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# EDITORIAL 10 YEARS

How does one manage to taste ten years? It's too easy to joyfully proclaim that: "YES, WE HAVE SURVIVED!" especially since our fundamental philosophy is that we, as proud homosexuals are demanding and achieving far more than basic survival.

Without a single capital investment in ten years we are not only still in business but exploding over the land. (Early counts indicate at this writing that we must restock most outlets which sold out the November Issue in less than a week.)

A glance at growth charts indicates an erratic growth pattern which is directly related to the appearances of new publications (magazines, newspapers, etc.) which suddenly emerge with promises of bigger and better cocks which as quickly go flaccid and disappear as the publishers' ego trips are confronted with the harsh realities of the importance of the advertisers' money which is unwilling to continue support of sensationalism-gone-tired. But, as expected VECTOR readership dips when frugal people decide to be "with it" by checking out the latest entry into the gay market. Then, for reasons we are unable to understand, the charts level out and spurt forward. Our biggest dip came with the advent of the so-called womens' male magazines whose primary appeal and sales is to male homosexuals. But, as the closet doors open wider, many of their readers are coming into the liberated territory of S.I.R.

So, we can't much sing of ten years survival when we've been the only ball game in town doing the job of presenting a forum for the entire range of gay experiences while resisting the temptation to set trends, clothing styles, travel spots to play jet setter, "beautiful" people interviews and bitchy gossip columns.

But we can and do sing of this issue which is the first in which we feature three major pieces (fiction, nonfiction, and news) by lesbians indicating the collapse of a wall upon which we've been hammering for years. And we can sing of our brilliant new art director—Doug Smith—whose work will be obvious. And we can wail on the stunning 1975 Poster/Calendar with the combined talents of photographers James Armstrong (Calendar) and John David Hough (Poster) and cartoonist, Charlie Hufford. But most of all we can shout at our page increase from 40 to 76 with no corresponding increase in single issue price.

But—above all—(ten years be damned) we hail the fact that this issue is better than the last one which was better than the one before it and on and on for—ten years.

That does taste sort of... special. □

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# VECTOR

Photo:Graven Image

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year  
from the employees of Acme Beer  
and Grenier Liquors.



VOL. 10

NO. 12

**ON STAGE 11**  
by RICHARD PIRO

A.C.T.'s *Pillars of the Community* and another stunning *Cyrano de Bergerac* plus the opening of *Olympus* and a fast look at *What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?* kept theatre buffs in shocking pink for a strangely unsatisfying month at the boards.

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# → vector

VOL. I NO. 1

DECEMBER 1964

## S. I. R.'S STATEMENT OF POLICY

### Party

S.I.R.'s Party coming up Friday, November 27, will be bigger and better than the last one in every way. The hall will be larger, there will be more band members, the food will be piled higher on the buffet table, more door prizes have been donated by the better places in town, and the advance ticket sale is even larger than that of the S.I.R. Party last September.

The location is to be announced the day of the party, and those who have tickets can learn where the good time can be had by showing them to bartenders at the bars that sold them. Tickets can be purchased from S.I.R. members and from the better bars around town at \$3 per person. If you are looking for fun, be sure and arrange to attend, for this will be a fun party like the last one given by S.I.R.

### vector

from the Latin, Vectus, "Carrier" (past part. of Vehere - to carry). Radius vector or vector quantity. A quantity which requires for its complete specification a magnitude, direction, and sense, and that is commonly represented by a line segment the length of which designates the magnitude of the vector, the orientation of which designates the direction of the vector, and the sense of which is designated by an arrowhead at one end of the segment. A quantity having both magnitude and direction.

A course or compass direction, esp. of an aircraft.

A behavioral field of force toward or away from the performance of various acts; broadly: Drive.

To vector: to transmit (esp. from the ground to an aircraft in flight) a vector to any desired point.

SIR is an organization formed from within the Community working for the Community. By trying to give the individual a sense of dignity before himself and within his Society, it answers the question of how we can maintain our self-respect. SIR is dedicated to belief in the worth of the homosexual and adheres to the principle that the individual has the right to his own sexual orientation so long as the practice of the belief does not interfere with the rights of others.

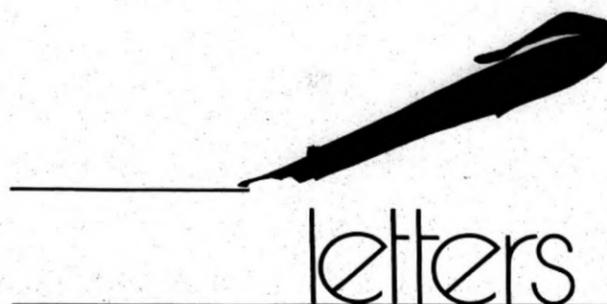
We must not forget that there are certain rights connected with being a man which are, despite peculiarities of color, of creed or of sexual orientation, guaranteed to all men. These inalienable rights must be constantly defended against the erosion of public power and ruin by personal apathy. There should be an end to dismissals from our jobs; an end to police harassment, and the interference of the state with the sanctity of the individual within his home. To assure that these reprisals cease, we believe in the necessity of a political mantle guaranteeing to the homosexual the rights so easily granted to others.

We find ourselves scorned by the very society which may in fact be largely responsible for our creation, our rights as persons and citizens before the law imperiled, our individuality suppressed by a hostile social order, and our spirit forced to accept a guilt unwarranted by the circumstances of our existence. Believing as we do that there is no strength but through organization, SIR is determined that through its actions and through cooperation from within the Community, these conditions will be changed. In those areas where we need to change, let us change ourselves.

Other organizations have done good and necessary work, but there are still many areas which desperately call for attention. There is the need for political action, the need to provide adequate and responsible legal counsel, the need to establish cooperation with the churches, the need to educate all men in their rights as citizens, and the need to provide our people with an honorable social fabric. These are but a few of many worthwhile projects which will occupy the efforts of SIR in the months to come.

But also, we must learn from the experiences of other organizations, their successes and failures, adding to their efforts SIR's specific dedication to the democratic process. Rejecting inwardness, the strife of personality and politics, and the languishing under a forever unchanging dictatorial control, we intend to give service where service is due. Through action we shall demonstrate a serious comprehensive program of financial stability and resourcefulness, a provision for active and responsible participation of individuals in our efforts, a willingness to get necessary jobs done, and in particular to provide an attractive, meaningful and healthy social fabric for the well-being of our Members.

While we are still dedicated to a spirit of free competition, eventually we hope to achieve the coordination of all organizations working on behalf of the homosexual. Recognizing that we live with an urgency of need, in a time when change is constant and often dramatic, we respond to the call to action, certain that a feeling of Community has been established. Working toward that goal, and an accord to that belief by all people, SIR is pledged to act.



### She is 87 and I am 83

I'm sure that the Bright Angel Retirement Home has thanked you and the many others who made gifts to the home that have brought pleasure and comfort to us residents.

But I wish to thank you personally from the bottom of my heart because I am the recipient of the little portable radio which you gave me. It has been so much company to me. I listen to it constantly while I am awake. I have wanted a radio of my very own since I came to the home to live. We have nice accommodations here and they take good care of us. There are two of us in each room. My roommate is Blanche Gentry. She is 87, and I am 83.

Blanche has had a radio of her own ever since I came here ten years ago.

She kept it so low I could never hear the programs. When I would ask her to turn it up so I could here, she wouldn't do it. Bless her, she is a sweet soul and I suppose she can't help being that way.

Last week she dropped her radio and it broke into many pieces and it cannot be repaired. Last night I was listening to the evening services of the First Methodist Church and those beautiful old hymns that I love so much. Blanche asked me to turn it up so she could hear too, so naturally I told her to go fuck herself.

Again thanking you, I am,

Mabel Mittenhoffer  
Yakima, Wash.

... and read the whole thing.

I'm really amazed with the new VECTOR format of the October Issue. I've been getting VECTOR for two years and this is the first time I've had to stop and read the whole thing from cover to cover the first day it was here. Keep up the good work. I miss the glossy paper, but the extra 16 pages are fantastic! You are looking more

like a "real" magazine with every issue. Thank you for the varied articles and if you keep all the great photography in the center pages, I can keep it and send the rest of VECTOR to my Mom and Dad.

Mel  
Gainesville, Florida

### Larger than San Francisco

By the way, what has become of your VECTOR column of "news notes" on the gay situation in various parts of the world? VECTOR is larger than San Francisco, you know.

P.C.  
Toronto, Canada

### Letter to Vaseline

I am returning herewith a partially used tube of Vaseline Intensive Care Cream and a coupon for a free "tote" bottle of Vaseline Intensive Care Lotion, regular or fresh herbal.

I like these products and would like to continue using them. However, I have decided to stop using these and all other products manufactured or distributed by your company.

The reason that requires me to take this action, and to urge others to do so, is your company's sponsorship of the Marcus Welby television episode "The Outrage."

I believe that the program, ostensibly dealing with the subject of child molestation, actually contributed to the continued public misunderstanding of homosexuality.

The refusal to cancel the episode in the face of the numerous requests and objections from responsible gay persons seems to me to constitute bigotry, plain and simple, and I find it abhorrent in any form.

R.M.  
Fresno, California

### What good is the Royalty?

When there is a coronation here the royalty from other cities comes here, with their courts and friends, which helps the businesses, both gay and straight. It's not often enough to help with jobs so I ask what good is it for most people? It gives people another ball to go to, and fills space in the press.

The new Emperor of San Francisco promised to hold fund raisers for the many gay organizations in the city and he is fulfilling his promise. I, for one, really give him credit for doing useful work for the community.

As of this writing the Empress election is two days away. I hope the new Empress and her court follow the example of Emperor III Bob Cramer. A number of gays say that no drag queen can represent them. I say a drag queen can represent a very small part of the gay community. They need their say, too, but most are not represented and that should be emphasized. S.I.R. tries to represent ALL in all facets of the gay life.

Since the emergence of the transexual program, full time drag is dead! I hope for a very quick demise of gender-fuck. I've never had any use for that. Shocking the straights does much more harm than good. So what good is the royalty/drag queens/gender-fucks? In this writer's opinion, as it has been, very little good. I am not asking for it to be totally done away with, but I am asking for them to improve and to emphasize it is only a very small part.

Norman Armentrout  
San Francisco



Expanded at the same price.

As long as I'm writing, I'd like to say your new format is great! At the same time your main competition up here (*In Touch*) has raised its price and begun to look like *After Dark*, your mag seems to continue expanding in size at the same price and the quality keeps getting better and better. Keep up the good work.

J.H.  
Seattle, Washington

#### Letter of thanks to S.I.R.

This is a letter of thanks to everyone since I don't have the names of anyone in particular. Two weeks ago I called for information on auto insurance agencies who don't restrict giving breaks only to young straight married couples with two to four children. The two agents you referred me to quoted prices 20% to 25% lower than every other insurance company I called. (In some cases even 50%).

Please put me on your mailing list. I'd like to know more about S.I.R.  
M.S.W.  
San Francisco, Ca.

#### The Whole Sex Catalogue

Using the enormously successful format pioneered by *The Whole Earth Catalogue*, *THE WHOLE SEX CATALOGUE* will be a total sourcebook of sexuality—past, present, and future. Both subtly erotic and outrageously sexy, it will draw from the finest specimens available throughout the world in categories such as: literature, sculpture, advertising, paintings, motion pictures, humor... even therapy.

In the interest of producing the most staggering and definitive compendium of sexual memorabilia and delectation ever brought together in one volume, the publisher is now soliciting contributions from the public. Nothing is too bizarre or outre for this collection; however we are seeking original, high quality materials sent to:

*The Whole Sex*  
Box 4860  
Grand Central Station  
New York, N.Y. 10017

#### Bar Corrections

First, we would like to express our appreciation for mentioning our bar in your publication,

*Hawaiian Hut*  
West Sacramento, Ca.

#### Bisexuality Response

I found the forum on bisexuality very thoughtful and thought-provoking with the exception of Richard Amory's bit—which I found 100% negative. What Amory is peddling, in essence,

is the same tired old line which psychiatrists have been peddling (wrongly) for years: i.e., you must be either straight or gay; you can't be both.

Why is Amory so bitter against male-female relationships anyway? Like him, I was married for over 12 years and sired three children. So, OK, eventually the marriage soured and I am now divorced. Since my divorce, I have been exclusively homosexual. Yet, I am honest when I say that I have no feeling at all that everyone should travel the same route. I believe very strongly in 'live and let live'.

One more point: if Amory is so insistent on latent homosexuals coming out of the closet, why doesn't he use his real name?

I use mine.

*Hilgar Walker*  
Oakland, California



## Emperor's Court

**D**ECEMBER BRINGS ONE ON the heels of a busy social season and the Emperor and his Court are no exception.

A no-host cocktail party for the Lesbian mothers (everyone asked to bring an unwrapped toy) is slated for the middle of the month. A "Farewell Empress Freida" party is planned for Friday, January 3, 1975 at the Phoenix. The party will be given by the Emperor and his court and will precede the Empress Coronation to be held on Saturday, January 4th at the Grand Ball Room at the Sheraton Palace Hotel. The court is also helping David Weber, producer for this year's *Feather & Leather Follies*—a fund raising event for the *Pride Foundation*. Follies is planned for Sunday, January 5th at *Bimbo's* on Columbus Avenue., this being the last of three big events for the New Year's week end.

Plans are now in full swing for next year's *Cable Car Awards* to be held Sunday, February 2nd at *Bimbo's*.

These awards are planned as an all-community event giving men and women in our society recognition in the areas they deserve. Service awards, news, sports and Bike Club events.

Individual theatre performances are just some of the events planned.

This year's proceeds will go to the Cable Car Court to help offset traveling expenses during the coming year to Vancouver, B.C., Seattle, Portland, and Southern California. As stated before, this will be an all-community evening so plan to attend February 2, 1975 at *Bimbo's*.



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## theatre

The most completely satisfying single evening I have ever spent inside a non-musical theatre was provided by A.C.T. two seasons ago. It was called *Cyrano De Bergerac* and spectacular on all levels including some I wasn't yet aware of. We happily report that the production is still around and is fresh and poignant and every bit as switch-flipping as the first time.

On the more side—Deborah May's Roxane is warmer than was Marsha Mason's cold-bitch first two acts. Roxane becomes lovable and understandable and adds immeasurably to this new season's production. On the less side—there's no kind way of saying that I missed Peter Donat's white-heat brilliance as *Cyrano* primarily because Ray Reinhardt's portrayal is too close to Donat's for comfort thus every missed syllable becomes a major catastrophe for the Donat fan club of which I am one of thousands. But it is obvious that Reinhardt has the competence to achieve and, eventually possibly surpass Donat who has cut so much of the groundwork for the interpretation.

Stephen Schnetzer's Christian is as pretty as was Marc Singer's but neither seemed to crack what might be an uncrackable role.

This is theatre at a rare level and anyone foolish enough to bypass it may be missing the theatre experience of their lives. Strong language for a theatre miracle with all of the William Ball genius/madness intact and singing.

*Pillars of the Community* is a bore. Excited by last season's *The Doll House*, we anticipated some hot stuff but ended up with an Ibsen comic strip with each character totally revealed in an entrance line and that was it as far as unraveling of characterizations went.

In contemporary Watergate terms, some viewers found this show a devastating mirror of the times. Ho-hum, not a trend, we hope. If *Pillars of the Community* was selected for the lessons it contains than we suggest it play the elementary school circuit.

It's a dangerous game—front page productions because, as happened in this case, they are generally outdated before the final casting has been posted. In the light of daily Nixon revelations Ibsen's villain would go unnoticed in a convent.

Ralph Funicello's sets were striking and continually the most interesting thing happening on stage. Hard to tell with a script as uninteresting as this one was (in terms of people) but it seems Allen Fletcher staged the piece as opposed to directing it.

#### ZEBEDY COLT SINGS FOR YOU

When the messenger delivered a record album containing a dreadfully amateur jacket drawing we groaned at the prospects of first listening and then

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Laird Williamson as the unscrupulous Comte de Guiche from A.C.T.'s revival of *CYRANO DE BERGERAC*.

"reviewing" what seemed another Stephen Grossman type of gay entertainer being upfront about his gayness.

Well—my dear! Backed by the London Philharmonic (no less) a voice that can only be called magnificent (in the Anthony Newley/Al Martino category) socks out a rendition of *The Man I Love* that will pin you to a wall with the professionalism and sheer musicality of this disk. Who is he? It can't be a parody because it's simply too good. I still don't know but if you have a friend or a lover who gets off on beautiful music beautifully performed with total upfront gayness then you have your Christmas gift problem solved.

Zebedy Colt offers big production numbers (male chorus in background) of several songs not usually performed by men with pronouns intact such as *Bill, I'm in Love With a Wonderful Guy*, *Love for Sale* and others.

The album—*I'll Sing for You*—is available at Oddesey Records as well as from the distributor, Cory Sound System, 440 Brannan, San Francisco, Ca., 94107 or by calling 543-0440.

#### AMERICA'S BI-SEX SHOWPLACE



We'd like to say a word about the new **OLYMPUS**—it's fabulous. Producer Ed West has invested heaven knows what in renovating the Village and coming up with a producer's dream of a facility. The stage works (thanks to manager of miracles, Kirk Fredericks) the kitchen works and the downstairs discoteque of mirrors works with an unbelievable sound system and blocks of space to dance in and through. For the ridiculous price of \$2 on weekends and \$1 during the week it also happens to be the best entertainment bargain package on the West Coast. Whatever your will you may will it at **Olympus**.

By the time you read this **Charles Pierce** will be claiming his rightful place in the hearts of New Yorkers as he storms the bastions hitherto claimed by Lynn Carter and **Beach Blanket Babylon** will have gone.

It was not the most successful opening night. Charles Pierce was working in new material and several disruptions in stage mechanics (no lights to find the wigs fast enough) obviously affected the flow of Charles' routines.

Whatever qualities **Blanket** had in playing alternative establishments—to place it in the magnificent setting of this stunning club simply highlighted the fact that the show from beginning to end is a paragon of pretentious amateurism which we found dull to a point of rage. Now that most of the bugs have been ironed out we anticipate a real show worthy of the environment and quietly suggest that Ed West give Zebedy Colt a call to headline the new show.

A fast trip to Los Angeles found us at the **Cabaret Theatre** on South La Brea Avenue for a preview of **What's A Nice Country Like You Doing In A State Like This?—A Satirical Musical of the 70's**.

If topical reviews are still your bag we suggest you see this gem immediately. Everything you love about the form is there plus everything you hate. Bisexuality, womans lib, gay liberation, Gerry Ford, threesomes, New York City knocks, pollution, etc. For those of us who cut our review teeth on points of view presented by *performers* (and didn't the genre start here in SF in the 50's with Mort Sahl, Buddy Hackets, et al?) to see a book show disguised as topical review which had been cast and directed in the same manner as another *Hello Dolly* it was dull fare, indeed. But it was fun, almost all of it, but the most fun was the several hours of bitching about it in the car while we looked for a junk food place still open in the wee hours of the morning. □

—Richard Piro



## THE GREAT \$10 GIFT

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## political savvy

by FRANK FITCH

**T**HE ELECTION OF JERRY Brown to the governorship of California can be seen as a victory for the gay community. Both the Hollywood Hills and Alice B. Toklas Democratic Clubs endorsed Brown, probably as much for Flournoy's unwillingness to meet with gay people. In a September meeting with leaders in the gay community, Brown stated he was liberal and more open than his opponent, that his appointments (approximately 1200 positions are filled by the governor) would be more compassionate. His office would be accessible to gays and that he would continue to express his willingness to sign consensual sex legislation.

Two other statewide winners, Democrats Myrv Dymally as Lt. Governor and March Fong as Secretary of State, bring good news to gay voters. Both actively sought gay support, promised to do what they could in liberalizing the state's attitudes and garnered an impressive number of gay endorsements.

The only big disappointment was the defeat of pro-gay William Norris for Attorney General. The Republican incumbent made his views about our community well known. At a meeting of the California Council on Criminal Justice he remarked that no projects were needed for gays. What they need is to become heterosexual. It's safe to say we should not count on this office for support of our efforts in Sacramento for a long, long time.

#### FEINSTEIN LOSES

Proposition L, strongly opposed by organized labor, and known as the Feinstein amendment, went down to a surprising defeat. Feinstein has been rapidly losing support of San Francisco's gay

community over support of helicopters used to harrass gays in the parks, failure to support the citation system for victimless crimes, her move to place after-hours places under strict police regulations, and what is perceived as a general move to the right on human rights issues. Her defeat of Proposition L will probably be interpreted as dimming her chances to run for Mayor.

#### PRO-GAY EDELMAN WINS IN L.A.

Ed Edelman, who garnered more gay support than any other candidate, succeeded in his bid for a seat on the County Board of Supervisors. He will represent L.A.'s 3rd District, containing the country's largest concentration of gay voters. His opponent tried to demonstrate his friendship with our community by giving the *Advocate* a picture of himself with Mae West, which did not overcome memories of his performance on the L.A. police commission.

#### FIRST GAY ELECTED TO STATE

Elaine Noble, running openly as a lesbian-feminist, continued her precedent setting primary win by securing

## THE CLUB DORI



wishes you a joyous holiday season, and the staff thanks you for the years they have had the pleasure of serving you.

George Banda — 12 years  
 Dori — 12 years  
 Ed Spece — 10 years  
 Bill Mac — 6 years  
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her seat in the Massachusetts House of Representatives. Her district is a residential district near downtown Boston. Maynard Jackson, Black Mayor of Atlanta, Ga., telegraphed her after the primary win: "Congratulations on your victory. It is a significant step both for women's rights and human rights."

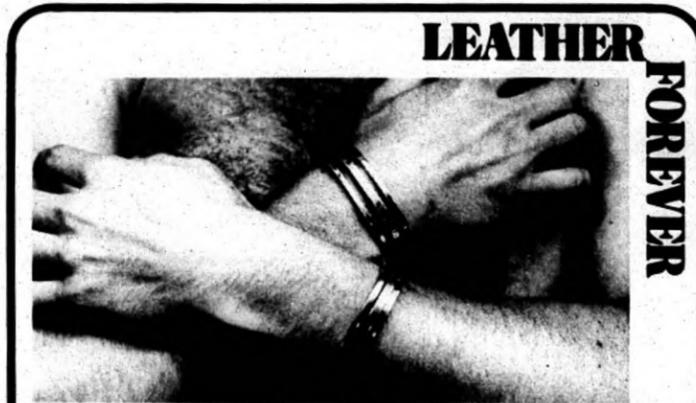
**WHAT NOW?**

It seems to me, now that we have a governor that will sign consensual sex legislation and other civil rights legislation for our community and now that the Assembly and Senate of California are more likely to send such progressive law to his desk, we now need to seriously explore the possibility of our community sponsoring a lobbyist in Sacramento. Several other States have done this, it is not all that expensive (\$20,000 would pay a decent wage and cover expenses) and we have talented people in our community that could do an effective job for us in that position.

It is the only way we can be sure that we are exerting our all for the changes we desire in our government.

It is also not too early for San Franciscans to start checking out the candidates for Mayor. This is a very important race, for the winner gets to make so many crucial appointments both to the gay community and the city-at-large. If you want to see a candidate win, volunteer a few hours of your time to work to that end.

Nationally, HR 14752 needs to be presented to each and every Congressman by his or her constituents. There are potential sponsors and yes votes out there that a letter from a constituent can help secure for us. They are your representatives—don't let them forget that!



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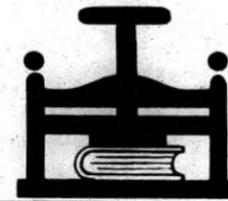
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**books**

**THE MAN WITH THE CANDY: The Story of the Houston Mass Murders** by JACK OLSEN  
Simon & Schuster, \$7.95, 255 pages

**M**URDER HAS ALWAYS exerted a compelling fascination for Americans. Like the Cobra holding an audience in a trance, the details of sudden death pull us forward toward an unconscious rendezvous with our own fantasies and desires. Perhaps this is why anti-gun legislation never progresses beyond mere oratory. The Houston slayings of twenty-seven teen-aged boys by Dean Corll and company strikes this vein of chilling curiosity. For many men an acceptable sexual encounter between males can only be digested as an act of loveless violence that never threatens to refashion the male image. Houston, Texas, denotes the shape of an American strain toward law and order baked in the outline of a gun.

Jack Olsen, (the publisher provides no information about him) has pounded the pavements and interviewed exhaustively all parties to the case. His skillful dissection of the sociological pieces add to the usual journalistic style of crime reporting. Olsen patiently introduces us to the nervous Houston landscape and in particular the Texas minions of the law. The local police department does not shine well. Olsen contends that sharp investigating might have curbed the extent of the bloodletting. Parents who reported their sons missing encountered apathy and some hostility from police detectives. Boys were simply listed as missing. Mothers and fathers in Houston learned that human life from the lower classes struck the city bureaucrats as cheap and inconsequential.

Dean Corll remains the enigma. Why did he kill? How was he able to enlist the aid of Wayne Henley and David Brooks? (They were both teenagers). Dean was popular with everybody, kids

included. Kind, thoughtful and devoted to his mother. Corll was never consider-

(Continued on page 65)

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ed by many of his friends as capable of foul play.

After Corll's death at the hands of Henley, Mrs. West, Dean's mother, continued to proclaim his innocence. She consulted a psychic who informed her that Dean had not killed anyone. Psychiatrists will long pick the bones of the Houston crimes and we will probably never know all the causes and effects. But many will agree that Dean's tragic flaw developed from his virtues. He was too nice to believe. His juices of kindness required the tempering of honest, clean anger that defies syrupy sweetness. He seldom displayed his true inner feelings. A few outbursts might have cleared the air. But he tended to play the yes-man to the end.

Dean's mother issued lengthy statements about his innocence: "... would he ever stoop so low as to have had these wild parties in a house belonging to his father whom he adored? He was not a sex maniac nor a sadist. . . the people who know Dean, worked with him, will never believe these terrible accusations."

Mrs. West could never understand the unwitting role she played in the destiny of her offspring. Olsen clearly demonstrates that in some ways mother and son behaved almost like husband and wife. Perhaps Dean overidentified with young males because he never experienced the support of a stable father. (Mrs. West married five times and fought constantly with her spouses). He possibly murdered them because to love them would tear asunder what phony machismo he did inherit from his insecure brothers of the soil.

After the slayings were resolved, certain anti-gay sentiments emerged.

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## out on campus

WHERE DOES IT HURT?  
by RICHARD A. THOMAS

FEELING PECULIARLY EXCITED and apprehensive at the same time, I asked myself, "Why not now?" Here I was, in my fourth year as a graduate student at Stanford, and beginning to adopt a new identity. Well, not really new, it was just that a new and important element had been added to it. I had decided consciously and openly to accept the status of homosexual, and I was now faced with the problem and the opportunity of making this change known to my old acquaintances as well as some new friends.

At least I didn't have the burden of throwing off or explaining away an old camouflage. With the male-female ratio at Stanford, my peers hadn't found it unusual that I didn't date. Most of the other single graduate students in my lab didn't either. But it still wasn't going to be easy, since I had expressed heterosexual involvements. (I hadn't been dishonest in any of this—it was just that having started graduate school at 2 on the Kinsey scale, I now found that I had slowly drifted over to 4. So there was bound to be some confusion.)

I decided that I would just sort of slip the word "homosexual" into a conversation at the lab to feel out the reactions of my fellow students. After all, one just can't blurt out, "I've decided to develop my homosexual interests" and expect to get responses like, "Gee, that's great" and a few pats on the back (or whatever). Anyway, I'm a rather cautious person, and I didn't want to start burning my bridge before I was far enough across it to see what was on the other side.

Unfortunately, even though homosexuality was a concept that often dominated my thoughts, it wasn't long before I realized that it wasn't the #1 topic of conversation among my co-

workers. Then Greg told a faggot joke. Well, it wasn't the best opportunity I could conceive of, but if it wasn't now it might be never. So I asked myself, "Why not now?"

If the joke had possessed even a modicum of humor, I might not have said anything, but like many of Greg's jokes it wasn't funny. Greg, although in many ways a nice guy, is also a bigot. (He thinks the joke about a "school bus load of niggers going over a cliff" is supremely funny.) So I slipped in some neutral comment about homosexuals in an attempt to channel the conversation into a more serious discussion of the topic. Finally I got around to stating my opinion that a person had the basic human right of expressing whatever sexual orientation he chose.

Greg countered that if we were allowed that it would result in our being sexually assaulted by perverts. "After all, how would you feel if you were in a bar and a man came up to you and *put his hand on your leg*?" he asked me.

"Yeah, just how would you feel? Wouldn't that be awful?" the other people in the conversation responded in unison.

I suddenly realized that this wasn't turning out quite the way I had imagined it might. So I muttered something about how, if a guy had his head in the right place, etc., he would be able to handle a situation like that without—ah—er—much difficulty.

"Well," Greg said, "maybe. . ." the very sound of the word indicating that he was appalled by the thought that anyone could react with other than feelings of disgust and revulsion to such an experience. Then he dropped his bombshell, "But if I had to work in the same lab with a homosexual, I know one thing for sure—one of us would have to go," and it was clear

from the tone of his voice that *he* wasn't the one who would be leaving.

Stunned and bewildered, I realized that in my present state I would be unable to salvage anything from this conversation, and trying to look as composed as possible, I returned to my experiment.

Did he really mean it? Here was one of my friends (in fact, he and his wife had had me over to dinner just the night before) implying that, if I was a homosexual, not only was I no longer his friend but even my physical presence would be unendurable for him.

After that experience, I developed a different approach. I began to ask my

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new friends to meet me at the lab or just to stop by to talk. Then I would introduce them to Greg. I began to make a point to tell Greg what I did on the weekends (movies, football, picnics, parties, etc.) and with whom. Furthermore, whenever possible, I would drop in a few facts about homosexuality.

Finally, Greg realized that my companions in all these activities were exclusively male and that I seemed to know an inordinate amount about homosexuality. The conclusion was unavoidable; however, since it was forced upon him gradually, he decided that he could tolerate a homosexual in the same laboratory.

Greg has even begun to ask me questions about gayness, now that he has a local expert handy. However, he has yet to discover that a homosexual relationship can include friendship, support, sharing, and mutual interests. Instead he is still fascinated primarily by the sexual mechanics of gay relationships. I am optimistic: when I told him that I was going to make him the subject of this article, he said, "Well, I didn't know much about homosexuality, but I'm learning." □

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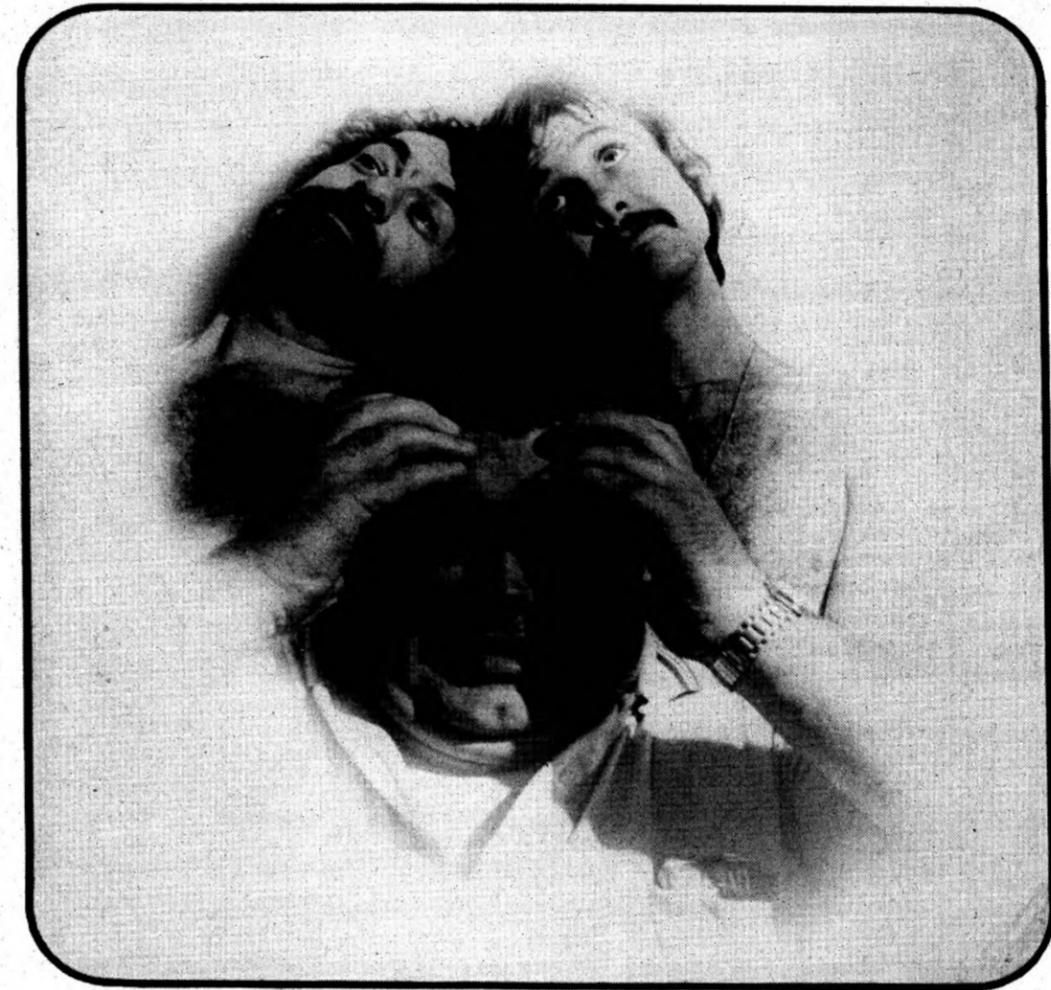


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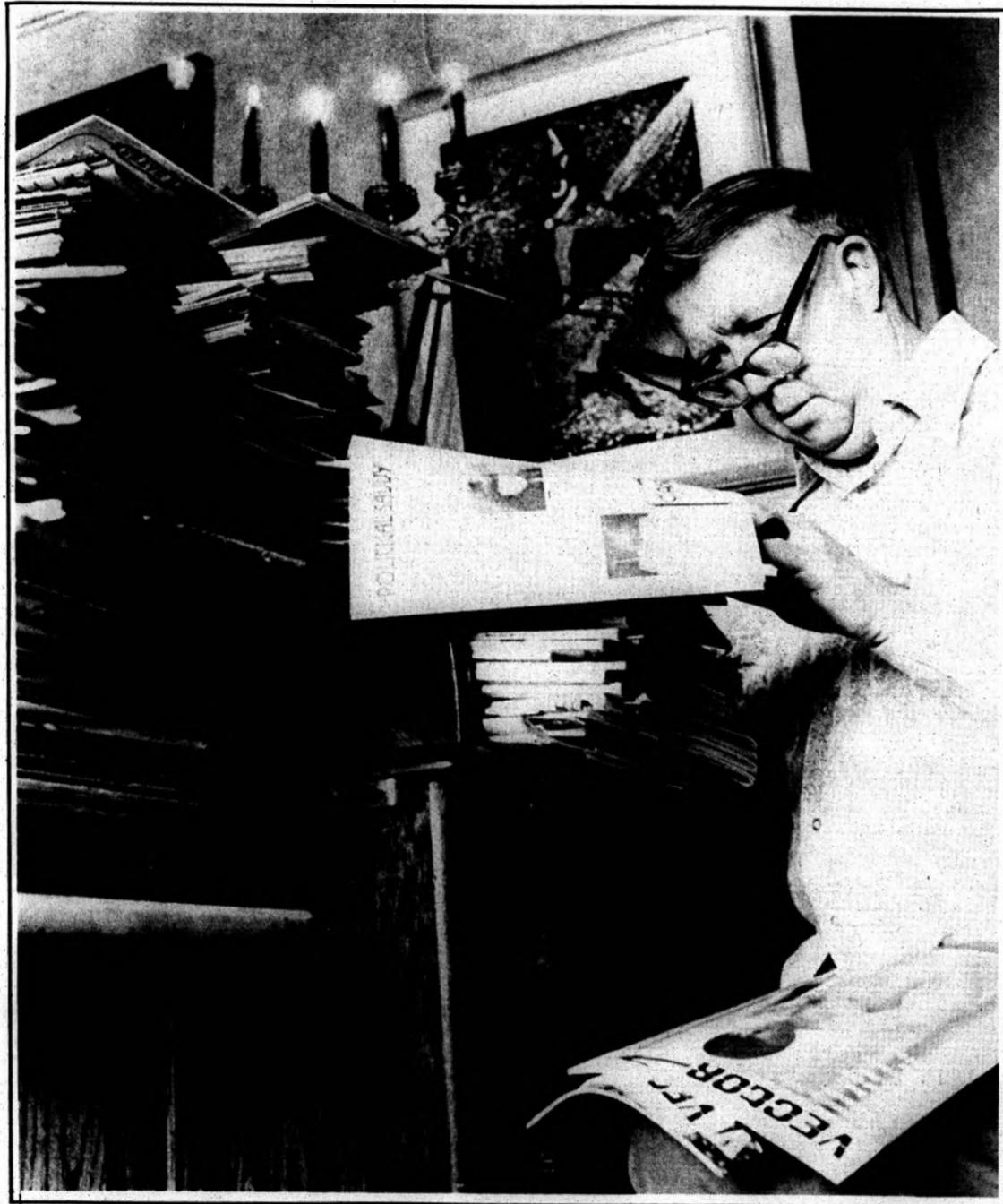
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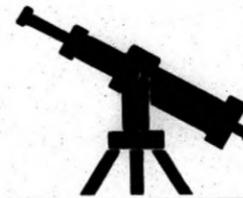
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Publications Director: Bill Plath who, more than any single person or persons has been responsible for VECTOR's growth.

Photo: Jarrett



## star cruise

STAR CRUISE will be devoted to the needs of the Gay Community. It is our hope that through Sidereal Astrology you can better understand yourselves and your lovers, and better cope with the everyday joys or problems of life. Send in those cards and letters, folks. We want to hear from you. Astrology applies to EVERYTHING! (or anything.) If you have a question about yourself please send your complete birth data — that is — date, year, time and place of birth, along with your question, of course. If you have a question about someone else we need all that information about him or her, too. We cannot make personal replies and letters cannot be returned. But watch the column. We will try to print and answer all letters received. Of course you'll remain anonymous.

### THE PHILOSOPHY AND NEW LIFE APPLICATION OF THE PLANETS' TRIPS AMONG THE FIXED STARS OF THE CLASSICAL SIDEREAL ZODIAC

by JEFF

"Hey man, what's your sign?"

"I'm a triple Cancer!"

"This is the dawning of the age of Aquarius."

And so it goes. Every man on the street is his own astrologer today, and although a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, no significant explosions have occurred—yet. The popular concept of Astrology fits admirably our seeming need to pigeonhole ourselves into neat categories, each with its very own comfortable label. If you think of yourself as an Aries, then all that stomping around macho trip is justified, right? If you were born between January 20 and February 18 you are some kind of super-hip dude who loves the whole of humanity because you are an Aquarian, and this is the age of Aquarius, isn't it? Fact is, this is not the age of Aquarius and won't be for another 400 years, and if you were born on January 25th you are NOT an Aquarian. Simmer down a bit and let's look at some more facts in Astrology.

Modern Astrology, as evidenced by the many newspapers, magazines, and popular books devoted to the subject, is enjoying a current boom. In the rush to get into print many writers have relied on a vast body of traditional literature, most of which has been printed in the past 200 years. This literature draws heavily on the Greek concept of Astrology which was based on a measurement of the Zodiac from the so-called 0 degree of Aries, or the vernal point. But—there is a problem which the Greeks did not foresee which the Greeks could not foresee. Due to the phenomenon of precession the vernal point slips back through the Zodiac. The 0 degree of Aries is no longer in the constellation of Aries. The "signs" of today do not coincide with the star patterns for which they were originally named. Nowadays the vernal point occurs in the constellation of Pisces, roughly in the 6th degree. What does that mean? If you were born on March 22 your sun is in the constellation of Pisces, NOT Aries. It's still in the "sign" of Aries, but the "sign" Aries has nothing to do with the star pattern of Aries.

Today, Astrology is split into two schools of thought. The Greek concept, the Astrology of the "signs," is represented by Tropical Astrology. The Astrology of the constellations is represented by Sidereal Astrology.

This column takes the Sidereal approach. If you are among the many who have rejected Astrology, or who are amused by its seeming contradictions with the reality of your own life experience, then this column is directed towards you. The reason you are dissatisfied is that Tropical Astrology would have you believe that you are something that you are not. Sidereal Astrology tells it like it really is—today—now.

The Sun enters a different constellation around the 15th of each month, give or take a day or two. Look for your birthday below to see which constellation is

your Sun is in in the Sidereal Zodiac.	
Dec. 17 to Jan. 15	Sagittarius
Jan. 16 to Feb. 13	Capricorn
Feb 14 to Mar. 15	Aquarius
Mar. 16. to April. 14	Pisces
Apr. 15 to May 15	Aries
May 16 to June 16	Taurus
June 17 to July 17	Gemini
July 18 to Aug. 17	Cancer
Aug. 18 to Sept. 17	Leo
Sept. 18 to Oct. 18	Virgo
Oct. 10 to Nov. 17	Libra
Nov. 18 to Dec. 16	Scorpio

Your birthday is literally your own personal New Years Day. When the Sun enters your natal constellation, that is the same Zodiacal position it held at the moment of your birth, new opportunities present themselves and new doors open to you. Like any opportunity, its success depends on your action. You must act in your own interest to take full advantage of the indications of the planets and the stars. That old adage is really true. "The stars impell, they do not compell." In other words they don't do it for you. They just make it possible for you to do it. The results are up to you.

The month of December 1974 finds the Sun finishing up its journey through the last half of the constellation of Scorpio and entering Sagittarius. If you were born in December some of your basic characteristics are included below along with some general ideas for the coming year.

If you were born between December 1 and December 12 you are the true, intense Scorpio. That intensity of purpose has the alarming ability to really set off sparks in other people. Lesser beings are sometimes overwhelmed by the sheer power of your personality. Your practicality can lead you to personal pessimism and a too-quick tendency on your part to criticize others, either for their faults, real or imagined, or for their lack of tolerance for your own faults. If there is a tedious job to be done, your flair for system and order or just sheer determination pulls you through. Your keyword is action, any action. 1975 holds promise of luck and increase in fortune for you, if you open new avenues of creative and imaginative communication. Watch out for the whoring instinct this year. Lots of sexual excitement is coming your way, however there is much opportunity to feel let down by too wide experience of the physical with not enough time allowed for love. Taking is OK but you have to give a little, too.

If you were born between December 13 and 15 you are the righteous Scorpio. If you are not a Bible thumper you hold up any other rule book you happen to like at the moment. Your ideas are good and sound and you often deserve to be listened to. Your sense of honesty and fair play is profound and you are known as the reliable type. A sense of adventure makes your activities desirable to others as well as making you the exciting Scorpio you are. Your activities in 1975 will need to be toned down if you would take full advantage of the promise of luck and material gain for the year. A lot may come in, but a lot may go out as well. The excitement of easy gain could go to your head. A tendency to recklessness could be dangerous. Watch for unscrupulous people. Your honesty could be turned against you and the rules might be applied to your disadvantage.

If you were born between December 16 and 24 you are an early Sagittarian and by nature truly generous. Those who are lucky enough to be counted as your friends have a true friend indeed. Though you have a tendency to pick your friends with meticulous care with perhaps pretty stringent criteria, your ability to spread good feeling and to lift the spirits of those in need is remarkable. Taste, flair, and quality consciousness are your goals in things and in people. Your optimism knows no bounds and your ability to spring back from life's adversity is unequalled. 1975 continues the trend of sudden and sometimes disconcerting change for you. You will have to watch depths of depression still, but your natural optimism will pull you through. Practical matters will hold your attention in 1975 and change, when met with your usual enthusiasm and relish for the new, as well as a willingness to work with difficult situations, will show a gain for you this year. A strong desire to hold onto love despite prevailing conditions, could not only alienate the loved one, but result in disappointment for you. We sometimes get too much of what we want, you know.

If you were born between December 25 and December 30 you are the most adventurous Sagittarian. Mountain climbing, water skiing, almost all kinds of participation in body contact sports

(?) lure you on to more heights of accomplishment. You love medals, and honors come to you through your tireless efforts to win. You are a bit on the reckless, devil-may-care side. You are sometimes the fool who can't wait to rush in. 1975 offers much excitement for you to express these exciting personal traits. Beware of accident and injury. Brick walls have been known to stop even the most determined Latter Day Sagittarian. This is a year of extra caution for you. □

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# Women

**D**AUGHTERS OF BILITIS, THE oldest up-front lesbian organization in America, will be twenty years old next year. For nearly two decades we have retained the original purpose—to encourage and support the lesbian in her search for her social, economic, personal, interpersonal and vocational identity within society.

In line with these goals, D.O.B. maintains an office at 1005 Market Street (near 6th), which houses an informal meeting room, and a substantial and growing library on the themes of homosexuality, women, and feminism. Here, gay women staff the phones and answer correspondence from throughout the nation. All of us at D.O.B. are volunteers. There is much to be done, and we welcome new members to join us in our work.

Our monthly magazine, *Sisters*, includes a calendar of events in the Bay Area women's community, as well as poetry, short stories, graphics, non-fiction, and book/film reviews.

Through our Speaker's Bureau, interested groups can meet with gay women in the hopes that through such contact the public will learn to accept and understand lesbians as individuals. In recent months, speakers have gone out to high school and college classes, church groups, and police training sessions.

Twice weekly, D.O.B. hosts raps for women. The atmosphere is warm, open and responsive, and fosters an exchange of views from all points of the lesbian perspective. Current topics include "Being gay on the job," "Lesbian artists discuss the arts," "Bisexuality," and a regularly scheduled monthly rap for newly gay women.

D.O.B. is part of the growing women's community. For newly gay women, and for lesbians new to the Bay Area, it is a good starting point to find out where to go, and what resources are available. For women who have been out a long time, D.O.B. can be a place to meet and exchange ideas with all women involved in the gay community—from political lesbians to old-time "bar dykes." You are always welcome at D.O.B. For more information, phone 861-8689. □  
—Barbara Collier

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# east of the bay

## GAY-MALE ALTERNATIVES IN THE EAST-BAY

(Compiled by the Oakland Gay Men's Political Action Group)

### ACHVAH: Jewish Gay Union

4432 Moraga, Oakland, 658-4263  
Seeking to raise Jewish consciousness among gay men and women and to educate the Jewish community about gay people.

### BROTHER: A forum for men against sexism

p.o.b. 4387, Berkeley 94704  
A periodical publication by a group of gay men for all men concerned with issues of sexism (the exploitation of women) and sex-role oppression trying to develop a greater awareness of the links between sexism and the economic class system.

### EAST BAY GAY

PO Box 908, Berkeley 94701, 524-0323  
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### GAY ARTIST'S AND WRITERS COLLECTIVE (GAWK): E. Bay Chapter

517 33rd St. Oakland. 658-0233  
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### HAYWARD GAY ACTION

Dave Keste, founder of Gay Action, is interested in getting together a group of gay East Bay professionals. He can be reached c/o Lambda Gay Swtchb.

### LAMBDA GAY COMMUNITY CENTER

1437 Harrison St. Oak. 451-1338  
A gay community organization at Bishop's Coffee House in Downtown Oakland. Gay women's and gay men's raps every Tuesday at 7:30 pm. They are also responsible for a gay program on Tues. at Bishop's which has included in past months a discussion of discriminatory hiring policies at Bell Tel, and a gay poetry reading.  
Gay switchboard staffed by lesbians and gay males, noon to midnight, 7 days a week. Housing, referrals, one-to-one, occasional newsletter.

### MEN'S CENTER & SWITCHBOARD

2700 Bancroft, Berkeley, 845-4823  
Collective of gay, bisexual & straight men; they have open raps Mondays at 8 pm, and potlucks the first 8pm, and potlucks the first Sunday of each month at 5:30 pm. They are forming a counselling collective and publish a newsletter.

### M.C.C.

c/o Mills Terrace Church  
5410 Fleming Ave., Oak. 547-1858  
They hold services every Sunday at 7 pm

rap groups every other Thursday at 8 pm, bible study classes Wed. nights. They publish the "Rapporter" newsletter. There is a very active lesbian membership. They also do pastoral and personal type counseling. Ask for Rev. Gary.

### OAKLAND GAY MEN'S POLITICAL ACTION GROUP

Oakland, 654-1578  
A small group of working and lower-middle class faggots who are alternately study-and project-oriented. Prepared gay rights platform for the Oakland

(Continued on page 68)

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# travel

## GAY REPORT FROM ISRAEL

by JACK BERNSTEIN

I AM WRITING THIS ARTICLE/guide for gay travelers in Israel based upon 4½ years of living here as well as my profession of being a travel agent and historical. It will include important places of interest, phone numbers, bar listings and some Israeli drink recipes.

I want to start out by mentioning the fact that Israeli policemen do not harass gays as they have more important duties. Also, the Liberal Party controls City Hall in Tel-Aviv and most other Israeli towns.

### Important Phone Numbers are:

- 100, for Police
- 101 for Mogen David emergency medical treatment
- 102, Fire Department
- 14, Information in Directory, 03-625241, Weather Report 02-222073, Jerusalem Youth Hostel Association Main Office.

**Nudist Camps:** There's Eli Avivi's "Achzivland," located at Achziv, four kilometers north of Nahariya. Eli welcomes gay guys and Lesbian sisters. Admission is only \$1.50 per night. Also known as Beit Eli Avivi. Tel: 04-920250. A "Gay Day" Festival will be held on May 1st, 1975. Cost of admission is \$3.00 plus one bottle of spirits. A bartender will be present to mix drinks.

**Tel-Aviv:** Let's stop at **Book Boutique** on 231 Rehov Ben-Yehuda. Riv, the owner, is from San Francisco and has free coffee for browsers.

**The Kafe Kassitt**, 117 Rehov Dizengoff is very popular with Tel-Aviv gays and tourists. Delicious light meals, groovy English speaking young crowd. Open 7 days a week.

**The Association of Americans and Canadians in Israel**, 76A Rehov Ben Yehuda, Tel-Aviv, helps both gay and straights in need. Tel: 03-235644.

**Eros Sex Boutique**, located in Shopping Center on 30 Rehov Ibn-Guirol near Tel-Aviv City Hall has gay films for sale.

Near Tel-Aviv's Zoo is a place for encounter groups, occult and spiritual healing. Gays most welcome. Write to or drop by for free cup of tea or coffee to: Zorika Forman, 17 Rehov Hakalir. Tel: 03-248319.

Next door to Book Boutique on 231 Ben Yehuda Street is **Bernie's Bottle Club**, open all week from 10 am til 3 am. Very swinging clientele and frequented by Danish and Swedish U.N. Soldiers. Food is fabulous. Must not be missed.

Best Turkish Bath in Tel-Aviv is **Esquire Men's Club Baths** on 46 Rehov Shlomo Hamelech. Tel: 03-238685. Clean and modern. Plenty of action after 6 pm.

Gay guys are welcome at **The Hostel** on 60 Rehov Ben Yehuda. Tel: 03-287-088. Ten percent discount to students. Pay 6 days/nights in advance, sleep 7th for free.

For cruising there's Dizengoff Circle and beach in front of Dan Hotel.

**HAIFA**—New Central Bus Station opened in June, 1974, has fabulous cruising. Take Bux #17 or #41 to the Hadar. On 15 Rehov Herzilya is the **Cafe Orion** next to Orion Cinema. They serve the best pastries in Israel.

Mostly straight during the days but gay in evenings. Tel: 04-532379.

In Haira's Central Carmel on 124 Hannassi Blvd. is the **Moadon Haoleh**. Tel: 04-87140. This is a tourists' and newcomers club. Gay and Lesbian welcome same as straights. Has snack bar and lounge.

When leaving Haifa for Tel-Aviv or Jerusalem, take the train. Excellent food in dining car and fabulous cruising plus action in summer months.

**JERUSALEM**—Best place to spend your nights in Jerusalem is the **Y.M.C.A.** This is across the street from the King David Hotel. It swings all year around and has quite reasonable rates.

After 10 pm gays gather at the bar of the **King David Hotel**. Well worth an hour of your time.

For gay guys and lesbian sisters of the Jewish faith, there's the **YM/YWHA** (Young Man's and Young Woman's Hebrew Association) located on 105 Rehov Herzok. Take Bus #17 or #19.

Every Monday night at 8:30 pm, admission free, is Folk Dancing at Hillel House (Beit Hillel) on 4 Rehov Balfour. Mostly young people in their 20's and friendly to gay persons.

On 36 Rehov Yehezkal are located an inexpensive and very delightful **Turkish Bath** with charming patrons. Lesbian sisters take note that Monday and Wednesday are for women only. Take Busses #2, 3, 4, 9, 11 or 27.

And becoming increasingly gay is **Fink's Bar and Restaurant** at Rehov Hamelech George, corner of Rehov Histadrut. Fabulous mixed drinks. Reservations required for dinner. Telephone: 02-234523.

(Continued on page 68)

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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.

## dear don

*For what seems like the five thousandth time in my life, I found someone who was almost Mr. Perfect; allowed myself to get carried away and pretend he was Mr. Perfect; fall in love; tell him about it and then had to suffer hearing him tell me that he thinks I'm swell but not the right man for him. Does it ever end? Don't answer that. Would like some words of comfort if you know any, though. By the way, I wish you'd talk about yourself sometimes. I liked your column last Christmas when you talked about being a father.*

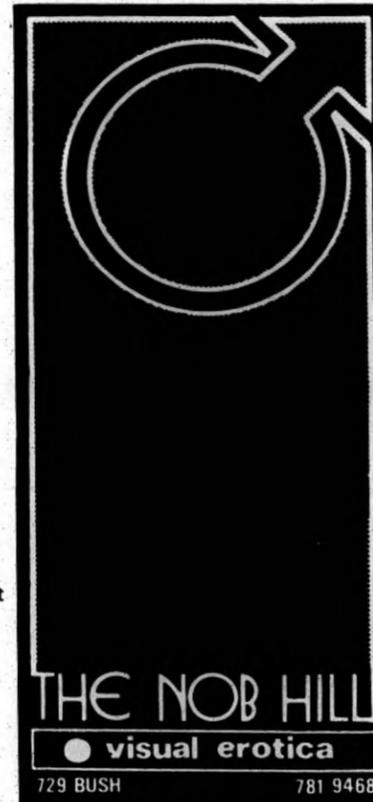
Maybe I can respond to your letter and talk about myself at the same time by telling you a story. I grew up living close enough to the ocean that I could hear it everyday. I have made lots of decisions in my life, as have we all, that help to determine where we live. I traded the Atlantic for the Pacific and that makes it easier to walk on the beach in Winter. But because of the work I have chosen and the education I want for my children, I live inland and must find what time I can to visit the ocean. I am 44 years old now and still think of the ocean every day.

For years I have wanted to find a perfect and beautiful sand-dollar shell. I could not count the hours and days that I have walked beaches with a feeling of near desperation as I searched for my sand-dollar. I learned that the best days at the beach were the times when I did not feel so needy. I could enjoy the feel of the sun on my face and back, hear the music of the birds responding to the rhythm of the waves, and smell the rich odors of decay and renewal. The colors of everything were more vivid on those days. The sun

was more brilliant or the storms more majestic. And my lifelong friend, the ocean, would reward me on such a day by turning up some bauble, a souvenir in memory even if I lost it before the day was over. But my perfect and beautiful sand-dollar continued to elude me.

As I learned to accept with thanks the pleasures of the day and the varied offerings of the ocean, I thought less and less often of finding my perfect sand-dollar. And then they began to appear, or seemed

(Continued on page 66)



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# Queen City Business Guide

by JIM SASS

*Since we expect some adverse reactions to a "business association" forming close ties for the support, care and maintenance of still another royal court of Kings and Queens to travel around cutting ribbons and judging hairy chest contests with some marginal activities with various local "charities" VECTOR welcomes comments of any length concerning the worth (or lack of) of drag courts in 1974 Gay Liberation.*

—Editor

IN SAN FRANCISCO IT'S called the Tavern Guild, in Seattle it's the Queen City Business Guild. And that's about all that most people know. Just what are the functions of these organizations? What do these Guilds do for the Gay Community? Much to my dismay, I can't answer these and other questions about "The" City's Tavern Guild, but I can tell you something about the Queen City Business Guild.

As many will recall, Seattle was scandalized years ago with police bribes and pay-offs primarily by the Gay bars which stemmed from an illegal, but practiced, tolerance policy. If a Gay bar refused to pay-off to the police, harrassment was the order of the day, until the police could legally "bust" the place. Since all good things must come to an end (in this case only for the police) so did the pay-offs with Grand Jury indictments, trials and convictions of some of Seattle's finest (?). The bar owners could now relax and concentrate on improving their business. Or could they?

In an effort to clean up the police department, Mayor Wes Uhlman started a drive for a new police chief who could run the department with an iron fist. He found such a man in George Tielsch (now Police Chief of Santa Monica) who thoroughly detested any Gay business and, as such, assigned many vice officers to "patrolling" the Gay establishments. What was to preclude these officers from demanding

pay-offs again in order to keep the place open? Something had to be done. Bar and business owners had to band together to fight any and all undue harrassment and brutality.

The time is September, 1971, Jake and Jim who run the Atlas Athletic Club realized the need to work with other Gay businesses as a group to preclude the past from repeating itself. Thus, the Queen City Business Guild was formed. Why a Business Guild and not a Tavern Guild as many residents of this Northwest City have advocated? Because it was felt, and appropriately so, that ALL gay businesses should have the opportunity to work together and not just the Tavern owners. For a mere \$5.00 monthly dues, any person (Gay or non-Gay) who has been in business for six months or longer is eligible for membership. There is a one-time \$50.00 initiation fee but no other fees are assessed the members.

Then what has the Guild accomplished so far? What has it done "for" the Gay community? It sponsored the first Empress Coronation Ball which was won by Scotty (Olympia I). The proceeds of this (and future coronation Balls) were used solely to sustain the Court and donations to Charity. Just what does it mean to sustain a Court?, I asked. It is only proper that the Empress of the Olympic Empire represent the Queen City at the Coronation Balls of neighboring Empires such as Portland, Vancouver, Spokane, San Francisco and even as far away as Los Angeles. This spreads goodwill for Seattle and, in return, brings more "out of towners" to Seattle. No one person could be expected to pay for these expensive trips out of their own pocket as any Emperor or Empress will tell you. Therefore, justifiably so, the Guild picks up the tab through the proceeds of the Coronation Balls.

But this is not the only way the proceeds have been spent. Money has been donated to the Children's Orthopedic Hospital, Stonewall Treatment Center, and the Gay Community Center. The last grant to the GCC totaled

\$300.00. An additional \$200.00 has been earmarked for any female oriented and male oriented non-profit Gay organization. NO GUILD MEMBER HAS EVER PROFITTED PERSONALLY FROM ANY OF THE GUILD PROCEEDS. The recent Third Annual Picnic was a huge success with the profits used for Charity and the Court of Lola, Olympia III. At these picnics any Gay organization is allowed to set up their own booths which will enable them to make some extra money. The Knights of Malta (Seattle's Motorcycle Club) and the Gay Community Center were some that availed themselves of this opportunity at the last picnic held on September 1st.

At the present the Queen City Business Guild consists of eight Gay Bars (The Mocambo, The Golden Horseshoe, Six-Eleven Tavern, CMXX II (922) Tavern, Spags Tavern, The Silver Slipper, Shelly's Leg, 107 Club,) plus two Bookkeeping Services and one Electrical firm. That's a poor representation when there are more than twice as many bars alone in Seattle. What then is the reasons others don't join? A lack of understanding of the Guild functions is probably the most predominant reason. Most non-members seem to feel the Guild should do something for them. Yet it should be what the members so decide. Are the \$5.00 monthly dues too much to invest for the benefit of our Gay brothers and sisters? The Business Guild is an excellent way for all owners to freely communicate and help each other. The Guild is not a militant organization that stages pickets, sit-ins, etc. It is an organization dedicated to the Gay community, for the betterment of the Gay community, and is able to reach more people through various means than any one business or organization could. It is the type of organization that deserves the full support of all Gays whether in business or not. The old saying "Together we stand, divided we fall" is still very true today. And together we must always be. □



*Helen Chase*

## From Fields Of Ferns

by J. HUEBENER

**L**IGHT. REFLECTING FROM the lakes' ripples, sparkling pure oceans of light, blinding us. Two, no, three planes of sky and greening banks and quicksilver water.

I drift lazily in these afternoon reflections, anchored by the heavy, damp wood of the dock. Bob is baiting his hook, the worm struggling between his fingers, his eyes squinting close up on the writhing over the barb.

Then it is done: gathering line, throwing out, arcing, splashing. The worm twists slowly down, jerks onto a horizontal plane above the lakes' brown bottom. Light breezes tossle our hair under the warm sun and I am playing with salmon eggs, watching drops of oil leak from the lid and explode like circular rainbows over the water.

In a speeding red-white streak Bob's bobber jerks under and is racing away,

"... ALL I COULD THINK ABOUT WAS MR. DAVIS, IN HIS OLD CHEVY, DRIVING ROUND THE LAKE TO TALK TO MY FOLKS."

line rips off the reel with a crazy, excited whir.

"Holy Cow!" Bob jumps off the deck, grabbing his pole and reeling in line.

"Holy Cow! Look at that! Look at that!"

Silvery ripples are broken by the rising trout; splashing, it flips up out of the lake, dazzlingly close. Our shrill voices echo through the afternoon silences. I am laughing, hitting Bob's arm. He is heroic, struggling sternly. Again the trout flips out, shooting towards the bottom, surging in the water, fighting the line. I grab the net, yelling at Bob not to let him get to the bottom. The trout is whipping back, then forth in the shallow water alongside the dock. Lying down I reach out in swooping strokes with the net, nearer. Whooping, I hold him up finally, struggling in the net.

"What's all the fuss?" a voice is calling down on us and answering itself, "I think they've caught one. . ."

Water pours off the net.

"Wow, he's a big one," Bob says, peering in. "Wow!" His eye is close, the fish stares angrily back through the net.

"Jeez. . ." almost a whisper, flushed with pride.

"Let's measure him and see how big," I said. "Maybe even twelve inches! I wish I'd caught that. He's a whopper!"

Bob is turning it on its side, hook in lip corner, line trailing. The trout wiggles between small fingers against the tackle box: Nine, ten, eleven inches! Ooooooh." Finally the hook pops out with a splash of small blood.

"You oughta show your Dad," I said, "It's bigger than *his* one!"

Holding the fish overhead, I see my Mother on the porch, my Father is watching us, too. Bob has snatched the fish from my hand.

"Want to go out and troll? Huh?" I ask, seeing my chance to get even.

"Sure. . ." Bob yelled back, half way up the path to the cabin, feet flashing, stairs pounding across the deck. In the doorway he smiles, big as his face.

"See!" holding the fish proudly out to cold mother.

The oars take silver chunks of sunlight up out of the water and deposit them in swirling streams and rivulets behind us. Bob sits backwards in the end of the boat, feet trailing in the cold water.

"Awh, my Mom doesn't like fish, either. She makes my Dad take em outside," I said, pulling on the oars.

"Where are we going?" Bob asked, "I don't feel like fishing much anymore."

"I know a place where there's lots of frogs," I said, putting down the oars for a moment, and feeling the boat begin to drift around in the breeze.

"You want to row for awhile?" I asked, hopefully.

"OK," Bob said, pulling himself around, and rocking the boat to and fro as we changed places.

"Where is it?"

"See there? In that little Bay-thing in there? It goes way back."

It was hot on the lake and I splashed water on myself, and a handful on Bob, too. The wind made it feel like drops of ice on my back as it trickled down. I took off my tennis shoes and dangled my own feet in the water. Then I couldn't see Bob anymore but only hear the sloshing of the oars and their creaking and the far off opposite shore of the lake. Occasional lilly pads drifted by us and soon we were surrounded. Then the ducks were there, too, but we hadn't brought them any food except salmon eggs. I tried, but they didn't like them.

"Hey, look. . ." Bob said, pointing to a small family of six or seven little yellow ones that swam in a line behind a mother duck. Another family was upturning lily pads and picking things off the bottom of them. By then we were drifting behind the shallow lily pond into the little bay and we could hear the frogs, still undisturbed, churping in the distance.

Mud squished between our toes as we pulled the boat up, hot from the sun, which felt good, and right away we were looking for frogs. They flashed out in the sun, splashing into the water as they heard us coming. Sometimes they hid in the long grass and briars by the bank, just like they were frozen, until we almost had them. And

just a second before we reached: zoom, splash! The only kind you can ever catch is little ones unless you have a spear or something, but we didn't want to kill any, we just wanted to put them in a jar and watch them.

Bob said, "Phew!" and took his T-shirt up over his head and tossed it in the boat; then he did a little dance in the mud, laughing.

"Come on, you can't catch any, let's go exploring," he yelled as I leaned kneeling over the water trying to see a big one that was hiding in the weeds on the bottom. I kept searching along the bank, probing lily pads aside with a stick, stirring thin trails of mud up from the bottom. Then I couldn't see, it was pretty brown, and when I looked up, Bob was gone. From behind a bank of green bushes though, I saw a tennis shoe going up and down in the air.

"Come on!" Bob hollered, "there's a pond all full of fish-things over here!"

Bob's jar was full of black, wiggling polliwogs, that swam up to the top and back down to the bottom. I held it up for a closer look and saw his face really big and funny out the other side.

"You should see this!" I said, laughing, not realizing that he could. He peered in from the other side.

"Want to go back now?" I asked.

"Nooooh," Bob said, setting the jar down on the grass, lying down beside it.

"What do you want to go back for? It's not supper yet." So I lay down, too. The grass was scratchy on my back and I laughed because it tickled. The sun was hot, almost sleepy, great billowing clouds rolled overhead. Beside us were banks of ferns that reminded me of a field I had been in far back in the woods and what I used to do there that felt really good.

I reached over and tickled Bob.

"Cut it out!" he yelled, laughing, and rolling to one side, then just as quickly retaliating. We wrestled towards the ferns, giggling, me on top one minute and Bob the next.

"Cut it out, or I'll pants ya!" he said, so I tickled and jabbed all the harder. He was older than I was, so he managed to get my pants down around my knees pretty quick, that was all I

(Continued on page 64)

**T**HERE ARE NO GAYS IN DOWN-town San Jose, at least not in the daytime, and it's really no place to cruise during lunch-hour. There's likely to be more action in ten minutes on Polk or Castro than in two sweating hours on First or in the park—which is why I don't often waste my time down there on my days off. Nights are something else again. Things liven up a bit. The bar scene (which isn't downtown really) isn't like the City, but they try. And they're not as hectic as the City, either, which is nice; things are a bit slower paced, a bit more mellow and friendly. As for the downtown street scene at night, that can be very rewarding. There are the old familiar, never-say-die hunters (like myself) walking or driving up and down Market and First and around the park, and we nod at one another as we pass by, or stop to chat briefly about the quality of the trade. But there are also the salesmen and junior executives on the way home from late evening meetings; they stop by because things are going to be very, very sleepy when they get home, and it's been a long, hard day.

And there are the incredibly beautiful, sensuous Chicano men who come by to get away from the East side for a while or to round off an evening downtown. Sharp and alert and knowledgeable they are, too. A couple of weeks back I was on the way home about three in the morning, and somewhere around Market and Willow pulled up next to an old '63 Ford stopped at a red light. The driver; strong Chicano face, mustache, good looking, but a little tired, maybe in his late 20's. I looked over and smiled, mostly because he was attractive and a turn-on. He smiled back and just then the light changed. I paced him down to Alma and another red light. Another exchange of smiles; I flicked a question with an eyebrow; he nodded an almost imperceptible yes, why not... and so the trip home was abandoned for a while and instead I trailed him a mile or so South to a place where we could stop and rap a bit. He was just getting home from work at the cannery, but not really sleepy. An hour later we parted on very good terms after using the front seat of his car for the same purposes that lots of boy and girl couples use the front seats of old '63 Fords on dark, secluded streets for. He's called once or twice since, but no more Fords on side streets. That's uncomfortable and risky for an ongoing relationship!

Night time downtown brings out college kids, too, but not too many. They have their own things going on campus, and don't get too much involved with the

local town action. More often kids that age are from Morgan Hill or Gilroy or some other outpost of civilization. They can't get away long enough to make it to the City without questions being asked, so they come adventuring to San Jose—nice middle-class kids and farm lads, bright, curious, healthy, and eager to be "corrupted."

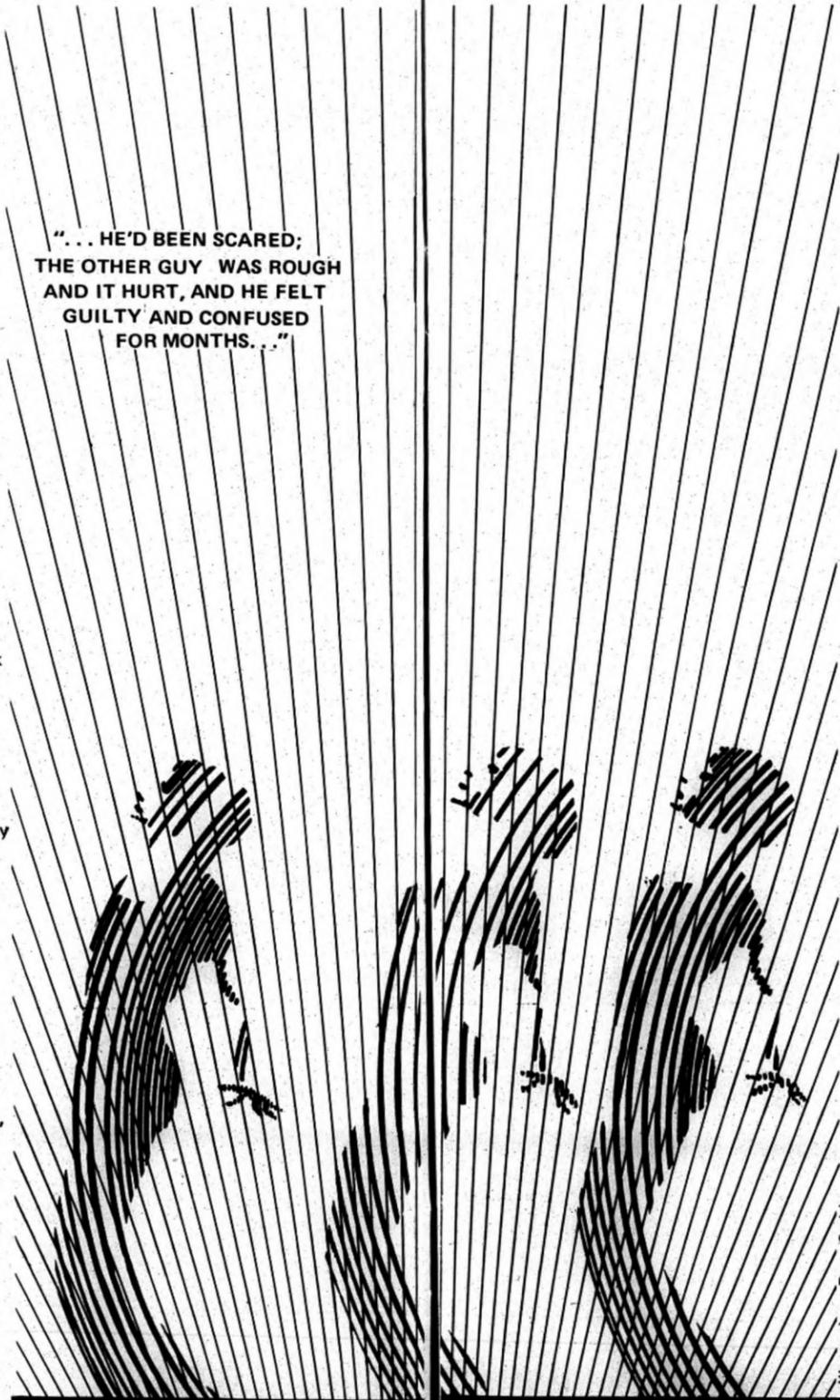
Every so often, especially around election time, virtue and morality break out, and there is a big effort to clean up the downtown area (translation: bust drunks and queers, especially queers). The net result seems to be that street assaults and burglaries increase in other parts of town; a few amateurs and timid souls get picked up or scared away; and the more determined and street-wise keep on doing what they've been doing all along. At times like these, thanks to the past liberal policies of the law enforcement system, you can be almost 100% certain that any Chicano or Black dude who looks inviting is *not* a vice cop. It's an ill racist wind...

But what I started to say was that during the day downtown San Jose is straight dullsville. Me, I'm an incurable optimist, so I check it out every so often just to see if things have improved any. Recently I'd heard from an acquaintance who keeps up on such things that in addition to the straight hardcore 25 cents-a-gasp films in the new grown-up bookstore in town, there were also half a dozen gay films, right out in the open where anybody could walk in and see them (for two bucks a piece). I just couldn't believe *that* of a nice, clean, wholesome town like San Jose; and since I had an after-lunch appointment last Tuesday on Santa Clara, decided to go see for myself. Which is how I happened to be sitting in a booth in a porno book store last Tuesday during lunch hour, feeding quarters into a machine. For the benefit of the customers, each booth had a summary of its film posted outside, so you could read what you were getting, and "The Marines Have Landed" sounded as good as anything else available. It was no Academy Award winner, but not bad for a 8-mm loop, and I was digging it in a perverse sort of way when a conversation outside intruded into my fantasy. There were two or three guys who had come in and they were sounding off like teen-agers who had sneaked into their first burlesque show.

"Hey, Chuck, here's a hot one. 'Foxy redhead accepts a ride from a hung truck-driver. They stop by her place for a beer, and end up in bed where they do everything. Two cum shots.'"

"This one's better. 'Handsome Johnny

"... HE'D BEEN SCARED;  
THE OTHER GUY WAS ROUGH  
AND IT HURT, AND HE FELT  
GUILTY AND CONFUSED  
FOR MONTHS..."



**COME**

by

LARRY KIRK

**OUT**

Holmes and his 14" rod are invited to a sorority initiation. After the new members are initiated, the old members want a turn, too. Boy, is he tired at midnight, and there are still five more to go."

"Here's a real weird one, Chuck. 'Two marine buddies on leave go hiking to the woods and meet a hippie. He offers them some wine, and then a joint, and then all hell breaks loose. Lots of butt action.' How about that! But we can't look at that; I think it's already engaged." (This last with a little flutter in his voice.)

"That's sick. How can they get away with showing stuff like that? Let's see what that Johnny Holmes flick is like. I hear he's hung like a horse, and I'd love to see some chick take it all."

They were standing right outside my booth now. Typical straight clods, I thought to myself. I wonder if their mothers know they're in here. But there was something vaguely familiar about one of the voices, so I peeked out the crack in the curtain in front of my booth instead of dropping in another quarter and finding out what Marine # 1 was about to do to Marine # 2 who was down on all fours blowing the hippie.

So that's why the voice sounded familiar! Charles, you queer sonofabitch, I ought. You creepy closet faggot. And I remembered an incident about two months ago, an early spring evening downtown, in San Jose. I was parked across from the post office, not really looking for anything, but listening to the radio and wondering whether to go home early for a change or drive up to Palo Alto and support the local tubs. Another car drove up, a Toyota or something similar—I forget now—and the driver got out and started across to the post office. I caught a glimpse of him out of the corner of my eye: plain, ordinary face, average build, light brown, medium length hair and short, conservative sideburns, sport-shirt and brown cord pants. I dismissed him almost immediately: another red-blooded San Jose square; but then something triggered another look. It was the brown cord pants. Everything else about him was plain, low-key, intended to play down rather than to sharpen his features, to keep him from standing out—but not the pants. They had been chosen (maybe subconsciously, who knows?) to show off his ass to good advantage as he moved. It was firm, but not hard and muscular; round, but not fat or heavy; and the pants covered it almost caressingly. They weren't tight, mind you. They just fit very well; and he moved as if to say, "Here

is something distinctive about me that I'd really like you to notice."

By now he had come out of the post office and was crossing the street to reach his car. His eye caught mine for an instant, and on an impulse, I smiled and kept the eye contact. He hesitated, looked a little uncertain, and returned the smile, probably wondering whether I was a customer at the bank or the parent of one of his pupils or what.

I nodded and by now he was close enough for a "Nice evening, isn't it?" He nodded back, and reached for his car, then looked at me again, puzzled, questioning. I held his glance, smiled again and winked in a friendly, non-committal way. But he got into his car, started up, and drove off. I went back to the radio and trying to decide between home and Palo Alto... until suddenly I was aware that the little Toyota was slowly going by and that I was being stared at.

"Well," I thought, "this begins to be interesting. He's not vice; they'd look more sexy. So what gives?"

The Toyota meanwhile had pulled into a parking space down the block. The driver was out, carefully locking the door, and walking slowly towards my car, trying to look nonchalant, and doing a bad job of it—and suddenly it all made sense: He's trying to cruise me, and has never done it before. He's scared and unsure of himself... and do I want to be bothered with anyone who looks so square, acts so uptight, and probably just wants a quick blowjob to get his rocks off. But there was the message I thought I saw in those brown cords and that was worth pursuing. He was opposite me now on the sidewalk, walking very slowly, trying to decide what to do next.

"Hi," I said, "nice night for a walk. I was admiring your cords when you went into the post office before, and wondering where you got them. They do fit well."

He seemed almost grateful for the opening. "I had to shop around for them to get the right fit, but I finally found a couple of pairs out at Eastridge. They're comfortable. I don't like them too baggy."

"I'm Larry," I said, "mind if I join you around the park—and then maybe I'll get on home."

"No... fine. I don't have to get home for a while. I ran out of a dull meeting, but I don't have to... I won't be expected much before ha' past eleven or twelve. I'm Charles."

Well, anyhow, the walk around the park ended with beer in my living room since it turned out that we both lived in the south

(Continued on page 63)

# UPON THIS ROCK

*QUESTION: "What was it like during that moment—ten years ago—when a group of men dedicated to the concept of Gay Liberation made a decision to establish a publication with national distribution as a goal?" After much research and telephoning VECTOR's first editor was located and presented with the question which also included the reason for the magazine's name.*

*Because of personal reasons chief of which is current employment problems, the following piece is unsigned and was sent with specific instructions NOT to send the issue, NOT to include the name. We hail you, Mme. Dubonnet, and we must also mourn for the conditions which, once given the breathing of liberated air, you have hence been imprisoned—again—with oppression.*

—Editor

EVEN THOUGH THE WORD "Vector" has many scientific and complicated meanings, those of us

involved with the publication of the new paper and the selection of the name liked it because of the simple, uninvolved definitions that mean—"to get from one point to another, a direct line, a force." The name, itself, was suggested by a member affectionately called "Crusader" (Rabbit), and the type style for the masthead was suggested by Mike Newton. The editor added the arrow.

Our decision to have a paper grew out of an open meeting discussion on ways to provide a means of letting every member know what was happening within the organization as well as within the homophile communities, locally and nationally. In reality, a S.I.R. newsletter, a house organ. A S.I.R. member would receive a subscription free; others would pay a small annual charge.

After the open meeting discussion, six or eight volunteers met to discuss the paper. Someone else had already been chosen editor, though I do not remember who it was. For some reason or another that person was not able to continue and the job became mine. I had meant to "help out," to do paste-up, whatever, because I had had that kind of experience in Southern California.

Lord Chesterfield wrote in 1753 that "young men are apt to think themselves wise enough, as drunken men are apt to think themselves sober enough." Wise or not, and probably a little "high" on the idea, we started out with four mimeographed pages ten years ago.

And that's how VECTOR was born. It has grown. But now, I say, "Hail to the future!"

Finally, now as then, your first editor has to remain anonymous, unless you remember him later from *The Boyfriend* as... □

Mme. Dubonnet



**IF YOU  
LIKED THE  
GOODIES  
WE'VE  
HAD IN  
OUR BAG  
DURING 74  
. . . WAIT  
UNTIL YOU  
SEE WHAT  
WE'VE  
GOT  
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UP FOR  
THE  
COMING  
YEAR.**

Happy Holidays and thanks for reading B.A.R., the most widely circulated community publication in the Bay Area.

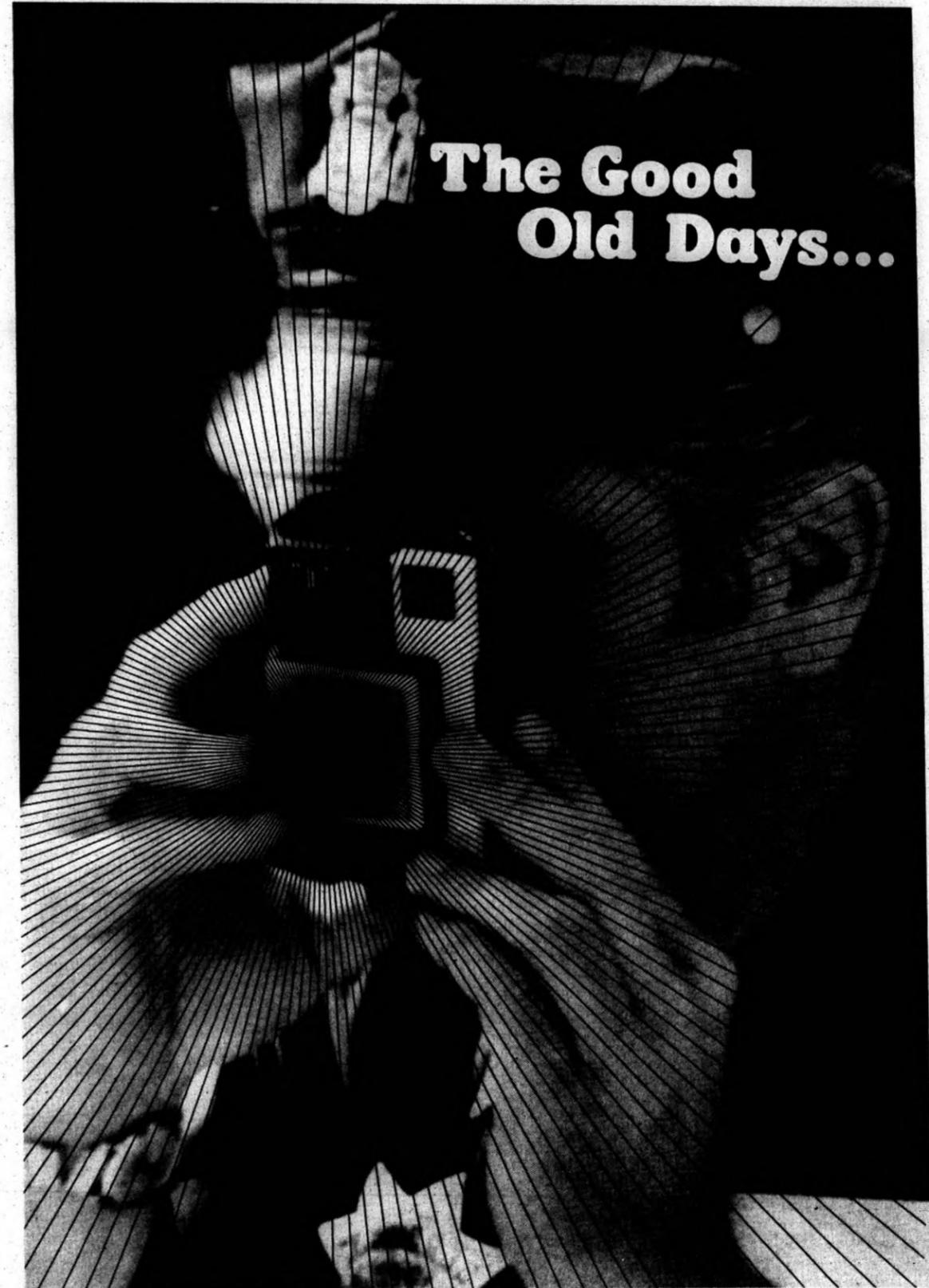


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**The Good  
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**WANTED:** A NATIONAL UP-FRONT MAGAZINE RESPONSIVE TO EVERY/ALL PHILOSOPHIES OF INTEREST TO GAYS (S.I.R.'s been there—for 10 years)



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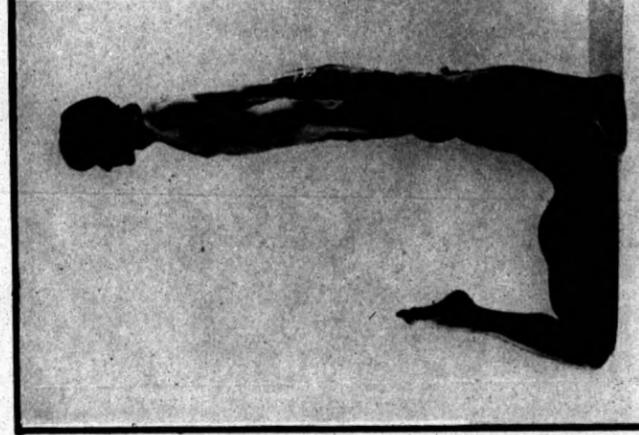
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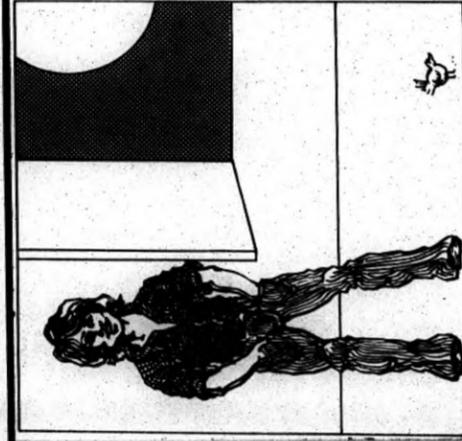
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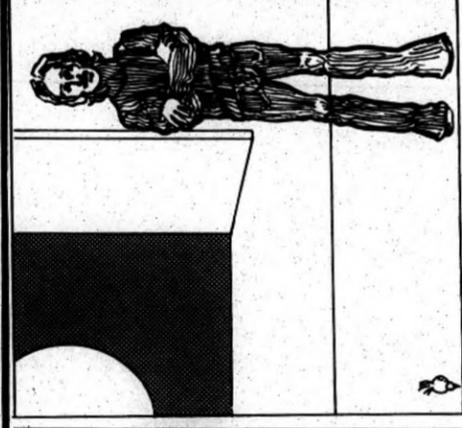




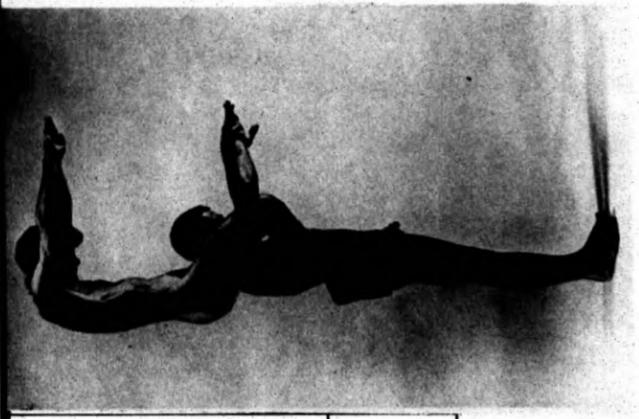
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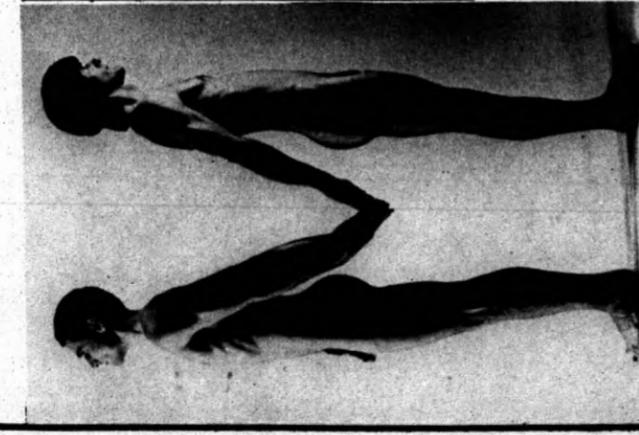
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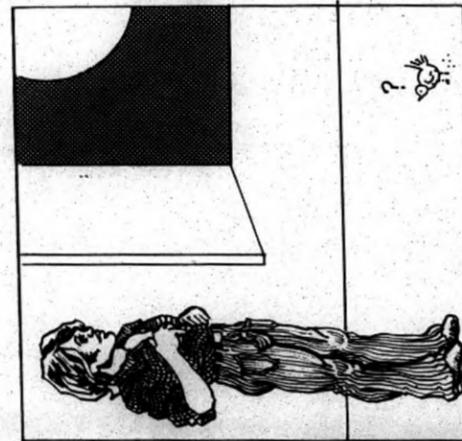
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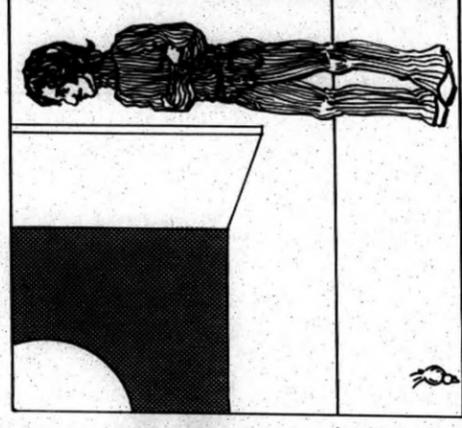
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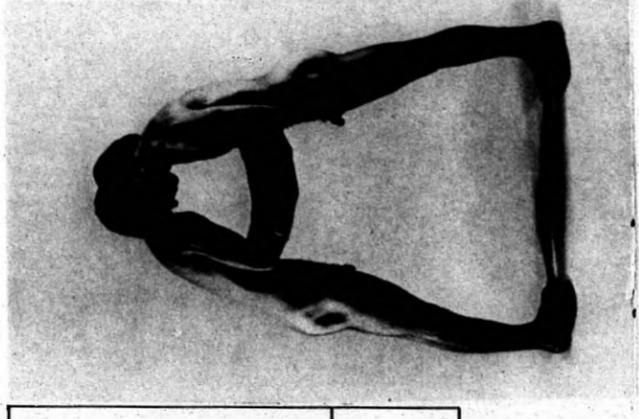
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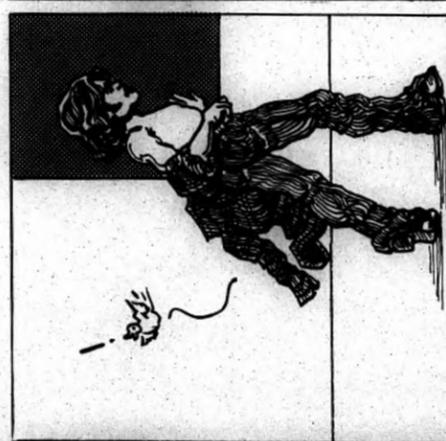
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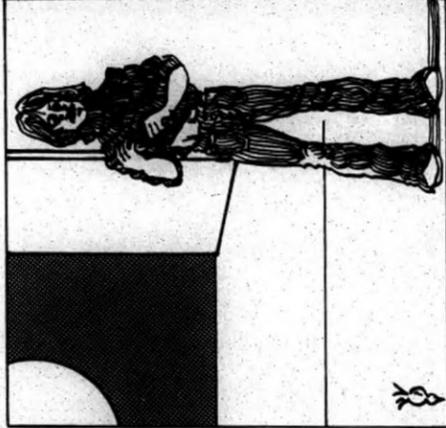
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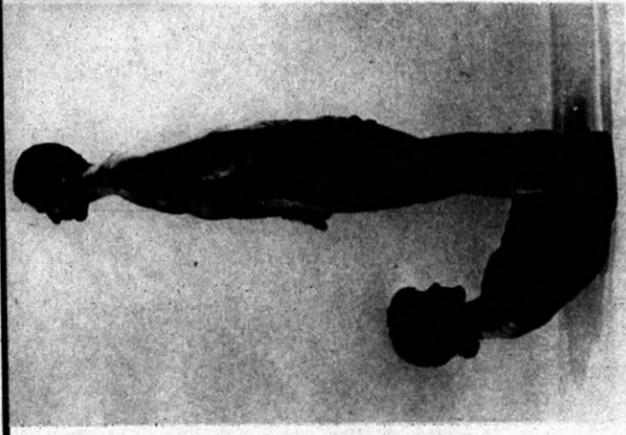


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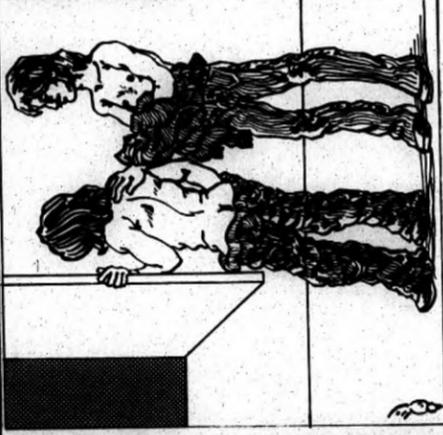


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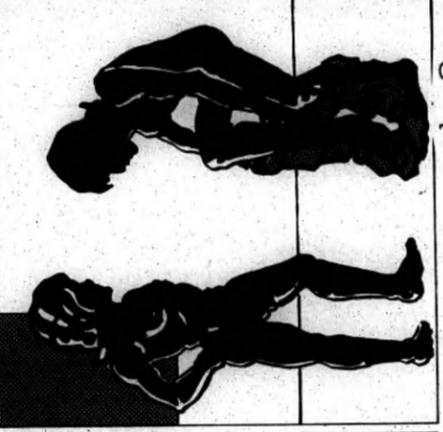
# VECTOR



JULY



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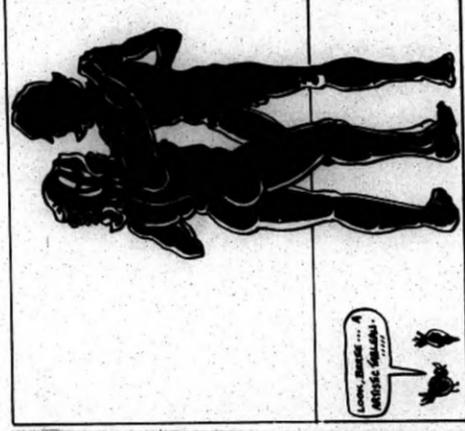


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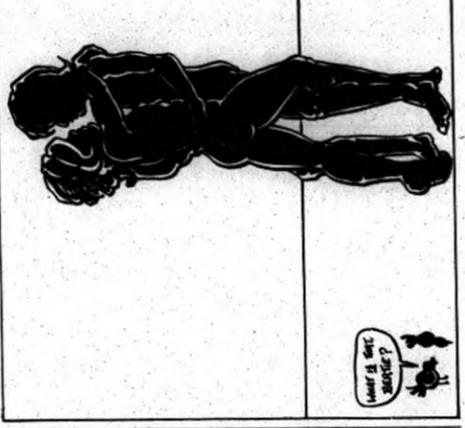
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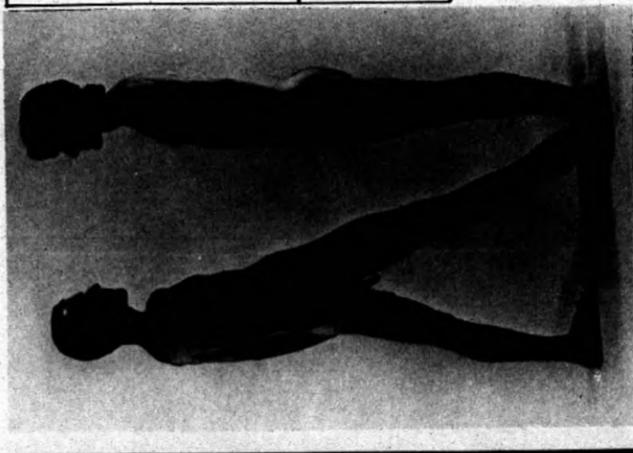


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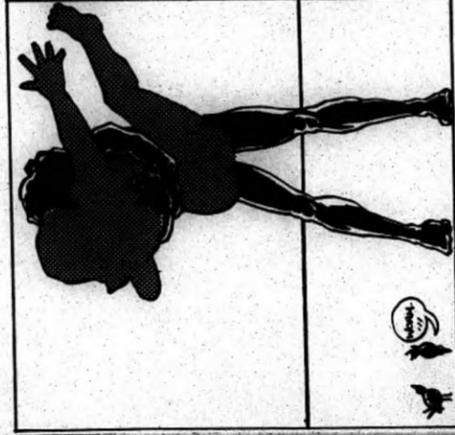


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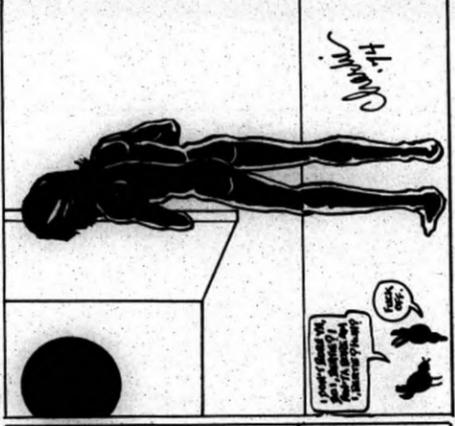
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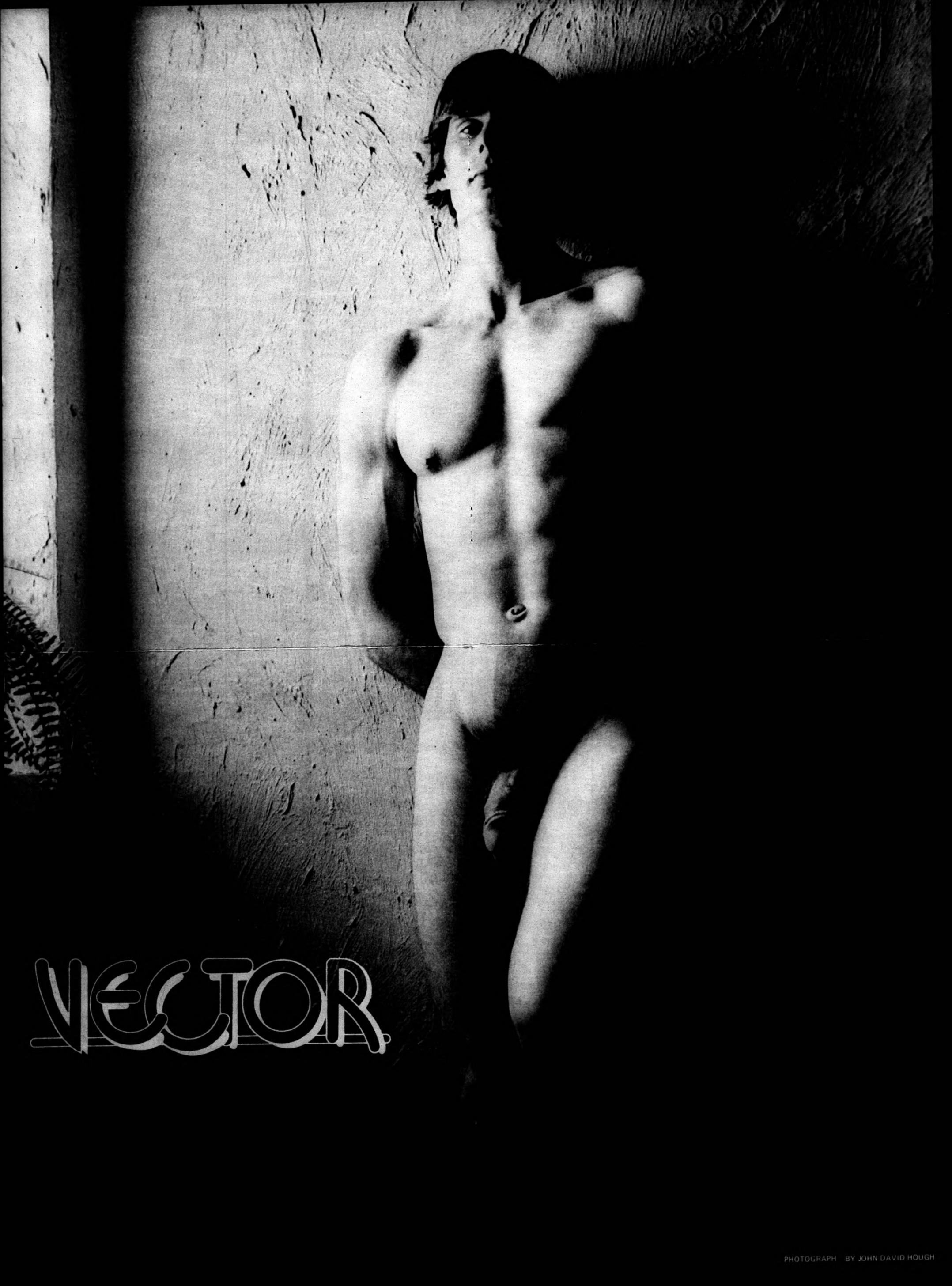
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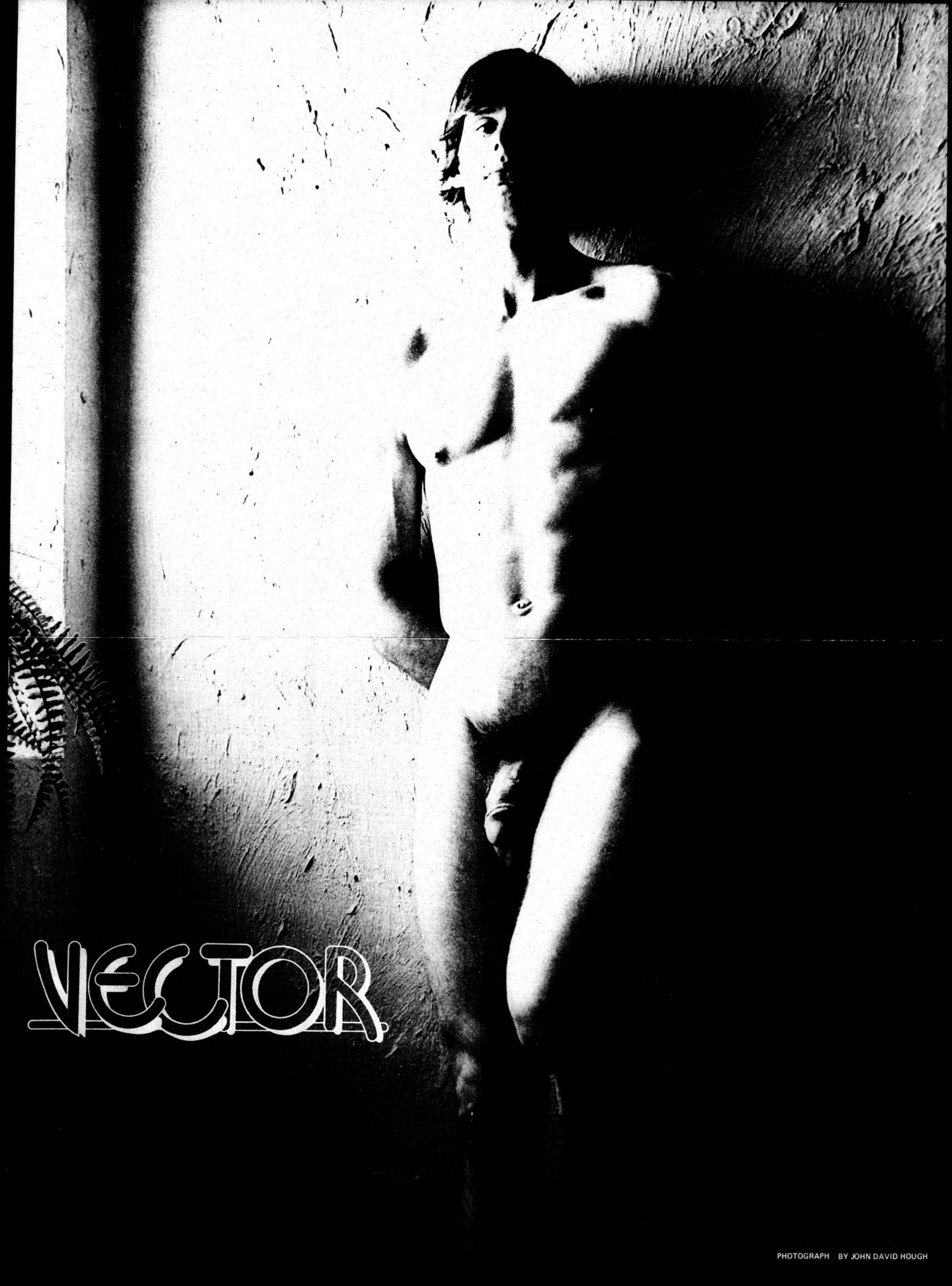
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DECEMBER

# VECTOR



# VECTOR



# VECTOR

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For YOU

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For YOU?



Photo: John David Hough

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An award winning short story  
reprinted from SISTERS.

As  
a  
Virgo Might

by ANNE MORGAN

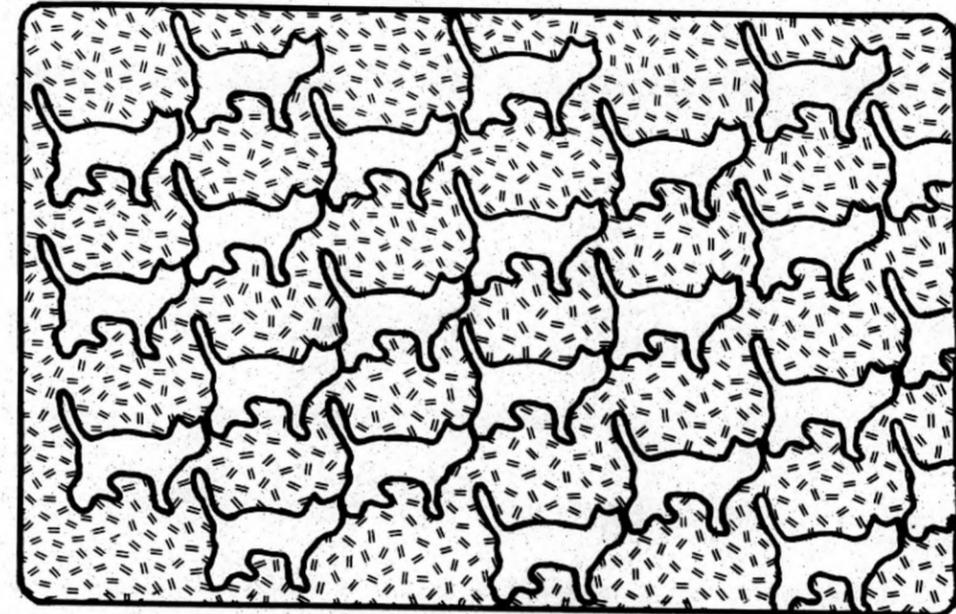


Illustration: Doug Smith

"AND, WORSE, I STILL DID NOT  
KNOW EVEN IF SHE WERE GAY"

THE HUMANE SOCIETY ADOPTION center was busy and I jostled into a line behind a guy with two mottled kittens crawling all over his chest and shoulders. The big orange kitty — Bok for short — cuddled peacefully in my arms and feigned imperviousness, occasionally kneading me a bit and purring a bar or two.

He'd wandered in one day, about two or three months before, had helped himself to the roast thawing on the stove and had curled up on my bed to wash himself and then sleep. What could I do? And what did it really matter that my lease forbid pets?

Bok came and went through a half-open window in the kitchen. I rationalized his existence away by thinking I could merely explain to the landlord that he didn't really *live* with me, he just wandered in now and then. Mostly now, as the weeks passed.

It didn't work. The unreasonable old man next door didn't like hippies, radicals, noise

makers, cats, perverts, dope smokers (which is to say, in *his* mind, hippies, radicals, perverts), or — most especially — young people. He certainly didn't like me, cat or no cat, and he took the opportunity to report Bok's existence to the landlord.

"You go or the cat goes," he said. I wondered if that meant I could leave Bok there.

"And if you replace him, you will have to go."

And he'd waved his pudgy finger at me and said, "Now."

So I was in line at the Humane Society wondering where the rent strike was when I needed it, wondering what I'd do if Bok weren't adopted and all the while I was searching my brain for some catless friend who might take him in if no one else would. So far the outlook was most gloomy. And I was in line, waiting my turn, to hand Bok over, to be put on view for four days and, hopefully, adopted.

I scratched his floppy yellow ears and pretended his fur wasn't sticking to my clammy palms. He purred, naturally.

"May I pet him?" someone said behind me, and a hand reached to rub Bok's nose the way he liked.

"I had one like this," she said, chucking his chin. "Ran away."

She had good eyes and was dressed the way I liked—comfortably. She looked a bit tousled, tomboyish but for the beginnings of gray in her hair. Not dycky—just damned attractive.

She was admiring Bok's white-ringed tail, commenting on the similarities with her own strayed yellow fellow, and it flashed on me that Bok and her cat were one and the same.

"I was twelve," she said, bringing me back. "Almost fifteen before I stopped missing him." She blinked too quickly and smiled at me, knowing I'd understand.

She had said it all as conversation, so as not to be standing there scratching Bok, as she was now, in total silence. I was intrigued by her a bit and just mustering my courage for an initial comment when her head jerked up and those almost-brown eyes stared into mine.

"You're not giving him up. . ." she said, and let it trail off.

And I related the saga of the old grump next door and the snarling landlord and the otherwise perfect apartment that was, rent-wise, a steal and which I did not want to lose. At least not as long as I was single.

She stopped my recitation on the marvels of my garden apartment by taking a willing Bok from my arms. Over the minutes his purr had increased until it was now filling the room with a buzz.

"Well," she said, "he's not the clumsy, rollicking kitten I came in for, but I suppose he'll do. Will he play a rambunctious six-week old for me just to be nice?"

"I doubt it," I said, almost grinning, "I think he's a confirmed adult, lazy, mostly content ex-roamer." I broke off because she was looking at me.

Without a word we turned and walked out of the adoption center.

Across the street a man sat in a car waiting, and I knew he was waiting for her. "Look," she said, stopping, squinting her eyes against the sun. She hesitated a moment, glancing toward the car. It crossed my mind that they couldn't have much of a relationship, if any, if he stayed in the car while she picked out a cat. I dismissed him from my mind and looked again at this woman who looked to me like a thirty-year-old tomboy.

"Look," she said, "I can't stay and talk. I'd like to but Buddy will go nuts." Buddy was the guy in the car. She seemed to be searching for words, and I was thinking she didn't need words and thinking I was silly to be thinking such thoughts. at all.

"Why don't I take your number," I said, "in case something happens to Bok. I wouldn't want him to get sick tomorrow or anything. I mean, he's not likely to. But it wouldn't be fair. . ."

I faltered, hoping she would read between the obvious inanities. What had sounded reasonable in my head came from my mouth as an idiotic suggestion. What would my having her number do for Bok should he get sick?

At any rate, I stopped talking and did a slow blush, hopefully one imperceptible to the naked, unaccustomed eye.

"Don't blush," she said, "give me a pen. You should have my number." She smiled. "If not for that reason, then because your landlord might have a change of heart." She paused. "Or keel over, as he deserves."

She pulled an envelope from her pocket, ripped off a corner and—balancing Bok in a manner he seemed to enjoy—she wrote down her name and phone number.

"How can you use these?" she said, handing my pen back to me with a shake of her head.

"I like ink pens."

"They leak."

"Not if they're recapped properly."

"Well," she said, and smiled at me and handed over the slip of paper. Then she crossed the street and climbed into the car and was gone.

It had taken her less than five minutes to sweep me completely off my feet and I didn't really have the impression she was working at it. Or even fully aware of it. And, worse, I still did not know even if she were gay.

I didn't think I'd missed the intensity of our seemingly mild exchange. The look in her eyes, that infinitesimal pause before she spoke. They were all meaningless after the moment. Meaningless, but not completely forgotten.

I was into my car, still smiling, before I thought of the slip of paper, now clamped between my right palm and the steering wheel. My hands were clammy and I swore and peeled the paper off my palm. Left on the paper amidst a

great blur of the black ink I had a penchant for was:

LESLIE SO  
841-5

I spent that entire evening listening to Rita Coolidge sing, "Born Under A Bad Sign" and went through the phone book pulling out all the L. or Leslie So's. There were eighty-three, of which fifteen had the Berkeley 841- prefix, of which nine went to 841-5. I thought that was a rather phenomenal percentage.

I called them all. Bumbling my not-well-rehearsed spiel. None were her. Two of them thought I was nutsy-fruit-sy, several were guys, one of whom tried to pick me up, and one was just ripped-out of her mind on grass. Or something. At first, realizing she was stoned, I hoped it was her. But I obviously was only confusing the poor woman on the phone. I know what she wondered. Human Society? Cat?

So I went out and bought a student directory for the campus. Went through it the same way. Called eleven women and three men. The response was considerably more friendly, but no one had encountered me and adopted Bok. Tried the faculty and staff directory. No luck.

Finally put brief ads in the *Barb* and the *Daily Cal*. "Will Bok's new owner call. . ." Heard from half a dozen wierdos, and two nice people who wondered what a BOK was. Another one: "Leslie S. — orange cat adopter — lost your number" etc. Nothing.

It was May. The new phone book for the East Bay was due in June. June was a long time from early May. But still, I kept telling myself, you only saw her five minutes—if that. You'll forget her long before June.

On May 31, I still had not forgotten her, although I had stopped hoping the directory would miraculously come early.

By June 21, the directory still had not come. I kept telling myself (1) she might not be listed; (2) Berkeley is incredibly transient; she might have moved. if listed, and her phone would have changed and I'd never know; (3) maybe she had an unlisted number. Anything. Anything.

But on July 3rd, I sat by my newly-delivered directory and circled the three new numbers that could be hers.

(Continued on page 67)

## OPERA by JAMES ARMSTRONG

Through the news opera critics were reasonably kind, there was no denying that this season's *Tristan und Isolde* is more Isolde and Tristan. (Bit of backstage gossip: Ms. Nilsson calls the opera "Isolde, while Mr. Thomas—and most of the rest of us, thought not for the same reason refers to it as "Tristan" .) Ms. Nilsson is still the world's most telling Isolde, while Jess Thomas, despite his heroic efforts, is not a heldentenor. (All that effort to force a basically dry and rather uninteresting voice into ranges beyond it's true compass is precisely the problem.) So, despite the felicities of Yvonne Minton's Bragaene, and of Kurt Moll's King Marke, we really got only half of what we came for. Further, on the debit side, was the conducting of Sylvio Varviso, who is on far firmer ground with the Italian repertory, and the work of a deadly earnest German stage-designer—Dietrick Haugk—whose basic designs weren't bad but whose efforts at symbolism through special effects were more ludicrous than dramatically ept.

And Ms. Nilsson is a miracle. She will admit to being 56, I believe, but by God, all that age has done to her voice is round off the razor edge, to mellow and richen it so that there is now an almost Italianate opulence riding the undiminished power and rage. There simply isn't another lady tromping the world's opera stages who can unleash a voice of such sheer size. (And few men, either. Only Jose Carreras comes close, and would it not be a treat to hear them together, next month, in Los Angeles, when they appear in *Tosca*?)

Yvonne Minton, in her San Francisco debut and first Wagnerian role, has a meltingly lovely mezzo with plenty of muscle behind it, and—theatrically speaking—was a small island of humanity, confused and despairing, amid the towering metaphors which otherwise pass for characters and emotions in most Wagner operas. Mr. Varviso's pedestrian baton, however, could not truly evoke the the Wagnerian magic of the long love scene, and so Bragaene's watch aria simply did not "float," which was a pity.

It takes a real Wagnerian to adore King Marke's interminable Act II monologue, and transcendent genius is requir-

ed to make a non-Wagnerian lap it up. Kurt Moll—the sensational German basso, also making his SF debut—is such a one: a towering man with a towering voice and such tremendous presence that an effort of will was required to remember that this was, indeed, that dull monologue. I kept thinking to myself: "What a Zzrastro! What a Boris! What a Don Giovanni! What a Phillip, Mephistopheles—even a Scarpia!

Never having seen the first presentations of Rossini's *La Cenerentola* here in 1969, I couldn't vouch for fallings-off from Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's original staging. My vision having been primed by reviews in the newspapers, however, I could detect inconsistencies of style; that some bits were literally choreographed, while others weren't; and that there was, in general, a curious mixing of originality and cliché in the theatrical side of things.

## OPERA



Illustration: Johnathan Powk

And conductor, John Prichard, — though very deft and with a nice sense of pacing—received nothing approaching the encomiums hurled at Charles Mackerras in 1969.

To do *Cenerentola* you have to have seven—count 'em—seven superb bel canto singers, each capable of more than ordinary range, and possessed of demonic vocal agility.

We had them.

The singers worked together like old repertory troupers, vocally, theatrically. The concerted passages—in truest Rossinian fashion—often attained whirlwind velocity combined with fiendish intricacy, and the flawless bravura of their execution quite boggled the mind.

The most gorgeous dish to be set upon this season's operatic table is a great, steaming salver-load of *Dinde*

*Massenet* (if your high school, or Julia Child French fails you, *dinde* is one of the larger members of the poultry family, very popular in this country at this time of year.), entitled *Esclaramonde*. Musically, it was as though Tosti had tried to write *Aida*. I suppose Jules felt he had to write at least one blockbuster, and this was it. It succeeds only in those moments when it sounds most like Massenet, and most of those come in Act IV, Scene I. (Yup! Four acts. A long opera. Curtain up at eight, applause and dowagers hobbling up the aisle at 11:45 pm!) I'll buy the recording just for that soprano aria, the love-duet, and the quartet for bass, tenor, soprano and mezzo—and it's pretty certain, already, that London Records will commit it to wax.

The rest—the battles, incantations, proclamations, denunciations, choruses, thunder-and-lightnings, dances of spirits and phantasmagorias of virgins—is a veritable flea-market of other people's music assembled into an interminable, glutinous outpouring of stuff you feel you've heard before. And have. From Wagner, from Verdi, from Meyerbeer, and from Massenet. (He could have used a little Berlioz.) It isn't unpleasant, you must understand. Just kind of dull. Beginning with Act III, it becomes much more vital, interesting, and even exciting. But only rarely great.

Everyone sang splendidly. It was a joy to hear La Sutherland in a dramatic role and to hear her sailing through all difficulties with her usual seamless expertise, and a considerable stab at dramatic verisimilitude.

Jose Arragal, though a Spaniard, has the biggest Italian tenor voice I've ever heard, though without the effortless clarion quality of Jon Vickers, or the bravura ease with top notes of Pavarotti. It's just big, ballsey, and not un-beautiful. (He looks good in tights, too.) But in this unfamiliar role he revealed all the thespic resources of the lead in a church pageant, and reminded me of Anna Russell's classic dictum that a tenor is great because he has resonance where his brains ought to be.

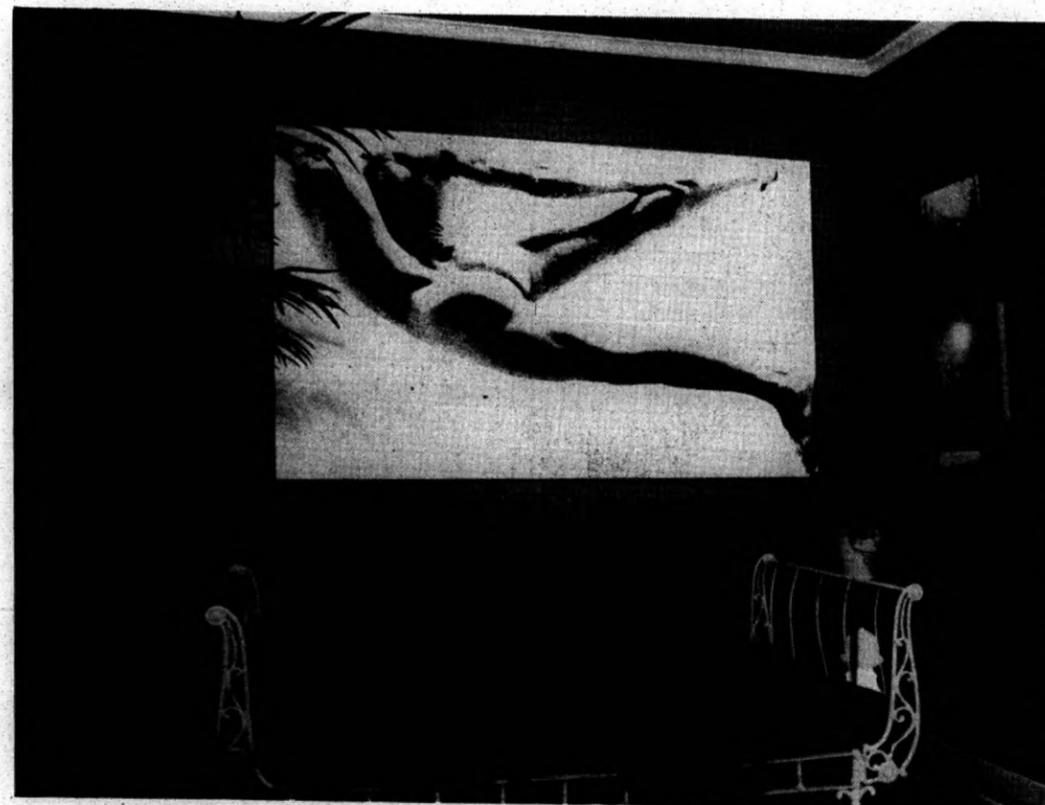
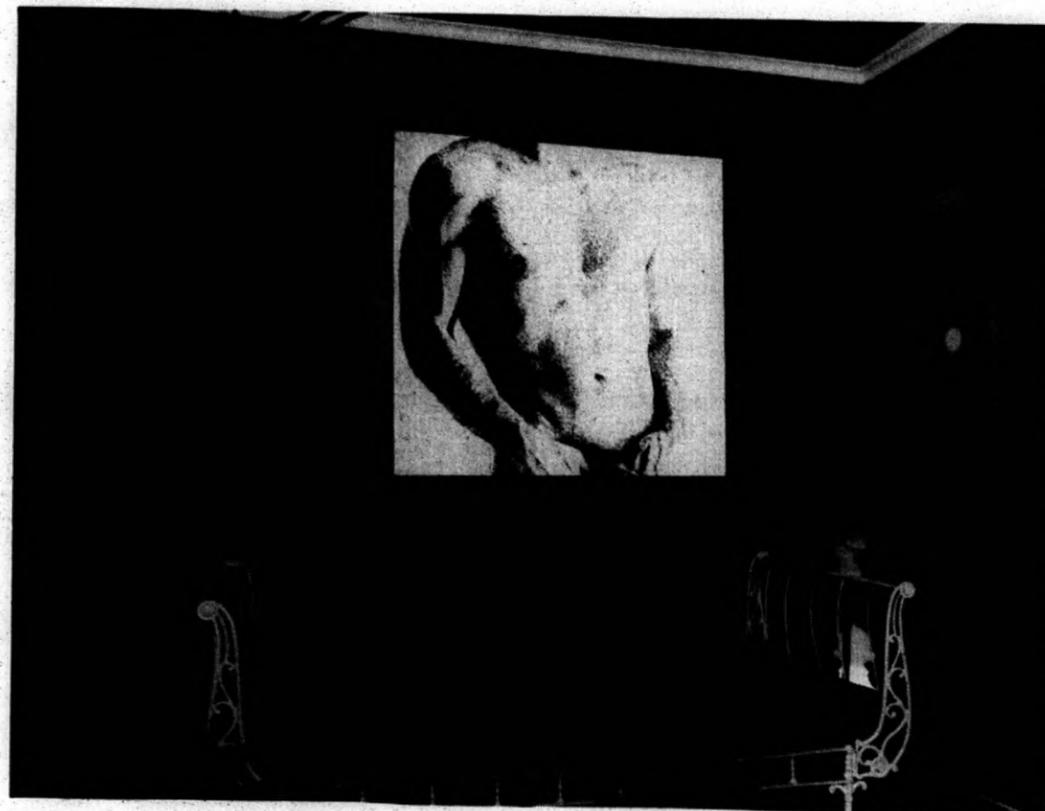
The stars of this production are Beni Montessor, the inspired Venetian who designed sets and costumes, and Robert Brand (of our staff!) who did the lighting. None of us—I swear—is ever, anywhere, anytime, anyhow—going to see an opera as overwhelmingly, stunningly, gorgeous as this one. □



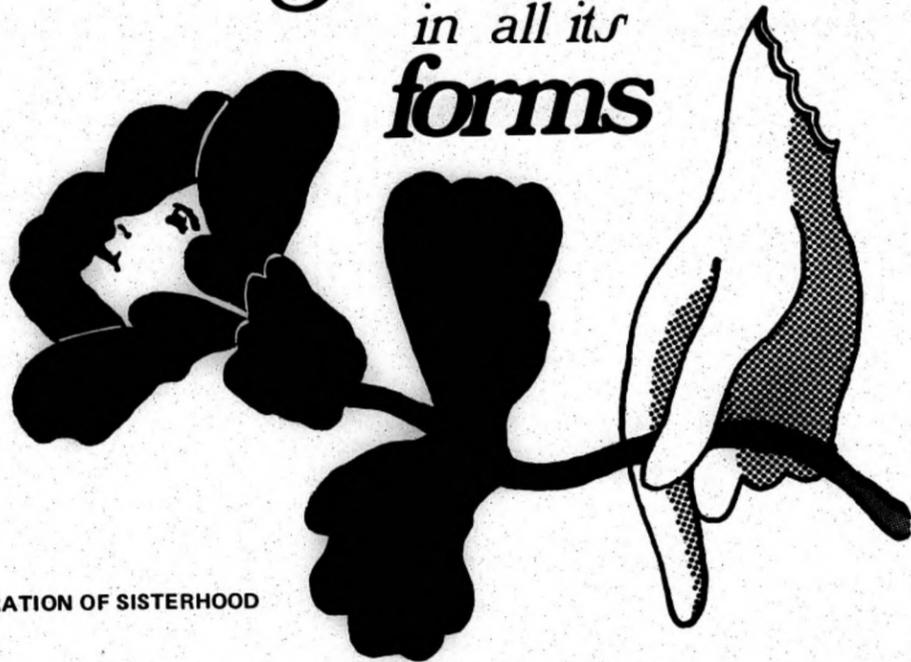
# PICTURE THIS

ENVIRONMENTAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON MILLER

*Ron Miller*



# I sing of the feminine in all its forms



A CELEBRATION OF SISTERHOOD

by VALORY MITCHELL  
Illustration: Doug Smith

**T**WENTY-FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, ON an island in the Aegean, the worshippers of Aphrodite established philosophic schools. Here, communities of women pooled their skills to create a culture; an art, music, poetry and dance with which to celebrate their love for the goddess. According to poetic legend, one among the students was Bilitis—a woman who loved and was loved by the poet Sappho.

While a few fragments of papyrus are all that remain of the culture they built, today in San Francisco, as throughout the nation, the symbolic daughters of Bilitis make their homes, define their lives, and share with each other the achievements which are the beginnings of a new culture. In sills centers, art workshops, coffee houses, health collectives, they join together to shape from who they are an image of woman, as told by herself.

At the Full Moon, the women's coffee house in Noe Valley, the late afternoon sun filters past a feathered fern to the wooden floor. The walls are lined with sketches, and the stage is being readied for the band. Members of the founding collective prepare for a new day's opening. Es-

ther, one of five women who started the coffee house eight months ago, describes how the Full Moon began: "In a society where women often see themselves in relation to men, we wanted a space where women know that they are the priority. It's their focus. They can do what they want, without taking secondary importance. We have that space now. The walls are for art shows, the stage is for poetry and music. The tables are for talking, to get to know each other. We have a bookstore, and with very few exceptions, all the books are by and about women on one level or another."

The Full Moon is a place for all women—gay and straight. Joan, another member of the collective, continues, "I don't make a distinction. If a woman cares about women in any way; if she wants to explore the part of herself which is not male identified, this is a place for her. When you have women searching, you get to see what you are. It's like subtracting a constant number—you get to see what you have when you don't add in the male constant. Women are starved to see other women do things, and when they come here to hear music, they know it will be for them."

The feeling of recognition, of coming home to one's self, makes a night of poetry or music more than just an evening's entertainment. Each performance, each evidence of a life well lived, is like a present from a friend who knows just what to give. And with each gift comes a promise; behind each note of music, the singer suggests "Now *you* have written a song." Each woman who is skilled with her hands, her mind, her heart, contributes a share to the potential of all women.

The recent and evolving sense of mutual respect between women is a child of the feminist movement. In the past, most lesbians identified themselves as homosexuals, unwelcome and aloof from other women. That is, they viewed themselves as homosexuals when they viewed themselves at all.

**I**N BARBARA COLLIER'S SUNNY KITCHEN, the smell of fresh baked cookies fades into the soft scent of blooming gardenias. I watch from the comfort of an old rocking chair as she and her lover, Ann Fitzpatrick, field questions, make the coffee, squeeze another appointment onto an already overburdened calendar. Barb begins: "As president of Daughters of Bilitis, I am often among people who have never met a gay woman before. Suddenly faced with a reality instead of a stereotype, they discover what a lesbian *isn't*."

A warm, sparkly woman in her late 20's, Barb was ten years old when D.O.B., the first lesbian organization in America, began. Today, as then, its speakers bureau, research library, and monthly magazine bring an honest picture of lesbian life into a world still replete with fear and falsehoods.

Brushing back a wisp of chestnut hair, Barb pauses in her baking to clarify her thought: "A lesbian is a woman who wants to love another woman—for the sake of politics or spirituality, mentally or physically. Anything else is individual. It took me a lot of years to really know that, and I think my own identity as a gay woman began there."

The coffee is done, and as we sit around the small square kitchen table, Barb wipes her glasses on the bright scarf around her neck and reminisces. "Eight years ago, my best friend wrote me in a letter what she was afraid to speak in words: that she loved me. She was terrified of her feelings, and so was I. When I finished reading, we could hardly look at each other. She said she was sorry, that she hadn't meant to love me. She hoped we could still be friends and pretend the love wasn't there. We both cried and became very good at pretending."

"We thought a lesbian was a rough, hefty lady in a necktie, with short greasy hair, who attempted to seduce every woman she saw. We knew how much we felt for each other, but I wasn't about to be that thing—a lesbian. In a sense, I was right. That stereotype had no real place in the life or love we shared. But it was there, and we feared it as we might a demon. As if we might wake up one

morning with our long hair cut away, our non-existent muscles bulging, driven to haunt dark alleys and restrooms, living for a single sexual motive. Perhaps that's why we kept our love so secret. Maybe we felt that if others knew, we would see that demon reflected back at us in their eyes."

Other lesbians hid their love for more concrete reasons. Job discrimination, police harassment, social stigma against family and friends kept the gay woman in isolation. As Peggy, a bartender at Scott's, recalls: "Only a few years ago, women would sit at a bar in fear, wondering who was going to walk through the door and what harm would come of it. I was raised to think homosexuality was sick, perverted, somehow very wrong. We hid inside our shells. It took a long time and a lot of changes before we could say, 'this is my life and it can be a good one'."

Barb remembers her own first experience of a gay woman's bar: "We got to the door, but couldn't muster the courage to open it. Instead we walked around the block, twice. Then, shyly, we went in. We played the juke box, drank orange juice, watched, and went home. It was hardly a celebration of self-pride, no testimony to the dawning exhilaration of being a lesbian woman. But, for us, it was a beginning, a sign that we had started to take our threatening, isolated, hidden love and see that it held all the fine things life can mean, and claim it as our own. We were ready to walk into a room full of strangers and say yes, I'm gay too."

The late 60's were a difficult time. The visible lesbian of those years didn't seem to be anyone. Instead, she was a cause, an oppressed minority, distorted by pornographers and psychoanalysts, chastised by the church and the law. Uniting with gay men under the banner of homophile tolerance, the lesbian seemed to be an abstraction in a vacuum, someone who read what others wrote about her and said "No."

Looking back from the relative security of the 70's, it's easy to underestimate the courage required for that simple act. It, too, was a cornerstone. For once having said no to the caricatures of others, gay women could begin to say yes to themselves. The early surge of unity, of struggling to be one's self in a hostile environment, shines through Judy Grahn's poem, "A History of Lesbianism:"

"How they came into the world/the women loving women  
came in three by three/ and four by four  
the women loving women/ came in ten by ten  
and ten by ten again/ until there were more  
than you could count.  
They took care of each other/ the best they knew how  
and of each other's children/ if they had any.  
How they lived in the world/ the women loving women  
Learned as much as they were allowed/ and walked and  
wore clothes  
the way they liked/ whenever they could.  
They did whatever/ they knew to be happy or free  
and worked and worked and worked./ The women loving women  
in America were called dykes/ and some liked it  
and some did not. . ."

For those who did not, this sense of community brought with it a strength to come forward and tangle with the social structures which oppressed and degraded them. But it was not enough to speak out against falsehood; at meetings and picnics, in their homes and studios, gay women began to speak for themselves. Wendy Cadden, a member of the Women's Press of Oakland, explains: "We are the ones who must write the stories and the articles that describe us, because we have seen too often what it is like to have our realities defined by our 'peers,' our 'teachers.'"

In the early 70's, women throughout the country began to share with lesbians the anger at being forced into confirming roles they never made. The women's movement, like gay liberation, began with a political focus. As women struggled to expand the boundaries of their sex-role, the lesbian label took on a new twist. Viewed by many as the ultimate insult to a woman, it became the chief weapon in a verbal arsenal which aimed to dow into defensive submission any woman who dared to see herself without the rose-tinted glasses of traditional femininity. The lesbian herself was seen by most feminists as the ugly stepister, to be hidden discreetly in the back row when the time came to take a portrait of the family of woman.

But what began as a "lavender herring" issue came full circle as feminist and lesbian struggled for a new identity against the blows of the same conceptual demon. Each began to see in the other a desire to find value in women as something worth being, someone worth loving. Feminists looked behind the epithet of the lecherous lesbian and found women living here. The lesbian, for her part, discovered that she wasn't in love with a female homosexual; she was in love with a woman.

In the process, some women found in themselves a nascent lesbian identity. But in so doing, they modified the meaning which older lesbians had barely wrested from the pathologically oriented mental health professionals. Jill Gribin, a feminist lesbian counsellor whose own identity as a gay woman began during the movement, explains her feelings: "I consider being a lesbian a decision I made; I don't think women who came out before the movement had that same feeling of choice. They seemed to feel that a gay woman was defined by her sexuality alone. My definition is much broader. I considered myself a lesbian before I slept with a woman, and if for some reason I was sleeping with a man, I would still feel I was a lesbian because my entire emotional being, my social, sexual, spiritual world is centered around women."

For feminist women, who have begun to act on the lesbian definition Jill speaks of, a coming to lesbianism is only part of re-discovering themselves and the value of being female. At the October D.O.B. rap for newly gay women, a young feminist related her motives: "To like myself, and to be a woman, I had to find a way to like women. I had to get in touch with whatever it was that made us different from men, to look at that and start to understand it, to like it and not lose it." Joan, of the Full Moon coffee house, continues

the thought: "The question always comes up—'Do you hate men?' Some women don't, some do. Some do sometimes, some do in the general and not in the specific, and vice versa. The issue isn't whether you hate men, but whether you love women." Her feelings seem to echo through the city as feminist women disregard their difference to join together. Women carpenters and craftsmakers, mechanics and musicians work to enlarge and restore what woman is. Some are lesbians, but this facet of their love for women is one among many.

In a two-floor building on Waller Street, the Women's Skills Center offers services and classes to women who want to do for themselves. Here Laraine, a professional motorcycle mechanic, reflects: "Women have a handicap. A lot of women don't know how to hold a screwdriver. They have less aptitude because you can't walk if you have only crawled for twenty or thirty years. But I can see the changes happening, watch them taking place.

Reaching out to other women was the motive force for the Women's Art Center, a gallery of women's work which is open to the public. One woman in the collective, a lesbian feminist, describes the need for the center: "Women make artistic statements that are often ignored, because men don't relate to the more personal world of women. Here we can express ourselves to the people who share our world." That evening at the coffee house, women sit at the round spool tables with their tea, their books, with each other. Perhaps some are lesbians, perhaps not. Behind the counter, Esther divides the baklava into diamond shaped wedges; "Women's culture, for me, would be having our rituals back. Having our birth ritual back, having our dying back. Being able to die as a woman. Returning to the feminine. It's been with us, but always in a derogatory sense. I want to celebrate the feminine, our music, our dance."

Across the city, as the rap session ends at D.O.B., groups of three or four lesbians stand together, talking with other gay women, perhaps for the first time. Barb pulls a yellowed pamphlet from the shelf: a copy of the *Ladder*, the first Lesbian magazine. Today its name is changed to *Sisters*, and Barb echoes the meaning of the change. "It's been a long road, but I think we've come into our own. I remember when lesbian love was something to hide, when we crept up a ladder from out of a very real well of loneliness and isolation. Now I feel that lesbian love is an honor. Maybe it's time we can begin to sing.

While the goal of sisterhood is clear, there are problems. Perhaps gay women have lived too long in fear, or perhaps there is substance to the feeling that someday, somehow, they will be left to fight on alone.

**A**S FEMINIST WOMEN, GAY, STRAIGHT, bisexual, join together in an atmosphere of nascent support and sisterhood, lesbians mingle with relative ease among women who once were afraid, ignorant, disgusted by what they then knew of lesbian love. The rhetoric of unity is strong, and

most work hard to practice what they preach. Still, the rapprochement is not always an easy one. For gay women, sisterly love is perhaps too new to feel solid. The alliance seems more of an infatuation, jubilant but fleeting, than a strong love melded through years of mutual concern and devotion.

Scott's, long a lesbian bar, is one example of the shifting milieu of the lesbian. Scott's is now a feminist bar, open to all women. The pool table and sports tournaments remain, but emphasis is on the art shows, the newsletter, and sisterhood. Nonetheless, the habits are gay, and many among them are uncertain about the changing tone. Along the bar, the bouquets for feminism have a tentative ring: "Sure, the women's movement affects lesbians because they've always been self-supporting, independent, taking care of their own needs. The lesbian has always worked for women's rights, even when she had only the support of other, supposedly perverted, women, to back her up. Today we've got women to work with us. It's about time."

Straight feminist and newly gay women must bear the onus of their "Johnny-come-lately" status, regardless of the sincerity and depth of their feelings. Gay women know, from their own experience, that coming out often begins with curiosity, and fear. Still, they crave some places of their own, where they need not be the objects of well-meaning curiosity. They sense a subtle voyeurism which brings an all too familiar feeling of oddness. Their identities are at stake, and they wonder, at times, what their observers are risking, if anything.

Back at Scott's, one woman explained: "Some people say the gay women want to stick together, but gay women aren't afraid of straight women. It's just the opposite. The straight women bring their fear with them, somewhere in the back of their minds, and the gay women feel it." What do they fear? Some say it's the bisexual part of themselves, others that it is a thinly veiled indictment of their politics—their sisterly commitment.

At the Women's Art Center, a lesbian mother described her own experiences: "Even in our own group, it has been difficult for me to talk about some of my sketches. When I use erotic imagery of lesbians, I sense an embarrassment from the other women. I see many images of men and women together that I am expected to appreciate, but if I put my work forward, it's as if it shows something they don't quite want to see. As I look around, it seems that while women are working together now, it's still the lesbians who take

the responsibility to keep things going. Perhaps this is because other women don't have time, or maybe they don't have the undivided commitment to each other. They have to spend so much energy just trying to hold their own, fighting for a little space they've made in a male world. In gay culture, we don't have to hold our own; this *is* our own. We can create huge spaces to move through."

The space is growing. Despite their fears, despite the fumbblings and flaws which remain, gay women are claiming their place in the family of woman. At skills centers, art centers, at coffee houses, bars, bookstores, sometimes in the forefront, sometimes in the background, they celebrate and sustain the flowering of feminine culture. Change is hard—it's frightening, slow and always risky. But gay women have risen to the challenge.

Judy Grah's *A History of Lesbianism* speaks to the life-times of today's daughters of Bilitis and Sappho:

*"... how they went out of the world/the women loving women went out one by one/ having withstood greater and lesser trials, and much hatred/ from other people, they went out one by one, each having tried/ in her own way to overthrow the rule of men over women/ they tried it one by one and hundred by hundred/ until each came in her own way to the end of her life.*

Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon, founders of the Daughters of Bilitis, echo the sense of homecoming to a shared world of women as they offer the title to their classic work: *Lesbian/Woman*. Through the past eighteen years, their monthly magazine *The Ladder* brought a glimmer of shared concern, a very real ladder to climb from an often terrifying isolation into the warmth of community. Today, Phyllis and Del work through the National Organization of Women, and the *Ladder* D.O.B.'s monthly magazine, has changed its name to *Sisters*.

While gay women, for the present, cannot reach a final verdict on the endurance of straight feminist's commitment to lesbian sisterhood, perhaps by the time our lives come to their end, we will each be able to die as women, proud of our places in a young culture, a celebration of the feminine in all its forms. □

Portions of this article were printed in the *BAY GUARDIAN*. Judy Grah's poem is from her book, *LESBIANS SPEAK OUT*, published in 1974 by the Women's Press of Oakland.

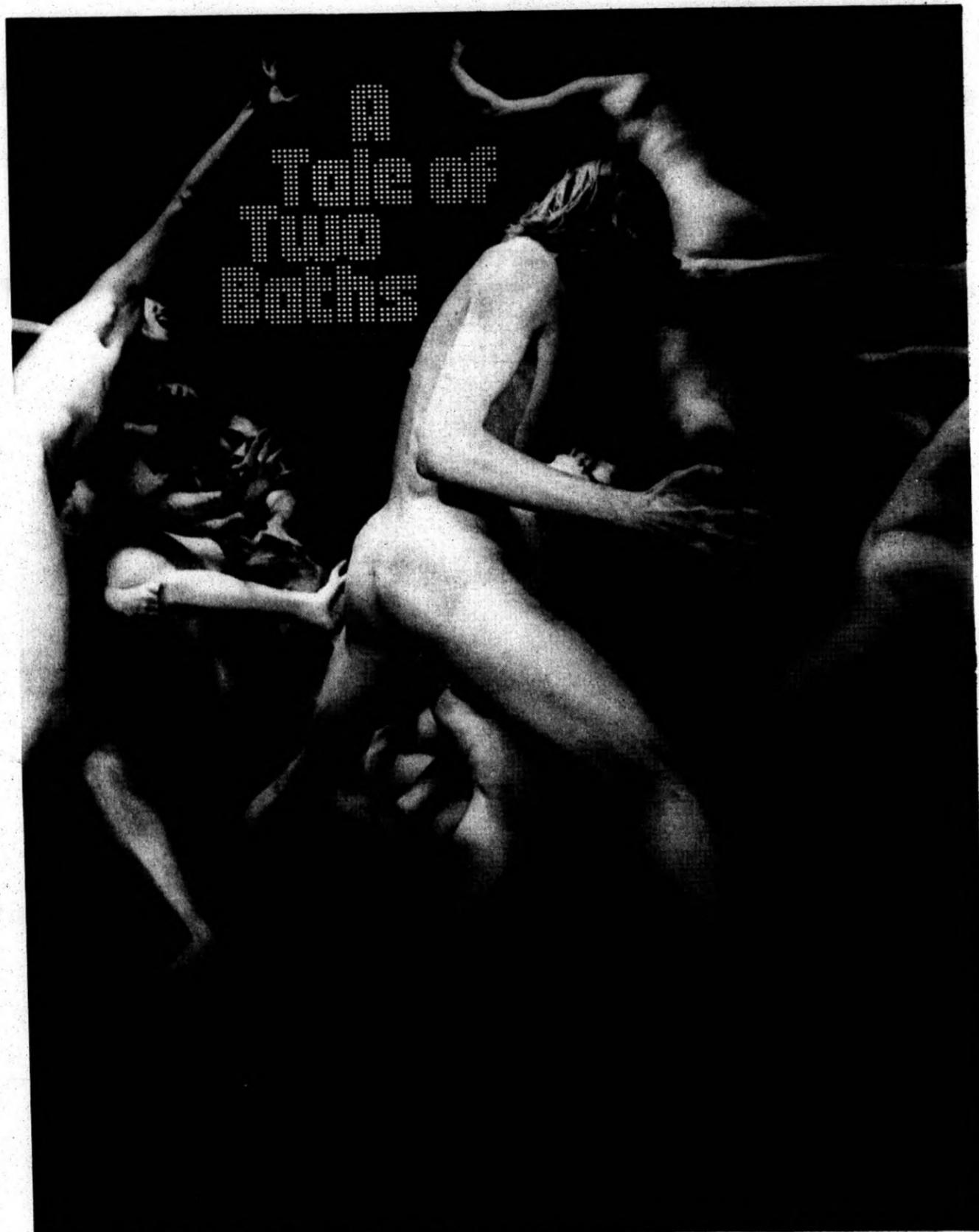


Photo: James Armstrong

**I**F YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE ripped-off, hurry to the Continental Baths in little old New York City. You must have heard about it. I certainly had. So I went to see for myself. What a letdown!

Far from being the Gay Disneyland that I had heard about, it was downright awful. But then New Yorkers generally are so used to putting up with awfulness they may not even know it when they see it. I'm constantly amazed by what New Yorkers will pay outrageous prices for—minimal things like fresh air, falling water, a bunch of trees—things people elsewhere take for granted. And yet, New Yorkers imagine that they live in the Greatest City on Earth.

But go, if you must.

Here's what you can get at the Continental Baths: For absolutely TWICE as much as you pay anywhere in San Francisco, you gain entrance. You will be given a Lilliputian locker. Probably with a broken lock. Don't take any more than the exorbitant entrance price with you when you go. Or you'll lose your pants or one shoe. The City is evidently filled with *real* perverts. Or else there's one very busy crackpot who goes around stealing from everybody else. What does anyone want with one shoe? Sick place.

If you wish to pay THREE TIMES as much as you do in San Francisco—an incredible price—then you can get a room. The room will be slightly larger than a grave and will have a "bed" in it that is about as thick as a flophouse cot. Don't get confused. You're not really in a flophouse on the Bowery; the price you paid to get in should tell you that. Of course, the decor may fool you. The rooms are dirty—crummy is the right word. It's not even the deliberate tackiness of San Francisco's Folsom Street Barracks, which becomes a positive "atmosphere." The Continental Baths is just plain dirty. The rooms have big holes in the wall, much on the floors, and stuff best left undescribed in the corners. Doesn't anybody work there? When was the last time somebody cleaned up that place? Are the owners too busy raking in a fortune to give a damn? Maybe the owners are not responsible for the vandals who thrive in New York, but they *are* responsible for sanitation.

(While I'm on the subject of cleanliness, why don't all baths start requiring

a VD check for those who want to come in? The people who run free VD clinics should set up shop at the baths. That would cut way down on the spread of the disease. There's nothing wrong with promiscuity that a good gonorrhea or syphilis examination wouldn't enhance. Who of us wouldn't feel easier knowing that infected people have been turned away at the door or treated?)

At the Continental you can have something to eat in between activities. (At least the walk-through sexy steam-room is one advantage here.) But if you want to see inflation, combined with exploitation, then buy some food here. The cost is criminal. Somebody should complain. Refuse to buy anything there, if you do go, and force the owners to lower prices. (The people in charge might argue that food brought in from outside necessitates high costs and that patrons can stay for a full 24 hours and that's why prices are high. The answers: First, food is brought in to restaurants outside the Baths, too, and doesn't cost as much. Second, change the policy. Most patrons don't want to stay 24 hours anyhow. Lower the price by a third. Make it eight hours. Those who want to stay for 24 can pay extra.)

Exploitation is exploitation! It's about time somebody spoke up publicly. Fleecing is fleecing. Just because gay people need some place to go for their sexual needs to be satisfied, nobody has a right to gouge them, just because that's what the traffic will bear. You should be angry—and tell the people at the Continental Baths in no uncertain terms that you aren't going to be gouged any longer!

I have absolutely no connection with any bath whatsoever. I'm merely an interested visitor, that's all. But Dave's in San Francisco (100 Broadway) could teach the Continental Baths a great deal about how to run a bath.

First off, the staff at Dave's is courteous. The staff at the Continental is intensely New York. Enough said?

Dave's is clean. It even smells good. You can see staff members changing sheets and airing out rooms. Somebody obviously scrubs out the steamrooms, too. They've heard of disinfectant. (At the Continental the philosophy is: Why clean out the germs? They'll just come back again.)

You get a room at Dave's for the

same price as a locker, but you may have to wait several hours to exchange. But the general atmosphere of the place is such that you can have a good time without having your own room. Fortunately people are not overly selfish there.

And, for god's sake, what are the baths for, if not a good time? They are an oasis in the midst of the banality and tedium and frustration of everyday life. To hell with puritans! The baths are even *spiritual*, because raw, glorious sex can be so enlivening, so ego-restoring. The baths in general need no stronger defense than this. Without them, life is flat, often trivial, and, even more often, boring as can be. Since there's no heaven, the baths will have to do.

My only real complaint about Dave's is that when I was there the Orgy Room was closed. Locked. Who's trying to be economical? It was closed the last several times I was there. The least the management can do is open up all the available "meeting places." Life is hard enough, even in the midst of so-called "decadence," and anything the owners can do to facilitate the patrons' sexual successes should be encouraged. We all know what work it can be to have a few moments of sexual happiness even in the fucking baths!

These words of warning (about the Continental Baths) and these words of praise (about Dave's) are brought to you in the public's—your—interest. Let's not let anybody push us around anymore! □

(Daniel Curzon is author of the novel—soon to be filmed—*SOMETHING YOU DO IN THE DARK.*)



### ST. MORITZ HOTEL

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JIM SMITH, Manager

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Photo: D.K.Hall

A POEME FOR ALLEN GINSBERG OF HOWL  
(after seeing a nude pose of Ginsberg  
in a Baldwin book)

I.  
Standing there,  
as nude as you are,  
hand over puberty,  
sometimes erect but never straight,  
wherever and whatever you are,  
I invoke you  
with yr shitty words of poetry  
that drivl from yr salt & peppered beard  
and whitmanesque drooly mouth  
to take a stand  
against loneliness  
and let yore cause be known.  
There is work to be done!

II.  
America, go fuck yourself  
because Ginsberg and I want to watch  
the piles bleed you to death,  
while we wait for a trick at the greyhound  
to catch the next trip for JOY  
and live it up. What delight  
in watching you broomhandle  
yourselves to death on old wives' tales  
about homosexuality. The witch  
you stole the broom from is dead,  
Stevie, my sister. Let's all go naked  
to lunch on the 69th day of 1969  
and provoke another revolution like 1776.

Ginsberg, play Jefferson  
and write a new declaration.  
Our rites are being butchered by Christianhands.  
Humanity has the growth of intolerance upon its hearts  
for the likes of gay-you  
and queer-me.  
To hell with the Alamo, remember Gomorrah!  
Please, Nero, let me make the fiddle's last note a scream  
as America fucks itself to death on its own fucking machine.

III.  
At Jehosaphat, Christ will say: "Who stole my cross?"  
And faithful-but-forgiven Pilate will answer:  
"Some Sodomite stole it. He left  
a few scraps of a manuscript behind,  
it reads something like a thieves' journal."  
"Is that a Bible, too?" Someone asked.  
And Pilate will continue unflinchingly:  
"It is said he wanted to be the queer  
martyr, someone to worship like a saint.  
I think his name was Genet."

That is  
if Ginsberg will report the scene  
accurately  
as he usually does  
in its rawest makings  
and without Satre's Nobel help.

Paul Mariah  
Utah, 1964 (Copyrighted)



Illustration: Peter Bevacqua  
**THE PALM SPRINGS  
EXERIENCE**  
by GARY MENDER

FOR ANYONE WHO'S NEVER  
been in the desert there aren't  
words—or pictures—to convey Palm  
Springs. At night there are so many  
stars in a luminous sky you wonder  
how they all fit, and they seem so near  
you imagine that, by standing on your  
toes and stretching your arms, you could  
pluck them. The scent of flowering  
shrubs and bushes is heady; sensual—  
you can hear the rustling of giant palms,  
and see their dark outlines thrusting to  
the sky. And always, awesome, the  
surrounding mountains, keeping out,  
and dimming your memory of, the rest  
of the world.

In the morning, a thousand birds  
noisily celebrate the joy of being here.  
There may be breeze, or even wind, but  
the sun is hot and bright, and will last—  
even in Winter—through mid-afternoon.  
Poolside weather, while less than an  
hour up there may be skiing in the  
mountains!

IN SUMMER IT'S HOT (OFT-  
en well over 100 degrees)—in  
Winter, the sunny days stay in the temp-  
erate 80's, and the nights are crisp and  
clear—ideal for making love, and for en-  
joying the memories of untroubled,  
dreamless sleep.

But the hardest thing to convey is  
the majestic stillness, bringing a sense

of completion and yet of expectancy—  
one feels very aware (though you may  
find this fanciful) of the presence and  
the nearness of God.

Palm Springs has, proportionately,  
become almost as much a mecca for  
gay settlers as San Francisco—more move  
here every week, drawn by the sun, the  
dry desert air, the friendly society, the  
stillness, the relaxed rhythm of day to  
day living.

(Six years ago Chris, the young mana-  
ger of GAF Lounge, gave an "Awful  
August" party; a get-together for all the  
gays that hadn't left town for the summ-  
er, and it was attended by twenty peo-  
ple. It became an annual event, and last  
summer Awful August was attended by  
about 400! And his bar, the GAF, is  
busy late in the evening every night of  
the year. There you have it.)

And, of course, Palm Springs has an  
enormous gay tourist colony, especially  
in Winter. They come from all over the  
country, but primarily from Los Ange-  
les, making short and constant 2 or 3  
day weekend runs, with San Francis-  
cans running a close second.



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of \$3.00, so you'll meet more people than just the resident guests.) It's managed by Lonnie Brown, and if many of the guests are his equal in appearance and charm, I don't know why there isn't a line waiting to get in!

Nearest the downtown area is the **Desert Paradise**. Jack is your host. It has fifteen big, bright, spacious units, most with kitchens. They're renovating and improving; things are in a transitional state, but still, it's quite comfortable. November to March, it's primarily straight which, Jack explains, is economic necessity. The units with kitchens rent then at very high prices by the month. The five rooms without kitchens are still available to gays, so long as their behavior is circumspect. The rest of the year, it's gay, and then *only* gays are admitted. Small pets are allowed if kept in the rooms (pets are discouraged or forbidden everywhere else.)

New in town, near the center of Palm Springs, is the **Villa de Rubio**, owned by Dave and Scott (who will be happy to join you in a game of Bridge.) It's admirably run by Greg Pinner, their manager. A small and attractive pool area, with fountain and flowering shrubs. (Nude sunbathing is permitted, which is uncommon.) With only five units—no crowds here; conversation flows easily; company is shared and enjoyed.

Further South, just a block off the main street, is **Country Manor**. The units are charming—some have kitchens and most have small, private decks. The pool is warm, the surroundings pleasant, and the view of the mountains superb. Nude swimming is also permitted here. Your hosts are Doug and Hans, rather zany, bun people who love their work and have had, clearly, a lot of practice. Their home is yours for the duration of your stay; relax in their living room with fireplace, help yourself to anything you may need in their kitchen. They're pleased to show you around, take you wherever you may want to go, even come pick you up again. They've never locked a door, and are happy to report that their trust has paid off. They are both extraordinarily nice guys to visit and be at home with, and the Country Manor is a very comfortable place.



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After the first day of October, you not only would not find room in a gay motel on a weekend without reservation; you would probably not find a room anywhere in town. Most of the crowd here comes back as frequently as schedule and budget permit, and all those brothers and sisters can't be wrong. If you've never been to Palm Springs, you owe yourself the luxury of a holiday.

There are eight gay motels in Palm Springs (more, in one area, than anywhere else on the West Coast!). I'll first list them, running from North end of town to South, with phone numbers, and then attempt to describe them for you. (Directions would take a page and a half; make reservations and they'll tell you how to get where.)

**The Mardi Gras, 325-7759**  
**An Old Friend, 327-1812**  
**Villa de Rubio, 325-8547**  
**Harlow Haven, 325-9093**  
**Desert Paradise, 325-0229**  
**Country Manor, 327-6110**  
**Desert Palms, 328-9000**  
**Dave's Villa Caprice, 328-9083**

(Area code: 714)

To start at the top (though we won't necessarily take them in order) the **Mardi Gras** is unique. The charge is a round \$8.89 per person on weekends, \$2 less on a weekday, and the third person is free! That's half or less what everyone else charges, but don't expect equal luxury and attention to detail. It's somewhat shabby and worn, and very casual. (If you're familiar with Juanita's in Sonoma, you have some vague idea of what to expect.) It's "unisexual"—either sex, whatever their persuasion, is welcome, if they don't fit, they won't get to stay long. It's affably hosted by Ken Law, a commanding individual who may someday become "number one" in town, because he definitely tries harder. It's a bargain, and many of the people who go there return.

Further down the same road is **An Old Friend**. It's least conveniently located (and because of its location may be windier), but it's very clean and well run; the beds are comfortable, the price is right (and there's a day-visit charge

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At the South end of town (handy to all the night action in Cathedral City, just across the line) you have **Desert Palms**—the biggest, the newest; in many ways the best. Thirty well-furnished, spotlessly clean units, comparable to any of the first-rate chain motels. A big, well-kept lawn and a nice little pool partially surrounded by flowering shrubs and a rocky fountain. Also a Jacuzzi! No kitchens, but there's a beer bar going in, and light food may soon be served. Your hosts are Charlie and Burr, both very gracious people. (Being in view of the main road, they accept

straights when they have vacancies so they've achieved a relaxed, social balance.)

Behind Desert Palms is **Dave's Villa Caprice**. (Does anyone not already know this place?) It's in the middle of a palm grove, and very private. There's a sauna, a fine pool—the beds are great—the whole place is newly redecorated. . . and, like An Old Friend, they have a day-visit rate. No matter where you're staying in town, you're likely to see your neighbors down there at some time of the day or night. It's very busy, and it's "where the action is."

When reading an article of this kind, where everyplace mentioned is praised, it's excusable to wonder what the "pay-off" was. I'd like to point out that, until now, none of the Palm Springs establishments have been VECTOR advertisers, and to assure you that none of the establishment owners I've mentioned have offered me more than a warm and friendly welcome. . . and perhaps a drink or two.

With one exception, which I've saved for last. Several of my first days in Palm Springs were spent at **Harlow Haven**, as guest of Jack Devaney, the owner. Jack was an excellent host, the soul of hospitality, and was of invaluable help in orienting me to the area—tell me who to look up, and where to go. He extended himself in many ways to make my stay pleasant, and I'd like to take a line here to thank him. (I might add that Jack has a reputation in town for being a "god-mother," kind and helpful to everyone. Communication between the gay motel owners is occasional to rare; some have not even met—but everyone has a good word to say about Jack Devaney, and what a help he was to them when they were new and getting started.)

Since I stayed several days at Harlow Haven, I came to know it somewhat better than the other places, and will tell you about it. It's ideally located about three blocks north of the heart of town—the atmosphere is Spanish—stucco, red roofs. The units surround a "courtyard." But the courtyard is now a beautifully sculptured, very large lawn, surrounded by lime and grapefruit trees and flowering bushes of many kinds, and in the center is the biggest pool I've seen in town. No two units are alike—some have kitchenettes, some not; many have connecting doors that may be unlocked to turn them into suites—and each is quite different from the others, decorated with imagination and originality. Should you wind up without a kitchen, there's a community refrigerator and ice machine outside. The attendance is attractive young gays of both sexes (about 70% male) who were, without exception, great company.

There's no gay place in Palm Springs that I would NOT recommend, but one picks favorites.

Thus, there's something for everyone; the unique trip at the Mardi Gras, the "action" at An Old Friend and Dave's Villa Caprice, the intimacy (and, if you like, nudity) at Country Manor and Villa de Rubio, the handy comfort (and welcome for your pet!) at Desert Palms; the atmospheric charm, convenience, and good company at Harlow Haven.

If you're familiar with Palm Springs, and know of one or two gay places I've omitted, be assured it is neither discriminatory nor through ignorance. There are establishments in town whose owners have been long resident and are, for excellent reasons, "discreet." Their business is established; their guests come back again and again, and they only take new guests by referral. They never advertise, and would prefer not to be mentioned in the gay press. I've respected their wishes.

A word about price—the average is about \$18 for a single, \$25 for a couple. Some places charge a couple of dollars less on weekdays. On a weekend, the least you'll pay is at the **Mardi Gras**—the most (\$26 single, \$33 double) at **Dave's**. Everywhere else is within a couple of dollars of the average I've quoted—so in choosing a place, price is less a factor than where you'd like to be.

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Everyone takes Mastercharge, and most take BankAmericard as well. (NO one serves food, beyond morning juice and coffee, with the possible near-future exception of Desert Palms. . . and Mardi Gras puts out Saturday evening chicken and Sunday buffet for its guests.)

Girls are not encouraged at some of the places, especially where the behavior may be frankly sexual, or where nudity is permitted. But the ladies are enthusiastically welcomed at **Harlow Haven** and at **Desert Palms**, two of the nicest places in town.

There's a "pattern" that vacationers generally follow: rising fairly early to take advantage of the strong morning sun. At lunchtime, those who've had the foresight to stop by a deli for supplies the night before make sandwiches and stay by the pool; others may run out for hamburgers and bring them back to enjoy at poolside. By mid to late afternoon, it's nap time. (No one dines early in Palm Springs, and the bars don't get active till ten-ish.)

As to places for dinner—there are no gay restaurants, oddly, in the Palm Springs area. Most people don't kiss and hold hands, or even cruise, at the dinner table, so you might say it doesn't matter; still, it's nice to go where you feel welcomed. With that in mind, **Maria's** and **Dorothy Arnold's** are recommended. Both are located just a block below Dave's and Desert Palms, on the main drag. At **Maria's**, she and Betti are serving a palatable Italian food in a very cozy atmosphere, at reasonable prices with full liquor service. **Dorothy Arnold**, a very warm and attentive hostess, serves steaks, halibut, steak fondue for two or more, and one of the best hamburgers in town. **Dorothy's** bar is considered straight (or perhaps I should say a "people" bar), but you'll usually find the attendance to be more gay than not.

Which brings us to the night spots. All are located within a mile, where Palm Springs becomes Cathedral City, with **Dorothy Arnold's** at the top, and **Oil Can Harry's** at the bottom. **Oil Can Harry's** is

rather the opposite of **Dorothy Arnold's** in that it is emphatically a gay bar, yet the attendance these days is primarily straight. It's like a smaller Cabaret/After Dark—big, noisy, crowded, with discotheque dancing, a quieter anteroom lounge, and a pool room. The straights all seem agreeable and accepting—everyone gets along together, and you still see lots of gay couples on the dance floor. A fun place.

Just above **Oil Can** is **The Doll House**, owned by **Maria** (of the restaurant) and run by **Marta**, who's a lot of fun behind the bar. There's pool tables and a dance floor, and hot sandwiches and pizza-fare served. Lots of women go here but it's by no means a "girls" bar, the attendance is comfortably mixed.

Back up, diagonally across the street from **Dorothy Arnold's**, is the **Party Room**, a small beer bar with, also, a pool table and dance floor. Mostly guys here, and a very pleasant, convivial atmosphere—it's capably and warmly hosted by **Ken Starr**, the owner.

And just above that, **THE** gay bar in town, **The GAF**. It's managed by **Chris**, and your bartenders are **Tom** and **Michael**, who are as nice to talk with as they are to look at!

The room is sectioned, with two adjacent bars, one very busy, one calm and relaxed. A dance floor with an excellent sound system, and in back a pool room. Behind that is a spacious outdoor patio, with very comfortable lounge chairs. Unlike **Oil Can Harry's**, the **GAF** is a totally gay attendance, and it's the "action spot"—wherever anybody's been for the evening, you can be sure they'll show up here sometime after midnight.

Miscellany: If you'd like to meet that groovy number again tomorrow night, what better way to retain his attention than by sending flowers in the morning? Then it's time to see **Lloyd (Flowers by Lloyd)**, across the street from the **GAF**. Drop in, anyway, just for the pleasure of meeting him. And if you're on vacation and would like your hair styled (male or female) go meet **Judy** and **Ava**, the new owners of **Bill's Place**, at 278D North Palm Canyon Drive. (**Bill's** still there, too.)

And there you have it. Lest you doubt my sincerity in praising everything about Palm Springs, I'll add this postscript: I've just moved here. □

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# VECTOR

COME OUT from page 30

end of town; and shortly after that we had a two-man, mini-encounter group in the bedroom. Charles was married, with two kids, loved his wife and home and family and job—and had served a hitch in the Marine Corps, which is insignificant except that's when he first experienced getting fucked. It wasn't a 100% happy experience; he'd been scared, the other guy was rough and it hurt, and he felt guilty and confused for months afterward and terrified the word would get around. But it didn't, and besides that there was also something right and good and satisfying about it all somehow. So after he got over feeling quite so guilty and worrying about somebody finding out, he tried it again. The second time he lucked out; a gentler, more patient, older Marine NCO brought him out. They had a good thing going for a while. "He used to tell me my ass was a gold mine, and I'd call him 'Jim Marshall'—he's the guy who discovered gold in California." But then Charles was discharged and it was good-bye Paul.

Since then it had been hit-and-miss, some good experiences, some bad, and nothing permanent. He got married, and the hunger was still there in spite of that. Usually he tried to forget it, but if an opportunity came along, like that night, he'd likely as not take it. This all came out as he lay beside me afterwards, delaying going home, and I was beginning to feel like a father-confessor. In bed, he had been a strange mixture—eager yet half-scared and oddly shy: "I want it but it's big. I think it's going to hurt, but let's try it anyhow." I sensed that he wanted to be hurt just a little, almost as if to be reassured that he was doing something big and important that took a little extra effort, and I had to try to walk a fine line between really hurting him and turning him off and still making him feel that he was being pushed towards the limits of his endurance. It went well, if I do say so myself, and when I finally entered him with a well placed "savage thrust" or two, he rose to meet me and writhed and moved with an abandon that really surprised me. Those still waters surely did run deep!

Later, as he dressed, I gave him my phone number and asked for his. He hesitated. "I trust you with mine," I said, "but you can give me your office number, not your home. . . and I'll be cool if I call." So finally he wrote the number down on a scrap of paper. "I've never done that before," he said, "but I'd like to see you

again. You remind me of Paul."

"There's a left-handed compliment," I said, and slapped him hard on the ass. "But then I probably owe 'Jim Marshall' Paul some thanks. He taught you well."

And with that he was gone and I didn't see or hear from him again. . . until last Tuesday with his friends in the new porno store downtown, playing the 100% straight male, and eager to see some chick take all of Johnny Holmes 14" rod. Seeing him there, listening to him, I was angry and sad both. Angry at his hypocrisy, angry as I remembered him gasping, moaning, begging beneath me; and sad that he had to keep up the straight charade for his friends; sad that he was trapped in a masculine role that offered no way out which would not hurt many people, including himself, sad that he was so utterly alone by his own choice. And I was sorry for him, too; sorry that with the hunger in him he lacked the courage and honesty to face it squarely, like a man, and do something about it, instead of depending on chance meetings down by the park and inept attempts at cruising which might land him in an unmarked vice car some day, another victim of virtue and morality.

So after my appointment on Santa Clara, I went home last Tuesday afternoon, and feeling angry and sad and sorry, I called him at his office. He sounded surprised and a little uneasy, but after a while his voice relaxed and finally we made a date for last night. He kept it, and the gold mine was still turning out very high quality ore, indeed. Afterwards as he lay beside me I told him about the queer sonofabitch I had heard talking about the sick gay films in the porno store and acting like a teenager in a burlesque store, and wondered whether a guy like that was really happy being a closet faggot all the time.

He didn't say much when I laid all that on him, and I was beginning to think I should have kept my mouth shut and stuck to gold mining. But maybe the Marines really do make men, because when he was leaving he said it would be his turn to call next time he felt like getting together—"my responsibility" is the way I think he put it, and I have a feeling that from the way he said it, one more suburban closet door has begun to open. I expect I'll be hearing from him again—and soon. At this rate, who knows? There may even be gay people in downtown San Jose some day. . . and in the daytime, yet. □

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had on to begin with. Then he was lying in the sunshine, pointing up at me and laughing as I stood completely nude by the pond. I didn't want to put my clothes back on, anyway, the sun felt warm and the air was cool and there were so many, many ferns. I strolled through them, letting their fronds go between my legs; I picked a larger one and set it sailing spear-like into Bob.

"Come on! It feels good!" I called, bowlegged in the waist-high field. Bob stripped too, throwing his pants and socks aside and running headlong through the ferns, whooping.

"I bet the Indians did this all the time!" Bob said, stopping short beside me. Taking a big curly frond he let it slide down my chest and tickle my weinie, which really wasn't very big next to his, but then he was older. I picked a bushy one and played with him, too, watching it get bigger and bigger as he laughed. Then I grabbed it and he shrieked and jumped me and we crushed down into the ferns, rolling them under and under. Then, finally we lay still, the sun beating down on us. I could just make out his face through the stems between us.

"I'm sure glad my Dad let us come out" Bob said. "This place is really neat!" There were birds chattering in the trees and I started to sing a song, well, without any words anyway, that I was just making up in my head. Everything smelled like fresh ferns and the birds just chattered along with my song. I watched a butterfly flit past us in circles.

I didn't even hear his footsteps, but then he was there. My song had stopped in my throat when I saw his boots at the bottom of baggy trousers: Mr. Davis, standing over us with his rifle in an old beat up jacket and a red hat.

"What do you boys think you're doin over here bare ass naked?" His voice was gruff as the whiskers around his jaw, and both frightened me.

"We were just. . ." I said, stammering.

"I don't care what you're doin. You boys just get up and put on your clothes and get out of here. . ." His jaw stuck out the way it was set by his teeth hard together, in the bag slung at his side I could see duck tails and a yellow bill peeking out. I got my pants on faster

than I thought I could. Bob did, too, and Mr. Davis watched us as we clambered into the boat, rocking off the muddy bank. Bob's face was pale, and he looked out across the lake. I just rowed and rowed and all I could think about was Mr. Davis in his old Chevy, driving round the lake to talk to my folks. □



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Olsen has produced one of the truest classics of its kind. He gives us a breathless, painstaking build-up to the awful events awaiting the victims and calm sketches in the facts surrounding Corll and each of the young boys.

*Candy Man* serves as a grim reminder that the work of enlightened gays is seldom done. The lecturing and the marching will never quite end. Many uptight Americans will always see homosexuals as potential candy men ready to prove they are more cunning than Dean Corll, who will now be known as the most infamous chicken-queen of them all. Perhaps the basic humanity of gays will break through this cruel barrier that separates us from our fellow citizens. When this happens we can say that Democracy and Christianity have taken another step into an enlightened era. □

DEAR DON from page 26

to, when least expected. It would catch my attention on the wet sand and I would catch my breath, wondering if the moment had come. But on closer examination, it was usually disfigured, used and abandoned by the gulls. Then one day I found a perfect one. I could hardly believe it. It was so perfect that it had not even yet been whitened by the sun. I picked it up and held it in my hand and realized that it still contained life inside. I knew partly from the weight and partly from the sense of the life awaiting its density. If I took it home it would die, dry, and whiten. If I left it the gulls would destroy it. It was a hard moment. I picked it up and carried it gently to the surf and hurled it back out to the nourishing deep water.

I may never find my perfect sand-dollar but I have lost the desperation. My walks on the beach are satisfying. I feel the elements and accept the fine gifts that are offered to me. Nor do I mean that I have adjusted to poverty. I once pitied my seeming poverty when I was desparately aware of not having found my sand-dollar. In my self-pity I neglected to enjoy the riches that



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Virgo cont. from page 45

She was the second one I called, and—to my surprise—I recognized her voice when she said, "Hello."

"Hi," I said, not bothering to tell her my name. She didn't know it, anyway.

"How's the cat?"

"Bok is doing wonderfully. I think he's ready for a visit from his ex, though."

"You wouldn't believe what my ink pen has led me through the past couple of months."

"I'd believe," she said. And I remembered, from the way she said it, why I had gone to the bother. □

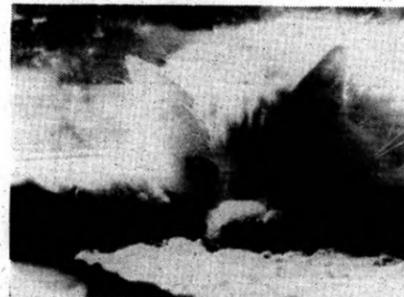


Photo of Butch by Leon Taylor

DEAR DON

were offered. Now I have the fullness of life. I guess touching my beautiful and perfect sand-dollar and having to make the decision to wish it life, though separate from me, helped. I touched it. And one day I think I will find one that is ready for me. If not, the search will have been easy and full of reward.

*I am twenty years old and most often attracted to older men. I am tired of people laying a "father" trip on me in judging me. I also sometimes am attracted to men my own age and younger. Am I crazy?*

We know our world is crazy but it's hard to tell about individuals. In our fractured society where the cigarette ads dictate beauty and we segregate people by color, age, religion, income, and ideology, it sounds to me like you are far ahead of most of us. We all need models to emulate. Aging is part of life and we are all headed in one direction. Everyone is getting older. The myth that Gay males disappear at some magic age such as 30 or 40 is suicidal to any Gay male who embraces it. It is a shame to cut yourself off from people your own age and younger—you need the support of

peers and the learning that comes from giving a hand to someone less experienced. To cut off contact with older people is tragic. It deprives you of direction, people to decide to be like or not be like and makes as much sense as driving down the freeway looking in the rear view mirror or at the person in the next car. Sexual and sensual contact with older people can be very reassuring, also. It permits you to touch their vitality and reassure you that not all of your living has to be done in too short a span of fifteen years. So, crazy or not I offer you my congratulations. □

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**EAST BAY** from page 24  
municipal elections adopted by Seale-Brown ticket and later in part by Berk City Council. Pamphlet "Nine to Five: Gay men at work" is available; this was also the topic of a recent workshop. Currently working on Coors Beer boycott with a Teamsters local (which worked on Harvey Milk's campaign in return for his support of boycott) and supporting a gay worker in the South County who is being harassed by his employers (and whose union is supporting him).

**RADIO: FRUIT PUNCH**  
KPFA & KPFB FM 94.1  
Wednesdays at 10:00 pm.  
Gay men's radio show can be reached c/o the station, 2207 Shattuck Ave. 848-6767

**S.I.R. (E. Bay Chapter)**  
Currently dormant, Contact Bob Scott 893-5585

**U.C. BERKELEY GAY STUDENTS UNION**  
3rd Floor, Eshleman Hall, Berkeley  
For gay men and lesbians, students or not. They meet every Thursday night at Stephens Hall in the graduate student Lounge (near the Campanile)

**UNTITLED GAY MEN'S NEWSPAPER**  
(Formerly the Gaily Planet)  
A small group of East Bay and San Francisco faggots is planning a free, community-oriented paper that will have a feminist/socialist perspective on the condition of gay men today and what we can do about it. Call Michael at 654-1578; or, in SF, Tom at 626-7090. □

**TRAVEL** from page 25  
**GALILEE**—For vegetarians there is the excellent vegetarian restaurant at Moshav Amirim, serving organically grown food. I was assured gay patrons are very welcome. Also has very nice motel/guest house. Busses to Moshav Amirim can be taken from Haifa, Safed, or Tiberias.  
Also in Galilee is **Kibbutz Sasa**, founded in 1948 by American pioneers. Has unique architecture and beautiful park and gardens. Gay and straight visitors register at office for a free tour.



For the gay party host here are some Israeli drink recipes. For the "Rav-Samal Rishon", put 2 oz. of vodka in a highball glass, 1 oz. Sabra Liqueur or Cointreau, juice of 1 lemon, and stir. Add Schweppes Tonic, a green olive and a piece of dill pickle. For a cool summer drink we have the Nahal-Yam. Simply fill tall glass 1/2 way with orange soda pop. Fill to top with draft or bottled beer and serve. Do not stir as you will only bruise the drink. And, finally, we have the Ramat-Cal Cocktail. Put 2 full ounces of Dark Rum into shaker with crushed ice. Add 1 ounce of Chocolate Liqueur, and 3 drops of Orange Bitters. Strain into pre-chilled martini glass and serve. Garnish with a date (!!).  
That completes our gay tour of Israel. Shalom and Kil-Tov. □

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Photo/David Greene

**MAMA PECK HOSTS SENIOR CITIZEN ADVENTURE**  
by  
**HARMODIUS IN EXILE**

**MISS COWGIRL OF SAN FRANCISCO '74-75** has lassoed the hearts of many San Francisco Golden Agers, and branded a very special mark of Gay Love on each of them. Mama Peck, living up to campaign promises (a rare trait in today's world), launched a Community Service program for San Francisco's less fortunate. This program was launched under the auspices of Mama Peck's title of Miss Cowgirl of San Francisco.

The first in the series of Cowgirl Social Projects was a trip to Marine World—Africa, U.S.A., for nearly 50 folks from the Senior Citizens Center at 465 O'Farrell in San Francisco.

With the assistance of his publicity agent, Pete Dido and Grand Dutchess Rose Buckley, Mama Peck raised the money to finance a day in the wilds for the Golden Agers of the Tenderloin area. Marine World's management liked Mama Peck's idea so well that they declared October 9th, 10th and 11th "Senior Citizens Autumn Celebration" at the massive wildlife park near Redwood City. An estimated 2000 senior citizens from all over California came to enjoy the Marine World facilities at a reduced rate.

It all began with a benefit feed at the 1001 Nights Bar which was a sell-out affair and widely enjoyed by the gay community. The money raised paid for the admissions of the Senior Citizens into the park and for a picnic lunch. Mama Peck's charm and persev-

erance roped Jerry of the Falstaff Brewing Company into providing busses to take everyone to and from the park. Just to make everything perfect, Sam Civello of Geneva Florists donated corsages and boutonnières for everyone.

Mama Peck had an effervescent rapport with the senior citizens on the tour. He did nothing to disguise the fact that he was Miss Cowgirl of San Francisco, as he rode shotgun over the entire operations of the day. On the bus, in the park, and during lunch he was continually concerned with the comfort and pleasure of the Golden Agers. With a rare but natural style he revealed cultural humor unique to gay life.

The outing brought sheer joy to the lives of the senior citizens: feeding a llama, applauding a porpoise, standing in a bird-house covered with doves, they were filled with adventure. A senior citizen's fixed income does not allow any money for entertainment—something that Mama Peck recognizes and understands from working and living in the Tenderloin.

And so for people confined by their income and discouraged by their age, a trip to Marine World was a discovery: the gay community cares about the plight of an older generation.

Miss Cowgirl's plans for the future include a brunch to raise funds to aid Deaf, Mute and Blind people, and a Hoe-Down benefit for the Tavern Guild Building Fund.

Hopefully, the Royal Family de San Francisco and the Tavern Guild will follow Miss Cowgirl's example to add new meaning and worth to the positions and titles of Gay Royalty.

Rose, I never did find out if Miss Cowgirl lives in the Cow Palace. □

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# gay guides

## SAN FRANCISCO

- DOWNTOWN**
- Kokpit, 301 Turk 775-3260
  - Blue & Gold, 136 Turk 673-2040
  - Body Shop, 98 Eddy 986-0561
  - Bo Jangles, Larken & Ellis 771-9545 D
  - Frolic Room, 141 Mason 775-3898 E
  - Gangway, 841 Larkin 885-4441
  - Haven, 7th & Mission 626-1776
  - Hob Nob, 700 Geary 673-0361
  - Horney Owl, 741 O'Farrell 885-9511
  - LaCave, 1469 Sutter 775-2060 D,W
  - Landmark, 45 Turk 474-4331 D
  - The Playpen, 990 Post 673-7406
  - Phoenix, 1035 Post 441-8418
  - Red Lantern, 180 Golden Gate 775-4959 E
  - ResErection, 567 Sutter 781-3949 D
  - Road Runner Club, 499 O'Farrell 441-9623
  - Sanctuary, 1601 Market 861-9462
  - Score II, 147 Mason E
  - Sutter's Mill, 315 Bush 397-0121 L,R
  - 1001 Nights, 335 Jones 474-1067R,B,W
  - Totie's 743 Larkin 673-6820
  - Trapp, 72 Eddy 362-3838
  - Wilde Oscar, 59 2nd 392-4455
  - Windjammer, 645 Geary 441-8330 B

## VALENCIA-CASTRO-MARKET

- Badlands, 4121 18th 626-9320 B,R
- Bistro, 456-B Castro 861-9495 L,R
- Connie's Why Not?, 878 Valencia 647-6949
- Corner Grocery Bar, 4049 18th 863-9463
- Castro Cafe, 484 Castro 621-2125 R
- Club, 718 14th 863-3458
- Coffee Don's, 22nd & Valencia 824-4770 R
- Fanny's, 4230 18th 621-5570 R
- Fickle Fox, 842 Valencia 826-3373 R,B
- J.B.'s House, 1884 Market 863-3323
- Kelly's Saloon, 3489 20th 285-0066 R,B
- Midnight Sun, 506 Castro 861-4186
- Mind Shaft, 2150 Market 626-2543 D
- Mint, 1942 Market 861-9373 R,B,L
- Missouri Mule, 2348 Market 626-1163 R,B
- Mistake, 3988 18th 861-1310
- Naked Grape, 2097 Market 863-7226
- Neon Chicken, 4063 18th 863-0484 R,B
- Nothing Special, 469 Castro 926-5876

- Pendulum, 4146 18th 863-4441
- Phone Booth, 1398 S. Van Ness 648-4683
- Purple Pickle, 2223 Market 621-0441
- Rainbow Cattle Co. 199 Valencia 864-9652 DE
- Rear End, 14th & Market 621-9393
- Scott's, 10 Sanchez 864-9534 W
- Toad Hall, 482 Castro 864-9797
- Truck Stop, Church & Market 626-0472 R
- Twin Peaks, 17th & Castro 864-9470

## FOLSOM STREET AREA

- Ambush, 1351 Harrison 864-9349
- Boot Camp, 1010 Bryant 626-0444
- Bradley's Corner, 900 Cole 664-7766 B
- Cissy's Saloon, 1590 Folsom 626-5767
- End Up, 401 6th 495-9550 D
- Febe's 1501 Folsom 621-9450
- 527 Club, 527 Brvant 397-7457 R

- Folsom Prison, 1898 Folsom 861-2811
- Hamburger Mary's, 1582 Folsom 861-9223 R,L
- No Name, 1347 Folsom 863-6458
- Quarry, 17th & Florida 626-3095
- Ramrod, 1225 Polk 621-9196
- Red Star Saloon, 1145 Folsom
- Round Up, 6th & Folsom 863-9628
- Stud, 1535 Folsom 863-2980

## HAIGHT AREA

- Fat Fairy Grill, 1568 Haight 621-5877
- Lucky Club, 1801 Haight 387-4644
- Maude's Study, 937 Cole 731-6119 W

## POLK STREET

- Buzzby's, 1436 Polk 474-4246 D
- Cloud 7, 2360 Polk 474-9696
- Early Bird, 1723 Polk 776-4162
- Gordon's Saloon, 1750 Polk 775-4152
- Grub Stake II, 1525 Pine 673-8268 R
- House of Harmony, 1312 Polk 885-9300 E
- New Bell, 1203 Polk 775-6905 E
- N Touch, 1548 Polk 441-8413 D
- Polk Gulch, Polk & Post 885-2991
- \*P.S., 1121 Polk 441-7798 R,B
- Wild Goose, 1448 Pine 775-8880
- Yacht Club, 2155 Polk 441-8381 R,B

## NORTH BEACH

- Baj, 131 Bay 421-1872 R,B
- Barbary Coast, 312 Columbus 982-0968 D
- Brighton Express, 580 Pacific 781-9947 R
- Cabaret/After Dark, 936 Montgomery 788-3365 D,E,R
- Jackson's 2237 Powell 362-2696 R,B
- Katie's Opera Bar, 1441 Grant 986-9551
- Savoy Tivoli, 1438 Grant 362-7023 R

## AROUND TOWN

- Club Dori 427 Presidio 931-5896 R,B
- Lion, Divisadero & Sacto. 567-6565
- Peg's Place 4737 Geary 668-5050 D,B,W
- Petri's Cabara's 161 California 421-9154 B,R
- Pier 54, China Basin Rd 398-7846 L,B,R

## AFTER HOURS

- Shed, 2275 Market 861-4444 D
- Truck Stop, Market & Church 626-0472 R
- Wagon, 278 11th 626-1692

## EAST BAY

### BERKELEY

- Camp Grounds 2329 San Pablo 848-9292 R,B

### OAKLAND

- Berry's 352 14th 832-9116

- Chalet 414 E 12th 444-8556 W
- Club Carnation 1200 13th Ave 532-9425 B,W
- Grandma's House 135 12th 444-9966 R,B,D,L
- Hans, 316 14th 893-6280 R,B,D
- Lancer's 3255 Lakeshore 832-3242 R,B
- The Bank Club 265 14 St. 832-0558
- White Horse, 6547 Telegraph 652-3820 D
- Revol, 3924 Telegraph 652-7144

## HAYWARD

- Driftwood, 581-2050 W
- Chandelier Lounge 22615 Mission 581-9310 D,L
- Turf Club 22517. Mission 581-9877

## MARIN

### FAIRFAX

- The Woods 1625 Sir Francis Drake 453-8247 D,B

### SAUSALITO

- Sausalito Inn 12 LE Portal 332-0577 R
- The Two Turtles, 688 Bridgeway 332-4938 R

### SANTA ROSA

- Noah's Ark, 9117 River Rd 887-9905
- Monkey Pod 616 Mendocino Ave 546-5070

## PENINSULA

### PALO ALTO

- Kona Kai 3740 El Camino Real 493-2777 B,D
- Locker Room 1951 E. University 322-8005
- The Garden 1960 University no phone
- The Shack 1972 University, 342-1131

### REDWOOD CITY

- Bayou 1640 Main 365-9444 D,B,R
- Cruiser 2651 El Camino 366-4955 B,R

### SAN JOSE

- The Candy Shop 4340 Moore Pk Ave 446-2700
- The Harbor 1035 Sunnyvale-Saratoga Rd. (Gwy 9) 252-9442 D
- Mac's Club, 349 S. 1st, 998-9535

### SANTA CLARA

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

### CUPERTINO

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

## SACRAMENTO

- Cruz Inn 922 9th St 443-9563/447-1300
- Fay's 7436 Fair Oaks Blvd 481-9610 W
- Topper, 1218 K St. Mall 444-2815
- Atticus 5121 El Camino 481-5595
- Charlie's Place 371-9768
- Underpass, 1946 Broadway 457-5867 R,D
- Hawaiian Hut 2400 W Capitol Ave 371-6232 D

### BRYTE

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

## RENO

- Club Baths 1030 W 2nd St
- Dave's Westside Motel 3001 W. 4th St. (702) 786-9841
- The Jade Room 214 W. Commercial Row, (702) 786-9841
- Reno Bar 424 E. 4th St
- V.I.P. Club (behind Dave's) (702) 786-0525

## S.F. BATHS

- Sutro Bath House, 312 Valencia 861-9111
- Baths, 3244 21st (at Mission) 285-3000
- Castro Rock 582 Castro 863-9963
- Club, 132 Turk 775-5511
- Dave's 100 Broadway 362-6669
- Finnish 1834 Divisadero 921-0306
- Folsom Street Barracks 1145 Folsom
- Jack's 1143 Post 673-1919
- Ritch St 330 Ritch 392-3582
- San Francisco 229 Ellis 775-8013
- South of the Slot Hotel 979 Folsom St 543-3276/495-9828

## BAY AREA BATHS

### BERKELEY

- Mayan Health Club, 2107 4th St. 845-8992

### PALO ALTO

- Bachelor's Quarters 1934 Univ. 325-7575
- Goldon Door Sauna, 1205 Bayshore 325-9121

### REDWOOD CITY

- Fred's Health Club 1718 Broadway 365-9303



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- AH-After Hours
- B-Blacks frequent
- C-Coffee, soft drinks, snacks, lunches
- D - Dancing
- E - Entertainment
- G - Girls
- H - Hotel, Motel, Resort
- Hip - Heads frequent
- M - Mixed, partially straight
- P - Private Club
- R - Restaurant
- RT - Raunchy types, rough trade, Hustlers
- S - Shows, usually touristy
- L-W - Leather & Western
- YC - Young, collegiate types

## HOLLYWOOD

- Adam & Eve Books, 1251 Vine
- After Dark, R, 356 N La Cienega, 652-4210
- Aldo's, RT, 6413 Hollywood, 469-3470
- Arthur J's, M,R,C,AH, 7985 Sta. Monica 654-0898
- Au Petit Joint, R,M, 7953 Sta. Monica 656-9234

- Basic Trends, 559 N Western, 464-0291
- Beach Boy, 7113 Sta. Monica
- Bon Air Motel, 1727 N Western, 464-4154
- Book Bin, 4459 Sunset, 666-9476
- Book Circus, 8230 Sta. Monica, 656-6854
- Brass Rail & Cabaret see Paradise Ballroom
- Carriage Trade, R, 8077 Beverly, 653-9337
- Corner Pocket, M, Hip, YC, 8800 Sunset
- Cypress Baths, 5291 Fountain, 464-9512
- Daniel's, M, YC, R,C, AH, 6776 Hollywood, 464-0667

- David's, R, 7013 Melrose, 934-5730
- De Paul's, 1729 Ivar, 466-1129
- Drossie's Russian, M,R, 7405 Sunset, 8769149
- Eleven-Seventy, L-W, 1170 Western, 462-9685
- Etc., M,R,E, 1433 La Brea, 874-6431
- Eye Ball Service, 1626 1/2 Cahuenga, 461-4227
- Falcon's Lair, L-W, 742 Highland, 462-9588
- Fellini's (It), M, Hip, R, 6810 Melrose, 936-3100
- Florentine Room, E, 4579 Melrose, 667-3314
- 49er Showbar, S,G, 5510 Hollywood, 465-2675
- Four Star, R, 8857 Sta. Monica, 657-1176
- Gallery Room, R, 8100 Sta. Monica, 654-7811
- Garden District, RPE, 757 La Cienega,
- Gaslight, R,S, 1608 Cosmo, 467-2283
- Gino's, D,AH, YC, 8452 Melrose, 653-9148

- Gold Cup, C,R, 6700 Hollywood, 467-2231
- Goliath's, 7011 Melrose, 937-8743
- G.S.F., 8235 Sta. Monica, 633-7572
- Grape Vine, M,R, 1405 Vine, 462-6807
- Griff's, L-W, 5574 Melrose, 462-9105
- Handle-Bar, D, 5925 Franklin, 464-9833
- Haven, 5903 Hollywood, 467-8657
- Hollyw'd Center Theatre, 1451 Los Palmas, 464-9921

- Hollyw'd Century Theatre, 5115 Hollywood 666-2822
- Hollyw'd Grace Motel, 1800 Grace, 466-6512
- Hollywood Spa, 1769 Cahuenga, 463-5169
- House of Ivy, R,S, RT, 1640 L. Palmas, 467-5885
- Hub, L-W, 7864 Sta. Monica, 654-3252
- Jackie's Broadcast, 6023 Sunset, 464-9961
- Jaguar, 7511 Sta. Monica, 874-2437
- Jason's Books, 1702 Western, 464-9966
- J.B.'s, 6365 Yucca, 462-0a208

- K's Star Room, R, 1271 Vine
- Last Call Saloon, 5471 Sta. Monica, 462-9164
- Larry's, L-W, 5414 Melrose (rear), 462-9044
- Las Palmas Theat, 1642 L. Palmas, 462-0241
- L.A. Tubs, 4420 Melrose, 660-3310
- Latin Flame, D,E, 5315 Melrose, 462-9376
- Left Bank, M, PE, R, 8430 Sunset, 650-1290
- Lemon Twist, 6423 Yucca, 462-9661
- Lillian's, R, 1253 La Brea, 874-7011
- Lillian's, S, Bups, R, 7515 Sta. Monica
- Lloyd's, R, E, 739 La Brea, 933-9293
- M.B. Club, L-W, 4550 (B) Melrose, 666-9899
- Melrose Social Club, P, Baths, 7269 Melrose, 937-2122

- My House, 1626 Cahuenga, 464-9709
- Old West, L-W, 5150 Hollywood, 666-9769
- Orlando Baths, P, 309 S Orlando, 653-9396
- Paradise Ballroom, Brass Rail, D,E,
- Cabaret, M,S, 836 Highland, 461-4033
- Paris Books, 8165 Sta. Monica, 654-9127
- Paris Theater, 8163 Sta. Monica, 656-9106
- Pharos, D, 6314 Santa Monica, 462-9701
- Por Favor, R, 8944 Sta. Monica, 657-3655
- Red Carpet, 6280 Yucca, 462-0266
- Rondezvous, D, 7746 Sta. Monica, 656-9343

- Richard's Theatre 5527 Hollyw'd, 464-9758
- Rusty Nail L-W, 7994 S. Monica 654-2391
- Saharan Motor Hotel M,H 7212 Sunset 874-6700
- Selma's Sauna 5859 Melrose 462-9707
- Snoopy's See Saw, 7113 Beverly (rear) 937-9595
- Spartan Spa 5613 Hollywood 462-9403
- Spotlight RT 1601 Cahuenga 467-2425
- Stud L-W 4216 Melrose 660-0889
- Third St Baths 8709 3rd St 273-9113
- Studio One (Disco) R,D 652 La Peer Dr. 659-0471

- Study 1723 Western 464-9551
- Turkish Bath 5524 S. Monica 462-9476
- Vine Lodge H 1818 Vine 467-8994
- Western News 5507 Hollyw'd 464-9494
- Woody's Adult Books 5659 Hollywood
- YMAC Baths 7661 Melrose 651-3322

## METROPOLITAN AREA

- Airport, 3626 Sunset, 666-9394
- Aquarius Club Baths, P, 4504 Eagle Rock Blvd. 256-9776

- Back Door, R, 3508 W 8th, 384-1352
- Banner Theatre, 458 S Main, 688-8829
- B.J.'s, C,AH, 2692 La Cienega, 836-9051
- Blu Nunn, R, 4002 Sta. Monica, 663-7221
- Brass Spur, C,AH, L-W, 674 S Vermont 386-9169
- Bunk House, L-W, 4519 Sta. Monica, 6609166
- Butch Gardens, D, 3037 Sunset, 666-9105
- Center Field, B, 4213 Crenshaw, 294-5510
- Circle, 324 W 5th St.
- Club, G,D,E,S,R, 8947 National
- Cypress Baths, 3241 N Figueroa, 226-9125
- Detour, L-W, 1087 Manzanita, 664-1189
- Eatin High, 4514 Fountain, 660-9877
- Fallen Angel, 2709 W 6th, 386-9979
- Four Poster, 2939 Sunset
- Gay Community Services Center, 1614 Wilshire, 482-3062
- Glen's Baths, 4550 Brooklyn, 264-9400
- Golden Horseshoe, B, 4852 Adams
- Harold's, RT, 555 S Main, 688-8522

- Horizon, B, RT, 3416 Wash, 734-6233
- Hyperion Baths, 2114 Hyper'n, 664-1010
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- Parise's, R, 707 N Heliotrope, 663-2811
- Plush Pony, G, 5261 Alhambra, 226-9302
- Redwood Room, S, 3372 8th, 384-6125
- River Club, YC, D, 3152 Riverside, 666-9025
- Roman Holiday Baths, 12814 Venice, 391-0200

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- Silver Saddle Spa, P, 4344 Fountain, 6669999
- Sunset East Showbar, 4007 W Sunset 660-9782

- Tiki, 1617 W 6th
- Toy Tiger, 2538 Hyperion, 660-9817
- Tyke's, 4306 N Figueroa, 225-7846
- Waldorf, B, RT, 527 S Main, 623-8795
- Westside, D, R, 6112 Venice, 935-3540
- Woody's, R, 2810 Hyperion, 666-9995
- Woodshed, L-W, 612 N Hoover, 660-9847
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- American Cont. Baths, P, 5729 Cahuenga, 761-7202

- Attic, 11717 1/2 Victory, 980-9702
- Baton Rouge, E, S, R, D, 11920 Ventura, 985-5444
- Big Horn, G, D, 4882 Lankershim, 980-9910
- Bla Bla Cafe, R, C, S, G, 11059 Ventura, 769-8912
- Black Knight, 10932 Burbank, 769-9850
- Branch, 13542 Ventura
- Brien's, R, 11916 Ventura, 980-4811
- Canyon Room, D, R, 13625 Moorpark, 986-0285

- Capri, C,AH, 6131 Vineland, 769-8864
- Corral Club Baths, P, Hip, YC, 3747 Cahuenga, 769-2667

- Curtain Call, L-W, 5643 Cahuenga, 980-9915
- Fox, G, D, 11150 Burbank
- Frat House, D, 12319 Ventura, 764-9400
- French Bull, R, 5661 Sepulveda, 781-9494
- Gallery Inn, R, 11938 Ventura, 769-5400
- Glass Onion, D, 19723 Ventura, 347-9838
- Glen's Baths, 4653 Lankershim, 980-2567
- Hanged Man 10522 Burbank 769-9390
- Hayloft L-W, C,AH 11818 Ventura 769-8636
- Hialeah House, G, D, 8540 Lankshw 767-9334
- Insiders Books 7208 Lankershm 765-1161
- Keith's, R, 11801 Ventura, 762-1818
- Linda's Log Cabin, 11522 Ventura
- Love Inn, G, D, 10700 Vanowen, 769-9215
- Magnolia Inn, L-W, 12136 Magnolia, 761-1779
- M. C. C., 11717 Victory, 762-1133
- Office, D, 13817 Ventura, 981-6942
- Oil Can Harry's, Hip, YC, D, 11502 Ventura, 769-9481
- Outer Limits, AH, D, YC, 12458 Magnolia, 980-9743
- Oxwood Inn, R, G, 13713 Oxnard, 787-9927
- Queen Mary, M, S, D, 12449 Ventura, 769-9481
- Queen Of Clubs, 8273 S. Fernando, 875-0294
- Roman Holiday Baths M 14435 Victory 780-1320

- Saloon, G,

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 Haven, RT, 256 Long Beach, 437-1706  
 Hoop's Coop, 3, 2718 Anaheim  
 Joe's Place 2682 L Beach Bl 424-5529  
 Lavy's 1064 E Broadway 437-9251  
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 MCC Church 1105 Raymond Ave.  
 Mike's Corral L-W 2020 E Artesia 423-9968  
 Mine Shaft 1720 E Broadway 432-9022  
 New Lagoon Saloon L-W AH 1415 Santa  
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 423-9852  
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 437-0331  
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**Eleven-Eleven Tavern.** Their Motto-Not Fun... But Fancy is very appropriate. Late starting but crowded and truly a blast. If you're lucky you can catch Chuck doing his impersonation of Jeanette McD. 1111 E. Pike Seattle 322-9714

**Shelly's Leg.** DJ and Disco keeps the place jumping. Normally very crowded and a waiting line to get in. An absolute must. 77 S. Main St., Sea. 223-9494 D, YC

**Trojan Shield I.** The only Bar with a Drag Show every Sun, Mon, & Tue. After Hours dancing to DJ nightly. Good cruising and lots of fun. 111 Occidental So., Sea. 223-9026 D, E, AH

**Golden Horseshoe.** DJ and Disco nightly. After Hours Fri & Sat to over 21 crowd. Very busy & good cruising. Fun if you like large crowds. 207 Second Ave So., Sea. 682-6939 D, AH

**Six-Eleven Tavern.** Fancy decor and fun bartenders keeps place alive. Very tacky at times but lots of fun. 611 2nd Ave. Seattle. 623-9430

**CMXXII (922)** Seattle's original leather & levy bar. Slowly regaining popularity due to the fun bartenders. A nice place to visit. 922 3rd Ave. Seattle, 223-9577

**Pike Street Tavern.** Established bar that should improve with new ownership. Small but a lot of fun, at times. Mostly older crowd. 824 Pike St., Seattle, 223-9927

**Johnny's Handlebar.** Very leather & levi. Motorcycles & chains. A very busy place and lots of fun, especially in the back room. Normally very crowded & lots of good cruising. 2018 2nd Ave

**Atlas Athletic Club.** Bath, Private Club. Very lg w/whirlpool & plenty of room. All ages with many chickens. Fun. 1318 2nd Ave. Sea. 624-4749 P, YC

**Dave's Steam Bath.** Small but fun. No membership required. Usually good cruising and lots of activity. 2402 1st Ave. Sea. 623-2045

**Sultans Cinema & Book Store.** Only Gay Theater in town. Not much in selection of books. Movies usually very excellent 1313 1st Ave, SEa. 623-8691

**Spags.** Hq for Knights of Malta & Imperial Palace of Olympia III. Very Tacky at times but good place to have a blast. Terry & Pine. Sea. 623-9612 L W (Some).

**Mocombo Lounge & Restaurant.** Excellent food & reasonably priced. Service is outstanding and their cuisine rivals anything SF has to offer. Busy & crow. bar. 203 Yesler Wy. Sea. 682-4627

**Silver Star.** Small but fun, rather crowded and rowdy at times. Not recommended for cruising. 173 So. Washington. Sea. 223-9097, RT

**Chalet.** A little out of the way but huge with lots of happenings. Fairly good cruising & fun. 1137 Rainier Ave, So. Sea. 322-9510

**Crescent Tavern.** Newest of the bars. Mixed & dancing. Mostly girls but guys welcomed. A nice neighborhood bar on Capitol Hill. 1413 E. Olive Wy. Sea. 322-9925 M,D,G

**Larry's Greenland Cafe & Lounge.** New to the gay scene and a welcome addition. Ex food & Sunday Brunch. Cocktails outstanding and reasonably priced. 801 Pike St. Sea. 624-6685

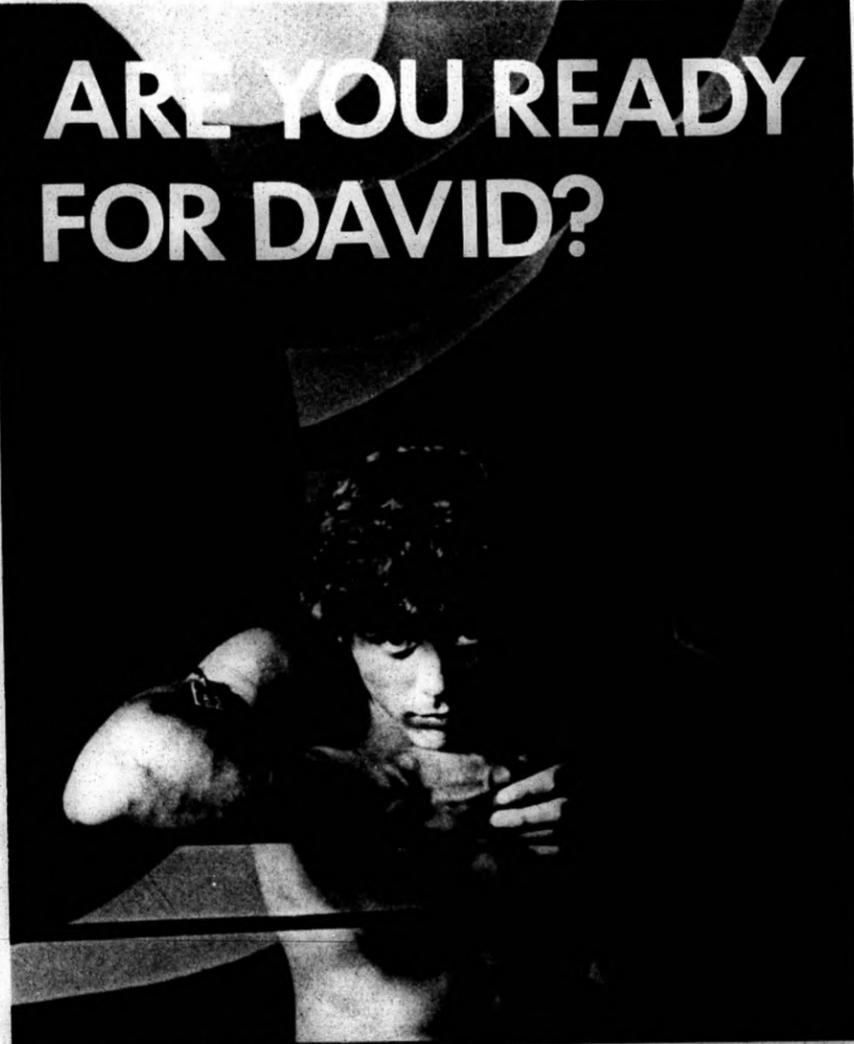
**Carcinogen Smoke Shop.** Books. Excellent selection of gay & hetero books & mags. Gays are more than welcome. Friendly staff. 611 Pike St. Sea. 682-8486

**Silver Slipper.** Primarily all womans' bar. Pool and lots of fun. 210 S. Jackson Sea. 623-9413

**107 Club.** After hours on weekends only. Col. Sanders would love this place. Pure Chicken Delight. Private Club with no problems obtaining membership. 107 Occidental South, Seattle. 622-9769



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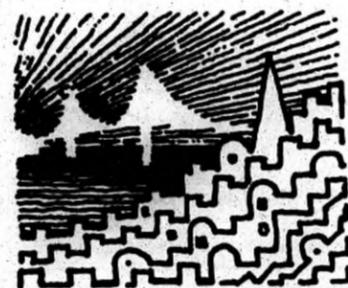
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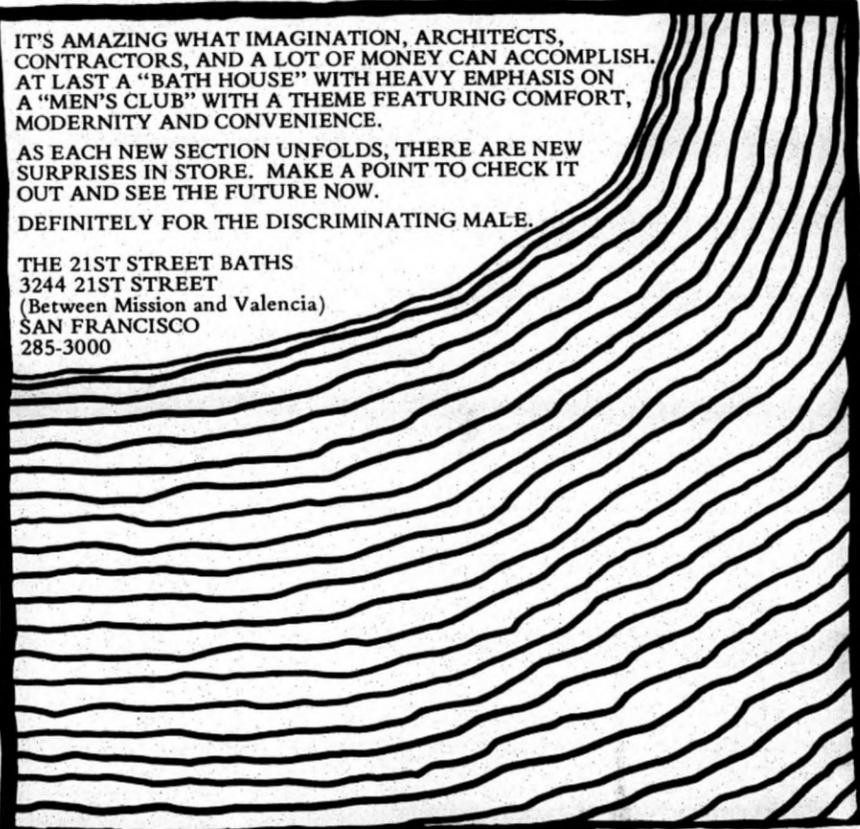
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