

VECTOR

August 1973

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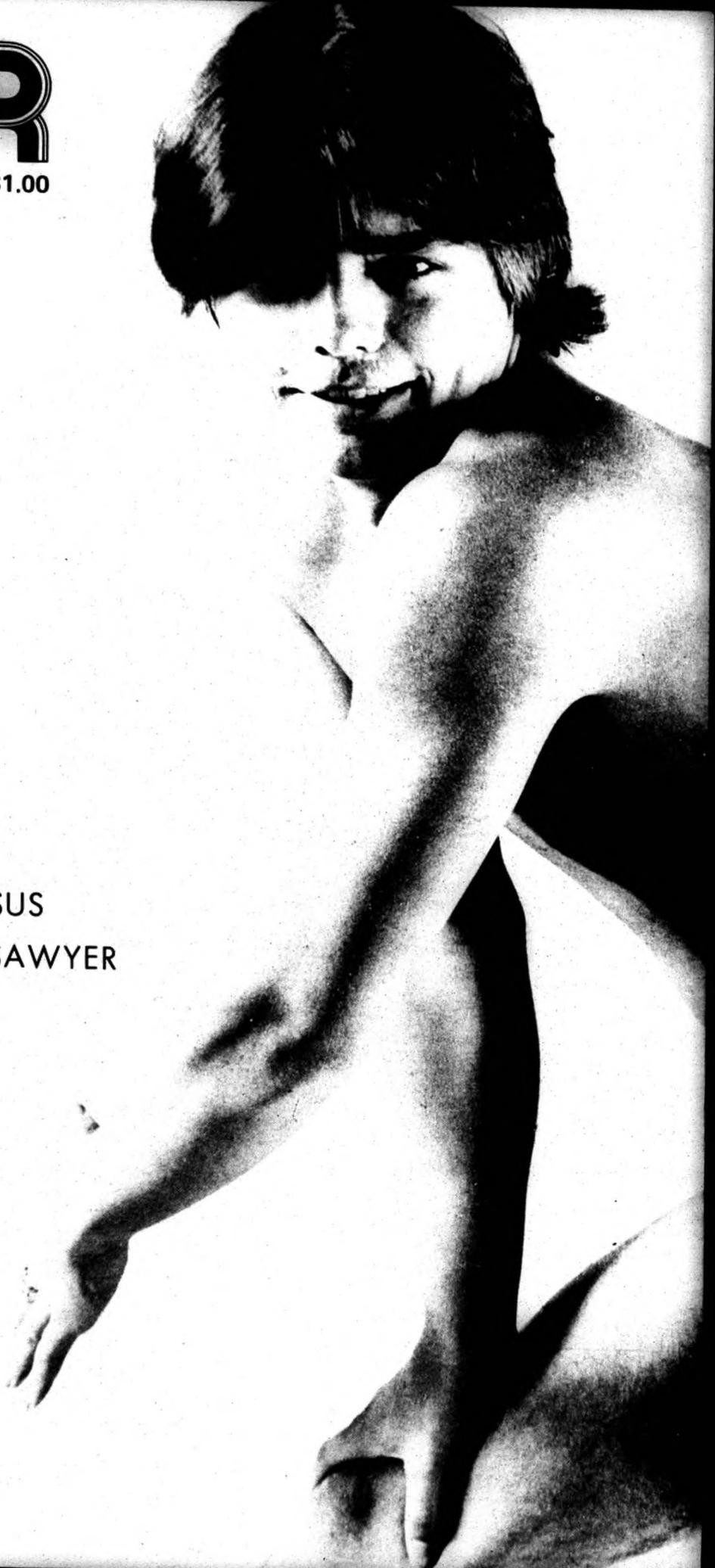


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Photograph by James Armstrong

editorial

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 scary freaks, the muscle strong men, the outrageous female elephant attendants, the rare and exotic animals and here and there a boring touch of normalcy. How safe to know that laws now safeguard our women and children from the likes of those parading their perversions for all the world to see and shudder.

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, as then, that it was the so-called sissies and drags who stood up and said, "No more!" and, remembering then, it was the butch types who cashed in on this moment in history by remaining on the sidelines — *how far have we really come in four years?*

As long as this noninvolvement situation remains, the legal climate of this city is frozen because the legislators know exactly where the courage lies in the movement — not with the vast numbers of professionally successful, socially acceptable, no-different-from-anyone-else, "straight" gays. And, as long as support of sexual freedom laws means support *only* of specific

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A VOICE FOR THE GAY COMMUNITY

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

Editor

Richard Piro

Associate Editors

Design, Jean Goldman
Photography, James Armstrong
News Briefs, Jerry Disque
Travel, Hannibal
Poetry, David Melnick
Illustrations, Pravda

Contributing Editors

Harlow Guzman
Ambrose
Neville Carstairs
Don Clark
Zabel
Paul Bernardino
Pat Hardman
Weldon James Furness
Richard Amory
Larry Townsend
Cameron Scott
David Goodstein
Dennis Connoughton
Gustavo Duran
Jerry Disque
Jon Comines
Douglas Dean
George Mendenhall
Hannibal
John Paul Hudson

Photography

Open Lens
John David Hough
James Armstrong

VECTOR Chairman

Ferris Lehman

Publications Chairman

Bill Plath

Bar Circulation

Max Clements

Advertising Manager

Ralph Petersen

Articles represent the viewpoint of the writers and are not necessarily the opinion of the Society for Individual Rights . . . Copyrighted 1973 . . . Application for second-class entry is pending at the Post Office, San Francisco, California . . . Advertising rates available upon request.

BOWKER SERIALS BIBLIOGRAPHY DATABASE:
VECTOR — US-ISSN- 0042-2959

VECTOR

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Number 7

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by Richard Piro and Neville Carstairs

LENNY packs a shock value of zero and with amateur direction manages to earn several stars for boredom in spite of a hard working cast while another look at GIGI brought several pleasant surprises. It just may fulfill its original promise.

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by Don Clark, Ph.D.

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by Richard Amory

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The Insider Report of S.I.R. Activities

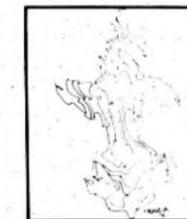
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VECTOR Classified



letters

A Poem

I read your magazine (Vector) and very much interested in S.I.R., even though I'm from Los Angeles.

I am gay, have been all of my 27 years, and love every minute of it. I love all of my brothers and sisters throughout the world.

I'm a patient at Atascadero State Hospital (MDSO) 288, 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

*Dramatic ocean sunset,
A sea gull soaring high above,
This is what I see.
Brothers & Sisters laughing - playing,
Trees whistling in the wind,
This is what I hear.
The cool breeze,
Sandpebbles under my feet,
This is what I feel.
Being Gay - being free
This is me.*

Waste Space

Congratulations on Vector's improved appearance. Whoever is doing the layout knows his business. I only wish we could spare that much white space.

Rob Cole, News Editor
Advocate

A Sad Resignation

It is curious how seemingly unrelated forces and events can converge at a time in life to crystallize into an important change in philosophy.

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. The momentum was broken, quite innocently, when the copy for one column was misdirected within the S.I.R. offices and reached you after the deadline. The next month there simply wasn't space for a travel article when there were, understandably, other topics of more current importance requiring discussion. This was followed by the June issue which included a letter from a pathetically illiterate creature in Sacramento who somehow managed to read my article on that city and pretend that the city was insulted. I would have appreciated the opportunity to present a

rebuttal in the same column, but his concluding paragraph assailing San Francisco made it apparent to any intelligent reader that his real theme was barely concerned with my impressions of Sacramento.

His diatribe is particularly tragic simply because it is the only written response we have ever received to the Hannibal column! Hasn't anyone ever visited the cities I recommended and been grateful for the information and advice? Not if you're to trust your mailbox. It should be obvious to all but the most absurdly stupid that I have wasted hundreds of dollars in expenses and VECTOR has wasted untold reams of paper to present a column with no evidence of reader support.

Meanwhile, my articles in the conventional press - travel magazines and newspapers - are reaching a responsive readership. There is now a flattering demand for my work, and the payment is generous.

Furthermore, five years of bachelorhood have finally dissolved. For reasons I cannot begin to comprehend, the same handsome man lies sprawled inside my arms every morning when I awake. How can I explain to him the necessary tedious hours of masturbating my ancient IBM for the Hannibal column while the 10,000 readers of VECTOR don't seem to give a damn? He can make much more satisfactory use of my time.

So, Richard, these are the converging events that require that I resign as Travel Editor. (I'm no longer listed in the masthead anyway). I will shortly send to you the Paris and Amsterdam articles that I promised earlier.

My best wishes to you, personally, for success in the new directions you are leading VECTOR. Some wonderful people have been involved with the magazine over the years. There have been too many instances, unfortunately, where their enthusiasm exceeded their talent for journalism. VECTOR has miraculously survived and, hopefully, prospered. It is encouraging that, finally, a literary man is at the helm. All of us who love VECTOR rejoice.

Sincerely,

Hannibal

Photographs

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.

Stay with Hough and Armstrong.

Arthur
Sacramento

7 Years for Oral Copulation

I just finished reading the article by Susan Trager in the June issue of the Vector, "Don't Cop That Plea," 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 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 bitter 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 known killer on the streets that a homosexual? It would appear so. I have seen people killed because custody was so busy trying to find a homosexual doing something or his thing that custody couldn't be bothered protecting someone's life.

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.

A word here from someone who knows. Never plead guilty to anything. Make the people prove beyond all doubt that you are guilty of a crime and chances are that you will be found not guilty under the United States Constitution and be able to prove that the California Constitution is contrary to the law of the land which it is. This is the mistake I made. Now that I can prove it I can't get back to court because I plead guilty.

Jimmy
San Luis Obispo

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 or 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

I understand that Common Cause has recently been running ads in such homosexual publications as the *Advocate* and *Vector*, which are published here on the west coast. I'm not sure if these advertisements are paid for by your organization or by individual members. Nevertheless, we in the homophile community are not fooled. We know you do not support gay liberation issues, and I'm not particularly impressed by your reasoning. The American Civil Liberties 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 a 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



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Princeton Gay Life

My first year at Princeton is over with, and I'm glad. It was a frustrating year in many respects. Although I primarily was looking for a fulfilling academic year, I was also hoping to peep into some closets. Well, the closets are kept shut. I must admit that gay life at Princeton is very dull. That's not to say that I suffered through the pains of non-contact, on the contrary I looked and found avenues leading to sex. However, these avenues went outside of the university (a train station very near P.U.). This oasis wasn't what I was exactly looking for, but it substituted very well. I coped with the pure physical relationship, but missed the platonic relationship in the majority of my encounters.

I longed for mental communication. I enjoy very much all physical acts but at times I wanted so much to merely speak about gay life to someone.

Vector - wow!!! What a magazine! It's the first magazine I've read from cover to cover (stopping at the center for a long while) The "Coming Out" story was beautiful. I can really relate to it. Of course my life has differed, but there is such a dramatic generality to the story that it doesn't cease to amaze me. Everyone, I'm sure, has been through Robert's experiences. Maybe it's been dressed up a bit more or not exactly like it but it all comes down to being gay and blooming.

As I said, I read the magazine from cover to cover. That and my situation at Princeton and of course my longing for experiences, invited me to send away for a gay pen-pal. I wrote to S.I.R. answering their ad in Vector. Mr. Lee Spencer wrote me a very human letter, and very soon I'll be hearing from a new friend. God, life gets more beautiful every day.

Oh! Please fill me in on S.I.R. as I'm in the dark about it.

Take care, and congratulations on a job beautifully done - I love you.

Ramon
Princeton University

Tremendous Changes

Beginning with my July issue of Vector, please change the address to that below.

Thanks for a great magazine. I enjoy reading every issue from cover to cover. Please continue improving your magazine. I've seen tremendous changes which were all for the better.

R.M.
Reno, Nevada



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Yellow Journalism

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

I read 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 body guards or film crew, &c.). 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 black civil 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 alleged invisibility, LAW members wore lavender organizer's armbands throughout the weekend and had their position paper readily available at the registration desk.

And just what exactly is her trip on the workshops 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 *demand* 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

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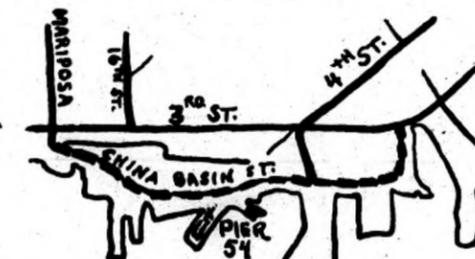
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Doug and Ron

Ma Bell Again

I received my June *Vector* today and was very pleased to see the article on Pacific Telephone.

Shortly after Mr. Jerome W. Hull, President of Pacific Telephone, received the Humanitarian of the Year Award, there was a feature article on him in the society page of the *San Francisco Chronicle*: "Among his outside activities are the California Academy of Sciences, Bay Area Council of 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 United Bay Area Crusade, Hull has been trying to set up a directors' meeting. . . ."

I have donated to the Bay Area United Crusade every year since I have been employed. However, if it is true that Mr. Jerome Hull is Board Chairman of 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 gay 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 the March issue, and include a "Sacramento Responds to Sacramento Responds" to the June issue.

As a fellow Sacramentan, 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 many (!?) bars in the Sacramento/Yolo Counties area, he knows that he is going to recognize 95% of the people in the bar. Recognize as ex-lovers, ex-tricks, hopeful future tricks/lovers, dance partners, conversationalists, or those to avoid. Of course a stranger is made to feel welcome; since when isn't fresh meat wanted - desired - needed!

Sacramento is a small town. I know a lot of gays are screaming already; especially those with delusions of grandeur. No matter how big Sacramento gets, it will be a small town. A small town set in a predominantly agricultural/subdominantly industrial area. In this respect, Sacramento reminds me of Indi-

anapolis and of the *small* towns I grew up in. All three, Sacramento, Indianapolis, and the town I grew up in have in common the fact that no matter how big they are or think they are, they are still small town! And probably always will be.

Unlike D.J.S. (who might be the "in-briated troll who looks like the type who slurps the foam from urinals" (Hannibal's note - March issue), I have always felt wanted (for myself and not my money) in any of the bars or baths that I've gone to in San Francisco. Felt wanted and welcome by the bartenders as well as the other customers which is not always the case here in Sacramento. But then I'm not something "new" in the bars of Sacramento.

I am not writing this letter as a personal affront to D.J.S. However, I am writing this as an affront to D.J.S.' myopic views of Sacramento. To him Sacramento must be his own little version of Milton's Paradise Lost.

I have been to every establishment mentioned in the March issue, with the exception of the baths across the river, and I think the article by Hannibal to be a fair and honest view of Sacramento's gay scene.

Going one bit further with Hannibal's musical chairs theme, The Purple Stallion (more like the Pink Gelding) and the Zodiac are no longer among the living - their demise having occurred some time ago.

The teamwork of Vector and John David Hough Photography seems to be getting better and better. The photo layout in the June issue was fantastic.

Steve
Sacramento

EDITORIAL

minorities in the gay movement (gender-fuckers, drags, etc.) then everyone rests easy at night, especially the Folsom Street fantasy he-men.

Rather than celebration exhilaration of gayness during that sad parade, I was filled with shame at the lack of conviction, the lack of courage and the let-the-freaks-do-it-for-me attitude of my gay brothers and sisters.

Because we have suffered all of the sicknesses of straight society and have been liberated in ourselves, we should have known better. Strength is known by numbers only. One simple step from the curb to the street might have meant the beginning of the end of oppression. Most remained in the gutter. Perhaps it's most comfortable there?

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Confrontation Tactics

Duke Smith's article in the June *Vector* and Frank Fitch's piece in the February issue are the latest in a series of articles you have published on the theme: "The status of Gays is improving, thanks to the reformist tactics of S.I.R. and similar groups."

Despite the fact that a drag ball has not been raided since 1965, despite the fact that bars have not been raided recently, I inform you that the status of San Francisco Gays is not improving. Employment exclusion is worse than ever. Housing discrimination is worse than ever. The Gay arrest rate for 1972 was exceeded only once in history - in 1971, and the arrest rate for last year (for homosexual offenses in San Francisco) was 17 times what it was only six years ago.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and there are those that have profited. The police drove Gays out of the parks and beaches - healthful, wholesome places they are, and into dark, noisy, smoky, smelly, unwholesome bars. The number of bars in San Francisco has proliferated in the last six years because bar owners have found persecution very profitable. Now, Gays have to pay third parties for the privilege of meeting somebody, worse, the out-of-the-bushes-and-into-the-bars thing has undoubtedly been a factor in increasing the already dreadfully high Gay alcoholism rate.

What's good for General Motors is not good for the U.S.A., and what's good for the Gay business community is not good for the individual Gay.

There are those who believe the proliferation of Gay bars since 1965 occurred because bar owners conspired with police to have Gays driven out of the parks and beaches and into the increasingly profitable bars. I think S.I.R. is unwise in claiming any involvement, particularly since this "achievement" is of such dubious value.

One of the foundationless dogmas used to support the "Great deal of progress has been made by reformist tactics" theme is the irrational notion that confrontation tactics don't work.

In truth, no movement in history has ever succeeded without confrontation. The suffrage movement succeeded only after armed suffragettes disrupted elections, stoned public officials and rioted. In London, hundreds of people died in street fighting in their struggle for voting rights. The Women's Temperance League used axes and bombs in its

20-year war against demon rum. The Volsted Act was hastily enacted by Congress as bar owners wept over wrecked saloons, as bombed and burned distilleries and breweries still smoldered. And where would the Civil Rights movement be had there been no sit-ins, no freedom trains and no Watts? Even the abolitionist movement, the greatest of American social movements, succeeded only at the cost of five million lives.

Don Jackson

Hot Line

The Emmaus House, in its strive to give the gay community better service, has opened its phones for 24 hours. For emergency housing, for people that just want to call up and rap with someone, the hot line will be from 12 midnight till 9 a.m. Volunteers are needed for this shift.

The Emmaus House would also like to announce that the plans are off the drawing board for the first Gay Liberation House, which is to be named the Golden Gate Gay Liberation House, to open October 1st, 1973, for the San Francisco Gay community. Our fund and membership drive will be on way by the 1st of July.

We wish to thank those people that have taken some interest in what we are trying to accomplish and the people that are working with us in this great move for our gay brothers and sisters.

Yours truly,

F. E. Mitchell
Director
Emmaus House

Speaker Bureau

My apologies for being so long with my appreciation for your extraordinary presentation at my class in Livermore. The class was 100% appreciative of all that you said and the way you said it - they all felt, as I did, that much more could have been discussed. I am sure that many myths were dissipated and that several now feel as I do that "Gay is beautiful" - I hope you can help us again - I will be in touch with you and in the meantime I want to assure you of my personal appreciation. I hope that Vector can give more emphasis to supporting the older gay who has some outstanding problems.

Thanks again - please convey my appreciation to the other members of the team.

Carl T.
Calif. State College
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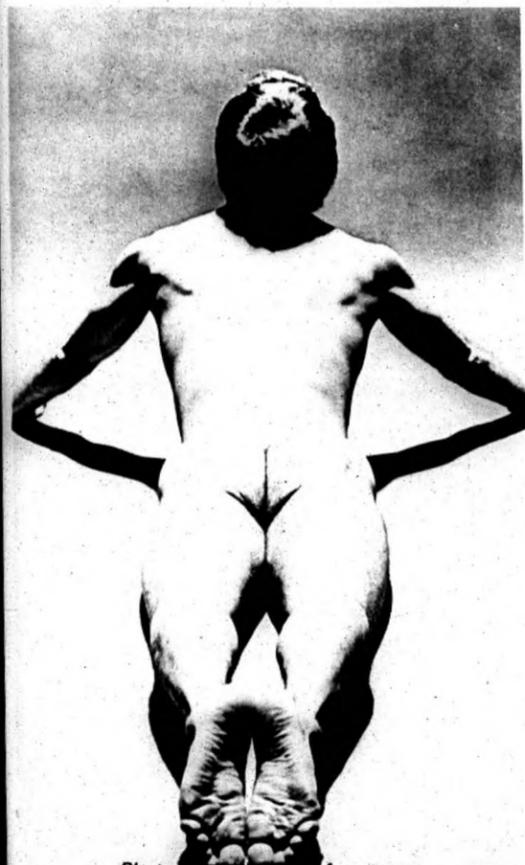
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books

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 even 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 ("O, Lost!") Wolfe author of *On the Road*. Or if you are absolutely chicken and/or totally illiterate, 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 with his mother in the dark Massachusetts house 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 swaggering 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 and, in an unsurprising footnote, Gore

Vidal claims to have spent one night with him in the Chelsea Hotel. And, yes, Kerouac always seemed to be moving back in with his mother who was, in his words, "the woman that wanted me most." But, according to Ginsberg, what Kerouac was 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 will 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 Lawrenceian blood-brotherhood between Kerouac and Cassady, but, altogether, Kerouac's "beatific" 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 mill 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 letting his hair grow and joining his own version of the counter-culture, Kerouac was quietly becoming something of a political conservative, expressing awe that "Abbie Hoffman had evolved from his work."

Although Kerouac obviously succeeded 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 of a copy - he wasn't even a copy - and, by contrast, many of today's Union Square "hipsters" seem mindless and plastic indeed.

- Michael Austen

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restaurants

There's quite a special feeling that comes upon entering **THE MINT** at 1942 **Market Street, San Francisco**. You pass through a bar and then through a sort of waiting area-bar in order to place yourself on the waiting list for dinner. On a Thursday night at 9 the bar was nicely filled with handsome men, some handsome women and — that most delightful of treats — the humming sound of animated conversation. This is no statue bar. Planned 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 appetite. Everything reads as the meal you have been longing for. Finally, unable to make a choice, a kindly gentleman at another table suggested the Golden Cask Steak Special (\$4.75). My companion got turned on to the pork chops (\$4.35).

The meal began with an excellent onion soup and two delicious freshly baked loaves of hot bread 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 insides of which had been removed, whipped with herbs and butter and placed back into the shell — delicious!). The vegetable was a sort of undistinguished white bean which, again, brought questions about the convenience of cooks versus the abundance of fresh vegetables in the Bay Area. The fresh spinach salad would have been perfect had they chosen olive rather than whatever tasteless oil they did use. Again, it was stopping short of the ultimate that kept the plate to mediocrity. The steak was ample and, for the price, sufficiently tender. I have suspicions (having worked once at Howard Johnson's) when I see perfect charcoal grill marks crisscrossing a piece of meat while that same piece of meat lacks the unduplicatable taste of charcoal broiling. Again, typical of so many of our better restaurants, the promise and the fulfillment never seem to get totally together. His porkchops were perfect which is no easy thing to do.

Dessert brought a fantastic tiny piece of cheesecake which was in a divine space between dense and light but expensive (75 cents) considering the portion. On a scale of 1 to 10 we placed the coffee at 4. When, the voice screams, are restaurants

going to wake up to what's happening to American coffee and start their own blends?

Dining at the **MINT** is a delightful experience and, we found, one of the better of the moderately priced restaurants. Food is just one part of the whole trip.

FOOD Good
SERVICE Excellent
AMBIANCE Excellent

While we still agree that the prime rib at **THE FICKLE FOX (842 Valencia)** can't be topped for the price (\$4.95) a recent visit proved somewhat a disappointment. King Beef had best take a look at his entourage. The soup, "home made carrot," resembled a thin beef consommé into which canned vegetables had been heated. The salad, beyond being nicely crisp and ice cold, was common in content and dressing. My prime rib beef, as expected, as excellent and cooked to perfection; however, the accompaniment was unworthy, especially the canned peas, canned corn, and underdone baked potato. In San Francisco during this season — cooking from cans is totally unacceptable. The veal parmigiana (\$3.45) should be retired from the menu as quickly as possible. The meat was full of gristle and the red substance poured over it was as distant to Italian gravy as it was to a Creole sauce with raw tasting tomatoes thin as water. Since we were warned by another customer never to order this dish in non-Italian restaurants, we gambled and lost on the **Fickle Fox's** reputation. On a scale of 1 to 10 we placed the coffee at about 3. Our suggestion is for the **FICKLE FOX** to re-evaluate their menu and preparation and if prime rib is to be their **ONLY** quality class item, it should not be surrounded with canned vegetables and other convenience foods.

FOOD Fair
SERVICE Good
AMBIANCE Excellent

The **Campground Restaurant** over in Berkeley, at 2329 San Pablo Avenue, is one of those numerous establishments which equate gloom with atmosphere, and really ought to print their menus in Braille. Otherwise, it's a pleasant enough place. There's a beer-wine bar in addition to the restaurant. Prices are reasonable, and of course there's a daily special.

The food isn't bad, and the service is excellent. Waiters don't hover, but they do scurry, and they keep an eye out for what's needed and when, which is as things should be.

I ordered sweetbreads on the dinner, and my date — who has a wooden palate — ordered that abomination before the lord, chicken-fried steak. Chickenizing is a device designed to lend dubious allure to mediocre meat, and he got what he ordered. My sweetbreads were done to perfection, but over-breaded in a mixture having the texture of softened gravel. Vegetables were fresh and properly *al dente*, but — oddly — neither flavoured nor sauced. Salad and soup very good. Nice chocolate mousse for dessert, good coffee, bake-and-serve loaflets accompanied by butter at spreadable temperature. Decent wine-list. House red acceptable. Though certainly no gastronomic Lourdes, it's a good solid little restaurant and recommendable.



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GIGI

After a month and a half of feverish rewriting, reworking, tightening, expanding, cutting here, tucking there, pointing up, toning down, putting in and taking out and rehearsing around the clock, that great and shining, down-stuffed, silk-and-satin, ormolu-mounted Edwardian ottoman of a musical — **Gigi** — has trundled itself down to Los Angeles for (doubtless) more of the same. Richard Piro (who reviewed it here in July) and I suffered thru it side by side when it opened; groaned, winced, sighed and writhed in perfect unison; and arm-in-armed us out at intermission — never to return — stuffed beyond capacity with sticky pink theatrical goo, fed to the teeth with treacley music, sugary improbabilities for characters, and licorice-whip wit. All the dogmatically exhumed clichés of a dead genre of the musical theatre had quite underwhelmed us. We felt like we'd been forced to get down two-thirds of the biggest goddam 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 galleonic production every single moment of its stay. It was SRO, night after night. Everybody loved it but the critics. Which of course, is fine. It's nice to have *everybody* happy!

Well, after the month and a bit, I found it incumbend upon me to see what the hell they'd done with it, and I went back, just prior to departure. And by God, it has become a marvelous show!

I still hated it, had trouble staying through it, found it variously arch, cute, cloying, sophomoric, sentimentallic, and utterly predictable. But within its own antique terms, **Gigi** had become a perfect creation. Mind you, there is still nothing real, or vital, about this great, glittering, all-singing, all-dancing corpse. It is the product and triumph only of enormous craft . . . beautiful, tuneful, loud, fast-moving, perfectly-paced, and quite lifeless. Watching very close, it seemed to me that the performances were as artificial as the concept, that none of the performers believed in it, either . . . though that didn't prevent them from giving of their considerable best.

I tried very hard to see it through the adoring eyes around me, however, and realized, first of all, that for sheer size

and splendor, only **Kismet** can compare. This is an *enormous* musical, mounted with merciless sumptuousity. Oliver Smith's kaleidoscopic sets move, revolve, change, dissolve, fly away so often and so smoothly that he does, indeed, capture much of the scenic mobility of a movie, and they have perfected this aspect of the production so that it is not as obtrusive as at first seeing. Everything you see — costumes, furniture, props — is gorgeous. And the lighting (by Thomas Skelton) bathed everything in the most flattering tones and is a kind of romance in itself. Finally, the dances have become bigger and more imaginative and are done with great verve, a considerable improvement.

Two new songs have been added. One — **Paris is Paris Again** — is one of those endless couplet affairs. It begins in the Eiffel Tower scene, sung by Alfred Drake, smiling and suave as though he weren't delivering some of the most sophomoric of material (like a *bad* Cole-Porter-being-clever song), full of the kind of okay-innuendo that makes society matrons in Macon, Georgia, flutter fans and coo "oh you *hush*, now!" The song snakes in and out of subsequent scenes (several of which have been cleverly dove-tailed), so that everyone has a crack at it. I found most of the material embarrassing (and so, I think, does Agnes Moorehead), but the audience convulsed itself rhythmically.

The other was a solo for Terese Stevens, as Gigi. I had originally complained that she was too "now" a performer to flip herself back to a time she never knew (the other leads remember it all too well, and so can cope without difficulty). But she has come to terms with the past, and does what's required with great style and superb control. This song is surreptitiously more modern, and it displays her as a real little star to come. The voice — now placed properly for this musical milieu — really *is* a stunner, and she sells this song like an old pro, in her pinafore.

Maria Karnilova is still charming as Mamita-Goldie (hell, the two characters have a lot in common), and Agnes Moorehead has insulated herself from yet another ungrateful part with a kind of an iron curtain of underplayed camp.

Only Daniel Massey comes off as less than needed. I felt he just lacked style, though there were occasional flashes of charm. He was best in his vocal bits, where his impersonation of Rex Harrison

has reached a high peak of perfection.

For my money, **Gigi** suffers from *not* being a real revival. If it were, I could view it from a different stance in time, and probably surrender to its serried blandishments. But since it is all new, I can only regret that all that time and talent and money were not being poured into something wildly original and relevant.

— *Neville Carstairs III*



And all the beautiful people of San Francisco turned out to welcome the opening of **Bimbo's 365 Theatre Restaurant** with a totally unsatisfying production of **LENNY**, the vehicle which catapulted Cliff Gorman to stardom. The theatre itself is an opulent setting complete with red velvets and glittering crystal matched by rows of limousines outside the marquee, and the roving society page photographer. The play was dull. Regardless of one's opinions of Lenny Bruce, in 1973 his material IS dated. Words such as "cocksucker," "motherfucker," and "faggot" have a shock value of zero. Thus Boredom doesn't creep into this production of **LENNY**, it attacks and overwhelms within minutes of the curtain with a sophomoric Greek chorus type of moralization of this tragic tale of a man martyred by the establishment.

Richard Scanga's direction is muddled, awkward and amateur. The entire show is so physicalized and externalized that it assaults the senses with aimless, confusing energy. The production is crowded with characters in search of motivations, costumes in search of motivations, lighting in search of motivations and music which obscures rather than illuminates. (Music and original direction were by Tom O'Horgan).

This was amateur theatre minus the excitement of amateur actors. The fully professional (union) cast seemed as confused as the audience which remained unlaughingly silent throughout most of the evening. A full three quarters of this show was nightclub acts of Lenny Bruce and Robert Fields, a fine seasoned actor seemed uncomfortable in the standup comic's position so that there was seldom any magic, and never any "theatre." The

(Continued on Page 16)

material is all there and with more perceptive, stronger direction, it might have pulled together and sharpened the evening.

One block away at the Village Theatre **Yonkers Productions** closed its bright, fully professional (with amateur actors) production of **THE BOYFRIEND** and their lobby was electric with excitement from people who had shared a theatrical experience as opposed to the empty lobby of **LENNY**

Of the two shows, one opening as the other closed, one wonders which Lenny Bruce would have recommended.

— Richard Piro

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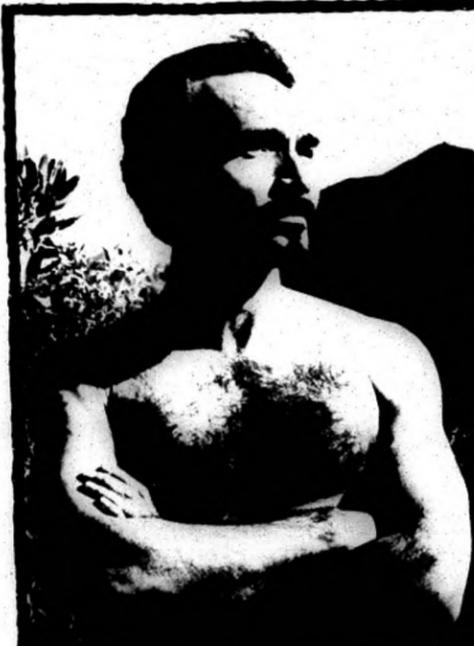
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dear don

Note: I am a clinical psychologist who, by choice, specializes in work with gay people. Gay is not sick. But I believe, as do a growing number of humanistic psychologists, that you do not have to be sick to get better. The purpose of this column is helpful commentary rather than advice or psychotherapy. Only those letters selected for this column will be answered. Other letters that contain a self-addressed stamped envelope will receive a list from this publication of available counseling and psychotherapy resources in the community. Brief letters with questions of general interest are solicited.

by Don Clark, Ph.D.

Dear Don:

I was at a straight dinner party a couple of months ago and was introduced to a man in the same business as me. He was with a woman and seemed straight. I liked him and suggested we have lunch sometime. One lunch led to others and I dared suggest we have dinner and spend the evening together and he seemed to like the idea. I knew I was falling for him. Then it happened. We made love. Then I found out it wasn't his first time. He's been in the closet but he's gay. Since we made love and I found out he's gay, I've been rapidly losing interest. It's happened before and I'm sure will happen again. Any ideas?

S. G.
San Francisco

It is very difficult to spend any of your growing up years in this culture, know that you are sexually inclined toward people of your own gender, and not have your self-esteem or feelings or worth seriously damaged. You are bombarded by subtle and obvious messages that you are bad because you deviate from the norm in a culture that worships conformity. It is easy for a gay man to be attracted to a man who seems to conform to a stereotyped image of masculinity and then be put off when you find out he is gay. It is as if there is an unspoken assumption in you that if he is gay he must be less than a perfect man - damaged as you feel you are. It is sad because this is one of the ways that gay people fall into a trap of being self-destructive and destructive to other gays at the same time.

Your friend has had the experience once again of being less desired once it became known that he is gay. That can only add to his accumulated feeling that gay is bad. Short of Consciousness Raising groups or gay oriented psychotherapy, the only remedy seems to be a

bootstrap operation purposely continuing a relationship and looking for the person's assets once you discover he is gay. It can be a way of reaffirming your own worth as well as his. All of which ties in nicely to the next letter.

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 but 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

Gay people are subjected to some very strange programming in the course of trying to maintain their sanity in an oppressive society. One of the strange things that happens is that in many towns in this nation today (and in all the towns and cities not too many years ago), gay people were forced to meet in secret, illegal, shame-inducing places. The gay partner met under such circumstances is often discarded as a way of trying to discard the associated shame. It often happens not as a conscious decision but as dim awareness of the person being less attractive.

Even if you live in an area where it is possible to meet with some dignity today, those past experiences may have a cumulative poisonous effect. For anyone to whom that is happening, it is worth putting some effort into building positive associations. It is worth trying to connect sexually with people you feel are good human beings whom you value. Beyond being selective in tricking it is also possible to put some energy into being sexual with friends who are valued as people and who were once valued sexually. To increase the association of sexuality and

worth you need not be involved in activities where either of you feel a duty to perform in some special way such as having an orgasm. Hugging, kissing, fondling, massaging, or even cuddling as you sleep together without sex can build the connections between sexuality and worth when these things are done with sincere feeling. If there is not a big issue made of it, sex may just happen at times. The important thing is to put energy into being generally sexual with people whom you value without badgering yourself about some fantasied idea of how you should perform as some sort of sexual stud.

Dear Don:

I am a fifteen year old girl and my father just told me that he is gay. A girlfriend of mine who has been going to see a psychiatrist for a long time says that if my Dad is telling the truth it means I'm not going to be able to form a good relationship with a man and have a good marriage. I'm worried.

J. J.
Carmel

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 if 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 friend's psychiatrist.

natural health

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 ½ 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 lightness 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 sun-

burns 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



dance

SF BALLET

by Harlo Guzman

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.

The simple truth is that Lew Christensen, Artistic Director since 1952, 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 cost a couple of hundred grand to mount — are epitomes of choreographic inanition — nothing much happens in them. The company *has* to be turned over to someone in tune with Dance in the second half of the 20th century — preferably not to another Classicist (like a Balanchine), but to an Original (like Lar Lubovitch) — or go down the spout. Unfortunately for this idea, the ghostly laurels seem to hover above Michael Smuin, the new Associate Artistic Director. Though highly talented as a choreographer, he is — on the evidence of his works seen here — staunchly (if at times inventively) old-fashioned.

Cinderella and *Don Juan* can be considered together, since they share faults and virtues. Both are breath-taking spectacles of stage-design and costume and lighting. Both contain too much oversimple 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 often ignored what was in the music (the full Prokofieff score), while *Don Juan* had for music the two introspective, genteel guitar concertos of Joanquin Roderigo, which were totally inadequate for a portrayal of the ultimate rakehell, Don Juan Tenniferio. Both were enormous, gorgeous bores. (During *Cinderella*, the flocks of kiddies were quiet; an ominous sign.)

All the new dancers (mostly from the American 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 Ficzere, 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.

We didn't *need* a revival of *Con 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 McFall just was not up to the demands of the choreography (tho he was superb, later on, in *Symphony in C*). High point was the Faithless Wife of Anita Pacciotti, as beautiful as she is talented. Too bad they don't ask more of her, because she could give it, effortlessly.

The first program was *Cinderella*, of course, and the second consisted of *Con Amore*, *Don Juan*, and a generous helping of small potatoes, *Celebration*, by Robert
(Continued on Page 48)

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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 fertility sex gods such as Osiris of Egypt, Dougsus and Dionysus of the Greeks and Priapus and Mutunus 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 sado-masochism, St. Peter wrote from Rome to the Christians of Asia Minor in his epistle bk. 1, 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 whose stripes you were healed."

Jesus did not institute the Christian religion as many still believe. The religion of Jesus and the early Church was the fused product of various primitive and advanced cults from a strong mixture of Judaeo/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 orgy rites. 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 priestcraft, the Amanita Muscaria and other drug potions. The drugs that prophets, 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 fleeting foretaste of Heaven was through sacramental plants and drug-herbs. 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

THE PHALLIC MYSTICISM OF JESUS

Paul Bernardino

and many sincere people since then 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 chauvinist 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.

This 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 worshipping Christian, a sublimated or subconscious phallic sex symbol of union with Jesus' spiritual spermatozoa — "the living and risen Body and Blood of Jesus Christ in the consecrated bread and wine." This phallic Christ mystique of his invitation to us to "eat my flesh and drink my blood that I may live in you and you in me" — is a major form of necromantic displacement for those of the orthodox, catholic and evangelistical traditions. This necromantic and spiritualistic sacrament if celebrated by sincere *anamnesis* borders on primitive hard core spiritual necrophilia with Jesus. It is a cultic form of pietistic escapism and is a repressive 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 asthetic 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 *anamnesis* (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 perpetuation 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.

(Continued on Page 44)



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 Jello 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.

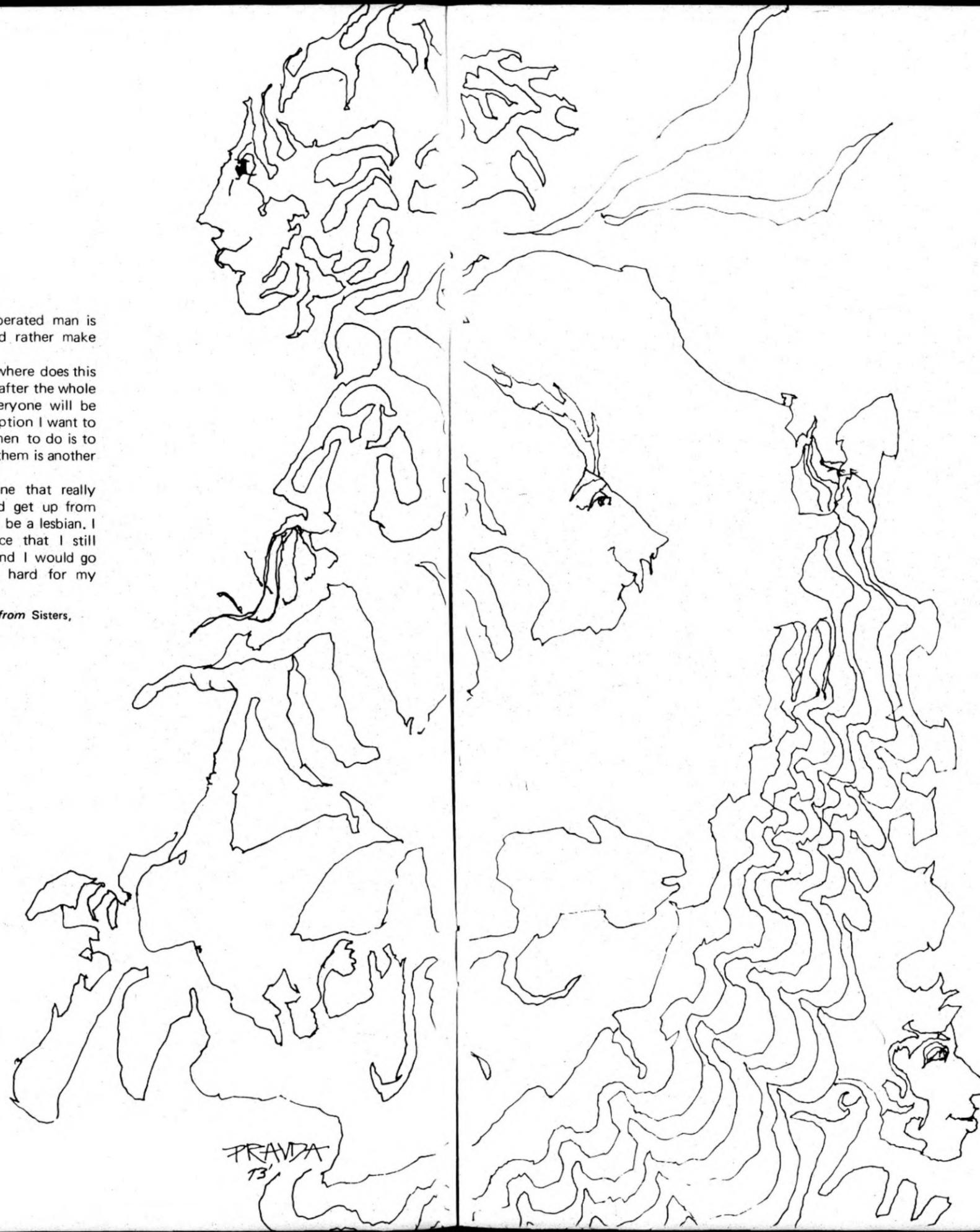
So I waste my time discovering men who are "exceptions," men who don't perpetuate the system, men who are individually liberated. Of course I can fight my oppression individually. Somehow, it doesn't add up to a "no." It adds up to a "yes, there is room for me in this system."

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.

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ELECTROLYSIS

An Interview with Dwight Letchworth

by Richard Piro



REPORTER: What is Electrolysis?

DWIGHT: Technically, it's the term for galvanically ionizing 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 destroys 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, butch 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, trans-sexuals, body-builders, and many theatrical personalities; employed and unemployed; butches and fems. 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.

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 bars pioneered retaining, 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.

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 beard removed effeminate?

DWIGHT: Not at all! As a matter of fact, most of my beard removal, or thinning and edging, is done for really butch guys. What they do achieve is a smooth, easily cared for skin. It doesn't turn them nelly. 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, but it is tolerable. Galvanic Electrolysis uses a cool current; therefore, there is no heat whatsoever. Instead, there is an itchy, slightly stingy sensation due to the chemical action, but not a burn.

Some areas have inherently high pain tolerances, such as the cheek and jaw areas of the face, and 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 \$12 to \$25 in San Francisco, from \$20 to \$40 in Southern California, and from \$30 to \$60 in New York. It all depends on the office and their particular fee 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 'bread-and-butter' 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 small 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.

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.



Photograph by James Armstrong



Jurdle

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 overwhelm me) what I fear most are nights of clear, bright moons, sparsely starwarmed nights, especially if I see ringing tall in the moonlight the stripping forms of eucalyptus trees by swaths of pewtered grass. I flee such nights, hide, or cower, or frantically divert myself, for if I am alone and walk out anywhere I am swarmed with unlaidd ghosts and ache inside.

Dear Lord, it was so many years ago that I met Jerry. Nearly thirty years ago, that Mary and I went to spend the weekend in Santa Cruz with Shirley and her brother, at their parents' home beside the golf course. As I remember (for I have not been there in years) it was a prestigious address, and though the house was unpretentious, the golf course and its

buildings were large and lavish and uncommonly beautiful in their hill-and-dale setting groved with eucalyptuses and oaks.

Thirty years ago, or nearly, that I encountered the odd-ball kid brother Shirley often told her new friends at Salinas Junior College about. She

Mary and Shirley left me in the bookstore where Jerry (whom the family called Jurdle) worked after school and on Saturdays. He was fifteen then. I was verging on twenty. That was only my chronological age, however. Emotionally, I was much younger than he, and my innocence in the matters of the glands was total. I had been raised in an emotional vacuum, an only child, and in that household there were few hints about sex beyond taboos and dark warnings. By the time I got into Junior College, I was — naturally enough — something of a freak. I really did not

know what went on between the sexes, and could not always disguise the fact. Oh, I dated and went to dances and all that, but I was a lousy date because necking did nothing for me and therefore less for the girl. I had lots of friends because I was very funny and original and loud, but they all sensed how incomplete I was, and there were always sudden times when, though surrounded by friends, I felt lost and alone in an alien land.

I can't remember precisely why I was left in the bookstore. Something to do with going to church, I think. It may 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 — brainey, gawkey, goofy, unpredictable — a total "character" (in those days, that was an oprobrious term). All her stories, however, were funny, and emphasis 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 preciously few subsequent times, perfectly at will and often without will at all, 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 real season change we feel here, and it is then that my sap rises, perverse as always. Autumn and star-fall, autumn and warm at night, and a huge bold moon, and there always are Jurdle and I walking on dew sleep grass in the moon-shadows of eucalyptus trees.

got off work anyway, so we'd all drive out to the house together.

So I was ushered into that small-town bookstore and into a crossroads of my life.

This is Jimmy, Jurdle. Jurdle, this is Jimmy. We'll be back in an hour. Just in time, when you get off. Okay?

Okay.

Hi.

Hello. Glad to meet you. Shirley's told me alot about you. Ah . . . you can sit down over there. Just for a minute. I have to do something in back. I'll just be a minute.

I can still hear the soft husk of that intriguing voice, and smell the musk of

ink and cedar and floor-oil, the smell of paper and pencils and new books, hear a horn hoot outside, and a small crash and distant yell as a kid fell over on his bicycle. That moment, with its smells and sounds and the feel of the round-edged glass slices separating compartments of pencils on a counter beside me. That moment is always there, frozen like a fly in the amber of my life, perfect and distinct and living.

Jurdle went into a back room to attend to something and I stood there, motionless, for a moment. Something had happened and I didn't know what. But suddenly — everything felt different. Now I know that I had experienced a profound recognition, but then it was a swelling up in my throat of some emotion I had as yet no name for.

He returned and we began talking. He was shy. I was shy, but the recognition was mutual, and neither of us knew how to deal with it, or what it 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. He did the same to me. Slowly, 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 Einstein, 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 dressed 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 touch as steel, and the winches inside us brew us closer and closer. I can remember so well how we literally circled one another 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 daze.

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 den, where the phonograph was, and — being careful not to annoy father — he 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 pajamas), and got into bed. He was on the top bunk, I on the bottom. He hung over and we began to talk again. Who knows what we said? I retain only the impression that we spilled out everything that was in our minds, everything real, everything imaginary. God, how we talked. And under my sheet I had for the first time an erection so strong that it was painful.

Urinating was no help. I couldn't understand what was wrong with me.



what was happening. 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 never 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, he is still ghostly there and I ache for the unlaidd 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 falling stars. The sweeps of

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GAY SUBCULTISTS AND THE CALIFORNIA SENATE

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 lot farther yet to go.

Representing the Gay citizens and taxpayers of California were the Rev. Troy Perry from Los Angeles, Rev. Freda 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 Robbins, 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 courts 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 all our friends can do to prevent the police bills' passage.

At the moment, the legislature is working on an anti-discrimination in housing bill. Specifically exempted from protection by the bill are same sex couples; it would still be lawful to discriminate against us. This bill will not pass in this form only because the National Organization for Women is fighting the battle for our inclusion.

David Goodstein

I could go on and on. It was a sobering session, I assure you. Suffice 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.

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.

Third, we must identify Senators who are vulnerable to defeat, especially ones on the Judiciary Committee. We must form coalitions with other groups in their districts, mobilize the Gays in their districts, help select more positive candidates, *and* make sure that these vulnerable bigots are defeated and replaced in 1974. We must demonstrate in urban and *suburban* districts that winning our support is important and opposing law reform in our favor is dangerous. A meeting to work on this problem is scheduled for mid-July.

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.

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 where it exists. We also must try to find a way to discourage public sexual conduct where it will offend. Our media and organizations have allowed this spectre to haunt us for too long. We must get it exposed to view and put it to rest. A very small minority of Gay men is permitting 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 they are spokespersons representative of all Gay people. Their behavior, their zaps, their picket lines reinforce bigotry where it exists, and frightens already timid legislators away from our cause. I do not naively believe that these people will desist 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 spokespersons who can relate to those uptight 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

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San Francisco



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ENTERTAINMENT NIGHTLY



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DINING — COCKTAILS

To Finn, a boy with blond hair and green eyes and the savior 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 capuccino I sat down at a table, tasted the cafe, 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. I drank my coffee and my "vichere d'acqua". Suddenly a Chicano drunkard approached me, he introduced himself as Jim. We talked and talked and listened to Italian arias. After a while Jim told me: Let's go for a beer. Then we went back to Coffee Gallery. Tonight there was a poetry reading and we sat down and listened to the poets who already were reading their poems. Behind me was seated someone 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 litany: They don't have any experience. Jim paid for the beers I was drinking. I gave him cigarettes. Jim told Finn: You don't have experience. Finn shook hands with Him and I turned around and shook hands with me too, it was a strong grip. I kept drinking beer, Jim kept paying for them, and once in awhile I turned around to have a look of Finn. Time passed by. The waitress refused to sell more beer to Jim because he was drunk, but she said with me it was OK. Finn left the room, he went to hustle a glass of wine, by the way, he told me he was a poet and that he was going to read tonight. The waitress told me to get rid of Jim. I took Jim out of the cafe and we went to another bar on the corner. Jim gave me a dollar to buy another two beers, so I did. After drinking my beer, I wanted to go back to the Coffee Gallery to look at Finn. So I told, with my most serious voice, to Jim: I am going to bed, because tomorrow I have to work. Jim looked to the floor with shame, he told me before, that he lives on a \$500 pension as a disabled veteran of the war of Viet Nam. I rushed back to Finn. A hippie poet was sitted next to Finn. I cautiously waited this guy to leave the seat. I sat next to Finn. I told him: Are you drunk? He answered: Yes, I am, with a beautiful smile. I almost kissed him, but at the moment I was satisfied to caress his leg with my leg. Finn grabbed my hand strongly and said: Listen to me: I am next, wait for my poems. I answered: Yes, I will be here. The next poet is: Finn H...! He jumped from his seat and approached the stage with business like steps. Behind the podium, he smiled. I thought: How beautiful he is! And then he took off his big, golden glasses and put them in his pocket. He said two poems. I remember one: it was long, about loneliness, about waiting for someone in a park, and two men that went to bed together. The second one was short. I don't remember what it was about. But I looked at Finn all the time with devouring eyes. When he got off of the stage, he was exhausted. He sat at the first chair he found. I was sad because he forgot me. I was dreaming that he will come to me to ask my opinion about the damned poems but that was not the case. After a few minutes

POETRY NIGHT IN NORTH BEACH

BY GUSTAVO DURAN

relazing, Finn raised from his chair and went to the bar. I followed him. When he saw me, he smiled, grabbed my hand and asked my opinion about the poems. I said: Good, very good. Do you mean it? insisted Finn. Yes, they were good. Two old negroes who were seated at the counter were close-witnesses to the conversation. One of them said about me: He is a kind of fat. I didn't like it, but Finn didn't notice it. We were talking so close that we were almost kissing. Finn had to sit down. He was too drunk. I went to the toilet as a compensation for the lost pleasure. Finn told me in the conversation that he lives in El Carmel, a rich people town, and that he was going to Mexico next Sunday. He said, also, that he is tired of this country, the States, and that he digs dark women. I asked: Do they like you? He answered: I satisfied them. I requested: What do you do to them? After awhile I said: Have a nice trip and good bye. Finn strongly grasped my hand and smiled. His lovely smile. To end the farewell he gave me a soft knock on my stomach. I smiled. He smiled. I went to wait for my bus two blocks from the Cafe. After waiting for awhile I saw Finn crossing the street. He ran. He reached the sidewalk. I noticed he stared at an old, well dressed man. I thought: He is hustling. Shall I pick him up? I had a second thought: Well, he is drunk. I am drunk too, in my building my neighbors think I am a respectable citizen, a Ph.D., and so on. Let's keep the good memories of the night and not to spoil them. So Finn entered another bar across the street. My bus came and I boarded it and all the way from North Beach to home, I came thinking about Finn. How beautiful he was! How aggressive! What strong man! Well let's keep the nice memories of the night. Good bye Finn, good bye slick, like you called everybody. I love you, I would like to go to bed with you, but it can not be for the good memories' sake.

WANT AD: SELF PORTRAIT, 1973

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

But I do have a nice smile.
Warm, friendly, genuine
When I am.
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 25 the youngest newscaster
In the country, they said.
I just had to smile and give,
In pear-shaped tones,
The latest details on the Vietnam
Kill ratio
And the news that a Joliet woman
Jumped off the main bridge in town,
But was rescued by the fearless fire department.

It was a pip of a job.
So nifty I tried to commit
Suicide
By swallowing 100 tablets of Excedrin,
The large size.
I got awfully sick
And was spared a headache for two weeks.
Now I get a check in the mail,
Every two weeks,

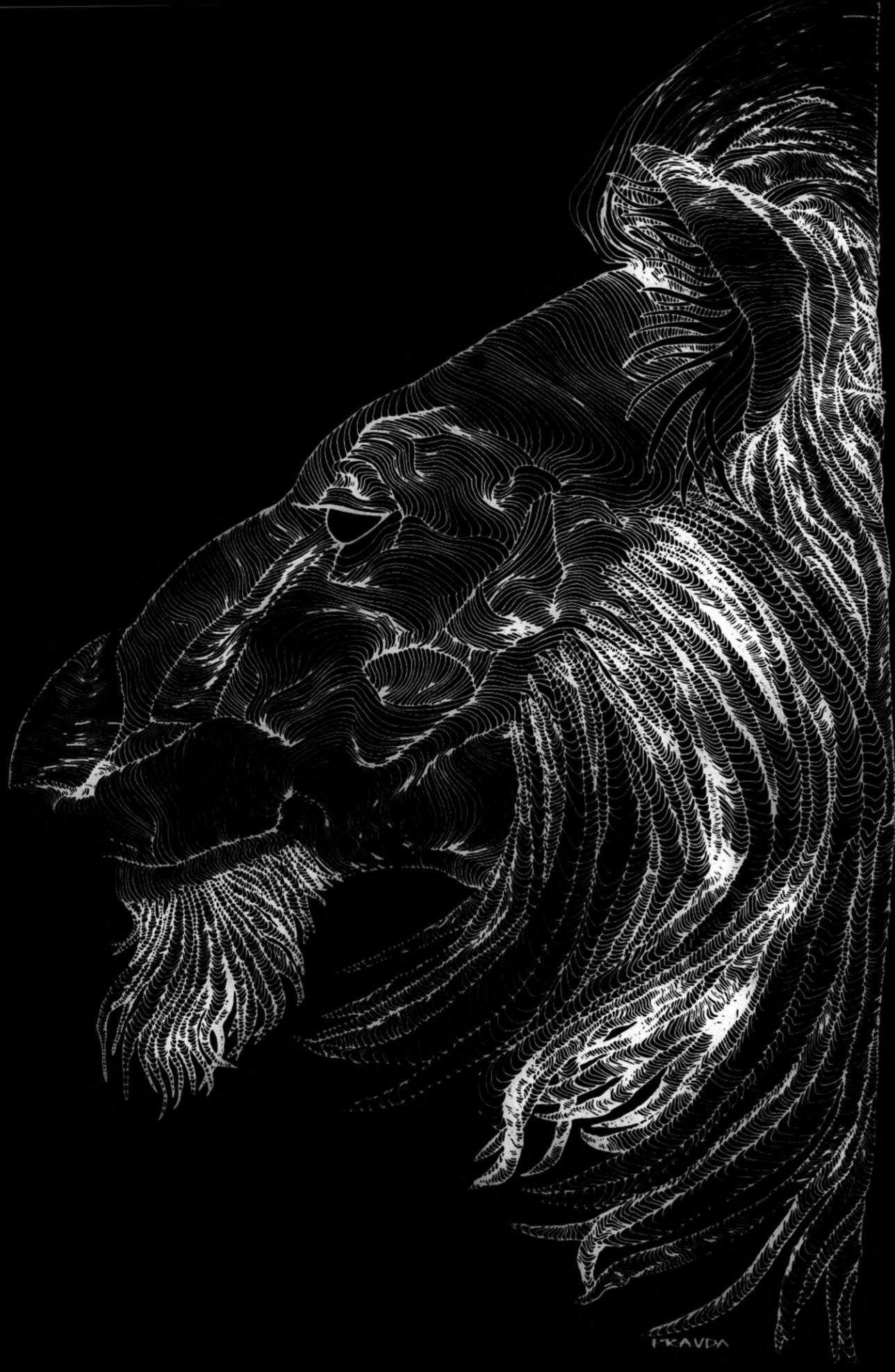
From the magnanimous
State of Illinois
To compensate for unemployment.
Illinois thinks it's a shame that
One of her citizens
Is living in San Francisco and
Not working.

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 fine people in Illinois.
I must send a thank-you note to
Governor Walker.

I had a wife once —
Not really a wife,
We were common law —
But she became jealous and possessive
And I began to chase around.
So we parted, amicably.
Now we can be friends.
I masturbate once a day,
Twice when I am horny.
And I write poetry,
Sometimes, when I am in love,
And I am in love
Every two weeks
When I can afford a little wine
And the company of someone to love.

Does anyone want to meet
A young man with a
Rather long nose
And a nice smile?

Dennis Connaughton



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 oppresses 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 loves' expression so that it becomes identified with one of Leos 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

zodiac

VECTOR ILLUSTRATIONS BY PRAVDA ARE AVAILABLE FOR SALE AT THE CONNOISSEUR GALLERY, COURT OF THE FOUNTAINS IN CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA.

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 which have the tendency to misrepresent their sign, albeit not maliciously because it is done

unconsciously. But they express themselves incognito as it were, feigning such Leonine emotions as warmth, tenderness, aggressiveness, impulsiveness, etc., when in reality they are much cooler, aloof, critical, practical, and analytical than they appear. This type, usually born toward the end of August, has not the capacity for responding to love in the strict leonine sense, but rather, are too cerebral and inhibited to express their own emotions spontaneously. This type prefers to simulate emotions they don't necessarily feel; it is a peculiar coping mechanism which enables them to further their own (usually) selfish aims without jeopardizing their intimate relationships. This type of Leo is inordinately practical and will usually aspire toward positions of power and prestige rather than preoccupy themselves with emotional matters. Examples: July 1930, 1933, 1935, Aug. 1941, Aug. 1943, Aug. 1949.

Leo is fiery, hot, dry, choleric, barren, masculine, positive, bestial, fixed, northern, of long ascension; also, commanding, fortunate, fecal, broken, strong, and bitter. He symbolizes the fervid heat of mid-summer when the sun has attained its greatest power. It represents a type of indomitable fire whose energy is rapacious and devastating; kingly and commanding; but immovable; and whose expression is often destructive.

People born under his rulership are loyal, outspoken, ardent, kindly, tolerant, generous, philanthropic, inspirational, magnetic, aspiring, hopeful, chivalrous, industrious, fearless, philosophical, magnanimous, idealistic, sincere, hospitable, intuitive, comprehensive. If negative they are arrogant, dictatorial, overbearing, condescending, impetuous, pompous, domineering, sensual, sentimental, promiscuous, prodigal, gullible, lazy, sanguine, and contentious; but they are never conniving or deceitful, nor disloyal.

Physically, Leos are tall, regal looking individuals with broad shoulders and well formed torsos; the upper part of the body is invariably more well developed than the trunk, if the specimen is a true type. They stand erect, are usually of pale complexion, with finely chiseled features, large clear eyes, and thick, slightly wavy hair.

Leo rules the heart, the upper back, spine, arteries, the right eye of man and the left eye of woman. His colors are orange and yellow; metal, gold; day, Sunday; number, one.

Names associated with Leo are Adam, the first or primeval man, Abraham, David, Jacob, Esau, Israel, Hercules, the tribe Judah (also the Lion of Judah, symbol of the Kings of Ethiopia who claim descent from King Solomon [Soul-of-man] and the Queen of Sheba), Joseph, Elohim, Samson (Solar) and Delilah which means "Queen of the night" — The Moon.

Leo is the primeval creative force in nature and man. It represents the ego and its centrifugal expression in every tangible way; i.e., it symbolizes "Off-spring" both in the literal and abstract sense. But owing to the fact that the Sun, Leo's ruler, is barren, members of this sign rarely have children of their own; rather, the projection of their creative energies expresses itself in terms of drama, writing, dance, art, music, singing, or some other form of creative expression.

The sign rules children, however, and so too, all that deals with their education and those who teach them. On the other hand, the sign also has rulership over entertainment and recreation. It rules night clubs, dance halls,

bars, gambling casinos, bookies, theaters, restaurants, opera houses, art galleries, race tracks, and all sports events. The sun symbolizes power, therefore Leo rules all positions of authority, the king, president, political and military leaders (Napoleon, Alexander the Great, Mussolini, T.E. Lawrence "Lawrence of Arabia," for example, were all Leos); Royalty, the aristocracy, Senators and foreign dignitaries, or eminent professional people who have distinguished themselves in the public's view.

ROMANCE PREDICTIONS

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Favorable time for love affairs and games of chance; you will especially find Virgo and Pisces attractive. Also a good time for planning parties or get-togethers, and enjoying the company of others. But you may have some domestic problems. Your mate will tend to be jealous, possessive, or demanding. Also some difficulty in business matters or with partnerships. Stay away from courts and do not become involved with lawsuits as August is an unfavorable time for these matters.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

August is favorable for love affairs toward the end of the month, also for gambling and entertainment of all kinds. You will especially be interested in renewing old ties as August is a good month for dealing with friends and those close to you. Favorable time for traveling, meeting new people, exchanging ideas, or serious study. Possible trouble in business or financial matters, also unfavorable for investments. Difficulty in love matters at the beginning of the month, but your luck will pick up after the 20th.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 20)

Difficulty with domestic affairs; home life will be disruptive, either through mate or relatives who will insist on interfering with your personal life. First part of the month is not good for business or investment matters. You may also conflict with your boss or superiors. Your love life is favorable, especially toward the end of the month however. There is likelihood of involvement with a Taurus, Scorpio, or Aries.

Aquarius (Jan. 21 — Feb. 18)

Difficulty in the home. You Aquarians will meet with unexpected financial problems regarding the home or real estate. Also you may conflict with your mate over this problems. There is also a chance of marriage this month if you are single. You will be extremely attracted to Leos; there could also be an involvement with a Libra or Taurus.

Pisces (Feb. 20 — March 20)

You will feel a bit restricted emotionally this month. A love affair could weigh you down. Some of you will find yourselves involved with a strong but domineering Capricorn individual (it's not likely to last). But while he or she is around you will feel some obligation to remain loyal. While others of you will become involved with a Libra or Taurus. There is a strong chance of a lasting relationship or marriage in some cases. August is favorable for all social activity and relations with people. It would be a good time to take a short trip, get in touch with friends or relatives, or to become romantically involved if you can curb your tendency toward depression.

Aries (March 21 — April 20)

You will have more energy at your disposal, and want to conquer the world. But be careful, there is a tendency to be rash and impulsive where others are concerned. You will have lots of initiative, which, if used constructively, could assist in helping you achieve business or vocational objectives. In personal matters however, you are likely to conflict with your mate. He/She will demand more independence, and will react negatively if you refuse to compromise. It is best to let him go his own way. In September things will run more smoothly. If single, you have strong sex appeal to others and could become romantically involved with a Libra.

Taurus (April 21 — May 21)

A desire for change is in store. You will tend to react impulsively where emotions are concerned and may regret it later. Things will begin to subside toward the end of the month however when you can relax and reassess how much damage has been done. August is a difficult time regarding home, property, and family matters. Your parents will probably make demands on you either financially or emotionally, and you will feel obliged to grant their wishes. Your love life will be exciting, if that's any consolation. You'll feel amorous and a bit bold, which is good, since you'll probably have a more active social life as a result. You will probably become involved with a Scorpio or Taurus.

Gemini (May 22 — June 21)

Your image is excellent and enhances your chance for a promotion, or success in dealing with your boss or superiors. This is also an excellent time for traveling. It is better to take short excursions for pleasure, rather than long trips however. August is also favorable for correspondence and making contact with relatives, especially sisters and brothers. But there is a chance of difficulty with money matters, especially where property or real estate is concerned. August is an excellent time for love affairs, and you may find yourself involved with a Libra or Aries.

Cancer (June 22 — July 23)

You will begin to feel depressed for a short period this month (around the second). But it is a good time to begin thinking about your career or important decisions concerning it. You will have the tendency to feel restricted or weighed down by responsibilities in general. You will also probably conflict with your boss, finding it increasingly difficult to see his or her point of view. But differences will be resolved toward the end of the month. Your love life will be favorable this month. You can meet people with ease if you take care not to be so sensitive and defensive. A good time for social activities, correspondence and organizing your personal life.

Leo (July 24 — August 23)

August is your own very special month. You are enlivened by the sun's energy, are more dynamic, positive, and outgoing than any other time of the year. This is a fortunate time for you; your enthusiasm is high and you have an unlimited supply of energy at your disposal. You will be able to meet new and exciting people, and will probably become romantically involved with an Aquarian. But there is some likelihood of conflict with your boss or immediate superiors. Your employer may attempt to put a damper on your optimism. However, it is true that your enthusiasm will probably make

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grass were slate-colored, and the eucalyptus-groves were like drypoint prints of eucalyptus groves. We were wet with dew to our ankles, and suddenly, totally, flooding in love and somehow we were holding hands. Just naturally, sweetly, he took my hand. And we talked. And kept on talking. Words had to substitute for . . . for everything else we might have done, had I been wiser, had he been more sure of us.

I can still feel the cosmic confusion I knew that night. *What* was I feeling? *What* was the matter? *What* was happening? *Who* was this person? *Why* did I feel so strange? All I did know was that I had suddenly found the most wonderful person in the world and was happy beyond my capacity to understand.

(Later, in letters, when I was in the army in Germany, and he was a student at Cal, as time and my persistent ignorance were eroding the relationship, I learned that Jurdle had known what we felt, had known what to do about it. Some of Shirley's sailor dates (Santa Cruz had a naval station nearby, in those days) had had to spend the night, and one or two of them, bunked in with Jurdle in the garage, had shown him what sex between men was about. And there had always been Patrick, school-chum from the third grade, with whom he made lots of buddy-love. But he, that night — abnormally wise for 15 — perceived that I had not known anything, and was shockable, so he had done nothing to spoil the wonderment. In that, however, he was a fool.)

Eventually, exhausted in legs and jaws, we came back and fell asleep. It was five o'clock in the morning.

I left with Mary late that afternoon, with a promise to Jurdle to type out and send him the words to some poem or other, I forget what or why. Which I did. With a letter. And he wrote to me and I wrote back and a couple of weeks later he came (by bus) and spent the weekend. (I remember feeling) my subconscious has always had all the brains and perceptivity, and is the only thing that has saved me, all my life), that our parents probably would think it strange, my having a friendship with a 15-year-old, but I didn't, couldn't care. But there were no objections, no problems. My folks, I suspect, must have felt how terribly important this was, and so left me to it.

The extent of Mother's reaction to Jurdle was a well-contained disdain when he revealed himself as a food-nut. He'd brought all his own supplies in cans with Loma Linda labels, containing odd lumps

of stuff called Rediburger, Vegenut Links, and Nuteens. I remember that he just opened a can and ate directly from it, and that was a meal. Mother didn't entirely approve of his being allowed — at his age! — to be eccentric about his diet, but she held her peace, which was rare for her. And God knows he seemed perfectly happy, not to mention healthy. He was already six feet tall, strong and supple, with a good, swimmer's body. His changeable face had a beautiful complexion (tho a heavy beard already), and his huge brown eyes were clear.

I had a double bed, and after we'd listened to my records and poked thru my



library and read some of my poetry, we went to bed. We talked a little, but conversation was oddly strained, and became sporadic, and finally there was silence. For me, the joy and the strain of the non-comprehension were at their fullest spate. I could only lie there, rigid, bursting with nameless joy, violently conscious of Jurdle beside me, his skin against my skin, for without thinking of it at all we had gone to bed naked. Then, with a rustle of the sheets I can still hear, in the darkness Jurdle raised himself on one elbow. Not total darkness, no. I could see him looking down at me, at my face, and suddenly, all the clouds lifted, broke part, vanished, and the first miracle came to pass: I knew who he was . . . he was the person I was in love with so violently that it was close to dying. I loved him. I was in love. I knew what love was.

Then, slowly, with infinite slowness, and gentleness, his face came closer, and his mouth opened, and I smelled on his sweet breath that smell of the breath of someone whose body chemistry has been changed by passion.

And he kissed me.

Tentatively at first, then — as I kissed him back — with released ardor (and marvelous expertise).

My lips still respond to that kiss, still

feel it, can summon it up at will, and worse yet it comes back sometimes without my will. It was the first time I had kissed anyone and known what kissing was all about. And the first time I had ever been truly kissed. And we kissed, my God, how we did kiss that night. Until we fell asleep in each others' arms, from exhaustion. But oh damn him eternally to hell for not having shown me what *more* two people could do to show they loved one another. Damn, damn him forever for being too tender, too shy.

So time went on, and I visited him every weekend or so, and we walked and talked and took off our clothes and swam

in the country-club pool on other moonlight nights and we took showers together in the locker-rooms. (It was all open then, nothing was locked. It was another age entirely.) I remember his body as my own, its look, its feel, and that sweet mouth. It was one of those first nights like that that he demonstrated how, when he came out of a shower he would with his hands — as he put it — "slurp most of the water off," because his father crabbed if there were too many towels in the wash. It struck me as a practical gesture, and I make it to this day: my hands move over right arm, then left arm, then down chest and stomach, legs, front and back, brushing — slurping — off the water. Then I towel vigorously at my hair. And only then . . . a towel. And it is seldom that I do that, even after so many years and not think of Jurdle.

Later, one night, in bed (by this time, his father had relented and rented a small guest cottage behind the house across the lane, and Jurdle had his own little house, away from the family, and they all seemed much happier) we were kissing and rolling about the bed in the kind of frenzy one only knows sincerely truly totally once (and everything after is in one sense an attempt to recapture that

(Continued on Page 41)

(Continued from Page 33)

requires 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 involved. (2) If you are unwilling to come out of the closet that much, but are willing to pay for others to do the job, write Jo that fact too. We will keep your names and donations confidential; we will contact you about this kind of offer too.



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particular once), and his large, knowing hand found my again excruciatingly painful erection, and with spit and gentleness and exquisite awareness of me he masturbated me and when the explosion was past suddenly I knew one more thing about a lot of things.

But — and oh damn and blast me to hell forever for not having had the simple sense to return the gesture. Can you believe that anyone could be so insensitive, so subnormally underdeveloped? I didn't do the same to him. I didn't. I never did. I never did anything like that, and the guilt of that not-doing hangs like a dead garland around my balls ever since. And damn and blast *him* for not showing me that I ought to, for not suggesting that I do it.

Well, one can be only so wise at fifteen, only so wise and no wiser. But it was strange; it seems to me, beyond belief strange that he didn't. Perhaps even stranger than what I didn't do.

Many, but not ever enough, evenings passed so, and we grew closer together, if such were possible. I do not know what my parents thought (I never have), but his mother once twisted her mouth up and said "why don't you fall in love with a girl?" And somewhere on one of those nights I said to him for the first time I said to anyone including mother, father, everyone, anyone in all the world, I said for the first time and by then knew enough to know what I said and how much I meant it, and it came haltingly, wrenched out ... "I ... love ... you. I love you. Oh, Jurdle, I love you so very much." And he held me and my back popped and he said, "I love you too. So much. SO very much." And I could have died for joy, and I am still dying for that long lost joy and always will be until I really die.

Then I went into the army and to Germany, and he went to Cal, and I didn't grow up at all, and my letters were full of sappy juvenile lovetalk and wait-for-me, and at last he had to tell me, but he didn't have to do it so violently, no, yes he did, to knock it off. He was developing one way, he said, and if I ever developed at all he would be in quite another (which has been very true, I think), and so for Chrissakes forget him and stop beating him over the head with letters. And then and there the ghost, the unlaidd ghost, rose up, and has haunted me to this day. I think that it was at that point in time — plus one other point, when I did not return the gesture of his love — that something in me stopped growing and has grown only very slowly and by dint of conscious effort since.

I still have his letters, never read them, do not dare, couldn't possibly part with them. And there are the memories. Always the memories. And I must beware me of moonlight nights when it is clear and warm and I see a star fall and there is still no one who will look me in the dimness and say I love you too.



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Everybody has read *Tom Sawyer* at one time or another, and I wish that all Gays would take another look at it, since I think it forms an integral part of our literary tradition. I have read the book four or five times myself, twice recently, and the last time was a real mind-buster. What follows is the result of that reading and will seem bizarre to your straight cousin in Salinas and even, perhaps, to some conservative Gays; however, the evidence is there in spite of many decades of careless reading and I don't care a whit about straight cousins. I say that *Tom Sawyer* is a gay novel of sorts and belongs to us.

Twain was in his late thirties and recently married when he wrote *Sawyer*, (the book is dedicated to his wife), a man

As a Gay reader, I always take a very close look at certain aspects of a novel, trying to psyche out the author, and female 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 warmths, the strongest feelings — between men and women, or between men only?

Mother figures loom large in Twain, 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 had some deeply ambivalent feelings about mothers — basically he doesn't like them very much and views them as a threat to his masculinity and

Aunt Polly is a blurry, rather featureless individual, fogged over by Twain's guilts, but Becky Thatcher comes right off a candy box — it would be hard to expect a man of Twain's mind-set to view such a young lady without a certain amount of derision. Becky is the prototype of all the cute, flirtatious little twidgets you and I used to fall in love with in grammar school, and Twain doesn't like her very much either, although he can't quite let himself come out and say so. He goes about it by indirection. The ideal type little girl of the time was a cross between the Virgin Mary and Pollyanna, and Twain is plugged into this ideal, but he also knows that real little girls stretch the truth sometimes and like to look at anatomy charts, so he makes the most of it with gleeful insistence.

What people remember most about Becky is the suggestion that Tom is "in love" with her. He presses her pansy to his stomach, moons around over her late at night, takes her switchings for her, and so on, but I don't think Twain views the whole affair with any kind of seriousness or even realism. There is an artificial quality to their courtship which leads me to believe that Twain was putting himself on a bit, and the reader too. He can't resist the humor of children playing at an adult game, and the result sometimes verges on the banal and Disneyesque. In my experience, a boy Tom's age would rather be torn asunder than reveal his girlfriend's name, let alone tell her to her face that he loves her as Tom does, and most fifth or sixth grade boys would as soon throw rocks at a girl as look at her.

Twain's ordinary malice regarding women is best exemplified in Chapt' XXI, "Examination Day," where all the sweet young things of the school stand up and read painfully romantic compositions on such topics as "Friendship," "Melancholy," "Filial Love," etc. Twain's portrayal of the ladies' bloated rhetoric and swooning postures fairly drips with pitiless ill will. (He never stops to consider that these poor creatures are just as victimized by the system as Tom and Huck.)

The climax of *l'affaire* Becky Thatcher comes in the cave adventure, a long, near-deadly probe into the Great Vagina of Mother Earth herself — Mother Earth, Mother, and All Woman. It is *the* central episode in the book and probably in all of Twain's writing as well.

The cave adventure is a terrifying, a humiliating experience, and just to make sure that Tom knows what he's getting into, Twain gives him a symbolic bride — Becky — for company, as a reminder that he's not just dealing with Mama in the cave but with Everywoman.

Tom starts off in the cave with naive, boyish cocksureness, phallic candle in hand, but before too many hours have passed the candle has gone out and of course he has no matches (i.e., he is impotent); and he is left with a puny, spent, worthless candleprick. He is almost hopelessly lost and Becky is by his side, an added responsibility and a millstone around his neck. In a touching but rather phony scene, however, when they are both exhausted and she half out of her wits with fear, they plight their troth in birthday cake and become "married." Later on of course they manage to escape from the Great Pussy after several adventures (more about which later), and the marriage becomes very symbolic indeed — one scarcely even hears of Becky throughout the remainder of the novel.

Note how again Twain manages to have it and eat it too — he gets the name of heterosexual without the game; all the

Ah, they were a darling (bunch of boys)! As pretty as girls, too. A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court

glory but none of the worry, such as what to do if his prick doesn't obey orders.

We've all been there I'm sure, but few of us have managed to look quite so heroic afterwards as Tom Sawyer.

Alright, what about Father?

Twain has gotten rid of two Fathers before the book even starts (Sid is Tom's half brother, and the easiest explanation of that is to assume that their mother put two husbands in the grave before she died herself), but that isn't what I mean, quite, although it is interesting. I started looking around for father figures in the book and almost didn't find any — no one seems to have a father in the first place, other than Becky Thatcher, whose old man comes off as something of a pompous ass, and Huck, whose Pap is nowhere to be seen. I started looking for a threatening, hateful, older male figure who has had some relationship with Mama's vagina — and that has to be Injun Joe. Twain hates him, as he hates all Indians. He knows and respects Blacks, but his feelings about Indians are venomous and hurtful. Injun Joe's perversity is well known to all — he commits murder, betrays Muff Potter, and worst of all, threatens to slit the Widow Douglas' nostrils — so there is no need to go into any detail.

"... Twain had some deeply ambivalent feelings about mothers."

But into Mama's pussy? That's right where Twain puts him, at the furthest extremity of McDougall's Cave. Shortly after Tom's candle goes out he takes his kite string and they go exploring again, in a last-ditch effort to find a way out, and he finds to his horror that Joe has been there all along, even farther and deeper in than he has, significantly holding a very functional candle, lit.

Later on Tom has the most poetic revenge in the world — ol' Father Figure gets trapped and dies trying to claw his way out of Mama's maidenhead, which has been symbolically restored, and Sophocles couldn't have done it better. The whole cave incident serves as an object lesson on the dangers of the female vagina, both past and future — Twain's message is *Steer clear, boys, you may never come out alive.*

If Tom loves, hates, and fears Aunt Polly, detests his father, and is only going through the motions with Becky Thatcher, who does he like, really? The answer is obvious, and up to a point perfectly "natural" in our society — his closest ties are to his male peers, most strongly of all to Huck Finn.

Huck is even more rebellious than Tom. He comes into the picture swinging a dead cat (Twain has a *thing* about cats, particularly dead ones), and ends up practically taking over the novel. He smokes, chews, doesn't go to school, cusses, has no set bed time, and generally leads a completely unfettered existence. Twain likes this and so does Tom, as much as he dares.

Without Huck the escapade on Jackson's Island simply wouldn't have cohered, and probably couldn't have happened in the first place.

Many, many questions have been raised about that island adventure and I approached it with great caution, not immediately disposed to give it a homosexual interpretation. The primary function of the incident is to let Tom thumb his

Richard Amory reads TOM SAWYER

Richard Amory

with several successful ventures behind him (*Roughing It, The Innocents Abroad*), and at the win-or-lose point in his career when pressures from wife and work must have made the irresponsibilities of early adolescence in Hannibal, Missouri, look awfully attractive to him. The whole book is a joyous, gloating affirmation of anti-establishment, blow-your-nose-on-the-rug, anti-intellectual and anti-female values.

Growing up male in Missouri in the 1840's must have been an ambiguous situation indeed, as it is to a somewhat lesser extent today. The admired masculine types were men who had balls and showed it in whatever they undertook — John D. Rockefeller and Judge Roy Bean, for example — while women were expected to be little more than pretty, beribboned brood sows. Everyone knew and accepted these definitions, including Twain, and tried their best to live up to them, although the results were sometimes disastrous. (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 less than A-plus masculine Sioux or Iroquois Indian had to make, and a modern Mexican.) It was Twain's genius to put his finger on the inherent ambiguities in such a rigid situation, to find the exact tension between real-unreal, masculine-feminine, boy-man, worker-drone, sinner-saint, and play on it so skillfully that every het-jock-preacher in America can read *Tom Sawyer* and laugh a little about how he too used to sneak a smoke out behind the barn and whack off with the boys. It's a relief from Jack Armstrong and Billy Graham, who aren't a bit funny.

Basically, this is what the book is all about. It seems to meander along like the Mississippi itself, with its dozens of sub-plots, characters, and incidents, but the thread that ties it together is the question of how Tom is going to resolve the conflict between his own rebellious nature and the demands placed on him by an adult, role-defining world, and isn't this a problem faced by all Gays? Sooner or later we have to come to terms with the straight world, and the more healthy among us end up saying *Screw off, let me be, get off my back.* It is to Twain's everlasting credit that his major characters, including Tom, *never sell out* to the establishment. (As a matter of fact, there are some passages in the *Connecticut Yankee* that make Abby Hoffman look like a parlor pink.)

independence. Aunt Polly is a pleasant enough soul to be sure, good-hearted and not very shrewd, *but*, and this is important, she is also the primary instrument for laying the burden of hum-drum, emasculated, adult responsibilities on Tom's shoulders. Twain doesn't like that a bit, but twist and turn as he might he can't, or won't, escape it, except in a rather futile fashion. What he does do is *wish her away*. (She's not really my mother, she's only my aunt.) He indulges himself in a significant fantasy, that of the foundling child who doesn't have to love his mother because she's not really his mother.

Note that his real hero, Huck Finn, has no mother at all to hold him accountable — his brief relationship with the Widow Douglas probably represents Twain's deepest wishes concerning mothers and what they stand for. Huck gets out from under her *fast*.

Now, it just happens that nobody in our society can have such feelings about Mother and get away with them guilt-free, and Twain is no exception. Motivated by guilt, Tom goes to extraordinary lengths to prove that he may be a disobedient roughneck at times but he still loves Aunt Polly somewhere and badly wants her approval — thus the whole business about the night visit to Polly and Joe Harper's mother, and the sycamore bark message, which struck me as curiously contrived and strained. Agonized, wanting proof that he really loves her while still not quite believing him, Aunt Polly vacillates ("It's a good lie — it's a good lie — I won't let it grieve me.") but finally reaches into the jacket pocket to find the (*rather tardy*) proof of what she sought, and exclaims, through flowing tears, "I could forgive the boy now if he'd committed a million sins!"

Hence all the fuss, all the trickiness — Twain wants to have his cake and eat it too, getting Tom out from under the hated, feminine conventionality and at the same time retaining Polly's badly needed love. But if Tom had really considered her feelings, had really loved her without complications, he wouldn't have gone off to the island with Huck and Joe in the first place. Instead, he has to prove his worth by indulging in one of the oldest gambits in the history of adolescence — the you'll-be-sorry-when-I'm-dead-and-gone routine, the last resort of a desperately insecure person. It's a cheap trick but Twain pulls it off in brilliant fashion.

nose at Aunt Polly and the world and to dramatize his own unique value — a natural enough undertaking, and not confined to Gays. On the other hand, I always pay close attention to scenes in books where two or more male characters strip down naked — sometimes they mean something and sometimes they don't, but usually, I think, they do. In Twain's case it is hard to say for sure — nobody owned or even thought of owning a bathing suit in those days, so the nude bathing under the circumstances is unobtrusive and logical and I wouldn't 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* — three boys running off together, defying the straight, emasculating 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 society. In this sense it is beside the point to ask what they actually *did* on the island — Twain says that they smoked, fished, and generally goofed around, and one can suppose that they did a bit of whacking off together, as boys will do — but what counts most is the all-maleness, the masculine sodality, 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.

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 young manhood he avoided their company almost entirely. To be sure he eventually married (late, in his middle thirties), and fathered two children, but so did I — I am the father of *three* children, and make no claims to being straight.

Taking a very careful guess and making all due allowances, I would say that Twain was not even a bisexual, which is a misleading term in the first place, but rather a homosexual who happened to be able to make it with women. Donald Webster Cory in his *Homosexual in America*, Chapter Six, attempts to bring some order to the bewildering complexities surrounding the genesis of male homosexuality, and his paragraphs on "Harvey" are an almost perfect description of Twain. As a youngster "Harvey" had had a very seductive mother who was in the habit of taking him to bed with her until he was seven, when she remarried. Of course the boy hated his stepfather and later came to equate heterosexuality with incest, among other things, and "Harvey" grew up to become a "masculine" Gay. Cory summarizes "Harvey's" (and Twain's) early development as follows:

1. Unbalanced love of a boy for his mother, reaching heights of physical desire from which there is a subsequent flight.
2. Effort of a boy to replace his father because of the latter's absence, death, or inadequacy, with all heterosexual love representing the love for his mother.

"... into the Great Vagina of Mother Earth herself..."

Granting that Cory's language leaves something to be desired (the book came out in 1951), this pioneer description fits Twain's almost fanatical love and fear of mothers, his utter loathing of fathers, better than anything I have read so far, and I think further research into Twain's biography will bear me out.

Twain probably tried to straighten himself out in later years, leaving behind him the peccadilloes of his adolescence and young manhood, but I'll bet my bottom dollar it was a terrible strain. One knows from experience that Gayness just doesn't die that easily, and herein lies the key to Twain's genius. It was there, he knew it was there, and he *used it* as a further aid to his critical faculties. Homosexuals and other pariahs are gifted with a double vision — we see what society tells us to see *and also what we know is there* — there is nothing more hilarious to me, for example, than the elaborate masquerade of a Raiders game, and Twain more than anybody else of his generation was able to see through all the sham and

"... his closest ties are to his male peers."

pretense of the world around him. He had his blind spots to be sure, but in many ways he was far ahead of his time. Nobody was or has been better able than he to express all the ambiguities of growing up slightly sinful and slightly silly in 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 homosexuality, simply opted out and became the most insightful writers of their respective generations; *Tom Sawyer*, with all its ups and downs is a masterpiece, and I don't use that term lightly. Read it again, soon, and see what he has to tell you.

(Mark Twain, you handsome old dog you, I love you madly!)



PHALLIC MYSTICISM

(Continued from Page 22)

We are in exodus out of a "land of bondage" trusting not in "God" nor Jesus but believing and trusting in ourselves and each other. We as an assertive Gay revolutionary force are an eschatological community and a new prophetic witness in the world. We are a sign of a new age — a Brave New World. We are a *new* sacramental presence replacing the old. We, in place of Jesus or any other myth or historical person are a *living* witness to a new level of loving and social consciousness born out of very real harassment, slavery and slaughter — risen out of a "land of broken symbols." The Brave New World is our self-made world; where with love and understanding, there is neither Christian nor Jew, neither Greek nor Roman, neither male nor female, neither "homosexual" nor "heterosexual" and neither slave nor master, but where all are as one and equal in a classless androgynous type society.

(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 feel 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. Also favorable for traveling and correspondence with friends and relatives. You could become emotionally involved with a Pisces 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, appearance, clothes and home environment. You are likely to want to entertain this month and will do so successfully. This is a good time to relax and enjoy the company of others. You will feel romantically inclined and have much sex appeal to the opposite/same sex. In fact, you may receive a gift from an admirer, or your new love who will likely be an Aries. A good time for correspondence, short journeys, and dealings with relatives. You may have conflict with mate over financial matters however.

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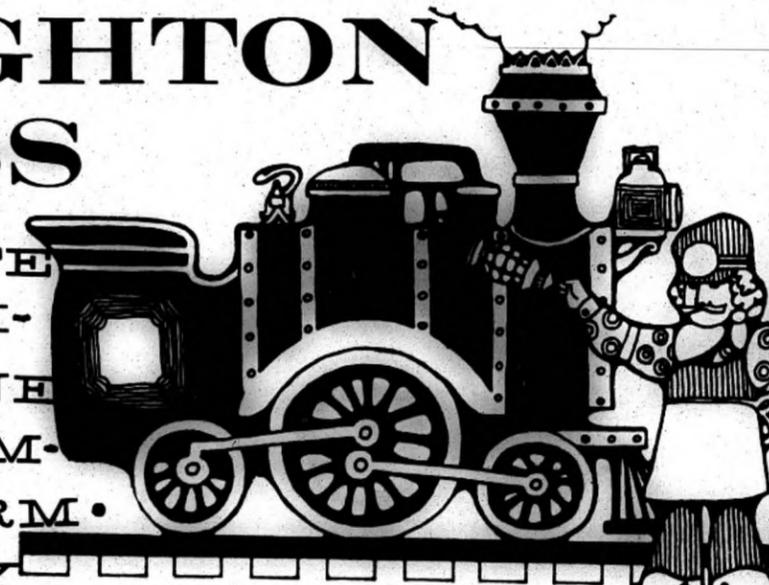
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Hannibal, Travel Editor



All fallen angels eventually flutter toward the beguiling sanctuary of Elysian Amsterdam. Few places in the world offer such a masterful combination of delicious decadence and pristine elegance. Here is a city that massages all your senses and leaves you marvelously exhausted and exhilarated. Going to Amsterdam? Lucky cherub! Blissful deliverance from the commonplace awaits you just beyond the next canal. *Welcome* to the pageant!

Try to arrive in the evening. The only way to conquer the devastating effects of 'jet lag' is to get to bed soon after you arrive. You adjust much more quickly to the time difference if you go to bed and get up at whatever approximates normal time wherever you are.

Two buses leave the airport for the city: one goes to the KLM terminal; the other goes to the train station. If you're staying in central Amsterdam, go to the train station. You're within a fifteen-minute walk or short taxi ride of most hotels.

Stroll the few blocks to Herengracht 19, a delightful headquarters for the gay capital of Europe. It's the Hotel New York, which is beside a tranquil, tree-lined canal convenient to anything that will interest you.

Gays from all over the world prefer this address in Amsterdam. The rooms, at \$12 for a single and \$16 for a double, are cheap for Amsterdam. The hotel would be full all the time whatever the rooms were like, but Herr Veenstra takes considerable pride in this remarkable 360-year-old canal-front hotel. He has recently redecorated throughout. Your hearty Dutch breakfast, included in the price of the room, is taken in a cheery petite salon which features a score of charming guests and a variety of languages every morning. There is even a small bar in the lobby for the convenience of guests.

If you expect to explore this enchanting country in fewer than ten days, you have a dazzling schedule ahead. Pamper yourself with a good rest the first night. Have a leisure breakfast the next morning and spend most of the day sprawled in bed preparing your schedule and wallowing in luxury. Then, when you *do* get started, you will last longer.

While all over the world our treasured landmarks are falling like towels at the baths, the venerable D.O.K. remains one of the few really exciting gay bars anywhere. It is a cozy brick cave at Singel 460. Careful with those fantasies, however. That strapping Italian leaning moodily against the wall may be a dentist from Racine, Wisconsin.

"... Delicious decadence and pristine elegance."

Hundreds of the world's most delectable men dance and drink here any midnight 'til four a.m. Take your passport, which is necessary to buy a "membership" at the 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 the man 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 johns.

"... eyes as big as cock rings stares at you..."

A pretty boy with eyes as big as cock rings stares at you over someone else's shoulder as his 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.

Somewhere across the room, lips that have visited a thousand dark crevices shriek in despair that a favorite song will end before the dance floor can be reached. Enfeebled by years of booze and drugs and rejection, he will dance frantically to the seductive rhythm of the impending death rattle. You avert your eyes and pursue the present tense of your life.

Two of you dance. Then three. Four. Explosive ripples of pliant bodies supplicate the devastating crescendo of 45 r.p.m. promises.

Also check out the C.O.C. at Korte Leidsedwardsstraat 49 if you like to dance. You will need your passport here too. If you prefer leather, the L & L is at Elandsgracht 29. MacDonald's at Reguilersdwardsstraat 11 is an intimate bar that attracts a younger crowd. It seems to be a favorite hang-out of KLM stewards, easily the world's most beautiful and talented flight service attendants.

"... not all candlelight and crotches."

The elegant crowd usually settles at Incognito, Kerkstraat 59. Day cruising (beginning about 3 p.m.) is supposed to be most satisfactory at Moors-EI Dorado, Amstel 14.

Thermal pleasure -- so I'm told -- is available at Sauna Thermos II at Raamstraat 33, best in the daytime.

There are other gay hotels, too. The Comeback at Singel 456 is near the D.O.K. (Phone 06.75.19). The Orfeo is at Leidsekruisstraat 14 (Phone 23.13.47). The Unique is at Kerbstraat 37 (Phone 24.47.85). Phone numbers are included for the foolhardy. You should have your Travel Agent get you a room confirmed before you leave.

Amsterdam is not all candlelight and crotches: 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 Tobacco Museum (don't miss the illustration of the horse with a pipe up its buns), 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 abound. 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 comprehensive 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" certificate, which will entitle you to a generous collection of gifts and discounts while you're there.

Any time you visit Holland, it is a celebration of the joy of living -- whatever your lifestyle. That *is* paradise, isn't it?

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(Continued from Page 20)

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 Pacciotti 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 Fizare 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.

The best came last. And it was high time that this company, stubbornly stuck

(Continued on Page 50)

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a robin ad.

(Continued from Page 48)

in a strictly classical tradition, got around to The Master, *Symphony in C* is one of Balanchine's big ballets, a pear to the poetry of order and balance, passionate in its cool sense of justice to the dancers, joyous in its worship of the muse. Literally every person in the company had some fine moment, and literally everybody rose to it like hungry fish to a chumner.

Thank God, this downer of a season ended on a definite up beat!

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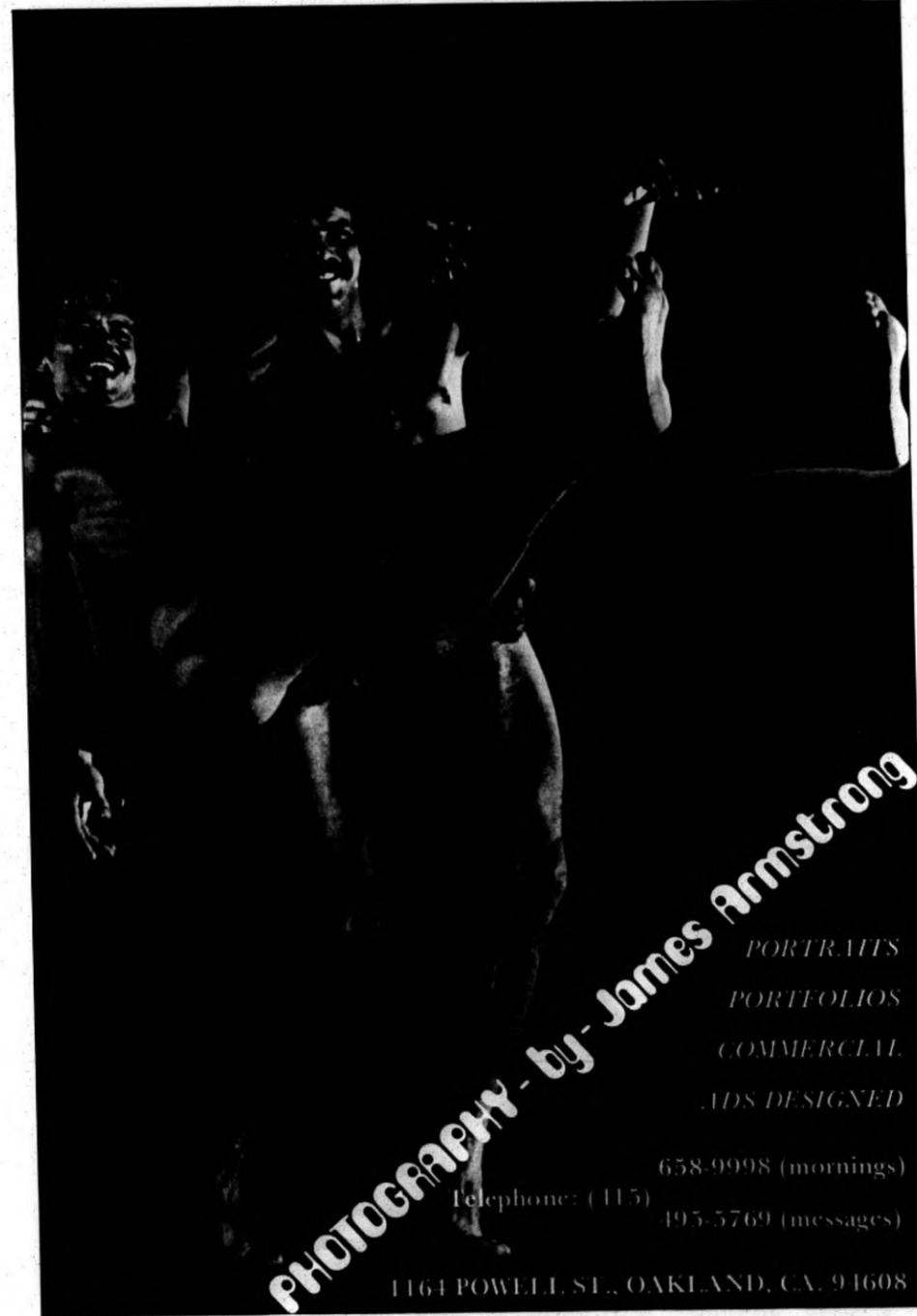
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Readers of slick gay magazines such as *Vector*, *Queen's Quarterly*, *California Scene*, *After Dark*, and now *David*, are drawn to the purchase of same by the photograph or illustration on the cover, hoping that there will be more like it on the inside. It is almost an admission that like children, we do not read the copy, but merely look at the pictures. The effect of Watergate, street crime, and tragedies such as the New Orleans fire fall heavily upon us and we want to dull our senses 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 entertain.

The Society has some 1200 members plus an additional seven or eight hundred 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 National Conference on Social Welfare and Gay Liberation which he recently attended because I feel it so well illustrates what some seemingly inactive members are doing to help us in our fight for acceptance and equal rights.

"For the second year in a row, gay liberation was very visible at the Annual Forum of the National Conference on Social Welfare. This was the Centennial 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, cleverly 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 policy paper now before the National Board of the National Association of Social Workers.

"I held three seminars this year entitled: (1) Gay Liberation - A challenge to the health and welfare professions, (2) Lesbian/Woman - Double jeopardy (co-led 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 TASKFORCE 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:115-1, 2A:164-3, 2A:143-1 and 2A:170-5;

"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 urge the New Jersey Legislature and other appropriate persons to repeal all laws forbidding or interfering with sexual relationships between consenting adults in private;

"Be it further resolved that the Social Action Forum charges the Board of NCSW to communicate to all appropriate persons its intentions not to return to 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 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

Passed by the Social Issues Forum of the National Conference on Social Welfare, May 30, 1973.

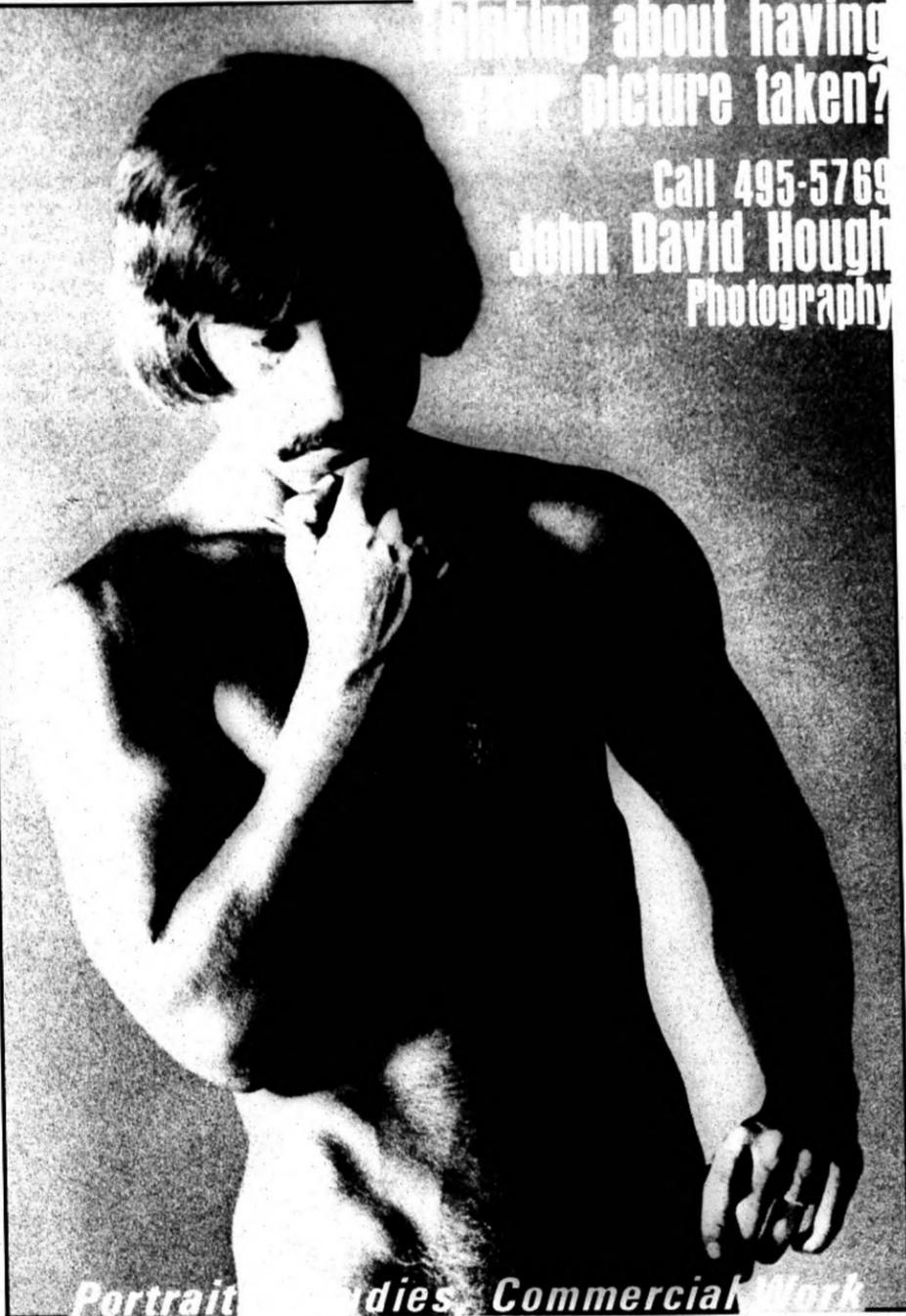
"It was passed without opposition and forwarded to the Board.

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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BENJAMIN VELASCO

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**PENINSULA
Palo Alto:**

- Bachelors Quarters, 1934 University, 325-7575
Golden Door Sauna, 1205 Bayshore, 325-9121

Redwood City:

- Fred's Health Club, 1718 Broadway, 365-9303 (Only women on Mondays)

VECTOR CLASSIFIEDS

MASON-EDDY BARBER SHOP - 131 Eddy (Formerly Hyde-Away) 771-1013

GAY CATHOLICS

Join **DIGNITY**, a National Catholic group of sincere gay men & women with an active spiritual, educational & social program. WRITE: DIGNITY NATIONAL OFFICE, Box 6161, Los Angeles, Calif. 90055
S.F. DIGNITY meets every First Sun. 4 p.m. Potluck dinner May 6th. Call 282-3170 or write 2449 Harrison, S.F.

MOVING - HAULING - DELIVERY
 Free Estimate! Call Charles. 864-3563

VICTORIAN STUDIO FLAT - restored, unfurnished, beautiful gardens, Castro area, \$175. 472-4734.

THREE VICTORIAN FLATS - unfurnished, 5-6 rooms, Castro area, \$200-225, available Aug. 1. 472-4734.

WE'LL TAKE YOUR LOAD - Moving & hauling, Call Keith, 282-8085

SLAVE WANTED - DOWNTOWN SAN FRAN. Live-in possible with benevolent auto-crat. (56, 6'2", 220). Please write Paul, P.O. Box 2811, San Francisco 94126. Telephone anytime (415) 775-4806.

LIVE AMONG THE UNDERSTANDING - furn. apt. bargain at \$110 for 1 or 2 persons. Conveniently located in heart of Tenderloin. Eddy & Jones area. Tub/Shower. Phone MGR anytime (415) 775-4806

HAPPINESS IS MEATING A FRIEND AT THE MOVIES ... Fred's Health Club, 1718 Broadway in Redwood City, 365-9303

WILDWOOD RANCH is coming. For info & details, write Wildwood Ranch, P.O. Box 31384, San Francisco 94131.

JIM'S TRUCKING SERVICE
 MOVING AND HAULING
 FREE ESTIMATES - 752-3655

SUNDAY IS FUN-DAY at Fred's Health Club, 1718 Broadway in Redwood City. Special \$2.50 rate includes: Movies, Sauna, Color TV Lounge, Private & Group Rooms, Free Snack Table. Low Rates & Cruisy People! 365-9303.

WOOD BROS. TOWING CO. - Complete Auto Repair and Body Shop, specializing in foreign cars. State Farm towing and 24 hr. emergency road and repair service. 14 E. Sir Francis Drake Blvd., Greenbrae. 924-4083.

MOVIES WANTED: 8mm or Super 8, male or female, 365-9303.

DON'T BE LEFT OUT! Join the correspondence club for older males & younger men (over 21) interested in older men. Send your 25-word ad (names & addresses are kept confidential) & \$2 & receive our first up to date bulletin. Goliath Gazette, GPO Box 3003, NYC 10001 dep. V-7

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 CALL HERB WEBB, Agent
 COLUMBIA REALTY
 626-6657

S.I.R. MAILING SERVICE - Your Private Mail Service - We Receive and Hold U.S. Mail. \$3.00 per month; \$5.00 with forwarding service. Letters mailed at special rates. ADDRESS: 69 - 6th St., San Francisco, CA 94103. Apply to: Office Manager, SIR Center Offices, 67 - 6th St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

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

GAY BUSINESSES - If you are a plumber, physician, carpenter, TV repairman, etc., and want gay business, contact S.I.R. for a listing in our referral service.

RECEIVE YOUR MAIL AT OUR ADDRESS, any name, \$2/month. 1718 Broadway, Redwood City.

CAREER GUIDANCE - ANALYSIS, Resumes. FREE Details, job search aids. Consultant, 4172V Emerald Lk. Dr., Decatur, GA 30032.

MONEY-SAVING N.Y. THEATRE TIPS - 13 shows in 8 days! Copyrighted. Send \$1, Box 9061, Dept. V, Washington, D.C. 20003

ANSWERING SERVICE - \$5.00 monthly. Call 864-3000 for details on all your answering service needs in San Francisco.

GAY NOTE CARDS - 10 different cards for \$3.35 or 17 diff. for \$5.50. These are of fine artistic style - printed on quality stock. **RUSH ORDER NOW!** Send for FREE brochure - state age. GOLIATH, GPO Box 3003, NYC 10001 Dp V6

GAY? DRINKING PROBLEM? OTHERS HAVE FOUND A WAY. WE MEET FOUR NIGHTS A WEEK. CALL 982-4473

PROJECTED GAY-ORIENTED MAGAZINE needs non-fiction articles and photography. For information and fees, write Inter/Action, 427 West 5th St., Suite 419, Los Angeles, CA 90013.

WANTED - CARETAKER in Sonoma County. Write Wildwood Ranch, P.O. Box 31384, San Francisco.

SUNDAY IS FUNDAY AT FRED'S HEALTH CLUB - SPECIAL \$2.50 RATE FOR THE WHOLE WORKS - SEE OUR OTHER ADS.

GAY NOTE CARDS FOR SALE - 10 different \$4.00 includes FREE illustrated brochure. State age & include signature. GOLIATH, GPO Box 3003, NYC 10001 dep. V-7

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VECTOR BACK ISSUES - Here is an opportunity to complete your file of back issues of VECTOR. While they last, we will sell all back issues at 75 cents each or 12 for \$7.50 postpaid. These are collectors' items, and this may be opportunity knocking at your door. Send your requests with check to cover to
VECTOR BACK ISSUES
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PIANO LESSONS - Popular or classical, beginners or advanced - Be a Star! - Bob Campbell, 386-0312

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 Reasonable prices for quality work. Call eves or leave message. 563-0387

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FRED'S HAS SOMETHING FOR EVERY BODY - Guys and Gals! (Monday noon 'til Tuesday 11 a.m. for gay women only, noon to midnite weekdays and 24 hours weekends for men only.) The facilities on all days include: sauna, gay male & lesbian movies, piano, ping pong, showers, private rooms, free snack table, and color TV lounge, all in a home-like atmosphere where you can meet people - not just pick up a trick. 1718 Broadway, Redwood City, 365-9303.



Gay fiction, photo stories, studies

Even Yours!

TREAT YOUR BODY NICELY. BUY IT A NEW MAGAZINE ...

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Name _____
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 I AM 21 YEARS OLD AMOUNT ENCLOSED \$ _____

The Society for Individual Rights is seeking the advice of persons expert in marketing for the development and success of future programs.

Your wish for anonymity will be respected.

If you are experienced in Marketing Techniques and wish to contribute your knowledge to assure the success of the Society,

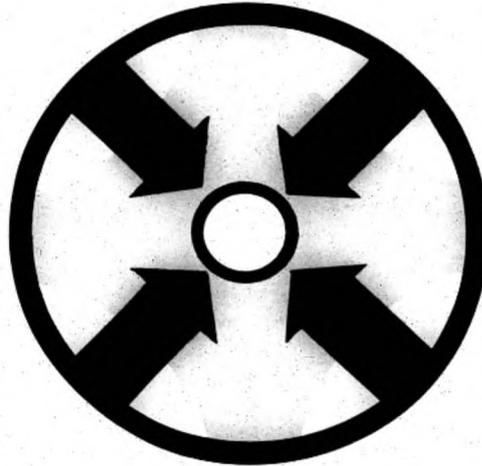
PLEASE CONTACT
FRANK FITCH, PRESIDENT
 621-6621 or 781-1570

Classifieds
 \$1 per line
 42 spaces per line
 Deadline on the 7th
 of the month
 preceding the
 month of issue.

S.I.R. MEMBERSHIP DRIVE 1973

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.

SOCIETY FOR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE _____ SPONSOR _____

Sponsor is not authorized to collect cash. Please pay by check or money order.

Amount paid \$ _____

PLEDGE: In lieu of payment at this time, I agree to pay the sum of \$ _____ within the next 30 days.

Signed _____ Date _____

Life Member	\$150.00	Sustaining Member	\$50.00	Regular Member	\$15.00
Sponsoring Member	\$100.00	Contributing Member	\$25.00	VECTOR only	\$10.00

SOCIETY FOR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS INC. · 1973 MEMBERSHIP DRIVE
83 SIXTH STREET · SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94103 · (415) 781-1570

**For Additional Information call S.I.R.
(415) 781-1570**