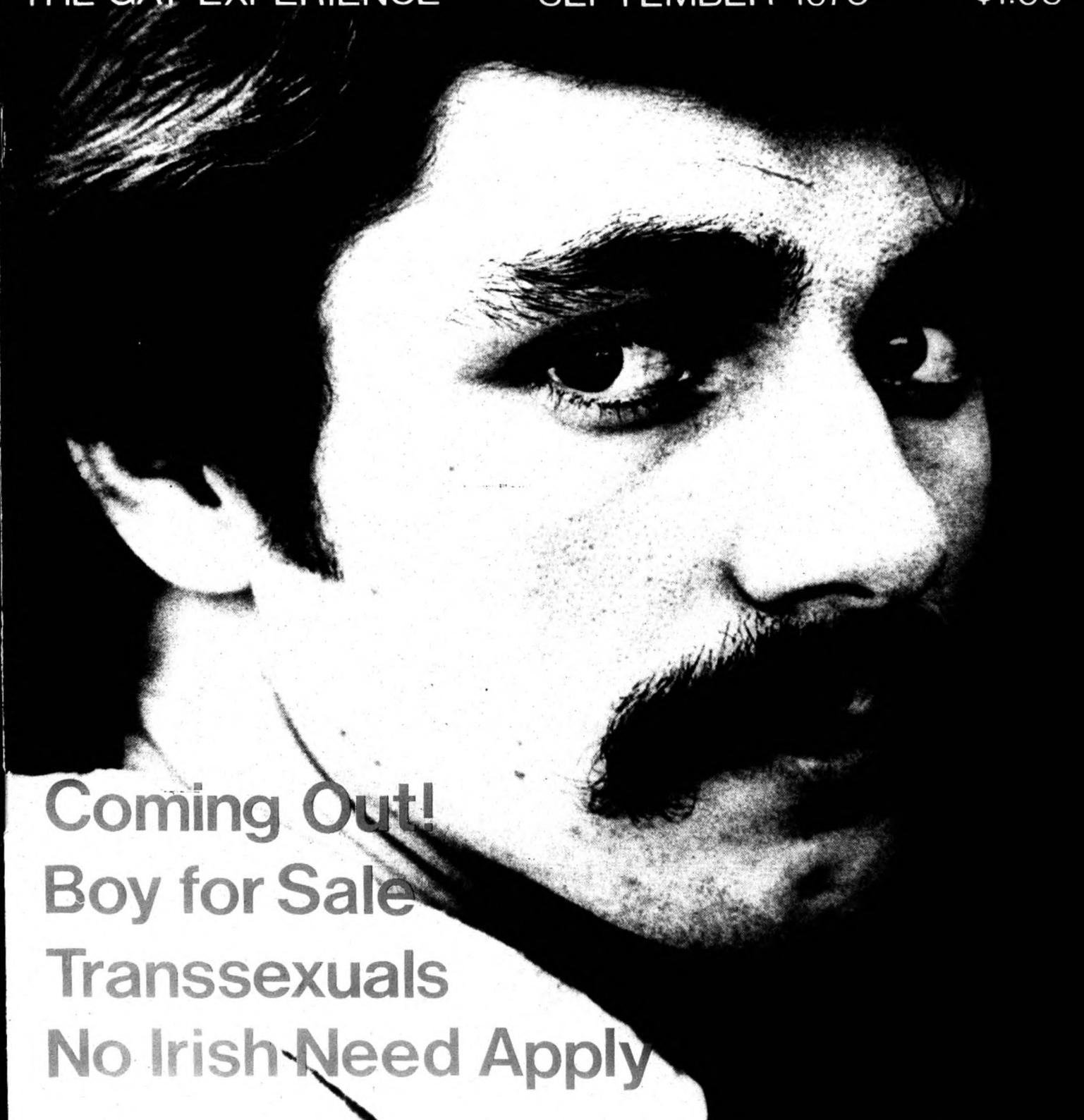


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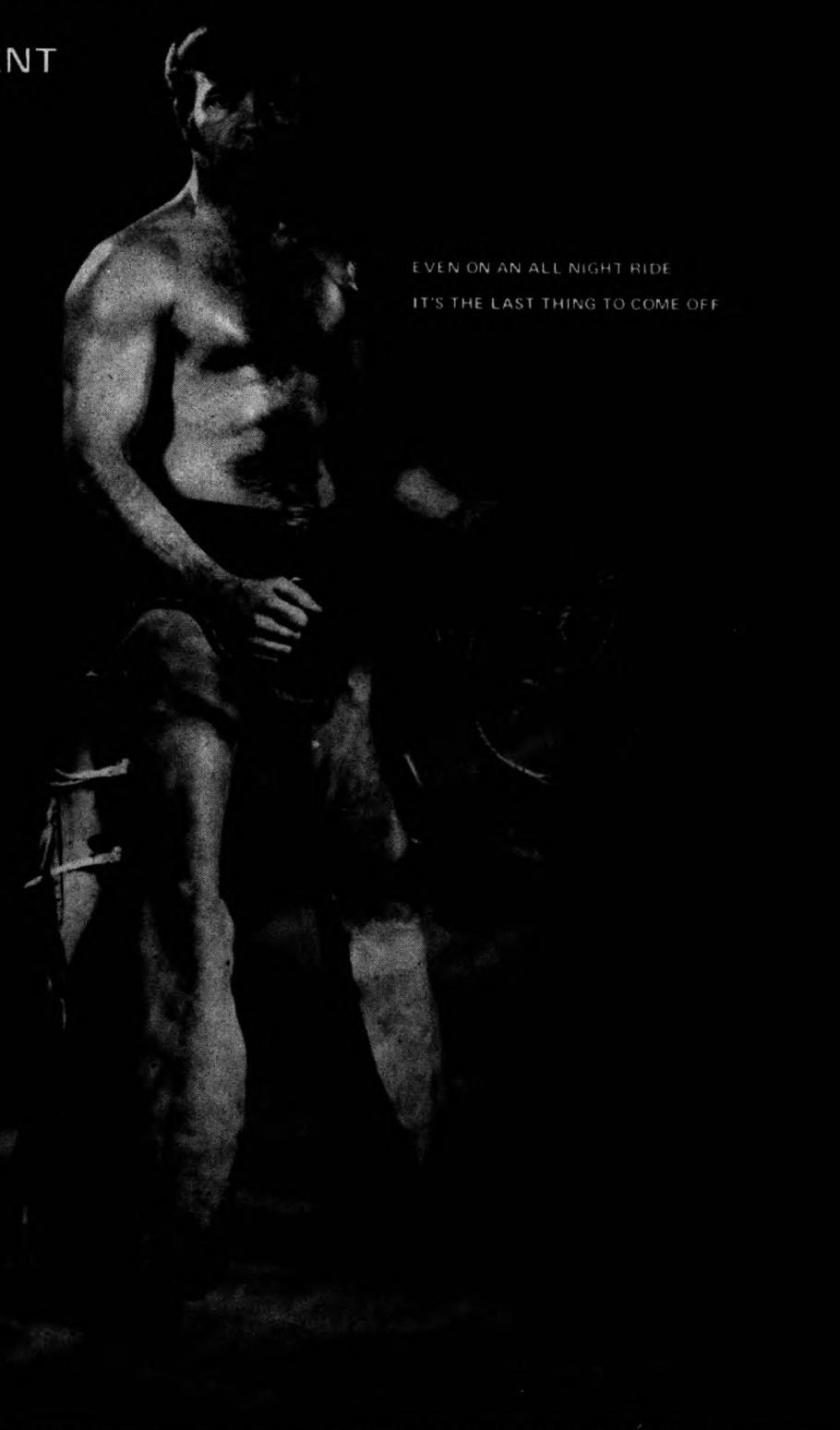
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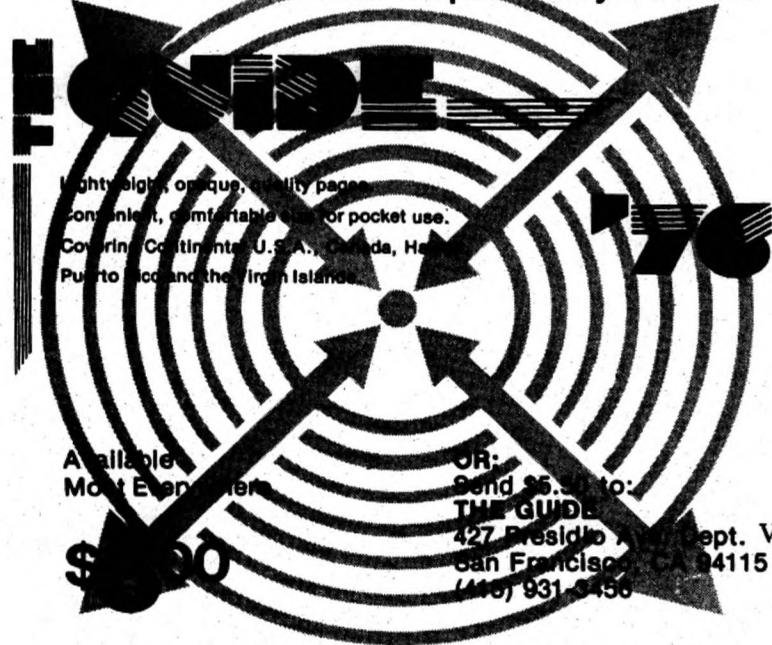
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East Bay: Michael Novick  
Books: Frank Howell  
Food: Ambrose  
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PHOTOGRAPHERS  
James Armstrong, Graven Image,  
John David Hough, Sierra Domino,  
Rick Jarrett, Damon DeWinters,  
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Stephen Collier  
ILLUSTRATIONS  
Jay Manning, R. W. Borg,  
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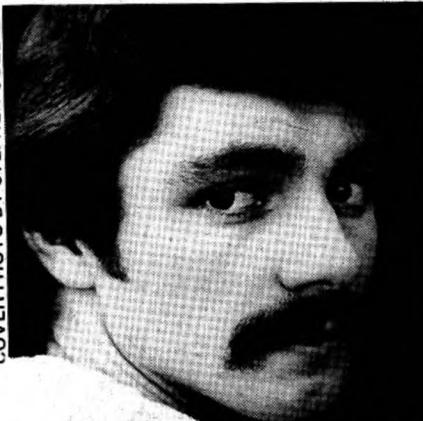
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COVER PHOTO BY STEPHEN COLLIER



For Eleven Years

# VECTOR

The Gay Experience

September 1975

Volume 11, Number 9

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## Repressed drag queen

J. Kerry Kammer's article about the parade was a good indication that he is really a self-hating, repressed drag queen. He should try writing for the *Christian Reporter*

Norm Weiner  
San Francisco, Calif.

## Accused of being intolerant

I would like to compliment J. Kerry Kammer on his parade article. I like being gay. However, I seem to spend a lot of time being embarrassed. Being gay doesn't change your gender (transsexuals aside). Costume royalty, either lame or leather (the only difference is the amount of Max Factor) seem to have a whole different view of gay life, I guess. Aside from a little joking around or shock value,

which is a bore, I don't see any value in wearing a big F around my neck.

It also seems that those with the biggest F are the ones that are referred to as "spokespersons for the gay community." I've never been able to figure out what constitutes the gay community. My ears turn red when assholes like the Rev. Broshears tells the press what I am thinking. Highly unlikely that he speaks for me. He did, however, get 1,600 votes in the last election.

I also don't think being gay means being a professional homosexual. By that I mean, living, working, vacationing, eating, etc., in a gay ghetto 24 hours a day. Believe it or not, there really is a whole world out there that seems to function without purple eye shadow or hard hats on ribbon clerks. I've been accused of being intolerant. That, of course, is a vicious lie.

Again, let me thank you for saying good things and saying them  
Richard Boetger  
San Rafael, Calif.

## Bourgeois gay writer

Thank you for your preface to the article "The Gang-Greening of Gay Pride" by San Francisco's own alliteration artist, J. Kerry Kammer. And in response to his article. . .

The parade was a celebration of our pride, of our loving ourselves and our gay brothers and sisters, a

love he may not share. We weren't marching to prove we were normal to straight Amerika, although he might have liked that. It was a party, and maybe he shouldn't have come.

One thousand marching drag queens is revolutionary. Ten thousand obsequious "normals" begging "Civil Rights, please?" is not. We are fighting for freedom. We want it all for everybody. Our cause is bigger than civil rights. We don't need laws and amendments to tell us what we can and can't do, who we can and can't be. All that bureaucracy is a sham, keeping us from getting at the root of things, keeping us from realizing why we aren't free now, all of us already.

I will express myself openly and not be called a "bejeweled, bored, and bewhiskered powdered pink person puffing by," either by oppressive straights or by a bourgeois gay writer who is trying to pass and who hasn't been on the street long enough.

Wake up and get real, Kammer! There is no time for your bullshit. Try redirecting all of that negativity you have inside away from us drag queens and toward the source of all of our problems.

Bernie Boyle  
Drag queen  
San Francisco, Calif.

## Arkansas razorback

In my August *Vector* I was delighted to find a poem by Mr. Boylan. I must say I am an acquaintance of his, and upon this basis I must also request that you publish at least another of his poems. I do not consider this work to be representative of his poetry. His pornographic poetry, creating the silken images of the men in my mind with words on paper, is of a style particularly suited to the genre and to himself.

While I'm at it, please permit me to comment on your magazine. Since my introduction to *Vector*

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five years ago, I've seen you grow not only in stature, but also in a variety of other ways. Primary among these has been and should continue to be your widening scope of interests. In the past, I've seen you to be as narrow-minded as an Arkansas razorback. Thankfully, we've survived all that. So much so, that in recent editions, I've been particularly pleased with the contributions of H. Karp and Damon de Winters and now Robert Boylan.

Bosley Carruther  
San Francisco, Calif.

#### All mankind affects me

The article on marching got me to thinking. I have marched for several organizations. I have marched in so-called "gay" parades and marches. But there is a difference. The difference stems from basic feeling concerning things close to you. I have been asked, "Why march?" Specifically, why march in gay parades? (I hadn't thought it out really until I read the article in

the current issue.) Because if I don't, who will? This isn't true of other parades. I support abortion legislation but don't expect to need one myself. I support ACLU but don't expect to help them actually try a case. But being 'gay' makes the gay parades something else. I don't only support SIR but am part of it whether I do or not. When a gay parade takes place it's part of me there. By this I mean that all mankind affects me as a human being but 'gayness' affects me as a social being as well. My every day life is tied up with being gay. Just as a father's every action affects his family and thus his thinking, so does gayness affect me.

E. Thompson  
Boston, Mass.

#### Stepin Fetchits

Your "The Gang-Greening of Gay Pride" is just downright wonderful. All of it good reporting right down the line. And in particular your analysis of some of the child-

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8 pm SIR Open Meeting & Open House 4th Wed, every month—Programs vary. Open to all.  
FRI: 8 pm Conversation Group. Topics vary. Open to all.  
7:30 Rainbow Deaf Society. 1st Fri, each month—in sign language.  
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# V...

## BY '76

ish and pathetic actions—"The drag queens. . . are the Stepin Fetchits of the gay movement. . ." Right on! And furthermore they polarize the conflict that goes on forever between the gays and the for the enemy that we should all be confined, if not destroyed. Send them back to their closets—even if they do weep and whimper a lot.

If *Vector's* editor feels you are speaking with "such contempt" of the drag queens who in earlier days "manned" the bloody ramparts, he is expressing his opinion somewhat at odds with the words of the Preamble to the S.I.R. Constitution: ". . . we organize for: the reaffirming of individual pride and dignity. . . the elimination of the public stigma attached to human self-expression."

I do so terribly approve of all you said. You have said something about the Gay Freedom Day parade that is very important. And so did Frank Fitch. And anybody who has anything to do with the organizing of Gay Pride Week had better listen.

Otis Wade  
Los Angeles, Calif.

From a Vector staff mother

Dear Son,

If you must stoop that low to be associated with such a magazine to earn a livelihood—I'm really sorry for you.

We are willing to help you financially if you desire to live a respectable life. Your talents should not be wasted on such trash.

Whatever gave you the idea that we might be interested in receiving a copy? No more, please.

Mother

#### Nowhere left to go

I have always been pleased with your magazine. I looked forward to the new issue every month. But your last couple of issues. . . well, I'm just astounded. *Vector* is, without a doubt, the most valuable publication I receive. Wining & Dining, Women Column, the fiction, and poetry—all excellent. A publication such as this makes me feel even more proud to be gay. Oh yes, your

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art work is simply. . . superb.

I feel *Vector* has nowhere left to go. It is there. I will continue to purchase it and enthusiastically share it with my family and straight friends as well as with my gay friends. Thank you for sharing with me a truly gay experience.

Frank Cody  
Santa Clara, Calif.

#### What a shame!

Due to the difficulty that I have in obtaining gay magazines, I am forced to order from Montreal, Quebec. In this month's shipment was enclosed your magazine, which I must say, truthfully, I have never read before. What a shame! It is the first time that I've ever cared to read a book from cover to cover. Everything has appealed to me from the articles to the ads.

Normally I look at one or two pages and leave the book there, but yours was impossible to put down.

I've never written an editor before today even if the book was

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terrible, but I must tell you how you've finally come out with a book that I will never miss another issue of. Keep up the good work!

Don Cormier  
Saint John, N.B.

Because *Vector* fortunately asked for information which I could give easily. Had the request been much more difficult, I would still try; you see *Vector* has earned a very high regard in my personal library.

Don't change, unless economically you are forced to. Please do not go the way the *Advocate* has; we like what you are—YOU.

Stuart W. Anderson, Editor  
Morley Manor Monitor  
Dearborn, Mich.

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Frank R. Meyers/Mark Weisman  
City Clinic (V. D.)  
Gay Services Project  
San Francisco, Calif.

#### I will cancel

Your questionnaire mentioned porno. Please try to keep it to a minimum. That's not what gay life is all about, although lots of gays and straights think so. I think I will cancel a couple of other subscriptions because *Vector* is evenly balanced in photos, stories, etc. I was twenty-seven before I came out and *Vector* was a tremendous help in doing it. My only regret was I should have done it at least ten years sooner.

Eric Zellmer  
Kokomo, Ind.

#### Breaking my own rule

It has been a practice of mine for over twenty years not to write letters to the Editor. Usually they are very dedicated, over-worked individuals. Today, however, I find myself breaking my own rule. Why?



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## Theater

### WAITING FOR THE BELL

It was a busy, busy, busy month of theatre going with lots of things reaching the pad but only one real launching. (Frankly, I'm getting a New York feeling with all of this running around waiting for the bell to ring knowing that an average Mary Tyler Moore show has more ringing than the dreck that's been staggering around town.)

#### P. S. YOUR CAT IS DEAD!

James Kirkwood's *P.S. Your Cat is Dead!* is one of my all-time favorite books—hilarious, sexual, strange, and meaningful. The play is a lot of fun but manages to capture but a small percentage of the book's punch. Why? I can't tell. Robert Foxworth, Jeff Druce and Claudette Nevins are fantastic per-

formers who romp around the stage with the energies of a cyclotron and often have moments of brilliance but... it's still mediocre television. In the privacy of your bedroom you can more easily overlook author Kirkwood's closet but in a live theatre it becomes almost an embarrassment. When I read John Simon's review of the original New York production (in *New York Magazine*) which closed shortly after it opened, I felt it was vicious and evil but upon seeing the local production (cast out of LA) I had a rollicking good time but... It appears we've accepted the fact that there are closets while the hip straights are beginning to resent the amount of "gay" theatre dishonestly clothed in heterosexuality. (Albee is a perfect example.)

#### SPECIAL FRIENDS

And then, as the world will turn, there was Douglas Dean's new comedy, *Special Friends* which was a decade late in arriving. It concerns the domestic problems of two male gay couples and has enough messages about generation gaps to keep Western Union busy for months. Author Dean (read Director Goodman) hung on to his script like a jealous mother and just

wouldn't allow it to take flight so that most of the evening is grounded in platitudes, "necessary items" to be considered hip, forced drama, hopelessly dated dialogue, and an unnecessary amount of amateur acting which exacerbates the flaws in the script/direction. *But* (and it's a big but) Dean has managed to find Jack Wrangler (who has appeared on more magazine covers than Jackie Kennedy, including ours) and Dean has enough experience in show business to know about better mousetraps and the flock are filling his theatre nightly. The show finished its run on schedule and anticipates an LA production. As a result of this financial success, some very exciting gay things are on the planning boards for the Showcase Theatre, guided by Dean's shrewdness. Experience will tell and Dean's loaded with it.

#### HAMLET

Then there was Berkeley Repertory's *Hamlet* about which I will quote John Simon (who was referring to the New York Shakespeare Festival's recent production): Berkeley Rep adds Hamlet's scalp to an already considerable collection of theatrical homicides. This is an amateur company.

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IN THE MIDST OF LIFE

Then there was the schlep down to Palo Alto to witness the birth of a new professional company, Triad Production, and their *In the Midst of Life*, a stunningly unoriginal saga of San Francisco's Ambrose Bierce combining every theatrical technique, now tired, that breathed life to *Godspell*, *Story Theater*, et al. In this case a fine, fully professional company, beautifully organized with intelligent, sensible backing in solid business sense may flop because of the lack of an original director and an inventive script.

FINOCCHIO'S

One of San Francisco's best loved female impersonators, Lori Shannon has filmed a segment for a forthcoming *All in the Family* and since she's appearing nightly at Finocchio's we thought it was high time (you'd better believe it) we checked out this landmark forever. On a Friday night there was a three block line waiting for admission to the 10:20 show including quite a few bus tours. Amazing! We heard of Finocchios' popularity, but with the rest of North Beach/Broadway dying and this place has more than it can handle—somebody must be doing something right!

We entered and Mrs. Finocchio seated us (before the hords) and we watched, stunned, as body after body filled this large cavern of a club to the rafters, at \$3.00 a hit.

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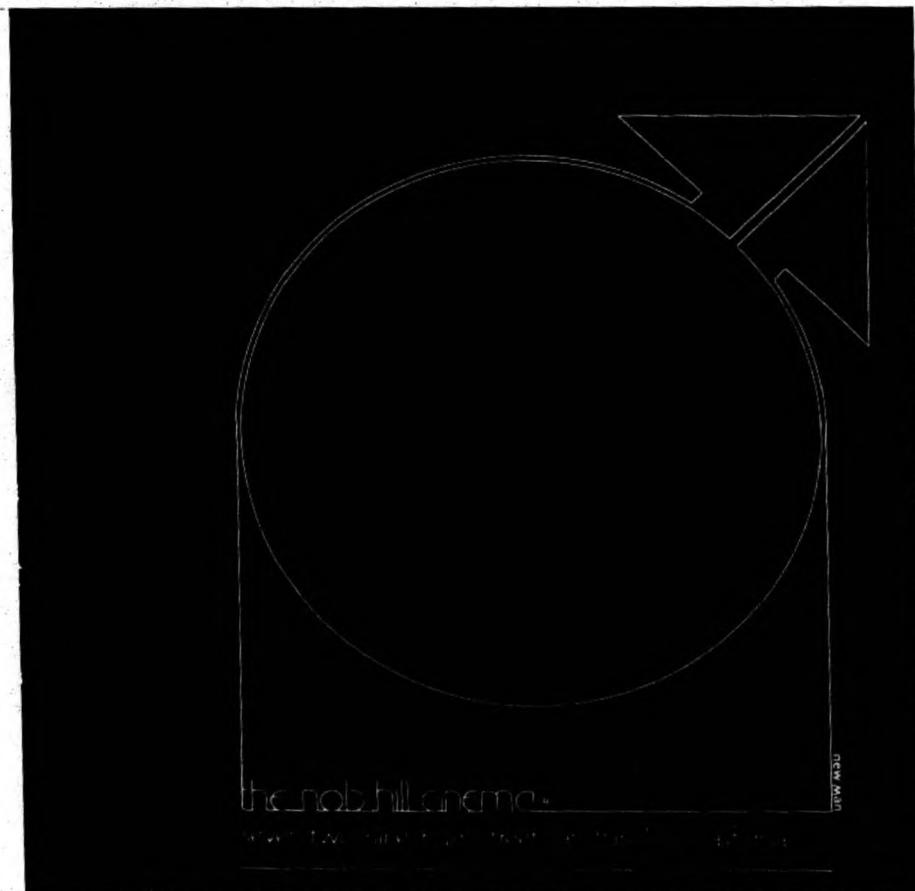
The "boys" in the band struck up the overture (not one under 50) and the show was on! And let me say right off, dollar for dollar there isn't a place in town that offers the sheer, delightful *entertainment* that this places dishes up *four* times a night. (Shows one and three are the same and patrons are invited to remain for a second—different—show.)

Yes, there was a chorus line of very pretty drag ladies but the bulk of the evening was the variety spots



offered by seasoned performers such as Russell Reed, Jackie Phillips, Lori Shannon, and Lavern Cummings. The pace and energy was nothing short of stunning and how wonderful to see an audience convulsed with laughter time and time again. They loved it. They ate up every line. We loved it, stayed for a second show and can't wait for visiting relatives to share it with. God bless Finocchios.

—Richard Piro



Politics

BELLA'S BILL

by FRANK FITCH

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION  
COUNTDOWN

At a recent California Democratic Council Board meeting, I asked Terry Sanford, "As President, would you push for the passage of a bill by Representatives Abzug and Burton, among others, that would add gay people to the coverage afforded by the 1964 and later civil rights acts?" His response was, "No, because it would not be proper to require affirmative action." He went on to say that he would abolish executive orders responsible for discrimination in the military and civil service. Ex-Governor Sanford is mistaken if he believes the Abzug Bill would require affirmative

action, and he would be too late in the case of civil service discrimination, since the Civil Service Commission is ending its past discriminatory practices on its own (spurred by a lawsuit brought by SIR and the NLA and by nearly twenty years' work on the part of Frank Kameny).

Senator Fred Harris answered a similar question at his California kick-off party in San Francisco. Yes, he would use the power of the Presidency to urge the Congress to pass the Abzug Bill. He repeated that position to multiple standing ovations at a meeting of the National Women's Political Caucus in Boston, Massachusetts.

The *Advocate* has published a June 1975 letter from Hubert Humphrey, repeating his three-year-earlier stand: "I see no reason why homosexual Americans should be

excluded from equal protection under the law. . ." But no mention of pushing for passage of Abzug's bill. Humphrey is thought by some to be a possible fifth or sixth ballot victor at the next Democratic National Convention to select a presidential nominee.

NATIONAL  
LEGISLATION

Don Edwards, Member of Congress from San Jose, California has the ball on the Abzug Bill, HR 5452, and the Frazer Bill, HR 2667. They are in his subcommittee on Civil Rights and Constitutional Rights (Committee on the Judiciary House of Representatives, Washington, D.C. 20515), and he has total power to determine whether to hold hearings; to have a vote, or to let them die in committee. Letters to him are desperately needed from people throughout the nation.

S1, THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE REFORM ACT OF 1975, is in the Senate Judiciary Committee and scheduled for floor vote in the fall. The bill is a product of the Administration. It would make it a federal criminal offense to disseminate any material describing sexual intercourse or depicting nudity. It puts the burden on the defendant to prove that he or she was subject to "unlawful entrapment," even though undercover agents employed "deception," provided "a facility or an opportunity," and used "active inducement" in the crime alleged. It contains severe penalties for using marijuana, allows a policeman to use deadly force to prevent the escape of a person arrested for an allegedly violent crime, without regard to the danger to the lives of others. "The bill is permeated with assumptions, points of view, and objectives, finding expression in numerous overt or subtle provisions,

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John David Hough, Photographer

that run counter to the open and free spirit upon which American liberties are based." (National Committee Against Repressive Legislation, 510 C Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.)

### CONSCIENCE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

There is a nationwide organization similar to the California Democratic Council, which serves as a conscience of the national Democratic Party and as an advocate of the needs of minorities, such as gay people. This organization has affiliates in thirty-three states, so your state may have a group like CDC that might serve as a place for you to bring your concerns to the attention of the Democratic Party. For information on the New Democratic Coalition, contact Dave Gordon, c/o CDC, 5371 Wilshire Boulevard, Room 217, Los Angeles, California 90036.

### BICENTENNIAL CONFERENCE FOR GAYS

There will be a Bicentennial Conference on Gays and the Federal Government, to be held in Washington, D.C. during the weekend of October 10-14, 1975. For registration information, contact GAA, Box 2554 Washington, D.C. 20013.

JANUARY 1, 1976

The Coalition of Concerned Christians failed in its efforts to get enough qualified signatures to place a referendum on the June 1976 ballot. So the penal code changes introduced and maneuvered through the Assembly by Willie Brown Jr, and dramatically steered through the Senate by George Moscone will go into effect on January 1, 1976.

The head of the CCC, the Reverend Harvey Chinn said, "I think that the state legislature will pass

on other legislation of benefit to gays." He further stated, "If I were a state legislator, I would take the failure of the referendum as an indication of what is the temper of our time." But these are the words of a demoralized fundamentalist fresh from a defeat. Even if all legislators drew the lesson Mr. Chinn anticipates, it would simply mean that they would be amenable to letters, phone calls, and visits from gay constituents urging the passage of AB 633 or SB 513 or...

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## East Bay

### M.C.C.

by MICHAEL NOVICK

East Bay Metropolitan Community Church is a congregation only moderate in size, but quite tremendous in spirit. The church recently moved to a new location in Oakland, 2624 West Street, for its services and office, after the primary church at its old location, Mills Terrace, was forced for financial reasons to combine with another congregation.

The East Bay MCC group is very diverse, being racially and sexually mixed. On a recent Sunday I saw worshipers varying in age from under seven to over seventy. What binds them together is a common faith, a belief that gay is good, and their own existence as a lively gay community. They have been going for six years now, and are the

oldest continuing gay activity in the East Bay.

The congregation is currently in the midst of a financial crunch of its own, but that doesn't seem to have diminished its activity or its activism. The pastor, the Reverend Gary Wilson, had to go on half-time salary, but he continues his involvement with the Gay Media Task Force, among other groups, as well as his spiritual role with MCC.

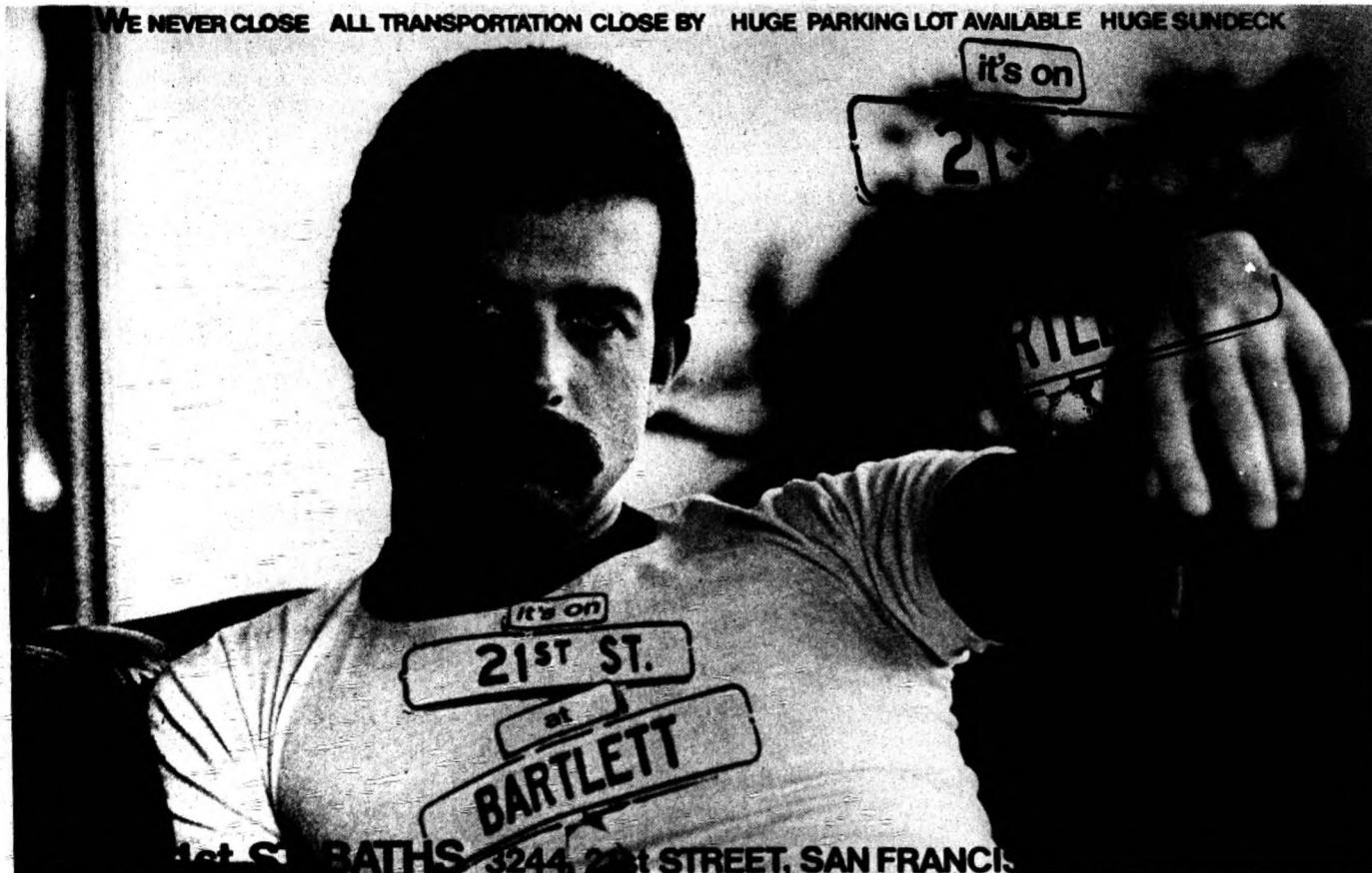
The lesbian members of East Bay MCC are very active and play a full role in the group's activities. Their leadership of the mixed group has been recognized in many areas. They have been raising a scholarship fund for one of their number for the Metropolitan Community Church's seminary. This past March the women led the congregation in special services commemorating In-

ternational Women's Day and International Women's Year. The women meet together regularly in a rap group of their own, although the general church-sponsored rap group has not been functioning for some time.

East Bay MCC also publishes a newsletter, the *Rapporter*, which is also feeling a pinch on its finances and needs some additional advertising if it is to pay for itself and continue. This is the gay newsletter widely and generally circulated in the East Bay at the present time—only one of a number of vacuums that MCC is filling—and it would be a shame if they had to discontinue it. It deserves more support.

Recent events at MCC included a visit from the Reverend Troy Perry, founder of the MCC Fellowship, who appeared on a local TV

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talk show opposite an anti-gay fundamentalist minister.

Besides the involvement of a number of MCC members in the gay media group, MCC has played a role in the improvement of police attitudes toward gays in the East Bay, and at one point it tried to set up a meeting with Oakland's Mayor Reading, who turned it down cold. (During his election campaign against Bobby Seale a few years back, Reading had met with the Oakland Gay Men's Political Action Group, but he refused to make a public statement of having held the discussion, let alone a commitment to gay rights.)

MCC's strong points are the community building and the communication process that a very diverse group of gay people are undertaking, many of whom are perhaps not being reached by other groups in the gay movement. Their warmth is infectious. I would recommend attending their services some time, even if (or perhaps es-

pecially if you haven't been to church in ages) like me, you're of another religious background and a nonbeliever to boot. I think you'll find a friendly welcome and something worth sharing in. If you find that the church environment is a meaningful one for you, you might want to stay and participate in the activities that grow from that, whether it's an attempt to set up an MCC ministry to gays in prison, or

some other program. The new church location has a history of enlightened social activism (it's former minister, Father Niel, was spiritual adviser to the Black Panther Party, and services for Jonathan Jackson and later George Jackson were held there). That same combination of spiritual solidarity, community building, and awareness of this world and its problems seems to mark East Bay MCC.

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## Books

### LIBERAL'S AGREEMENT

**CONSENTING ADULT**  
 by Laura Z. Hobson  
 Doubleday, 256 pages, \$7.95

The age of seventeen can be a lonely time if you are incipiently gay, unsure of your destiny, and trapped between the conflicting demands of your parents. I found myself in such a situation tragedy. A horde of psychiatrists and other "experts" jumped into the act, and events progressed from frigid to torrid. If you want to know the intrigues encountered in this specialized form of guerrilla warfare, give *Consenting Adult* a try.

Laura Hobson's characterizations may strike us as old-fashioned *Ladies Home Journal* gush for the 1940 set, but she does convey the relentless tensions underneath the superficial smiles that are put on by

parents and their gay children.

*Gentleman's Agreement* was the only work of fiction by Ms. Hobson that made the big time, and that was nearly thirty years ago. The film version became a household word. Her attempts to explore anti-Semitic prejudice struck me as timid in certain ways as she cautiously circled about the topic. In *Consenting Adult* Hobson wades into the whole arena of gay rights.

The plot explodes on page one as Tessa Lynn reads a letter from her son, Jeff, in which he confesses all. The father, Ken, is shocked into an all-prevading silence that endures throughout the book. Jeff shuts himself off from his family during the several years of psychoanalysis as we follow his progress for some thirteen years.

The dialogue can run to syrup on

occasion, but we are pulled beneath the skin of the Lynns as they grapple with this fully touching war within themselves. We have the feeling some mothers would tend to react as Tessa does when she wonders about privacy and sex among those who are not like herself.

"Then why the exception with Jeff? Why this flashing vision of him in his hours of sex? It was as if she permitted herself a spying that would be unthinkable, had always been unthinkable, not only with the other children, but come to think of it, with herself and Ken. . . Then what was this recurrent vision of the two young male bodies? Why the exception, as if she has an inherent right to make an exception? It was a monstrous mistake, a self-delusion that this is different, generated perhaps by the world's old self-delusion that is had some vested rights in the sex behavior of others. If ever there was a sexual aberration, here it was, her own."

Tessa's son-in-law, Nate, introduces her to the realities of the current gay scene. He is a standard liberal fixture, a newspaper reporter who is determined to produce the big story on sexual liberation. He and Jeff even become involved in the Stonewall Rebellion. This is all quite chic, but we almost feel at times that Hobson is laying on the liberal conversion of the mother a little too much.

Even though *Consenting Adult*

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will never gain a Pulitzer Prize, we still find ourselves carried along with the unfolding conflict, for the story is viewed from the eyes of the family and looked at in the light of how the homosexual question strikes at *them*. The conflicts suffered by Jeff are viewed in a less clear light, but this constitutes no lapse. The new approach pioneers a broader area of understanding, which few Americans can appreciate. Many straight people forget that gays have families.

The novel runs its course to the end of 1973. What about the thousands of mothers and fathers in America who still refuse to come to grips with their gay offspring? Continued progress will come in law, psychiatry, medicine, and the churches, but how long must each person wait for the sores of desolation and alienation festering in the hearts of homophobic parents and their gay spurned offspring to be healed?

—Frank Howell

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## Star Cruise

### PLANET OF UNREALITY

by JEFF  
SIDEREAL ASTROLOGY

Sagittarius	Dec. 17—Jan. 15	Mutable
Capricorn	Jan. 16—Feb. 13	Cardinal
Aquarius	Feb. 14—Mar. 15	Fixed
Pisces	Mar. 16—Apr. 14	Mutable
Aries	Apr. 15—May 15	Cardinal
Taurus	May 16—Jun. 16	Fixed
Gemini	Jun. 17—Jul. 17	Mutable
Cancer	Jul. 18—Aug. 17	Cardinal
Leo	Aug. 18—Sep. 17	Fixed
Virgo	Sep. 18—Oct. 18	Mutable
Libra	Oct. 19—Nov. 17	Cardinal
Scorpio	Nov. 18—Dec. 16	Fixed

Neptune is the planet of unreality. It acts as a veil through which we see, not very clearly, the world as we desire it rather than as it really is. Neptune is also the planet of dreams and, some astrologers believe, of inspiration. This inspiration often is quite impractical. In the natal chart Neptune indicates our unfounded fears and hangups—the things that we get mired down in. Under Neptune's influence we are precipitated toward glamour, make-believe, decep-

tion, and fakery of all sorts. Finally, Neptune is the planet of addiction.

You Pisces natives are ruled by Neptune. Your reputation of being crazy and unpredictable is attributable to Neptune's reign over your character. You often fool others, but you are masters at fooling yourselves.

Currently Neptune is in the middle sector of the constellation Scorpio. Those born between November 28 and December 6 are feeling the full effects of this nerve-racking conjunction. For them, nothing seems settled or certain, and their fondest hopes are difficult to achieve. All fixed natives are warned at this time to make every effort to maintain reality consciousness and to strive to keep their activities on the practical side. There is a tendency to want much more than can possibly be obtained or accomplished.

#### BIRTHDAY PEOPLE

September 1 — September 13

Your Sun is in the middle degrees of the constellation Leo. Pride is a primary

attribute of all Leos. Your pride is, however, rather stern and demanding of recognition. Middle Leos pride themselves on their highly practical attitudes toward life. They work at developing qualities of leadership. Like all other Leos, you possess the necessary charisma to lead well, but you often lack compassion when dealing with what you consider the failings of others. You need to learn to enjoy yourselves without guilt; at the same time you need to give joy to others without attaching strings to that joy. You often take yourselves too seriously. You use love as a means to establish a reliable and productive relationship. You aren't interested in anything temporary or superficial. You must feel that you are in command at all times. Once you feel comfortable in the top spot, then and only then do you release that powerful Leo passion. But you must be sure. Despite the warmth that Leo can give (usually too much for most people), you can be very cold. You need to learn to play a little and to let your hair down occasionally. 1975 offers you a chance to be less serious and to enjoy a little dalliance. Romance will be very prominent in your year. Lesser mortals with aspects similar to yours could be headed for disillusionment with love. Your more serious nature will be an asset this year. The tendency will be to take more risks with your heart. Who knows? You might have fun if you relax and let it happen. Remember that being a self-made man can often leave you with a tired hand.

September 14 — September 17

Your Sun is in the final degrees of the constellation Leo. You have a strong sense of your own self-worth. You radiate confidence and are a gracious and capable leader. A key element of your outlook on life is optimism. Righteousness, too, plays a part. Taste, discrimination, and a quality consciousness both for people and for things sum up the list of key words for later-degree Leos. There is a strong sense of the fitness of things. Great dignity and social consciousness, and the ability to do the right thing at the right time, all add up to a pretty awesome personality. That could lead to problems. It's hard to find partners who can compete with all this greatness and grandness. As wonderful as you are, you have difficulty in finding friends who can be just as wonderful, and you seldom settle for the runners-up. You fail to recognize your own snobbism, and God help those who have the temerity to point it out to you. But once they are in the running, you can reward them with

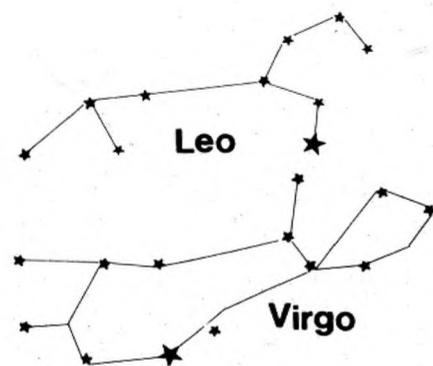
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your warmth and passionateness. If your chosen partner passes muster, you insist on commitment. For you, love is permanent—period. You are ardently romantic and have a flair for showmanship that can delight your loved ones. 1975 offers fun and games that you might think are beneath you. You might feel you don't have time for such foolishness, but the juices will be flowing this year, and all that dignity might not be enough to stop you from experimenting. Watch your temper; it could tarnish your charm this year.

September 18 — September 26

Your Sun is in the early degrees of the constellation Virgo. Generous to a fault,

you are often too busy doing good for others to stop and bask in the grateful affection your generosity creates. Generally you are cool to affection, tending to be intellectualize rather than emotionalize. Nervous and quick, you find it difficult to pin yourself down to one person. You prefer to mother the world; you don't like the task of straightening out just one individual, though you might make a valiant effort. You sometimes gain the reputation of a rule freak and a cleanliness nut. It's just that you are meticulous and that detail is very important to you. System and order are among your chief pursuits, and you insist that those about you follow these neatness rules. In fact, you can be a pain about them. You could even develop the reputation of a gossip and a bitchy character, but you're only trying to set the world and everyone in it straight. You need to learn to feel as well as to think. 1975 is a banner year for you! Your ideas for progress have every chance of success. Some of you will have spectacular and surprising changes in your life that will be most positive. Check your tendency of being overly generous, though this year you will have much to share. Take in stride and don't allow fear to curtail success.

September 27 — September 30

Your Sun is in the middle degrees of

the constellation Virgo. Your mind is ceaselessly occupied with the intricate thoughts of a lightning thinker. Languages and mathematics and all forms of higher thought delight you. Your passion is rapid and impulsive, though you are usually distant and cool to intimacy. You would really rather have intellectual intercourse than any other kind. Your approach to romance could leave your partner wondering whether anything really happened. You don't stick around long enough to discuss it. In 1975 you will have to curb your impetuous nature. Too many chances based on not enough facts might lead to disaster. "Easy come, easy go" could be your motto this year.

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We aimed for the dining room to announce our late arrival, ready to apologize since at 7:30 on a Friday night, every one of the ten or so tables were occupied. Due to a series of goofs on all sides we had

to wait (in the bar) well over an hour and a half and what a blessing!

There are *real* people who frequent this place and the friendliness and open faces (in a City bar?) threw us for a moment. Guys, total strangers, nodded a hello and let it be quite obviously known that they were receptive to a rap. The "shit kickin' music" is held at a sensible volume during the dining hours to allow the chemistry to happen between humans and this fact, alone, sets Rainbow Cattle Co. far apart from its sister establishments around the Bay. It's a people place, and gorgeous people, at that. Lots of hair, jeans, smiles and—again that word—reality. We got the impression that the patrons really dressed that way as opposed to the "cos-

tumes" that the weekend cowboys from Marin don as they ride into the city in their VW's.

Dan, the charming manager, had to pull us into the dining room for the second act of the show.

There is no "menu" per se, and every night three specials or so are featured. This night was Barbecue for \$3.25, Flat Breast of Chicken \$3.75, Joe's Special, \$3.00, and Oysters Louisianne for \$3.25.

Billy opted for the chicken which was a large flattened and pan fried breaded piece of chicken with a sinfully divine small pot of melted butter, surrounded by rice and fresh cauliflower with a cheese sauce. Perfectly seasoned (slightly under, actually), hot, ample and crunchy fresh vegetables and



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who could ask for anything more? Almost every table has a full view of the entire establishment making eating/cruising/fantasizing/loving all one experience until you felt yourself taking root and not wanting it all to end.

My Oysters Louisianne was simply a miracle. One dozen (count 'em) fresh oysters cooked to perfection (that, alone, is a miracle with this fiercely difficult seafood), lightly dusted with butter, herbs and subtle cheese sitting over a perfect saffron rice in a red hot boat casserole dish. There was the taste of the sea yet in each oyster and how they do it for \$3.25 is anyone's guess. The entre was sheer perfection!

The meal began with excellent sourdough bread and a rather undistinguished fresh garden salad with a variety of beans thrown in. Coffee was average American.

According to Dan, the concept of Rainbow is ever flowing and they are continually changing to suit the needs of their patrons and the results shine in the eyes of every man present.

I was impressed, and excited, and turned on, and consequently felt human, and open, and satisfied at having rubbed shoulders (this time) with lots of fine people. What a nice feeling to know that one no longer has to go outside the City for a people experience!

—Ambrose

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# Irish Need Not Apply

by DONALD CAMERON SCOT

"THE HOMOSEXUALS OUGHT TO PIPE DOWN. THEY ARE GETTING UNPOPULAR IN CIRCLES WHERE THEY HAD GREAT SUPPORT AT ONE TIME BECAUSE THEY WERE SOCIAL UNDERDOGS."

Charles McCabe  
San Francisco Chronicle  
July 28, 1975

It was one of those rare days, July 28, 1975, a Monday, that I found myself disagreeing sharply with you, Charles McCabe, long-time columnist for San Francisco's only morning daily newspaper, the *San Francisco Chronicle*. And it was a sad day, Monday, July 28, 1975, for you had been a welcome addition to the "gay" cause, with your views falling somewhere between the fanatically screaming Left and the Nixon (Nazi) Right. But it, Monday, July 28, 1975, did happen and the sting was felt.

To say that the "gay" cause has become the pet of the media is to be at once accurate and inaccurate. Accurate in that the "gay" cause has received more press coverage in recent months than ever before. Inaccurate in that that very coverage of the "gay" cause is itself inaccurate. All too often that press coverage has carried with it a negative, or, at a minimum, tongue-in-cheek facetiousness, slanted perhaps by what the reporter or editor thinks is gay; or it may even be a deliberate attempt to discredit the "gay" cause by showing only the worst or silliest. Whether reported in good faith or bad, it in either event leaves the vast, vast majority of gays searching for verissimilitude between what is reported as "gay" and what we, in our own experiences, know is gay. It leaves most gays raging in frustrated anger that the projected image is simply not tangent to our lives at all.

## Charles McCabe Himself

### Gay Backlash?

THE WRITER in *The Village Voice* was talking about what used to be called "the sin that dares not cry its name." The trouble with that sin, nowadays, he said, is that "it can't keep its mouth shut." The "sin" is homosexuality

The unfortunately named "gay" cause has become a pet of the media. The cause is paying the price all such pets pay. To be fashionable you must pay the price of becoming unfashionable. What is up must come down.



The gay cause has certainly been up in the past couple of years. The gay community made an elementary political discovery involving the pressure power of numbers and the ingrained fear of run-of-the-mill politicians in the face of these numbers. By bloc voting they have achieved practically all they might wish in the way of preferment.

In a particularly abasing surrender to this sort of pressure, the San Francisco school board recently voted unanimously to outlaw "discrimination" against gay teachers.

★ ★ ★

For example: Marcia Brandwynne recently created and aired on Channel 2 a three-part series on gays that would have been an excellent and considerably more accurate report than any ever before presented. Ms. Brandwynne created and aired what would have been, and was, an excellent, accurate representation, right up to the closing segment, when the television camera panned to a "gay" home done in French Provincial everything with frou-frou for days. Either through a deliberate attempt to present the stereotyped image of gays or through the typical misconception of "gay" the last segment of that report served only to reinforce the inaccurate image of gay = swish = French Provincial = frou-frou for days. There were a dozen different decorating schemes that Ms. Brandwynne could have chosen for that closing shot, but they might not have been thought "gay" enough. Though there are gays who do tend to frills and laces everywhere, as is their right, most gay men lean to a more

conservative, less distinct decorating scheme. And for every one gay who prefers frills and laces, there are 100 others who do not, but the media don't pick up on that. It remains the stereotype. What the media (and the world at large) think is "gay" is what came across the television screen on a Wednesday night not too long ago.

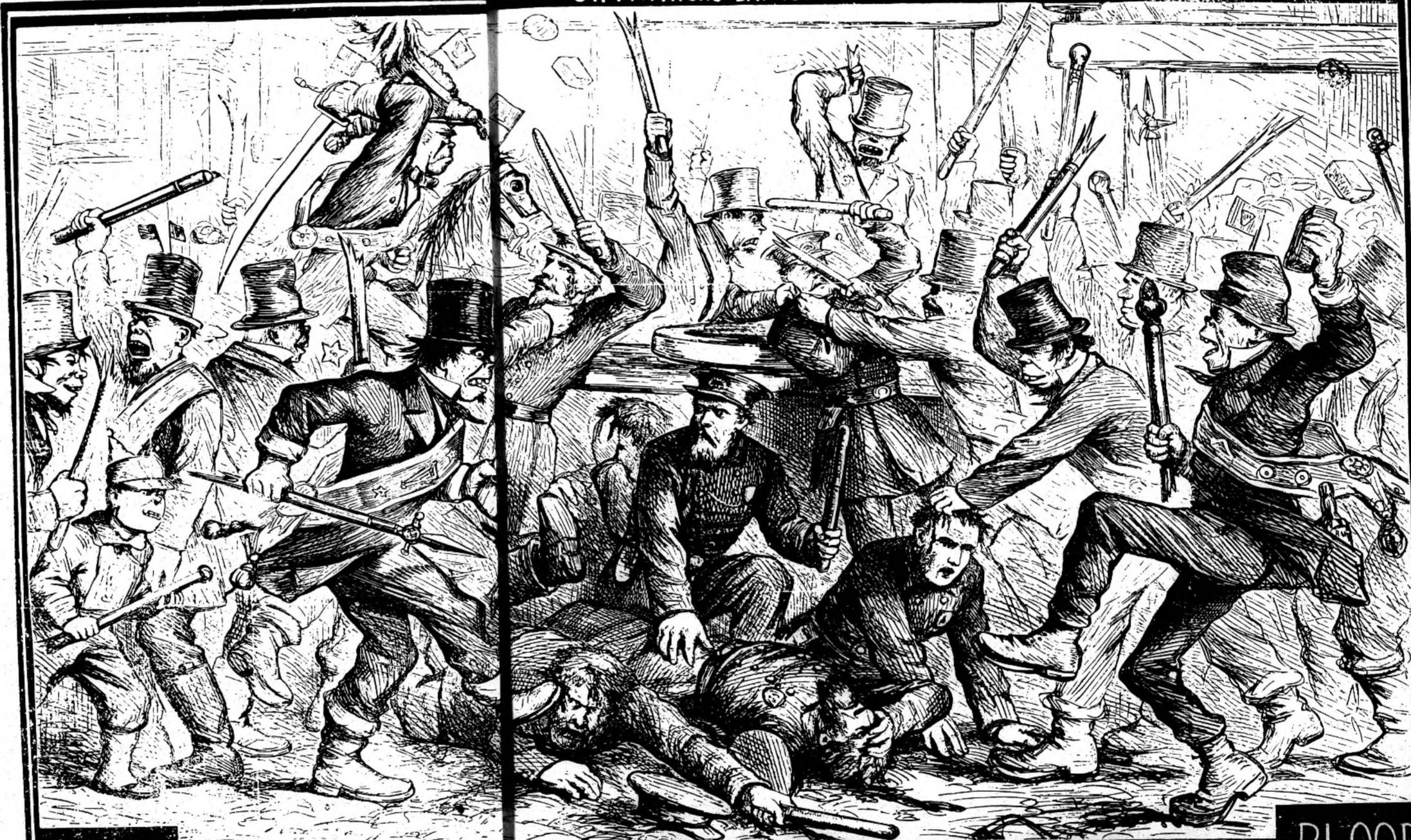
In yet another instance of incorrect, gross misrepresentation of "gay," *California Living* the Sunday supplement magazine of the newspaper you work for, carried that story of "A Night in a Gay Bath," presenting again the image of the poor, miserable, sniveling homosexual wandering forever through the lonely sex maze of the "Parque Place" of his life. Would they have carried a story of what a good time I've had as a gay there? A story that I do *not* feel sorry for myself? A story that I am *not* miserable as a gay, that I *do not* feel that, if only I were straight, all my problems would be solved?

In still a further instance, neither the *San Francisco Chronicle* nor the *San Francisco Examiner* will carry unbiased coverage of a pro-gay story. Both refused to carry much news about the events surrounding the passage of AB 489, the Consensual Sex Bill. While both were quick to print that initial opposition of some 200-1 against Governor Brown's signing AB 489, neither carried a report on the shift in balance that virtually eliminated that apparent vast majority in the opposition camp. And since passage of AB 489 both papers have leaped with alacrity to report a wrathful rising of the opposition, giving the impression, if not making the statement, that Californians are overwhelmingly opposed to AB 489, in a covert attempt to manipulate public opinion through implicit suggestion; neither paper has reported much on the other side.

Still, though, it may be better than the dark horror stories of the past and serves somewhat to offset the mass coverage of the atrocities that are perpetrated by the few sick gays and that are so very well reported in the "media."

And now we have come to the sad turn that places even you, Charles McCabe, in that genre of press; a sad departure from a past intelligent support of a repressed, harrassed minority. Although you modified your column of July 28, in one particular point ("Let my position be clear. I have been on record for years [and it is true] as bitterly opposed to the punishments society has leveled against homosexuals, simply because they are sexually deviant.")—I personally resent that word, but I realize it is semantically correct and my reaction is a conditioning by a society using it as a slur), the over-all impact of that July 28 writing was a negative one.

The inescapable impression of that column was that of "It's okay to be gay, so long as you're not a teacher." By extension then, a lawyer? A doctor? A businessman? A clerk? A dishwasher? A janitor? Just



RUM

BRUTAL ATTACK ON THE POLICE

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

IRISH RIOT.

*The West.*

BLOOD.

where does one draw such a line, and why? For too long that line *has* been drawn, reflected even in our current (not future, *current*) law, which says in effect that it is okay (not illegal) to *be* a homosexual, so long as you do not do anything (commit illegal sex acts), when it is impossible to *be* without doing, *since you aren't until you do.* (AB 489 does not become effective until January 1, 1976.) For too long that line *has* been drawn, to the extent that qualified, albeit hapless, gays have been reduced to menial labor, for no other cause than their sexual orientation.

And I know *at least two* ex-teachers, one of whom was suspended, not for anything he himself had done, but for *his association with* a known homosexual, who would disagree with the view that the School Board's anti-gay-discrimination resolution was unnecessary. While we may have legal sympathy in theory, it is practical aspects that affect our everyday lives. It takes time, money, and an enormous intestinal fortitude to get legal theory applied in practice, and all too often it simply never happens.

Nor are those parents to whom the School Board is

"beholden" the only ones who pay taxes to support that board and those schools for those children. Nor are they the only ones with a vested interest in future generations. While many of us may never have children, we will still have to live in the world *with* those very children, and none of us are interested in generations of illiterates. Our future is mixed with theirs; our lives are intertwined. The better off they are, the better off we are.

How far, then, "going too far?" I get the distinct impression that you, Charles McCabe, believe we have made giant strides, and, compared to where we were

**"THE GAY COMMUNITY, FLUSHED WITH THE SUCCESSES IT HAS GAINED,  
HAS BEEN DOING THAT COUNTERPRODUCTIVE THING: GOING TOO FAR."**

ten, twenty years ago, perhaps you are right. But, compared to what others *start out with* (i.e., minus even the *need* to fight for civil liberties), those giant strides wither away to tiny steps, not all of them so mincing. I draw the perhaps presumptuous conclusion that you see AB 489 as the apex of the "gay cause," when in reality AB 489 is not yet law, when there is a definite possibility that it may yet be overturned, and when in any event it does not touch the issue closer to home. Gays, with or without AB 489, will still live daily with the possibility of saying the wrong thing to the right man and of being busted for solicitation, something that you straights *never even* think about, much less face as a very real day-to-day possibility.

I would be among the last to lead an old-fashioned revival seeking converts to the gay lifestyle. It is a rough life at best, impossible at worst, and the mere fact that most gays, leading a delicately balanced mental life (subterfuge by day, open by night), are not stark raving mad is in itself a tribute to the human brain and the human spirit. Even so, I find little justification for the scathing attack on those "harping on the virtue of your way of life to people who are repelled by the exercise." For at least the twenty or so years that I have known I was gay, not only have straights been "harping on the virtue of their way of life to people who are repelled by the exercise," but they have held all the cards. Not content with mere "harping," my own life, by their manipulations has been denigrated, assaulted, and criminalized for no other reason than that they were "repelled by the exercise." Nor has "harping on the virtue of [their] way of life" been enough; they have legislated on the "vice" of *our* way of life, and there is a very big difference between "harping" on the one hand and "policing" and "persecuting" on the other hand.

We do agree, Mr. McCabe, you and I, that freedom of others not to be proselytized against their will and convictions," and I would certainly appreciate it if you and the other straights would stop "proselytizing" on the "virtue of your way of life" and let me be. I do not want to get married, join the corporate structure, and become, for all practical purposes, straight. When the day arrives that straights can let me be myself, without feeling it necessary to pressure me into the mold that is held forth as the ultimate in goodness, and godliness, then I would agree with you that any proselytizing by gays should be stopped. Thus far, though, I have spent a good deal of my own life trying to withstand the continual "proselytizing" of straights, family, friends, coworkers, and most of my *employers*, that I must get married and raise a family. It is, after all, according to them, the *only*

way, taken so far even as to generate discrimination against singles, of both genders, whether straight or gay, in employment, taxation, promotion, and salaries. We are not allowed to be what we are capable of being; we have to, in addition, fit the mold, bow to the "proselytizing" of the straight world, or face the possibility of being unemployed, or being employed at a lower salary, or never being promoted. Whether acknowledged by straights or not, it is a fact of life that *married men with children* are favored for promotions, positions, and jobs in general. "Proselytizing" against *whose* will and convictions? If forced to choose between proselytizing and arm-twisting, I will take the proselytizing any day, for that does imply a freedom to choose. Arm-twisting, such as we experience, carries no such freedom.

Nor have "the gay folk won their real battle." That battle is yet ahead, for so long as the School Board even needs to pass an anti-discrimination-against-gays resolution; so long as columnists like you feel compelled to refer to us in terms of our sexual orientation; so long as there are the H. L. Richardsons, Donald L. Grunskys, and Ronald Regans of this world who want to deny us *any rights because of our sexual orientation*; so long as we have a world, not only "harping on the virtue of your way of life," but legislating against the "vice" of our way of life (California is only the fifth of fifty states to pass a consenting-adults sex bill), then we have not won any "real battle." And until then there is no way that "the homosexuals ought to pipe down." It has been that very piping down that has allowed the Monster Myth to flourish in the dark cavern of silence. It has been that piping down on the other side—gay—and the piping up on the other side—anti-gay—that has nurtured the distorted image of gays, an image that has not yet been expunged. It has not been the ordinary, everyday, common garden variety of gay that has not yet been expunged. It has not been the Dean Corlls, the unclean image of homosexual = mass murderer and child molester. On the softer side, the image of homosexual remains that of French Provincial frou-frou for days. The world to date has seen only the tip of the iceberg and believes it has seen the whole thing. The rest of that iceberg has been neither seen nor heard from yet, and until it has been, the image of gay will remain distorted.

No, "the gay folk have [not] won their real battle" until "I am gay" carries no more consequence than "I am Irish." When the day comes, if it ever does, that it matters no more whether one goes to bed with a man or a woman than it matters with which woman one goes to bed, then the gay folk will have won their

real battle. We do not want patronage *because* we are gay; nor do we want discrimination because we are gay. When it is enough to say "I am," then perhaps the homosexuals ought to pipe down. When the Question Man can ask, "Would you wear a cape?" (*Chronicle*, July 28, 1975, on the page behind the McCabe column), and not get an answer that "Nobody wears a cape except a faggot or vampire or something weird like that," *then* we will have gone far enough; we will have won our real battle and perhaps *then* ought to pipe down.

Without in any way denigrating the efforts of those radical, militant gays who have thus far led the fight for gay rights, I would agree that it is time for a change of spokespersons, someone from that vast silent majority of gays. Until there is such a person, it is better to have those that we do than none at all, for without them, insisting that "Gay is good," there would be no other side of the "Sodom and Gomorrah" wheel of perdition.

I am sorry that McCabe feels that there are those who are pushing the gay lifestyle to the point of imposition. I, too, believe that one should be free to do one's own thing, but since straights have had that freedom *all their lives* and we have not that freedom *yet*, my sympathy falls short of complete. When the day comes, if it ever does, that my entire life is not categorized by so harmless an act as sex, I will be among the first to try to prevent that imposition upon you. The "gay cause," though in vogue, has not reached the strength to be much of an imposition. Heterosexual imposition, yes; homosexual imposition, no.

While it is easier to blame the homosexuals for the imposition, it is in actuality, once again, straights who have picked up on the "cause" and pushed it to the point of nausea. We find suddenly that we're "in" and nothing is sacred. From the word "camp," which in time past was gay-only slang, to our boogie bars, straights have once again imposed themselves on us—and this time, upon you also. Straights have taken over our language, our symbols, and our dance bars. Daily the complaints grow—from gays—and especially from the dance bars. More and more gays are staying away from the ones invaded by straights, and in a perverse irony some of those bars are trying to discourage straights from attending, just as straight bars in the past tried to discourage gays. It is ironic that only a few short years ago straights did not want gays in their bars, and now the straights want in the gay bars. With good reason, mind you. We do have the hottest trips going in boogie, but we are not so sure that we appreciate being the darlings of the day. We don't want the patronage or the discrimination; we just want to be left alone, the same as straights want.

I could not tell for sure whether McCabe is now among those with whom we are getting unpopular. I would certainly hope not, for McCabe's past support has been invaluable and appreciated. Yet I could not help wonder whether McCabe would have felt that



**"... THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE FOR THE  
HARRIED HOMOSEXUAL HAS LANDED IN  
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the Irish were "going too far," some seventy-five or one hundred years ago when his ethnic stock were fighting for their rights in this country. Would he have scolded the Molly Maquires as he has scolded the gays? And I started wondering whether he would have written such a column seventy-five or one hundred years ago had the School Board been passing an anti-Irish-discrimination resolution, as it might have done in that no so long ago past, only to come to the sodden realization that of course he would not have, for those long years ago he would not have had such a column. In those times "Irish Need Not Apply" was plainly posted.

I hope that the rift is not permanent, that he wrote only in a fit of pique. But I would not begin to back down from where gays are going, where gays are, and what we have ahead of us yet to be done. I sincerely would hope that we would not have to fight Charles McCabe, sir, as well as all the others.



# Transsexuals

In the oppression contest few would dispute that the most oppressed group trying to be heard today (which means the least understood) among the multilevels of subcultures involves the difficult-to-define TRANSEXUALS. Some consider this group to be in fact the third sex. Unwelcomed and misunderstood as much by the up-front homosexual community as the heterosexual world, transsexuals have been forced into minimal existence levels in the most depressed and depressing sections of major cities; forced to live amid the human and municipal garbage of the universe.

When photographer Jan Maxwell appeared in the VECTOR Editorial Offices with a portfolio of transsexuals as sexual human beings, a gloom descended among the staff. Comments were overheard such as, "It's so sick," and "Sure, they have a right to exist, but it turns my stomach," and "I'm so square even my corners have points."

Some soul-searching was obviously called for, and we all realized it was our lack of understanding on all levels that was the major turnoff. None of us had any idea just what went on after the operation or even during the hormone treatment. It seemed "unnatural" to turn a penis into a vagina, and how much of the real thing were the surgeons actually able to duplicate?

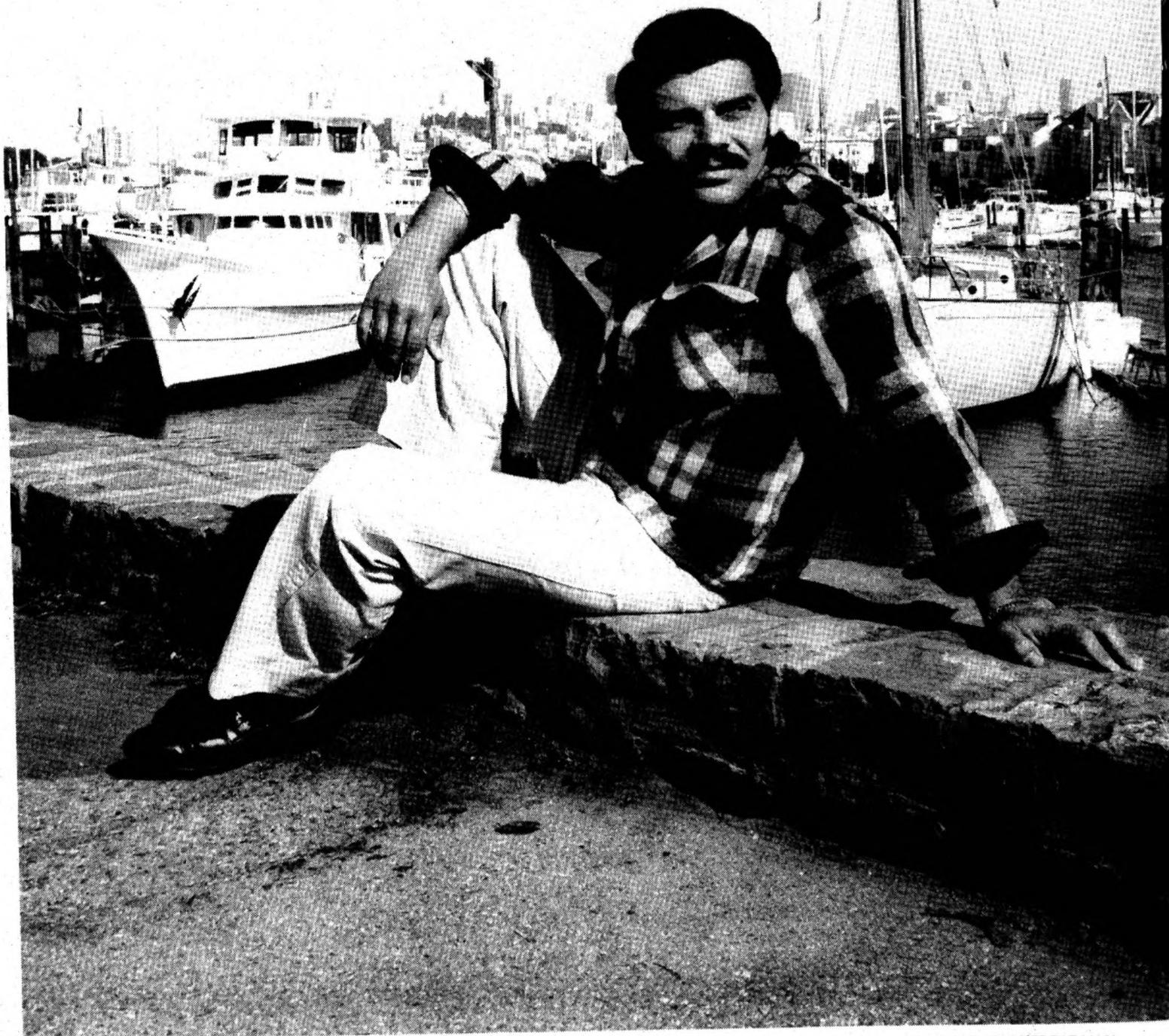
We know it's a risk, but we feel that this is a "voice of the gay community" that has not been heard by VECTOR before. All of the subjects in this photo essay are genital males. Some are pre-operative transsexuals and others post-operative. None are "female impersonators" or "female impressionists" or "drag queens."

We are in the planning stages of producing an issue of VECTOR that will revolve around the changing concepts of "gender." The Queen's English is now inadequate to serve the full spectrum, so we simply show you what is there and what is not there and hope to move from the visual to the verbal in future issues.

—The Editor



# Mike Caringi for Emperor!

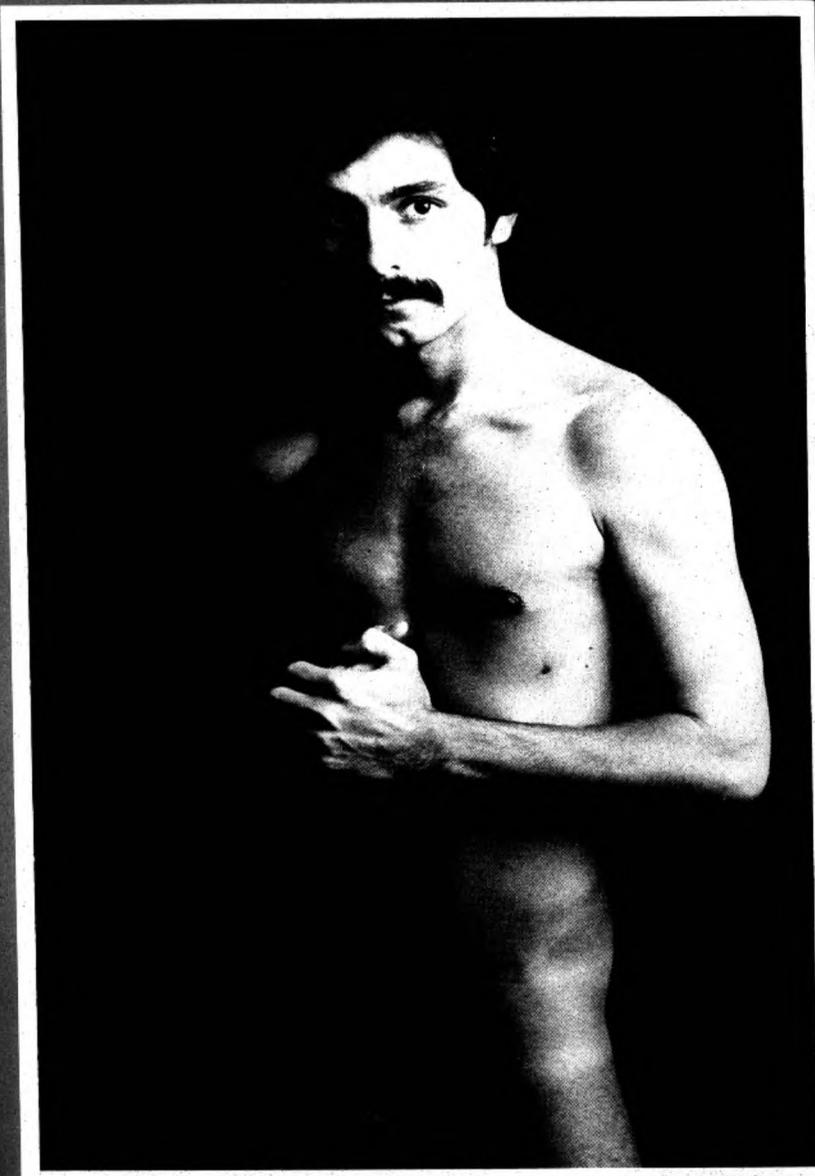


A Paid Political Advertisement

PHOTOGRAPHY/EDDIE VAN

# Jason

Photos by Stephen Collier



There are two sides to JASON FIELDS. On the one hand there is the carefree nine to five job goer and on the other a serious, single-minded actor.

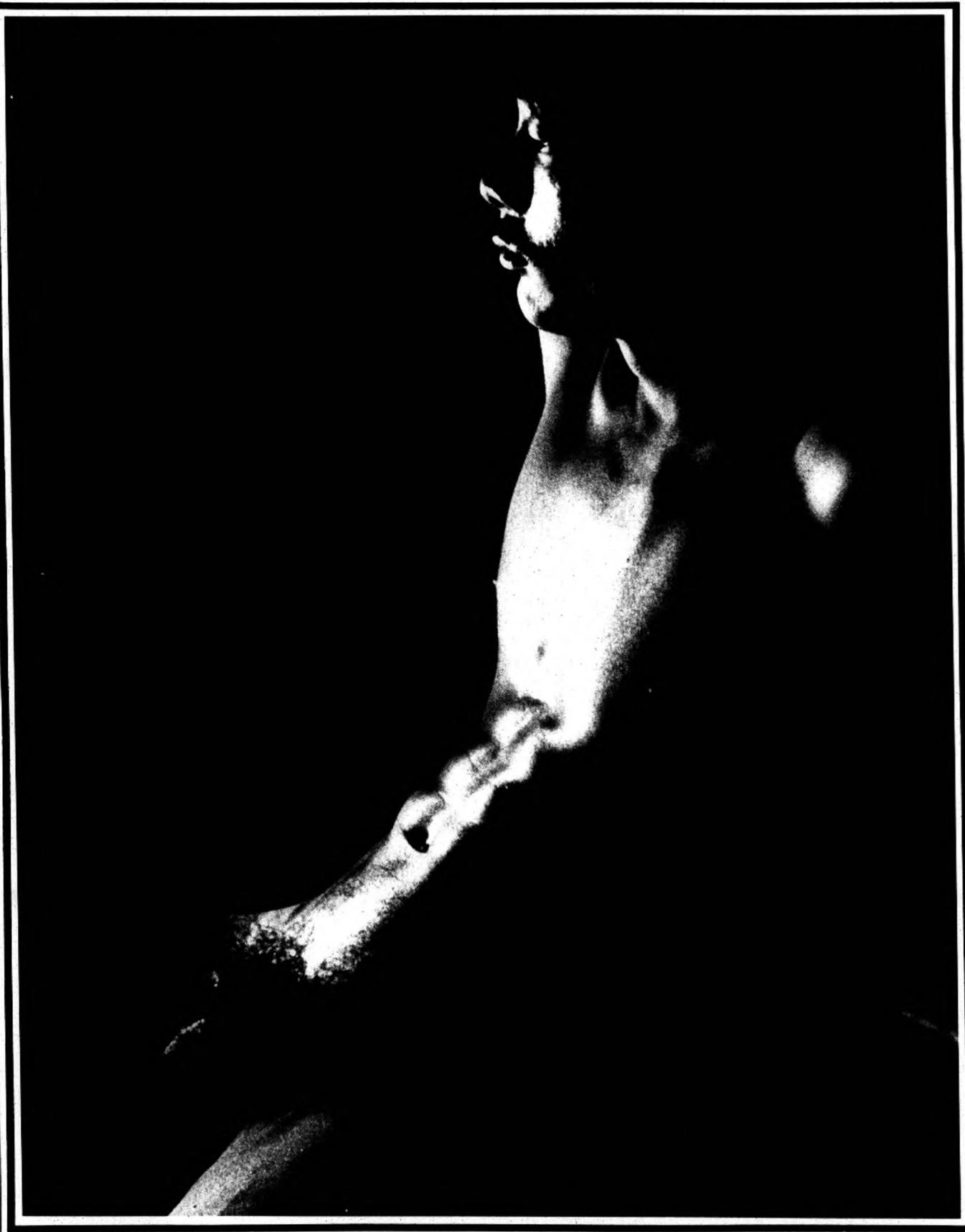
Somewhere in the middle of an Economics class in the Virginia college he was attending, the revelation came that it wasn't a business degree he really wanted, but that it was acting. He did the turn-around and entered the drama department.

In the next two years Jason scored several successes in theatre around Virginia including a role as Mr. Sloan in

*Entertaining Mr. Sloan* and *Witness to Myra Childers*. From drama, Jason joined a company called Youth on Stage and toured the state performing in the musical revue.

Jason came to San Francisco to see serious theatre and, more specifically, American Conservatory Theatre (ACT). He wants to explore every aspect of acting from legit stage to film. "Face it, you can't get the same of themselves. For me, success is in making a living at what I like best—theatre."





# Chiny

Photos by  
Rick Jarrett

During the past twenty-nine months all *Vector* staffers have been on the lookout for Asians willing to pose for a photo study. We have been long accused of being prejudiced against Asians and have faced subscription cancellations more than once.

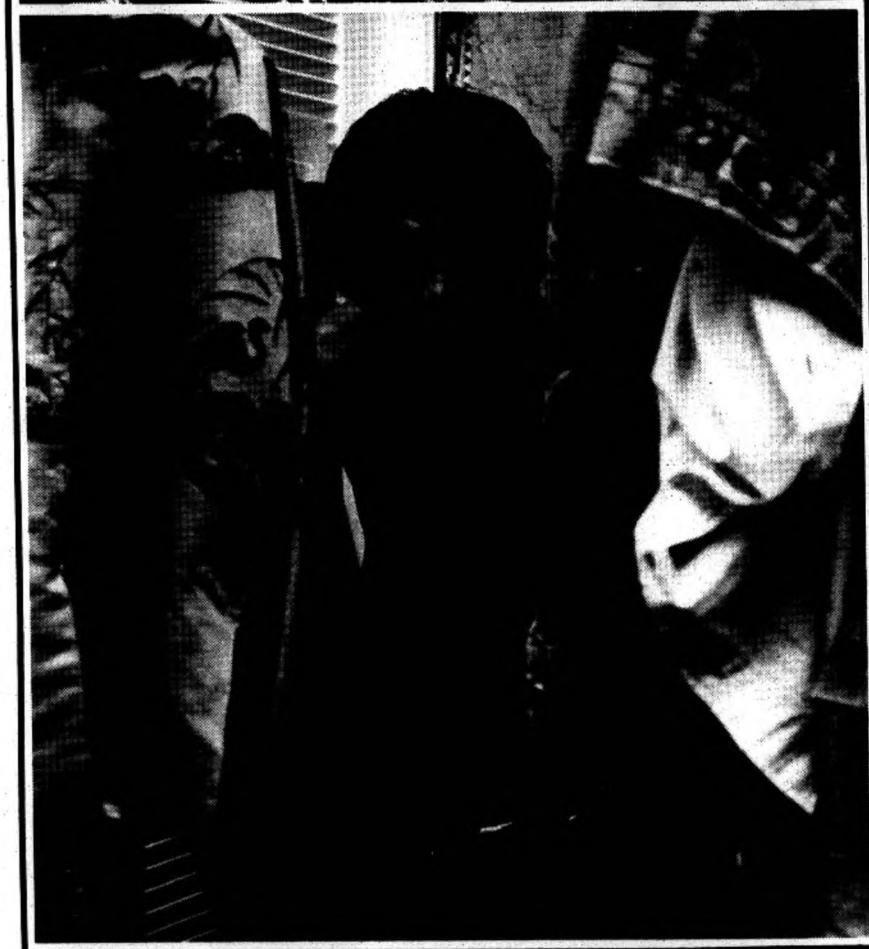
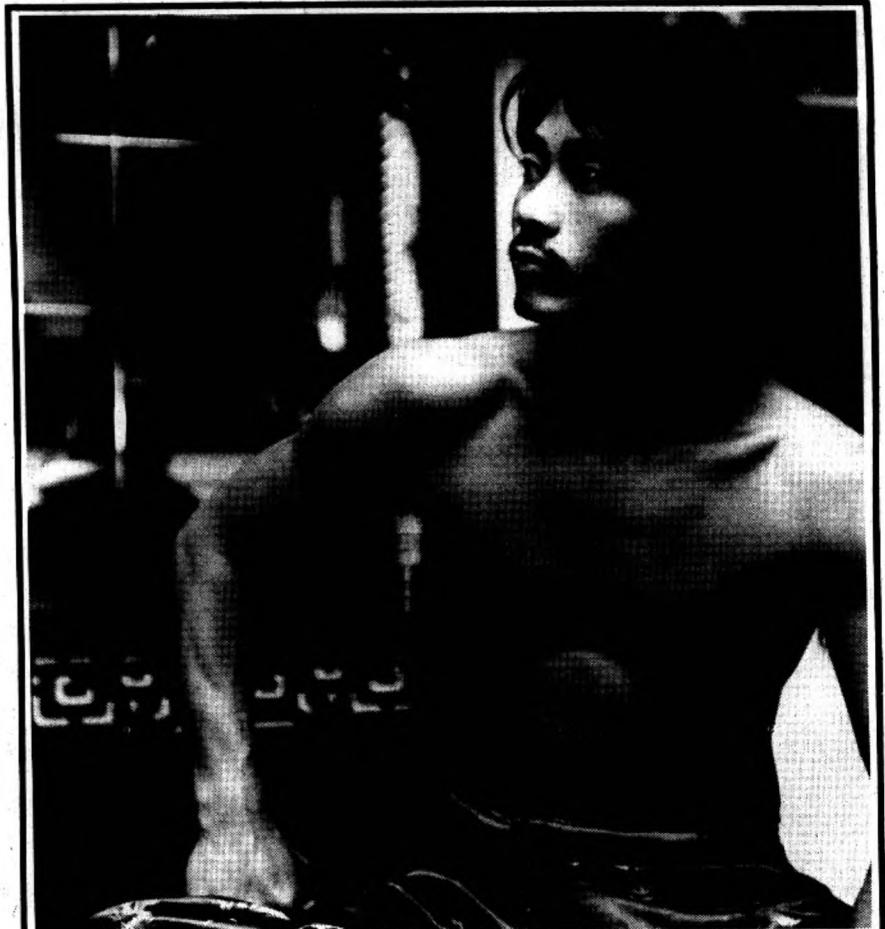
The truth of the matter is that the Asian community is still very much tied in with "families," both in the United States and in the "old country." Many of the men who were approached at the baths, at the bars, and on the streets registered shock and horror at the prospect of "letting it all hang out" in an up-front gay publication.

On a beautiful sunny day at Oakland's fabulous gay beach, Lake Temescal, I screwed up my courage and handed my card to Chiny and his friend with the usual, "I know this sounds like a cruise technique, but. . ." To my surprise, with incredible warmth and dignity, Chiny accepted my suggestion. On the following morning he telephoned the office for details. I hooked him up with a staff photographer, Rick Jarrett, and the rest is here for the ages.

CHINY CHOW GRANSTEDT is a twenty-seven-year-old Virgo of Chinese-Siamese origin, having been born in Thailand. His occupation is purveyor of oriental Chinese antique imports, which he sells through his shop at the intersection of Lombard and Steiner streets in San Francisco—PRINTS OF THE EAST.

His primary interest lies in Sinology, especially Chinese martial arts; he has traveled widely in America, Europe, and Asia. Currently he lives with his sister on Nob Hill surrounded by treasures from the East. Primary characteristics? Dignity and warmth.

—Editor



# Fucking

IT FEELS GOOD.

by ANTHONY RUSSO

In my not infrequent encounters with heterosexually functioning men I am constantly amazed when they declare that their primary fantasy of experiencing gay sex is to be fucked. Of equal amazement is the fact that great numbers of men functioning exclusively as homosexuals have little or no comprehension of the experience of *being* fucked.

My wise friend Joe says that, if God didn't intend men to fuck each other, He wouldn't have placed the prostate gland where it is. (For those of you who are afraid to ask: When a doctor is in need of a sperm sample, he inserts his lubricated, rubber-covered finger into the anus and massages the prostate gland which is several inches beyond the opening. Immediately drops of sperm appear at the tip of

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*Some time ago a "straight" publisher sent out a press release for a soon-to-be published sex catalogue in which he requested articles covering all aspects of human sexuality. Author Russo corresponded and received the green light for a piece on male/male fucking aimed at "educating" the misinformed who sometimes consider this the ultimate act of degradation rather than what is really is—human sexuality. For unstated reasons the article was rejected and consequently submitted to VECTOR. Since so many of us have friends anxious (for whatever reason) to know all about what we do in bed (some of us, anyway) we offer this as an avenue of information to be used in lieu of face-to-face explanations.*

—Editor

the penis without erection or an orgasm. One can imagine this same massage technique for real when, turned on sexually, having an erection, one is entered by an excited partner's penis, where the source of the orgasm is dealt with directly, giving orgasms that are often deeper, longer, and incredibly more satisfying as they send out rings of fire throughout the body from in-step to scalp.

Lucky indeed is the man/boy who first was fucked at an age when the body's elasticity was such that it could accept "foreign" bodies with a minimum of discomfort; as cocks got larger so did the reception mechanism. But for an adult male being fucked for the first time (and sometimes even the fiftieth time) the penetration can be a cause of pain that almost defies description. It's as if the center core of the body is being burned and stretched at the same time, and the agony loses a source point (the anus) and consumes the whole body so that passing out is not infrequent when the partner refuses to pull out. Pornographers who describe this pain as suddenly turning into ecstasy have no basis in reality, and a violent first fuck often requires medical attention. On the other hand, I have heard heterosexual men describe a painless first fuck they experienced while in military service, giving further proof that the main key to success lies in how much one wants the experience.

Before we get into some of the spiritual/emotional expressions of male/male fucking, we should get through the technical considerations. The key to a satisfying and

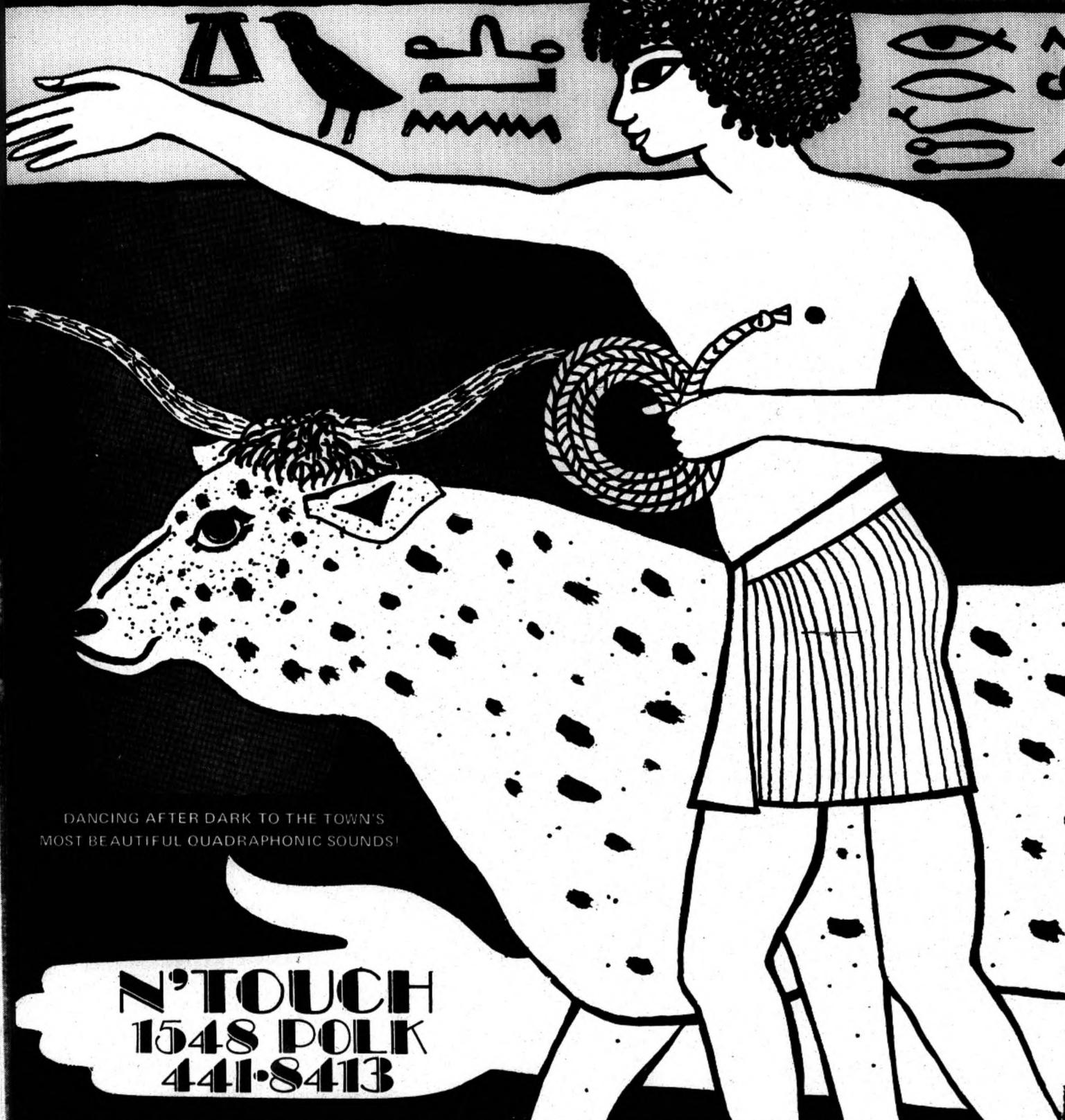
enjoyable fuck lies in the ability to relax the sphincter muscles, which nature designed primarily as a one-way control—the wrong way. Here is a case where the mind is incapable of overriding the body's signals. You may think you want it, but, if there are enough reservations (and it is primarily a head trip), the body is going to rebel. So one needn't bother even trying. It's going to hurt.

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**... MAN IS THE ONLY ANIMAL GIVEN A CHOICE AS TO THE USE OF HIS OWN BODY. THEREFORE, WHAT APPEARS MOST "UNNATURAL" IS, IN EFFECT, MOST HUMAN.**

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Penis size deserves some consideration. A small, thin penis can be deadly. A large, thick cock can be delightful. Why? The anus is lined with folds of tissue. A large cock pushes these folds as far back against the wall of the canal as possible so that the thrusting motions are not met with resistance, and once through the unwilling reception of the sphincter you're home free. However, a thin penis may cause these folds to bunch up (pinch up) and with each thrust there will be the pain of displaced tissue, which shifts with each movement. The length of the cock is not a consideration. If pushing too far is a problem, it can easily be controlled by the "fuckee." For sphincter difficulties there are several lubricating gels available, from the common KY (used by surgeons) to Vaseline, with several exotically flavored and scented ones in between that are nontoxic. KY is more wet, does not stain, is water soluble, but dries



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. . . BECAUSE IT REPRESENTS THE ULTIMATE ACT OF GIVING WITH THE ULTIMATE ACT OF TAKING.

. . . BECAUSE IT'S BOTH DOMINATION AND SUBMISSION AND NEITHER.

. . . BECAUSE IT CAN BE THE FREEST USE OF YOUR OWN BEAUTIFUL BODY WITH NO "SUGGESTIONS" FROM NATURE OR SOCIETY.

almost instantly upon contact with air. Vaseline is apt to be sticky and greasy. Many novices prefer a combination of both, with liberal amounts of Vaseline placed inside the anus (and this process does much to relieve the anxieties and gently begins to break down the sphincter's resistance) and with KY being smeared all over the entering cock. There are also hand lotions, massage lotions, hair tonics, butter, and saliva. Some couples find that, when the "fuckee" takes care of his own lubrication, he can more gently learn to relax the sphincter by intromission of his own finger.

While very few gay men are willing to admit it, if they were well into adulthood before they were fucked, they eased into the scene by using objects such as small vegetables, candles, or vibrators and graduated into more realistic sizes—accompanied by masturbation. Those men, straight and gay, who long ago discovered that a lubricated finger inserted into the anus during masturbation often caused surprisingly good orgasms are well on the way to having fine fucking experiences.

Homosexual fucking positions are as varied as heterosexual ones. Novices often prefer their partner on their back while they gently lower themselves onto the cock.

This way the "fuckee" can control the speed of the entry and proceed at his own pace. Side positions are usually easier and allow partners erotic interplay, such as kissing while fucking. One of the most common and most difficult positions is that in which the "fuckee" lies on his back with his legs thrown over the fucker's shoulders. Entry is easiest this (and it's an excellent starting but the partners often will roll over onto their sides after the initial entry. Cock size is sometimes a consideration for various positions. Some men (and women) find it easier to place the cock themselves and feel that the point of entry (angle of cock and anus) is prime so that, if there is discomfort, they take the cock out and start again at a somewhat different angle.

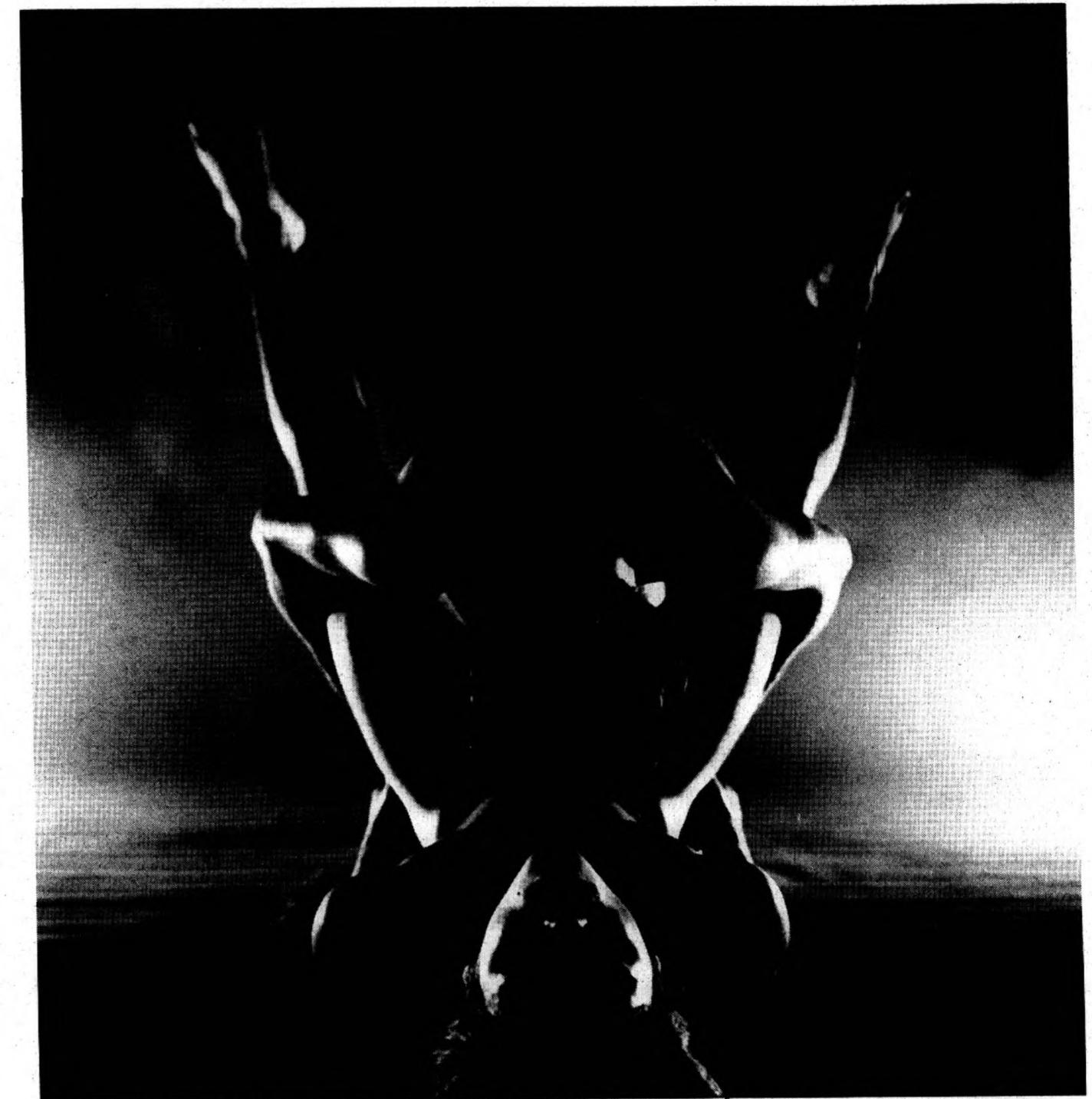
Once entry is made through the sphincter, half the battle is won. If there is pain, by simply remaining absolutely still—both persons—and waiting for the anus (sphincter) to relax more and adjust to the entry, the pain will go away and the couple may continue. But it is difficult to tell someone in pain to "relax and enjoy." Just to lie still is often more fantasy than reality. When the "fuckee" loses his own erection, it's time to reassess the situation.

For those still so unliberated as to consider the "roles" in a male/male fuck, a quick look at some definitions can clear up some misconceptions. The mouth that bites is hardly passive. The hand that reaches out and grasps, or claws, or strikes, is hardly passive, and the anus that searches for the cock is also hardly passive. Some men proclaim with pride that "I never feel so totally masculine as when I'm being fucked, and I would be hard pressed to come up with exact definitions of who's giving and who's taking—it's that total an experience in sensuality/sexuality." Some believe that, as women catch on to the same points, their macho

partners—so accustomed to being the bearer of priceless gifts—often become impotent at the prospects of a totally shared sex experience, which, according to society's definitions, leaves them wanting as a sex performer. It was no accident when sex couples were called *partners*.

Why would anyone want male/male fucking if it's such a complicated operation? Needless to say, when most women go through the same process of pain-to-pleasure when they begin their lives as sexually functioning beings. As an instant exercise in the releasing of macho, society-induced, so-called masculine trips, fucking can bring a man into total confluence with his psyche, which is telling him that (1) It's okay to use his body for his own pleasure, and (2) getting fucked is every bit as much fun and sensuously/sexually pleasing as being on the other end. When there's love involved—real, bone-numbing love for another person—having that person inside your body, filling your largest cavity with his maleness, his ego, his fantasies, the symbol of his reality/fantasy—the feeling of oneness and completeness is such that heights are reached that can only be imagined if one is limited to being the outside person exclusively. And that's the key word. The "outside" person who owns the entering cock is still *outside* the paeon. Some women have been into this concept for years, and no amount of fucking can alter their knowledge that they're getting the better deal.

Getting fucked is every bit as much a spiritual trip as a sensual one. There is no clitoris to give instant electric shocks to the libido. Not all men are able to "orgasm" while being fucked, and many often masturbate themselves or are masturbated by their partner during coitus. One man described the uniqueness of being fucked while he was on his stomach: "My cock was engaged with friction against the sheets; my lover covered my



entire body with his and he fucked me. I was in the middle of so many sensual experiences that *it all converged into a glorious unit*. One day I asked if we could change places. And you know what? It's cold being out there with only my cock engaged. I want more. I feel some sadness that he can't get into it—being fucked—so that I cannot

give the man I love what is the ultimate—for me. We can't seem to share this very important thing; but I'm working on it."

Male/male fucking is often messy. Some men are able to contain the sperm in their rectal canals for a long time (at least till morning), but others have to reject it instantly by leaping out of bed and running to

the bathroom. If the "fuckee" has an orgasm, there's sperm to deal with between the bodies—all ground into pubic, belly, and chest hairs. What with tubes to cap, towels to wipe, bodies to clean, and canals that must empty—why do we bother? The question isn't so much: Why do we bother? But, Why don't we bother enough?

# In the Park

by SCOTT FAVERSHAM



*This used to be a wonderful town.*

*Down around Market  
Or at the Black Cat  
They'd say — "Hey! —  
You look just like Elvis!"  
I really did, too.*

*I could make ten bucks  
Any night then —  
Easy.*

*But something's happened  
To this town —  
It's lonely —  
Cold hearted now.*

*Today someone called me —  
"Pop."*

*Don't cry  
Pretty boy —  
You're despairing,  
Heart broken —  
But there's nothing  
You can do about it.  
It's an old story.*

*Books can't tell you,  
Churches damn you,  
Doctors don't know,  
Shrinks waste time.  
So dry your eyes,  
Pretty boy.*

*Just accept love  
Where you find it,  
And give love back.  
You'll be in good  
Company, my boy —  
And there'll be  
Plenty of it.*

*Across the Rio Grande  
By night.  
Up from the barrios  
Of old L.A.  
Dishwasher,  
Waiter,  
Bus boy —*

*But last night  
At the drag ball —  
Beautiful,  
Elegant,  
An aristocratic  
Princess.*

*I can't understand  
The young ones today —  
Moustaches!  
Beards!  
In my day  
That sort of thing  
Wasn't ladylike.  
And marching in parades  
For all the world to see—  
Heavens!*

*They're so serious, too —  
Politics! Human rights!  
Don't they scream  
Mad, bitchy things,  
And give each other  
Nellie names,  
The way we did?*

*In my day  
Our sin just didn't  
Dare to speak its name.  
And God did mine—  
(He wasn't dead then.)  
We were dirt, dear,  
And we knew it too.  
Everyone reminded us.*

*I don't understand  
The young ones today —  
But, of course,  
I've always lived  
In a closet.*

*By day  
The park  
Drowns peacefully.  
Its trees are tame;  
Paths and flowerbeds  
Precise.  
A gentle place.*

*By night  
The park  
Becomes a jungle.  
Lust prowls the bushes;  
Beasts of prey lurk in  
Its shadows.  
A deadly place.*

*Yes —  
If you must know —  
This is the latest issue  
Of Ladies' Household.  
I buy it every month.*

*Why? —  
Because I like to  
Keep up on the dress styles  
And how to do the hair  
And apply makeup.*

*Drag? —  
Of course not! I just happen  
To like such things.  
Any objections?*

*For example —  
In the magazine  
Is a story about a woman  
Trying to adjust to life  
After a divorce.*

*Believe me —  
That story is so true.  
I read it twice.  
It could very well be  
About me.*

*Did I tell you? —  
My roommate just left me  
For a young blond,  
Leaving me with  
Heartache, two dogs,  
And a mynah bird.*

*I was seduced yesterday  
On the Presidio bus  
Late in the afternoon.*

*No, I can't describe the man—  
I only know that he had  
Brown curly hair  
And broad shoulders.  
And he sat in the seat  
Just ahead of me  
On the Presidio bus.*

*But in the mirror  
By the driver's seat  
I could see a part of him—  
And what I saw  
In the bright sunlight  
Beneath the tight drawn denim  
Disturbs me now  
And invades my dreams.*

*I have been seduced!*

*What? —  
No, I don't have a light.  
Yes —  
You can sit here if you want.*

*Am I looking? —  
Yes, I am looking.  
I'm looking for a certain  
Young man.*

*Why? —  
Because I want to tell him  
I'm sorry for what I said.  
I just didn't understand —  
But somehow I'll adjust  
To a new view of things.  
I only know that I love him  
And want him back.*

*What does he look like? —  
Well, he looks a lot like me.  
You see —  
He's my son.*

*He's that porno star  
You can see any day  
In any two-bit peep show —  
Such a body!  
Handsome face.  
And the rest —  
You just wouldn't  
Believe!*

*Anyway, I had such a crush  
That when I heard  
He was in town,  
I haunted the lobby  
Of his hotel —  
And I saw him!*

*However, in person  
He's quite short,  
And obviously no kid.  
His teeth are capped.  
There are pimples  
On his neck.*

*And now —  
I sort of wonder  
About the rest*

*I was one of the first —  
Copenhagen, of course.  
And afterwards  
Lots of publicity;  
My picture in the papers —  
A nightclub tour.*

*But who wants  
A middle-aged broad  
With big hands and feet  
Now —?*

# Michael Young

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN COLLIER



## a nice guy to know



There is a lot to know about MICHAEL YOUNG but unspoken ground rules say that it must be done at his own pace.

The space around him is his own and abrupt intruders are met with a shyness that may seem like cold indifference. It is in the comfort and trust of a growing friendship that you can feel yourself enveloped by this space as the soft brown eyes begin to reveal a whole and complex person.

Michael, at age twenty-three has a firm vision of his future: entertainment. To date, his accomplishments would not overwhelm you, but whether he's amazing crowds at the Polk Street Fair with his juggling act or as a member of a Renaissance Faire acting troupe, he marks his success by mastering the craft at hand.

Giving up a much sought after

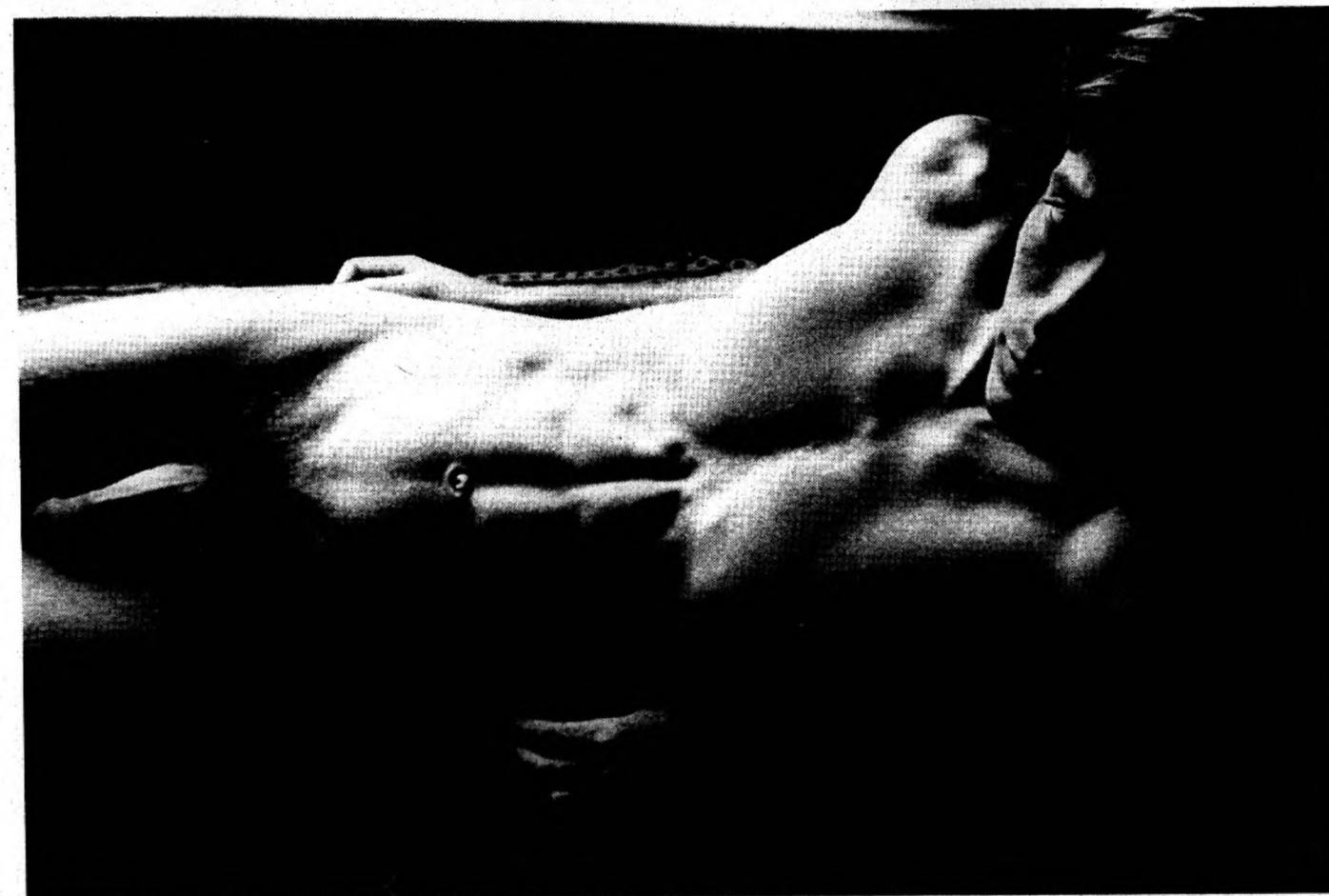
scholarship to a San Francisco ballet school because it left him no room to explore, Michael plans to return to college to study acting, modern dance, voice, and gymnastics.

Michael is a natural person without the pretensions of the times. The common thread running through all his activities is the knowledge of and confidence in his body and physical abilities. To the photographer, he has the priceless talent of being able to transform complex ideas into the physical grace of a pose. He does not take his physical abilities lightly; they are gifts to be used wisely. They will be his ultimate reward.

There is no doubt that someday we will all know Michael Young to some degree. In whatever form it comes to you, treasure it; he is a nice guy to know.

—Stephen Collier





Society for Individual Rights' Annual

# Fall Fair Carnival

Sunday, September 14th  
Noon to Eight pm  
Admission \$2.00

Meet the  
New  
Emperor

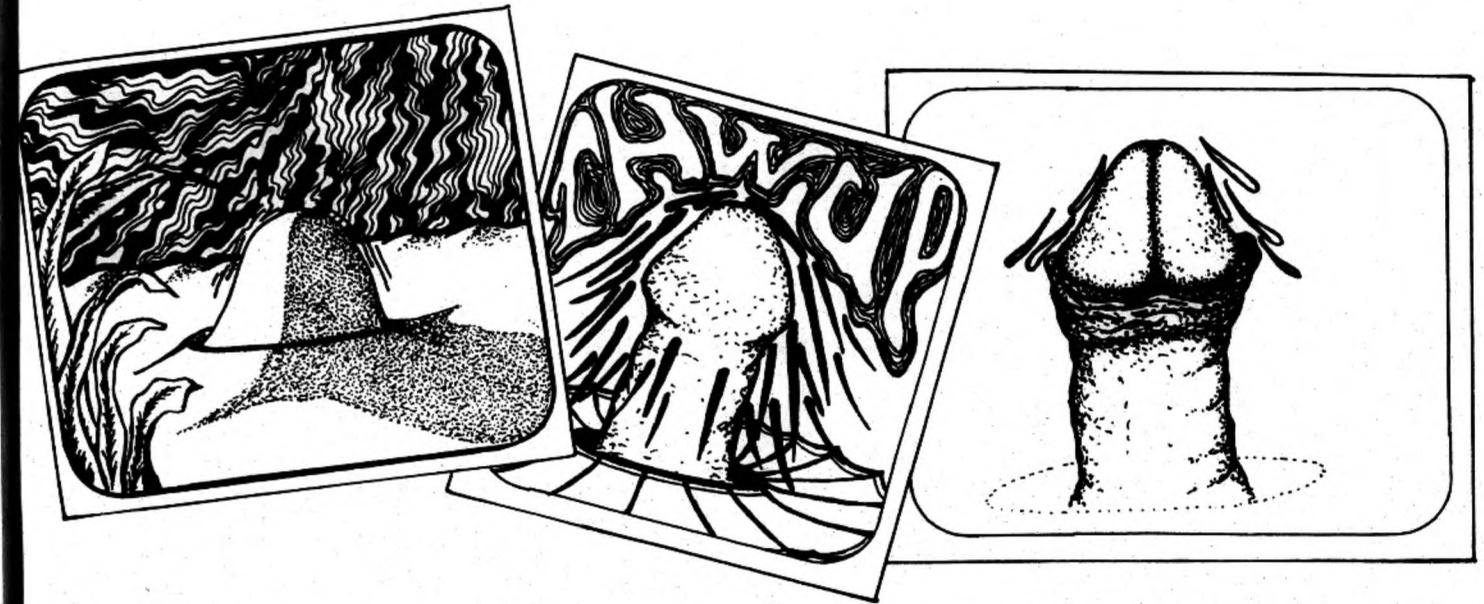
Movies  
Dancing  
Booths  
No Host Bar  
Food



Graphics by JAY MANNING

S.I.R. Community Center  
83 Sixth Street, San Francisco

# COMING · OUT!



## The Struggle to Be Gay

Dear Richard:

The enclosed article is an essay left for me by an unidentified junior college student in response to my plea for "Out on Campus" materials. I was going to edit out the quotations, but I decided instead to send the entire thing to you and to let you do what you wish with it.

The paper actually was submitted as a term paper for a junior college sociology course. Either by choice or by oversight, the person neglected to leave his name. In any event, although it's not an especially profound article, it does seem to me to be a gutsy thing for a young person coming out in the very impersonal environment of a state junior college, to have done.

Sincerely,  
Jack Anderson /s/  
Associate Editor, "Out on Campus"

For too long it has been an unquestionable assumption that every American boy or girl does, or should, grow up to be heterosexual. Such an expectation has contributed to much of the suffering of those whose sexual development is otherwise. People tend to assume either that one is a homosexual or that one is not and knows it. The homosexual is a person without a culture. He is born into a society that regards him at worst as a criminal and at best not at all. Being gay is no easy thing. There are many obstacles we must overcome in order to be happy with ourselves.

In the gay world the process by which one comes to terms with and accepts his homosexuality is referred to as "coming out." For most homosexuals, coming out is a slow and often perplexing process.

The problem of "coming out" is a very real one for most homosexuals. It's sometimes very difficult to face parents or friends and tell them openly something that you have kept hidden for a long time. No one likes the prospect of possible

rejection, especially from those you feel close to.

I felt for a long time that I was different from all the other little boys around me. The feeling of separation has been with me since about the age of four. It not until later in my life (around ten) I realized that I felt sexually attracted by males. This feeling is still with me.

At first, my knowledge of homosexuality was very limited. All I knew was what I heard from grown-ups who said all homosexuals are perverts and should be locked away from society. When I would read Ann Landers in the morning paper, she told me that I was sick and needed help. This and other things I picked up made me feel as if I was some kind of a freak.

At the age of twelve I was convinced that I was a sick person. This thought ran through my head for the next six years. I went through hell trying to convince myself that I was straight like the rest of the people around me.

The person who suspects he might be

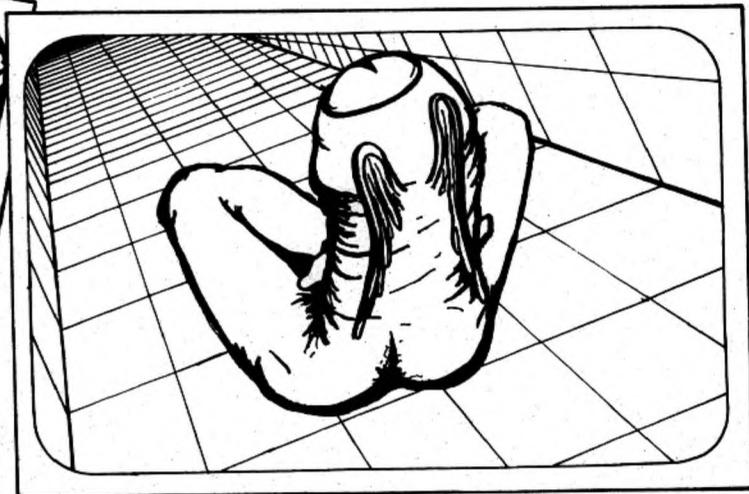
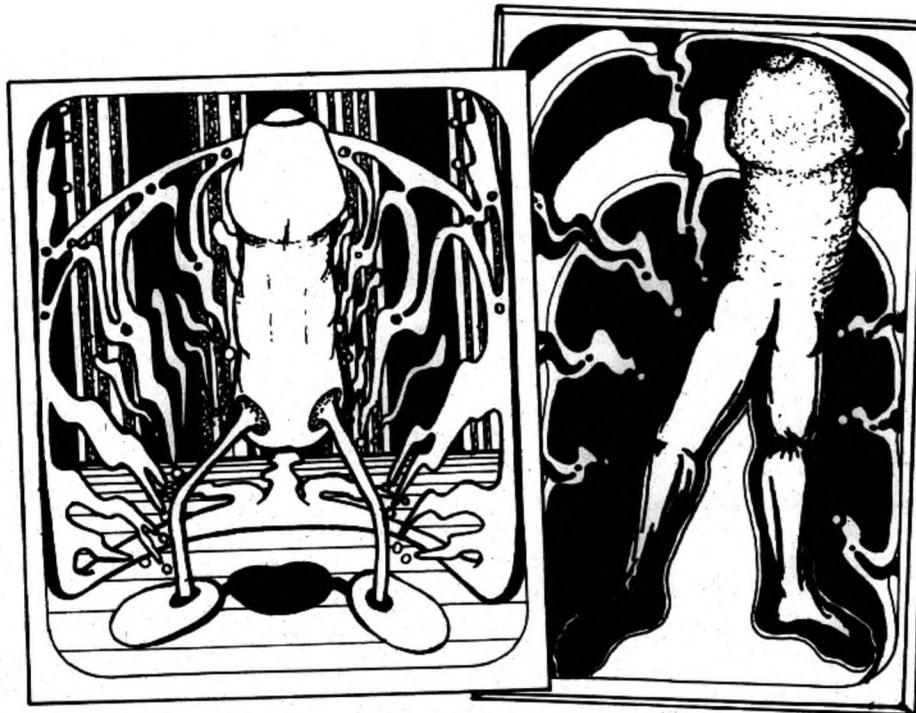
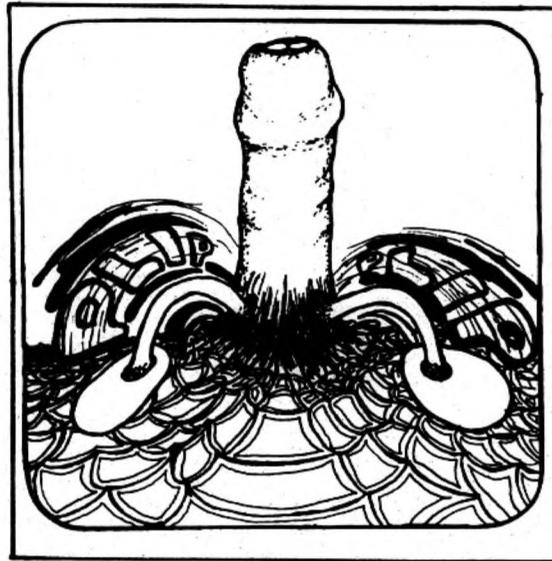


Illustration: R. W. Borg

homosexual is not likely at first to greet the idea with great happiness. He knows that our Western society detests homosexuals; he may feel guilt about himself; and he can assume that life will be more difficult for him as a homosexual than as a heterosexual. Someone may really like homosexual affairs and have lots of experience, but he will hold off admitting that he is gay. It may be years before he will ever call himself a homosexual.

At this time in a homosexual's life he might attempt to go straight, thinking that with time he can lead an "acceptable" straight life. The whole notion that, if a homosexual forces himself to engage in heterosexual relations, he will eventually come to prefer them through sheer force of habit is sadly erroneous. Habit may lead a homosexual to follow one particular type of homosexual lifestyle rather than another, but it cannot make him something he is not.

This myth is largely responsible for the bad treatment that we as homosexuals receive from society. When sexual orientation is believed to be a matter of choice, it becomes easy to see the homosexual as a criminal or sinner, refusing to comply with the standards of his society.

Parents and friends do not really comprehend homosexuality's nature when they think it is chosen as an alternative. A homosexual does not choose to be

a homosexual; he merely accepts it, if he can.

I was in high school when I first felt really strong sexual feelings toward guys. The desire to have a male close to me was there, and I had to deny it. I was the only gay in the whole place. There was no one to talk to about my feelings, no contacts, nothing. My high school days were very frustrating for me.

With all that frustration, I felt a desperate need to tell someone about my feelings. I ended up telling some of my really close friends that I had a sexual identity crisis between being gay and straight. I could not tell them that I was gay because I could not accept my own gayness. I was trying to get them to tell me that I was straight. Many hours I spent crying by myself and with my friends because I knew I was gay and so desperately wanted to be straight. My friends were very encouraging and told me not to worry and said that I would find out in time. More time was the last thing that I needed. All that meant to me was more time to cry and feel sorry for myself.

"I want to know if I am gay: I want to know right now."

With that thought in mind, I went to the Gay People's Union at Stanford, hoping that someone would tell me that I was gay. That was not how it went. I ended

up talking about myself to a really honest gay person for the first time in my life. I was around gay people just like me, and it felt great. That day I finally accepted myself as a homosexual, and I felt higher than I had ever felt before. It is wonderful to be gay; I am normal; I am okay; I am finally happy! I thank Stanford GPU for this self-awareness.

The happy feeling lasted only a short while because I knew I had to tell those I am close to the good news. There was one slight problem here; to whom else would it be good news? Determined to be happy, I chose to tell my mother, of all people.

Two weeks later, and with a lot of courage, I decided to tell her that I was indeed genuinely a gay person. Of course, I was scared shitless of being rejected by my very own mother. Anyway, being gay and proud of it, I had to tell her the good news.

Earlier in the morning of the big day, I had gone out to Stanford. I went to see whether I could find any information to help me write this paper that you are reading. I did not find much there and went home to tell my mother.

When I got home, she asked me where I had been with her car. My reply was, I went out to Stanford GPU. The conversation went somewhat like this:

MOM: GPU? What does that stand for?

ME: Oh, Gay People's Union.

MOM: What?

ME: Gay People's Union.

MOM: Why were you there?

ME: I'm gay!

MOM: You are what?

ME: Gay!

MOM: I will not have any queers in my house.

ME: Well, I guess that includes me.

The conversation ended shortly after it had started. The two of us did not talk about it till that night, when she got home from work.

Then we had a long talk, which gave us a good understanding of each other. We had come to terms on my being gay. She just does not want me to get hurt; she wants me to be happy. My mother has accepted me for what I am. I love her more and more as time goes on.

Some problems arose in my attempt to tell my friends that I am gay. Few people want to know that a friend is gay, because it puts them on the spot. What do you say to a close friend you have just discovered is gay? How do you re-evaluate your past relationship? What can you expect from your friend in the future? Can things go on as they always had, or will the relationship need to be altered, or terminated?

Fear plays a major part in people's reactions. Many people believe that everything a gay person does has a sexual motivation, that every act and every word is part of a plan to get someone else to bed.

Why is homosexuality such a dramatic issue? Some of the answers can be found in the roles men and women are supposed to play in our society.

Both masculine and feminine roles are maintained by the dread of homosexuality—the role to which all behavior inappropriate to each role is ascribed—but a larger issue is made over the matter with regard to men, for the masculine role determines the social structure more directly and must be closely guarded. This is why anti-homosexuality is institutionalized in our society.

We gay people—like all other minority groups—have been taught since childhood that we are inferior to other human beings. Priests denounce us as sinners, while psychiatrists denounce us as neurotics. Capitalists say we are subversives, and Communists see us as people who are decadent. Ordinary people call us dykes, lessies, fairies, faggots, and queers.

Society has taught us to hate ourselves. We have been socialized in a thousand ways to want to be straight. Many gay people have fallen for all the anti-gay

propaganda and have drowned under the lie. They have been made to wish that they were not gay (that is, that they were not themselves). When gays fall victim to this mind assault, life can be hell on earth, an emotional desert of loneliness and guilt. For some the pain has been so great that they could find solace only in alcohol, drugs, or suicide.

Were ours a more tolerant society, individuals who felt homosexual inclinations would not have to be afraid to act on them. There would be no need to hide, no need to attempt to develop a heterosexual orientation, if it did not come naturally.

I have gone through an immense struggle, and the outcome of it is a happy gay person who is like you and me.

#### EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

There are few universals among gay people but one of them, certainly, is the fact that each of us, at one dramatic point in our lives, "came out." We feel that this is important enough an act to share with those millions struggling for interior/exterior harmony—as we did.

Therefore, VECTOR invites submissions of individual coming-out stories in the hope of establishing a regular series titled: COMING OUT.



Illustration: R. W. Borg

# Boy for Sale

by HAROLD HANSEN

**I**T WAS JUST A LITTLE BOX ad in one of those offbeat gay magazines:

**BOY FOR SALE**  
 17 Years Old.  
 Nice build, genuine article,  
 Available in blond or brunet,  
 Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed.  
 Write Box 4778M.

There had to be a gimmick, of course. Probably one of those stupid inflatable dolls, I thought, or maybe a come-on for movies or photo sets. I just laughed and went on browsing through the other ads, but for some reason I kept going back to that one. There was something about it that intrigued me, and I finally cut the ad out, pasted it on a piece of paper, and scribbled a note asking for more information.

But the answer, when it came a few weeks later, gave no more information. In fact, it was such a brief formal business letter that it took a couple of readings before I realized it was the answer to that little ad:

Dear Mr. Hansen:  
 Thank you for your letter of the 16th, your interest is most appreciated. I have forwarded your name to our East Coast representative who will be happy to show you one of our display models and answer any questions you may have. Again, thank you for your interest.  
 C. V. Varlick, Ph.D.  
 President  
 Buddy Boy Corporation

The letter a few days later from a Mr. Goodrich was equally vague and suggested an appointment the following weekend over in Orlando. There was a phone number to call to confirm the appointment, but I never did. I couldn't see driving way over to Orlando on a wild goose chase over some crazy advertisement.

But by Saturday afternoon I'd talked

myself into going over there anyway. I'd wanted to do some shopping, and, after all, it had been a while since I'd checked out the Orlando bar scene. So I thought, if there was nothing better to do, I might go talk to the guy and see what this mysterious scheme was all about.

The appointment was at one of the big new hotels out near Disney World. It was an impressive place, and the suite I was directed to was even more impressive. Whatever this is all about, I thought, it's no two-bit operation.

"Mr. Hansen?"

"Yes."

"Good evening, I'm Lyle Goodrich. Won't you come in?"

He was a tall, impeccably dressed businessman, middle-aged, pleasant-looking, obviously a salesman.

"We received your inquiry," he went on, smiling smoothly, "and we appreciate your taking the time to look over our offer. . ."

"I'm really not sure I know what this is all about," I interrupted, laughing nervously.

"Oh, it's quite as represented in the advertisement," he smiled.

"You mean you have a boy for sale?"

"Yes."

"A real live boy?"

"Of course."

"I don't. . . I mean, you can't expect me to believe that."

"Come with me," he nodded, still smiling as he led me to an adjoining room.

And seated on the edge of the bed was the most gorgeous blond I've ever seen.

"Buddy, meet Mr. Hansen."

"Uh. . . hi," I gasped, but the boy just looked up at me with big brown puppy eyes and smiled shyly.

Oh God, he was beautiful! Long soft blond curls, a fantastically lithe muscular

body—he was sitting there totally naked—and the most angelic boyish face.

"But the ad said seventeen," I blurted; "he doesn't look. . ."

"This particular Buddy Boy is almost seventeen," Goodrich purred smoothly, "but we can supply models in most any age range, race, body type, hair color—whatever your personal preference requires."

I was speechless. I stood there staring at the boy, and he just sat there looking back at me with those big sexy eyes. I couldn't believe it; I just couldn't believe it.

"Come over here, Buddy, and let Mr. Hansen hold you."

And the boy rose slowly and walked over to me and curled up in my arms. Oh Jesus, he just melted against me, his warm naked body pressing against me, his curly head on my shoulder, purring like a small kitten. And without even thinking about it, my hands went down and gripped his sweet little behind. Oh God! Instant arousal. And my head was swimming, my whole body electrified.

The salesman said something—I don't know what—and the boy gently disengaged himself and sat back down on the bed. But his boyish face beamed back up at me with a look of sheer adoration, and I couldn't help notice that he was aroused, too.

"Perhaps we can talk better if we're not so distracted," Goodrich laughed as he guided me back into the other room.

He poured some drinks while I calmed down a little. I really needed that drink, but I managed to slug it down without taking my eyes off the closed door to the bedroom.

"You seem quite fascinated by our little display model."

"Oh, he's beautiful," I grinned self-

**"THE KIND OF LOVE OUR ARRANGEMENT CAN GIVE YOU IS TOTALLY UNLIKE ANYTHING YOU HAVE EVER EXPERIENCED BEFORE . . . OR LIKELY EVER WILL AGAIN."**

consciously.

"Yes," he smiled, "this particular Buddy Boy is rather charming. He was raised on a farm in Minnesota. . . Swedish

That took a few minutes to sink in. I just wasn't ready to accept the idea that you can buy a boy—actually purchase him as if he was a used car or a loaf of bread.

"The boy is not actually for sale, of course," he seemed to be reading my mind; "technically what we offer is a contract-lease arrangement. . . all perfectly legal and proper."

"Prostitution?" It was the first word that came to my mind.

"Not at all," he went on smoothly; "as our advertisements state, we guarantee absolute satisfaction, and the key to that guarantee is a genuine and faithful emotional attachment.

"You see, Mr. Hansen," he continued warmly, "each Buddy Boy undergoes a special psychological programing to ensure that he will be totally devoted to your every wish and desire. It's a very special technique developed by Dr. Varick and employing both the newest bio-feedback equipment and centuries-old Far-Eastern methods of hypnotic suggestion. Each boy is conditioned to respond only on a purely emotional level and only to the man to whom he will be assigned. His conscious mind has been temporarily subdued, and he lives only in the here and now and only to satisfy the desires of his master. You might say," he smiled, "that he is like a friendly puppy who wants nothing more from life than to love and be loved."

"But that's slavery!"

"Not at all," he laughed. "I assure you, Mr. Hansen, our operation is absolutely legitimate. We have perfectly legal contracts with the boy and his parents. No one has ever been deceived. . . The programing and, in tactful terms, the type of employment were fully explained. We will tolerate absolutely no abuse of our

Buddy Boys, and at the end of the contract period the programing will be reversed and the boy restored to his normal consciousness none the worse for his experiences. Believe me, Mr. Hansen, the boy will be far better off in the long run for having had this opportunity than if he had stayed on that farm up in Minnesota."

"I don't know," I just shook my head. "I don't know. . . Somehow it all seems just too unbelievable."

"Yes, I suppose it does at first, but you must realize that the advances in modern technology have made many strange and wonderful new things available to our society—not all of which society is yet ready to accept, perhaps—which is why we are marketing our Buddy Boys discreetly and only to a very carefully selected clientele."

"Carefully selected?"

"Yes, we took the liberty of running a computer check on you before we answered your letter. We had to assure ourselves that you were the caliber of person with whom we would be willing to do business and, of course, that you had the financial resources to enter into such a contract if you so choose."

"Financial resources? My financial resources are practically negative."

"Don't be so modest," he smiled; "Your family is one of the wealthiest in Florida."

"But my father. . ."

Oh well, what business was it of his that Dad and I weren't speaking because he said he was going to leave everything to that whore he was sleeping with.

"Uh, what kind of money are you talking?" I couldn't help at least indulging my curiosity.

"The basic monthly fee is fifteen or so hundred, and that, of course, includes programing alterations to suit the Buddy Boy to the client's individual personal preferences and any remedial or corrective programing that might be necessary. We can provide special programing changes from time to time, if desired, for an additional fee, but the cost of that would depend on the nature of the programing requested. . . and, of course," he added so smoothly, "the basic contract period is two-and-a-half years. So we're talking about a minimum commitment in the neighborhood of fifty thousand."

Shit, he might just as well have said fifty million.

"I'm afraid that's a little steep," I said, grinning at my own understatement.

"Really, Mr. Hansen," he smiled, "we wouldn't expect you to make a commitment of this magnitude without first having the opportunity to experience the really unique benefits that having your own Buddy Boy can offer you. . . Believe me, Mr. Hansen, the kind of love our arrangement can give you is totally unlike anything you have ever experienced before. . . or likely ever will again."

"Really?" I laughed.

"Really," he answered, still smiling, "and I don't want you to make up your mind too precipitously. Please accept our hospitality and spend the night here with that charming little blond boy and see for yourself. There's absolutely no obligation, and, if in the morning you are still undecided, then you can let us know later. We don't have to use high-pressure sales tactics; so whatever decision you arrive at can be made entirely at your leisure."

Well, what could I say—that I had only three hundred and some odd dollars in the bank, and that I couldn't buy their blond Buddy Boy for a month, much less for two-and-a-half years—but what the hell, I thought, why pass up a chance to sleep with that sexy blond chicken?

And my God, what a night! It was beautiful, a beautiful dream come true, and then some. Unbelievable. Absolutely unbelievable. He was everything the man had promised, had implied, had even hinted at, and much—much more. Insatiable, totally uninhibitedly insatiable, and yet so tender, infinitely tender. Warm, warm, happy—so happy. I'd never known that feeling before, the feeling of making someone else so happy, of bringing someone so much joy that his joy and his happiness flowed back into me, flooding me in his joy and his happiness until we both just lay there in each other's arms, tears streaming down our cheeks, soaking the pillows.

And though I knew it was hopeless, I tried to talk the salesman into a deal—a few weeks, perhaps, or even an occasional weekend—I'd scrape up the money somehow, somewhere. He was somewhat upset, of course, when I finally convinced him there was no way I could get my hands on any of Dad's money, and his manner cooled perceptibly.

"I'm sorry," I shrugged. "I never said I was rich. . . I mean, I didn't mean to mislead you, but. . ."

There just had to be some way to get to see Buddy again, if only for a little while.

"Perhaps there is one other remaining," he was looking at me thoughtfully, his manner changing back to the smooth-smiling salesman.

"I'd do anything. . . anything, if only I can. . ."

"Your family is very well known," he went on, "and there is some considerable promotional value in having someone with your connections and social standing being associated with us. . . yes," he looked pensive, "yes, and you're quite young and attractive yourself, which would be an advantage. . . Uh, most of our clients are, of course, somewhat older usually. . . Uh, yes, Mr. Hansen, we might be able to work out a special arrangement in your case if I can get Dr. Varick's permission."

I signed all the papers. There were pages and pages of them, and I didn't care what they said, I just signed my name. All I cared was that Buddy and I would be together. There was a lot of talk about being a company representative, working for them, demonstrations or something, I don't know. Buddy and I would be together; that's all I cared about—Buddy, my beautiful little Buddy.

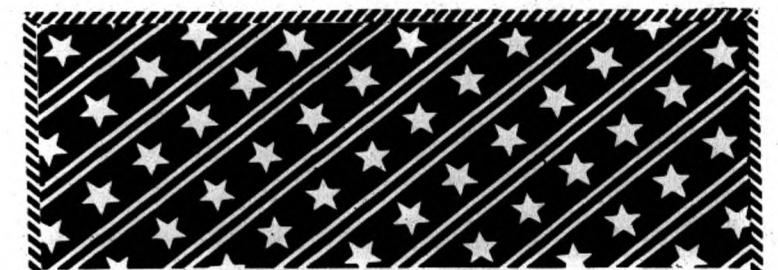
Goodrich took me into another room with a lot of expensive-looking electronic equipment, and he strapped some electrodes on my head. It was an electroencephalograph, he said, to help them make the final programing adjustments that would make me and Buddy even more compatible. Oh God, how could we be more compatible? Then he gave me an injection. A sedative, he said, to make me relax while he recorded my brain waves—brain waves—brain waves. . .

I am sitting on a bed. Just sitting here on the edge of the bed, feeling content to be sitting here naked like this.

The door opens, and I look over toward it lazily. It is the nice salesman—what's his name—and a jolly fat little man, gray, kind of bald, a friendly-looking man, and my heart starts to pound a little because I can tell right away that the man seems to like me.

"Buddy, this is Mr. Perkins. . . Come over here and let Mr. Perkins hold you."

I walk over and let his soft fat arms fold around me and press me to his soft fat body; and it feels good, so good to be held, to be wanted, to be loved—so wonderfully good.



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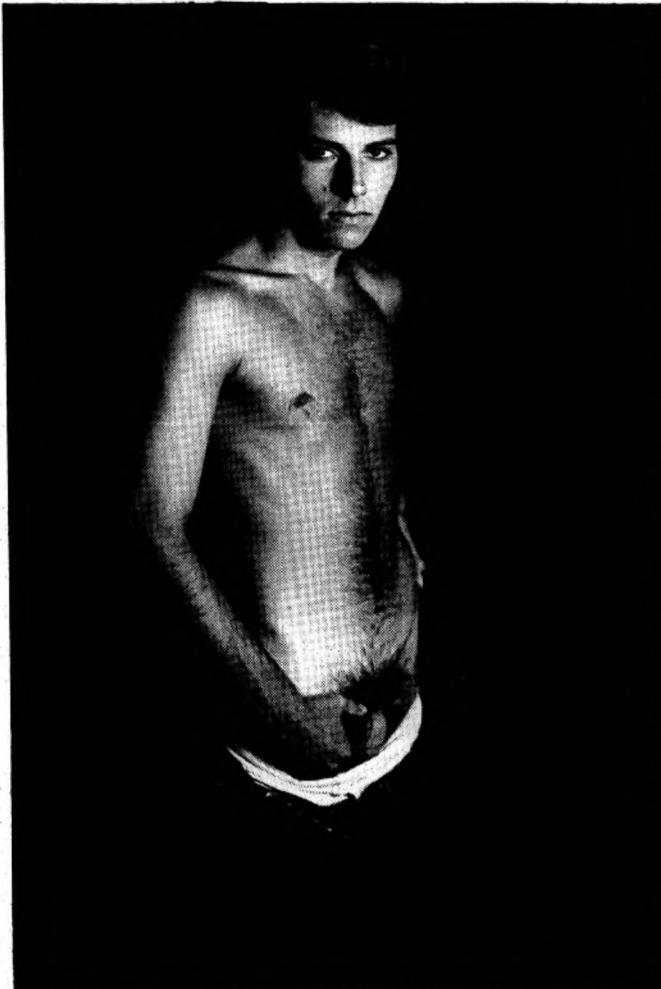


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- the high school experience by DAVID SCOTT BELL: Terror! His first blow job. Will they find out?
- getting trashed at U. of M. by MIKE ZIMMERMAN: We do not offer that kind of counseling here, young man.
- the heterosexual world by SATYA KLEIN: An anthropological study of up-front heterosexuals. A satire.
- a family affair by HARVEY LAWRENCE: A case for the defense of three-way sex.
- first pickup by ALLEN DOOLEY: He wasn't sure what was expected but got into the car. They drove home.

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# Consider This

"IT'S ALL SO NEW TO ME. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S HAPPENING. IT'S LIKE A NEW WORLD."

by TOM FELT

THEY WERE BOTH PRETTY HIGH, RONNIE pulled his shirt over his head, but the movement was clumsy, and when he leaned back against the bed again, his hair was tousled. He was laughing hysterically. His pants were unzipped, but he seemed to have lost the ability to go any further.

And then Sean leaned against him, falling across his body, and after that it was all a tangle of brown skin and pale white flesh. No one paid any attention to them, and that was how Ronnie lost his virginity.

It was almost dawn when he woke up. Sean was still asleep at his side. He could hear voices in the next room, but there was no one else in sight. He sat up stiffly, his hip sore where it had been pressed against the hard floor. He sorted through the clothes that they had thrown aside and found his shirt, extracting a cigarette from the pocket. It tasted foul, and his head was beginning to ache, but he didn't feel ready to move just yet.

Look at him: His ribs are visible, even in the dim light, and his sore hip is flushed pink. His body is pallid and almost hairless, except for the soft down between his legs. One would suppose him to be very young, and in fact, he is. But how young, he has never said.

Next to him, Sean is a complete contrast. He is so dark that his nipples could not be seen even if they were not covered by a thick mat of brown hair. Only his abdomen and his buttocks are pale, and even they are several shades darker than the skin of the boy beside him.

He is lying on his side, his legs drawn up and one arm thrown over his head. He twitches in his sleep, as if plagued by bad dreams. And once, while Ronnie watches, his free hand coils itself in pubic hair to scratch, hard and rasping, and then rest there, knuckles just barely grazing a nocturnal erection.

Tentatively Ronnie touches him in the same place, but Sean does not wake. Ronnie's fingers, moments later, still tingle with wetness and heat.

When he stands, looking out the window, it is even more apparent that he is not merely slender but, in fact, unusually thin. His buttocks are flat and his hips are narrow—a large man could encircle them with his hands. He is beginning to feel restless but at the same time indecisive. He glances back at Sean, who hasn't moved. He listens to the voices in the kitchen, but they are not familiar. At last, with a sigh, he stubs out his cigarette in an ashtray that is already overfull

from the party the night before and leans forward slightly so that his body is caught by the curtains, which press against him, buoyed by the breeze from the open window. Outside it is still dark, and there is nothing to be seen except for the silhouettes of the trees.

He touches himself, his fingers remembering the dampness and warmth of Sean's body. He turns and gingerly lies back down next to the sleeping man. As the light grows brighter, his body will turn opalescent, almost blue for a moment; the veins in his penis throb, slick with sweat and smegma, as he makes love to himself in the only way that he had known before last night. His hips jerk silently, and he almost moans as the final spasm overtakes his body.

Dressed again, he leaves quietly, the soiled underpants that he had used to clean himself with clutched in one hand. Still Sean has not stirred. But soon the sun will awaken him, seeking out his burnished body until it will glow like copper. And then, discovered, he will be left with only himself to hold, and that will not be enough.

In the misery of a morning after, he will begin to remember all of the things that he has not said, and they will remain with him, like a throbbing ache, throughout the rest of the endless day ahead.

## 2.

HELLO." There is a moment, while he strives to recall the particular timbre of that voice.

"Hello Ronnie?"

Again the pause.

"It's me. Sean."

"Oh, how are you?"

The voice is flat, interrupted by scarcely audible clicks.

"I'm sorry. This connection isn't very good. Can you hear me all right?"

"Yes."

Now he is not sure what to say. He begins rapidly.

"I tried to call you earlier. I was... a little worried that you might not have gotten home all right. I... missed you, this morning."

This last sounds rather perfunctory. He had meant it to be firmer, more of an affirmation.

"I'm sorry. But I'd promised to meet a friend. I only just got home a few minutes ago."

"Well, how are you?"

He didn't mean to ask it like that. But it was so difficult over the phone.

"Fine. A little hung over, but it's not too bad."

"I mean..."

What did he mean?

"... how do you feel about last night? I..." He is searching for words. "I wanted you to know that it wasn't—well, it wasn't just what it might have seemed. It was... important to me."

Oh God, how lame! But would he understand?

The voice that answers is softer, less carefully modulated than it has been so far.

"Yes. I... I felt the same way, too. But I wasn't sure..."

"Oh God, Ronnie, I... I want to see you again, soon. Tonight? Ronnie, there's so much I have to say..."

And now it is all smoother.

"Yes, tonight. Will you come over here? I have to go out again for a while, but maybe... around nine?"

"Yes, Ronnie, I..."

But he is not able to say it yet.

"... I'll see you at nine then."

"Okay."

"Bye."

"Goodbye."

A click. He still holds the receiver and then realizes how rigid his body has become. He relaxes and puts the receiver back in the cradle.

He is trying to remember exactly what Ronnie looks like. He was thin and seemed so fragile, and his armpits held an odor of musk. But the details have faded; only the smoothness of his flesh remains. Flesh that is beaded with drops of water. His legs itch where the water has trickled down, catching

on hair that is so fine that it is invisible except when it is wet. He leans down to scratch one thin, awkward ankle and realizes that the floor is soaked where he has been standing. He loosens the towel that is around his waist and uses it to mop up.

But he is not thinking of the wet floor or of the shower that he had just stepped out of when the phone started to ring. His mind is suffused with a glow that is partly physical and partly something else. It is a feeling of elation, and it has been present just underneath the surface of his mind ever since he masturbated while lying next to the nude body of his lover of the night before. His first lover... The knowledge that Sean had desired him, and desired him still, gave him a sense of fulfillment such as he had never known before.

He dressed carefully and hurried out to finish the errands that had to be done before he could meet Sean at nine.

"I'm sorry."

"No. No. There's nothing to be sorry about. I wanted it as much as you did."

The murmur of voices, close, and yet so careful and slow that they sound almost distant.

When they make love again, it will not be in a cloud of alcohol and marijuana. They will be seeking something that they did not have the night before; a sense of importance, of commitment. The night before had been so casual, and they will not want that again. They will touch each other firmly, yet tremulously, each trying to guess what the other's most secret need is. It will all be new for Ronnie, and for Sean, who has had so much experience, it will be like the first time, too. And afterwards, only then, will they be able to really talk.

It will be in the early hours of the morning when they finally fall asleep, lying naked side by side. They will not pull the sheet back

up, and their bodies will touch lightly; Sean on his back, one hand against the top of Ronnie's head; Ronnie on his side, one hand upon Sean's belly; at the foot of the bed their ankles cross. It is hot, and they are sweating, but they will not relinquish the contact, however slight.

### 3.

**C**ONSIDER HOW THEY APPEAR: It is the next morning, Sunday, and they are having a late breakfast at the coffee shop on the corner.

An old woman sits alone in the booth opposite theirs; she is watching them, as she watches everyone who comes in, sharply but without excessive curiosity. Her life is often so empty that she has had to learn to fill it with passing strangers; otherwise the loneliness would be so overwhelming.

When she sees them, she is aware that they are lovers, though without consciously knowing this. There is a term from her youth that she would probably use to describe Ronnie. He is a "sissy-boy," she would say, and she would know that this means homosexual. But she has never really comprehended what homosexuality is—she has never cared to, not because of excessive scrupulosity, though her religion does tell her that all sissy-boys will go to hell, but rather because it has never seemed important enough for her to spend any time thinking about it.

Therefore, what she is noticing is the animation of the two boys and the fact that they seem to be talking about something of great importance. They are both gesturing wildly, and they pause frequently to smile or to laugh; they go through a whole spectrum of emotions, but without ceasing, the whole time, from showing a great deal of jealousy toward

their food. Frequently they talk with their mouths full, or with a fork held poised, a dripping morsel of fried egg balanced precariously on its tines, or one of them might gesture with a piece of toast that has been dipped into the yolk. This pleases her. It is good for young men to enjoy their food; she likes to see them eat ravenously, because it is a signal of their youth.

She is not curious to know what they are talking about. She just likes to watch them because they are so full of elan and seem to be enjoying their lives with such zest.

In the booth behind them, there is a middle-aged woman with her daughter. Sean's back being to her, she is not able to see his face, but whenever he moves his head, she finds herself looking at Ronnie. She is not concentrating on them in the way the older woman is, since she must give most of her attention to the twelve-year-old. What engages her most about Ronnie is his obvious femininity. She doesn't know if this means that he is "one of them" or not, but it disturbs her nevertheless. She has a son herself, a boy who has just turned fifteen, and she has seen these same tendencies in him. For several years now she has been burying these observations deeper and deeper into her consciousness, fearful of facing them, and hopeful that they will turn out to be nothing but vain imaginings. What makes her fear worse is that she is not entirely sure of what it is that she is afraid of. It is something to alien for her to understand.

"I hope we can see a lot of each other..."

"... it's been so difficult for such a long time. I feel so different now..."

"Do you have any plans for next weekend? Could we do something?"

Ronnie is probably only a few years older than her son. But she has to concentrate now on her daughter, and she tries not to listen to their words.

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# 4.

THEY HAVE ALREADY discovered one further thing that they have in common. They both enjoy opera. They are listening to the Mad Scene from *Lucia*, but it is turned down low so that they can talk.

"I want you to trust me."

The contrast; they are on the sofa, their shirts off, and Ronnie is snuggled against Sean's chest. His skin appears to be even more pale when he is nestled against the other's deep tan.

"I do."

He touches the arm that is around the shoulder, the hairs prickly against his lips.

"I'm afraid I might hurt you. I. . . I've never known anyone before that I. . . wanted to stay with."

"See? I've been good to you already."

There is just a hint of mockery in the voice, just enough to say that, though I have had not much experience, I am aware that it will not be easy. But I want to try. And I have confidence, the confidence of youth. . .

Of innocence.

"It's all so new to me. I can't believe it's happening. It's like a new world."

"Oh, baby, I'm so glad that I was the one."

And later.

The lights have been dimmed; the record player is silent. They are lying on the sofa now, naked. And once more they make love.

"I want to hold you like this forever."

The words of romance, trite, and yet once again growing into new meanings, private meanings, that they will share.

They do not say, "I love you." They are not ready yet for that. But it will come, in the weeks, in the months ahead.

And if it lasts, or if it does not,

it does not matter, not for this moment at least.

They touch each other with hands that say more than their words will ever be able to convey.

Consider this, then: The way they appear to themselves, and the world that they have just created. And consider how unimportant all the rest of it is.



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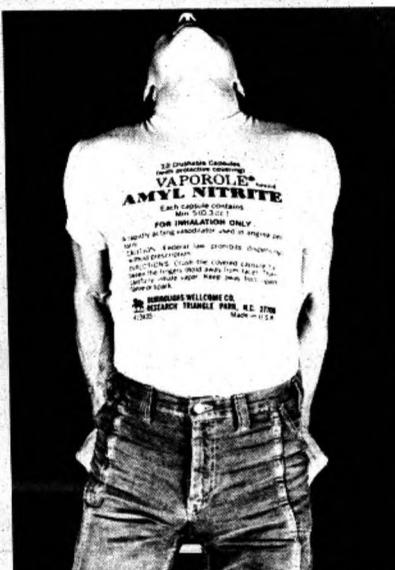
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# GRIFFIN

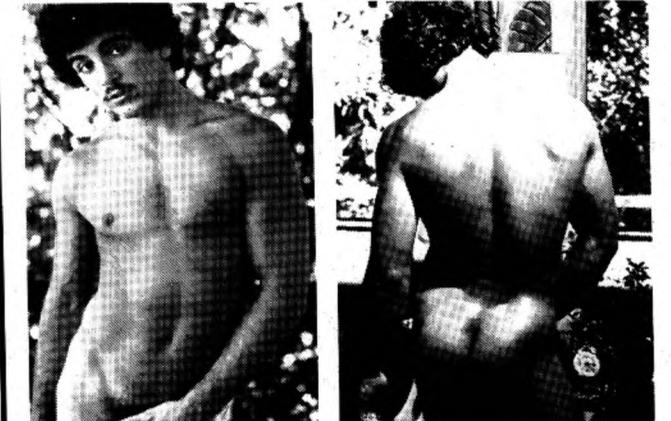
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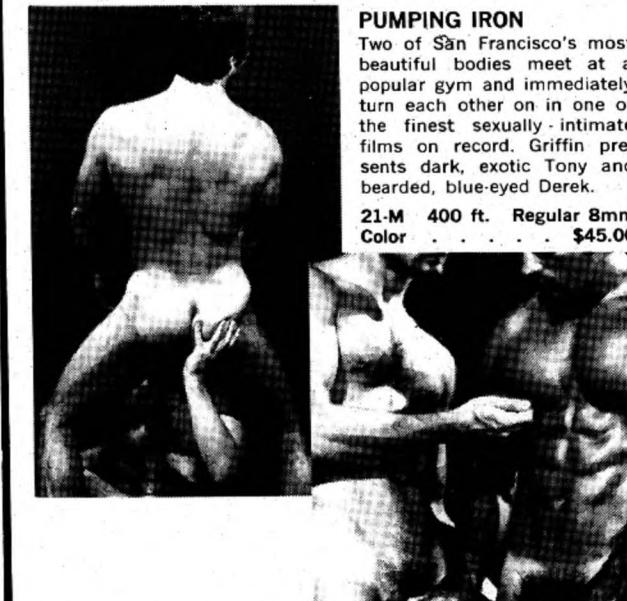
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