eyes, Jack arm-slouched-over-arm with buddies in New York, Berkeley, Mexico City, and Tangier, and a puffy, brooding Jack alone in his Lowell home in 1966. With the exception of his mother and Carolyn Cassady, all of the snapshots seem to be of guys, and they convey an overall impression of swaggy but intense male comradeship.

Unlike some of his friends, however, Kerouac himself seems not to have been gay, or even bisexual, or even very sexual at all. Yes, there was a night at Everards with Ginsberg and William Burroughs that was, Abbie Hoffman claims, "the woman that wanted me back in with his mother who was, in his words, "the woman that wanted me most." But, according to Ginsberg, what Kerouac essentially trying to do, in his life and writings, was to "celebrate the tender consciousness, a realization of mortal companions whose presence together makes the event sacramental." Amateur psychiatrists may interpret all this as no more than adolescent locker-room fixation and not be surprised to read that of his first meeting with Cassady, Kerouac remembered "Neal standing naked in the doorway...a kind of Nietzschean hero." There was for awhile a sort of Lawrencean blood-brothership between Kerouac and Cassady, but, altogether, Kerouac's "best-liked" view of life was more metaphysical than physical. While there was a frantic combination of sex, wine, drugs and the inevitable trips on the road, Kerouac became more and more interested in finding some sort of spiritual peace as opposed to physical release.

For brief moments, he found a little of both in the Bay Area. "San Francisco," he thought, "always gives you the courage of your convictions," and he enjoyed running around on Broadway: "We're all yelling at the same time — We went around bumping into one another, across streets, down streets, looking for a place to drink coffee." Riding over the Golden Gate bridge with Cassady and Gregory Corso on the way to someone's cabin in Mill Valley, he felt "wonderful and wild. I've found my friends and a great vibration of living Joy." By the 1960's, however, Kerouac was spending less time tripping around the country with his friends and more time living with his mother. While Cassady was becoming one of Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters and Ginsberg was lecting his hair grow and joining his own version of the counter-culture, Kerouac was quietly becoming something of a political conserver, expressing awe that "Abbie Hoffman had evolved from his work."

Although Kerouac obviously succeded in finding many forms of physical release, Mrs. Charters suggests he never found any enduring spiritual peace. His last days were blurred with beer, wine and whiskey. But what is striking about Kerouac's life and novels, however frenetic and rambling they may have been, is the note of bold originality in the method and, more importantly, of deeply-felt genuineness in the madness. Kerouac, in short, wasn't a copy — and, by contrast, many of today's Union Square "hipsters" seem mindless and plastic indeed.

— Michael Austen

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VICTOR, August 1973 13
There's quite a special feeling that comes upon entering THE MINT at 1942 Market Street, San Francisco. You pass through a last minute to a waiting area bar in order to place yourself on the waiting list. The mint is closed on Sunday. A day right at the bar was nicely filled with handsome men, some handsome women and a few people who wanted to solder the treats—the humming sound of animated conversation. This is no status, Plan. When or accidental, the ambience serves as a beautiful prelude to dinner including the fact that during the meal it is possible to observe the entire establishment. The menus are designed to stimulate appetites and you are long for. Finally, unable to make a choice, a kindly gentlemen at another table suggested the Golden Cask Steak Special ($4.75). My companion got turned on to the pork chops ($4.15).

The meal began with an excellent onion soup and two deliciously finely baked hot treats with an ample scoop of whipped butter. At this point the evening was well on the way to total success. The Steak arrived sizzling on a hot metal platter, flanked by a baked potato, the inside of which was nicely browned, whipped with herbs and butter and placed back into the shell—delicious. The vegetable was a portly, thick, well preened white bean which, again, brought questions about the contents of the dish. We were full of gratitude for the selection of the food, but it was as distant to italiano as it was to a Croce salad with raw tasting tomatoes thin as water, vinegar warned by another customer never to order this dish in non-Italian eateries. It was excellent, as excellent and cooked to perfection, but, at the same time, was incomprehensible, especially the canned peas, canned corn, and unidentifiable potato. In San Francisco during this season—cooking from one is totally unidentifiable. The ever-essential zen (It) should be retreated from the menu as quickly as possible. The meat was full of flavor and the red sauce was good. The rest of the meal was ample and, for the price, sufficiently acceptable. Though certainly no gastronomic delight, the experience has insulated itself from yet another ungrateful part with a kind of an anticlimactic style. It was as if we had been forced to get down two-thirds of the best goddamn Hostess Twinkie in the world.

We didn't like it at all. But we were only two tiny islands of disapproval in a vast, packed, surging sea of adoration, which has lapped the sides of this galactic production every single moment of its existence. It was SRO right after every show, night and day. Everybody loved it; everybody was right. Everything was fine. It's nice to have everybody happy!

Finally, the dances have become bigger and more imaginative and are done with great verve, a considerable improvement. The other was a solo for Terese svenswan, which I had originally complained that she was too "now" a performer. This was quite a surprise. I never knew the other leads remember it at all, and so can cope without difficulty. But I do know that the past, and does what's required with great style and superb control. This song is sung to her, and it displays her as a real little star to come. The voice—now placed properly, full and tuneful—has become completely the flavor of a great tenor and she sells this song like an old pro, in her style.

The food isn't bad, and the service is excellent. Waiters don't hover, but they do sorry, as they keep an eye out for what's needed and when, which is something a lot of people miss.

I ordered sweetbreads on the dinner, and my date—who has a wooden palate ordered foie gras because she imagines I'm going to make a choice, a kindly gentlemen at another table suggested the Golden Cask Steak Special ($4.75). My companion got turned on to the pork chops ($4.15).

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The food isn't bad, and the service is excellent. Waiters don't hover, but they do sorry, as they keep an eye out for what's needed and when, which is something a lot of people miss.
Dear Don:

Like a lot of my friends, I am getting bummed out by the bars, baths, and street cruising. After the first excitement, I feel empty. A few guys who started out as tricks have become friends and once that happens I lose any interest in sex with them. A couple of friends want to try to maintain some kind of sexual relationship and I’m willing but I just can’t get into it. Nothing happens! I read in your column that you don’t want to give advice but maybe you could comment on this in some way that would give me some ideas about what to do. What do other people do to overcome this block or whatever it is?

A. D.
San Bruno

Your friend probably has good intentions and she may be passing along the ideas of her psychiatrist accurately but you are listening to a damaging myth. By contacting a gay organization you can get the name of a psychotherapist who has had a lot of experience working with gay people and their families. One session with such a therapist will help to reassure you that there is absolutely no evidence to suggest that what you have been told is the truth. There is evidence suggesting that the more loving your relationship with your father, the easier it is to establish a loving relationship with another man (but even if your relationship with your father had been bad you would not be doomed). Certainly the quality of future relationships with men has nothing to do with your father being gay.

My guess is that he cares about you enough to make sure you know this important facet of his being, chances are you have a better relationship than many fathers and daughters — perhaps better than most. Do not believe everything you hear or read. Gay people, like your father, have had a rough time in years past partly because of myths like the one that seems to be coming from your father’s psychiatrist.
Yogurt Power — Plain Yogurt can be used effectively as an antiseptic — put a dab on insect bites and you'll find the itch lessen — also if your cat (or dog) has an inflamed eye (or other minor type of infection) smear a little yogurt on the eyes. They will probably lick it off but it will help some. The yogurt kills bad germs. For women if you have a yeast infection, either dilute some yogurt in water and use as a douche, or spread some yogurt directly on vaginal area. Do not douche often. Also, wearing nylon or other manufactured materials is more apt to cause yeast infections. Cotton is safest to use.

Yogurt Appetizer — Peel and cut up a cucumber in about half inch pieces — mash a clove of garlic and add 1 cup of yogurt to it. Salt and add the cut up cucumber. Serve cold. Some finely chopped mint leaves can be added or a sprinkling of powdered cumin. Very refreshing on a warm day.

Yogurt and Veges — Any cooked green such as spinach can also be mixed with yogurt (with some garlic added) and served as a vegetable. About 1/2 cup yogurt stirred into 2 cups of cooked greens. Serve either hot or cold.

Hair Care — Make an infusion by simmering Rosemary (Two tablespoons dried herb to 1 cup water) for about 20 minutes. When cool rub some of the infusion (about 2 Tablespoons) through hair or use as a rinse. Bottle remainder. Also putting a little bit of Rosemary Oil on your brush after you have washed hair, gives hair a beautiful sheen. Both of these remedies are very healthy for the hair. If you have blond or white hair, use chamomile instead of rosemary. This will keep the dryness and is also healthful for the hair. Note: For my own black hair I use both the Rosemary infusion daily and the Rosemary oil whenever I wash my hair, and have found an improvement in both the texture and strength of my hair.

Natural Deodorant — Using Baking Soda for the underarms as a deodorant is safe and effective. Just rub a little once a day under the arms. To get rid of odors in shoes, sprinkle some Baking Soda in the shoe and leave for several days. Will absorb odor.

Natural Toothpaste — Baking Soda also makes a good toothpaste either alone or combined with Borax or salt. Put on toothbrush and brush.

Seaweed — Instead of spending lots of money on vitamins try eating some seaweed — Extremely healthful and good in foods such as rice. Nori is especially tasty. Seaweed contains many concentrated vitamins.

Sunburns — Rubbing a lemon on bad sunburns helps relieve the pain. Lemon is an antiseptic. Yogurt can also be used on sunburns. Best of all, for any kind of burns is the leaf juices of the Aloe Vera plant. Too much sun is harmful both externally and internally.

The Plant Corner — For those people who are always wondering how often to water their plants, here is my theory: Most tropical, indoor plants want to be watered thoroughly (until water seeps out of the drainage hole) but should dry out between waterings. Feel the soil and when it is dry water again. With few exceptions it is not a good idea to keep plants sitting in water, since this will sour the soil which will rot the roots of the plant. Therefore, if you have a plant in a pot with no drainage hole be extra careful of excess watering. It's a good idea in this case to put some gravel or broken crocks in the bottom of the pot so that the excess water does not remain in the soil. Also, it would be wise to put some charcoal chips in pots with no drainage holes to keep the soil sweet. This is an important step in terrariums also. Cacti and Succulents, of course, need less watering. However, if your watering system differs and your plants are healthy, please continue your own system. Plants have a way of acclimating themselves to environmental changes. They also adapt to different watering systems.

Happy growing,

ZABEL
It was truly too bad the San Francisco Ballet's season came after the Bejart, Lubovitch and Joffrey's triumphs, because the timing made the disaster more apparent. With two exceptions, the season was a superbly-mounted bomb. I knew cause the timing made the disaster more apparent. With two exceptions, the season was a superbly-mounted bomb. I knew

The simple truth is that Lew Christensen, Artistic Director since 1982, is no longer the creative powerhouse he used to be. His works over the past four years have shown a plummeting creative force, and this year's two new ones — which have not been up to the demands of the choreography (the he was superb, later on, in Symphony in C) — are epitomes of choreographic inanity. Nothing much happens in them. Both are breath-taking speculations — nothing much happens in them. Both are breath-taking speculations — nothing much happens in them. Both are breath-taking speculations. They have neither pulse nor pace. In a word, they do not move. Cinderella

We didn't need a revival of Don Amore (can something be "revived" which has been steadily in the repertoire for three years?), but it was helpful to have this reminder that Lew Christensen, once upon a time turned out charming ballets. This one is funny and high-spirited and poses lots of challenges, none of which were well met, the night I saw it, by Linda Myer, as the Amazon Queen, or John McFall, as the Brigand. These two have no heart for characterization, for one thing, and MAFJ just was not up to the demands of the choreography. And in neither work is there any sense of flow. They have neither pulse nor pace. In a word, they do not move. Cinderella

Cinderella and Don Juan can be considered together, since they share faults and virtues. Both are breath-taking speculations of stage-design and costume and lighting. Both contain too much over-simple mime and far too little dancing. Mr. Christensen choreographs now as though all his people were beginners, and he doesn't trust them with anything difficult. And in neither work is there any sense of flow. They have neither pulse nor pace. In a word, they do not move. Cinderella

Cinderella often ignored what was in the music (the full Prokofieff score), while Don Juan had for music the too introspective, genteel guitar concertos of Joaquin Rodrigo, which were totally inadequate for a portrayal of the ultimate rakehell, Don Juan Tenorio. Both were expensive, gorgeous ones. (During Cinderella, the flocks of kiddies were quiet; an ominous sign.)

All the new dancers (mostly from theAmerican Ballet Theatre) took leads in these works, but because the choreography made so few demands upon them, it was impossible to determine anything about them but their general high level of competence. Only Atilla Ficere, as Don Juan, and Naomi Sorkin, as The Bride (in Scene 3 of the same ballet), had brief bits that made me sit up and take notice.

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All the new dancers (mostly from theAmerican Ballet Theatre) took leads in these works, but because the choreography made so few demands upon them, it was impossible to determine anything about them but their general high level of competence. Only Atilla Ficere, as Don Juan, and Naomi Sorkin, as The Bride (in Scene 3 of the same ballet), had brief bits that made me sit up and take notice.

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In ancient times wooden trees were worshipped by pagans and Israelites as a life-giving fertility phallic symbol. The snake was considered a symbol of evil or strength, healing and erect male phallic potency. Thus biblical authors used many of these primitive pagan symbolisms that were also part of Hebrew culture to explain to the Children of Israel God’s covenant with mankind and the coming salvation of the world.

Forerunners to the Christian cult of Jesus were ancient phallic sex gods such as Osiris of Egypt, Dionysus and Dionysus of the Greeks and Priapus and Mithras of the Romans. Christians have and still worship Jesus as a major sex symbol. The mysticism of the healing and redemption by Jesus raised up on the wooden cross to “suffer and die for the salvation of the world” and the bare Christian cross is a carry-over from the more primitive mystic cults of phallic tree worship and signs of salvation in paganism and early Judaism. The brass snake that Moses made and raised up on a pole to heal the snake-bitten Israelites when they looked upon the brass serpent is a striking archetype of the healing phallic Christ on the cross. It was a synthesis with pagan Gnostic symbols introduced into the Jesus cult partially by St. John in his gospel chapter 3, verse 14-15, when he speaks of Jesus as the divine personification of healing snake phallicism. It was a primitive role transferred on through biblical tradition, then taken up by Jesus, internalized and sublimated on the ancient cross tree of fertility. “And as Moses lifted up the snake in the desert, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that those who believe in him may not perish, but have life everlasting.” On the same theme of messianic phallic tree mysticism which has overtones of bizarre sadomasochism, St. Peter wrote from Rome to the Christians of Asia Minor in his epistle, I, ch. 2, vs. 24: “Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whom stripes you were healed.”

Jesus did not institute the Christian religion as many still believe. The religious of Jesus and the early Church was the fused product of various primitive and advanced cults from a strong mixture of Judeo/Greek culture, present-day religions and sects such as Judaism, Christianity and the Hindu Hare Krishna closet queen movement and many other reactionary sects of modern times are logical developments from older, cruder, mystic sex cults. Their forerunners were into a mixed bag of astrology with hallucinogenic drugs and temple orgies. The biblical authors and early church writers romanticized and exaggerated some of the alleged “Divinely inspired” stories that they claimed to have seen. Such a flamboyant literary style was piously accepted in ancient times as the very “Word of God” and therefore not to be questioned or doubted. Thus was the situation until the advent of modern science and investigation.

Scholars and their new studies show that some authors of Jewish and Christian Scriptures were under the powerful influence of hallucinogenic drugs and secret mushroom herbs such as the Sacred Mushroom of ancient priesthood, the Amanita Muscaria and other drug potions. The drugs that prophesied, medicine men and biblical writers indulged in caused them to see, hear and experience many things that did not in reality happen. The colors are brighter, the sounds more penetrating, every sensation is magnified, every natural force exaggerated. For the way to God and the feeling foretastes of Heaven was through sacramental plants and drugotics. No wonder it was prophesied of them that "your old men shall dream dreams and your young men shall see visions."

The theory that Jesus and his all male companions were latent homosexuals is very relevant to a deeper understanding of the origins of Christianity and its theology. The apostles and many sincere people since them have turned to Jesus’ homosexual cult as a refuge and expression of their latent or sublimated hetero or homosexuality as well as to seek honest solutions to the confusions of self and society. Even today we still find conservative religious sects and churches operated by chastivist closet queen clergy. This is especially so in monasteries and other kinds of religious communities of men.

A gay theology can be formulated because, for one reason, philosophers and religion have always been interrelated to all types of psycho-physio sexuality. Not only has church and religion restrained and conditioned sexuality, but likewise male and female sexuality through the centuries has helped condition religion and the churches and helped formulate theology and religious practices.

We can observe in the Christian Eucharistic Liturgy of the “Lord’s Supper” — the “love banquet.” The orthodox belief of the unique divinity of Jesus and his real presence in the Eucharist has been, for the worshiping Christians, a major form of necromantic displacement for those of the orthodox, catholic and evangelical traditions. This necromantic or spiritualistic sacrament if celebrated by sincere amanitas borders on primitive hard core spiritual necrophilia with Jesus. It is a cut-off form of pietistic excommunication and is a very regressive superstition. It is the undue withdrawal into the unreal world of a Jesus trip complete with hallucinations of a bygone theocracy and delusions of triumphalism. As comforting and aesthetic as traditional Christology may seem to be, it is theologically bankrupt and sexist. It is repressed humanism and sexuality in the Christian desire for sublimated phallic sexual union with the worshipped dead phallic god Jesus Christ, Savior of the world.” Therefore every attempt by gay Christians to celebrate by sincere amanitas (i.e., to memorialize or to sacramentally reenact in an unbloody manner) the "breaking of the bread and the drinking of the cup of the crucified and risen savior, Jesus," is the same persecution and celebration of our male chauvinism and of the male supremacy under which we are victimized as gay men and women. The myth of the Christ has been exposed. The secularization of religion and Christianity is inevitable. We should “speak of God in a secular fashion” and “find a non-religious interpretation of biblical concepts.” When we have done this we can turn our attention and resources to the real issues of our time. We as gay men and women should no longer compete with nor seek the acceptance of the selfrighteous religions of a "straight" society. We are a "chosen people" — a generation chosen to bear witness to the destructiveness and futility of fear, hiding and hate.

And in a hostile environment we should be daring enough to create a new positive identity — a new awareness of human potential. This is truly a great contribution the Gay Liberation movement can make to the progress of the individual person and society.
The Bisexual Blues
Pat Hardman

I've got the bisexual blues again, mama. It's one of my secret vices, like keeping a spoon and a box of Jell-O in my lower left desk drawer. It's called three months without a lover, and I'm starting to make love to my breakfast.

What was wrong with the guy I played frisbee with for an hour? Or the man who sat and made a daisy headband for the small woman I was with?

Isn't it unfair to declare the whole male sex chauvinistic? Since the whole point of separatism is to get women to the point where they can negotiate from a place of equal strength, why not skip the revolution and relate directly? Dial it yourself, you won't have to pay off Gloria Steinem. Don't be so vague and futuristic.

Then I remember how it really was, playing frisbee with that joker. I went to the park to write poetry. The frisbee came along to get some fresh air. I wound up throwing it with him because I couldn't think of a polite way to tell him to fuck off. I didn't want to make him angry. No, I didn't find an acceptable male. I covered up for my servility.

I remember how clearly defined my idea of the revolution is. I want a separate physical space for women, with a separate administration, defense, art, religion, medicine, transportation — everything. I'm trying to get thousands of years of slavery off my back. Nothing less than a separate female society will prove to me that the "myth" of male superiority is a myth.

If I did find a man who would not call me a chick, what would that prove? All the things that are wrong with the system would still exist.

So I waste my time discovering men who are "exceptions," men who don't perpetuate the system, men who are individually liberated. Of course I can fight my oppression individually. Somehow, it doesn't add up to a "no." It adds up to a "yes, there is room for me in this system."

Anyway, balling a liberated man is no way to treat him. I'd rather make friends with him.

Come to think of it, where does this assumption originate that after the whole mess is cleared away, everyone will be bisexual? It isn't an assumption I want to make. All I really want men to do is to get off my back. Digging them is another project entirely.

The last fact, the one that really stuns me, is that I would get up from screwing, and I would still be a lesbian. I would take it as evidence that I still hadn't liberated myself, and I would go back and work twice as hard for my movement.

Reprinted with permission from Sisters, Volume IV, Number 7.
REPORTER: What is Electrolysis?
DWIGHT: Technically, it’s the term for galvanically ionising molecules, and the electrolysis rearrangement of their atoms to form new chemical substances. The oldest and most tested method of Permanent Hair Removal is a process of introducing pure, natural, galvanic current (D.C. from a dry-cell battery) into the hair follicle by way of a minute platinum filament, and through the chemical change, called ‘Electrolysis’, the hair literally deserts itself. Consequently, the term for Permanent Hair Removal was born out of the technical term of the electro-chemical process involved.

REPORTER: Which type of people would want their hair removed?
DWIGHT: The majority of my clients are very masculine guys who are interested in maintaining their youthful, bushy appearance; however, there certainly isn’t a ‘type’, per se. During my work as an Electrologist I’ve had clients who were lawyers, school teachers, clerks, ministers, transsexuals, body-builders, and many theatrical personalities, employed and unemployed, butches and fens. You just can’t say “a type” because everyone has hair, but not everyone likes the way it is arranged on his body, so he has it removed. To him, a clear, smooth, younger appearing skin is the turn-on – not a patch of hair.

REPORTER: What areas of the body are you speaking of?
DWIGHT: Mainly the face, or beard, back and shoulders, chest and abdomen. However, except for the scalp, there isn’t a square inch of the body I haven’t worked on at one time or another.

The business of Electrolysis is bogged down in personal philosophies and vendettas. Attempts to check out Dwight’s proclamations have resulted in dead ends with each school of thought claiming the other was a ripoff. The only text book in the field was written by the manufacturer of a particular machine and thus advocates exclusive use of this machine. Each system proclaims PERMANENT HAIR REMOVAL and it is Dwight’s claim that if a client must return again and again to have regrowth removed, the system used is ripping off a customer.

REPORTER: Isn’t having the hair removed time-consuming?
DWIGHT: Not at all! As a matter of fact, most of my beard removal, or thinning and edging, is done for really bushy guys. What they do achieve is smooth, easily cared for skin. It doesn’t turn them red, they just look years younger. I don’t know anyone who really likes to shave. As a matter of fact, I think it’s a little masochistic, myself. Wouldn’t it be nice if all you had to do in the morning was to run into the bathroom, splash a little water on your face, and brush your teeth! Just think, no more razor rash! And for Drag, no more leaving the ball early because of ‘5 o’clock shadow’!

REPORTER: But what about moustaches and beards?
DWIGHT: That’s easy. Some guys prefer to leave their moustaches, sideburns, or even a full face beard, and remove the rest. Usually the neck is cleared, up to the jaw line; possibly cheeks and chin. They decide the pattern they want to leave and clear the rest. That is called Permanent Beard Edging.

REPORTER: How long does it take to remove an entire beard?
DWIGHT: Oh, anywhere from a few hours to a hundred hours, more or less, depending on how many hairs are to be removed. For instance, Orientals have very little facial hair, and that would be a short task. Armenians, however, would probably have a heavy growth, and it would take much longer. It all depends on the individual growth pattern. You see, each hair is removed individually, and each hair takes from four to ten seconds to remove properly.

REPORTER: Why would someone want the hair removed from their back or chest?
DWIGHT: Those are very common areas, believe it or not. A back with lots of hair looks years older than a back that is smooth and clean. The problem of embarrassment is another factor. There are a lot of guys who just won’t take their shirt off in public because of all the hair they’ve got on their back or shoulders. Another reason is for sheer comfort. A blanket of hair is just plain hot, sweaty and itchy.

Chest work is done basically on body-builders who have spent hundreds of hours developing some gorgeous muscles. They certainly don’t want them hidden behind a bush of hair. Professional athletes, swimmers in particular, need the hair off to decrease their ‘drag’ and attain more speed.

REPORTER: Is Electrolysis painful?
DWIGHT: Well, Thermolysis is more painful than Galvanic, but neither is totally free from sensation. Thermolysis, or high-frequency, is heat producing. It is the heat within the follicle that burns the hair root. Needless to say, you can really feel the hot flashes of Thermolysis, and it isn’t fun. Galvanic Electrolysis uses a cool current, therefore, there is no heat whatsoever. Instead, there is an itchy, slightly stinging sensation due to the chemical action, but not a burn.

Some areas have inherently high pain tolerances, such as the cheek and jaw area, and even the back and shoulder area. Most of my clients sleep through their treatments.

REPORTER: How about cost?
DWIGHT: The cost for Electrolysis is usually on a pay-as-you-go basis, and is charged by the hour. An hour treatment may run from $20 to $40 in San Francisco, from $20 to $40 in Southern California, and from $20 to $60 in New York. It all depends on the office and their particular schedule.

However, the cost factor becomes complicated when you consider some of the hair is going to grow back and must be removed again.

REPORTER: How much will grow back?
DWIGHT: That’s impossible to predict, but some generalities can safely be made. Women have finer, more shallow hair growth, which responds to lighter treatments. A woman’s hair is as different from a man’s as night is from day, however. A man’s hair is tougher, deeper, it has to be treated entirely in a new manner.

If hair regrows after Electrolysis removal, either the follicle was so curly, (as usually is the case with Blacks, and often with curly-haired Whites) that the hair nourishment center could not be completely destroyed, or, the Electrologist used the wrong system of Electrolysis for that particular type of hair.

REPORTER: Why don’t all Electrologists use your Galvanic method?
DWIGHT: The answer to that is sad, but true. It is simple arithmetic to figure that the ‘break-and-burn’ income for Electrologists using Thermolysis comes from the regrowth and retreatments.

REPORTER: Are there any manifestations on the skin after a treatment?
DWIGHT: Only temporarily. The heat of Thermolysis can cause a red, puffy, burned area. This condition usually goes away within three or four days. Any Permanent Hair Removal can cause a crust above the healing pore. It should not be disturbed, but allowed to disappear by itself.

REPORTER: Are people generally satisfied with the results of Electrolysis?
DWIGHT: I can only speak of my own clients, and I would say ‘elated’ would be a better word. They are so happy to have a soft, smooth, younger skin again, they’re like a new person. The interesting phenomenon is that a person usually can’t remember having ever had superfluous hair, once it’s been removed.

REPORTER: Would you say Electrolysis is more popular today than in the past?
DWIGHT: Most definitely! As a matter of fact, I think Permanent Hair Removal for Guys is going to be the next big fad. It is not medical, it doesn’t have to be expensive, and it is a major benefit to youthful looks, sex appeal, and comfort. Why put up with shaving unless you really like to?

REPORTER: Can people contact you if they have any questions about Electrolysis?

DWIGHT: Yes. I love to talk ‘shop’. My phone number can be found in my VECTOR ad.

An interview with Dwight Letchworth

by Richard Piro

Dwight Letchworth, R.E., can best be described as a dynamic fighter whose interests may change but whose zeal for things interesting never falters. If you ever purchase items (soap powder or cosmetics) in a roll of plastic containers, it’s a Letchworth packaging invention for which he holds the patents. The next time you go dancing in a bar, remember that Dwight owned the first bar in the State of California which permitted open dancing between men. Another one of his interests pioneered resining, legally, a female bartender. He had his first lover at the age of ten (an “older” man, aged 23) and when the relationship was discovered and broken up by the establishment, Dwight’s mother handed him bus fare so that he could come to San Francisco to be with the man he loved for four years.

From bar owning, to apartment building owning, to real estate dealing into Electrolysis is quite a trip and Dwight delights in telling the saga placing his own exciting biography second to the subject at hand—what the hell is Electrolysis.

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VECTOR MAGAZINE makes no claim to the authenticity of any system and simply provides a forum for discussion. Counter claims or invalidation of any of the thoughts expressed are welcomed and will be given equal space in a subsequent issue.
A Lyrical Remembrance of First Love
Weldon James Furness

I am middle-aged and lonely now. So lonely that I ache with it, and from this ache (that is always there, always just under, always at the ready to spring out and whelm and overshadow me) what I fear most are nights of clear, bright light the stripping forms of eucalyptus trees by swaths of pewtered grass. I flee, I am middle-aged and lonely now. So lonely that I ache with it, and from this ache (that is always there, always just under, always at the ready to spring out and whelm and overshadow me) what I fear most are nights of clear, bright light the stripping forms of eucalyptus trees by swaths of pewtered grass. I flee, I

I can't remember precisely why I was left in the bookstore. Something to do with my family. I think I was around some have been some religious day, and both Shirley and Mary were devout Catholics. They would be through about the time Jurdle reported him as a monster of late adoles­cent precocity—brainy, gawky, goody, unpredictable, a first-class charac­ter* (in those days, that was an uncommon word). To deal with Jurdle, however, were funny, and empires always slipped in upon the brilliance of his mind and the fertility of his imagination, and I can remember being intrigued by this shadow-brother, for he sounded like someone I would like, though I never said so.

Thirty years ago, and I can re-live that afternoon, and that evening, and the precious few subsequent times, per­fectly at will. It was often without stillness, as on nights when moon and sparse stars and sensuous emanations from the earth itself smooth along the air. It was an autumn night, that night, and autumn is and always has been My Time of the year. It is also My Time of Life, I shall flower now, or not at all. Autumn is the only season that changes me feel here, and it is then that my sap rises, perverse as always. And I am always there, and there are always Autumn and star-fall, autumn and warm days of pajamas), and got into bed. He returned and we began talking. He was shy, I was shy, but the recognition was mutual, and neither of us knew what to do. He said he had really meant, yet. (Now I know that he— being both more intelligent and emotional­ly developed than I—recognized what was happening fairly quickly.) So we talked... things we liked. We liked a lot of things in common, I knew things he didn't know and opened their doors to him, to us. We did the same to one another, stillly, we opened.

It took him longer. He was suspicious and hesitant and strange, because he'd been printed by violence at home and ridicule at school because he was differ­ent. He was a genius-mid, born to a vio­lent German Jew father (by an Irish Catholic mother), who had wanted a Siegfried and gotten an Eisenstein, and whose most natural reaction was to hate and damage what he didn't understand.

So he'd burn the kid's books, and smash his records, and stomp on his French horn in various moments of rage. He also broke his wife's arm occasionally, slugged Shirley, and made a lot of money as a CPA.

In school, Jurdle was always miles ahead, and therefore strange. He wasωwer, and behaved pretty much as it felt and was branded as peculiar, queer, a freak. Small wonder he was cautious. Small wonder it took a small while for him to believe my total, instantaneous, unquestioning acceptance of him.

Very quickly, we drew closer. Some­thing was thrown through that dusty air from his soul to mine, invisible but touch­able as steel, and the winches inside us brew us closer and closer. I can remember well how we literally circled one in that book store, walking constantly around the small counters, up and down the aisles (there was no one there but the two of us), always keeping something large between us, but talk­ing, talking, in an increasing, round, merrily,

I only vaguely remember being picked up and driven to the house, and having dinner. And what anybody did between dinner and bedtime is a total blank. I think Jurdle took me off onto the house, where the photograph was—and was being careful not to annoy father—I turned me on to Brahms. (Later, he gave me Mozart. Few greater gifts can be given.) Finally, it was time to retire. Jurdle's bedroom was the garage. Bunk Beds. A toilet and shower had been run up in a corner. Someday, this was to be a bedroom, but there was no hurry. A draf­ty garage was good enough for That Kid. We got undressed (these were the days of pyjamas), and got into bed. There was a moment is always there, frozen like a fly in the amber of my life, perfect and distinct and living.

But what did one do with such a thing? What did it mean? (Remember, my ignorance of sex was complete. I hadn't discovered mastur­bation yet; I just had lots of wet dreams, the evidence of which my subconscious told me to conceal.)

Finally, under the garage door we saw a vivid streak of silver light. Moon­light. It came and went, swiftly. There was a breeze. And clouds. We got up. We dressed. We threw up the door with a rush and stood in an entire silver glory of a night, with a singing magic around us, inside us, and we walked out into it and were changed forever, and in a way I have never come back from it.

Lord in Heaven, there was never such a night! There have been such nights, of course, but never again with Jurdle walking beside me for the first time, though every time there is such a night, I feel so ghostly there and I ache for the unfelt ghost of our love, for the glory of first love, and with the wonder and the joy of just love.

It was clear, it was warm, it was the full, full moon flooding violently upon us. There were masses, too. The swarms of...
On Wednesday evening, June 13, a small group of Gay people from all over California met in Sacramento with State Senators to discuss legislation that would decriminalize consensual sexual conduct and prohibit discrimination against persons on account of their sexual orientation and/or marital status. However, instead of educating Senators, we were forcefully reminded that although Gay Liberation has come a long way, it has a long farther yet to go.

Representing the Gay citizens and taxpayers of California were the Rev. Troy Perry from Los Angeles, Rev. Fred Smith from Sacramento, Ms. Del Martin, Ms. Jo Daly, Mr. James Foster, Mr. Earl (Rick) Stokes, and I from San Francisco. The meeting was sponsored by Senator Milton Marks (Republican from San Francisco). Senator Marks sent invitations to all 40 Senators. He telephoned and spoke to most of his colleagues. Even he was surprised by the lack of response. Six Senators appeared at the meeting, for a few minutes, at least. Half of the Senate, 20 Senators, indicated a total unwillingness to meet with Gay citizens.

The following Senators met with us, expressed interest in our legislation, and are trying to help us. Expressions of gratitude from their Gay constituents are clearly in order. Obviously, these men have courage and good will. They are, in addition to Senator Marks, Alfred Alquist, Democrat from San Jose; David Roberti, Democrat from Los Angeles; Mervyn Dymally, Democrat from Los Angeles; George Moscone, Democrat from San Francisco; Alan Robbim, Democrat from North Hollywood; Senator Nicholas Petris, Democrat from Oakland, sent his administrative aide because he was otherwise engaged. He is also a friend.

Why, we asked, did so few Senators come? Without exception, separately, and without consulting each other, our friends in the legislature gave essentially the same answer. Many of their colleagues feel that even a discreet meeting with us court disaster at the polls; most of them do not regard us as important to their election. Few knowingly have ever met a Gay person. They regard us as freaks. Most of the behavior of Gay Liberationists they have seen in the media confirms the stereotypes they have been taught to perceive. This perception is shared by most Californians, including judges.

The police throughout the State insist we are dangerous. Each year, the police lobby for closed-circuit television cameras to use in public rest rooms; it is still legal to discriminate against us. This bill will not allow any of our friends, or most importantly, educate the reasonable. We must start one by one to speak to each legislator and win him or her over. We must spend less energy fending off our own detractors.

Second, because most legislators regard us as freaks to be frightened of anyone who looks or acts differently than they do, our spokespersons must be willing and able to argue intelligently, rationally, and quietly. They must wear establishment clothes. They must not confirm stereotypes.

I could go on and on. It was a sobering session. It assays you. Sufice it to say that there appears to be no possibility that we could get even the minimal consensual sex in private legislation approved by the Senate Judiciary Committee, let alone the whole Senate as presently constituted.

These revelations indicated several things to us Gays at that meeting, many of which will be unpopular with some Gay Liberationists. First, mainly on account of having to defend against the constant attacks from some of our brothers and sisters, we have little or no energy left to attack our enemies, help our friends, or most importantly, educate the reasonable. We must start one by one to speak to each legislator and win him or her over. We must spend less energy fending off our own detractors.

Finally, we must deal with three groups in our community who hold back our progress. We must do so with love, understanding, and compassion; but we must somehow overcome their effectiveness in holding us back.

I do not naively believe that there appears to be no possibility that we could get even the minimal consensual sex in private legislation approved by the Senate Judiciary Committee, let alone the whole Senate as presently constituted.

What can we do? We can no longer ignore the problems caused us by people who cruise public men's rooms. We have to expose police entrapment and/or corruption. We must help too. They make up the third group we have had a free ride. They must start paying their way. The enormous amount of work that needs to be done by the police of California to run roughshod over the rights of the rest of us. Either we as a community face up to this responsibility or the oppression will continue indefinitely.

The second group holding us back is radicals who affect bizarre costumes. They insist that we are spokespeople representative of all Gay people. Their behavior, their zaps, their picket lines frightens already timid legislators away from our cause. I do not naively believe that these people will defeat in their behavior, but the rest of us must make sure that they are not the only or even the most frequent spokespersons. We must do a better job of public education and information. For instance, most landlords who have had experience with a number of Gay tenants regard them highly because we keep up our residences and pay our rent on time. This has to be communicated to the real estate and banking lobbies by articulate spokespeople who can relate to those upstairs lobbies on their wavelengths.

Our closeted brothers and sisters must help too. They make up the third group holding us back. So far, most of them have had a free ride. They must start paying their way. The enormous amount of work that needs to be done (Continued on Page 40)
POETRY NIGHT
IN NORTH BEACH
BY GUSTAVO DUCHAR

To Finn, a boy with blond hair and green eyes and the savoir faire of a gigolo.

Today is Wednesday night and I went to North Beach.
First I looked around at the Trieste Cafe to see if Chris was there, he was not, then I went to Coffee Gallery to see if Chris was playing Chess, he was not, Chris is a boy who I like. Then I returned to Trieste Cafe to have a capuccino.

As soon as I got my cappucino I sat at a table, tasted the coffee, and I want to play some music at the juke box. My first song was: "Cuando calienta el sol." I always play that, it’s like my anthem and then, two Italian arias.

Today is Wednesday night and I went to Coffee Gallery to see if Chris was there. So I told, with my most serious voice, to Jim: I am going to bed, because tomorrow I have to work.

I rushed back to Finn. A hippie poet was sitted next to Finn. I thought: How beautiful he is! But was rescued by the fearless fire department.

WANT AD:
SELF PORTRAIT, 1973
I have a rather long nose.
In college I played Caesar
In "Caesar and Cleopatra"
And of the lines read:
"Cleopatra, do you notice I have a
Rather long nose?"
Trycasting.
It was nice to know
The Roman had long noses
As well as the Irish.
Like me.
Perhaps one of my Gaelic ancestors
Packed with a Roman conqueror,
Like Caesar.

But I do have a nice smile.
Warm, friendly, genuine
When I saw
I was a TV star once because of my smile.

Yeah, really.
The local station hired me
to gather stories and read the news.
At 23 the inquisitive newspaper
in the country, they said.
I just had so smile and give,
In pear-shaped cities,
The latter details on the Vietnam
Kill ratio
And the news that a fellow woman
Jumped off the main bridge in town,
But was rescued by the fearless fire department.

It was a pig of a job
So silly I tried to commit suicide.

By swallowing 100 tablets of Excedrin,

Self portrait, 1973
From the magnanimous
State of Illinois.
To compensate for unemployment.
Illinois thinks it’s a shame that
One of its citizens
Is living in San Francisco and
Not working.

The checks are signed by the Governor,
Who campaigned for votes by
Walking all over the State of Illinois.
Just for the privilege of signing
My checks.
There are four people in Illinois,
I must send a thank-you note to
Governor Walker.

I had a wife once
Not really a wife,
I was a TV star once because of my smile.

Yes, I satisfied them. I requested: What do you do to them?
They took me.

I had a wife once
Not really a wife,
I was a TV star once because of my smile.

Yes, I satisfied them. I requested: What do you do to them?
They took me.

I stood in the hall and I looked at Finn and I said: "Do you want to go to the poets who already were reading their poems.

Behind me was a tourist who was making noisy remarks about the poems.

I turned around and saw him for the first time. It was Finn, Jim, completely drunk, repeated like a literary. They don’t have any experience.

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By swallowing 100 tablets of Excedrin,
Leo is a fixed sign, determined, persevering, and indomitable. And since it rules the ego, they are strong-willed, self-motivated types who are also fierce, volatile, aspiring, and dynamic. But Leo's most salient trait is their nobility of purpose. They are magnanimous individuals who thrive on authority and positions of power so that they may direct, i.e., guide those they believe to be in need of their assistance. They are wise, judicious, and objective leaders; are innovative, tolerant, humane, compassionate, and sincere. They strive toward the loftiest ideals possible because the sign, in a purely abstract sense, symbolizes man's highest social values.

In friendship they are inordinately loyal. That is to say, they are extremely warm people who will attach themselves to anyone who is receptive to their affection. For they consider people they love extensions of themselves. They are also staunch in their devotion to whatever cause they may identify themselves with.

On the negative side, they tend to be self-centered, arrogant, and egotistical. The sun confers great power and magnetism upon them so that they instinctively feel they are superior to other people. If they are strongly self-centered, they will also attempt to dominate their environment, which has the effect of stifling the creative impulses of those around them. They can become unreasonably demanding, and are inclined to attract those people who are weaker or who have less defined personalities than themselves. But this tendency is destructive in that it opposes the natural impulses of anyone involved with them, and at the same time makes them (Leo) dependent on other people. This is unfortunate because oftentimes it makes them vulnerable to the flattery, cajolery, and obsequiousness of other less sincere types.

Emotionally, some Leos are true representatives of their sign, while others modify their lovers' expression so that it becomes identified with one of Leo's adjoining signs, Cancer or Virgo, depending on the year of birth. The first type, Cancer, has an affinity toward Leo, but tends to be more possessive, temperamental, insecure, and sensitive than Leo in general. They are usually less aggressive and more gentle than one would ordinarily expect. They are the prototype of the shy docile lion who prefers to bask in the warmth of his mate's affection; who himself is not too demanding, but rather subdued in manner and attitude, and introverted in impression. Examples: 1932, 1934, Aug. 1937, 1940, Aug. 1945, Aug. 1948.

There is another Leonine group however who will attach themselves to anyone who is receptive to their affection. For they consider people they love extensions of themselves. They are also staunch in their devotion to whatever cause they may identify themselves with.

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emotions as warmth, tenderness, aggressiveness, masculine, positive, bestial, fixed, northern, of unconsciously. But they express lliemselves fecal, broken, strong, and bitter. He symbolizes is often destructive.

To further their own (usually) selfish aims, they will lie, cheat, and steal. With the exception of Libra, they are never conniving or deceitful, nor disliking wavy hair.

Lion of Judah, symbol of the Kings of Ethiopia (v4oon. But owing to the fact that the symbolizes "Off-spring" both in the literal and abstract sense. But it is in terms of drama, writing, dance, art, that it has become most powerful. It also has rulership over entertainment and physical, Leo, Leos are tall, regal looking (Continued on Page 45)

Aries (March 21 —  April 20)
You will have more energy at your disposal. This month there is a tendency to be rash and impulsive, but that will not affect your reactions to your own affairs, to your mate, and to your work. This is an excellent month for social activity, yet it does not mean that you will succeed in impressing others. He/She will demand more independence, and may resent it later. Things will begin to subside toward the end of the month, however, so when you can relax and reassess how much damage has been done. August is a difficult month for this sign. In your personal and social matters, your parents will probably make demands that you feel emotionally or spiritually, and you will feel obliged to grant them some. Leo is an assertive, confident person, and others may feel that he or she is putting on an act. You'll feel amorous and a bit possessive, and you may feel that you are becoming more active in life as a result. You will feel that you are living up to your potential, and this will further encourage your self-confidence.

Cancer (June 22 —  July 23)
This is an excellent month for you, especially in the areas of home, family, and personal relationships. You will have the unlimited supply of energy at your disposal. But this is not the time to delay important projects or decisions. You will be able to complete them successfully, and you will feel that you have made important progress. This is also an excellent month for social activity, but you will need to be careful to avoid getting involved in too many activities at once.

Leo (July 24 —  August 23)
This is a favorable time for love affairs toward the end of the month, also for gambling and enterprising, all locally. You will especially be interested in renewing old ties as August is a good month for dealing with friends and those who are like-minded. Favorable time for all activities, especially for marketing new people, changing ideas, or selling in general. Possible time for some financial matters, also for unceasingly love and interest in the opposite sex. August is an excellent month for love affairs, and you may find yourself involved in some new romantic relationships.

Cancer is also a good time to begin thinking about your career plans. August is your own very special month. You will feel that you have the unlimited supply of energy at your disposal, and you will be able to complete important projects or decisions successfully. You will feel that you have made important progress, and you will feel that you have been able to complete them successfully. This is also an excellent month for social activity, but you will need to be careful to avoid getting involved in too many activities at once.

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requirements more time, effort, and energy than we have available now from existing volunteers. Surprising as it may seem, we are not short of good people; they are short of time, for they must hold down jobs and do Gay Liberation too. Those of our closeted brothers and sisters who are so paranoid about their own involvement must send their dollars to pay for some of our better qualified and willing spokespeople to spend full-time on Gay Liberation and be able to eat too.

There are specific things that can be done to change the temper of the California Senate: (1) If you live in a district of a Senator other than the seven who attended our dinner, and if you are willing to visit your own Senator with one or more of us in order to persuade him or her to change his or her view about us and the legislation we need, then please write to Jo Daly, Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club, 241 Noe Street, San Francisco, California 94114. We will get back to you to arrange the rest. Republicans should write too, for we have access no matter which Party is in power.

(Continued from Page 33)

What does S.I.R. need the most to get all its projects past the planning stage? You are right, MONEY. What is S.I.R.? Angels

A dedicated group of men and women who donate a minimum of $3.00 a month to S.I.R. for at least one year or $30.00 once a year. Won't you join "S.I.R. Angels" to get S.I.R. past the planning stage and into its many worthwhile projects? You can become a S.I.R. Angel just by completing the form below and sending in your donation.

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San Francisco, California 94103
Telephone: (415) 781-1570
Attention: S.I.R. Angels

NAME _________________________________
STREET _________________________________
CITY __________________ STATE ______ ZIP ______

Enclosed please find:
$ _______ Money Order
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$ _______ Other

In the amount of:
$ 13.00 one year S.I.R. Angels Membership
$ 3.00 one month membership
Any amount toward S.I.R. Angels

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SETTING S.I.R. UP FOR THE ACTION

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CALL THEATRE FOR TITLES!
Richard Amory reads TOM SAWYER
Richard Amory

with several successful ventures behind him (Roughing It, The Innocents Abroad), and at the very least his career in journalism has given him a certain practical bent. (Understand — John D. Rockefeller and Judge Roy Bean, for example — while women were expected to be little more than pretty, burdened brood ovens. Everyone knew and accepted these definitions, including Twain, and tried their best to live up to them, although the results were sometimes... (Witness the plight of George Sand, Alfred Lord Douglas and Emilia Pardo Bazan, to name a few European examples, and the decisions that a somewhat similar fate has meted out to American women.) It was Twain's genius to put his finger on the inherent ambiguities in such a rigid situation, to see the exact tension between real-unnatural, masculine/feminine, boy-man, worker-drone, sinner-saint, and play on it so skilfully that every hot-pot preacher in America can read Tom Sawyer and know exactly how he used to sneak a smoke out behind the barn and whip off with the boys. It's a relief from Jack Armstrong and Billy Graham, who aren't funny.

Basically, this is what the book is all about. It seems to me that the whole novel is a kind of elaborate parable, with scenes of subplots, characters, and incidents, but the thread that ties it all together is the question of how Tom is going to resolve the conflict between his own, essentially boyish, innocent and unworldly way of life, and the pressures that are being put on him by an adult, role-defining world, and isn't this a theme that is bound to come up in every single adolescent's life? The primary feeling of the whole story, the strongest feeling between men and women, or between men only.

Mother figures loom large in Tom, so we might as well start off with Aunt Polly. It took me awhile to realize, and then it came as a shock that Twain has managed to make Tom such a character and Aunt Polly, and that he actually doesn't like them very much and views them as a threat to his masculinity and independence. Aunt Polly is a pleasant enough soul to be sure, but she isn't very interesting or very original, and is also the primary instrument for laying the burden of hum-drum, emasculated, adult responsibilities on Tom's shoulders. Tom doesn't like her at all, but Twain plays to her and the author, and intense characters occupy a place of top priority. Does the author really like them, respect and understand them? Is he afraid of them? Where are the primary conflicts, the strongest feelings between men and women, or between men only?

One of the more significant events in the book is Twain's meeting with Injun Joe. Tom is a gay novel of sorts and belongs to us. (The book is dedicated to his wife), a man who probably represents Twain's deepest wishes concerning his own fatherless upbringing. Twain's everlasting credit is that his major characters, including Tom, never sell out. Tom ends up saying, "I could forgive the boy now if he had committed a million sins!" We've all been there I'm sure, but few of us have managed to look quite so heroic afterwards as Tom Sawyer.

Ah, they were a darling (bunch of boys)!! As pretty as girls, too. A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court
nose at Aunt Polly and the world and to dramatize his own fined to Gays. On the other hand, I always pay close attention to scenes in books where two or more male characters strip times they don't, but usually, I think, they do. In Twain's case I want to make a big issue of it, although there is plenty of nude bathing in Huckleberry Finn and Innocents Abroad. What struck me as odd was the whole situation - these boys running off together, defying the straight, emancipating world across the river, a female-dominated society. Joe Harper has just been whipped unfairly by his mother for supposedly stealing some cream; Becky has just called Tom a smarty and a show-off, and he has a whole accumulation of grievances against Aunt Polly; Huck has long since rejected most of the values of that other Puritan America. It was Maugham's tragedy that he sold out to the straight world, attempting to deny his homosexuality for whatever it might bring him in terms of respectability – in return, he became a humorless, shallow writer who understood neither himself nor the real workings of heterosexual love. Twain on the other hand and Forster with him, capitalizing on their anti-feminism. I got a feeling of powerful if possibly latent homosexuality out of the whole episode, and further think that Twain was too much of a realist, too much in control of his story and characters not to have known what he was doing. One can see him smiling between the lines here even more than usual.

Taken altogether, Aunt Polly, Becky, Injun Joe, and Huck add up to a simply flaming Oedipus Complex, which by itself is nothing unusual, supposedly – Oedipus himself was a heterosexual – except that with Twain the complex takes a different twist. He is so fearful of women, feels himself so inadequate in their presence, that in later years during his masturbation, among other things, and "Harvey" grew up to be a sign of a new age — a Brave New World. We are in exodus out of a "land of bondage" trusting not in "God" nor Jesus but believing and trusting in ourselves and the anti-feminism. I got a feeling of powerful if possibly latent homosexuality out of the whole episode, and further think that Twain was too much of a realist, too much in control of his story and characters not to have known what he was doing. One can see him smiling between the lines here even more than usual.

(Continued from Page 38)

PHALLIC MYSTICISM (Continued from Page 22)

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(Continued from Page 38)

you less efficient on your job. This would be an excellent time to take your vacation so that you could enjoy the opportunities open to you this month.

Virgo (August 24 – Sept. 23)

You will have great sex appeal this month. You will be amorous, but at the same time will desire harmony in your personal relationships, and order in your environment. You may also feel a little more generous with money than is usual, and are likely to splurge on personal adornment. This month is a good time to relax and enjoy the company of others. You will be able for traveling and correspondence with friends and relatives. You could become emotionally involved with a Places or another Virgo.

Libra (Sept. 24 – Oct. 23)

August is an excellent time for all social activities. You will find yourself concerned with personal matters, apparel, clothes and home environment. You are an asset to the gay revolutionary force and can portray the eschatological community and a new prophetic witness in the world. We are in exodus out of a "land of bondage" trusting not in "God" nor Jesus but believing and trusting in ourselves and the anti-feminism. I got a feeling of powerful if possibly latent homosexuality out of the whole episode, and further think that Twain was too much of a realist, too much in control of his story and characters not to have known what he was doing. One can see him smiling between the lines here even more than usual.

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(Continued from Page 38)
PARADISE FOUND AMSTERDAM
Hannibal, Travel Editor

All fallen angels eventually flutter toward the beguiling sanctuary of Elyon Amsterdam. Few places in the world offer such a masterful combination of delicious decadence and pristine elegance. Here is a city that masquerades all your senses and leaves you marvelously exhausted and exhilarated. Going to Amsterdam is not only a journey going to a dream in movie with a dozen scenes. Coast along the ancient paths through the teeming throngs. In most bars and clubs you're interested in is likely to have the attention span of a Monarch butterfly. At the D.O.K., he will probably ask you to dance ... in a language you don't understand. No chunks of dry ice cruising here. There are no chunks of dry ice cruising here. There are no chunks of dry ice cruising here. There are no chunks of dry ice cruising here. There are no chunks of dry ice cruising here. There are no chunks of dry ice cruising here. There are no chunks of dry ice cruising here.

"...Delicious decadence and pristine elegance." Hundreds of the world's most detectable men dance and drink here any midnight 'til four A.M. Take your passport which is necessary to buy a "member- ship" at their door. It costs less than $1.50 and is valid for six months.

The D.O.K. is big enough to give you the feeling of going to a drive-in movie with a dozen scenes. Coast along the ancient paths through the teeming throngs. In most bars and clubs you're interested in is likely to have the attention span of a Monarch butterfly. At the D.O.K., he will probably ask you to dance ... in a language you don't understand. No chunks of dry ice cruising here. There is constant movement: a pulsating interplay between the dance floor, the bar, the booths, the tables, and the slot machines outside the John.

"...eyes as big as cock rings stars at you. . . ." A pretty boy with eyes as big as cock rings stars at you over someone else's shoulder as some tongue flickers across the top of his beer bottle. Someone behind you slips a hand around your waist and nibbles an invitation on the back of your neck.

... all candlelight and crotch... perhaps a bit more sedate by day, there is nonetheless an admirable array of daytime pastimes. There are nearly a hundred canals, almost a thousand bridges. The picturesque 300-year-old homes along the canals are narrow (with wide windows), and the friendly Dutch never pull their curtains.

Go to the VVV Tourist Office (Rokin 9,15, behind Dam Square) to arrange a bicycle tour of the city. Spend the day with a dozen or so other intrepid souls pedaling along the cobbled streets and through ancient alleyways.

You stop at Anne Frank's house, the Toccolino Museum (don't miss the illustration of the horse with a pipe up its butt), the "Our Lord of the Attic" church, and at least a couple of taverns. Everything on the day-long trip, including a substantial lunch, comes to less than $5.00.

Museums! All over the place. The new Van Gogh Museum opened in June. The National Gallery (Rijksmuseum) has the country's largest collection of Dutch paintings and an impressive collection of French impressionists. The Museum of Modern Art is even open in the evening. These, incidentally, are all on Museum Square. Other, special interest, museums is located around. Ask at the VVV Tourist office. The people of Amsterdam will make you feel welcome wherever you go - in whatever language makes you feel comfortable. Get into the countryside, too. The Bergmann Sightseeing Company is on the main street, Damrak, just across from the Central Train Station. (Phone 22.25.50). They offer the most compre- hensive tours of the Netherlands, featuring canal boats and deluxe motor-coaches.

If you begin or end your trip to Europe in Amsterdam between October and mid-March, have your Travel Agent get you a "Day On The House" certifi- cate, which will entitle you to a generous collection of gifts and discounts while you're there.

The elegant crowd usually settles at Incognito, Kerkstraat 69. Day cruising (beginning about 3 p.m.) is supposed to be most satisfactory at Moors-Eil Donado, Amstel 14.

Thermal pleasure - so I'm told - is available at Souza Thermas II at Ramm-straat 33, best in the daytime.

There are other gay hotels, too. The Comeback at Singel 456 is near the D.O.K. (Phone 06.75.10). The Or is in at Leidsehyperstraat 14 (Phone 23.13.47), The Unique is at Kerkstraat 39 (Phone 24.47.56). Phone numbers are included for the livelihood. You should have your Travel Agent get you a room confirmed before you leave.

Amsterdam is not all candlelight and crotch... perhaps a bit more sedate by day, there is nonetheless an admirable array of daytime pastimes. There are nearly a hundred canals, almost a thousand bridges. The picturesque 300-year-old homes along the canals are narrow (with wide windows), and the friendly Dutch never pull their curtains.

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Gladstein, an elegant principal dancer and frequent choreographer. Alas, he succumbed to the company's current climate of antiquity, and churned out something so tedious, trite and meaningless that nobody did it very well because nobody seemed to like being in it, not even Mr. Gladstein.

Only the third program contained much meat, tho some was a little underdone. Michael Smuin's Harp Concerto (music by Carl Reinecke, a run-of-the-mill, very late German romantic composer) was another meaningless classical "romance." It came to life only in the middle movement, a pas de deux danced by Diana Weber and Vane Vest with such magical tenderness that you could lose sight of the superb technique supporting it. Mr. Vest has the beginnings of a ballon (the illusion of being able to hover at will at the top of a leap), and that was pretty breath-taking!

The Shakers, a 1931 innovative work by Doris Humphrey, was a Joffrey-like historical gesture that didn't quite come off, because the ballet just wasn't all that interesting. Done to the music of a small drum, harmonium and soprano vocalise, it is a strong indictment of the hysterical, anti-sexual excesses of a fundamentalist religion. But it stops abruptly, unresolved and unsatisfying. Anita Paciotti was the Eldress and Gary More (tubbiest dancer of the lot, and bearing strong facial resemblance to Renata Tebaldi)! the Elder. It was too bad that nothing went anywhere. It was very well danced.

The Eternal Idol (music by Chopin, choreography by Michael Smuin) was a living-statues bit. Rodin's sculpture came to life, . . . and so did the audience. Madeline Bouchard and Attila Fizere were the dancers and not only are they ravishingly beautiful, but both are superb and sensuous and sensitive dancers. The choreography - tho there were a few modern touches - harkened back to the Ballets Russes in the 10s, teens and 20s, or the Bolshoi in the 50s, when a grand jetee with an agonized fist to the forehead was the Thing. At times, the gestures, the figures, were so large, and so baroque that I had to giggle (with delight), and wondered if Smuin had - way down deep - intended this as a kind of superb parody. Whatever it was, it was done with enormous style, all around, and deservedly brought down the house.

(San Francisco)
has something for everybody.

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REX

Readers of slick gay magazines such as Vector, Queen's Quarterly, California Scene, After Dark, and now David, are duty-bound to purchase the intentions note before the National Board of the National Association of Gay Photographers. The photograph or illustration on the cover, hoping that there will be more like it on the issue. It is almost an admission that children, we do not read the copy, but merely look at the pictures. The effect of Vector, strategies and psychological diseases such as the New Orleans fire fall heavily upon us and we are not aware of our sensibilities and seek escape from these everyday realities.

It is not the intention of this writer to present you, dear readers, with a means to escape. While other magazines or columns will titillate you with gossip of personalities here today-gone tomorrow, the purpose of Vector and this column is to inform as well as to entertain.

The Society has some 1200 members plus an additional 100 subscribers to Vector. We have active members (those who attend business meetings and participate in the various activities we offer) and inactive members (those who only pay dues to help finance our cause).

In actuality there is yet another type of member. The gay brother or sister who is an inactive member in the organization itself but who, on his or her own, works for homosexual rights.

One such member is Ron Lee. Ron has been a S.I.R member since the very early days of the organization. Ron, a very together gay, is a licensed clinical social worker with the Center for Special Problems as well as in private practice, here in San Francisco. I asked Ron to write something about the Board of NCSW on Social Welfare and Gay Liberation which he recently attended because I feel it so well illustrates what some of the inactive members are doing to help us in our fight for acceptance and equal rights.

"For the second year in row, gay liberation was very visible at the Annual Forum of the National Conference on Social Welfare. This was the 19th Annual Forum and was held in Atlantic City, New Jersey, attracting about 4,000 health and welfare professionals from all over the nation.

"There were three major events or projects this year. We had a booth in exhibition hall. It was attractive, colorful, clearly designed and entitled "Gay Proud & Healthy. The design was generously donated by Barbara Gittings of Philadelphia who also spent many hours staffing it. We also passed out a wide variety of materials including a copy of the paper now before the National Board of the National Association of Gay Photographers."

"I held three seminars this year entitled: (1) Gay Liberation — A challenge to the health and welfare professions, (2) Lesbian/Woman — Double jeopardy (coled with Barbara Gittings), (3) Gay Social Service Agencies — Symbols of program failure in established agencies. All were well attended and received.

"The third significant project was the following resolution I presented to the Social Issues Forum."

"RESOLUTION ON HUMAN SEXUALITY AND THE LAW SPONSORED BY THE TASK FORCE ON HOMOSEXUALITY AND THE GAY COMMUNITY "Whereas: the Board of NCSW has endorsed the repeal of all laws forbidding or interfering with sexual relationships between consenting adults in private;"

"Whereas: the State of New Jersey continues to include various statutes in New Jersey Criminal Law which do interfere with the sexual and affectional relationships of consenting adults in private, i.e., Sections 2A:119-1, 2A:164-3, 2A:164-13 and 2A:17;0-56; whereas NCSW members and participants whose sexual orientation and behavior includes certain acts, are considered potential criminals by the State of New Jersey and risk possible imprisonment for twenty years;"

"Whereas: these criminal statutes particularly interfere with the emotional and affectional relationships of homosexually-oriented women and men, members of NCSW and/or the New Jersey Gay Community;"

"Whereas: these criminal statutes seriously interfere with the development of healthy environments and result in discrimination based on sexual orientation in employment, civil service, housing and public services;"

"Therefore: be it resolved that the Social Action Forum of NCSW charges the Board of NCSW to communicate to all appropriate authorities in the State of New Jersey for future NCSW Forums until the repeal of these aforementioned statutes have been accomplished and all members and participants of NCSW are afforded equal treatment and protection under New Jersey law;"

"Be it further resolved that the Social Action Forum of NCSW charges the Board of NCSW to make every reasonable effort to schedule future forums in those states which do afford equal protection under law to all NCSW members.

Submitted by: Ronald D. Lee, Chairperson


"It was passed without opposition and forwarded to the Board.

At conferences such as this one, the major event is always the personal relationships that develop. I believe the major way to break down cultural stereotypes is to enable people to know us as we are: a group of human beings with a full range of personalities, emotional responses and lifestyles. People to be valued and not feared. This is why being openly proud of the goodness of who we are is so important—though unfortunately still risky.

Some of you may have read of the terrible fire in New Orleans and are aware that the survivors are in need of funds. A national memorial fund has been set up to help provide these funds. What remains will go towards the construction of a church for the New Orleans MCC and would be a memorial to those in that congregation who so tragically lost their lives. The Advocate has agreed to act as custodian of these funds. If you care to aid the survivors, and you should, please send your donation (check or money order) payable to: National New Orleans Memorial, and mail to The Advocate P.O. Box 74695, Los Angeles, CA 90004. By so helping gay brothers and sisters we prove that Gay is good.

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**WANTED** - CARETAKER in Sonoma County. Write Wildwood Ranch, P.O. Box 31384, San Francisco.
The Society for Individual Rights is now nine years old. We have grown from a group hardly large enough to fill a living room into an organization of nearly two thousand members. Now we are seeking to at least double our membership, during our Summer Membership Drive.

Expanding the total membership of S.I.R. will expand our potential to create change in the legal, political and social institutions that oppress gays. That's our most important product. It will also permit more people to get involved in our effort, and with each other, through activities both social and civic, and publications both public and private (members receive both Vector and The Insider every month.)

So the Membership Drive is important. To make it more fun, and hopefully more successful, a contest is hereby announced. To win the contest, you must sign up as many new members as you can. The contest rules are listed below. First, Second and Third prizes will be awarded each month during the DRIVE (July, August and September), and a very attractive GRAND PRIZE will be awarded at the end of the contest.

We urge you to sign up as many members as you can. That way you can be sure that we’ll all win.

**Membership Drive**

**CONTEST RULES**

1. All applications for membership will be valid as long as the “sponsor’s” name is included.
2. Any person is eligible to be a sponsor, and may “sponsor” themselves.
3. All sponsored applications must be in the hands of the S.I.R. office manager by 3 p.m. on the third Wednesday of each contest month in order to qualify for the monthly and final prizes.
4. All “pledges” will be counted upon receipt of dues by the S.I.R. office manager.
5. Only checks and money orders may be accepted by sponsors. Cash may be accepted and receipted only at the S.I.R. office at 67 Sixth Street.

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**For Additional Information call S.I.R.**

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