We, the undersigned, believe that George Moscone is the best qualified candidate to be mayor of San Francisco. His leadership and administrative talents, as exemplified by his successful Senate fight for passage of the consensual sex bill and marijuana reform legislation, indicates his ability to bring differing points of view together to get the job done. We believe George Moscone will create a better San Francisco for us all.

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Dear Reader,

VECTOR will soon be twelve years young, and it is the oldest continuously published gay periodical in the world. We are proud of what we are; we don’t pretend to be anything else, and we state on our cover that we present the GAY EXPERIENCE.

That expression on our cover and the fact that Vector has been published for TWELVE YEARS is an important statement of GAY pride for every one of us. It has never been solely profit-motivated. There are no dark or hidden financial interests in the magazine. The membership of S.I.R. is the only owner of Vector.

In February of 1975 the newly elected Board of Trustees of S.I.R. made a promise that Vector would be in national distribution before the end of the year. This has been accomplished. Vector is now openly for sale in SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, MINNEAPOLIS, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, DALLAS, HOUSTON, MIAMI, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, and BOSTON. General distribution in quantity is planned for other major cities as we can afford to increase our circulation. The press run for Vector will have doubled by the end of this year. We can be proud of our exciting new format and can take pride that the magazine is financially stable and is generating a profit.

The national advertisers still refuse to accept that GAY publications exist as an important marketing medium. Vector readers are in a position to help.

NOW, WE NEED YOUR HELP in breaking the last barrier. If you are with an advertising agency, are in a decision-making position with a company, can write letters to the business firms where you buy, we can break the wall. GAY is GOOD; GAY spends MONEY; GAY is loyal to GAY ADVERTISERS.

Will you help? Write letters? Call? This is important to all of us. Until we are accepted in the marketplace as an economic force, we are not accepted. If you have an idea or know of someone we should contact, please write to me. Discretion is assured.

Sincerely,

Kenneth Rice

Publisher/Editor, Vector
Society for Individual Rights

For Eleven Years

The Gay Experience

November 1975

Volume II, Number II

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**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ARE AUTOMATICALLY ASSUMED TO BE FOR PUBLICATION UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED**

**On oppression**

“No smoking, naturally, which is a bummer” (The “Rare Earth,” in the Wining & Dining, August). Smoking in restaurants is a bummer. All too often half the flavor of a meal is lost to non-smokers like myself (believe it or not, there are gay people who don’t smoke) in a cloud of somebody else’s private smog from across the table, or the next one. More restaurants should complement their food with a no-smoking rule.

Thanks otherwise for a great issue. It even had a centerfold boy without a mustache for once!

Norman Armstrong
San Mateo, Calif.

**Media solidarity**

Without being too wordy, let me say that your magazine is no-thing less than “beautiful.” It is my honor to be a paid subscriber from this day forth. With my subscription form and my $10 check, I extend my love, gratitude, and respect. The future is ours!

Barry King
West Coast Representative
Mandate Magazine

**Best issue yet**

Thanks for the best issue yet. From the Fearful Fifties to the inside of a tantrum, it really told it the way it was. As one who grew up then, I especially liked the two articles about the indoctrination we get in youth (“I Have a Secret,” and “Campus”).

Thanks also for the warning about the restaurant, Ondine’s. I had always looked at it with curiosity on my forays to Sausalito. The prices and service mentioned in your article were enough, but “Coats and ties are required for the men” is the clincher. I no longer wear this symbol of the repression, regimentation, exploitation, and generally fucked-up values of the straight business/industry world, and this itself is enough to make sure I won’t go.

Roger A.C. Williams
San Francisco, Calif.

**On Fucking**

The article in September about getting fucked is right on. For a few years I only fucked my lover; other guys we would have three-ways with. I never wanted to get fucked, and oral sex was nice, but only for preliminaries. In high school and in the Navy I screwed women; so, when I accepted my gayness, it seemed the natural thing to continue the stud role. Since I am well endowed, both male and female partners always wanted me to fuck them anyway.

About four years ago my lover had a physical problem with his anus and couldn’t take me on any longer. At first this upset me a great deal, but, being adaptable, I decided at least to try to let him fuck me. I must say that the biggest problem for me was to learn to relax. I never really suffered any complex about role playing, that is, about being on the receiving end, or in a woman’s role. I’m a man,
and I am only attracted to other masculine men. I agree with the
point you made about the fuckee
I am an aggressive fuckee,
anus to seek out the partner's
cock. I am an aggressive fuckee,
off on that.
the more I want to get
fucked. I always douche well before
any potential sexual encounter. I
remains slippery and is not bad for
the body, as is petroleum-based
products.

Female
for all the world this total experi­
ence. I have no complexes about it.
It makes me feel totally free some­
how. I like being masculine and
I fuck. I once was 100 percent
I couldn't care less about that. Now
is what counts.

The poetry of Scott Faversham in
improvement of your magazine.
Now nothing is as erotic for me as
to have a man I dig explode inside me. I wouldn't have missed for all the world this total experi­
tence. I have no complexes about it.
It makes me feel totally free some­
how. I like being masculine and
I fuck. I once was 100 percent
I couldn't care less about that. Now
is what counts.

Incidentally, now that I have
read McCabe's article, I was not parti­
manship of our militant brothers
(sisters?). I had missed the implica­
tions behind it until Mr. Scott so
ably made them quite clear. I only
hope that McCabe has a copy of the
article and that he may see fit to
think and retract some of his state­
ments.

Citing the example in the article
of the teacher who was suspected
because of an association with a
known homosexual, I cannot sign
my name because I am a teacher, as
are most of my friends.

All the best,
/Charles McCabe
San Francisco Chronicle
The Matchmaker is a superb play, full of biting homey wit and wisdom, with line after line that socks home its multiple points.

The production (the real star of the night) was consistently delicious, with extraordinary use of movement, lighting, music, and a visual panorama that sent waves of satisfaction over everything.

Each performer seemed perfectly cast and each actor had his own unique, special moment calling up whatever individual bits he had to bring to the stage. The rightness of a lot of outrageous goings on never was less than incredible.

The forte of director Laird Williamson (one of the Ashland Oregon Shakespeare Festival's star directors) is to allow the performers to seek their own levels of characterizations. It was stunningly obvious that much of the better business came from actors and not direction. This is what direction is all about as opposed to the Ball style, which results in our observing one man's interpretation flowing through the bodies of human puppets. Compared to an ensemble event of super performers, the Ball style is never less than dreary. And ensemble is the key word here. I was ever reminded of Paul Sills' Story Theater as I sat in awe of some of the physical moments of ensemble playing in extremis. Whatever it is that brings you out on a cold, rainy Thursday night is so soothed and stroked and a bit sad because theatrical experiences of the completeness and excitement of this Matchmaker are becoming too infrequent for comfort. It's a long show, ending around 11:30, but it whizzes by so fast and is so consistently filled with breath-taking "moments" that I, for one, was ready to take it from the top. Ball be damned. A.C.T. will continue its work in spite of him— hopefully.

—Richard Piro

Wining & Dining
That Fantasy Moment

CARDI'S
2166 Market Street
San Francisco/626-7790

My love affair with LeDomino French Restaurant is no secret, and up until last night I was in a monogamous relationship. But the spirit is willing and the flesh is weak, and our visit to Cardi's was a mind-blower inasmuch as we now have a choice of supreme dining in the North of Market Street area.

Cardi's genius-in-residence is Chef Darò Benenati, who has obviously mastered his art, if these two dinners were any indication. The setup is not very original but not accidental either. One visits Cardi's to eat, and everything else is secondary. Through the bar and into the dining room and you're there. A tiny, tiny room with no more than ten tables, and everything muted, including the tiny votive light on each table, making menu navigation quite difficult. The variety of items was surprising.

The most expensive fare was the steak au poivre for $6.95; the least, the de rigueur stuffed ground round for $4.25.

The meal began with the freshest and crispest of garden salads we've had in many a moon, with a subtle oil/vinegar-based house dressing but not drowning the plate. Then the entree, which sends me scurrying to the thesaurus for new adjectives describing perfection. My scampi Mediterranean ($5.95) were just that—perfect. A large quantity of big, succulent scampi, incredibly well and subtly seasoned, resting on a tomato sauce with bits of wonder, including onions done so that they still snapped in the mouth. (When's the last time you had fresh basil to season your salads and sauces?) Surrounding this was a variety of fresh vegetables covered with a light and delicate cream sauce, and here the hand of the genius Chef Benenati shone clearest—pieces of cauliflower, zucchini, broccoli each done to that fantasy moment
between crunch/raw and crunch/cooked so that each morsel retained all the original flavor plus the subtle blend of the whole. And as if that were not enough, the plate also contained a rectangle of sliced potato, browned somehow, and—get this—an array of fresh fruit—grapes, cantaloupe, orange, etc. What a brilliant idea, and how brilliantly it played! Billy's veal Mornay ($4.95) was an equally mixed variety of wonder, containing avocado in quantity snuggled amid the melted cheeses and other mystery items.

Normally, on a first visit, chatting with the waiters and owners is required. It just didn't feel so right last night. Mike, our attractive waiter, seemed to sense this and made his presence such so that the service, like the food, was subtle (I just have to find a new word.) Cardi's serves meals and then leaves you to worship at your own pace, and God bless it for that. The coffee was superb, of American style.

And that's the story. Market Street, at last, boasts of a restaurant of the highest caliber, with moderately priced dishes (I don't know how they do it), overseen by a genius, a latter-day Trimalchio. It was a perfect meal all the way.

—Ambrose
blame that parents of homosexual children are made to feel, the specious arguments which are used to bar homosexuals from the FBI, CIA, State Department and the armed forces, and the ridiculous idea about the homosexual menace to the young. Through pages of convincing argument, Tripp either destroys or calls into grave question the shallow thinking and preposterous ideas of a largely homophobic society given to pious denunciations of what it certainly does not understand and to blind rushes of herd-like moral indignation, about which Tripp also has something to say.

His chapter on "The Politics of Homosexuality" is a must for those who think that anti-homosexual campaigns are really intended to purge a right-thinking community of its noxious elements. In fact, as he shows by dealing in some detail with the Hiss-Chambers investigation, the Boise scandals of 1955 and even Nixon's "enemies list," homosexual allegations are often made, with and more usually without a factual basis, to discredit otherwise unreachable opponents. Because, in short, the charge "plays in Peoria." And no one knew it better than Richard Nixon who masked his nefarious purposes with a cloud of broomid moral platitudes and good home truths, including playing the homosexual card.

Tripp has performed a public service in writing this book. I hope that a good deal of public vilification is not his only reward for doing so. But in a nation that can condemn the highly decorated and brave Sgt. Matlovich to a dishonorable discharge because of his sexual preferences is anything else very likely?

Jeffrey Lant holds a Ph.D. in history from Harvard. He is a regular contributor to a number of publications.

"Gay Liberation: Understanding and affirming ourselves in a Patriarchal and Capitalist Society" is the name of a course that began last month at the East Bay Socialist School, a project of the Bay Area chapter of the New American Movement, a democratic Socialist organization.

The class meets Wednesdays from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. at the school, which is located at 6025 Shattuck Avenue in Oakland. At this writing five persons had pre-registered, in addition to the two men who are conducting the course, Tom Kennedy and Rick Wilson.

The course will begin with the identification of the origins and present sources of gay oppression, and will include a history of the gay movement.

"As members of a minority group, we are aware that our oppression, like the oppression of other minorities, is not accident of ignorance, but a conscious system fundamentally determined by the class relationships of capitalism and its necessary tools of sexism and racism."

Through readings and discussions the course will explore the relationship of gays and the gay movement to contemporary forces of what the organizers refer to as the "generally anti-gay left" as well as to progressive feminist and lesbian/feminist movements.

Jeffrey Lant holds a Ph.D. in history from Harvard. He is a regular contributor to a number of publications.

Le Domino
Country Club
2742 17th Street at Florida
626-3096

PRESENTS

ABSINTHE TRAPPE
A FROTHY VENTURE INTO THE WORLD OF COLE PORTER and NOEL COWARD
Produced and Directed by LARRY VINCENT
with Ruth Hastings
Kenneth Morgan
Denise Kilbourne

Performances Every Friday and Saturday
at 9:30 pm and 11:00 pm
French Restaurant and Bar
with lots of parking

East Bay
Red / Lavender

Free Yourself
Let the Fisher-Hoffman process free you to experience creative self growth and satisfaction in your relationships.

The METATRON staff invites you to attend an informal discussion of the process on Monday, November 24th at 7:30 p.m. at the S.I.R. Center
83 Sixth Street, San Francisco
For further details call (415) 861-1531

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ist movements. In a search for political solutions to gay oppression, people in the course will examine socialist feminism and will discuss their own personal visions for a new society.

Because of what the two gay men who originated the course see as essential differences between the oppression of lesbians and oppression of gay males and "because of the need for gay men to develop direction," the class will be limited to gay men only.

Persons interested in the course may call the school (652-1756) or call Tom Kennedy (861-6661).

For other information on gay activities in the East Bay, there are very complete listings in People's Energy, an East Bay people's yellow pages, available from the East Bay Liberation Information Center at 5951 Canning St., Oakland. You can reach them at 653-3535.

-Michael Novick


In past articles I have set forth general descriptions of the basic energy of each planet as it affects the natives of the constellation that it rules. The following should serve for quick review.

LEO is ruled by the Sun. From this rulership Sun Leo natives derive their strong ego, charisma, leadership qualities, drive, ambition, and great vitality.

CANCER is ruled by the Moon. From this rulership Cancer natives acquire deep emotionality, changeableness and moodiness, and the ability to articulate so well their feelings and desires to others.

GEMINI and VIRGO are ruled by Mercury. Natives of these constellations exhibit the qualities of intellectual curiosity, mental ability, literal expressiveness, dispassionate aloofness, cleverness, and preoccupation with youth.

TAURUS and LIBRA are ruled by Venus and express the qualities of gentleness, peacefulness, charm, sexual magnetism, and the love of art, beauty, and harmony.

ARIES and SCORPIO are ruled by Mars from which they derive passion, aggressiveness, argumentative ability, a strong sense of self-preservation, impatience, headstrongness, and impulsiveness.

SAGITTARIUS and PISCES are ruled by Jupiter and share great optimism, a strongly developed quality sense, a love of philosophy, and a touch for the finer things of life.

CAPRICORN and AQUARIUS are ruled by Saturn and share a serious and practical nature, and a cynical attitude that often results in a rather dour and pessimistic outlook on life.

AQUARIANS are also ruled by Uranus. Because of the additional rulership of Uranus Aquarians are able to claim uniqueness, flair, inventiveness, and cleverness—qualities that natives of Capricorn do not share with them.

PIESCS is also ruled by Neptune and thus Pisces natives have characteristics that Sagittarians do not possess. These are fanciful imagination, unpretentiousity, and a tendency to emotional and mental instability. Neptunians also give to Pisceans a sense of the glamorous and of the mundane.

SCORPIO is ruled jointly with Mars and Pluto. Through the influence of Pluto Scorpio natives are suspicious and mysterious in their dealings with others. They develop a separateness from their fellows and have an unconscious strength of presence that is not shared by the natives of the constellation Aries.

BIRTHDAY PEOPLE November 1—November 4 Your Sun is in the middle degrees of the constellation Libra. You are the ultimate charmer. You operate with such magnetic charm that your intimates forgive your strong tendencies to absent-mindedness and laziness. You are often impractical, preferring to leave minute details to others. You seem to project beauty even where there is none. More often than the beloved, you can, nevertheless, more than adequately discharge the duties of the lover when called upon. You can be quite a "coxswain." "Lovable Librans" can be hard to live with. Librans are often referred to as "the doormats" of the zodiac. Your artistic abilities are very highly developed. You are a capable people organizer, although your natural tendency to compromise could make you a booby boss. Those who work under you appeal easily to your compassion in
order to get their way. You have the wonderful ability to see all sides of a question and point them out to others without giving offense. You are a desirable lover or friend because to any question and point them out to others.

The remainder of 1975 and most of 1976 will come your way, but your ability to get your way will be hampered because of the elements of charm, compassion, and warmth. The remainder of 1975 and most of 1976 will be a time of painful self-knowledge for all Libra natives. New opportunities will come your way, but your ability to take advantage of them will be frustrated by a need for a very serious and sober look at yourself especially where your relationships are concerned. Gains in the career area that depend on the good feelings of others will be hard won. Be prepared for setbacks. Be very attentive to your health. It's a year to work on your faults and gain through the elimination of bad habits. This is a year to pay neglected debts.

November 5 — November 17

Your Sun is in the late degrees of the constellation Libra. With fellow Librans you share the qualities of magnetic attractiveness and charm, warmth and beauty consciousness, and a diplomatic directness that serves to smooth over many hassles you see around you. You differ, however, in the spectacular artistic expressiveness that other Libras seem to lack. You can be a graphic artist of superb talent. Delineation of form and color come naturally to you. You have a great ability to convey to others the beauty you see around you. Your charm lies not so much in your personal attractiveness, though that can be great, but more so in your ability to find beauty in the world and, finally, to express it in such a way that others can share your delight. The qualities of liveliness and spontaneity add a spark to your attractiveness that is unique among Librans. You can be unpredictable, inconstant, and fickle, much to the consternation of your many admirers. You have a tendency to spend your affections around, but, however many loves you have, you can rest assured they are all very happy (as long as they don't find out about one another!). 1975/76 offers you a chance to pursue serious goals. To take for profound thought and the establishment of bases for long-term growth will be most productive. This is a year to build and save. Be conservative and analytic about new and surprising offers. Be sure to tie up loose ends before you go on to something new. Conserve your energy and prepare for future achievement.

November 18 — November 30

Your Sun is in the early degrees of the constellation Scorpio. The key to the basic Scorpio personality is its intensity. You take nothing lightly, especially your self. You approach any project or any desired person with certainty that you will have your way at whatever cost. Early Scorpios possess a mesmeric quality that serves to bring others irresistibly under their spell. Great depths and heights of emotion color your every activity. There is about you an air of mystery and intrigue. You usually have your way with others because they fear to deny you. Deeply passionate, sometimes hurtful in relations with others, you seek total possession in love. There is never really a break in a relationship you share with another. The bond seems to permeate itself through time or pain. You never forget a personal wrong and will carry a grudge to your grave. You are a formidable enemy. You can be preoccupied with suspicion and constantly ask others to prove themselves to you. You are a demanding lover, moody, changeable, and contrary. Your friends and lovers have a difficult time keeping up with and satisfying your demands. But if they survive and persist, they can be rewarded with a depth of passion unequalled in the zodiac.

Since late 1968 the planet Neptune has been in the constellation Scorpions. It is currently in the middle degrees. For all Fixed natives 1968 was the beginning of a time of unsettled conditions, vague fears, and unrealized satisfactions. These conditions are now focused intensely on those of you born between November 29 and December 3. In the area of personal relationships your suspicions would be most negative now, creating a difficult atmosphere for mutual trust and free emotional exchange. 1975/76 will be a year when fantasy and half-truths may dominate your life. Gains made can go unrecognized because of your failure to acknowledge true satisfaction. You may want more than you deserve. This is a year when cool, dispassionate reasoning will not only be the most important aspect to any relationship or project but also the most difficult attitude for you to achieve.

"Being out on the campus"; I often wonder what "out" really means for the college student; I mean, specifically for a college student. Who really is "out"? Who needs it? Like every major American university these days, we here at Stanford have our handful of politically activist gays who run the local political scene, offer interviews to the campus paper, bring gay dates or lovers to university functions. Yet "handful" is almost an understatement, in my opinion, considering the vast silent majority of "not-so-out" people who abound on every campus.

"Out" do you have to be? What sorts of behavior work for or against "outness," specifically on a campus? It seems to me that general styles and attitudes that determine "outness" aren't really all that different on a campus than they are in other institutionalized situations. Any differences among us seem to originate instead from the specific situations that generally define our "campus" existence. We comprise a large number of young, restless, but goal-directed individuals living in close proximity; we try at once to win recognition from our peers, to live up to the standards and values that have been infused within us all our lives, and to express ourselves as individuals. The last of these efforts seems to be perhaps the most difficult for us, since most of us experience incalculable pressure to conform to the roles reinforced by our comrades, and since most of us are still heavily encumbered under our parents' influence.

So what can you do, or do you do, in certain college situations requiring, or at least suggesting, a label of "outness"? Must you scream at every incident that just hints at oppression, or can you laugh at the purely ridiculous things that pseudo-machos occasionally try to pull on you?
Take a small case in point. Last spring my friend Larry and I were in an excellent mood after quite an invigorating gym class; after the class we sang campy Handel arias in the echoing tiled shower room. Some unknown individuals, listened to us, shouted, "Fruitcakes!" and ran away. Does such an incident demand screams of angry protest? Are you still in your closet if you laugh and carry on?

On another occasion, I was walking around campus, putting up some "Gay Day" posters advertising a nearby gay event that a friend of mine was organizing. The varied stares and reactions that I gathered from passersby were just wonderful: affectations of nonchalance; "Right on!" smiles; incredulous "Ooh that must be one!" glares. One local number, familiar to most local gays as an obvious cruiser in cruisy areas on campus, came up to me to say hello. When he saw what I was doing—putting up gaudily blatant "Gay Day" posters— he immediately gulped and rushed away (sadly another product of oppression). The "Gay Day" posters, incidentally, had an average life span of four hours in the more public areas.

I suppose that the degree of "outness," or lack thereof, is ultimately determined by the specific situation in which you find yourself. For example, what do you do about a "not-so-out" gay friend who expects you to cover up his tracks, when you wouldn't even cover up your own in a similar situation? Do his feelings deserve your respect, or are you obligated to display a higher level of social consciousness than that displayed by him? Do you refer to a friend's lover as his "roommate" unless you are instructed otherwise? If asked by a straight person whether a third individual is gay, can you always be sincere and honest?

In the long run, I don't think that "outness" on campus is essentially different from "outness" anywhere else; it's all pretty much a matter of loving yourself enough to share your emotional capacities with others whom you may love. Campus contexts may be different but human feelings are universal.

Jack Anderson

---

SODOMY AND CIVIC DOOM

The History of an Unchristian Tradition by THOMAS COMPTON

"Then the Lord rained on Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; and he overthrew those cities, and all the valley, and all the inhabitants of the cities . . . and lo, the smoke of the land went up like the smoke of a furnace." (Genesis 19:24, 25, 28)

The provocation of this fiery demonstration of celestial wrath was, of course, homosexuality. Jehovah had tested Sodom and Gomorrah with two angles disguised as men. When the Sodomites lusted after their heavenly visitors—in preference even to the virgin daughters or Lot, Abraham's nephew—the cities' rates were sealed.

This fabulous scriptural incident gave us the word today, 2,600-odd years after the alleged event, still denotes various male homosexual acts: sodomy. It also bequeathed to the Western world a millennia-spanning tradition of law and superstition about homosexuality's consequences, an often incredible combination of faith and fear, reason and incogitancy, pronouncements of God's will and Caesars. For fifteen centuries after Christ the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah exemplified the terrifying retribution awaiting persons who indulge in homosexual acts and societies that condone such conduct.

The Genesis myth linking sodomy and civic catastrophe was transmitted to the Christian era by several New Testament authors. Jude (1:7) best stated the early Christian understanding of the idea. Because the people of Sodom and Gomorrah "acted immorally and indulged in unnatural lust," he wrote, they "serve as an example by undergoing a punishment of eternal fire." The same tone was adopted by the author of II Peter, who explained (2:6-7) that by turning the
cities to ashes God made the wicked Sodomites perish that because in such acts no seed was waisted. In A.D. 313, some forty years before Augustine's birth, the Roman Emperor Constantine had accepted Christianity as one of several Eastern religions to be tolerated by the state. With this event the ancient world began to slip imperceptibly toward the Middle Ages, dominated as they were by the stringency of Christian precepts. It was not long before Christianity's repugnance of homosexuality began to be incorporated into Roman law.

As early as 342 the emperors Constantius and Constans promulgated a law that, while passing in Rome in spirit, echoed the Christian disgust with homosexuality. "When a man 'marries' in the manner of a woman," they proclaimed:

"... when sex has lost its significance, ... order the statutes to arise, the laws to be armed with an avenging sword, that those infamous persons who are . . . guilty may be subjected to exquisite punishment.

The "exquisite punishment" was spelled out a half-century later in an edict of the emperors Valentinian, Theodosius, and Arcadius:

"All persons who have the shameful custom of condemning a man's body, setting the part of a woman's. . . shall expiate a crime of this kind in avenging flames.

Like the citizens of Sodom and Gomorrah, the homosexuality of Christian Rome were to die by fire.

By the reign of Justinian (527-565) the Christian imprint on Roman law was unmistakable. Equally unmistakable was the powerful effect the already venerable story of Sodom's annihilation was exerting on even the most sophisticated early medieval minds.

As Emperor, Justinian authored many new laws (novellae). Two dealt with homosexuality. The first, novella 77, was published in 538 and read in part:

Since certain men. . . practice among themselves the most disgraceful lusts. . . we enjoin them to take to heart the fear of God and the judgment to come, and to abstain from such like. . . lusts, so that we may not be visited by the just wrath of God on account of these impious acts, with the result that cities perish with all their inhabitants. For we are taught by the Holy Scriptures that because of like impious conduct cities have indeed perished, together with the men in them. . . . For because of such crimes there are famines, earthquakes, and pestilences.

Like his predecessors, Justinian imposed the death penalty on homosexual offenders, "so that the city and the state may not come to harm by reason of such wicked deeds."

Still later, in 544, Justinian published a second and more urgent anti-sodomy edict, the so-called 141. Its language suggests he believed divine retribution against societies that tolerated homosexual sexuality was a very real and imminent threat. "Though we stand always in need of the kindness and goodness of God," this most mighty of worldly leaders wrote,

"yet in this specially the case at this time, when in various ways we have provoked Him to anger on account of the multitude of our sins. . . we ought to abstain from all base concerns and acts — and especially does this apply to such as have gone to decay through that shameful and impious conduct deservedly hated by God. We speak of the defilement of males which some men perniciously and impiously dare to attempt, perpetrating vile acts with other men. For, instructed by the Holy Scriptures, we know that God brought a just judgment upon those who lived in Sodom, on account of this very madness of intercourse, so that on this very day that land burns with in-
In 693, for instance, King Egica of Visigothic Spain urged church leaders to curtail sexual contacts between members of the same sex. Concerned for the "benefit of our people and our country," he counseled:

**"See that you determine to extirpate that obscene crime committed by those who lie with other men; such persons provoke from heaven the wrath of the Supreme Judge."**

A much more renowned leader, the Holy Roman Emperor Charlemagne, also worried over the dangers homo-, and the fate of "the city and the state"—Constantinople and the crumbling Roman Empire.

So great, in fact, was Justinian's anxiety that he added a new and tragic concept to the sodomosomal legend. Turning to the scriptures for an explanation of the story of Sodom's guilt and punishment, the emperor perceived the plague in terms of a literal guideline for divine judgment. With due reference to Sodom's confutation Charlemagne's account warned that homosexuality exposed the city to a "huge com­mune's active homosexuals, referred to sodomy as an allegorical exhortation to moral sexual behavior, their temporal authorities and their religious peers sought to placate their vexed God by further legis­lating morality. It was no accident that the most severe punishment again was reserved for those whose "vice had brought about the downfall of Sodom and Gomorrah."

With the twelfth and thirteenth centuries came the slow shift from lurid medieval cityscape to luminous paradise. Nowhere was this growth attained with more focussed struggling than on the Italian peninsula, where dozens of contending city-states arose almost simultaneously. Wars among the fledgling cities were sometimes annual events; so survival was never a certainty. The cities' rulers, well aware of the new-traditional connection between sodomy and civic disaster, were eager to write and execute laws to help ensure their own continued existence.

The first known city statute against sodomy was written in Bologna in 1250. It decreed succinctly that sodomy was to be "punished by fire and brimstone in the heavens. With the best of warnings, the worst of penalties." Justinian's 250-year-old novellae resounded clearly.

Another two-and-one-half centuries had passed when a reforming monk, Peter Damian (1007-1072), took up the battle in his Liber Gomorrhianus (Book of Gomorrah), the longest medieval tract on homo­sexual activity and social adversity. Sodom, they experience God's awful righteousness. As a prelude to the council Garmund preached an eloquent sermon in which all the ills of the kingdom, including earthquakes, locusts, and the continued animosity of the conquered Saracens, were blamed on the crusaders' evil and voluptuous living. Adul­ters, fallen clerics, seducers, mages—most especially sodomites—were singled out and severely punished.

Two canons bluntly ordered: "If any adult male shall commit the detestable and unnatural crime, let him be burnt." Youthfully victimized by sodomites had only to face a puni­ishment that befell Justinian's empire in 543. The temporal authorities and their religious peers sought to placate their vexed God by further legis­lating morality. It was no accident that the most severe punishment again was reserved for those whose "vice had brought about the downfall of Sodom and Gomorrah."

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Your short stories have been appearing regularly in the gay magazines such as Vector, Gay Sunshine and GPU News. Do you write a lot of things, or have you been lucky in getting what you do write into print?

I sit chained to my typewriter, day and night. I have been chained to it for years, as a matter of fact. So any "luck" I may have had in the past two years in getting my stories published has been the "fruition" (pardon the pun) of lots of energy channeled into it than almost anything else I've written.

What's "Hatred" about, exactly?

It's a fictionalized (but not terribly fictionalized) memoir of my relationship with a famous woman writer, who shall remain nameless—because she once threatened, in the New York Times, no less, to sue me if I published this story. Well, I did publish the story, changing the title in my fear of this woman's wrath, and haven't heard a word from her since. Probably, if she threatens any more, she'll just encourage people's curiosity. They'll think—just what is that woman trying to keep secret about herself?

Do you use your own self for characters in your work?

Nothing that isn't true. That woman hurt me deeply, profoundly, and it seems, indelibly. She's also written a novel and several short stories herself about our relationship and yet she thinks she has the right to censor my work about her. Talk about a double standard!

What sorts of misadventures do the poodle and the hero have?

Well, they get into a porno show run by one Lucifer Pampton. It's really a spoof of pornography and how seriously it's taken by the participants and the viewers. As I do in the scene in the novel, it's about as far from hard-core porn as one can get.

Why didn't you turn to the more serious topics—like Army homosexuality?

It's an abomination! I taught in Asia (in the military environment) and never got into a porno show. What if she does sue you now over the story?

Nothing so drastic, I believe. For me, nothing is quite as traumatic as having someone else actually take my name and write a novel about me.

How serious is the misadventure of Tim McPick?

It's a total turnabout. McPick is Tim McPick's dog, who accompanies him on most of his misadventures. And his dog is the hero [Jock Jones] of my book, though I'd like to be.

What's the name of this woman?

She doesn't need any more publicity. Let her remain nameless.

Do you think it's common for writers to write about their friends the way you and this woman writer apparently have done?

I think it's very misleading to look for direct portraits of living people, friends or whatever, in a novel or story. I'm afraid that some of my friends will look at some of my characters in the novel I just finished, An Education Among the Carnivores, and think that I'm portraying them. The truth is that writers take the physical or superficial traits of a real person and then add the soul of somebody else for the dramatic purposes of that particular book. So the writer's friends shouldn't take the less sympathetic characters too much to heart. However, let me contradict myself a little on this point. My memoir about the lady writer is meant to be ninety-eight per cent factual.

Do you get upset if your writer friends use you as a character in their work?

I'm actually flattered. Writers only use things that interest and find interesting. I don't mind being seized upon in that way. After all, most of us get ignored day and night, and that's not much fun at all! It's better to be abused and lampooned in a book; at least that way you're taken seriously!

Would you call the humor broad in this book? I notice, for instance, that one of your characters is called "Schmell"—he's the Government Spy.

"Schmell," I grant you, is not the most subtle name ever invented for a bad character. However, he's an outgrowth of somebody I knew in Asia (in the military environment) who actually did overhear a gay officer make an overture to somebody else—anout—through a wall, and then this incredible creature actually went to the authorities and turned in the officer for homosexuality!

What if she does sue you now over the story?

What if she does sue me? Just about anything like what happens to your Agent Schmell in The Misadventures of Tim McPick? Nothing so drastic, I believe. For all I know, the poor guy may still be on a U.S. military base in Asia. Come to think of it, that's pretty drastic!

You seem to like the U.S. military...

It's an abomination! I taught in its midst for three long, long years. Thank God, I got some of my spleen out of my system by writing Tim McPick. (I hope I've transmuted the anger and disgstraught into something my readers will find satisfying aesthetically. Good art is supposed to please and excite and delight deeply. I hope my gay comedy does that.)
Once upon a time there lived in a great alabaster city a man named Horace who was a taurus. We know this because wherever Horace would go people would ask what his sign was and he would say "Taurus."

Horace had lots of things. He had money. He had several cars. He had a grand mansion, and he had the biggest cock in the world.

At night Horace and his cock would go out to the bars. Horace would sit on one stool and his cock would sit on the next. His friends would come and talk to him, and they would pat his cock on the head. They didn't pat it too much though, because it might get excited and that would be so very messy.

Horace would sit in the bars talking to people and drinking. His cock would drink, too. It would just sit there all night with a beer bottle in its slit. When it finished one beer Horace would pull out the bottle and stick in a full one. It was a lush.

No one ever went home with Horace because they were afraid of what might happen, so Horace would pick up his cock and carry it outside and stick it in the sewer so it could throw up. Then he would carry it home.

Of course, with no one to go home with, Horace was always horny; so he would undress and get into bed and rock back and forth until he came into the plastic swimming pool beside his bed.

Horace was very conscientious about cleanliness, and to avoid picking up diseases from public bathroom floors, he would regularly scour inside his cock with a bathtub brush and a quart of Big Wally. Once a month he would hire a small boy to crawl in and douche it out with a rag mop and squeegee.

It's rather a shame that superfans are overplayed. I mean, I'm not saying that the young man, Michael Moorey, is overplayed here, but I do think he is...well, let's say that he is perhaps...overplayed. As for his cock, it is certainly an interesting character. It is, after all, the centerpiece of this story.

At great length he told us about this picture, which he felt was a true story and a wonderful story. He was telling it somewhere between the coffee and the doughnuts. I don't have the exact details, but I do remember it being about a man from Alaska. He has many hobbies and interests, for instance, working in wood and playing piano and guitar. He said he liked music and devoted a lot of his time to assembling fantastic audio equipment.

Charming, virile, the proverbial kid next door, with more than a touch of innocence in a word, extraordinary.

—Steven Diller
One of the lesser publicized of S.I.R.'s activities is various outreach programs dealing with young people. One such program occurred recently through the Department of Applied Behavioral Sciences at the University of California, Davis. A group of college students gathered at the S.I.R. Community Center to participate in panel discussions concerning the gay experience. Afterwards, the assembly broke into small groups which spent the evening on the gay town — visiting restaurants, bars, discos, etc. — hosted by a gay volunteer. As an aspect of their course work, the students were asked to present brief written reactions to the experience.

Assistant Professor Dean MacCanell and lecturer Isao Fujimoto were kind enough to submit the following compilation of thoughts.

S.I.R. seems to serve a much-needed function, specifically, fighting for civil rights and striving to promote understanding and acceptance of the gay lifestyle by those not born into it.

For the first time I realized that the gay population is composed of people just like the rest of us and that they must be accepted and given the rights that the rest of us enjoy. I thought the group that spoke to us was very open and honest, and I enjoyed hearing their stories.

These people impressed upon me that they were ordinary people with a sexual preference for those of their own gender; that homosexuals as a group include not a few troublesome and unlikeable persons, but that the majority are happy people. The exposure to these people and their beliefs helped to alleviate some of the fears of and misconceptions about homosexuals that I had felt.

The whole experience with gay people changed my attitudes toward homosexuals and also pointed out the difficulties encountered by people choosing to live differently from the "norm."

George Raya answered the many questions I had concerning gay relationships and gay attitudes with honesty and sincerity. He gave me a great deal of information without my prompting him. I hope that he will be able to join the panel discussion next time because he was extremely interesting and easy to talk to. I really felt as if I had a better understanding of the gay people in San Francisco after spending the evening with George.

The activities following the seminar were enjoyable. Personally, and judging from the comments of others, I discovered that the gay restaurants offer excellent food, service, and atmosphere. After dinner several others and I went to the End-Up, a male gay bar south of Market Street. That experience, coupled with the seminar, completely obliterated any stereotypes that I held concerning homosexuals. The guys didn't act "queer!" They just acted like guys.

It was truly an enlightening experience.

It was interesting to meet with people in places of power and prestige and also to see them in their true perspectives. I have respect for these individuals because I know that the road to success must not have been an easy one for them.

The meeting with S.I.R. was valuable in that it gave me some insight into the lifestyle of a few homosexuals, but little was mentioned about the organization, its function, or its goals.

The experience at S.I.R. was a rewarding one. That was where I had to deal with some of my previous prejudice and do some re-evaluating of my feelings toward gay people. I respect them for their individuality and guts to live their life to its fullest.

The S.I.R. seminar was an invaluable experience for me because I previously had harbored fear of homosexuals. I feel now that I no longer do.
Integrity's First Convention

by RICHARD YOUNGE

The simple dignity of an eighteenth-century folk hymn—the centuries-old ceremony of a solemn procession—was held high and proudly leading—the procession—the great gold cross.

The opening prayers were said, and the congregation of 200 or more, seated and standing around the altar, greeted the bishop for Holy Communion. Standing around the altar with him, the other priests joined in the holy action, repeating the words of consecration. By the bishop's right hand shone the chalice, filled with the juice of the grapes for the Eucharist offered for the first Convention of Integrity, an organization (as its constitution simply states) for gay Episcopalians and their friends.

The members of the convention moved out into the warmth of a summer day, and then it was time to gather again to hear Dr. Norman Pittenger, scholar, theologian, teacher, and keynote speaker of the convention. Through lunch and for much of Saturday afternoon he outlined the shape of a new understanding of God and man and human sexuality, an understanding at once radical and ancient, which gay Christians could use in their own defense, and women expressed their love and concern for one another.

At Christ there no East or West, In all the earth, and Christ is Lord: But one great fellowship of love Throughout the whole wide earth.

In Christ there is no East or West, In all the earth, and Christ is Lord: But one great fellowship of love Throughout the whole wide earth.

The sermon ended, and intercessions were offered: for all who have suffered and died because of their gender; for those who are still oppressed; for those who still live in fear; for the conversion of our oppressors and the end of homophobia; for the strength and witness of gay people in the church in these days; then the ancient greeting of the peace was exchanged, not formally and impersonally and cautiously, as often happens, but openly and joyfully as gay men and women expressed their love and concern for one another.

So the Eucharist ended. It has been offered, as the ancient formula goes, openly in the sight of God and in the face of the people, of the bishop for Holy Communion, as the ancient formulary on behalf of the whole Church, as always, but this time especially for its gay members; and afterwards, when the bishop said the traditional prayer of dismissal, there were tears of laughter, tears of joy of a priest two years from retirement who had lived to see his closet door open, laugh, and cry, as his men who could see themselves in the vanguard of a great reformation who already had the taste of victory on their lips.

The members of the convention gathered in the central aisle of the great church, through lunch and for much of Saturday afternoon he outlined the shape of a new understanding of God and man and human sexuality, an understanding at once radical and ancient, which gay Christians could use in their own defense, and women expressed their love and concern for one another.

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Then Father Bob Herrick, Episcopal priest and member of the National Gay Task Force, moved to the pulpit to deliver his sermon. His theme was birth and death, the two great events that phosphorylize the human life is experienced. "Symbolically," he said, "they are to be witnessed in the events that are taking place at this moment: the birth of a new openness and the death of guilt and hiding, as gay people stand up in the church openly to claim their heritage as children of God; and of those who stand up who have been brought to the altar by members of the congregation, to be blessed by the bishop for Holy Communion. Standing around the altar with him, the other priests joined in the holy action, repeating the words of consecration and praying that all who shared the bread and the cup might be united in spirit and witness in the world. The Sacrament was distributed, to gay men and women, many of whom were coming home-
to those who believe in the promis- 
cuous, indiscriminate, uncondition-
al love of God, and those who do 
not. Our faith, as gay Christians,
lies in that love, and our calling is 
to vindicate it before the world. 
But now at last, he concluded, 
the despised and rejected of the 
earth, with whom Christ con- 
sorted, have been invited into His 
temple, though we are still only a 
small, broken in a wall for cen-
turies the churches have raised to 
make Christ's love inaccessible 
to thousands for whom He died. 
Saturday was undeniably the 
high point of the convention, but 
there were other dimensions as 
well: the friendliness of the 
Chicago chapter members who 
worked their tails off to make arrangements for 
the weekend; the helpfulness 
of Dignity-Chicago, which provided 
lodging for many out-of-towners; 
the pleasure of meeting and getting to 
know new friends; the opportun-
ity to sample some of the social 
life of the Chicago gay community; the 
conference workshops, which dealt 
with gay counseling, community 
involvement, alternative lifestyles, 
concerns of gay parents, and the 
practical matter of starting new 
chapters. 
On Sunday afternoon, following 
a brunch prepared by the Chicago 
chapter, the convention held a 
short business meeting and then ad-
journed. During the meeting one 
speaker referred to the days ahead. 
“We have all been on a mountain-

top these three days,” he said, “and 
now we must face return to the 
world we left last Thursday. Sadly, 
it has not changed, and, unless we 
are prepared to face that fact, the 
return will be very depressing...” 
all the more so because we have 
been changed so much by the 
experience of this weekend. We 
have met one another; we have 
shared a new vision of the 
church and, as a result of what 
we can be in the Church. We 
need to take that vision with us, and to realize it. 
From it we will gain strength to face a 
world that has not changed and to 
begin by the grace of God to 
change it. We go with the 
knowledge that we are not alone, 
that the days of hiding are coming 
to an end. We go with the assurance and 
courage to confront our church 
and to say, “I am gay!” We are 
prepared to face that fact, the 
return to the world we left last 
Thursday. Sadly, it has not changed, and, unless we 
are prepared to face that fact, the 
return will be very depressing...

NOTE: As an outgrowth of the 
convention, several Integrity 
chapters are being organized, in- 
cluding one in the San Francisco 
Bay Area, which is also one of 
several sites under consideration 
for the 1976 national convention. 
Inquiries about the San Francisco 
chapter may be directed to the Re- 
Richard G. Youngw, c/o Vector; 
and about other local chapters to 
Integrity, c/o Dr. Louise Crew, 701 
Orange Street, Fort Valley, Geor-
orgia 31030.

Where were you born? 
In Watsonville. Nobody's perfect. 
Where is Watsonville? 
Somewhere between Tijuana and 
Mayberry R.F.D. 
How old are you? 
I guess I'm twenty-four. 
Don't you know for sure? 
I'm sure about the number but 
not about the feel of each succeed-
ing year. 
What kind of work do you do? 
That's like asking me how I want 
to be cooked. I'm trying to branch 
out in all areas. The subject should 
dictate the medium. 
Are you afraid of words? 
No, but it should be realized that 
there is no one-to-one relationship 
between words and images, which 
makes it sometimes difficult to talk 
about art. Criticism, whether it be 
art history, esthetics, or reportage, 
is all fictional rhetorical discourse. 
Is your work autobiographical? 
Yes. Autobiography, anthropomor-
phic, sometimes androgynous and 
ambivalent. Also abstract, mental, 
illustrative, imagistic, fantasist. An 
ambivalent example might be my 
woodcut called "Waiting," which 
depicts my mixed feelings about 
the Castro Street ambience. 
What are you working on now? 
What I loosely term gay-oriented 
art. Laws and attitudes are chang-
ing, but, apart from erotic art that 
has been done for ages, some by the 
likes of Picasso, Dali, Cocteau, and 
usually for their private collections, 
there has been little art of quality 
concerning gay feelings that I have 
seen. Someone asked Dali, “What 
makes you think you are so great?” 
Dali replied, “It's not that Dali 
thinks Dali is great; it's that the 
public thinks Dali is great; it's that 
the others are so bad.” I feel I can do 
it well; so I do. This, combined 
with the need for gay people to feel 
good about themselves and their 
sexuality for purposes of art. 

What about gay people together? 
I'm trying to combine a fine art 
sense with what are basically illus-
trations. It is important that they 
be clearly what they are—men to- 
gether, or women together, what-
ever. I think the drawings concern-
ing the gay feelings should have 
dignity, respect, and equality. I 
explore frustrations and aggres-
sion in other media, in a con-
structive way.
How do you see yourself?

Besides what I've already said? On one level, I identify
with some of the characters in Day of the Locust; one of its
protagonists, the artist, Ted Hackett. He was
involved in the action, yet there was always part of him on
the periphery, an observer. Sometimes in the cauldron, some-
times lighting the fire.

Where can your work be seen?

Some of my things are at the Second Floor Gallery in San
Francisco, and I'll have a show there in November—probably
opening on Thursday, the 20th.
Jackie, like so many transsexuals, is in a world apart—a limbo of sorts, rejected by both worlds—homosexual and heterosexual. Years of derision and rejection have hardened her.

In a society of "machismo" it is easier to ridicule than to try to understand the likes of Jackie. "I feel like a female in a man's body at times," Jackie said with anguish in her face. "It's not fully understood, medically, how much conditioning has to do with it. Some doctors think there is probably a genetic aspect though. Also that there is some degree of gender identification—a special relationship that develops between the mother and child."

Most transsexuals desperately want to be accepted as women. They are attracted to men the same way as females; a masculine man makes them feel that much more like a real woman. It is of the utmost importance to be as physically female as possible; only then will the body be completely in harmony with the mind.

Unfortunately, Transsexualism is misunderstood by most people. For instance, transsexuals do not really consider themselves homosexual. Some even find the homosexual way of life abhorrent. For the transsexual, employment opportunity is slight. Because of the unique circumstances they're relegated to working as female impersonators or hairdressers. Some even turn to prostitution to support themselves.

Usually sex is secondary—what's needed most is some degree of security; a man who can be relied on for comfort and understanding. Most want a man to whom they can give themselves fully. In this age of woman's liberation, they seem to be turning to traditional man/woman stereotyped roles.

"I have my own ideas about what kind of role I want to play as a woman. I want to be cherished by a strong man and have him open doors for me and light my cigarettes and all those unimportant things. I feel I'm closer to a woman's true nature than those women who insist on complete independence. I think I have every right to my feelings," Jackie said with the assurance of a woman newly born.

Jackie is a warm romantic who delights indulging in what her sterner sisters of Women's Lib movements regard as fripperies, such as being flirtatious, highly susceptible to flattery, prone to accepting masculine judgements and being part of what she really does see as the "weaker sex."

Transsexuals vary in their sexual responsiveness—they may be promiscuous or chaste (asexual) or somewhere in between. What is always foremost in the mind is to preserve the illusion of femininity. Therefore, they must perform sexually only as receptor. Most, even though not equipped with a vagina yet, have acquired female breasts as a result of hormone treatment. This in many ways affects their psychological outlook, putting them further apart from their maleness.

As Jackie puts it, "What does cutting off your penis change? It's the whole thing in your head that really has to change."

"I will alter my body to fit my gender," she says. "Gender is more important than sex." A transformation that will make her wholly herself for the very first time in her life. She knows now that she will have that final operation, and that soon her body will be in complete harmony with her soul.

It is quite difficult for most people to comprehend the deadly seriousness of the transsexual; for them it is a matter of life or death. A sex change operation, for most, is the inevitable consequence of having spent one's life trapped in a man's body.

Maybe, given time, an understanding will emerge that will allow transsexuals to take their rightful place in society, and maybe someday, society will even treat them with the humanity it professes. many are married to women and have a very normal heterosexual sex life. Although there are times when the line between the two becomes blurred in the minds of most people.

Transsexualism is an enigma, and in this baffling world of the unknown there is still much needed to be known about it. Jackie prefers to see her life in terms of an adventure in which there is "a rather magical secret, an element of the mysterious to it."

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The Trading Post

Touting itself as the most unusual Gaydom Emporium, the Trading Post, located at 960 Folsom Street in San Francisco, is indeed a gay browser's paradise.

It all began in 1967, in a closet-sized room at Fe-Be's bar, when Nick O'Demus (what a moniker) began dealing with the leather trade. In 1974 Nick got out of his closet because business was booming. Furthermore, Nick had many new items to whet the appetites of his burgeoning clientele: those Fe-Be motorcyclist figurines, pieces of statuary, genital jewelry, Accu-Jac, implements of torture, handcuffs, harnesses, hats of all sorts, helmets, and hoods, calendars, magazines, newspapers, books, bath accessories, face masks, earrings, cocktail glasses, phonograph records, films, lubricants and soaps, and incredible dildos measuring from one inch to the twenty-eight-inch Boa Constrictor.

Besides the expectable stock of Levi's and Jockey briefs and bikinis and chaparels, the Trading Post offers a recreation area and locker room rentals; you can have stuck zippers repaired and rent yourself a forwarding address and take home a G.I. Joe doll. Anyhow, you might enjoy looking at your fellow customers or inspecting Russ O'Frisco's pornographic drawings in the rear.

Orders may be placed by telephone (415-777-4643), and Mastercharge and Bankamericard are honored. The fall catalogue is now available for $1 (Trading Post, Dept "TPG," S.F., Ca. 94107).
I, the older, patient and plodding
He, the winning younger.
Resisting all constraints
I, Aaron, painfully working my way
Inch by inch through college
He, Tom, expelled time after time
For lack of study
I, craving
For at least awareness
From our parents
He, blithely oblivious
Of their fixed focus
Of love for him alone
I, working in minor mediocre toils
For freedom organizations
Respected by all, loved by none
He, with golden charm
Living for himself alone
Adored by all
Respected by none
He handsome, I dull, he witty, I dumb.
With not even our gayness a bond between us.
He for four long years
Disappeared in Europe
Untraceable by law or man
Living or dead, no one knows.
Sunk without a trace
In time's mighty stream
Totally forgotten
By his witty friends
Life moving on
As though he'd never been.
Now, our parents dead, our home gone,
I, a middle-aged man.
Go down dark city streets
Seeking my missing self
Voicelessly calling,
Tom, where are you?
Tom, where are you?
Tom, where are you?
I had to avoid you, Aaron
Because you were strong
You reminded me
Of what I wasn't
You were lonely
And stood alone
I, lonely.
Hid in crowds
It was easier to charm others
Rather than try to achieve
Love is a fearsome thing
When it's excessive
So I ran from our parents
Gave myself to all
But never to any one man
He wouldn't understand anyway
—good guy, but I couldn't
spend this day with him.

Build up!
Firm up!
Make it hard!
JEFF'S GYM
504 Castro
864-9454
Beautiful Sauna Now Open

Where's the door? The other one
has that piece of wood closing off
the first compartment from the re­
mainder of the room. This cubicle
is open to the whole place. Shit!
John felt dirty, dusty, and grimy
from the long hike. Through the
canyon—scrub brush, alders, oaks—
all the plants, insects, and creatures
he associated with Redwood Tree
State Park on the northern coast of
California.
John: I'm gonna take a hike up
the river. No, I wanna go by myself.
Yeah, north toward the waterfall.
I'll be back before dark.
John's small daypack was used,
and Chris let him use the new hik­
ing boots. Lucky he came on this
vacation with a buddy with 10’A-D
feet. Chris asked him again.

Wow! Watching Chris, John's
groin started to feel warm and full;
his stomach quivered.

God, not on a date with one of
the group's girls for over three
months. All that bullshit he made
about Ranna, good friend, but
not into screwing. every time he saw
her alone. Shit!
Chris always talking about mak­
ing this girl or wanting to make it
with that one. Wonder if he really
does. Can't ask him to talk straight
about what really happens. Would
Chris let Mara beat him off? Does
she really suck him, like he says?
Shit!

by D. G. MOORE

Two Brothers

by JORDAN LEE

Recogni...
reverie, John walked past the deserted boulder to the "gorge." They were there. Twenty or thirty young bodies, clothed and not, playing in the stream, diving off the huge boulder just behind their heads, girls sunned, drank beer, and laughed.

John's body pulled onto a boulder overlooking the cove, careful to keep his green gym trunks on—and watched. The guy, femtasy showed Chris, but he hadn't the recognition.

The afternoon lay on him as John watched people take their clothes off—swim, sun—and put them back on. Watching, staring, pleased as he looked. The other shower compartment door had opened. Blond, with a red-brown beard, in his Jockey shorts, drying his short hair. He looked.

"That guy is looking at me," passed through John's head barely below consciousness. Turning his back to the stream, John thrust his hips forward. His cock, still large, was in the open for the man to view. John saw his eyes search his body and watch his penis as it strutted from his body; look at his slender shoulders, and back. Watching the man dry his hair, spray his deodorant, watching the man watch him. Why did he look and not come to him? John glanced away, turned, and watched the other.

The other compartment door had opened, Blond, with a red-brown beard, in his Jockey shorts, drying his short hair. He looked.

"You never told me I couldn't.

"I think it was understood.

Bobby looked. Bobby found it hard to believe that more than simply sex was involved in what was happening between them. They had been walking through Central Park, and Bobby had been telling him about a guy he had met when he asked, "Did you have sex with him?"

"Yes.

"So you cheated on me already.

Before I ever had a chance to cheat on you.

You never told me I couldn't.

Bobby watched the man watch him. Why did he look and not come to him? The man again looked in his eyes. John glanced away, turned, and looked at his hair, his shoulders, and back. Watching the man dry his hair, spray his deodorant—watching the man watched him. Why did he look and not come to him?

The man left who had come out of the compartment with a door. The recognition was showering over him.

Loud's Locks Co.

T W A S  T H E  E Y E S —  T H O S E  s h a r p ,  g r a y  p i n N o p o i n t s  o f  b r i l l i a n c e ,  f o c u s i n g  u p o n  h i m  w i t h  a l l - b o r d e r i n g  i n t e n s i t y  t h a t  h a d  f i r s t  a r r e s t e d  h i m.  T h e  t w o  o f  t h e m  s m i l e d  a t  e a c h  o t h e r  c a u t i o u s l y ,  u n i l a t e r a l l y  t h a t  s a i d  h o l o k e d  a n d  p r o m i s e d  a  f u t u r e  i n t i m a c y.

Later, in the bedroom, sex transcended everything, canceling out that other world of seemingly distant details and disturbances. For a small space of time they were as one on a voyage of erotic exploration.

It was after the third time they'd seen each other that Bobby realized that more than simply sex was involved in what was happening between them. They had been walking through Central Park, and Bobby had been telling him about a guy he had met when he asked, "Did you have sex with him?"

"Yes.

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try and go straight, for Diane's sake and the sake of the children."

"What about your own sake?"

"Huh?"

"Curt, you can't simply pour yourself into a mold and be what other people expect you to be. It would be nice if you could be straight for Diane's and the children's sake, but you must know that that isn't possible."

"Why not? Other men have done it.

"Other men have gotten caught in the same kind of trap that you're in and saw no way out. You've got to be yourself, Curt. You've got to live your life the way that's best for you."

"This is the best way for me. I can't be selfish all the time. Besides, you talk like I'm really completely gay, like I've never desired a woman in my life. And I know that's not true. I'm sorry. You must hate me for this decision, and I don't blame you. I loved you very much. I loved you too. But it's over. It has to end now."

actually almost like a part of him and he's a part of you. No, Curt, as long as you have a memory you'll never be the same, because you'll never be able to forget that. And you're right. I do hate you for this, because you brought something precious and beautiful into my life and then you took it away. That must give your ego a thrill—to know that you changed someone's life forever.

He put the receiver back on the hook and walked out of the booth and down the street. It was a warm spring day, and crowds of people clogged the streets and sidewalks, all seeming to have places to go.

At least I know what I am, he thought bitterly. That's more than can be said for you. Someday you'll realize the mistake you made. And you'll be sorry.

It was a few months later that they ran into each other again, on Christopher Street in the Village. Bobby was coming out of a bar when he heard someone calling his name. Turning around, he saw Curt walking up to him. For a moment, the shock was too great, and he was stunned into silence as the man greeted him.

Curt smiled and said, "What's the matter? You look confused."

"I'm just a little surprised, that's all."

"All right. I understand. Good-bye, Curt."

"Goodbye, Bobby."

"He heard a click on the other end of the line, but he still stood in the phone booth with the receiver in his hand, hardly able to believe he'd never see him again—that they'd just spoken their last
Next month in VECTOR

DAVID B. GOODSTEIN
by Richard Piro
An exclusive interview with the publisher of the Advocate.

POETRY SPECIAL
You keep sending us so much good poetry that we’ve decided to send some back wrapped up as a Christmas present.

CENTERFOLD
Speaking of Christmas presents, do get a load of James Moss’ latest over there to your right.

A MOMENT CALLED YESTERDAY
by Walter Febick
A short story on the responsibility of being the First.

SHAKESPEARE’S GAY SONNETS
by Satya Klein
A brief look at the Bard’s fantasies

PORTFOLIO
by R. W. Borg
Some of the most original erotic drawings we’ve seen in eleven years.

WHAT IT’S LIKE TO BE THE MOTHER OF A HOMOSEXUAL
by Christopher Z. Hobson
Chris reads Mom’s latest book and has a few words of his own on the subject.

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Cock Poem

YOU HAVE RECEIVED
A BOMB
THREAT
EVACUATE

It’s too late for half-digested mush and yearning cock poems
Everybody out.
BLOW UP THE WOMB!
No more prisoners in my bed.

by Robert Haule

A new job referral service operates at 83 Sixth Street in San Francisco. It is primarily geared to the gay handicapped; however, anyone is eligible for interview. The applications are active for a one month period. The job boards are posted in a prominent place and may be used by anyone. The hours for this service are: Monday through Thursday, 9:00 to 11:00 a.m.
Sometimes I feel so sorry for Diane. I wish she’d never met me. I think I know who we were. Now that I’ve married too young. We didn’t even handle the guilt. You’ve got to messed up her life, it’s not easy understand that. You’ve got to understand very well, but I don’t thing.”

“Don’t really love Diane. I used to love her when we first were married, but that feeling has been dead for quite some time. Now I feel sorry for her more than any­thing else. Like you’d feel sorry for a friend who was in trouble. I feel very special toward you though. And I think you feel the same way about me.”

“I’d like to make love to you again. I won’t deny that.”

“Let’s see if we can work some thing out. I want to very much.”

Bobby opened his eyes and blinked at the cool blue water and the few people on the beach, their bright towels and red bathing caps, dotting the seaside. Small, hushed waves collapsed against the warm yellow sand. In the distance a small motorboat buzzed through the clear, calm afternoon.

“Curt, I think it’s time we left now.”

“They rolled up the blanket and walked over the warm sand back to the boardwalk.

“I really enjoyed today, Bobby. I wish every day could be like this one.”

“If they were, we wouldn’t be able to appreciate them."

“I suppose you’re right. It just seems that so much of life is a waste.”

“Curt, do you think you’ll ever really get a divorce?”

“I hope so, someday. If Diane gives me one.”

“She hates your guts.”

“Do you discuss it with her?”

“I don’t think so.”

“Why not?”

“She hates your guts.”

“I’d like to make love to you again. I won’t deny that.”

“I don’t really love Diane. I used to love her when we first were married, but that feeling has been dead for quite some time. Now I feel sorry for her more than any­thing else. Like you’d feel sorry for a friend who was in trouble. I feel very special toward you though. And I think you feel the same way about me.”

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“I hope so, someday. If Diane gives me one.”

“She hates your guts.”

“Do you discuss it with her?”

“I don’t think so.”

“Why not?”

“She hates your guts.”
Jeremy and I are living together on Jones Street. You have to come and visit us sometime.”

Time pulled them apart, then they remained essentially the same people they always had been, simply becoming more of what they were. Bobby went through a series of brief affairs until he finally met Jones Street. You have to come and visit us sometime.”

After 10 Years

More than ten years,” Bobby observed. “We’re still...
to terrorize the Florentines into complete compliance and purity, however,  

The "Officials of the Night" functioned basically but in vain until 1502, ten years after Columbus opened the way to the New World and a new phase of Western history. Each year six upright men of Florence were chosen to sally forth into the city's alleys, taverns, and stables in their futile quest for sexual conformity. Each year, in their written and a new phase of Western history.

And ultimately in each year the theocentric Middle Ages had supposedly ceded ground to the homocentric world of the Renaissance. The dark tridness of the vice they opposed. Battle they continued and the punishing effects of the scriptural origins of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah had become little more than formulaic commonplaces, lip service to a dimly remembered concept. Perhaps the hundreds of sodomy accusations the Officiali de notte received every year were made for reasons of politics or revenge and not out of a lingering religious credulity.

But the evidence indicates that even as late as 1502, nearly 2,000 years after the writer of Genesis, the moral of the catachlysmic demise of Sodom and Gomorrah still gripped the God-fearing people of Western Christendom. The dark legacy of the tradition in more modern times can only be surmised.

Perhaps then the annual Florentine references to the vices of the city's alleys, taverns, and stables in their written formality. Each year, in their written Gomorrah had become little more than formulaic commonplaces, lip service to a dimly remembered concept. Perhaps the hundreds of sodomy accusations the Official de notte received every year were made for reasons of politics or revenge and not out of a lingering religious credulity.

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South is a strange place everyone has ideas about but few people really know. En-

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G40 PLUS CLUB a group for older gay men in which to grow, socialize & assist in forms of social service. For further details write to G40 Plus Club, Box 6741, San Francisco, 94142.

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In 1969, I was elected to office through the support of those committed to basic human rights. I secured passage of the bill which outlawed discrimination on the basis of sex or sexual orientation.

Human rights have been wronged in many other areas as well: housing, employment, medical care and education.

The magic of San Francisco is rooted in its unique blend of peoples and cultures. All should be respected, supported and encouraged to live their lives with dignity according to their own personal styles and needs... this is the very substance of human rights.

I would like to express my appreciation to all of you who have supported my candidacy.

I pledge my continued time and efforts toward those most essential goals we share.

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