A person could get serious with... YANNA!

THE PHOTOGRAPHER: LARRY GILSTRAP SERIOUSLY, THE OWNERS: TED BUGAY
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 at 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 sensationism-gone-tired. But, as expected VECTOR readership dipped 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 women's male magazines whose primary appeal and sales is to male homosexuals. But, as the 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.

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

ON STAGE 11
by RICHARD PIRO
A.C.T.'s Pillars of the Community and another stunning Cyrano de Bergerac plus the opening of Olympia and a fast poke at West's Man Country Like You Being in a State Like That!-tops theatre buffs in shocking pink for a strangely unsatisfying month at the boards;

POLITICAL SAVVY 13
by FRANK FITCH
A very exciting report on the power of the gay vote in local (California) and national elections, We did it!

BOOKS 15
by FRANK HOWELL
THE MAN WITH THE CANDY: Houston Maas Murders

OUT ON CAMPUS/WHERE DOES IT HURT? 17
by RICHARD A. THOMAS
A personal account of a graduate student's conscious decision to reveal his gayness to partners in his lab course and some of the resulting hassles.

STAR CRUISE 21
by JEFF
Beginning this month as a regular feature, experienced Sidereal Astrologist, Jeff, answers relevant questions of concern to us all.

WOMEN 23
by BARBARA COLLIER
A concise and articulate rundown on the origin, meaning, and services of the oldest Lesbian organization—GLADD.

EAST OF THE BAY 24
by MICHAEL NOVICK
A complete listing of gay alternatives located east of the Bay which includes Oakland and Berkeley, California.

TRAavel 25
by JACK BERNSTEIN
Going to Isreal? Tel Aviv? Jack Bernstein reveals some interesting facts concerning Gay Jerusalem.

DEAR DON 26
by DON CLARK, PH.D.
Clinical psychologist, Dr. Clark, responds to reader inquiries concerning sexual difficulties in reference to being gay. Dr. Don discusses some moving personal experiences this month.

FROM FIELDS OF FERN - A Short Story 28
by J. HUEBENER
A lovely pastoral between two boys becomes firth and guilt-ridden when suddenly observed by the father of one who sees nudity only in terms of perversion.

COME OUT 30
by LARRY KIRK
Yet another analysis of closet queerness in one of its most vicious forms and one man's gentle, understanding way of opening the door another crack.

AS A VIRGO MIGHT... 45
by ANNE MORGAN
A prize winning short story concerning a car being placed up for adoption, two women who make the magic connection and the loss of the vital phone number leading to...

OPERA! 47
by JAMES ARMSTRONG
San Francisco's Tristan Und Isolde, La Cenerentola and Massen's super-spectacular Esdaramonde with Ms. Joan Sutherland on the trills stimulated some of the raunchiest humor yet to squirt from Armstrong's laded quill.

PICTURE THIS: ENVIRONMENTAL ART 48
by RON MILLER
Looking at nude male photography can assume a totally different aspect when produced as a legitimate piece of art and displayed within a room environment.

I SING OF THE FEMININE IN ALL ITS FORMS 50
by VALORY MITCHELL
A joyful celebration of sisterhood with the clearest derination between being a lesbian and being a feminist we have read—all told from a basis of joyful celebration.

A TALE OF TWO BATHS 54
by CLIFFORD CURZON
New York City's Continental Baths and San Francisco's Dave's it compared and contrasted and, it seems, the Big Apple has gone a bit sour.

POETRY 56
by PAUL MARIAH
Pam For Allen Ginsberg of Howl

MAMA PECK & THE SENIOR CITIZENS 60
by HARMODIUS IN EXILE
True to campaign pledges for community service, Miss Cowboy (Mama Peck) arranges and follows through with Senior Citizens' trip to Marine World.

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDES 70
Where to go in San Francisco, Northern California and now—Los Angeles and Seattle for gay entertainment.
Patty

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 hand shakers, 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 in 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. 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.

S.I.R.'s Statement of Policy

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 movement 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 chamber of commerce so that we may 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 coming years.

But also, we must learn from the experiences of other organizations, their successes and failures, adding to our 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.

A course or company direction esp. of an aircraft

Expendased at the same price.

As long as I'm writing, I'd like to say that your new format is great! At the same time your main competitor 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. Keep up the good work.

J.H.
Sanette, Washington

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 to bring in businesses, both gay and straight. It's not often enough to help with jobs so I ask what good is it for more money to give 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 mighty gay organization 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 Emperor and company will follow the example of Emperor III Bob Cramer. A number of people who would not have represented me say I am a drag queen who 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 transex-uals, full support is a dead! I hope for a very quick demise of genderfuckers. I've known of one use. Shocking the straights does much more harm than good. So what is good is the program, for the community. In this writers opinion, as it has been, very little good. I am not asking for it to be totally banned. I am just asking for them to improve and to emphasize it is only a very small part.

Schenectady San Francisco

Vol. 1 No. 1

S.I.R.'s...
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.

Helga Walker
Oakland, California

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; howards 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 psychia-

trists 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 in-
sistent on latent homosexuality coming out of the closet, why doesn’t he use his real name?

I use mine.

Hilga Walker

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December 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 “Farwell Emmass Freida” party is planned for Friday, January 3, 1975 at the Phoenix. The party will be given by the Emper-
or 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 Feath-
er & 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 wom-
en 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.

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 in-
cluding some I wasn’t even aware of. We

particularly report that the production itself is 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 Manza

Moore’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 por-
trayal is too close to Donat’s for comfort

Thus every missed syllable becomes a ma-

jor catastrophe for the Donat fan club of
which I am one of thousands. But it is

obvious that Reinhardt has the competen-
tce to achieve and, eventually possibly sur-
pass Donat who has cut so much of the groundwork for the interpretation.

Stephen Schecter’s Christian is as

pretty as was Marc Singer’s but neither

seemed to crack what might be an un-

crackable role.

This is theatre at a rare level and any-
one 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 char-

acter 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 mir-

or of the times, H-V-S-H, not a trend, we suggested it play the elementary school circuit.

It’s a dangerous game—front page produc-
tions because, as happened in this case, they are generally outdate 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 were sacking 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.

ZEBEY 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

Laidt Williamson at the unaccuplasul Compte de Guiche from A.C.T.’s revival of CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

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reviewing" what seemed another Stead­
don Philharmonic (no less) a voice that
seemed magnificent (in the
socks out a rendition of
Anthony Newley/Al Martino category)
the professionalism and sheer musical-
ity of this disk. Who is he? It can't be

beautiful music beautifully performed with
your Christmas gift problem solved.

numbers (male chorus in background)
by men with pronouns intact such as
Ca., 94107 or by calling 543-0440.

available at Odyssey Records as well
which we found dull to a point
unbelievable sound system and blocks
of space to dance in and through. For
the ridiculous price of $2 on weekends

your will you may will it at Olympus.

Carter and Beach Blanket Babylon will

—my dear! Backed by the Lon­

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 Odyssey Records as well
as from the distributor, Cory Sound
System, 440 Brannan, San Francisco,
Ca., 94107 or by calling 943-0440.

Olympus — it's fabulous. Produc­
a facility. The stage works (thanks to
manager of miracles, Kirk Fredericks)
unbelievable sound system and blocks
of space to dance in and through. For
the ridiculous price of $2 on weekends

your will you may will it at Olympus.

We'd like to say a word about the new
OLYMPUS — it's fabulous. Produc­
er 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
disatoire 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 bitterly claimed by Lynn
Carter and Beach Blanket Babylon will have
gone.

It was not the most successful open­
ing 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 ame­
teurism 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 Zebe­
dy 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 immedi­
aetically. Everything you love about the
form is there plus everything you hate.
Bisexuality, women's lib, gay liberation,
Gerry Ford, thieves, New York City
knocks, pollution, etc. For those of us
who out our review teeth on points of
view presented by performers (and
didn't the genre start here in SF in the
50's with Murt Sahin, Buddy Hackers,
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 blish­
ning about it in the car while we looked
for a junk food place still open in the
wet hours of the morning.
— Richard Piro

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by FRANK FITCH

THE ELECTION OF JERRY Brown to the governorship of California can be seen as a victory for the gay community. Both the Holly­wood— and Al A. Ticks Demo­
cratic 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 lib­
eral and more open than his opponent,
that his appointments (approximately
1200 positions are filled by the gover­
nor) 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, Demo­
crats Myrv Dymally as Lt. Governor
and March Fong as Secretary of State,
were needed for gays. What they need
were 1200 positions for gays. What they need
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were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were were we...
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 dollars 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 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!

THE MAN WITH THE CANDY: The Story of the Houston Mass Murders by Jack Olsen
Simon & Schuster, $7.95, 255 pages
MURDER HAS ALWAYS been 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 teenage 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.

Dean Corll remains the enigma. Why did he kill? How was he able to enlist 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 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.

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Naked

2097 MARKET STREET at CHURCH SAN FRANCISCO 863-7226
ed by many of his friends as capable of foul play.

After Corn's death at the hands of Henry, Mrs. West, Dean's mother, continued to proclaim his innocence. She still believed in her son's innocence. 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 knew 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 overdifferentiated with young males because he never experienced the support of a stable father. (Mrs. West married five times and fought constantly with his spouses.) He possibly murdered them because they would love them as a father what mushy machismo he did inherit from his insecure brothers of the soil.

After the slayings were resolved, certain anti-gay sentiments emerged. Unusually fine food
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YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU DID.
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."
STAR CRUISE will be devoted to the needs of the Gay Community. It is our hope that STAR CRUISE will be devoted to the needs of the Gay Community. It is our hope that STAR CRUISE will be devoted to the needs of the Gay Community. It is our hope that...
If you were born between December 13 and 16 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 excitingScorpio 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 known. Delays could be long and sound and you often deserve to be sound. A lot may come out. Your honesty could be turned against you and the rules might be known. Delays could be long and you often deserve to be known. Delays could be long.

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 reliance 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 (7) 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 Sagitarian. This is a year of extra caution for you.:

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If you were born between December 13 and 16 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 known. Delays could be long and sound and you often deserve to be known. Delays could be long. 

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D A U G H T E R S O F B I L I T I S, T H e oldest and largest lesbian organization in America, will be twenty years old next year. For nearly two decades we have strived to provide 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 861-2698. —Barbara Collier

D.O.B. is part of the growing woman'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 861-2698. —Barbara Collier

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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 men for all men concerned with sexism and the economic class system.

LAMBDA GAY COMMUNITY CENTER
1437 Harrison St. Oak., 451-1338
A gay community organization at Bishop's Coffee House in Downtown Oak. Land. Gay women's and gay men's rap 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 rap Mondays at 8 pm, and potlucks the first Friday at 8 pm, and potlucks the first Sunday of each month at 9:30 pm. They are forming a counselling collective and publish a newsletter.

OAKLAND GAY MEN'S POLITICAL ACTION GROUP
Oakland, 654-1578
A small group of working and lower-middle class faggots who are alternatively study-and-project-oriented. Prepared gay rights platform for the Oakland

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M.A.R.S. 117 Mills Terrace Church
5410 Fleming Ave., Oak., 547-1858
They hold services every Sunday at 7 pm

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

GAY - MALE ALTERNATIVES IN THE EAST BAY

(Ambivalent about gay men among gay East Bay professionals. He can be reached c/o Lambda Gay Switch.

GAY MEN'S RAPS & RAPS COLLECTIVE

Fridays at 7 pm. First Baptist Church, Oak. Meeting at 9:30. Refreshments served (bring some of your own).

A group for gays into ideas, poetry, readings, movies, publications, fun and games. Meeings Sundays. Call Roy.

Gay switchboard staffed by lesbians and gay males, noon to midnight, 7 days a week. Housing, referrals, one-to-one, occasional newsletter.

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 906, Berkeley 94701, 524-0323
Community services organization, providing a switchboard, referrals, rap groups, counselling, speaker bureau, etc. They have a brochure with information.

GAY ARTIST'S AND WRITERS COLLECTIVE (GAWK!) 517 33rd St. Oak., 658-0233

GAY MEN'S RAPS & RAPS COLLECTIVE

Fridays at 7 pm. First Baptist Church, Haste & Dana, Berkeley 843-2459
Encounter groups, contact group, massage and problem solving. Community meeting at 9:30. Refreshments served (bring some of your own).

GAY MEN'S PROBLEM SOLVING Oakland, 654-1578
Facilitated by two or three gay male therapists, every Tuesday night. Fees on a sliding scale based on ability to pay. Call Autumn at the phone #.

425-18th Street Near Castro Street San Francisco 94114 (415) 981-2151

Clay Martin

Gay Switchboard

2700 Bancroft Berkeley 845-4823
Collective of gay bisexual & straight men they have open rap Mondays at 8 pm, and potlucks the first Friday at 8 pm, and potlucks the first Sunday of each month at 9:30 pm. They are forming a counselling collective and publish a newsletter.

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M.C.C. 5/6 Mills Terrace Church
5410 Fleming Ave. Oak., 547-1858
They hold services every Sunday at 7 pm
For what seems like the five thou­sand thousand times, someone who was almost Mr. Perfect allowed myself to get carried away and pretend he was Mr. Perfect; fall in love; tell him I was Mr. Perfect; and psychotherapy resources in the community. Brief letters with questions of general interest are solicited.

Dear friends,

We at Distingay feel that in this day and age a significant need for a public service to help people understand the issues and 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 hearty chocolate 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

N 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 harassment and brutality. Bars (The Mocambo, The Golden Horsehoe, Six-Eleven Tavern, QMX II (1922) Tavern, Speaq Tavern, The Silver Slipper, Shelly's Leg, 107 Club,) were now relaxed and could legally "bust" the place. Since all good things must come to an end, this police harassment 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 Telfach (now Police Chief of Santa Monica) who thoroughly detested any Gay business and, as such, assigned many of his detectives to "pattolling" 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 Atlantic 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 area have anticipated? Because it was felt, and appropriately so, that ALL gay business 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 competitive $300.00 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 (Seattle). 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, San Francisco and even as far away as Los Angeles. This spreads goodwill for Seattle and, in return, brings less "out of towners" to Seattle. No one person could be expected to pay for these expensive Coronation balls 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 Orthopaedic 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 orient- ed and male oriented non-profit Gay organization, NO GUILD MEMBER HAS EVER PROFITED 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 Horsehoe, Six-Eleven Tavern, QMX II (1922) Tavern, Speaq Tavern, The Silver Slipper, Shelly's Leg, 107 Club,) also two Bookkeeping Services and one Electrical firm. That's a poor presentation when there are more than twice as many bars alone in Seattle. What then is the reason others don't join? A lack of understanding of the functions are probably the most predominant reason. Most non-members seem to feel the Guild should be something else. Yet it could be what the members desire. Are the members being forced to pay dues too much to invest for the benefit of our Gay brothers and sisters? The Business Guild is an organization for all owners of Gay bars and businesses to freely communicate and help each other. The Guild is not a militant organization that stages pickets, sit-in's. 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 the Gay Bars and businesses or not. The old saying "Together we stand, divided we fall" is still very true today and together we must always be.
From Fields Of Ferns
by J. HUEBENER

Light, reflecting from the lakes’ ripples, sparkling pure oceans of light, blinding us. Two, no, three planes of sky and greening 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 net, near me, whispering, unrolling, down. I hold him up finally, struggling in the net...
Holmes and his 14" rod are invited to a...
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 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 me 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 WRAPPED UP FOR THE COMING YEAR.

Happy Holidays and thanks for reading B.A.R., the most widely circulated community publication in the Bay Area.
WANTED: A 24 HOUR EMERGENCY TELEPHONE HOTLINE (S.I.R.'s been there—for 10 years)

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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WANTED: SOMEONE TO POLICE THE POLICE FORCE (S.I.R.'s been there—for 10 years)

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WANTED: APARTMENT/ROOMMATE LISTINGS (S.I.R.'s been there—for 10 years)

WANTED: FAST LEGAL REFERRALS FOR GAYS IN TROUBLE (S.I.R.'s been there—for 10 years)

WANTED: INFORMATION ON BUSINESSES WHICH WELCOME GAY CLIENTS (S.I.R.'s been there—for 10 years)

WANTED: A FACILITY CAPABLE OF HOSTING 1200 PEOPLE (S.I.R.'s been there—for 10 years)

WANTED: SOMEWHERE TO SHARE THANKSGIVING DINNER IN GAY BROTHERHOOD (S.I.R.'s been there—for 10 years)

WANTED: A PRODUCER FOR STRAIGHT "GAY IS GOOD" THEATRE PRODUCTIONS (S.I.R.'s been there—for 10 years)

WANTED: JOBS FOR SKILLED, UNSKILLED, AND PROFESSIONAL GAYS (S.I.R.'s been there—for 10 years)

WANTED: MEDIA COVERAGE FOR PRODUCTS AND SERVICES FOR AND BY GAYS (S.I.R.'s been there—for 10 years)

WANTED: DISCREET, CONFIDENTIAL VD CONTROL (S.I.R.'s been there—for 10 years)

WANTED: A PLACE FOR WORSHIP IN FELLOWSHIP WITH GAY BROTHERS AND SISTERS (S.I.R.'s been there—for 10 years)

WANTED: PSYCHOLOGICAL COUNSELING AND RAP SESSIONS WITH A QUALIFIED PSYCHOLOGIST (S.I.R.'s been there—for 10 years)

WANTED: SOMEONE TO INSURE THAT OUR BARS ARE SAFE, FIREPROOF (S.I.R.'s been there—for 10 years)

WANTED: HELP FOR GAY ALCOHOLICS (S.I.R.’s been there—for 10 years)

WANTED: A DOCTOR TO ADMINISTER A RUPTURED ANNUS (S.I.R.’s been there—for 10 years)

WANTED: STATE AND NATIONAL LEGISLATION RESPONSIVE TO THE NEEDS OF ALL HOMOSEXUALS (S.I.R.’s been there—for 10 years)
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**The Humane Society Adoptions**

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 slept. 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."

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

"Why don't you take my number," I said, "in case something happens to your book pulling out all the L. or Leslie So's."

There were eighty-three, of which fifteen­
ten had the Berkeley convergence prefix of 841-5. I thought of which one was a rather phenomenal perce­

I called them all. Bumbling my not­
well-rehearsed spiel, None were her.

Two of them thought I was nutty-fish­

ve, several were guys, one of whom tried to pick up, and two were just ri­

ples to the naked, uncanny eyes.

"Don't blush," she said, "give me a pen. You should have my number." She

"Not if they're recapped properly." She paused. "Or keel over, as

wondered. Human Society? Cat?

"They leak." I didn't think I'd missed the intens­

ty or her eyes, that infinitesimal pause

it so that there is now an almost Italian­
pale, and the flawless bravura of their

ductive of Sylvio Varviso, who is on far

and of Kurt Moll's King Marke, we rea­

felicities of Yvonne Minton's Bragaene,

stage-designer—Dietrick Haugk—whose basic designs weren't bad but

something. At first, realizing she was

wondered. Human Society? Cat?

"What a Zzrastro! What a Boris!"

Asking voice and such tremendous pres­

self: "What a Zzrastro! What a Boris!"

"I'm sorry — they've all been let down."

That was a rather phenomenal percen­
tage. and the flawless bravura of their

a considerable stab at
dumbing my not­

basso, also making his SF debut—is

everyone: "What a Zzrastro! What a Boris!

That's what a Bok was. Another one: "Leslie S. — orange cat adopted — last your num­

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

keenly. Jess Thomas, des­

be the perfect Bragaene. I'll miss it so that there is now an almost Italian­
pale, and the flawless bravura of their

"Look," she said, stopping, squinting her eyes­

herself, while Jess Thomas, des­

petic his heroic efforts, is not a helen­
tenor, (All that effort to force a basi­
cally dry and rather uninteresting voice into range beyond it's true compass is precisely the problem. She didn't believe in the felicities of Yuonnie Minton’s Bragaene, and

nothing. At first, realizing she was

smiled. "If not for that reason, then be­

cause your landmark might have a change of heart." She paused. "Or keel over, as

She had said it all as conversation, so as

pen. You should have my number." She

"Nothing..."

Illustration: Johnathan Powk

Keep things simple. It was a

joy to hear La Sutherland in a drama­
tic soprano, and most of those come in Act IV, so 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 unpleas­
tant, you must understand. Just kind of dull. Be­

through the phone the phone. At first, realizing she was

"I'm sorry — they've all been let down."

It's just big, ballsey, and not un-beauti­

some bits were literally choreogra­

I could detect inconsistencies of style; that some bits were literally choreogra­

Asking voice and such tremendous pres­

I called them all. Bumbling my not­

I know what she

She was admiring Bok's white-ringed

She had said it all as conversation, so as

my garden apartment by taking a willing

"May I pet him?" someone said behind

"Look," she said, stopping, squinting her eyes­

She was admiring Bok's white-ringed

She had said it all as conversation, so as

I didn't think I'd missed the intens­

"Look," she said, stopping, squinting her eyes­

She was admiring Bok's white-ringed

She had said it all as conversation, so as

I didn't think I'd missed the intens­

"Look," she said, stopping, squinting her eyes­

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I didn't think I'd missed the intens­

"Look," she said, stopping, squinting her eyes­

She was admiring Bok's white-ringed

She had said it all as conversation, so as

I didn't think I'd missed the intens­
PICTURE THIS
ENVIRONMENTAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON MILLER
I sing of the feminine in all its forms

A CELEBRATION OF SISTERSHOOD

by VALORY MITCHELL
Illustration: Doug Smith

T WENTY-FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, ON an island in the Aegean, the worshippers of Aphrodite established philosophical schools. According to poetic legend, one among the students was Bilitis—a woman they join together to shape from who they are an image of the culture they built, today in San Francisco, as throughout the nation, the symbolic daughters of Bilitis make their place in the world still replete with fear and falsehoods.

The women's coffee house in Noe Valley, the Full Moon, the late afternoon sun filters past a feathered wing, the Full Moon is a place for all women—gay and straight.

Joan, another member of the collective, continues, “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.”

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 present an impressive picture of lesbian life into a world still replete with fear and falsehoods.

I N BARBARA COLLIERS SUNNY KITCHEN, the small of fresh baked cookies fades into the back of the gardenia. 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.”

Thirty years old when D.O.B., the first lesbian organization in America, began. Today, as then, its speakers bureau, research library, and monthly magazine present an impressive picture of lesbian life into a world still replete with fear and falsehoods.

Braving 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 long time to really know that, and I think my own identity as a gay woman began.”

The women are for talking, for getting to know each other. We have a bookstore, and women of all ages, all backgrounds, all interests.

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 knew she was gay. 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.

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 yes to ourselves. 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:"

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.

A History of Lesbianism:

Hot 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 against 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 shared. How they lived in the world the women loving women leaned as much as they were allowed and worked and worked and were clothes the way they liked! wherever 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 didn’t. ...
But it was not enough to speak out against falsehood; at ones who must write the stories and the articles that describe us, because we have seen too often what it is like to 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 sub-rose-tinted glasses of traditional femininity. The lesbian to take a portrait of the family of woman.

Each began to see in the other a desire to find value in wo-inists looked behind the epithet of the lecherous lesbian and whose own identity as a gay woman began during the movement,.explains her feelings: "I consider being a les-

in the early 70's, women throughout the country began to reach 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 collectio-

But what began as a "lavender herring" issue came full circle as feminist and lesbian struggled for a new iden-

The space is growing. Despite their fears, despite the fumbling and false which remain, gay women are claiming their place in the family of woman. As 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 cul-

Judy Grahn's A History of Lesbianism speaks to the life-times of today's daughters of Bilis 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.

"... the gay women, for the present, cannot reach a final verdict on the endurance of straight feminism's commit-

Portions of this article were printed in the BAY GUARDIAN. Judy Grahn's poem is from her book, LÉSBIAN SPEAK, OUT, published in 1974 by the Women's Press of Oakland.
If 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 lousy place!

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 get 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 pillowcase out. Don't get confused. You're not really in a flop-house outside the Baths, too, and doesn't cost as much. Second, change the policy about stealing from everybody else. Lilliputian lockers are no better than the exorbitant entrance price.

Exploitation is exploitation! It's obvious scrubs out the steamrooms, and stuff best left undescribed. The staff at the Continental is interested only in the public's-your-interest. 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!

My only real complaint about Dave's is that when I was there that 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 any other heterosexuals 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.)

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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 envoke you with yr shitty words of poetry that drivel 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 I 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.

III.
At Jehosaphat, Christ will say: "Mio 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 accurately if Ginsberg will report the scene as he usually does in its rawest makings and without Sartre's Nobel help.

Paul Mariah
Utah, 1964 (Copyrighted)
of $3.00, so you'll meet more people
than just the resident guests.) It's mana­
aged 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 renova­
ting 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
as long as their behavior is circumspect.
November to March, 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; con­
versation 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 kitch­
en and most have small, private decks.
The pool is warm, the surroundings
pleasant, and the view of the moun­
tains superb. Nude swimming is also
permitted here. Your hosts are Doug
and Hans, rather zany, bun people
who love their work and have had,
dearly, a lot of practice. Their home is
yours for the duration of your stay; re­
lax 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, and 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 extra­
ordinarily nice guys to visit and be at
home with, and the Country Manor is
a very comfortable place.

After the first day of October, you
not only would not find room in a gay
motel on a weekend without reserva­
tion; 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 any­
where else on the West Coast!) I'll
first list them, running from North
end of town to South, with phone
numbers, and then try 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, 325-7790
An Old Friend, 327-1812
Villa de Rubio, 325-8547
Harlow Haven, 325-8093
Desert Paradise, 325-0229
Country Manor, 327-6110
Desert Palms, 328-9000
Dave's Villa Caprice, 328-0083

(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 week­
ends, $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 atten­
tion 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 "unisex"— 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 loca­
ted (and because of it's 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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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 stucco, red roofs. The units surround a "courtyard." But the courtyard is now a beautiful mosaic, 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 kitchensette, 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 common refrigera­tor and ice machine outside. The attend­ance is attractive young guys of both sexes. (About 70% male, who are there forletic enjoyment. Over all, there's a fancy restaurant in Cathedral City, with spotless­ly clean units, comparable to and a rocky fountain. Also a Jacuzzi, a big, well-kept lawn and a nice little pool ed. Your hosts are Charlie and Burr, ing in, and light food may soon be serv­ing. (Being in Palm Springs that I would not recommend, but one picks the unique trip at the Mardi Gras, the "action" at an Old Friend and Dave's Villa Caprice, with a very nice, well-kept, sunny pool area. The atmosphere is very different from the Uniti, so you might say it doesn't matter; it's "above it." While we're on costs. Air California to Pal­md Springs becomes Cathedral City, with to be more gay than not. Girls are not encouraged at some of the places, especially where the behav­ior may be frankly sexual, or where nudity is permitted. But the lades 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 poolsides. 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 wel­come. With that in mind, Maria's and Dorothy Arnold's are recommended. There are establishments in town whose owners have been long resident and are, for excellent reasons, "discreet." Their business is established; their guests again and again and they only take 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 it's within a couple of dollars of the average I've quoted—in choosing a place, price is less a factor than where you'd like to be. While we're on costs, Air California or Western will fly you from San Fran­cisco to Palm Springs, and back, for about $60. Most gay motel owners are happy to pick you up at the air­port, or you can rent a car for as little as $5 a day plus mileage. Everyone takes Mastercharge, and most take Bankamerica card. And, (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 lades 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 poolsides. 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. 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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 Mar­
ine 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 worry­
ing about somebody finding out, he tried it
again. The second time he locked out a:
gentle, more patient, older Marine NCO
brought him out. They had a good thing go­
ing for a while. "He used to tell me my ass
was a gold mine, and i'd call him 'Jim Mar­
shall'—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,

- 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, such as this night,
his head would kick in. This all came out
as he lay beside me afterwards, delay­
ging 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 just
try it anyhow." I sensed that he wanted
himself, and when I finally entered him with
some thanks. He taught you well.

Later, as he dressed, I gave him my
rose to meet me and writhed and moved
ourselves around 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
say goodbye and 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
cling was gone and I didn't

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VECTOR December 1974

VECTOR December 1974
had on to begin with. Then he was lying in the sunshine, pointing up at me and the pond. I didn't want to put my clothes back on, anyway, the sun felt warm and many ferns. I strolled through them, letting their fronds go between my legs; spear-like into Bob, I picked a larger one and set it sailing bowlegged in the waist-high field. Bob through the ferns, whooping.

"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 letting it slide down my chest and tickle my weinie, which really wasn't very him, too, watching it get bigger and we crushed down into the ferns, rolling them under and under. Then, finally we lay still, the sun beating down 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, without any words anyway, that everything smelled like fresh ferns and I was just making up in my head. Every time the birds just chattered along with my

"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. My song had stopped then he was there. My song had stopped to have a look. Mr. Davis, standing over us with his rifle in the bottom of baggy trousers: Mr. Davis, watching the kids 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 roared and reeled and Bob could think about was Mr. Davis in his old Chevy, driving round the lake to talk to my folks.

had on to begin with. Then he was lying in the sunshine, pointing up at me and the pond. I didn't want to put my clothes back on, anyway, the sun felt warm and many ferns. I strolled through them, letting their fronds go between my legs; spear-like into Bob, I picked a larger one and set it sailing bowlegged in the waist-high field. Bob through the ferns, whooping.

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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 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 desperately aware of not having found my sand-dollar. In my self-pity I neglected to enjoy the riches that 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.

Am twenty years old and most often attracted to older men. 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.

Happy holidays!...from all of us at the

DEAR DON 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.
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.
Gay men at work" is available; this was
cott with a Teamsters local (which work­
ning a gay worker in the South County
(Formerly the Gaily Planet)
Lounge (near the Campanile)

MARVA AT THE NEW HAMMOND REGENCY ORGAN
IMPERIAL PALACE OF EMPIRE IX, FRIEDA
9 TO 1 FRI., SAT., SUN.
BARTENDERS: DANNY ROSE,
REXANN ON THE FLOOR
THE "OTHER" PERRY
OPEN AT 10 AM
TILL 3 AM DAILY
Merry Xmas from the staff and manager:
TRAVEL from page 25
GALILEE—For vegetarians there is the
excellent vegetarian restaurant at
Moshe Avinim, serving organically
grown food. I was assured gay patrons
are very welcome. Also has very nice
motel/guest house. Buses to Moshe
Avinim can be taken from Haifa,
Safed, or Tiberias.

For the gay party host here are some
Israeli drink recipes. For the
"Ram-Samat Rimshon," 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 ¾ 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 Ram
at-Cal Cocktail. Put 2 full ounces of
Dark Rum into shaker with crushed
ice. Add 1 ounce of Chocolate Liquer,
and garnish with a date (71).
That completes our gay tour of
Israel. Shalom and Kiss-Tok.

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 au­
pices 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
senior citizens from all over Cal­
ifornia came to enjoy the Marine
World—Africa, U.S.A., for nearly 50
income and discouraged by their age,
thing that Mama Peck recognizes and
understands from working and living
in the Tenderloin.

Miss Cowgirl's plans for the future
include a brunch to raise funds to aid
the gay community cares about the
plight of an older generation.
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Seattle — Jim Sess

Eylon-Jeene Tanyes, Their Most-Hot Fun...But Fancy is very important. Let's face it. The girl must be crowded and truly a blur. If she's lucky you can catch. Change is his province at 1105 Raymond Ave. in Seattle. Jeanette McD. 1111 E. Pike Seattle 322-9714. Shadly's, Leg, DJ and Chaos been the place jump-<br>ning. Very crowded and a waiting line to get in. An absolute must. $7.50 S. Main St., Seattle. Trojan Shield II, The only Bio with a Drag Show every Sun, Mon, & Tue. After Hours (tonite) to get in. An absolute must. 77 S. Main St., Seattle. CMXXII (922) Seattle's original leather bar. Slowly regaining popularity due to the fun bartenders. A nice place to visit. 223 S. Second Ave. Seattle. 682-8486. Silver Slipper, Primarily all womans' bar. Pool and a lot of fun. 210 S. Jackson Sea. 6239413. Bliss Club of Olympia III. Very Tacky at times but good place to have a blast. Terry & Pina. Sea. 623-7077. Second Ave So, Sea. 623-8691.

Hoop' Coop', 2718 Anaheim Dr. The only Bar with a Drag Show every Sun, Mon, & Tue. After, Hours (tonite) to get in. An absolute must. 77 S. Main St., Seattle. CMXXII (922) Seattle's original leather bar. Slowly regaining popularity due to the fun bartenders. A nice place to visit. 223 S. Second Ave. Seattle. 682-8486. Silver Slipper, Primarily all womans' bar. Pool and a lot of fun. 210 S. Jackson Sea. 623-9413. Bliss Club of Olympia III. Very Tacky at times but good place to have a blast. Terry & Pina. Sea. 623-7077. Second Ave So, Sea. 623-8691.

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Joe's Place 2682 L Beach Bl 424-5529
MCC Church 1105 Raymond Ave.
Lavy's 1064 E Broadway 437-9251
Wellington Club Baths PYC 1202 E, New Lagoon Saloon L-W AH 1415 Santa Mine Shaft 1720 E Broadway 432-9022
Green Owl, 1219 4th St., 437 9517
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BISEXUALITY WORKSHOP: for people who wish to share experiences and explore feelings towards men and women in a warm and supportive atmosphere. Workshop will be led by 2 experienced leaders. Saturday, Dec. 14th, 11am-5pm, Fee is $15. Contact Peter or Ira at 885-0964, evenings.

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