

VECTOR

JANUARY 1974

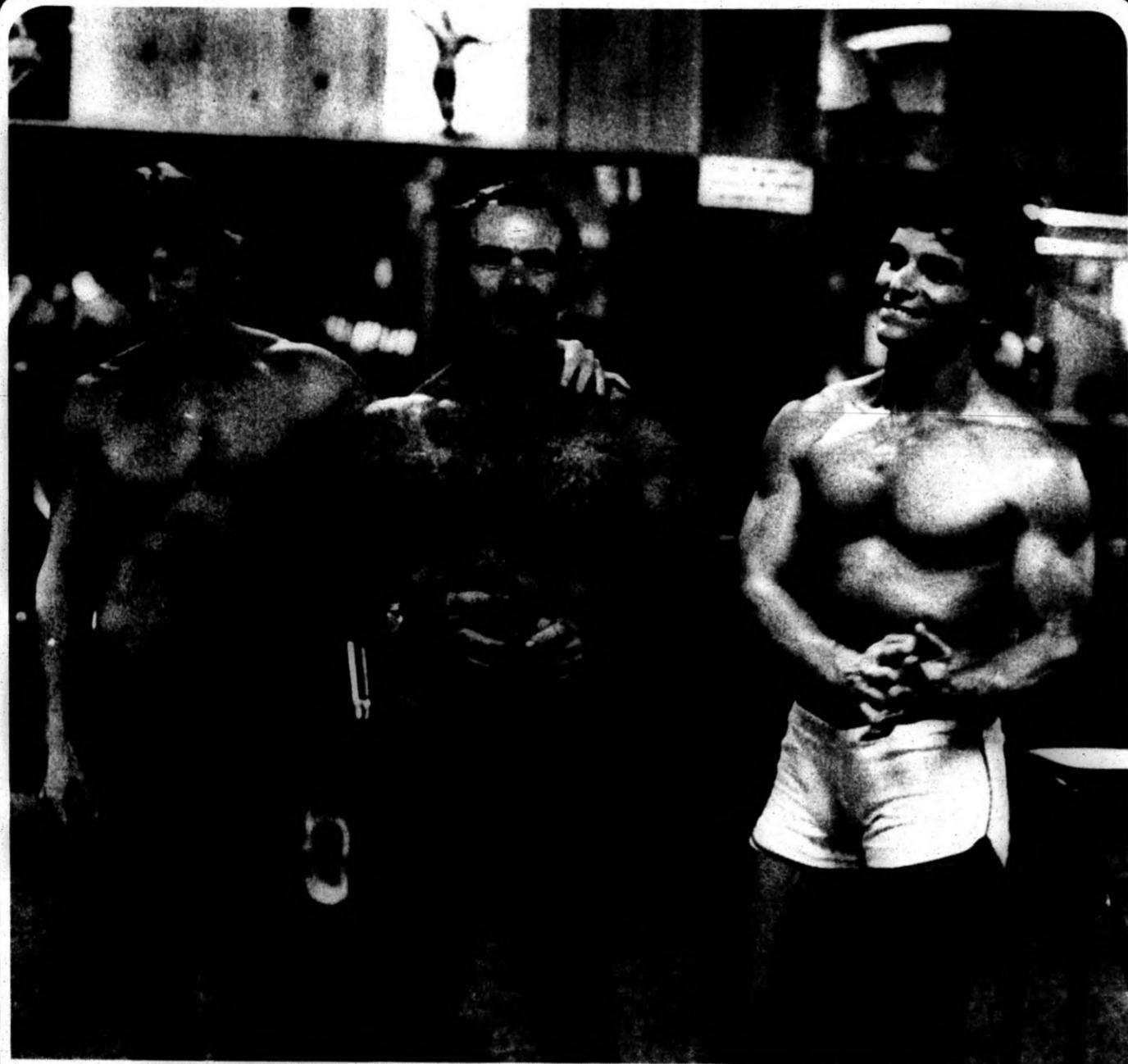
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MORRIS KIGHT

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editorial

Under most frequent attack (and praise) in VECTOR is the suspected attitude and philosophy projected by the staff selection of non-story connected (male art) photographs. We run the gamut monthly from cries of "Sexist!" to "Divine!" with an occasional request for "older types" of models.

Several readers have written glowing comments about the photography in the recently published *Ladies Home Companion Calendar* and claim that the obvious attainability of these models make them more appealing since they run counter to the standards set by the gay world in terms of waist size, hair styles (chests), muscle tone, etc., as well as personalities projected in faces whereas the typical VECTOR model descends from their Mount Olympus of physical perfection and quite obviously project the idea that they don't require anything from us other than admiration and envy for their plastic perfection. Is it their unattainability that turns people both on and off?

We approached our photographers to come up with a more "Human" model and they said, "Sure. Good idea to try something new. Find us the men and we'll do the rest."

Dutifully, we approached several real, attractive, the-guy-who-lives-down-the-hall type and upon our request to serve as a VECTOR model (we searched all the baths) we encountered a look of horror and quickly came to realize that lack of physical perfection, in gay terms, is synonymous with a stigma and in no way are we going to broadcast our private sins. Is it a sin to be less than bodily perfect? Does personality detract from physicality? Does the concept merit further exploration? △

A VOICE FOR THE GAY COMMUNITY

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If only in the winter of his life, Capricorn learns to bend his knees, he serves with Love. Use us all well, Capricorn, and we will all learn to serve one another!

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letters

Hong Kong a Bomb

As a world traveler, I have been to many places but advise your people to mark Hong Kong off their lists. I've met no one Gay so far. If your people are heading to the East, advise Tahiti. It's like pickin' peaches off the tree. But DON'T advise Hong Kong unless they just want to see a lovely city.

J.E.
Tahiti

Man-Hating Disturbing

I found Roberta Dill's article, Man-Hating Reviewed (VECTOR Sept/Oct) somewhat disturbing. Since I am not a person set on hating anyone I never really considered the possibility of someone hating men simply because they are men. I think it is necessary for all of us not to classify the opposite sex as friend or enemy but to look at each person as an individual.

Let's not look for hate in life, but let's look for understanding, friendship and peace in all peoples.

S. F.
Oakland, California

Police Letter a Plant?

While the letter regarding public sex which was forwarded by the police department and printed in your October issue is indeed eloquent. Its form indicates that it was not written by an ordinary citizen.

The average citizen making a complaint about an incident involving sex in mens' rooms would tend to give an account similar to the second paragraph. They would be unlikely to neatly classify the incident "homosexual activity in rest-rooms" or specify the location in the

manner of the first paragraph. Indeed the letter reads more like a police report of the incident.

The phrases "exposed and erect" penis and "witnessing or engaging in homosexual activity" would probably not be used by a person who unintentionally happened upon such an incident, yet they are routinely used by the police.

And, finally, the complainant knew precisely which section of the Penal Code he wished the police to "vigorously enforce" all of which leads me to believe that the letter was written by someone familiar with police department routine, probably a policeman. I regard it as just another attempt to promote and enforce unnecessary laws. Since public sex is disapproved of by most people the number of incidents involving this harmless activity would probably be no greater without the laws against it. I believe the police have more important work to do than hanging around men's rooms.

J. F.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Please Find Time to Bend Over

Glad to read in the November Issue of VECTOR that the financial problems of S.I.R. are being solved and that VECTOR promises to be bigger and better than ever. Not much could be done to improve the Nov. Issue. Only please do not become so immersed in your work that you cannot find time to bend over.

The story by James Brennan was a classic. The centerfold was the best, ever. Here was presented a real personality, not a body with a first name only, but the body of Paul Venterstein, a man with an

identification and a personality equal to few.

My hearty congratulations!!

F. O.
Worcester, Massachusetts

Twelve Back Issues, Please.

Just got my first issue of VECTOR and enclose \$7.50 for 12 back issues.

The photos by James Armstrong are so great! I would like to see what he can do with duals or more—genitals need not be revealed. I leave that to Mr. Armstrong. One issue of VECTOR and I've been hooked!

A. T.
New York City

A Plea from St. Louis

While in S.F. on vacation this past summer I again renewed my friendship with VECTOR. Here in the Bi-State area we are bombarded with DAVID which runs a poor second to VECTOR and the Southern California ADVOCATE, a fair newspaper for the gay world, but a poor substitute for VECTOR.

Sure wish that your sales promotion staff started pushing VECTOR in the area, here. Best of luck and continuing success.

A. L. S.
St. Louis, Missouri

VECTOR STAFF PROFILE

PRAVDA

by James A. Inman

How would you describe the humanistic quality so clearly visible in your work?

I paint people because they deeply affect me. I paint what I feel goes on beneath the skin. Since the face tends to be reflective of internal moods. I deal primarily with it and how THEIR world differs from mine. There is a definite distinction to be made between technically fine portrait work and expression of personality through facial features. I merely illuminate those qualities I see already existing in the person whatever they may be.

Are you able to see where you, Pravda, relate to your paintings and illustrations?

First of all, I view myself as an artist and a woman who is self-searching through her work. Possibly even trying to find some kind of balance between myself, my love and the rest of the world. As my emotional state shifts I can trace firm changes throughout my work.

Sexuality has had a profound effect on what I do and being bisexual allows me to explore the various dimensions to my personality. I'm now culminating my sexual and sensitive nature and and more important myself as a whole person. Varied sexual experiences as well as socializing with people of varying life styles has enriched and broadened my creative outlook.

Do you see a spiritual force behind any of the things you do?

Yes. Most definitely. I can feel a growing spiritual movement within me giving strength to the direction I'm going in. It gives anything I do, whether it be jewelry, sculpture, painting, and my other work, a spiritual quality. I'm aware of the importance of god and I now have perspective as to why I am on this earth.

You mentioned other art forms—sculpture, jewelry, etc. Can you see a connection between them?

Some relate directly to other pieces or periods of time, but basically every project represents a totally different collection of emotions and ideas.

Do you foresee a future direction your work might take?

For now, I'm concerned with progressing more towards a loosening and free flow of thoughts and fantasy—a concentrated push into a completely new direction. This pertains to all media and maybe even an innovation towards something fresh. I do see a future inclination toward film and more immediately plans for a theatrical unit. I'm assembling a group of people I consider to be relatively free thinking and uninhibited with visions of doing a sensual physical approach to drama. It amounts to exploring interactions between people, with audience participation being central to its theme, and the wide range of possibilities which could open up for interpersonal Communication. As for my growth, as a person and an artist, I foresee continuing development of sensory awareness to be a key factor in finding inner happiness.



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theatre

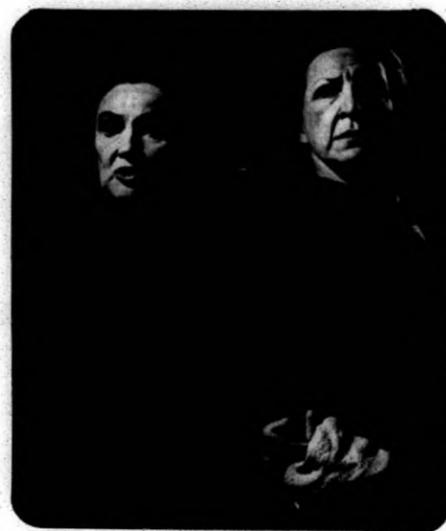
The Miser
by Moliere
A.C.T., San Francisco

Not to be upstaged by his boss' distorted commedia production of *The Taming of the Shrew*, Director, Allen Fletcher served up a mid-nineteenth century dressing on Moliere's, *The Miser*, which brought the show closer to the musical, *Oliver!*, than to Moliere. We had the sets, the costumes, and a superb Mr. Fagin but sadly missed all of the boys. It was a cheap solution to a difficult producing problem. Take away the French Classic "style" (whatever that is) and you are left with scripts that are on a level with 40's radio comedies ala the Ozzie and Harriet ilk. Most of the audience laughter was at the script. The concluding scene was somewhere between Gilbert and Sullivan and early Verdi. The question remains, why bother to produce this play in the first place?

Once again, all of the A.C.T. strengths were there—brilliant movement-choreography, wonderful vocal production, fascinating sets, costumes that were perfect down to the in-seams, an exciting (wrong) sound environment, masterful lighting, and flawless timing. This is a company which never falls an inch short of their goals—stunning theatre in the rarified atmosphere of perfection. What a waste!

If only the directors would stop gilding the lillies with self-indulgent concepts. If they are so bored with traditional style let us find directors to direct plays which fulfill whatever needs they have to excel. A theatre filled with Peter Brooks we do not need in this theatre-starved town.

Let's keep the season consistent with an ancient Roman (Satyricon?) styled *The Cherry Orchard* or perhaps a mid-60's Haight-Ashbury or, why not an all male cast?



Nancy Wickwire and Ruth Kobart from A.C.T.'s next production, Garcia Lorca's powerful production, *THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA*, with a new translation by Tom Stoppard.

PHOTOGRAPHY - by
James Armstrong

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BETWEEN ROCKS AND HARD PLACES

BY DAVID GOODSTEIN

Moderates in Gay Liberation are numerous. We like to think we represent the majority. But then the Rocks and Hard Places like to think they do, too. Moderates believe that Gay Liberationists must be vigorous and active about changing laws and institutions that oppress us for our humanity. We see no reason why we can't enjoy ourselves during this process. We do not believe it is necessary or desirable to overthrow the system, by force or otherwise, in order to achieve a better life for ourselves.

Although this position may seem noncontroversial, it antagonizes the bejeezuz out of the Rocks and Hard Places of the Gay Movement. Thus, we are caught between them, always under attack by one and often by both. These attacks are personal, often malicious, and nearly always hilarious.

I have dubbed our Marxist brothers and sisters the Rocks of Gay Liberation. They know everything that currently is good for us, as well as everything that ever will be good for us. This knowledge is possessed with an amount of certainty and confidence that ordinary mortals cannot have. The doctrines of Marx, Lenin, and Che Guevara are carefully preserved by the Rocks for their own purity and the enlightenment of us poor benighted bourgeois. Gay Radicals care a great deal about "grassroots support" and "alternative lifestyles." This means them. No amount of evidence about the sorry fate of Gay People in Socialist countries

fazes them. They are impervious to views other than their own.

The Rocks talk endlessly about what "rip-offs" gay bars are. They also usually make a point about what little sex they have. One is left with the unmistakable impression that not only do they not make out in the bars or baths; but also that they hate everyone who does. Oliver Cromwell's Puritans had nothing on them!

The Rocks are hostile to anyone who lives in a home with fewer than ten others, who is gainfully employed, or who owns a car. Such "elitists" are anathema to them. ("Elitist" includes anyone who can afford to donate money or to buy a dinner costing \$5.50.) They exult in poverty, often live off welfare, and do not perceive that some people might consider them parasites. Ripping-off the taxpayers is O.K., making a financial success out of any effort is not.

A few of their glibbest spokespersons have created religious sects. How these worthies reconcile Lenin and Jesus remains their best mystery. This is not to say that all Gay religious leaders are Rocks or Hard Places. In fact, most of them are moderates.

Naturally, the Rocks' diet includes a lot of brown rice and their garb includes considerable "genderfucking." They delight in demonstrations, picket lines, and zaps. They are, altogether, wonderful street theatre. Our oppressors often point to them as reasons to mistrust the rest of us.

Some time ago a Gay organization's dances began to be less than huge successes. This was mainly due to pressure from the Hard Places, but that is now another story. Some of us decided to try to pep up the dances by inviting another group to share their sponsorship. Spokespersons for the other group were a few Rocks. Both organizations needed money. We offered facilities, publicity, and our members' help and participation in return for their reputed know-how in attracting dancers. We proposed splitting the proceeds equally—but were amenable to alternatives. We suggested charging one dollar admission and 25 cents per drink for soft drinks. The negotiations failed because the Rocks insisted these charges were rip-offs. They suggested we place a can in a convenient spot for voluntary contributions. We protested that similar policies in the past had induced financial collapse because many dancers "ripped-off" the dance sponsors by putting nothing in the can. The Rocks, in fact, later did suffer financial collapse. They now allegedly have recovered. We have been bad-mouthed ever since as "rip-offs," not really interested in Gay activism or service.

On another occasion, the Rocks did a number on an organization whose very name included the information that it was dedicated to law reform, not revolution. For a whole year we had discussed ways of electing legislators favorable to our cause and lobbying. They participated in all these discussions. As part of a weekend meeting, we organized two events whose clearly stated purpose was to raise funds to pay for a lobbying effort. Both events were scheduled to include entertainment as well as an appearance by a popular legislator. His presence alone, we hoped, would help the cause by getting attention in the general press. A dinner was scheduled at a large downtown hotel costing \$12.50 per person. The other event was a dance at a Gay Community Center. It cost one dollar. Each event was designed to appeal to different segments of the Gay Community. Neither was compulsory. The Rocks boycotted the dinner, interfered with its promotion, and even threatened the speaker and the entertainers. A few attended the dinner in wonderfully outrageous costumes. When we told them how "far out" their dress was, and that we liked it, they were terribly disappointed because we hadn't gotten angry. The Rocks' complaint: The dinner was "elitist." The dinner was barely a success; the dance was canceled. We wondered how much more money might have been raised if the Rocks had merely stood aside to permit *us* to do *our* thing. But probably that would have interfered with their philosophical purity of heart.

The Hard Places of Gay Liberation, on the other hand, do not pretend to any consistent philosophical point of view. They do, however, generally oppose any changes, even for the better. I believe they are more blameworthy because they could help so much more and do not. Their capabilities and resources could be turned away from trivia to matters of importance.

Not included in their concept of law reform are other non-victim crimes. The Hard Places become hysterical when it is pointed out that the laws against possession of marijuana or gambling oppress willing participants, too. Neither do they see any kinship with other minorities. Thus, they resist all potential political coalitions. How they propose to obtain enough support to bring about reformation of sex laws is their mystery.

For several years, a Gay organization produced musical shows, productions of well-known plays that had no clearly defined Gay theme. The female parts were very well done and received a lot of good notoriety. They sometimes made money. Many Gay persons, and Straight well-wishers, too, pointed out that men in drag, although having a place in our community, did confirm a stereotype in many peoples' minds. Some women complained that the productions were sexist. Therefore, we suggested that the productions of the organization might shift their ground a bit. The participants might continue to create theatrical productions, but the plays should have a "Gay is Good" message. For a while, at least, we argued that stereotypes needed to be played down, on an official level, by Gay organizations. This would encourage the productions' use to raise the levels of understanding of Straights to the wide diversity of persons in the Gay Commu-

ity. They already know about drag; show them something else.

Furthermore, we suggested that small groups of players be created and playlets be written to dramatize the "Gay is Good" message to school audiences. Finally, and apparently unforgivably, the leaders of the organization decided that a substantial portion of the resources of the organization could not be invested in theatricals; they had to be used for community services. The Hard Places left in a huff.

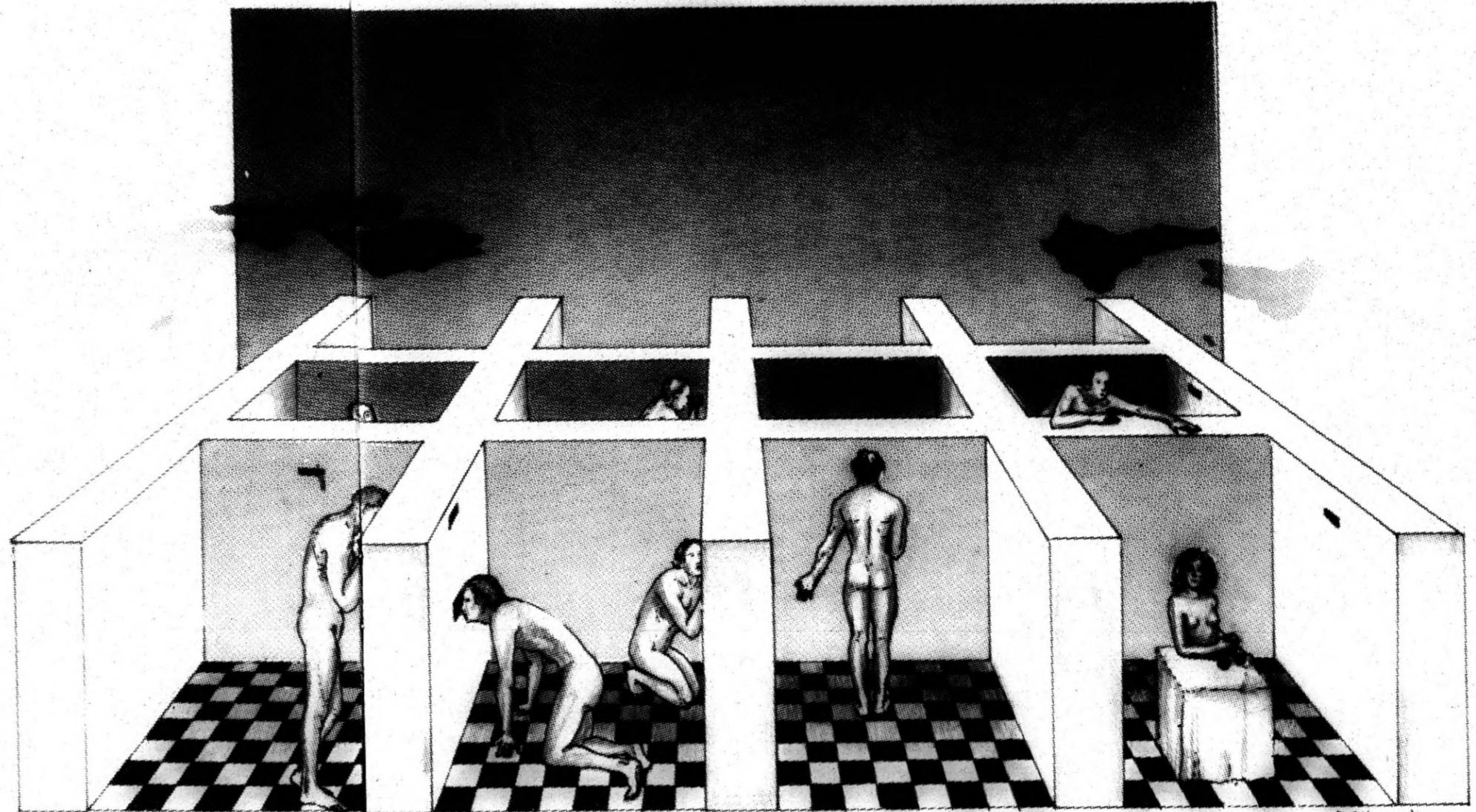
Another example of Hard Place pressure involved the organization whose dances had become dreary. The moderates thought this organization ought to change its membership's minimum age from 21 to 18. Our younger brothers and sisters need a welcome when they come out or even just come to town. They need a place to go. The bars are closed to them on account of the drinking laws. The Hard Places fought all

these age proposals. They also fought our political support of those desiring to change the laws about marijuana. The young, not surprisingly, decided they were not welcome at this organization. They stopped going to the dances.

Even when change denotes progress, the Hard Places oppose it. Recently, the moderate board of a well established Gay

"... human beings entitled to dignity..."

organization decided to use the opportunity its financial difficulties presented to remove itself from a dreary headquarters on skid-row to a more pleasant and convenient location in a neighborhood where Gay people live. The old headquarters had been scarcely used for a long time; it was enormous and ruinously expensive. Most of the activities of the organization could have taken place in a store front or a flat. For the few occasions when a large hall was needed, one



Mark Chagel

could easily be rented or borrowed. Furthermore, departing the dreary center offered an opportunity for the organiza-

"The Hard Places become hysterical. . ."

tion to join with others in a new center everyone might share. The other organizations in town, especially the womens' groups, had made it painfully clear that they disliked the skid-row barn under the absolute control of one male-dominated group. Because there were plenty of suitable places available for any transition, the board wasn't worried about finding space when the landlord offered a cheap way out.

Smelling the moderate blood they love so well, the Hard Places attacked in force. Using the excuse that the total transition had not been planned and nostalgia for the skid-row location, they persuaded a majority of the active members to reject the move. They forced the president to resign. Most of the board followed suit. Once in control, they moved smartly to organize contests, theatricals, and balls all in the name of fiscal responsibility, of course. Community services and activism naturally had to be put aside.

The Hard Places do not believe in either electing known, responsible Gay candidates, or attacking the laws in the courts as unconstitutional deprivations or our rights to privacy or equal protection. (One suspects that some of the lawyers among the Hard Places find the existing laws quite profitable.) Providing community services to Gay brothers and sisters in need is also not a community responsibility under their ethos; at least they do not support job referral services, mental health clinics, or crisis intervention centers unless they perceive some way to make a personal profit out of these activities.

In short, the Hard Places believe that the total resources of the community should be used to support bigger and better contests, carnivals, drag shows and balls. Every now and then, the profits of these events, or a portion, may be permitted to be used for a "cause." Some of the professionals and businessmen except that their "service" to the Gay community will provide steady and reliable sources of clients and customers. They don't have to worry about being mistaken for altruists.

Steering a course between these Rocks

and Hard Places is quite a challenge. It is never dull. We have managed, so far, to keep up the pressure to change laws. We provide places and activities where Gays can meet and amuse themselves while raising their esteem for each other and themselves. And the consciousness of the Straight community has been raised to a point where a substantial number perceive us as human beings entitled to dignity.

We know that it too much to expect the Rocks and/or the Hard Places to join these efforts. We moderates have come to love and respect each other and to have richer and more rewarding lives with more Straight and Gay friends than ever. Our sense of accomplishment is fantastic!

We have lots of room in our hearts and in our organizations for more Gay Moderates. Think how much faster we could go and how much more fun we could have with a larger number of reasonable and responsible volunteers and—more money to do the job! **Δ**

David Goodstein is the President of the Whitman-Radclyffe Foundation and the Legal Director of The Society for Individual Rights.

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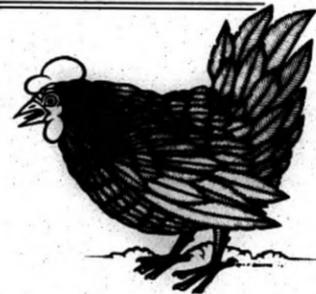


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Photo by Dennis Collins

webs and other fine lines, excerpts from a continuing

journal by boornie boornet

We all knew we wanted to fuck together and we had planned it in a most light-hearted manner, as if it were something we did every week or so, the four of us, sprawled all over the matted cold rug coming out of each surface of skin each into the other one. But after the lobster and clams and Jerusalem artichokes that looked like fecund nodes, atoms of virility, the paranoia shoved me down into the corner and Susan into frenzied movement and only the Bobs were left to muster the energy to get the whole thing started (we all knew that once the process was acknowledged there would be everything embraced no qualms only feelings leaping out of our skins). And as they stomped around saying "Well, let's do it, we all know we want to do it why are you sitting there what's the matter" all that I could think was shirk away from that male aggressive bullheaded I don't want to stop ripping away my mask and I was plastering myself to that corner that was my womb for lack of anyplace more suitable.

I enjoyed that extreme fear. It encased me in a hot glow of energy of indecision. I could feel an aura of fierce warmth shoot through me and surround me, like the piercing intensity of watching a seduction on the screen and feeling the exquisite tingling of an orgasm spread all over my cunt direct from screen to brain to pussy. I think that first wash of paranoia was nothing more than a little self-induced foreplay, although I would never have admitted it then.

What followed was a strained attempt to find a graceful way to undress and begin, a quatre, to enjoy. We were originally in the bedroom, and for some unclear reason moved together into the living room, where we stood in a circle, breathing together and quietly touching. As clothes started coming off we figured the bedroom would be best, after all, two strangers were expected any moment. Later, we were glad of the move. (as Bob and I were finally living out the penetration that had been prolonged for hours, the room-mate and his girl friend entered the house, no matter if they were in the living room, kitchen or bathroom we were adjoining them it added to our fuck).

When Bob and I make love we are conversing and acknowledging each other on a non-verbal plane that is, nonetheless, known by both of us, and a sure thing in the sense that we do not need to reassure ourselves verbally that we are indeed there. we are. In and out of that with the four of us, which is an expansive feeling, a widening of the horizon of that plane of consciousness, a stretching which gives the growing sense of no limit to where that can go, we only have to give it a chance and find it.

Bob and I were driving home and after words were spoken for a while we both tired of it and stopped. I felt that flush of self-consciousness and was uncomfortable with it until an explosion took place and I knew Bob had done the same and there we were together without words talking to each other inside of our own heads, which is a feeling of raising your center of gravity, an intensity at the forehead and temples. Communication is then going through channels in the brain that are located in a different part than those we normally use. It feels like finally feeling a part of your body that you knew was there, but since it hadn't moved for such a long time you had lost touch with it.

After the explosion I relaxed and felt myself smiling. I was glad that this had happened, who could have thought it would have? And then I melted again because Bob put his hand on my leg and the touch of it told me he knew I knew, and he knew I knew he knew, and I guess at that point we started laughing.

But we were very stoned and also exhausted and pitted out from these new evidences of the intensity that is between us, and I withdrew again and was watching the road because I thought Bob was falling asleep and I was so tired and then I got into a dope-induced awareness of the sides of my breasts with the insides of my arms (nevermind I had my clothes on I felt naked) and I enjoyed it for a long continuous moment and when it was over I waited, feeling I had taken myself away from Bob and where was he? It was then he asked me if I had just gotten into a thing with my breasts, because he had.

Now I wouldn't have thought to ask, you see. That astounds me even more than the fact that we were together going through the same mental/physical seduction, that impulse of his to check to see if we were together even in that seeming introverted gesture. I mean, I think now that we were seducing each other through each other's bodies, and masturbating ourselves, and I don't really yet understand the coincidence of an introverted act and another introverted act happening in unison.

And so the four of us were each quite fragile and each of us took care in our own way to encircle that fragility with trust. I want you to know that it is a very loving giving receiving feeling to observe your lover, a man who caresses you and with whom you have experienced reciprocal giving, caressing another man's cock and holding another woman and receiving touches from them of course I finally understood without question how a man could enjoy another man and it was the first time I had seen it so it was (again) the falling away feeling (of experiencing something totally new that confirms fantasies) that surprises me somehow when the unfamiliarity and the recognizance jolt together to produce the free-fall.

It was just the beginning, the quartet, and we didn't actually find a way to have intercourse, so Bob G. got up off me (mostly) and dived for Susan and I was still in the middle of something and not prepared for the abrupt separation and was merely lying there, eyes open, quite calm, coming together, when Bob enclosed me into his warm electric skin. It took me quite a while to awake to the fact that he wanted to come into me and so we did it with the Tampax still in there (which I didn't think was possible but actually it was the best we'd had) I mean, four hours of foreplay and you're really ready to get off.

But it was quite a lot more than that, it was each of us embracing the homosexual in the other and basking in knowing how complete our sexuality was and that each could accept it in the other.

I experienced the disintegration of my skin and the washing into me of Bob. Δ

Freckles & Fish 'n' chips

By JAMES BRENNAN

AN OVERVIEW OF THE GAY
EXPERIENCE IN DUBLIN, IRELAND

Ireland has no recent gay tradition in the old European sense. We can know and understand from books about London, Berlin, Paris, Amsterdam, Barcelona, Venice, Copenhagen, the Middle East and Africa, all of which have had their gay hayday or continue to have it. I cannot remember one novel or article written at any time about gay life in any part of Ireland with the exception of a scene in Joyce's *Ulysses* where the character Bloom goes through a transexual experience in a brothel. In a stream of consciousness passage Bloom is given some S&M treatment by Bella, the madam of the brothel (who also goes through a sex change). Bloom is finally put on the block for sale to the highest bidder, and Bella (now male) shoves his arm up to the elbow in Bloom's vulva.

"I expect and need to love."

As a reading experience alone, it's tremendous but it is also, I believe, the first major treatment of trans-sexualism by an Irish author using Irish characters. A lot of Irish males I have known could, with the greatest of ease, move into a feminine state of being. I do not mean "camp" but supposedly "straight" males of all ages responding with truly feminine emotions in certain situations. There is fluidity by which males can move in and around, under and over our conceptions and definitions of male and female. This fluidity of sexual states of being must be fully explored (not defined); explored and understood by all before real progress can be made in our relationships with each other.

What about Oscar Wilde? As far as we know from his writings, he never laid an elegant hand on a male buttock until he left Ireland. Most intelligent gays of that

time followed his example and got their act together on the Continent.

Apart from a few myths such as kings sleeping with their poets or *real* brotherly love among warriors, to date there is little or no information about Gay Ireland.

Sexuality in Ireland is controlled by the Catholic Church. The Church talks vaguely about impure acts but never specifies about homosexual impure acts. How could they? When speaking about an organization which, for the most part, is made up of armies of celibates, both male and female, you are walking on thin ice, indeed.

"... mini-orgies in Dublin suburbia."

To thirty percent of the male population (non-clerical) the terrible sin of sodomy has never entered their minds. Another thirty percent are vaguely excited by it and nauseated at the same time. The rest do it either mentally or actually.

If the thought enters a woman's heat at all, she dismisses it as boyish silliness and gets on with the business of living.

You enter Dublin as a tourist. Tourism is the nation's number one industry. Yes, they really care about you. You will be royally treated. Nobody will lay a heavy trip on you about the "troubles" in the North. As a foreigner it doesn't concern you. For you, it doesn't exist.

I recommend Buswells Hotel or one like it. A hotel is a must. Don't take cheap rooms. You'll probably find an irate Catholic landlady at 2 AM standing on the stairs laying down the law about bringing home visitors in the middle of the night.

Dublin boasts three gay bars. **Bartly Dunnes** is the biggest and best. It is the center of gay Dublin. Every foreign gay finds his way there and it's got most of the young, tasty action, with a few hustlers. For an older, quieter scene try **Davy Burnes** or the front lounge of **Rice's**.

The most enjoyable action for me, (and I'm sure you won't want to miss it), is the streets. And I don't mean something like Polk Street, S.F. It's nearly any street in the city centre and around the more fashionable areas such as Ball's Bridge, Adalaide Road, Stevens Green, all of which have very busy gay toilets. During afternoons and early evenings

apple-cheeked, respectable boys come in from the suburbs for an evening of fun. They cruise the toilets a little hesitantly and if nothing happens, on they go to the movies. Smile at him outside the movies, (they always go to the better class cinemas downtown). If he responds, the smallest smile will do, go in and sit beside him. Don't talk. You might embarrass him. Use your hands. When you can't stand it anymore (oh god) get him out of there and home. Or a park is cool; there's a big one called the Phoenix. Almost none of these boys are hustlers and if someone doesn't pick him up he'll go on home to mother, frustrated.

At ten PM if you haven't made it, get back to Bartly Dunnes, remember early closing time, 11:30, in summer. Talk to everybody, buy a few drinks, you will end up the night at a party. At some of the parties anything goes. I've seen mini-orgies in Dublin suburbia.

The cops? Don't worry. For the most part they are big genial farm boys. The idea of two men doing something together embarrasses them. I was caught bareassed in a lane (centre city) with a fifteen year old beauty who was also bareassed. I was just about to effect penetration (as they say) when a cop rode up and positioned us nicely in the glare of his headlights. I told him we were taking a piss. After looking around with his torch and not finding any little streams he caught on. He dutifully jotted down our names and addresses and left. I have never heard about it to this day. The situation is that if you don't confront them with homosexuality too strongly they will turn a blind eye. There is very little degradation or humiliation attached to the homosexual in Ireland. It's mostly self-made. As the popular saying goes,

"Sure we are all only human, anyway."

I have found Dublin the easiest place to be gay in the world. Boys who can't get heterosex (there are a lot of these) or can't afford to get married yet turn so naturally to casual homosexual relationships, it's unbelievable. Ireland has got to have the largest bachelor population in the world. They hate to get married. The Church has set up marriage agencies all over the country to persuade fifty year old, small farmers to get married. I believe there is an inherent racial trait

among Irish males towards homosexuality. They are a gentle people in their personal relationships. I have made passes or "touched up" countless males from all classes there and never heard those horrible words "Get away from me you fucking queer." You either get a joyful yes (where you haven't really expected it) or a polite no with a smile, sometimes even a serious talk about it.

These "serious" talks can be harrowing. You try to "pick up," get to know somebody in a bar, at a party or in the street. The beautiful person you have offered your love to, however primitively, quickly or shyly, smiles painfully and says, "No thanks. But tell me, what makes a handsome guy like you want to go to bed with me? I just can't see why. What would we do together, I have never been able to understand."

And you start to explain, charmingly, about how some people being different or my mother made me this way or I think women are disgusting or I think men's bodies are better shaped, look at the ancient Greeks or any of the other thousand reasons you can make up. Then I shout *Idiots!* We are both idiots to be conditioned into explaining and giving reasons why we should or should not. As a human being I expect and need to love and be loved by other human beings and I want the physical pleasure to be as explicit and as real as the spiritual. It's as simple as that. I won't allow political and religious bullshit and repressive Puritans, through the media, tell me what I should be doing sexually and who I should be doing it with. Three out of six after this illuminating crash-course look you straight in the eyes (probably for the first time) and say with a worried look, "I don't think you are all there," meaning you are stark raving mad. The others split like you have suddenly become a werewolf and occasionally, only occasionally, mind you, a light dawn. Yes and sure we have all only a short time to live on the old planet and we might as well make the best of it. Right?

Well, good luck. You will find information about gay scenes in other Irish cities in Dublin. Just ask. Apart from all this there is breathtaking scenery, plenty to drink. . . OH! and the fish'n'chips. Ask for a 'one'n'one' or ray and chips at Di Mascio's, Marlborough Street. Δ

books

SEXUAL SUICIDE

by George F. Gilder
Quadrangle, 1973
New York Times Books 308 pages

by FRANK HOWELL

Through the years of sexual revolution I have often wondered when the party would be over. Steady gains have been won by the total Gay Revolution Movement, but can the fickle goddess known as public opinion finally turn on us? During the late 1960's I spoke before a few high school classes about life in the lavender patch. The kids were free and easy about the discussion and none of the teachers fainted. This was too good to last, I thought. Someday a counterblast will surely come. The John Birch Society will get busy again. Nevertheless, our luck in the Nixon era, against a background of increasing conservatism, seems to be holding out.

Sexual Suicide serves as a sharp reminder that the opposition is definitely not loafing. Author Gilder feels that tradition answers all laments about the country and its difficulties. Womans' place is in the home, man is dominant, and let's stop tickering with God's happy design!

Gilder is a good fellow who writes in a flowing, journalistic style, filled with earnest, good intentions. But he is so damn positive about it all. The single adult male upsets him in particular:

"The chief perpetrators of these problems are men. Men commit over 90% of major crimes of violence, 100% of the rapes, 95% of the burglaries. They comprise 94% of our drunken drivers, 70% of suicides, 91% of offenders against family and children. More specifically, the chief perpetrators are single men. Single men comprise between 80 and 90% of most of the categories of social pathology, and on the average they make less money than any other group in society—yes, less than single women or married women. As any insurance actuary will tell you, single men are also less responsible about their bills, their driving, and other personal conduct. Together with the disintegration of the family, they constitute our leading social problem. For there has emerged no institution that can replace the family in turning children into civilized human beings or in retrieving the wreckage of our current disorder."

What is it about the unattached male that upsets Gilder so? His apparent free-

dom? His lack of roots? Not exactly. Our friend has a richly detailed theory about the web of connections between men and women. He stands possessed by a stern madonna complex. The female, he believes, is biologically and psychologically superior to the male. She was created to bear offspring and therefore knows what she is about. Males have no inherent role beyond fertility and tend to become a band of rogues when the gentle sex and the wisdom of the social order cannot tame them. The message seems prosaic and clear. All living beings must submit to the bridal path or receive a brand that states, "You are sick!"

There are few who will argue that family life represents the cornerstone of civilization that is enriched with variations of

There are few who will argue that family life represents the cornerstone of civilization. But can't we mold a vibrant civilization that is enriched with variations on the basic theme? With a population containing an excess of four million women, it will never be possible for all of us to marry. Gilder, when dramatizing his facts, neglects the old quip, "The figures don't lie, but liars figure." Statistics about anything must be interpreted against the background from which they are drawn. Percentages cannot stand on their own. Social scientists exercise caution when drawing major conclusions from such data. Are large numbers of single men under lock and key as a result of their unmarried status or because of factors that are independent of their situation? Has he considered the thousands of singles of both sexes who have never served prison time and quietly hold positions of responsibility? A control group of males who have never been in trouble is obviously needed.

In a chapter entitled, "The Perils of Androgyny" the author takes on Gay Liberation and the various womens'

groups. Gilder is disturbed by any acceptance of gays and he demonstrated what his knowledge of this sub-culture is: plain surface and nothing else. He rails and attempts to whip up hysteria but rarely explores the true significance of the homoerotic impulse:

"Intercourse remorselessly sets the bounds of androgyny: to have a woman, a male must to some extent feel himself a man. A male who does not feel like a man may seek to have a man. Men who feel abased may enjoy the idea of a specific enactment and affirmation of their abasement. . . The chief attraction of homosexual activity is that it does not require confidence or male identity. . . It is thus an inviting escape for the fallen male."

Gilder repeats all the old husbands' tales about Gays and makes the fatal error of creating a link between gender identity and homosexuality. Any student of the subject who is not hung up on Freud will tell you that being feminine has no necessary connection with gayness. Many homophiles are quite masculine in their outlook and think of drag only in the context of entertainment.

Sexual Suicide will do little to aid communication between the straights and those whose love style differs from their own. The author develops forceful material at certain points, but his writing generally borders on an ill-defined anxiety neurosis lacking any rational target. He demonstrates complete unwillingness to promote any empathy or sense of good will towards Gays, singles, or womans' liberation groups.

In private life, Mr. Gilder has never tied the matrimonial knot himself. He is advised to find himself a good, honest woman before the rest of us label him a closet queen. By the way, George, who are you really angry with? Δ



You can spend your life looking
for a friend Spend your life
Looking
How big I am
I found you,
I have to leave now
I miss you too much,
Will you always know that I only
loved one?
Do you care?
How strong are the layers?
How thick are hurt?
Couldn't we try, Please
Couldn't we try?
I have hands and I'll dig
I have knees and I'll crawl,
If we can love
it's not crawling at all.





Sometimes I scream,
I try to scream you out—
But I can't rid myself of you
Anymore than I
Can get rid of the hurt.

Maybe you're both the same
person?

If you haven't hurt your friends
Then you haven't been there.
If you haven't destroyed the love
of the person you loved the most
then you can be sure you've
never been there.

by SCOTT JARVIS

PHOTOS
BY
DENNIS FORBES/
PARAGON
PHOTOGRAPICS

dear don

Dear Friends:

Many have asked that I share my personal and professional thoughts and feelings about being Gay and being a father. I am deeply touched and happy for the opportunity to share. I do not claim to have answers that are final for me. Like most important answers, they are still growing and changing. But I'll share my truth as I know it now. My family, my gay identity, and close friendships are the three most important treasures in my life. This letter brings the three together.

First, I want to tell you that none of you is alone. I suppose each of us knows that in some abstract way—but abstractions are seldom emotionally satisfying. I hope that you will be able to meet other Gay men who are fathers. Of course, you won't like and respect all, but you will meet some who share your values and earn your admiration. Just as it is important for any gay person to have a support system of gay people, it is important for a gay father to have a support system of other gay fathers. As you get to know these real people, your affection and respect for some of them will remind you of the ways in which you, as a gay father are deserving of affection and respect.

A support system gives you the opportunity to sort through the issues that I touch on in this letter, again and again, bringing your own values to bear as a sharpening device so that you become more and more clear about your personal answers to perennial questions. Your questioning and sorting will help others in your support system to view the questions from new angles and so help each define his own viewpoint.

You said you have been wondering when to "sit the children down and tell them all about it." I believe that sharing the truth about yourself with your children is a very important gift to their growing up but sharing it in the way you have in mind is a terrible mistake. It is the mistake that made me cringe when I saw the TV show, *That Certain Summer*, where the father finally takes his teenage son for a walk to tell him "the terrible truth." The emotional tone of such a talk is like telling your son or daughter that you have terminal cancer.

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.

If that is the truth, it needs to be shared, but don't expect them to be overjoyed.

My guess is that if you feel the need to sit down and have "an important talk" with the youngsters, it is because you have not yet gotten to a place where you feel good about your Gay identity. If that is the case, you are asking a lot of your offspring. You are saying, "I don't much like or respect myself but I am asking you to like and respect me." First things first. You'll have to tackle the job, of self-appreciation, before you can expect others to appreciate you. Your youngsters live in a world where Gays are constantly put down. They have been programmed to disrespect Gay. They need your help in undoing that programming. As a beginning, they need to be able to see that you respect yourself and other Gay people.

Better than the "terminal cancer" talk, why not begin by *being* Gay in your children's presence. "Being" as opposed to "talking about" takes a slightly different form for each person. For me it means not altering my language. I use the same vocabulary at home that I would use in any Gay group and vice versa. I enjoy campy humor and it's just as funny to say, "Listen, Honey, . . ." to a man at the dinner table at home as it is to say it in a Gay bar.

Another factor for me is books, magazines, and newspapers. Reading is important to me, and Gay reading is essential to the preservation of self respect in the everyday destructive messages from radio, TV and the straight press. It is important that Gay reading material is not hidden

but scattered throughout the house in exactly the same way I would scatter reading material on any other subject I held dear.

A focus on being Gay also means being free to talk about Gay related matters at home with my wife or other adults without editing the conversation when my son or daughter walks into a room. I know that they're watching but I dare not pitch the conversation to them either. While they are observing, they are shaping their own thoughts and feelings about Gayness just as they do with all the other factors that enter the conversational air at home.

It is important to have Gay friends in the house. A Gay couple at the dinner table does more to help a child understand and appreciate the naturalness of Gay relationships than any amount of lecturing or reading.

As you pay more attention to being Gay at home, your youngsters will gain a lot from observation and they will begin to ask questions. This is where the information gets transmitted. There is no need to sit them down for the "terrible talk."

They ask a question, they get an answer, they go away and think about it, and tomorrow they are back with another question. Meanwhile they have had time to digest the bit of information given in response to yesterday's question. A few months ago my 8 year old daughter asked me for the hundredth time, "Daddy, what does Gay mean again?" My simple answer was, "It means that one boy is able to love another boy or one girl is able to love another girl. "Next day she was back asking, "Daddy, am I gay?" Answer: "We don't know yet, love." She: "Well, I love Mommy and she's a girl so doesn't that mean I'm Gay?" Answer: "Being Gay also means that you're wanting to show your love sexually and since you're still little, we'll just have to wait and see." Δ

In the February Issue Don Clark will continue this discussion for Gay Fathers going into the problems of children's acceptance in their schools, attitudes of both Gay and straight wives and other subjects connected with Gay parenthood.

I don't think you ought to allow him an interview," Bill insisted. "Why can't she do as she likes?" George countered.

Evelyn seemed delighted with the tiff between her two brothers. The Lovedale triplets were a tight-knit family. She watched George and Bill closely. They had started a sexual breakfast only to get diverted into this argument. Bill mumbled through the edges of his mouth on George "Of courth thee can, thee is tha thung thing, but. . ." he raised his mouth succulently, "she is always responsible."

"I'm only two minutes younger than you are, ducky, but that has nothing to do with it," Evelyn rejoined, playfully.

A loud knock at the door.

Bill burst out, "These cunts are always trying to make sensational journalism out of us, but they're really not interested in our principles. They think words and pictures capture us. Christ! As soon try to get across the Garden of Eden by writing a hard-core pornographic version of Genesis! Complete with a deodorant report on Eve's vaginal passage!"

George concurred that the crisis required a delay on their mating. "Are you going to let him in, honey?" George whispered to Evelyn.

"I feel like a bit of evangelism, yes. Anyway, it'll be good advance publicity for my book. Who knows? Maybe this guy'll be different, have some spunk. Anyway, Bill darling, our souls are much too big to be destroyed by a bit of journalism. Relax."

Thus saying, she tightened her toga and approached the door. Evelyn always looked refreshed. The evening masturbating on the Bendix always made her look fit. She had slept particularly well last night, and had a bracing shower before a

THE MAN FROM PLAYCHILD

A SHORT STORY

"MASTURBATION IS IT IS NOT A DISLEPHE FOR ANY THING"

heavy breakfast. Her skin was soft and pink. Her profile, tall and majestic.

"What may I do for you?" she asked the knocker.

"I'm Ted Stark of *Playchild*. I believe Miss Lovedale is expecting me?"

"I'm Evelyn Lovedale. The appointment was never confirmed, Mr. Stark, but do come in." Evelyn was gracious, inviting, but not charmed by her guest, whom she viewed cautiously.

Ted was in top form. Fit for his interview with an acknowledged authority on masturbation, he had worn a solid red tie sporting a small clip carved in Egypt,

showing Osiris with a regal erection. The tie clip was small enough to miss the notice of even a bellhop at the Hilton, but Ted purred knowing that it would please the pruriënt whom he expected to find here.

As they moved to the lounge, Ted collected details of decor to exploit in his article. Nervously he fiddled in his right pocket with a small bronze phallic charm for which he'd paid fifty bucks to a greasy peddler in Pompeii, only thereafter to discover five better, larger ones for five dollars altogether. Like a good man-of-the-world, he kept his bad invest-

ment for himself, bought the other five, gave them away to special friends, and kept the fifty-dollar one for perpetual good erotic luck. It had occurred to him while putting Aramis on his nipples, on his pubic hair, and behind his ears, that this quaint Italian charm might come in handy in the interview.

"Do sit down," urged Evelyn, seeming quite calm but careful to note everything Ted gazed upon.

"Thank you. Quite a pad you have here."

"Mr. Stark," Bill said, joining Evelyn, Stark, and George, who were seated, "I'm surprised to hear a *Playchild* man use *pad* these days!"

"Oh," said Ted, completely delighted with the opportunity, "the word's in for another season, this time in pure camp, of course."

"Do you like to suck dicks?" George asked it of Ted, with complete deadpan.

Ted surprised himself with his twich, but immediately replied, "Well, don't knock what you haven't yet tried." He chuckled.

"But you've ignored my question," George persisted. "Do you or do you not like to suck dicks?"

"Well, I went through that sort of thing once like everyone else, back in prep school. . ."

"Mr. Stark, do you like—present tense, second person singular, interrogative—to suck dicks, yes or no?" George's voice was very low.

"Not just any dicks," replied Ted, adding his own hostility, but still resisting the bait to make his part of the conversation personal.

"We Lovedales are very insistent," Evelyn explained, "we would appreciate your being direct with us if you expect us

to be direct with you."

"Certainly," Stark replied. "Commendable, too. This candor we at *Playchild* feel most important from anyone we would honor with an interview."

"Do you consider that you are honoring us or that my sister is honoring you?" asked Bill.

"Your sister is honoring me, of course; and I hope to bring to her more of the honor that is her due."

Stark played his trump well. They were not without using him; they had no call to be so offended at feeling used. Bill and George let up temporarily, but determined to maintain vigilance.

"Do you mind my recording our session?" asked Ted.

"Not so long as we have the privilege of editing our own contributions before any possible publication," Evelyn replied.

"Certainly," assured Stark. Pause. "Then I suppose we can carry on," he added, pointing to the breast pocket of his suede white sport coat, where one was to suppose the tape recorder had been at work before he had entered the Lovedale household. "Am I correctly informed that you advocate open, unrestricted display of masturbation?"

"I certainly have no restrictions to 'advocate,' but I personally obviously follow restrictions, very important ones," Evelyn replied.

"Really? How so? Would you explain?" Ted was clearly surprised. The Lovedales were celebrated masturbation spokesmen.

"I don't want to masturbate right now," said Evelyn.

"Understandable," said Stark. "Is that all you meant?"

"Do you want to masturbate right now, Mr. Stark?" It was Bill who asked this time.

Stark smiled smugly, replied teasingly sensuously, but with a certain tightness at the back of his throat. "Do you want to masturbate with me, Mr. Lovedale?"

Bill and George each reached for one of the large long brass vases on the coffee table and almost simultaneously began to urinate into them. As each was dressed in a simple white breechcloth of terrycloth, the task in hand was easily negotiated. The lips of the two vases were lined with rubber tips that oozed a vaginal jelly when used in masturbation.

"Mr. Stark, I know you are anxious to carry on with the interview," Evelyn said.

"Yes, nothing like a good pis to set off an interview," Ted replied. "But as you suggest, I am anxious to be more serious. You are free to dislike me as you please." He looked boldly at George, then at Bill. "But I assure you I am anxious to give our readers the most accurate account of your new. . . cult, or whatever. I have no bias against you personally."

"Mr. Stark, we are anxious to be thoroughly reported. We think *Playchild* a part of the same sick culture it attacks, but we are willing, candidly, to exploit you as a means of reaching a wide and badly informed public."

"Fine, Miss Lovedale. We seem to understand one another. What I want to learn first is what your zeal is really backing."

"More frequent masturbation by everyone in an uninhibited fashion, anywhere, any time one chooses; with restrictions, yes, but only such as one imposes on himself. Furthermore, and more immediately I urge a re-education of all adults to the pleasures of masturbation, particularly by exploitation of the media."

"What sort of exploitation?"

"Frequent pictures of people masturbating, for a start."

"As a special feature, or on other programs?"

"Both. Special features could introduce people to the variety of techniques, about which the average citizen is woefully ignorant. But the regular programs, the news, for example, could make, *should* make use of people masturbating while making news or relating it."

"Do you mean people ought to be hired for this purpose?"

"Initially some professional masturbators might be required, just to get the public started. A newscaster could be paid extra while arranging a two-minute cum while narrating a war toll of the day. His sperm could splatter over the camera just as sounds of cannons were introduced. Or conductors of bands might arrange to cum at particularly orgasmic points in the music. Long shots of women with rubberized pop bottles might be used while the daily Dow-Jones averages were quoted. Or simple fingering exercises could be featured with superimposed weather statistics. Why President Nixon would have a splendid way to reply to his critics by jerking off while suspended by rope from an ominous helicopter hovering over the Watergate Hotel.

"Perhaps advertizers, always first to corner a good thing, would immediately find clever ways of turning the fun to profit. Special ketchup bottles could be incentives to the female masturbators. Detergents could candidly demonstrate their skills at removing cum stains. New fabrics could be developed to accommodate the new public needs. The commercial possibilities alone are limitless.

"Of course, real success will only be achieved when the masturbation is so customary that it hardly seems really worthy of special attention. When presidents masturbate as comfortably in press conferences as in the privacy of the toilets, when Queen Elizabeth rides in royal procession full-a-finger as easily as she gallops on a horse, well then we would be ready to talk about sexual liberation."

"Do you really think such widespread behavior is equal to sexual liberation?"

"No, but it's a start."

"Isn't masturbation a pretty poor substitute for the real things?"

"No. Masturbation is masturbation. It is not a substitute for anything. It is real. Fucking is real. Sucking is real. As soon

say fucking or sucking is a substitute for masturbation."

"Are you being perverse, changing words to suit you?"

"*Perverse* is a word which one uses to dismiss the seriousness of an opponent that he is at the moment incapable of giving fuller, more honest consideration. *Perverse* means 'unnatural.' How can anything ever occurring in nature (and we can't sensibly talk of things which occur elsewhere!) be unnatural? When I say something is 'perverse' or 'unnatural,' I really say no more than 'I don't like it!'"

"How can masturbation bring a millenium? You admit yourself, it seems to me,



that it could become so frequent as to lose shock value. Could it not also lose its fascination for the masturbator and thus die out virtually altogether?"

"First, I never said masturbation could effect a millenium. I don't know about milleniums. They would last too long for my pleasure. I spoke about sexual liberation, but I did not say that masturbation could effect sexual liberation for society. I said only that when people are freely masturbating, then and only then will they be ready to talk about sexual liberation. Obviously sexual liberation is a much more complicated matter.

"Still I do not think masturbation will ever die out, certainly not in a healthy society. People won't give up eating chicken when they discover roast beef!

"No, what we're most concerned to attack is the notion that private enjoyment is inferior, wrong, or otherwise to be avoided. How can a woman feel confident and beautiful in giving to another, male or female, a vaginal passage whose nooks and crannies she has not nudged, rubbed, touched lovingly, as an experienced savant? How can a male with pride offer a female or a male his prick if he has not fondled it with every shade of passion in every kind of room, in every month of

the year, time after time, world without end?

Surely, Mr. Stark, you don't take the absurd catechism that sexuality once spent is all over and that one should merely go on to something else?"

Stark was lost in a meditation and failed to hear the question. Bill noticed that Stark was staring at him and smiled back. George had pulled out his prick and was squeezing whiteheads from the potted ridge of the foreskin. Bill indicated willingness to help with this grooming, but George whispered, "Later."

"Mr. Stark," Bill asked, "how many inches you got?"

Stark was still not sure whether Bill was spoofing him or whether he was as earnest as he seemed. Bill's candor was often disarming to the Lovedale guests.

"Everyone really has about the same, I suppose," Stark replied. Aware that his smugness was not really what he wanted, he added, "About six inches—and you?"

"Eight and a half, soft."

Stark looked unbelievably at George's prick, mentally measuring it. George had already gone hard from the grooming and was now slowly pumping himself, his head bent over as if in prayer.

"How large would you say he is now?" Bill asked. He had noticed Stark's darting glance.

"Almost a foot, I would guess!"

"Oh, only about ten inches, hard," Bill said. "Mine is eleven and a half hard, because I'm the one who got circumcized. Dad was Jewish; Mom was a Baptist so they compromised. Frankly, I think his was the better deal, except for Evelyn's. She just got two penises to envy."

Bill's manner was teasing, but Evelyn missed it, because she was about to retrieve some formal notes on her subject from the kitchen. Without looking up from his methodical, slow jerking, George joined in: "How long is your throat, Ted?"

Ted Stark sensed a new dimension in George's use of his first name.

"Wouldn't you prefer me just to do the tip?"

"Up until the end, but we both need the long thrusts to maximize enjoyment."

"You mean sixty-nine?" Ted asked, unbelieving. "You want to share?"

Stark, who had stood and already had his belt undone was quite surprised anyone so beautiful, so young, would be reciprocal.

"Only our sperm," George said. "We don't really know one another well enough for more just now. Anyway, sperm's quite a treat, isn't it? No..."

Ted was kneeling before George, his lips sucking fiercely. With a free hand he pumped himself.

"Go easy," George said. With his thumbs George lifted, forced Ted away and then raised him from the floor to the couch where he kissed him. Ted didn't have a hard, and George slowly touched his foreskin revolvingly. There was a touch of the preliminary clear sexual liquid, not sperm but the forerunner, and

George patted this sticky goo gently across the head of Ted's now enlarging penis, putting a drop on the head of his own to commingle with his own juices. Ted was shaking as they kissed, but George was gentle, calm, despite the fact that his penis was literally bobbing up and down of its own eager anticipation. Then George put a drop of the mixed fluids on his finger and, withdrawing, from a deep kiss, touched Ted's lips, then his own.

"Do you like the taste of sperm?"

"It's like salt," said Ted.

"Everyone knows that. Do you like it?" asked George.

Ted paused. "Would you believe, I've never swallowed it? I always spat it out in prep school, especially since the boys were making me blow them."

"You don't like it then?" George asked.

"I think I might. I'd like to try." Ted made a move to go for George's prick again, but George got up.

"Better undress first, don't you think?" George asked. "Anyway, it's tea time. Bill, will you get the kettle? Eve, dear (shouting to the kitchen), will you make some of those new butter cookies?"

But the sound of the Bendix gave him to understand that Evelyn was back at her masturbation post and that they would have to fend for themselves with snacks. Bill winked as he left the room. "Pretty good for six inches, I must say." George smiled at Ted.

"Oh, all in a day's work for a *Play-child*," Ted chuckled. Δ

LOUIE CREW is a poet and essayist. Since earning his doctorate at the University of Alabama in 1971, he has had work accepted by over twenty publishers, including *Black Creation*, *Christian Century*, *CCC*, *Gay Sunshine*, *Harper's* and *Saturday Review of Education*. Currently Mr. Crew is co-editing a special 1974 edition of *College English* on the Homosexual Imagination. He is also editor of the new periodical, *Notes on Teaching English*, and serves as an associate professor of English at Fort Valley, Georgia.

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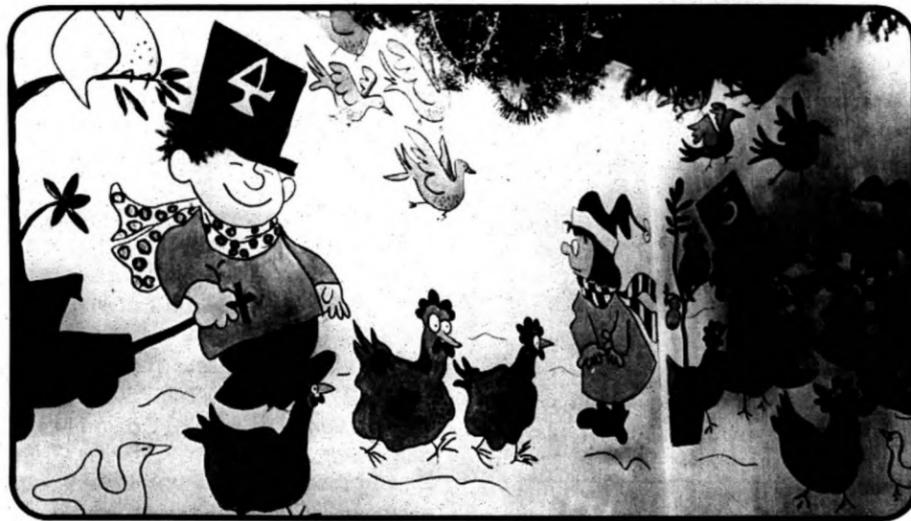
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Essay by Kirk Frederick, MEDIA/ARTS

A PLEA FOR SOLIDARITY

BY MORRIS KIGHT

In this the fourth year of Gay Liberation, and the twenty-third year of the homophile movement, we might do well to take some time to look at where we are, where we have been, and where we are going. On all sides we see gains, and on all sides we see setbacks. Tragedies arise, and some of them we know how to handle, what to do, others baffle us; triumphs come our way, and sometimes we overlook their importance, and considerably overemphasize their importance in other cases.

But that we are new peoples (sic) is obvious, that we have long since developed a sense of community, a sense of belonging, and most of us have rejected the homophobic notion of our alleged inferiority. Great pockets of repression, oppression and exploitation certainly do exist. We as gaypeoples cannot separate ourselves from the society around us, and it, too, is beleaguered: the fossil fuel crisis, the spoilation of the air, soil, and water, the ineffectualness of our government, mass joblessness, and mass despair.

But as gaypeoples all of these realities put heavy responsibilities upon us, and concomitant joys. So in that context what do we now do?

Perhaps, the greatest achievement would be to continue to develop a sense of community, a sense of belonging, to notice that gay is natural, even spiritual, that through that spirituality

can come great joy, great ecstasy, and through the manifestation of it, tenderness, caring, sharing, loving, and community through our sameness, and through our differences.

None of this can be achieved unless we look at the things that unite us, and the things that seem to divide us. We are united in some areas of the country to fight off our oppressors, repressors and exploiters, and other areas, far into liberation, the numbers of good things available to us is amazing. So we can no longer organize ourselves around common negative issues, even though where they exist that is legitimate ground for organization, and mass mobilization. In the liberated territories, or more correctly enclaves, it's a matter of developing the mass, or sometimes very private, sharing of the ecstasy of being gay, or knowing that we can bound together in that joy.

But to do any of this with genuine community, we have to notice that we are not all alike. Some, perhaps half of us, are women, some Black, some Chicano/Latino, some very old, and some quite young, some are Christian, some Jewish, some humanist, some live life styles that we do not all understand, but through it all is Gayness, and belonging, and those are sufficient grounds for Community. Communion, common union, common bonding, and in some cases communality through intended families, extended families, communes and collectives!

None of these positive goals can be achieved unless we notice that gay is special, and that gay is not the enemy. We do have common enemies, and to regard them as less would be foolhardy and destructive, but to universally treat them as enemies would also be counter-productive. Whole areas of the non-gay community have great respect for us, have been through gay consciousness raising, and can open doors for us, and when those non-gay peoples are willing to do that, we might to well to be supportive.

But not to notice that homophobia is a serious illness would be fatal; not to continue to say, as a serious illness that it could be cured would indicate a lack of concern on our parts for the mental wealth of our neighbors, non-gay peoples.

To do any parts of that requires that we ferret out the sources of homophobia, and that means we have to reach "the root" of it. "Root," from the Latin word: "radicale," and thus we get to "radical." To be "gay" in this society is radical because it is the outgrowth of the rejection of inferiority, and to have reached gay consciousness has meant a lot of digging at the roots of internal oppression and rejecting them. So, those of us, who feel that we represent a radical viewpoint, have pride in that radicalism, and question whether any gay person can achieve freedom from the oppression of homophobia without radical analysis.

So what is that radical analysis: to make a systematic inventory of the roots of oppression, and then either deal with those roots, or systematize one's own existence to the point that they become the irrelevance they are rapidly achieving.

The nuclear family: the absolute base of consumerism, of misunderstanding and of mass lunacy. Here we have father acting out a role of superiority, and ruling dominant over his wife and children, and the mother acting out a role of servant-consumer and child-bearer. That this is an unnatural state of affairs for them is not good enough, somehow they feel they must heterosexually molest everybody else into doing what they do. They guide the schools, institutions, and the community, and always in ways to encourage their morality, their existence, their reality, and in their defense of that reality, commences the real neurosis, the psychosis.

Our duty: to say fine, that is your reality, ours is something else, kindly halt your molestation of us, and while you're at it, talk about family planning, the world is rapidly exhausting its resources to maintain your standards, and talk about freeing women from such servant roles.

The Church: really an extension of the nuclear family, and totally wrong all these years in its concept of us, its systematic persecution of us, often reaching genocidal proportions: the Inquisition, the blue laws in this country. That the Church has been willing to see our abuse, to validate it, and do nothing about it, is a moral weakness. That it did nothing at Montgomery, in behalf of Ms. Rosa Lee Parks and her co-religionists is a moral weakness, that it died a little each time we napalmed the villages of Son My, Tan Son Huit, Long Mai and a thousand others without once shouting out to a person: "Thou shalt not kill," that it does not speak out now that the nation is in total moral bankruptcy at the highest levels is an indication of its corruption.

What do we do: encourage the burgeoning gay-oriented Churches which are a part of a Twentieth Century Reformation, and continue the creation of our own spiritual institutions: world-wide gay mystique, often a combination of many older forms, and each welded into our own synthesis.

The mental health industry: really just the Church and the nuclear family under still another name, and posing as "science." That these alleged professional scientists, cheerfully accepted the notion that we were sick, without a trace of scientific evidence to prove it, shows us just how false its goals are. That through psycho-surgery, behavior modification and castration, and conspiracy with the courts, law agencies, and institutionalized oppression it has made itself one of our most violent enemies is a fact, and we should always point to that.

What do we do about it: continue to expose their ignorance, recognize that the human mind is, indeed, a complex and wonderful mechanism and that the one we have is quite enough for us to "know" who we are, and that we will not deal with their genocide against us, more than to point out

their ignorance, their corruption, and have no dealings with them.

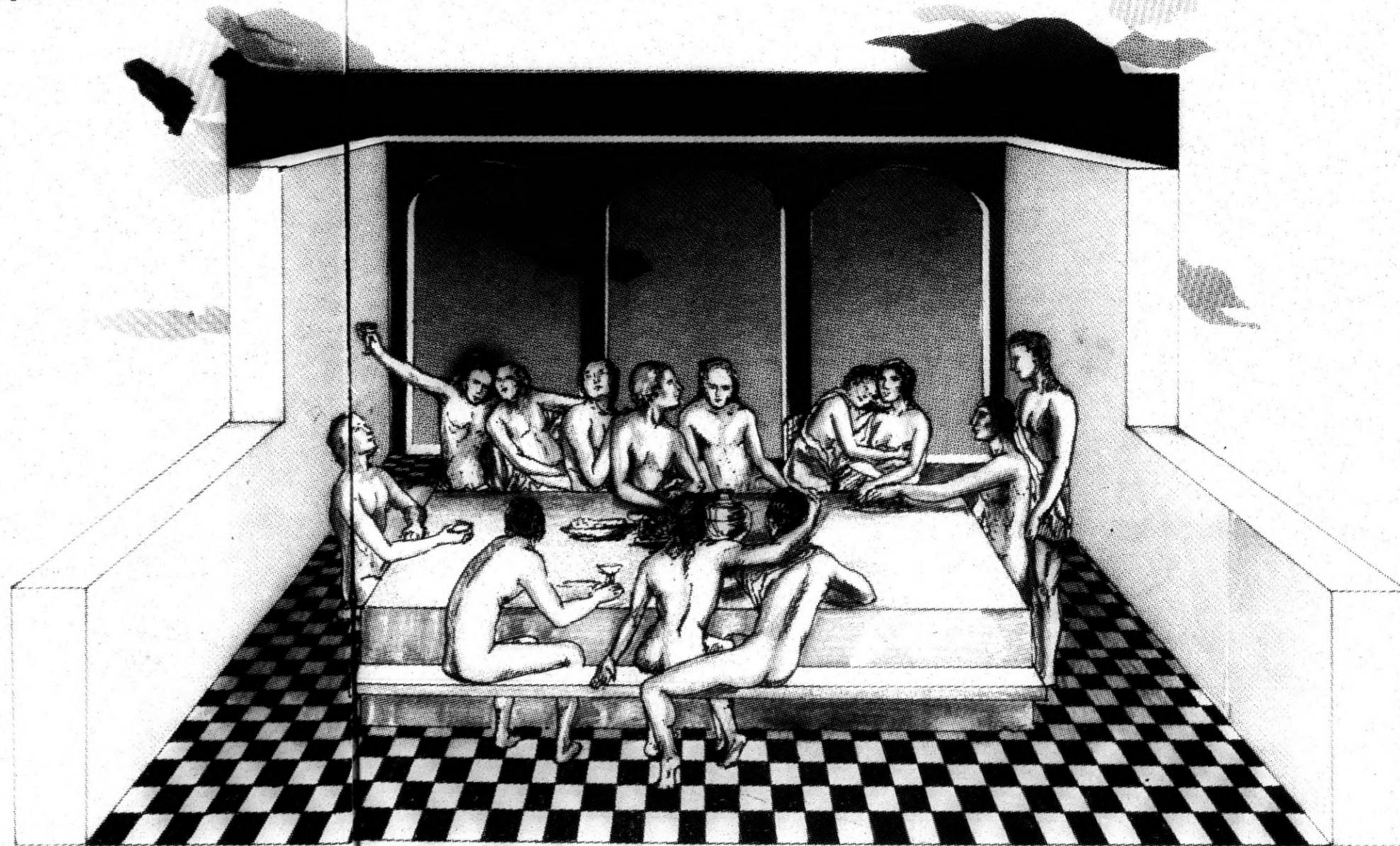
Statist regimes: wherever they are, and whomever you may be they become an enemy, a force for repression. The farther the government gets away from the people the less responsive it is. Powerful governments, centralized, indifferent, wasteful, and always at the center of force, can be little changed. This would be true of Moscow as well as Washington, of Lisbon as well as the military junta in Santiago de Chile. All of them are robbing us of our monies, our dignity and our liberty. For we gaypeoples they have represented almost without fail, a force against us, a force to make us into something we are not, and should we not comply to lock us away.

And what do we do: encourage the forces of progressive change which are moving around the world like whirlwinds, link up with those which represent genuine humanism, and participatory democracy, but always to encourage small government, controlled by one's own peers, one's neighbors, and most of all to learn to govern oneself.

To achieve any parts of that we surely should continue to build Community, to link together in common struggle, and common ecstasy, in sisterhood/brotherhood, to learn that Gay Is Really Good, that we are natural creations of the universe, and that through our own institutions we can achieve full personhood. Much of that will have to do with serenity, and then once again we return to tenderness, caring, sharing, and joy, and woefully self-criticism.

That we have been imperfect in building our institutions is an unfortunate, but quite healthy, fact. Until this generation we were hiding out pretending we were not there.

In such commonness of purpose every goal we started out to achieve, can be achieved, every source of oppression can be removed, and through such common sharing we can build a heritage that will tell every young gay man/woman coming into the world that he/she is not alone, and that we stand ready to be a part of that spirituality of Gayness, a highly evolved form of personhood.Δ



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VECTOR BACK ISSUES - This is a special collection of back issues of the magazine. It includes issues 1 through 12, 15 through 18, 21 through 24, 27 through 30, 33 through 36, 39 through 42, 45 through 48, 51 through 54, 57 through 60, 63 through 66, 69 through 72, 75 through 78, 81 through 84, 87 through 90, 93 through 96, 99 through 102, 105 through 108, 111 through 114, 117 through 120, 123 through 126, 129 through 132, 135 through 138, 141 through 144, 147 through 150, 153 through 156, 159 through 162, 165 through 168, 171 through 174, 177 through 180, 183 through 186, 189 through 192, 195 through 198, 201 through 204, 207 through 210, 213 through 216, 219 through 222, 225 through 228, 231 through 234, 237 through 240, 243 through 246, 249 through 252, 255 through 258, 261 through 264, 267 through 270, 273 through 276, 279 through 282, 285 through 288, 291 through 294, 297 through 300, 303 through 306, 309 through 312, 315 through 318, 321 through 324, 327 through 330, 333 through 336, 339 through 342, 345 through 348, 351 through 354, 357 through 360, 363 through 366, 369 through 372, 375 through 378, 381 through 384, 387 through 390, 393 through 396, 399 through 402, 405 through 408, 411 through 414, 417 through 420, 423 through 426, 429 through 432, 435 through 438, 441 through 444, 447 through 450, 453 through 456, 459 through 462, 465 through 468, 471 through 474, 477 through 480, 483 through 486, 489 through 492, 495 through 498, 501 through 504, 507 through 510, 513 through 516, 519 through 522, 525 through 528, 531 through 534, 537 through 540, 543 through 546, 549 through 552, 555 through 558, 561 through 564, 567 through 570, 573 through 576, 579 through 582, 585 through 588, 591 through 594, 597 through 600, 603 through 606, 609 through 612, 615 through 618, 621 through 624, 627 through 630, 633 through 636, 639 through 642, 645 through 648, 651 through 654, 657 through 660, 663 through 666, 669 through 672, 675 through 678, 681 through 684, 687 through 690, 693 through 696, 699 through 702, 705 through 708, 711 through 714, 717 through 720, 723 through 726, 729 through 732, 735 through 738, 741 through 744, 747 through 750, 753 through 756, 759 through 762, 765 through 768, 771 through 774, 777 through 780, 783 through 786, 789 through 792, 795 through 798, 801 through 804, 807 through 810, 813 through 816, 819 through 822, 825 through 828, 831 through 834, 837 through 840, 843 through 846, 849 through 852, 855 through 858, 861 through 864, 867 through 870, 873 through 876, 879 through 882, 885 through 888, 891 through 894, 897 through 900, 903 through 906, 909 through 912, 915 through 918, 921 through 924, 927 through 930, 933 through 936, 939 through 942, 945 through 948, 951 through 954, 957 through 960, 963 through 966, 969 through 972, 975 through 978, 981 through 984, 987 through 990, 993 through 996, 999 through 1002.

VECTOR BACK ISSUES

SOLD OUT ISSUES: 1965 4/5/10/12 1966 1/3/4/7/10/11 1967 1/2 1969 2/3/5/7 1970-8/9/12 1972 3/7 1973-9.

Looks from here like this column will be my last as editor of *The Insider*. Plans are in the offing for going back to the old-style newsletter. Next issue I may be just another one of those gossip and opinion columnist like the ones in those newspapers you see in the bars. The ones for example, that don't tell you how hot Castro was Thanksgiving Evening, or how several people were arrested on a variety of ridiculous charges and then dismissed in court the very next morning. You understand that if they told you that certain bars were "hot" those bars might stop advertising in their newsrag. Can't have that now, can we? Bear in mind though, that all the bars in this town are being watched closely and rumors are flying fast and furiously about this one or that one being raided. I'll never understand why the police in this town spend so much time in gay bars (is it true they really are more fun than straight ones?). As one cop put it while arresting one of the Thanksgiving Night victims . . . "I'm sorry . . . I don't really like having to do this, but it's my job." Not that there aren't enough muggings, shootings, rapes, and robberies to be prevented, understand. It's just a whole lot easier entrapping homosexuals and getting high on alcohol at the public's expense. Leaves a bad taste in the mouth, doesn't it?

Speaking of bad taste, 20th Century Fox certainly had a lot of it when they released a picture filmed with the "technical assistance" of the S.F.P.D. called "The Laughing Policeman." I saw this film at a sneak preview out at the Empire Theater a few months ago and was appalled at the way one of the main characters kept referring to homosexuals as fags, dikes, and fruiterers. Not much to offer in the way of rebuttal in the film, especially when the killer turns out to be one of us. Seems however, that we weren't the only minority to come out of this film with mud all over it. Our black brothers and sisters didn't fare too well either. Miss this picture if you can.

Hello 1974. Hello Rosina. Congratulations to Jean Goldman, *Vector's* Art Director, on the birth of her daughter Rosina. (Rosina Goldman?!) Welcome to the world, Rosina. You can be proud of your mama for the beautiful job she's doing on *Vector*.

I've heard nothing but compliments on this last issue, speaking of *Vector*. Somebody wants to buy the magazine from S.I.R. I've heard. For my money the only visible voice of the organization is this magazine, and for us to sell it would be a very foolish move. Anybody toying with the notion we should sell it to someone else because they can't get their own started (it took S.I.R. nine years to get the magazine where it is now) labors under very false impression.

Vector continues to improve in quality, both graphically and in writing. It is all due to the effort of Richard Piro the editor. You might buy your friends who don't already buy it, a subscription for the New Year.

S.I.R.'s Christmas show, "A Merry Kish Mess", produced and directed by Kissy Diki and starring Kish Hayworth, was a great number of people, including Kish and others whose names have become household words in the local community, donated time and energy to make this production a success. J.C. was one of them. (Not a S.I.R. member, I understand) this man could be found working his ass off building a new stage for the Center so the show could be put on properly, and so that S.I.R. could have a set of decent boards for its "stars" to tread.

Thank you everyone, who had a hand in this show. And thank you M.C.C. for the choir at the Christmas Party to show us what Christmas is really about.

Elections are coming up mighty soon. Be thinking seriously about who you want to see at the prow of the S.I.R. ship to steer us forward for the next year.

Speaking of elections, although they are over, I am pleased to see that one of the candidates for "Empress" is S.I.R.'s own Chuck Schneider (Lady Frau). Despite the talk about what this emperor or that empress has "done" for the local gay community, you can see Chuck Schneider (S.I.R.'s Community Relations Director) hard at work actually "doing something" for the community. Chuck is head of the job counselling service at S.I.R. and is doing what must seem like a thankless task providing jobs for brothers and sisters. Ugliest Drag Queen maybe, but a Beautiful Person committed to a never-ending job for gays. Thanks Chuck, from all of us in the Society.

Boyce Hinman sits there quietly, waiting until he has something important to say. A Trustee and head of the Religion Committee, he regularly submits a report to this newsletter to let me know what his committee is doing for S.I.R. and the gay community. This past year Boyce began a series of correspondence and dialogues with ministers around the Bay Area, to inquire if their churches would be interested in speakers from the homosexual community and if they would welcome members of that community to their services. So far twenty-eight churches have responded favorably. Boyce and his lover Larry, have spoken to various church groups about the homosexual and his and her hopes for equality, dispelling many misconceptions about gays everywhere.

A Bible Study lesson plan published by S.I.R. has been made available to churches for seminars and Boyce has made great use of these in his meetings with the clergy. The Clergy for Homosexual Equality, a group of ministers both gay and straight, have been writing to employers in the city and county, asking them to comply with Human Relations Commission Ordinance 96-72 (prohibiting discrimination in hiring with regards to sexual orientation). Ministers have

followed up these letters with visits to employers and the Religion Committee has received good response. These and other projects continue to take time and effort on the part of Boyce and his committee. It is unfortunate that when it comes to credit for anything, personalities in the community are the people who get their names in the gay news media rather than the few who quietly go about accomplishing deeds of real merit. Taking up where Dick Gayer left off, Boyce Hinman has never faltered in his work. Despite the few on his committee, Boyce's work helps other gay brothers and sisters, and he serves as a reminder to others that Gay is Good!

THE INSIDER

by Mike Newton

UNDERGROUND EXPLOSION

Photos by EDDIE TROIA



Above: Richard Anderson with Pristine Condition, two of the principals of the film, *Goldiggers of 1984*; Left, Candida Royalle, Richard Anderson and Leilani; Below: Mickye de la West, Terrence Holland, Leilani, Richard and Candida



SAN FRANCISCO IS AN EXPLOSION of underground filmmaking. In fact, San Francisco, along with New York, and Los Angeles is about the only place where any underground film type activity takes place. These photos by Eddie Troia are from a new film soon to start production here called *Goldiggers of 1984* being directed by James Moss. The film is a satire and is currently in the final phases of casting. Interested persons should contact producers, Wayne Mesker or Roy Rodgers at (415) 661-1585.

Dragula, another James Moss directed film will make the journey from New York to San Francisco for a special midnight showing at the Music Hall on Larkin Street on January 11, 1974.▲



Nickye de la West, Richard Anderson, Candida and a peek at Janet Planet's

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2155 Polk St., SF 441-8381

Since the name on the memo was the YACHT CLUB and the address on infamous Polk Street (which, obviously, we confused with piss-elegant Union Street), we got our heads set for a very special trip.

Forget your expectation levels around this data and rush to **The Yacht Club** for what it is - a superb restaurant! They spend little money on ambiance which is obvious as you enter a tiny bar that is just that; a bar with little or no fanfare outside or inside. Don't panic. There is a dining room. Go straight back, through the beaded curtains, on through the mini-miracle kitchen and you are in, literally, a back room. Just a few tables, one expensive looking Colonial(?) painting and one adorable waiter named Alphonso who is from the Yukatan and hasn't yet learned how to rush people with the soft-push we've encountered elsewhere. We were invited to enjoy and we did, at OUR leisure.

A delicious, hot, chewy bread introduced the cream of celery soup. (This is the first restaurant we've visited where the soup was given a specific name thus saving the guessing time for better things such as figuring out what was the most interesting salad we've experienced anywhere. We were later told it was the influence of a new Italian chef.) Over a bed of fresh, crisp, butter lettuce sat a mound of crunchy vegetables which had been marinated in vinegar and herbs. Over this was a subtle dusting (not drowning) of dressing and over that several slices of fresh avocado. It was divine and sublime!

My main course was two very thick pork chops served covered with apricot sauce and fork-cutting tender, accompanied by a disappointing instant-kind of rice and a side dish of fresh broccoli cooked the way I prefer-soft. For the same \$4.50 Stanley had the prawns cooked with olives and green onions in a sort of creamy wine mixture that was delightfully seasoned and both dinners were piping hot with man-sized portions.

The two most interesting sound environments were one conversation from the next table concerning the problems of public transportation between Bombay and Calcutta, and the other oos and ahs as their main courses arrived.

Even the coffee (rated 2 on our scale of 1-basic training military to 10-freshly ground, filtered Columbian was not sufficient to spoil a superb meal, beautifully served and one to remember!

The Brighton Express
 580 Pacific, San Francisco
 781-9947

From their beautifully designed tiny boxes of matches to the unbelievably delicious walnut pie, **Brighton Express** is an experience in elegant good taste seldom found in restaurants at triple their prices.

In an age of "authentic" reconstruction of period structures, it's a unique trip to enter an earthquake-survived structure (1860) and just *know* you're in old San Francisco.

We were greeted by three warm and charming gentlemen and a sparkling fireplace that washed the elegant, deep-toned interior with an instant invitation to slow down and get into that unique world which has been preserved by Bill Lloyd with superb taste. I seldom preface a meal

with alcohol but in this ambiance the temptation was too great. It just seemed so right to dandle by the fireplace doing the chit-chats.

The menu ranges from a Chef's Salad (\$3.50) to Broiled Lamb Chops (\$5.95). After a hearty cream-of-something soup and fresh, fresh roles, we dove into a super-salad consisting of an intriguing herb-creamed house dressing of the greens surrounded by crunchy, fresh vegetables. I'm a salad-after eater but this dish was not to be reserved and we wolfed and raved.

My entre was Brochette of Beef (\$5.25) which was in the shish-kebab class with gigantic pieces of tender beef, char-broiled to perfection (very rare, as requested and seldom received elsewhere) with crunchy green pepper, onions, tomatoes and mushroom caps. And, lo, our perfect waiter suggested we have the bulguhr wheat - a novel treat and delicious. (What a good idea, having your choice of starch-rice, ala, or potatoes!) As if this wasn't enough, the hidden treasure on the plate was a tiny ceramic dish containing slices of fresh squash which had been cooked in a sparkling-seasoned tomato sauce. But the miracle was-how did the chef maintain the original texture of the vegetable?

Charlotte selected the special, Pepper Steak (\$6.50) which was excellent and and in the French tradition.

The Walnut Pie was worth walking across the Bay Bridge for. We had no idea

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how it was made but ate it in mini bites between compliments. Even if you're not a desert person (as we are not) this item is a must especially if you enjoy their very fine coffee which we placed at 7 on our scale. It was the best non-freshly ground filtered coffee we've tasted in town and totally satisfying.

Brighton Express is very much at the downtown end of North Beach—where Columbus and Broadway and Kearny all come smashing together and the Trans-america Building squats in view. Yes, parking is a real problem but if that deters you from partaking of this superb dining experience with an ambiance and quality you came West for, then you'd probably miss the whole trip, anyway.

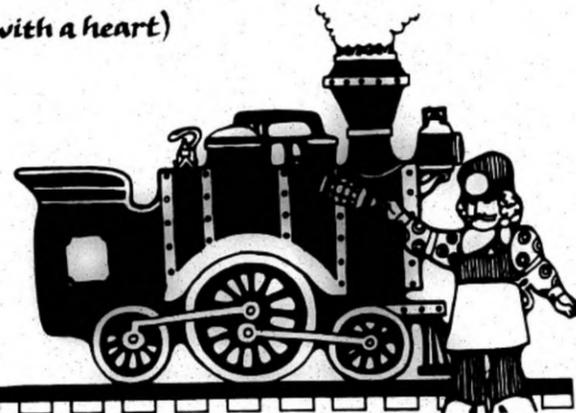
The **Vector** office has received several requests from readers who have so enjoyed **Brighton Express** that they asked us to check it out and let everyone know. We have and thank you all for the suggestion.
—Ambrose

Our Chef rules the kitchen with an iron hand!

And works wonders with the other one: bones plump, juicy chicken breasts; juliennes fresh vegetables; trims prime sirloin; cleans fresh-caught fish; stirs incredible sauces & dressings; and pounds the counter when the accountant meekly suggests he use margarine instead of butter. "I am an artist!" he screams and sends the poor man to bed without his supper. But don't worry. We sneak him something later when the chef's not looking.

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next month in Vector

JOHN PAUL HUDSON

The New York Scene

Nationally renowned Gay liberationist writer (THE GAY INSIDER) begins a regular feature reporting on the happenings and thinking from our Commonwealth in the East.

CARL MAVES

The Kolorado Kid

By popular demand, another erotic short story dealing with the placing of one of "those" kinds of ads in a national publication.

RICHARD AMORY

The Conspiracy of Silence

Author of SONG OF THE LOON turns a scholarly eye towards the fact that the first accepted male gay novel was published by Gore Vidal in 1948. Amory pins an arresting case upon Hopalong Cassidy's quite obvious homosexuality when seen in the proper perspective.

JACQUELYN HARRIS

A Perplexed View of Male Gays

Ms. Harris, long a Lesbian activist in the East Bay expresses some deep love for her gay brothers and questions a male gay life style that seems to amount to greater sorrow than joy.

WILSON E. WILSON

Oh Prometheus!

Author of the moving play, SUPER-STUD OF THE MOMENT (Vector, Sept/Oct. 1973) relates some of the excitement being generated in a new Gay Psychodrama group in Palo Alto, California

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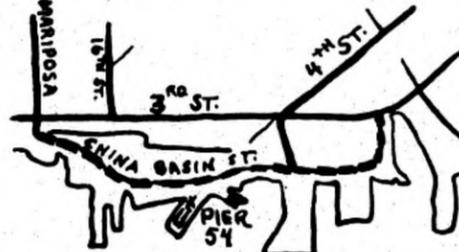
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Gangway, 841 Larkin, 885-4441
Jackie D's, 147 Mason, E
Kokpit, 301 Turk, 775-3260
Landmark, 45 Turk, 474-4331
La Cave, 1469 Sutter, 775-2060 D, W
One-Eighty-One, 181 Eddy, 441-5373 E
Red Lantern, 180 Golden Gate, 775-4959
Rendezvous, 567 Sutter, 781-3949, D
Sutter's Mill, 315 Bush, 397-0121, L, R
Totie's, 743 Larkin, 673-6820
Trapp, 72 Eddy, 362-3838
Turf Club, 76 - 6th St. 863-4615
Wilde Oscar, 59 - 2nd St. 392-4455
Windjammer, 645 Geary, 441-8814, D, B
The Wood Shed, 1601 Market, 861-9462
1001 Nights, 335 Jones, 474-1067, R, B, W

VALENCIA - CASTRO - MARKET

City Dump, 506 Castro, 861-4186
Connie's Why Not? 878 Valencia
Dogpatch Saloon, 3481 18th, 863-5199 B, R
The Midnight Sun, 506 Castro, 861-4186
Dick's on Castro, 456B Castro 621-9302
*Fickle Fox, 842 Valencia, 826-3373, R, B
J.B.'s House, 1884 Market, 863-3323
Kelly's Saloon, 3489 20th St, 285-0066, R, B
*Mint, 1942 Market, 861-9373, R, B, L
Missouri Mule, 2348 Market, 626-1163, R, B
Mistake, 3988 - 18th St. 861-1310
Naked Grape, 2087 Market, 863-7226
*Neon Chicken, 4063 18th St. 863-0484 B, R.
Nothing Special, 469 Castro, 626-5876
Pendulum, 4146 - 18th St, 863-4441
Purple Pickle, 2223 Market St. 621-0441
Scott's Pit, 10 Sanchez, 626-9534, W
The No. 3, 18th & Valencia, E, D
**Fanny's 4230 18th, 621-5570, R
Dirty Dick's, 456 Castro, 621-9392
Tiffany's, 1900 Market, 626-1308 B, L, R
Toad Hall, 482 Castro, 864-9797
Rainbow Cattle Co. 199 Valencia 864-9652 D, E
Twin Peaks, 401 Castro, 864-9470

NORTH BEACH

Baj, 131 Bay, 421-1872, R, B
Cabaret After Dark, 936 Montgomery
788-3365, D, E
Gold Street, 56 Gold, 397-5626, E
Jackson's 2237 Powell, 362-2696, R, B
Katie's Opera Bar, 1441 Grant, 986-9551
Savoy Tivoli, 1438 Grant, 362-7023, R

HAIGHT AREA

Bradley's Corner, 900 Cole, 664-7766, B
Lucky Club, 1801 Haight, 387-4644
Man Handler, 1840 Haight, 668-7655
Maude's Study, 937 Cole, 731-6149, W

AROUND TOWN

Club Dori, 427 Presidio 931-5896, R, B
The Lion, Divisadero & Sacramento 567-6565
Peg's Place, 4737 Geary 668-5050, D, B, W
Pier 54, China Basin Rd, 398-7846 L, B, R

POLK STREET

Cloud 7, 2360 Polk, 474-9696
Early Bird, 1723 Polk, 776-4162
Gordon's Saloon, 1750 Polk, 775-4152
House of Harmony, 1312 Polk, 885-5300 E, D
New Bell, 1203 Polk, 775-6905, E
On The Q.T., Polk & Clay 885-1114, R, B
Polk Gulch, Polk & Post, 885-2991
Havoc House, 1548 Polk, 441-8413, E, D
P.S., 1121 Polk, 441-7798, R, B
Wild Goose, 1488 Pine, 775-8880
Yacht Club, 2155 Polk, 441-8381, B, R

FOLSOM STREET AREA

Big Town, 115 Harriet, 626-1250 R, B, D, L
Boot Camp, 1010 Bryant, 626-0444
Country Club, 2742 17th, 864-1949 R, B
Febe's, 1501 Folsom, 621-9450
527 Club, 527 Bryant, 397-2452
Folsom Prison, 1898 Folsom 647-9134
The Lumber Yard, 979 Folsom
The No Name, 1347 Folsom
Ramrod, 1225 Folsom 621-9196
The Red Star Saloon, 1145 Folsom
Round Up, 6th & Folsom, 863-9628
Stud, 1535 Folsom, 863-2980

AFTER HOURS

Big Basket, 966 Market St.
Covered Wagon 278 - 11th St. 626-7220, R
Hamburger Mary's, 1582 Folsom
861-9223, L, R
The Lumber Yard, 979 Folsom St.
The Shed, 2275 Market, 861-4444 D
Tiffany's, 1900 Market, 626-1308

MARIN

Fairfax:

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

Sausalito:

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

Santa Rosa:

Bunk House, 9117 River Rd. 887-9905
Monkey Pod, 616 Mendocino Ave. 546-5070

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

Bryte:

Hide & Seek, 825 Sunset, 371-9817, D, E
Club Yolo Baths, 1531 Sacramento, 371-9949

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EAST BAY

Berkeley:

**Camp Grounds, 2329 San Pablo, 848-9292, R, B
Mitch's Hiway, Telegraph & Durant

Oakland:

Berry's, 352 14th, 832-9116
Chalet, 414 E. 12th, 444-8556, W
Club Carnation, 1200 13th Ave, 532-9425 B, W
Exit, 333 Lakeshore Ave, 451-2329, E, D
Grandma's House, 135 12th, 444-9966 R, B, D, L
Han's, 316 14th, 893-6280 R, B, D
Lancer's 3255 Lakeshore, 832-3242, R, B
Waikiki, 1451 Harrison, 832-9549 D, E
White Horse, 6547 Telegraph, 652-3820, D

Hayward:

Aloha Club, 58 A St, 581-9856, D
Chances R, Manyon & Tennyson, 783-4426, D, E
Chandelier Lounge, 22615 Mission, 581-9310 D, L
Queen's Palace, 799 B St. 582-9881, D, E
Turf Club, 22517 Mission, 581-9877

PENINSULA

Palo Alto:

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

Redwood City:

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

San Jose:

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

Santa Clara:

The Tinker's Dam, 46 Saratoga,
246-4595, D, B

Cupertino:

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

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Finnish, 1834 Divisadero, 921-0306
Folsom Street Barracks, 1145 Folsom
Jack's, 1143 Post, 673-1919
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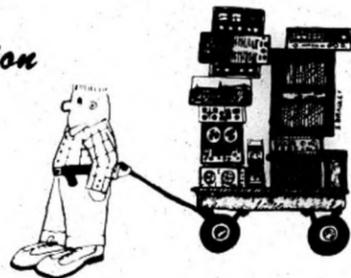
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BRUSSELS, RHINE RIVER, WIESBADEN, HEIDELBERG, MUNICH, INNSBRUCK, VENICE, FLORENCE, ROME, LUCERNE, PARIS, LONDON. Superior tourist class hotels, MOST MEALS. Departures: May thru Oct. from Los Angeles (from San Francisco add \$25).



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