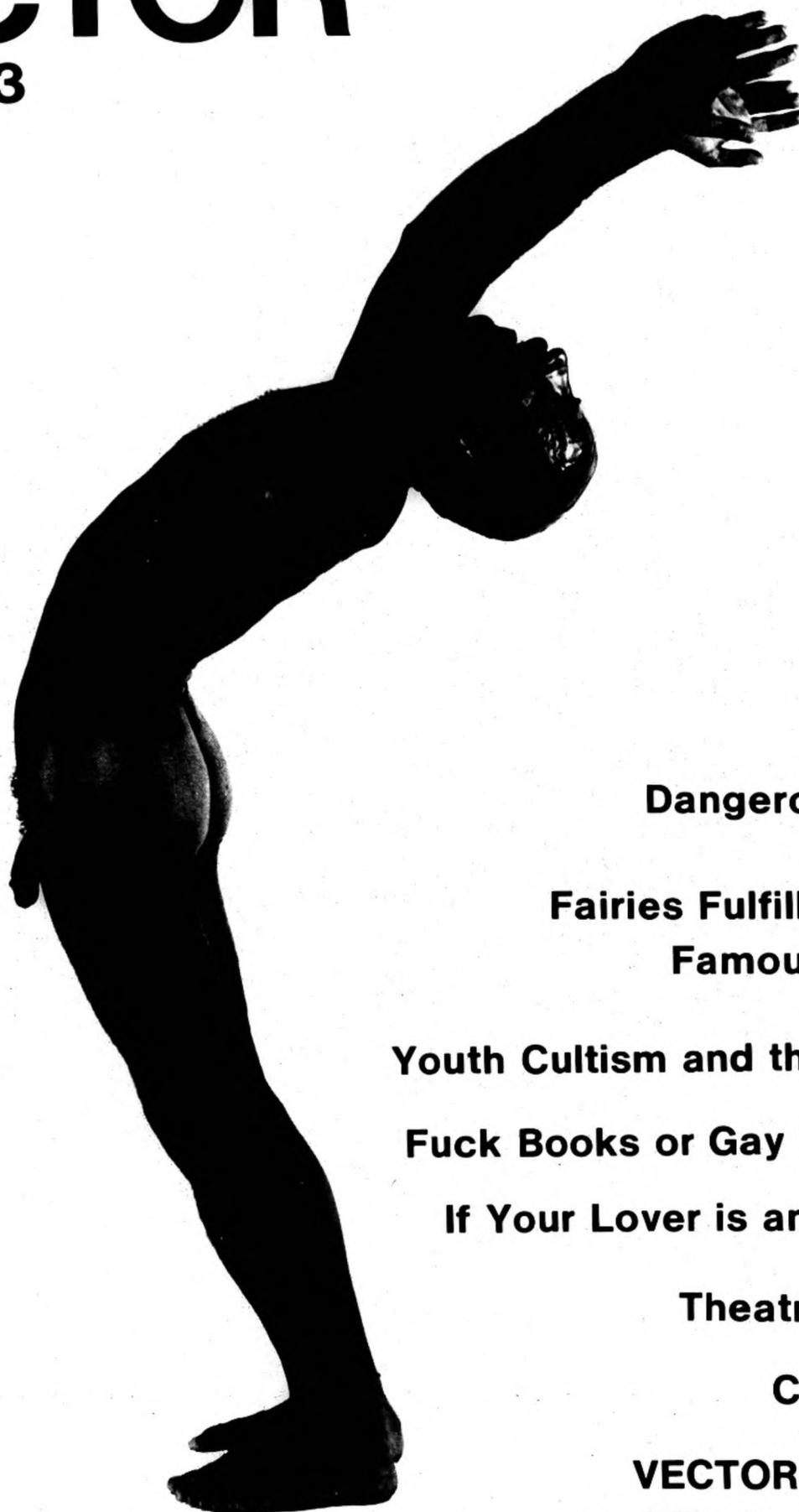


# VECTOR

MAY 1973

\$1.00



**Dangerous Films!**

**Fairies Fulfill the Three  
Famous Wishes?**

**Youth Cultism and the Gay Life**

**Fuck Books or Gay Literature?**

**If Your Lover is an Alcoholic**

**Theatre Reviews**

**Coming Out**

**VECTOR Bar, Bath,  
and Restaurant Guide**

# OPERA TOUR TO NEW YORK

**For \$599.00**      **Departure - June 17, 1973**

**ESCORTED BY - PETER BESSOL**

## ITINERARY:

- Sunday, June 17:** Depart San Francisco via United Airlines at 12:00 Noon. Arrive New York at 8:05 p.m. Transfer provided by motorcoach to the EMPIRE HOTEL.
- Monday, June 18:** 8:00 p.m. performance of CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA at the Metropolitan Opera House with Ross, Corelli and Serabia. Also PAGLIACCI with Stratas, Tucker, MacNeil and Cossa.
- Tuesday, June 19:** 8:00 p.m. performance of FAUST at the Metropolitan Opera House with Maliponte, Alexander, Sereni and Ghiaurov.
- Wednesday, June 20:** 8:00 p.m. performance of OTHELLO at the Metropolitan Opera House with Lorengar and Vickers.
- Thursday, June 21:** 8:00 p.m. performance of CARMEN at the Metropolitan Opera House with Horne, Maliponte, McCracken and Reardon.
- Friday, June 22:** 8:00 p.m. performance of TOSCA at the Metropolitan Opera House with Bumbry, Tucker and Gobbi.
- Saturday, June 23:** 2:00 p.m. performance of AIDA at the Metropolitan Opera House with Janku, Rankin, Corelli, Colzani, and Macurdy.  
8:00 p.m. performance of LA BOHEME at the Metropolitan Opera House with Lorengar, Boky, Pavarotti, Sereni and Hines.
- Sunday, June 24:** Motorcoach transfer provided to the airport in time to depart New York via United Airlines at 12:00 Noon. Arrive San Francisco at 3:05 p.m.

INC

INCLUDED IN PRICE: ROUND-TRIP JET TRANSPORTATION SAN FRANCISCO/NEW YORK/SAN FRANCISCO • MOTORCOACH TRANSFERS BETWEEN AIRPORT/HOTEL/AIRPORT • HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS WITH PRIVATE BATH FOR SEVEN NIGHTS • TOUR OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE • ORCHESTRA SEATS FOR ALL OPERA PERFORMANCES

PAYMENTS: Rate of \$599.00 per person is based on double occupancy. Single supplement is \$30.00. Deposit of \$50.00 per person with application for reservation. Final payment will be due and all reservations closed on May 18. Full refund if cancellation is prior to May 31.

RESPONSIBILITY: This tour is operated by Jackson Travel Service acting only as agents for transportation companies, hotels and other public services and are not liable for delays, losses, or accidents incurred by said persons for passengers and baggage from whatever cause. Rates quoted are based on current tariffs and are subject to change prior to departure.

ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER OF SPACES AVAILABLE

For further information Contact: PETER BESSOL — 928-2501 or 861-1330

DON'T FORGET! SANTA FE OPERA TOUR — AUGUST 15 - 19 — BROCHURE OUT SHORTLY

Travel Arrangements planned with YOU in mind



# Jackson Travel Service



1607 JACKSON at POLK STREETS      SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94109      TELEPHONE 928-2501

# Jackie D's

147 Mason St.

Presents

# TERRY TAYLOR & COMPANY

with

**Vicki Marlane**



**Victoria Star**

Opening Nite — May 9

10 p.m. & 12 p.m.

with the

**Skip Gilman  
Dancers**

RESERVATIONS — 771-5922

Grenier

Wholesale Liquor Inc.



"QUALITY PRODUCTS AT COMPETITIVE PRICES"

1500 TENNESSEE STREET · SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94107  
(415) 285-7100

## IT'S WHAT'S UP FRONT THAT COUNTS!

And on this frankly sensual nylon bikini, the "it" is a super-wide, working zipper. The look is leather-like, but the feel is softly sensational. Are you man enough to be "up front" this summer?

Colors:  
Black, White, Red, French Navy, Gold.  
Sizes: S-M-L.  
(Please include hip measurement for exact fit.)  
Price: \$7.50 — Order: V20-030

Please add 50 cents for handling per order. California residents add 5% sales tax. Send check or money order. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. BankAmericard, Master Charge, American Express, Carte Blanche welcome. Please include account number.

### leather 'n' things

4079 18TH STREET · SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94114  
(415) 863-1817

Open Seven Days A Week.

Photo from our new, '73 catalog.  
Send \$1.00 for your copy.



### THE SOCIETY FOR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS

#### ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

A drinking problem? Mondays at 8 p.m. and Thursdays at 8:30, S.I.R. Center. No charge.

#### ARTS & CRAFTS CLASS

Informal sketching with an instructor. Tuesdays, 7:45 p.m., S.I.R. Center. No charge. Now beginning anew. Live Models.

#### COFFEE AND CONVERSATION

8:00 p.m. S.I.R. Center.

#### DEAF GAY

2nd Friday of every month, 7 p.m. S.I.R. Center.

#### DISCUSSION GROUP

Informal discussion of a different topic each week. For this week's topic, call S.I.R. Fridays, 8 p.m., S.I.R. Center. No charge.

#### EX-CON RAP GROUP

First & third Mondays of the month, 7:00 p.m. at S.I.R. Center. Contact Deno Thomas at S.I.R.

#### MARRIED MEN'S GROUP

Discussions between married men (only) who also have homosexual relationships. A new S.I.R. group. Confidential. Contact George Mendenhall, S.I.R. Center.

#### METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH SERVICES

11 a.m. Sundays.

#### OPEN HOUSE PROGRAMS

Forums, lectures, films . . . A different program every month. Seventh year of monthly programs. Every third Wednesday, 8 p.m., S.I.R. Center. Call 781-1570 for details. No charge.

#### PEN PALS

Write S.I.R., 83 Sixth St. Please send stamped, addressed envelope.

#### PSYCHOLOGY RAP

Rap sessions about psychology with Martin Stow. Mondays, 1 p.m., Fort Help, 199 10th St. — Sundays, 6 p.m., S.I.R. Center. No charge.

#### RAP SESSION

No psychology, just rapping. Every Tuesday at 8 p.m. Breaks up into small groups to do your own thing. FREE.

#### RED CROSS FIRST AID CLASSES

Tuesday at 6 p.m. and Saturday at 9 a.m.; contact Mel Wald at S.I.R. Center.

#### SIGN LANGUAGE CLASS

Learn sign language. Join class at any time. Sponsored by the Silent Society of S.I.R. No charge. Thursdays at 7 p.m.

#### SIR ANGELS

\$3.00 per month or \$30.00 per year. Write 67 Sixth St.

#### SPEAKERS BUREAU

Speakers available for speaking to schools, groups, et. al. Call 781-1570 for scheduling.

#### TEEN RAP

Saturdays at Noon, S.I.R. Center.

#### WOMEN'S NIGHT

1st and 3rd Fridays of the month. S.I.R. Center.

### SOCIETY FOR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS

Avoid trouble with the law.  
Do NOT cruise public parks  
or mens' rooms.

If you get in trouble,  
call us for referral to lawyers  
committed to fighting  
oppressive laws for responsible  
fees.  
781-1570 Day or Night

# SAN FRANCISCO'S BIGTOWN

## By Day:

### LUNCH: Weekdays 11:30 AM - 2 PM

(626-1250)

### BRUNCH: Saturday and Sunday 11:30 AM - 3 PM

## Come Night:

## DINNER

# DANCING



# BIGTOWN

115 HARRIET STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO  
(Off Folsom at 6th Street)

## Editorial

Any organization that does not periodically evaluate itself in the light of present effectiveness and original projection is apt to find itself in an irreversible state of decay. VECTOR is in such a space where we are about to define ourselves in terms of 1973 with the pride of more than ten years of continuous publication serving the needs and interests of the gay community.

To do this properly we need feedback from our readers whom we respectfully ask to write us a note telling what they don't like about the magazine, what they do like about the magazine and what they would like to see more or less of. Writers who wish to remain anonymous should so indicate as well as those who prefer we do not publish their thoughts.

# VECTOR

A VOICE FOR THE  
GAY COMMUNITY

Volume 9                      Number 5

Publications Chairman  
Bill Plath

Vector Chairman  
Ferris Lehman

Editor  
Richard Piro

Advertising Manager  
Ralph Petersen

Bar Circulation  
Max Clements

Editorial Staff  
Jerry Disque  
Abraham Black  
Charlotte Schmidt-Luder  
Douglas Dean  
Don Clark

Deno Thomas  
Mike Silverstein  
Robert Burke  
Noel Hernandez  
Mike Newton  
Duke Smith  
Richard Amory  
George Mendenhall  
Barbara Collier

Photography  
James Armstrong  
John David Hough

Graphics  
William Gittens  
Jean Goldman

**PUBLISHER**  
The Society for Individual Rights  
83 Sixth Street  
San Francisco, California 94103  
(415) 781-1570

Articles represent the viewpoint of the writers and are not necessarily the opinion of the Society for Individual Rights ... Copyrighted 1973 ... Application for second-class entry is pending at the Post Office, San Francisco, California ... Advertising rates available upon request.

## CONTENTS

Page 10  
**If Your Lover is an Alcoholic**  
BY J.

Nothing kills love faster than dishonesty of which the selfdeceiving alcoholic is a master. J., a former alcoholic, gives some practical suggestions for diagnosing the problem early enough so that the partners can share the agonies of rehabilitation thus saving not only a beloved but a marriage.

Page 16  
**Fuck Books or Gay Literature?**  
BY DOUGLAS DEAN

As the author of several novels dealing with gay themes, Douglas Dean is consistently furious when people refer to gay novels as "fuck books." He discusses the whys and wherefores of the label and lays the blame at the feet of the gay community.

Page 18  
**Fairies Fulfill the Three Famous Wishes?**  
BY CHARLOTTE SCHMIDT-LUDER

As the widow of an internationally known German businessman/diplomat, Ms. Luder managed to grace the salons of the world capitals oblivious to homosexuality. She describes her feelings upon recently encountering a new male friend who turns her on physically and intellectually but who happens to be gay.

Page 24  
**Myth or Materiality, A Closer Look at the White Horse**  
BY ABRAHAM BLACK, Ph.D.

The February, 1973, VECTOR carried a review of the White Horse Bar by Richard Piro based upon no information other than what he saw and experienced. The piece brought a storm of protest from people who still consider this bar as exploitive. From the groves of academia Dr. Black, a historian, was invited to put his scholarship to work in a research of the allegations. The resulting "white paper" may turn the storm into a hurricane.

Page 26  
**Coming Out!**  
BY ROBERT BURKE

Everybody has a story concerning their individual coming out and VECTOR receives most of them. However, 18 year old Robert Burke's philosophies and feelings are so right on that it is printed here as a detachable centerfold suitable for relatives and friends (nephews?) whose lives can be changed by reading this sensitive and joyful account of how an entire psyche was set free with the simple words, "I am me."

Page 32  
**An Open Letter to VECTOR**  
BY MIKE SILVERSTEIN

If VECTOR is to gays what PLAYBOY is to straights, as Mike Silverstein contends, some fast and dramatic changes are in order. Printing his article with the magazine's inditements is the first step.

Page 15  
**Elsie**  
BY BARBARA COLLIER

As a desperate need for money Ms. Collier agreed to care for a 75 year old woman made into a vegetable by a stroke and unwilling to live. Surprisingly a deep meaningful relationship formed to bridge the age gap causing Ms. Collier to reevaluate and broaden her ideas concerning the beauty in the loving of all women.



Page 22  
**Dangerous Films!**  
BY DON CLARK, Ph.D.

School children throughout the country are being exposed to films which try to deal with sociosexual problems. Often, without intent, well meaning educators preach unacceptable and harmful doctrine. Dr. Clark, a clinical psychologist, managed to view two such films in San Mateo (how he did so is another story) and reports his findings.

Page 48  
**Youth Cultism and the Gay Life Style**  
BY JERRY DISQUE, Ph.D.

The differences between growing older and growing up are nowhere as dramatic as in the gay life. Social scientist, Jerry Disque digs into the historical background of youth worship and reveals in his two part article some stunning facts including the possibility that the Judeo-Christian ethics on sexuality had much to do with St. Paul being a closet queen.

Page 25  
**Bar Review: Scott's Pit**  
BY DENO THOMAS

Scott's Pit is doing their thing and is much appreciated by our critic who claims it as her second (and better) home.

Page 20  
**Theatre Review: Small Craft Warnings and The Crucible**  
BY RICHARD PIRO  
Artists' Enterprise Theatre is off to an excellent start with a courageous production of Tennessee Williams' imperfect play directed by VECTOR'S most renowned married couple, Rick and Bob.

A.C.T.'s final production of this memorable season is a triumph of good taste, superb performances and chilling reality in terms of the Nixon-Reagan police state.

Page 12  
**Letters to the Editor**  
Before buying John Francis Hunter's THE GAY INSIDER USA, (\$3.95) better check out his personal account of his publisher's ripoff making it, in his judgment, totally invalid as a comprehensive guide.

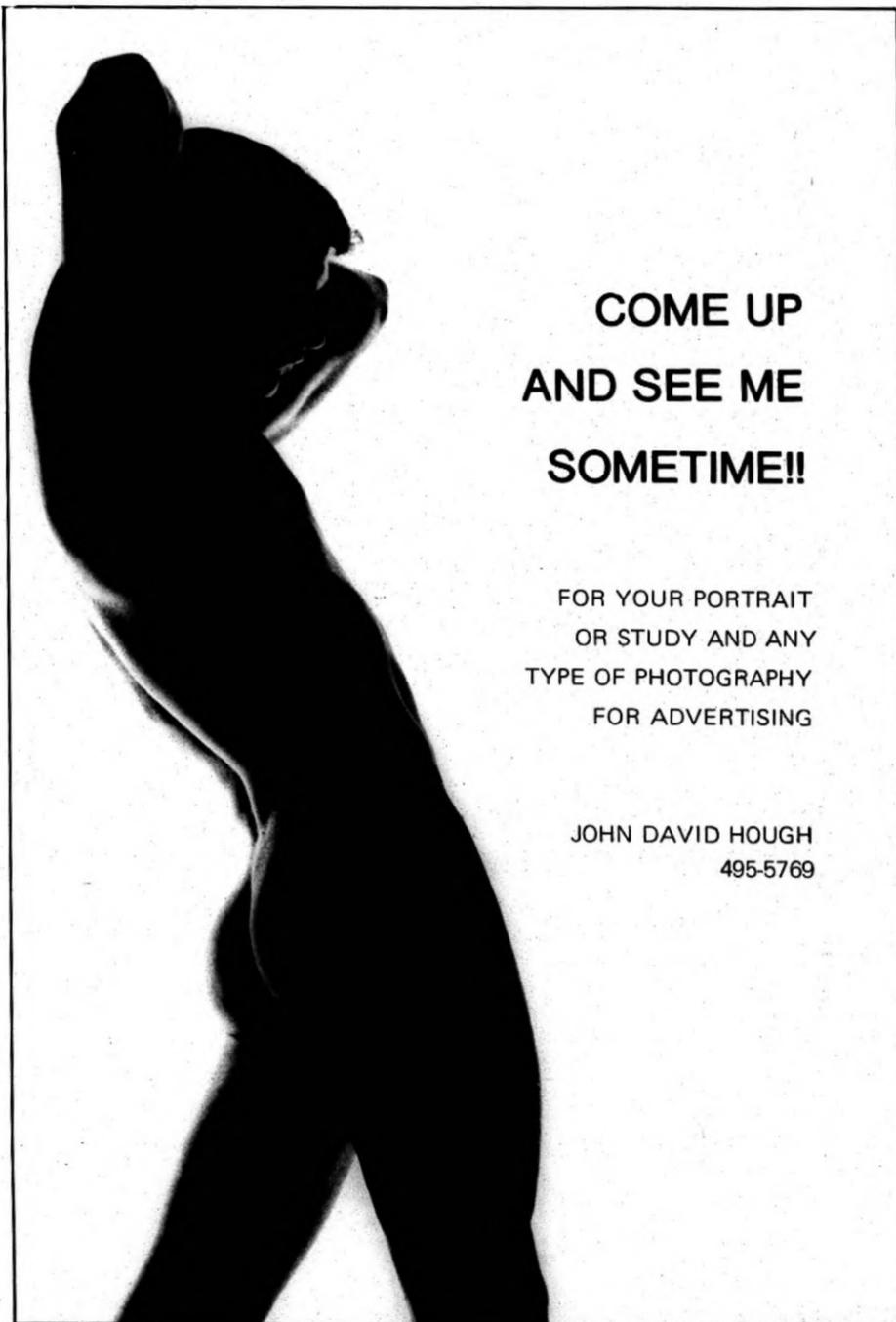
Page 19  
**Report on S.I.R. Activities**  
BY MIKE NEWTON

Page 53  
**Bar, Bath and Restaurant Guide**

**News Briefs**  
News items of interest from around the world

Page 54  
**VECTOR Classified**

Page 25  
**Poetry**  
BY DAVID MELNIK  
Three Poems, HAMBURGER MARY, RENDEVOUS, and NO NAME are based on reflections of three of San Francisco's better known bistros.



COME UP  
AND SEE ME  
SOMETIME!!

FOR YOUR PORTRAIT  
OR STUDY AND ANY  
TYPE OF PHOTOGRAPHY  
FOR ADVERTISING

JOHN DAVID HOUGH  
495-5769

INTRODUCING MIKE NEWTON



Photo by RUBEN

A founding member and chairman of the first Publications Committee of the Society for Individual Rights, Mike Newton will be completing his second year as editor of The Insider, the Society's newsletter, published solely for the membership, in June of this year.

Since the organization's inception, Mike has most often participated with other committees on projects that involve graphics. Most memorable are his "Check 33" and "Come Clean" slogans and graphics for S.I.R.'s V.D. campaign under the Committee in cooperation with the San Francisco City Clinic.

Some of the "Sirlebrity Capades" programs, as well as the first issues of Vector and brochures, posters, and flyers for the Political and Legal Committees projects were also of his devising.

"I am not so concerned," he says, "that I should receive awards or recognition for anything I give in the way of talent or ability to S.I.R. or the Gay Movement, but that as part of an entire movement my efforts will have helped to bring us closer towards our goals of equal rights and respect for all Gay people."

Mike will continue to contribute to Vector's graphics as well as writing a monthly column about happenings in the Society.

A Sagittarius, Mike's interests include portraiture, figure drawing, music, theatre, bodybuilding, fogbathing (yes, San Francisco has more than sun), conversation, making people laugh, and balling.

Mike also makes a mean chicken soup.

*The Gilded Cage*

One of the most famous bars in the West and still one of the best

COCKTAILS  
DANCING

420 Tyler St.  
Monterey,  
Calif.

*Toni*  
CLEANERS  
270 NOE STREET - UN 1-6993  
CASTRO VALLEY  
S.F.

*All cleaning  
done on premises*

One hour specials  
Complete Laundry  
Service  
Drapery Cleaning  
Knit blocking  
A Specialty  
Suede and  
Leather cleaning

OPEN SAT. 8 AM - 6:30 PM

\*HAPPY CHIPS GIVEN  
AND REDEEMED

**Permanent HAIR Removal**

MEMBER  
PRESIDENT

Ingrown Hairs  
Beards • Thinned-Removed  
Backs • Chests

Complimentary Consultation  
Private-Confidential

**433-5666**

Robert T. James B.S., R.E.      S.F. Electrolysis Clinic  
Director and State Licensed Instructor      Physicians' Bldg., Suite 211  
516 Sutter St., S.F., CA 94102

**DANCE**

Dance to the sounds of  
**Fantastic Live Bands!**  
Seven nights a week!

**after dark**

Largest bar on the Coast

**936 Montgomery**      off Broadway  
in San Francisco...of course!      **788-3365**

**Fabulous  
Live Entertainment  
Seven nights a week!**

**CABARET**

Shows at 9:30, 11:00 & 12:30

**936 Montgomery**      off Broadway  
in San Francisco...of course!      **788-3365**

**SHOW**

♀ Much attention has recently been given to alcoholism in the gay community, and SIR, through its sponsorship of AA groups, referral services, and articles in *Vector*, has once again taken leadership in airing a major social problem. I am an alcoholic who blew a solid marriage and am writing this article to 'that other' partner in the marital relationship. Little attention has been given to the non-alcoholic who is consciously trying to save his marriage while hopelessly watching his lover destroy himself and ultimately the mutual love for his partner. Having locked the barn door too late, I look back not only at the unhappiness I caused my ex-lover but also at the utter sense of frustration and quiet desperation he faced as a non-alcoholic in trying to save our marriage.

I am sure you have already recognized the danger signals of alcoholism in your lover but find it hard to place yourself in his position or understand what he is doing to himself. I say I *am* an alcoholic; this means not just that I have quit drinking but that I *cannot* drink . . . ever again. Alcoholism is a disease, as so well pointed out by Kevin Norton (*Vector*, March, '73), and many physicians think those of us who are afflicted with it should be called alcobetics. Like diabetics, we cannot tolerate alcohol any more than the diabetic can tolerate sweets. In most cases, furthermore, this disease most commonly takes the form of progressive alcoholism, that is the alcoholic becomes a recognizable drinking addict only after he has been at it for a long time. I am stressing this for non-alcoholics in the marital scene because addicted drinkers can mask the disease for years, and it may take their lovers some time to recognize the symptoms of alcoholism in their partner's case. But because it is almost impossible for either gay or straight people to avoid situations in which alcohol is part of the scene, these are probably some of the symptoms you have had to deal with.

In the first place you can be sure your alcoholic lover will read this article. He will probably not mention it, but if he does any comment should come from him first rather than yourself. Also, because part of the alcoholic's disease is a progressive lowering of his tolerance threshold for the stuff, he most likely knows that you have already noticed that he is beginning to drink faster and in greater quantity to get on his trip. He develops the capacity to outdrink you

without getting outwardly smashed, thus falsely convincing himself, as well as others, that he 'can handle it.' The one thing he cannot do at this stage of the game is to sip a martini or nurse a highball for very long without getting up for a refill. This sort of fast drinking becomes a consistent pattern for him because his body demands a drink, and he will begin to meet this need in a variety of ways. You will readily recognize his "sneak drinking" by suspecting the number of martinis he downs at lunch while away at work or the increasingly lower level of the scotch bottle in the liquor closet at home. At this same time, your lover is developing a deep guilt feeling that is quickly followed by the realization that he knows you have guessed what is going on.

## IF YOUR LOVER IS AN ALCOHOLIC



Watching it happen as his non-alcoholic lover becomes a period of quiet desperation for you; but it won't work because this only convinces your partner that he is getting away with it. Because he feels guilty and hates himself for it (per-

haps unconsciously at first), he will begin to lie to you about his drinking, casually at first, then with greater insistence, and finally with outright and often angry denials. Stopping at a bar on his way home, sneaking a bottle into the house, making some excuse to get something unneeded at the corner store, all become part of the pattern at this point. Empty the liquor closet? He'll start playing "hide-the-bottle" games with you. Avoid the bar circuit for a while? Your lover won't go for that very long because he still thinks he can handle it. Your problem, therefore, becomes one of realizing finally that you are the last person who can help him face the fact that he has become an alcoholic. This is the most difficult period in your marriage because your partner is violating the trust and love you have for him without admitting it. Keeping your cool becomes rougher moment by moment. So how to help?

The first thing you must realize is that you need to get help for *yourself*. Talk to another gay alcoholic, not just your mutual friends, about the problem. The alcoholic knows what he is talking about, since like myself he has been through it all before and can readily understand your problem. He will tell you about all the ways his lover tried to stop him from drinking but to no avail. Above all else he will tell you how much he wishes his partner had let him know more openly how much it was hurting him. He will describe his feeling of self-hatred in drinking too much while, at the same time, his unwillingness to face what it was doing to his marriage. He will tell you how much he needed a lot of love and quiet frankness to overcome his shame and begin talking to somebody else about the problem. He will also tell you not to dodge the problem with your lover but not to nag him either, especially when he is juiced up. He will tell you some approaches you might use, such as suggesting calmly but firmly that you will do the driving on the way home from a party. Another suggestion might be no more parties at home if your partner continues to get smashed. Often, an indirect approach is more effective than direct confrontation. Getting into a rap session, going to a liberal church service together, finding a group where alcoholism is not the purpose for meeting are some ways in which you can share a mutual experience that may relieve some of the mutual tension and help bring about an eventual

(Continued on Page 11)

“ . . . who is consciously trying to save his marriage while hopelessly watching his lover destroy himself.”

you and your lover can unobtrusively get friendly with an alcoholic and his lover, include them in some social way when your partner is with you; you can trust them, they will know what to say or what not to say or do in the situation. They know your lover is gun shy about his problem and will respect his sensitivity about it.

If your lover *is* trying to quit, let him know privately how proud you are for his effort with a special show of affection thrown in. Don't be hurt by his occasional backsliding or expect miracles at first. If he can finally bring himself to do so without embarrassment, tentatively try the bar scene with him. Any gay bartender knows what a Virgin Mary is (or many other non-alcoholic drinks for that matter) and you can share your partner's attempt to quit while still enjoying the gay life. The only caution you need to keep in mind is that he must tell you that he is ready for such an experience; don't force it upon him.

As alcoholics who did not survive our marriages, we all knew that the end was approaching. You can make this point in several ways that might help as a final solution. A separate vacation on your part might be in order; if your partner still loves you, it will give him time to think about how much he misses you and why you are reaching the end of your tether. Setting a time limit on how much more you can take openly with your lover may be a painful last step, but remind him from time to time that the moment is drawing closer when you will have to leave. This hurts both of you but it is sometimes effective. As alcoholics we hated ourselves for what we were doing; that's what makes facing up to the problem so difficult. We all had too much sympathy, scoldings, or other attempts by well meaning people to get help. Aside from finally getting that help, the other airing of the problem in your marriage, if thing we never did was to tell our ex-lovers that we knew in our hearts what we were doing to them. Because we could not bring ourselves to say so, this might be part of your job. For as the saying goes among us alcoholics, our love and marriage might have survived . . . if only we had known it sooner.

### THE ROSENBERG NIBBLE IN.

GOURMET'S CHOICE  
BUTTER-NUT COFFEE  
2 lb. tin \$1.50  
A COMPLETE SELECTION OF  
FINE CHEESES

### THE ROSENBERG

A WINE & CHEESE STORE  
Open every day from  
7 AM to 11 PM to serve you.

JAMES  
SORRELLS  
Real Estate



Homes and investments for  
gays in the East Bay

1465 University Avenue  
Berkeley  
849-1580

## SAME OLD BAR SCENE . . . ?

An alternative does exist . . . on Polk Street!

NOON 'TIL MIDNIGHT  
7 DAYS A WEEK

- Cool your heels over a hot fudge sundae . . .
- Cruise along with an old-fashioned tuttifruitti cone . . .
- Relax in our cozy Sundae Garden . . .

## 1738 POLK STREET

(between Clay & Washington)  
SHOP WHERE YOUR BUSINESS  
IS APPRECIATED

Come,  
watch us make the Ice Cream before your very eyes . . . dancing boys . . . music . . . banana splits . . . indecent ice cream orgies . . . nightly.



OLD UNCLE  
GAYLORD'S  
OLD FASHIONED HOME MADE  
ICE CREAM

STORES ALSO AT: 721 Irving (between 8th & 9th Avenues)  
1500 Grant at Union

## LET THERE BE LETTERS



Upon informing a former student that he was gay, the editor shares part of the letter of response. Janice is now a sophomore in a New York City high school.

Dear Richard,

I admire you and love you even more for the tremendous risk you took with me. You've opened up so much since I've known you. It's hard . . . but beautiful.

What you shared with me scares me a little. In my head society has labeled homosexuality as bad, wrong, sick, etc. I don't know if there's anything you can do to change my head around that but I want you to know that whatever you are it's cool because you're still you. Do I sound like a grandmother? Or maybe just someone shocked out of their fucking wits by the letter you wrote.

I guess my previous letter was asking just for what you gave me - telling me that you care about me and I'm important to you - cause that makes me feel like I'm worth something when I'm told that. And then all my mindfucking ways of asking you for that you saw through it and gave me what I wanted. Thank you. Next time I need it maybe I can ask for it right out straight.

All my deepest love that I'm not afraid to share with you,  
Janice

Editor:

I just got a copy of the February Vector, read it through and then read the article by Richard Piro, "Bar Review - The White Horse." I was sickened by this article, as were countless people that I know from Berkeley.

If there are 2 sides to every story, this then is the other side, the TRUE side of the White Horse.

1. Does Richard Piro work for the White Horse?

2. Vector has not covered bars in depth before; and why now, and why of all places the White Horse?

3. Is this free advertising for the White Horse?

4. I have lived in Berkeley and have many friends who have lived there, still do, and some live in SF now; we have all been there a number of times, unfortunately. Many people go there as it is the closest bar to Berkeley, the other Oakland bars are a bummer, as is this place.

5. Do you know that the White Horse does NOT, and never has belonged to the Tavern Guild? Why?

6. The White Horse is owned by Joe & Ruth, both straights.

7. The White Horse does not sell any of the gay newspapers, and when it does, they must specifically be asked for or they are hidden behind the bar.

8. Drink prices are a rip-off and watered down. 60 cents for beer, usually the small bottle. \$1.25 for liquor drinks, usually watered down.

9. If the juke box goes dead, and no customer puts in money, Ruth & Joe will NEVER put in any money, the place may be quiet for 15-20 minutes before a customer puts in money.

10. It may be mellow and quiet, not frantic like other places, but it sure is a ripoff and turn-off place.

11. Berkeley Gay Lib picketed the White Horse 2 years ago for most of the reasons above.

12. Of all the dozens of bars that support the gay community via the Tavern Guild, sales of gay newspapers, non ripoff drink prices, why did Piro choose this place? This place should be picketed and closed permanently, and let Joe & Ruth retire to their \$100,000 home and 2 cadillacs in Montclair, paid for by the gay community.

Steve Ginsburg  
San Francisco

*Editor's Note: See "Myth or Materiality: A Closer Look at The White Horse" wherein historian Abraham Black responds to Mr. Ginsburg who was not alone in his negative reaction to the February Bar Review.*

Hello dear ones,

I have long awaited my coming out, now that I am 23 and at least have found a crack in the door, I feel able to write you.

I was at a G.P.U. meeting this week and came across a page from VECTOR with a small statement by David Baker. I want very much to tell David Baker what I think of what he has said and hope that you will maybe pass it to him. You, brother, have helped me by making me to stop and look at myself and now that I see myself I realize I am no dixie peach but a person - with all the wonderfulness that can be in all of us if we just let it happen. Perhaps one day we shall meet but until such time as that may happen, a most humble thank you . . . for BEING . . . and helping me to see I to "am."

And to you beautiful people at VECTOR, thank you . . . for BEING . . .

Thankyou!! Love,  
Cal

*Editor's Note: Cal is referring to the November, 1972 VECTOR wherein David Baker, Jr., that month's centerfold model, discussed "the objectification of sex that only serves to make our lives seem a little more dreary."*

### DANCING

Friday and Saturday Nights

### SUNDAY BRUNCH

11:00 to 4:00 P.M.

## Vi's Club DRAKE

1625 SIR FRANCIS  
DRAKE  
IN FAIRFAX

(MARIN COUNTY)

CLOSED MONDAY

Telephone: 453-8247

## WE ARE INTRODUCING OUR COMPLETE NEW DINNER MENU

*consisting of fresh steamed vegetables, meat casseroles, vegetable casseroles, complete dinner entrees, and our house specialty, our avocado salad.*

ENJOY LUNCH, DINNER...

**BREAKFAST  
AT**

# Tiffiny's

Grand Opening - Tuesday, May 29th

Cocktails  
6 AM - 2 AM

Introducing the World Famous  
New Orleans Hurricane Cocktail

## 1900 MARKET

(at Laguna) - 626-1308

Closed from Sunday at 11 PM 'till Tuesday at 7 AM

AFTER HOURS

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY BRUNCH 8AM - 3PM

*"Roses are Red, Violets are Blue, Meet  
you for Breakfast at Tiffiny's after 2"*

*Greenery By Tommy - 566 Casrto Street*

## OPEN 24 HOURS

## The GAY INSIDER rip-off

Though it's unlikely that you will have received a review copy of my recent book, THE GAY INSIDER U.S.A., just in the event you *have*, I want you to know the other side of the story. Not that I'm trying to deter you from freely reviewing the book, if you feel doing so would be of service to your readers; however, I am soliciting a "fair shake" for myself, which leads me to point out that I am aware that grave flaws exist in the published version and to plead with you to understand that much of what finally emerged in print I had no control over whatsoever.

I say it's "unlikely" you've had a courtesy acknowledgment by the publisher, in view of the contempt he showed for most of the advice given him by a "faggot writer." We had verbal agreements to the effect that he would advertise in the gay press and would market U.S.A. via gay media, but since he hasn't honored our solemn written contract — giving me rights of approval over changes, paying me a certain sum in advance royalties, meeting a specific early publication date, etc. — why should anyone expect him to act in any generous, respectful way toward informal agreements, even those that would serve his self-interest? Like many another straight publisher, he has ruined a potentially good thing for himself by behaving in an unprincipled way toward the gay community and flaunting the gay ethic.

A guidebook wherein the table of contents doesn't match the interior or help the reader find what he is looking for, that has arbitrarily excluded reference to such obvious gay communities as Fire Island (New York State's directory skips Albany through Long Island and begins abruptly with New York City), and which carries wrong addresses, is hardly the "superguide" that has been publicized. Much of the book is intact, but the typos, misspellings and subtler omissions nevertheless tarnish what gold remains, as far as I'm concerned. I can't read more than two pages at a stretch without crawling the wall in frustration. Even if it weren't my book, the errors would drive me up a wall. I fought in vain to stop publication and am going back to court to try to prove contempt. Thus my anguish persists, believe me.

Still, 50,000 copies are being legally circulated by a giant house, Dell, and I have good reason to believe there are thousands of copies being distributed by "other" channels carrying a fraudulent cover, in violation of the court order. Consequently, THE GAY INSIDER U.S.A. will probably become the best-

## LET THERE BE LETTERS

selling non-fiction gay book ever published. So I consider it incumbent on me to let you know via this letter and the enclosures that I disavow the published version while vigorously defending myself and the spirit in which the whole project was undertaken and hope that the damage to my gay brethren, if any, will be minimal. (Our sisters can't be misled or misrepresented by U.S.A., as it is unabashedly for and about male homosexuals, a colleague of mine having researched and written a similar book for women when I was doing mine for men. Reference to her work was scalped out by this homophobic, chauvinist publisher, making it look as if I considered the Lesbian community entirely unworthy of notice!)

To those publications from which I drew material, may I say thanks and stress that if credit lines do not appear, if quotes have been dropped, and that if distortions occur, it is not that I didn't make a valiant attempt to be faithful to what I borrowed from you. I did, and I proofread diligently, but my corrections were ignored. (Furthermore, the publisher admitted they had employed an incompetent proofreader and revealed his bad faith by never showing me galley proofs of their curious version, but rather page proofs ready — as far as he was concerned — to send to press.) My fondness and admiration for the gay press and my loyalty to it are abiding. I had hoped to increase your circulation by giving you your due, and if the effect of the mutilated U.S.A. is otherwise, please accept my apologies for having exercised such bad judgment in handing over my labor of love to what has turned out to be the worst kind of exploitive hetero-establishment house. (Isn't that redundant?)

So right on with what you are dedicated to, and let's be confident that one day soon neither you nor I will be obliged to defend our life-style, our art and craft and our integrity because we shall have achieved, through Gay Pride and Gay Power, the kind of society in which we shall control our destinies. And, once more, let me express my appreciation for your existence and for the favorable publicity many of you have given my work and me in the past.

Yours in gay love,  
John Francis Hunter/  
John Paul Hudson  
THE (original) GAY INSIDER

## Tax discrimination

Dear Sir,

I would like to inform you and your readers of some pending legislation in Washington, D.C., and a group lobbying for its passage, that may affect many of us.

I think that we should each take an interest in Senate Bill 650, introduced by Senator Packwood of Oregon (Republican) which seeks to reduce the income tax penalty that we face because we are not married. A similar bill, HR 2701, has been introduced in the House of Representatives by Ed Koch of New York City (Democrat). As you prepare your returns this year, you may ask yourself why, as a single person, you must pay more tax than those married or considered heads-of-household. An estimated 1.6 billion dollars in revenue is collected as a result of this discrimination.

CO\$T, Inc. a lobby group, has been quite active on behalf of single tax payers since its founding in 1971. CO\$T stands for: Committee Of Single Taxpayers. Their address is: 1628 21st Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., 20009. They will be happy to answer your inquiries and are in need of your financial help. Membership is \$10.00 a year.

I believe that individually written letters are more effective than form letters or petitions. You can help by writing your representatives in Washington. I have enclosed a list of local Congressional representatives and Senators. Urge your friends to write too and remember that single taxpayers include widows, widowers, those divorced, students and others. Take a moment to write a note. It could save you some money in the end.

Sincerely,  
JAMES M. FOSTER  
Chairman  
Political Committee

### The United States Senate:

Hon. Alan Cranston  
Hon. John Tunney  
Senate Office Building  
Washington, D.C. 20510  
United States House of Representatives:  
Hon. Don Clausen, Santa Rosa  
Hon. Phillip Burton, San Francisco  
Hon. William Mailliard, San Francisco and Marin

Hon. Ronald Dellums, Oakland  
Hon. Don Edwards, San Jose  
Hon. Charles S. Gubser, San Jose  
Hon. Paul McCloskey, Palo Alto  
Hon. Fortney H. Stark, Oakland, San Leandro and Hayward  
Hon. Leo Ryan, San Mateo to So. San Francisco  
House Office Building  
Washington, D.C. 20515

Reprinted with permission from the San Francisco Women's Newsletter, 620 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

## ELSIE Barbara Collier

Elsie is an elderly woman of 75 who suffered a major stroke a year ago. Her daughter hired me to try and get her to eat or respond, since Elsie would do neither in the home where she was. When I was first offered the job of feeding Elsie, I was torn in two ways. Going to a convalescent hospital seven days a week, rain, shine, whatever, seven days a week for the rest of her life, didn't sound pleasing. On the other hand, there weren't many jobs at good money, funky conditions and short hours.

I tried it and even though for the first three weeks she didn't say anything — just shook her head, looked sad — the overwhelming feeling I got was warmth, friendliness and good vibes. At last she said something and it really seemed to cement our relationship. She looked up at me, her eyes deep with life that seemed to stretch back into time, now surrounded by soggy baby food, formula milk, plastic and more plastic, pills, tubes and bed pans, and said, "Who cares?"

Who among us, as human beings and women emerging as a new force, a new way, doesn't ask ourselves every day, every frightened minute, looking at our lovers/friends/husbands/children/parents/the world — who among us doesn't wish we had the courage to scream at the whole fucking mess of them — WHO CARES!?

"I do, Elsie, I really do." And I did, I really cared that this woman I had come to know through all *my* fears of old age, *my* terror of becoming a vegetable, *my* old hangups of beauty and life, I cared. I wanted her to live. As she went over her life, piece by piece, in fragments, every day, I started to piece together a life, children, a husband, the old country, her fears, and what I thought was a job that had nothing to do with my woman's consciousness became a new world of it.

I found myself touching an old woman, her skin, blue-veined, rough, cold always to the touch, a new wonderful experience. The fine hair that seemed to become as soft as a baby's again. And her face — that beautiful face. Always hoping, always there, always yes I can take what comes.

Also the opportunity to know a woman who was all roles, all things to me. I fed her, worried about her, questioned every cough like a mother with a newborn child. She was my lover, my beloved. Every day, looking forward to seeing her. The embrace, our lips touching, the gentle lingering goodbys, the forevers, tomorrow, "Don't forget tomorrow. I love you." And mother, the mother/grandmother/nana I wished I had. Never criticizing on anything. No nagging, only the love of someone who knows you and will always love, always accept and appreciate what you are.

Where else could I be someone's knight in shining armor? To Elsie's mind there's nothing I can't do. In her mind I take care of her children, ward off death, keep her husband and all men away from her. When I leave her I feel there is nothing I can't do.

And so after 9 months my love affair goes on. As a woman I know I've changed in my attitudes toward old people. My prejudices are diminishing. My standard of beauty for all women is being explored again and my faith, my overwhelming belief that love for a woman is one of the most beautiful joys of all. Thank you, Elsie. ♀

Tommy's Plants  
Tom Zalewski  
566 Castro St.  
San Francisco  
863-1883  
Plants-Pots-Supplies



### THE LANCERS

3255 LAKESHORE AVENUE - OAKLAND - 832-3242  
DINNER · COCKTAILS · SUNDAY BRUNCH  
ALL NEW MENU!

√33 was an early Newtonian slogan that meant  
GET A V.D. CHECK-UP!  
COME CLEAN  
was a later Newtonian slogan that meant  
GET A V.D. CHECK-UP!  
Pay heed to Newton!  
GET A V.D. CHECK-UP TODAY!  
Presented as a Public Service for the Gay Community by

### THE ROSENBERG

3780 17th Street  
A Wine & Cheese Store

Last autumn when a program titled *That Certain Summer*, which dealt with the problem of a man whose teenage son discovered that he was gay, was televised it provoked a storm of comment, mostly favorable. At last, many critics contended, here was a literate thought-provoking script which treated the subject of homosexuality with intelligence and compassion. Its presentation was considered a major break-through in TV programming.

Yet, on reflection, a lot of homosexuals decided that the film was a cop-out. The treatment of the theme, which was certainly intriguing enough in itself, did not show gay life as it actually is or even as it should be.

There was no overt display of affection between the father and his lover. Some may have considered the lack of physical contact between the two men on such a program to be in good taste, but these men did not seem to communicate on any level. Even their casual conversation was cool and detached, and never did they discuss the problem at hand or their own attitudes toward it.

Further, while the father admitted to his son that he was homosexual, he did so without pride and as if he were troubled by it. Instead of standing up to the boy and saying, "Look, son, I love you and accept you, the way you are. Now you've got to love me and accept me, the way I am," he wept tears of pain and remorse and permitted the kid's mother to take him away with the vague promise that "in time" the boy might grow to tolerate the situation.

Thus, the opportunity for a dramatization of any real understanding between the straight and gay societies was lost.

More recently a segment of the *Marcus Welby, M.D.* program was likewise devoted to the subject of homosexuality. Here the leading character was interpreted to be genuinely sick. The program was highly offensive to most gay people who watched it.

Why is it that television and films don't depict gay life as it actually is and gay people as they actually are? A lot of us consider ourselves well adjusted in our sex and love lives. Why don't novels and short stories, too, "tell it like it is?"

**"I never read dirty books."**

Every few years a novel comes out on a homosexual theme which gets a big push from a major publisher and becomes a best seller. But consider a few of those which have achieved this kind of success over the past twenty-odd years. Do any such books have as their leading characters the kind of men with whom you and I can identify?

*The City and The Pillar, The Fall of Valor, The Sling and The Arrow* — yes, even *City of Night* and *The Lord Won't Mind* dealt with highly neurotic types in extreme, melodramatic situations.

Straight readers gobbled these books up, because that's the way they want to think of us, as neurotic misfits in society. Gay readers went right along for the buggy ride. Yet did any of these books present the gay life favorably, did any of them treat a human theme — a problem beyond the leading character's sexual orientation or in which that orientation was simply incidental?

Christopher Isherwood is one gay writer whose work is a happy oasis in the wasteland of modern gay literature. His *A Single Man* is a true classic of its ilk. Why is it, though, that we do not have more honest gay novels and short stories? It is my contention that the reason for this, in the final analysis, may be found in the attitude of gay readers themselves.

**"The majority of gay men who buy paperback novels are one-handed readers."**

Most gay readers do not want "good" gay literature, they couldn't care less about novels and short stories which are "honestly" written. What they want, for the most part, is crap — and that's why the publishers go on giving it to them. That's why the "fuck" books, ground out by some publisher in the way a butcher grinds out hamburger, are good sellers, and it's also why a writer who tries to elevate the tone of the gay paperback novel is doomed to a certain and never ending battle.

The majority of gay readers have a preconceived and often very set idea of what a gay paperback should be. You can't blame them. A lot of gay paperbacks are fuck books and nothing else. The readers are conditioned to expect this and they don't want to change.

Two or three years ago, at a cocktail party, I was in conversation with an attractive young man to whom I had not been formally introduced. He asked my name and inquired what kind of work I did. I told him that I wrote gay novels.

"Oh," he replied with a shrug, "I never read dirty books."

Now if there's one thing that gets my back up, it's to be told that my novels are "dirty," or that I'm a writer of "fuck" books. It is true that my novels and short stories contain occasional sex scenes, as do the works of most straight writers, but I do not classify myself as a pornographer. I try to write much more from

the heart than from the glands. As a consequence, I did not respond favorably to the young man's remark. We drifted apart at the party, and a friendship or a deeper relationship between us failed to develop.

Some months later I was asked to lecture at an MCC seminar and to read and discuss one of my short stories. The story I chose to read was titled *Return Engagement* and its leading character was a fifty year old man who goes back, after a thirty-year absence, to the scene of his boyhood, to the small town in eastern Oregon where he was born. The mood of this story is gentle and somewhat nostalgic. There are no scenes of violence, and no crashing climaxes. The man simply visits with his old friends and schoolmates, recalls some episodes of his youth, has a tender but brief encounter with a good-looking young man, then leaves — with a sense that in many ways his life has traveled full circle.

The guy I had met at the cocktail party was in the audience while I read this story. He came to me during a break and there were tears in his eyes. "It was beautiful," he said. "I had no idea your stories were like that."

I smiled and thanked him. Of course he had no idea of what my stories were like. He had never read any of them. But he had made up his mind in advance that all gay writers wrote "dirty" and assumed that my work fell into the same category.

An experience like this is not uncommon with a writer such as myself or a half dozen others in the field who have tried to raise the level of gay paperbacks to something approaching a degree of respectability. The tragedy of it is that so few of us are discovered and separated from the herd of writers who really do write nothing but "fuck and suck" books.

*Return Engagement* was published in a two-volume set of short stories titled *Windows and Mirrors*. This collection received fine reviews, the publishers were so high on it that they printed "Publishers' Pick" on the cover, and many readers wrote complimentary letters to me about it. Still, it didn't sell as well as another book by another writer which the publishers brought out about the same time, a volume called *Clint Wins His Letter*, which — without any story line or central theme — chronicled the sexual exploits of a high school athlete.

Now you may ask, "What does all this mean?" I'll tell you what it indicates to me.

The majority of gay men who buy paperback novels are one-handed readers — in other words, guys who are looking for experiences which are strictly sexual. Occasionally a man who can appreciate

something deeper will be pleasantly surprised to find it in a gay paperback, but I'm sure there are more guys who are disappointed when there isn't a description of raw sex on every page of a paperback novel. When there isn't, the word gets around and that book doesn't sell as well as — say, *Clint Wins His Letter*. (The author of *Clint Wins His Letter*, incidentally, wrote another book called *Cruising Horny Corners* which was a delight, truly a delicious satire, but it didn't sell half so well as any of his *Clint* series.)

**"I don't want to write sheer pornography."**

Many men who might enjoy writing of a higher level don't purchase or read books which, like my friend at the cocktail party, they have already classified in advance as "dirty."

Well, don't misunderstand me. I'm not a snob. I have nothing against pornography, *per se*. The fuck books have their place. But what I'm saying is — there should be a place in the gay man's library for *both* kinds of books.

What can a writer who wants to deal with homosexuals as human beings (and not just as sex objects) do, when he's confronted with the unpleasantness of being called a "dirty book" writer or of failing to sell his wares if he declines to conform to what the publishers (read, the public) wants?

A few of today's better gay writers, caught in the trap, have stopped writing altogether. One is publishing his own books. Another, who wrote some fine but little heralded paperbacks under the name of James Colton, changed his name to Joseph Hansen and now sells mystery novels to a distinguished hardcover house, with a gay detective as his hero.

The breakthrough of a man like Hansen into the hardcover field is a phenomenon which happens only once or twice in a decade. Perhaps some of the rest of us will be so lucky.

For a time I really believed that Greenleaf Publishing Company of San Diego was going to be a trailblazer in the area of gay paperbacks. They had a good editor in Ginger Sisson, a young woman of taste and high standards. She was sympathetic to a stable of writers who wanted to do something worthwhile with gay literature. After a couple of years, however, the big bosses studied their computer reports and discovered that the books Ginger was buying for the Greenleaf line weren't selling as well in the stores as those of other houses which published raw, raunchy sex stuff. Ginger was eased out of her position.

There is no use in blaming the bosses for this. The dismissal of Ginger Sisson and the termination of a group of fairly decent writers for the Greenleaf stable can be blamed only on the readers, the gay public which didn't buy more of the books which Ginger and her writers turned out.

The new editor of Greenleaf's gay line has written to me and invited me to submit manuscripts for publication. She has stipulated, however, that the stories must be rough, hard-hitting, fast moving and filled with plenty of kinky sex. A dash of S&M would be welcome. So would stories about middle-aged men who seduce nine year old boys. There's a great market for that kind of thing. The titles and covers of all new books published by Greenleaf will be graphic and direct. No more pussy-footing around. They're going to lay it on the line — because that's what the men who buy gay paperbacks really want.

It's doubtful that I will ever write a book following this formula. If I ever do so, it will be because I need money very badly, and most certainly I will not publish it under the name of Douglas Dean.

Am I being arrogant to take such a stand? Am I overestimating my own importance as a writer of gay fiction?

Perhaps. Certainly nothing I've ever written has put me in a position to rival Truman Capote as a man of letters, nor am I likely to put Christopher Isherwood out of business. Nevertheless, I have my own standards and my own sense of ethics, and my own conscience with which I have to live. I don't want to write sheer pornography.

**"... just ordinary guys — like the men who are your neighbors or who live in the next block."**

A few of the things I wrote under the guidance of Ginger Sisson are works of which I'm still reasonably proud. Several critics have declared *Madder Music*, the title story of a collection, to be a minor classic. A novel, *This Flesh Could Melt*, which is the story of a thirty year love affair, won a lot of plaudits. (Carl Driver, in *THE ADVOCATE*, called it a trend-setter.) The two volume set, *Windows and Mirrors*, which I mentioned earlier in this article, was also well received. (Reviewer Patrick Doyle referred to this effort as "tales of remembered lust, beautifully told.") In November of 1971 Greenleaf published *A Father In Shadows*, my story of a teenager who discovers that his

(Continued on Page 39)



## Fairies Fulfill the Famous Three Wishes

### A First Encounter With Gay Friendship

♂ I will not begin — like my grandfather always did — with Adam and Eve. Sex was not their hang-up. They were in for sweat, tears and procreation and — I am sure — very little fun. I have to begin in admitting the surprising fact that not before I was 40 years old did I consciously become aware that there was widespread homosexuality in existence. I had then come from Nazi Germany where it had been treated as a crime, punished severely, was hidden underground and only brought up — as in the case of the Rohm Affaire — when politically opportune.

Next I remember a party in our house in San Francisco in the fifties. A guest began to tell a story and, turning towards me asked: "I guess you know what a fairy is?" "Yes," I said, "the one who fulfills the famous three wishes." Why did sudden laughter erupt? I got the right explanation. Never had I met a "fairy"! I was stunned and very curious.

It was in a yardage store. When the salesman took off his glasses and looking cockeyed but enthused, draped the green silk around his shoulders glancing coquettishly at another young man, that I recognized him for what he was. Question? But who and what was he really? Had he only different sexual tastes than I or did he differ from other men? I did not dare inquire — and left for Europe. There I fell directly into fame and the "fairy" I met was a famous French Ambassador.

Coming back a year ago to the Bay Area I found out to my surprise that as formerly jews needed a "renomier goy" and later the middle class black man at every party to demonstrate their liberal attitudes, it had become fashionable to have a gay man as a friend, "They are great," I was told, "and have the best

reputation among women because they are gratefully considered as being sexually inoffensive, harmless, wanting nothing." (For me, as a European, this would make a rather dull relationship — I thought.) "They are sensitive, warm and understanding, emotionally nearer to women than straight men and therefore worthwhile and pleasant to befriend." Only praise I heard from women, not a single derogatory remark.

---

"... and it had become fashionable to have a gay man as a friend."

---

Nobody told me that I could meet a gay man at a church! He sat at my left side and instead of a simple yes or no to a question, he gave me two hands full of "puzzle-parts" of which the picture of our lives consist. I was fascinated by this man. He looked to be intellectual, knew a lot about music, had seen so much of Europe. I had to see him again. To put his picture together I needed many more parts. I hid my surprise politely when he told me that he was gay. I had found what I had wanted without even looking for it — I was delighted. And surely enough he is the most delightful person I have met in a year: lively and alive, inspiring, full of vitality and ideas, communicative and so heavenly punctual and able of a lasting friendship — I am sure. Now — how to cope with this new experience? Only one fact saddens me in a male-to-male relationship that in the true sense of the word it can bear no fruit. But this does not concern me and my newly won friend.

In the last issue I touched briefly on what the Society for Individual Rights was all about, its aims and goals, and some of the activities it provides to the Gay community and the projects it is involved in, working towards those aims and goals.

The Society believes that through political and legal activities we can achieve equal rights for homosexuals. Realizing that no matter how many politicians we can get on our side to create legislation that will give us those rights, there will still exist a great deal of misunderstanding and misinformation about the homosexual.

There is only one way to combat such misunderstanding and misinformation: education.

The S.I.R. Speakers Bureau, established several years ago, attempts in a small way, to provide some of this education. By answering invitations to speak in a variety of environments such as social organizations, schools, universities and fraternal organizations, the Bureau meets and speaks to people about the homosexual, answering questions hoping to change some of the myths about us. A small group of volunteers gleaned from the membership and others from the Gay community answers the call to speak on any number of occasions.

I had not until very recently, personally participated in this program. Prior to this time I had only heard from others who had, that it was a fascinating, sometimes exciting, and rewarding experience. During March I had the pleasure of joining with John Callahan, Director of the S.I.R. Speakers Bureau, and several other Gay brothers and sisters, to speak at Berkeley High School, De Anza College in Cupertino, and Laney College in Oakland.

After speaking to one class at De Anza, John and I discovered there was a group of Gay and straight students who had formed, for credit, a course in Human Sexuality. It just happened to be in progress when we finished with the first group, so we went to the other as well. The students were a friendly group and the atmosphere here was so relaxed as to be almost unbelievable. There was cross-discussion between the students

and John and myself about S.I.R. and the other Gay organizations in the Bay Area and then we listened briefly to part of a record brought to class by one of the students, "God Save the Queens".

Unfortunately our time ran out and we couldn't discuss the record as much as I would have liked to.

Berkeley High School was the scene of an all-day speakathon. John, George

# THE INSIDER

by  
Mike Newton

Mendenhall, Charlie Davis, Richard Piro, Larry Littlejohn, Nancy of Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club, Steve of what I believe was a Gay People's Collective in Berkeley, and myself, alternated speaking in small groups to classes throughout the day, running from one building to another to make schedules.

I think Charlie Davis, telling of how he "came out" after repressing his feelings for 37 years, gave them a small idea

of what Gay oppression has meant for many of us. Charlie is probably one of S.I.R.'s staunchest supporters and most active members.

Of the many students we spoke to at Berkeley High I think I remember most, a young lady named Brenda. At first she was unsure of just what a homosexual was or did, but after explaining, she laughed and joked with us, her attitude seemed to be "So what's the fuss all about?" Her manner was almost a portent of the reception from students in the remainder of the classes I spoke in.

John and I left Berkeley High at noon to speak to a class in Ethics at Laney College. We really didn't speak so much as conversed. For three hours questions and answers flowed back and forth in what was the most relaxed atmosphere yet. At break-time John wrote on the blackboard "Homosexuals are: A. Sick; B. Immoral; C. Criminals; D. All of the above; E. None of the above," to which I added: "F. Fun people." When we left the students at Laney it looked like the consensus of the class was a combination of E. and F.

On Saturday, March 24th, a group of some 35 or more students at the University of California at Davis, in a class in Behavioral and Applied Sciences, gathered for a two-hour orientation of what the Society and the Gay Movement was all about. Breaking up into groups of four, each group with a representative from the Gay community went out to dinner at a Gay restaurant.

To my group was added a friend of mine, without whose assistance Maureen, Robin, and Bill would probably thing Gays were no more than a barrel of fun suffering from never-ending-mouth. The five of us thoroughly enjoyed ourselves dining at the Baj, asking and answering questions of each other. After the dinner we returned to the S.I.R. Center where some of the group continued to rap and dance. Some of the students over 21 went on a tour of the Gay bars. My friend and I transported nine students from the Twin Peaks to Gold Street, taking in two completely different atmospheres. Some of them were rather surprised that Gay people would be as open about them-

(Continued on Page 39)

Charlotte Schmidt-Luder

Ann Fairbairn's monumental novel, *FIVE SMOOTH STONES*, could have been the success novel of the last decade were it not for the final shattering page after several hundred pages of brilliant writing. That last incident, so hideous, brought an immediate block to the reading experience making conversation concerning the book's merit (the only stuff of which success is made) painful and reluctant. I felt the same way after the final scene in *SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS* and now find myself trying to release the block and think back into the play which was light years away from the bore I had expected.

First of all, it isn't a "play" in terms of plot, characters, climaxes and resolutions. As previously reported, it's a day-in-the-life-of eight interesting human beings and, as in life, there's no beginning, middle and end — just the journey from moment to moment (which is why the final mini-resolution scene strikes so clangingly a wrong note).

The evening reveals three relationships chief of which is Leona Dawson (Myra Hughes), who has been living with and supporting Bill McCorkle (Dennis McLaughlin), a Lil' Abner type drifter who has gotten through life behind Junior, his cock, which is seen and spoken of often enough to be given program credit. And Violet (Vera Stough), looking like Little Orphan Annie who is as down and out as is possible for a human to be and who, according to Leona, must seek her beauty under the table by giving what ever cock is handy, a handy workout. Steve (Fred Lazarus), a middle aged short order cook has had nothing before Violet whom he graciously buys hotdogs to keep her from starvation. And there is Quentin (Richard Rekow) the "piss elegant" homosexual Hollywood script writer and his trick, Bobby (Collis White), who is all blond and young and dewey-eyed and who has ridden a bicycle from Iowa to L.A. and, unlike the rest of the characters, has some hope. Finally, there's Monk (Jay Moreno) the bar owner greek chorus and his pal, Doc (Martin Ponch, originally played by Tennessee Williams), the classic alcoholic doctor practicing his craft and killing illegally. For those familiar with late Tennessee Williams, the palette of colors is not unfamiliar nor the resulting work of art surprising.

Artists' Enterprise Theatre is located in a large dance studio at 70 Union Street. Two thirds of the room is performing space, the other third consisting of about six rows of folding chairs. Thus, every seat is excellent with audience

becoming part of the set, a tacky Southern California local bar. It's the best single thing going for the show.

*SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS* is not an easy theatre piece to either produce or observe and some homework is suggested including a serious reading of the over-long interview Williams gave to a recent *PLAYBOY* issue. Williams has also said somewhere (not in *PLAYBOY*) that if you miss his lyricism you've missed the play. My response to that is you can't make a tuba sound like a flute simply by willing it. Throughout the evening the cast agonized over language, looking des-

perately for the lyricism which produced some strange vocalisms.

Will Leona pull up stakes and kick Bill out of her trailer because she saw Violet giving him a hand job? Will Doc manage to kill the woman whose child he is to deliver? Will Violet shake up with Monk? Will Quentin discover his lost sense of surprise? Will Bobby become jaded, too? Yes, I did care and because of this awareness orchids need be sent to directors Rick Winter and Robert Chapline for making visual sense out of verbal chaos and to John Christianson who managed to evoke mood and character with primitive, homemade lighting equipment and a special nod to E. Michael McMahon for an excellent sound environment to tie things together. Though never bored I was seldom gratified, either, but at the very least delighted to be witnessing a production which is recommended highly both for itself and for the sake of San Francisco whose theatre scene is painfully lacking such productions. It takes work to get to 70 Union Street and it takes even more work to respond to what's going on there.

(Continued on Page 41)

## THEATRE REVIEWS

### SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS

#### Tennessee Williams



## THE CRUCIBLE

### Arthur Miller

During the McCarthy mass hysteria of the 50's some people were preparing to split to places such as Australia, some were ready to confess to anything in order to save their positions, some were valiantly sacrificing their careers in maintaining integrity and most were watching the hearings on TV as a sort of macabre soap opera. Arthur Miller was busy researching another just as bleak moment in our history. What resulted was a play centered around the infamous Salem witch hunt trials during the late 1600's. Miller's statement was an act of monumental courage. As a play *THE CRUCIBLE* has everything going for it; flawless construction, dimensional characters, great acting roles, visual excitement, complex personal/philosophical relationships, children and revelance. Many consider it the finest American play ever written.

The audience that quietly filed out of the theatre on opening night were wide eyed and silent with awe. No chit chat, dashing for autos and cabs, as usual, but a kind of silent tribute given upon sharing in what I will coin as "the A.C.T. experience." The tribute was to Arthur Miller (whose script has also spawned a powerful opera) and to A.C.T. production which was top heavy with brilliance.

It was director William Ball's ball game who might also be credited with fantastic choreography because the abundance of exciting movement set the evening up for what it became — gesamt-kuntzwerke — the total fusion of several arts. There is a danger in *THE CRUCIBLE*'s becoming a Rembrandt tableau with sound. With masterful use of his full ensemble Ball focused upon the Greek tragedy feeling that haunts this piece — of people locked into a cosmic charade. Some samples of Mr. Ball's brilliant directorial touches are in order. Throughout the evening a macabre figure representing something (the apathetic among us?) stood in key positions observing the tragedy unfold and remained so throughout the curtain calls, as a constant reminder. The superimposed roll call of death as the ensemble (what fine singing!) prepared the hangings. The double screen effect in the first act with Abigail's motivations being underscored with action in the other room. The girls' ensemble moving only upon Abigail's initiation in the meeting house. The fantastic uses of bodies and faces always there, always fluid, always frightening. And the discipline of

so many forces ready to explode yet as orderly as a neutron. At times the tension was nearly unbearable.

On the negative side one could question the wisdom of the lighting which cast intrusive and annoying shadows into every pair of eye sockets and the grotesque makeup which, had it been consistent, might have worked but as it was, it disturbed too much of the evening. Mr. Ball might have trusted himself more and left out the frills. And whose idea was it to cut the confrontation scene between Abigail and Proctor? William Ball's genius was everywhere so evident that even his misjudgments were magnificent.

If there's a better acting company in this country we don't know about it. Peter Donat as John Proctor was, as usual, perfect. The interpretation he chose was heavy on the unheroic which rescued the climax from possible melodrama and bathos. Donat's acting art is so hair splitting sharp that one suspects after the thousandth performance of a scene, he would still find something new to reveal in the character. Barbara Colby's Elizabeth Proctor rests, I submit, with the director. It didn't work. Aided by her grotesque makeup (a la Andy Warhol) Goody Proctor came over as a cold, unattractive, unresponsive, unfeeling shrew. Barbara Colby has demonstrated enough vast talent in the past to be billed as a director's actress and, as such, she went along with her boss. The lines don't help but the role should have been considerably warmed up. For the first time I was totally satisfied and deeply moved by Paul Shenar's Reverend Hale. It seems popular to take pot shots at this man whose ability grows and grows. Ray Reinhardt's Danforth was constantly exciting to watch as was Robert Mooney's delicious Parris. I was deeply impressed with Elizabeth Huddle's Ann Putnam (may we see more of her next season?) perfectly partnered by E. Kerrigan Prescott's pompous Thomas. I missed that sense of evil and danger which should surround Abigail and disappointed with the limited range in Marsha Mason's portrayal. Since the hysteria scene in Scene III was vocally far too low keyed again we lay this at Mr. Ball's winged feet. Ms. Mason has yet to find Abigail and it was upsetting that she appears to have stopped looking. Janie Atkins' Mary Warren, when not required to pirouette several times in a row, was stunning.

A special mention must be made of the vocal projection. This was *LAN-GUAGE* beautifully spoken with whispers bouncing off the ends of the balcony, always crystal clear. With the amount of

action and the size of the crowd scenes, this was no easy task. The work of voice coaches Rick Winter and Robert Chapline once again shone as powers behind the diaphragms.

This is A.C.T.'s final production for 1973 and it was a triumph saddened only with the fact that it was final. Because of the enormous size of the cast professional productions of *THE CRUCIBLE* are rare given the economics of the theatre so it is strongly recommended that you grab it while it lasts. It's a treasure.

— Richard Piro

**TRUCKIN' WITH CHUCK**  
MOVING—HAULING  
DELIVERY  
Junk to the Dump  
Reasonable—Free Estimates  
**Call CHARLES**  
**864-3563**

**LITTLE KOUROI.**  
journey into the  
**DANCE WORLD OF BALLET**

Little Kouroi gets into the act by joining the dance world of ballet. The performers are costumed in their own beautiful muscles. Bodies enclosed in such expert control and such an overwhelming sense of line and continuity of motion that they provide a periodic pulse which brings music and motion together in facile unison, truly exalting the frailty and ultimately the beauty of the human body.

- 6 CARDS PLUS ENVELOPES
- SIZE 4" X 9"
- THERMOGRAPHY (RAISED PRINTING) ON COATED STOCK

**NOTE CARDS**

DESIGNED FOR YOU TO ENTER YOUR OWN HAND WRITTEN MESSAGE

**\$1.50 per pkg.**  
(ADD 25¢ FOR POSTAGE)

Send check or money order. California residents add sales tax.  
SEND \$1.00 FOR LATEST CATALOGUE

**j. hillman art studio, inc.**  
P. O. BOX 3553  
DALY CITY, CALIFORNIA 94015

"... there is more than one way to abuse a growing child."

# DANGEROUS FILMS

Some time ago S.I.R. received an anonymous letter from a concerned citizen in San Mateo concerning the showing of films to school children containing questionable homophobic undertones. Frank Fitch, then public relations director, set to work immediately by requesting permission to view the films. For the next several months Frank was tossed from school department to film distributor to film maker. The letter file reads like a Max Sennet film chase but Frank was still denied permission for a screening. Finally, Frank took the problem to clinical psychologist (and S.I.R. member) Don Clark who saw the two films and will soon publish his response in the Association of Humanistic Psychology News Letter. VECTOR has been granted pre-publication permission for his copyrighted piece.

**Don Clark**

A recent viewing of four sex education films for school age youngsters made me think that we humanistically inclined mental health professionals ought to pay more attention to what is being taught in this area. I would like to share my thoughts and feelings with other members of A.H.P. in the hope of stirring concern. I hope also that our new Committee on Human Policies may take an interest.

The films vary in production quality and approach to the theme of sexual molestation but they uniformly carry two clear messages:

- 1) Sex is dangerous;
- 2) Strangers are dangerous.

I am a parent of two young children, a boy and a girl. I do not want them abused sexually or otherwise, but there is more than one way to abuse a growing child. If we are producing a society in which people increasingly fear other people and are afraid to enjoy their own sexuality, we are robbing our growing children of very basic human rights and pleasures. I call that abuse. It is a molestation of mind, spirit and body.

It is about time for our adult generation to try to cure ourselves of our phobia about sex and our paranoid fear of strangers (people who are different in language, custom, costume, experience,

belief, or desire.)

We can help children to protect themselves from coercion (sexual, intellectual, emotional or any other kind) while at the same time helping them to develop personally satisfying, self enhancing values (sexual and other) that enable them to enjoy self and reach out to others in a manner that will cause civilization to prosper.

There is no reason why we cannot contribute the time, energy, and money that is now spent on frightening children away from sex and strangers on helping children learn to distinguish between destructive human interaction and constructive human interaction. They could learn means of protecting themselves from exploitation, coercion, and persecution whether in ghetto or suburb.

If I were creating sex education films for my own children to view, there are some basic messages I would like to communicate. The style of communication would depend, of course, on age and background but the basic points would be the same.

- 1) Sex is usually a friendly or loving interaction between people.
- 2) We grownups are only beginning to be less confused about it ourselves because it's something our own parents'

generation didn't talk about much. Because so many grownups are still confused about it, children must be wary of grownups who want to interact with them sexually.

3) Each individual needs to develop his own code of sexual behavior. As a youngster is growing up, she or he will want to pay attention to the sexual values of family, church and other guiding influences in life, even though as a grown-up she or he may want to develop a code that is quite different. It helps to think through why one's chosen code is different and more personally suitable.

4) Most strangers are friendly and it's perfectly all right to interact with them in a friendly manner. It's usually better to keep the interaction in a public place where other grownups are around to protect you if a seemingly friendly stranger turns out to be a confused person who might harm you. Try to remember, therefore, to stay in public, not to go for rides with strangers, not to let strangers into your home when your parents are not there, not to take candy or money without checking with your parents first, and not to get into any kind of interaction that seems strange or unusual without talking about it to another adult you trust. If it begins to

**TURK ST. FOLLIES** 10 AM to 1 AM ADULTS ONLY  
105 TURK / 474-9581



**16 HOURS NON-STOP HARDCORE MALE STAG**

"Roughest Features in S.F." **\$3** Lowest Price in Town  
PLUS SELECTED SHORTS

**CALL THEATRE FOR TITLES!**  
5/1 - 7 TALL TIMBER

# VECTOR

**Subscription Form**

SOCIETY FOR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS  
83 Sixth Street  
San Francisco, California 94103  
Telephone: (415) 781-1570

ATTENTION: MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

In the Amount of:  
 \$150 Lifetime Member  
 \$15 1 Yr. Member  
 \$10 1 Yr. Vector Sub.  
 New  Renewal

Add \$5 for foreign continent

# VECTOR

# CLUB RENDEZVOUS TURNS ON

OPEN 4 PM DAILY  
COCKTAIL HOUR 4-9

TWELVE GIGANTIC SPEAKERS WITH  
**4 CHANNEL QUADRAPHONK SOUND**

**TWO DANCE FLOORS**  
DANCING NIGHTLY TO THE GREATEST SOUNDS EVER!  
**ENTERTAINMENT NIGHTLY**



**567 SUTTER - 781-3949**

## A CLOSER LOOK AT THE WHITE HORSE

In February, Richard Piro expressed an interpretation of the White Horse, which ignited a spark in the minds of Bay Area "Old timers." If one has been around the East Bay for any length of time, I'm certain many people would scoff at his interpretation, hence, a challenge to Mr. Piro's article would emanate a series of claims and counter-claims about the Horse. In a more or less in-depth analysis, and perhaps some critical empirical evidence, it would seem to suggest that the Horse has been the object of a succession of controversies running as far back as 1968 when the Horse changed management. A brief historiographical analysis of the White Horse will, I hope, reflect an accurate and detailed analysis of a more complex — as opposed to a cursory — development of interpersonal relationships commonly displayed at the Horse.

**"It is not uncommon to see women, men, Blacks, Anglos, and other ethnics"**

The White Horse, located at 6547 Telegraph Avenue in Oakland, is by all descriptions a local neighborhood bar which has a strange attraction for people from other neighborhoods. It is not uncommon to see women, men, Blacks, Anglos, and other ethnics. However, upon closer scrutiny, a variety of lifestyles exist. For example, there are doctors, lawyers, teachers, students, businessmen, and other working and professional people. Some are employed, and some are not; some are gay, but I would assume that few are not. Some are college-trained and some are not. Some are happy and some are in misery.

In 1968, Ruth and Joe Johansen became proprietors of the White Horse. The previous co-owners, Larry Fong and Godfrey Williams had operated the establishment as a family restaurant and bar. Single gays and gay couples ate their meals between sporadic intervals of soft conversations and an occasional glance or stare in the direction of a nicely dressed handsome man seated around the hearth, sipping on a mixed drink or a glass of the many imported and/or domestic beers. One could only guess what the nature of the conversation between singles, couples or groups of gays might have been at that

moment. (Few gay women were in evidence in the Horse during the period from 1968 to 1971.) And, I hasten to add that one could be certain that that conversation was not entirely on the day's events, nor "intellectual masturbation." While that conversation might have started out that way, before long, all conversations and eyes were focused on the topic of man; not the phylogenesis of man, but "that man." If some one happened to be straight, it was quite likely he might miss that preening process. For some others, it probably wouldn't have mattered; and, still, for others it was presumably an open invitation for the "hunting season" and may the best "man" win. All of this seemed harmless enough.

Between the years 1968 and 1969, it was not uncommon to see sometime serious competition for the affections, attention and an occasional one night love-making experience of "that man" and similar men who, by some waving of the magic wand by a "fairy" god-mother or father, PRESTO, INSTANT LUST, managed to elicit responses from their many suitors. These suitors came in all forms. There were whites who pursued blacks, and vice versa; there were blacks who pursued only blacks and whites who pursued only whites. About this time a curious phenomenon seemed to appear. There was an observable pattern of black/white gay pairings rising in the bay area. (This is not to suggest that similar patterns were not developing or continuing elsewhere at any degree of rapidity or sameness or diminution.) While these patterns were presumably old in nature, they now surfaced themselves more openly. This phenomenon may possibly be due to the result of the "Third World Movement," and the assumed fact that Blacks were now "Beautiful." After all, if "Black is Beautiful," then why can't I be with or elect not to be with someone "Beautiful." This assumption seemed to manifest itself in the sudden rise in mixed couples frequenting gay bars not only in the East Bay, but in San Francisco as well. (Presumably, this was taking place elsewhere.) Whatever the rationale for this phenomenon, the mood seemed to shift in a significant way to that end of

the spectrum. This is not to say that all Black/white gay relationships were predicated upon this assessment, for those whites and Blacks who were marginally unsure of themselves in any gay relationship found no justification for such a change.

When Joe and Ruth Johansen took over the White Horse, the character of the bar and restaurant gradually took on a different "personality." For one thing, the quality of the food service slowly changed as with the exodus of the Chinese "family-style" operations to one of a more Anglo-Western "efficiency" operation. At one time there was only one cook, and one waiter, and, occasionally Ruth served as both bar-maid and waitress. This was especially true if the bar and restaurant was sufficiently crowded. The food was still good, but gradually complaints from dissatisfied customers began to surface. One could only assume that maybe Ruth and Joe were not seriously confronted with these complaints or, perhaps, the seriousness of the complaints were not made in a form — though sometimes it is possible that the form was done subtly — in which the new owners were able to decipher. It is possible that Joe and Ruth carefully avoided making acknowledgement to them, or whatever. While the reasons for the dissatisfaction on the part of the customers, and the inaction/or inability on their part to heed the warning signs of the deterioration of good restaurant service, the restaurant folded after a short-lived period. Some people speculated that

**"... claims and counter-claims of exploitation continued."**

the reason for the failure was that Ruth and Joe were going broke and that they couldn't afford to keep both bar and restaurant going. Still others speculated that neither Joe nor Ruth seriously wanted a family restaurant for it interfered with their "capitalistic/exploitative greed" to exploit the gay community. A series of speculative innuendoes, claims and counter-claims of exploitation continued. The allegations and counter-allegations culminated into a series of boycotts by

*(Continued on Page 42)*

## MYTH OR MATERIALITY?

**Abraham Black, Ph.D.**

## BAR REVIEW

**Deno Thomas**

SCOTT'S PIT

Kicking off this time I have chosen a bar that is well known to all of the women. SCOTT'S PIT. It sits right off the corner off Duboce on Sanchez. From all outward appearances it looks like any pub you would find in neighborhoods in and around S.F. If it's your first trip there you have to stand back and ask yourself, "Like, hey, what is going on here? How come I haven't checked this trip out before?"

To give you a little insight of what really makes you see this I think that you would have to know something of the people that make it a real going place. Scott has been around the bar scene for a long time. When she had Fin Alley out on the Avenues, the striking things there were the real sharp fish tanks that you could trip out on. At the Hylander it was the good food, the back room with the two large pool tables, and the creation of drinks that were enjoyable, even though just beer and wine.

So now we come to Scott's Pit. The bar extends the length of the room to the pool table. On the other side of the room there are tables, chairs, pinball machines, and a long rack with a mirror behind it where one can sit, drink, and still check out where the action is.

During the week there is always something happening. Once a month there is a pool tournament that really can be a mind blower. Informal jam sessions are a trip also. The other night I sat in on a very nice session. Juanita did her thing with guitar and voice and she did it really well. Linda Diamond has done a couple of sets out there also with guitar and songs.

Saint Patrick's weekend was a ball. Irish coffee was a going thing at 50 cents a pop. Midnight Saturday night Irish Stew arrived — compliments of Scott and Kate — which, by the way, Scott put together. Sunday afternoon at 4:00 p.m. the jam session got under way and by 6:00 p.m. the place was really into it. Then to round out the weekend, at midnight, the sweepstakes drawing took place.

Wendy and Gail, behind the bar, looked sharp in their ties, hats, and vests. Kate tripped out on her outfit also.

Kanti, the gal that delivered you your drinks, even if you were tripping out

NO NAME  
(My God! Shadows!)

*but that's only in the past*

(everybody's groaning now)

*closer! Closer!*

RENDEZVOUS

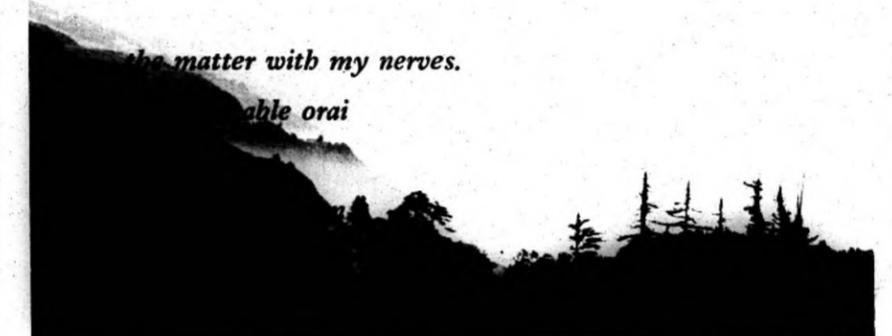
*I shan't*

(eye chant)

HAMBURGER MARY'S

*Fiddle-sticks! mama, I said,*

*I never have anything*



somewhere else, made you take notice, with her far out Italian smile.

What I really like about Scott's, is that if you are a loner, when you arrive on the scene you don't leave that way. The people in there are down to earth, just being themselves. Men and women trip on in and everyone gets it together. Walking? Friendly cops on the beat check us out and have good rapport with us.

Scott has been in bar business since 1966 and has seen a lot of changes in the bar business through those years. Scott's is at this point a well put together couples and singles bar. Here you can find some-

thing for one and all. Friendship is the cornerstone. The folks behind the plank have their heads together, so there is no one left out in the cold.

The calendar that goes out once a month tells you what the other people like and want to see go on there.

The third birthday celebration that went on from April 3 to the 5th was highlighted by prizes given at the most unexpected times.

So, folks out there, if you want to see something happen in this friendly bar — all you have to do is tell Scott and Kate and the next time around you will probably see it going on. ♀



# COMING OUT!

My name is Robert Burke. I'm eighteen years of age, a student of history, and I'm gay. The fact that I'm gay isn't new to me, although I have, at various times, given my orientation several different labels. I have "been" bisexual, a confused heterosexual, and once even went so far as to assume the arrogant intellectual stance of somehow being "above" all of that sexual "non-sense." Anything and everything, providing that it wasn't gay. It has taken several frustrating, aggravating years, but I am, finally, "coming out."

When I first heard that phrase, "coming out," I took it to mean that I was expected to engage in all of the things that the prominent psychologists and sociologists told me that gay people engage in when they "come out." In other words I felt that I was expected to cruise bars and haunt the baths.

But that was two years ago and I've since found that not only do the activities mentioned above reinforce the worst possible aspects of gay life but they have little to do with "coming out."

For myself I have found "coming out" to be a very rich, very rewarding experience. It has meant not only accepting the fact that I'm gay, but accepting it in such a way that it has become a positive and integral facet of my personality. But it has also meant realizing what gay is *not*. For me this has meant discarding notions that I am sick, that I suffer from a hormonal imbalance, or that mother

just didn't read Dr. Spock carefully. And it has most importantly meant the acceptance of my orientation as a legitimate variation of human experience, nothing less.

The following is a relation of some of the thoughts and experiences I've had while "coming out."

## Images

One of the most basic reasons that I was reluctant to "come out" was the fact that, until recently, the only image of "healthy" human sexuality that I knew was that of a young, white, heterosexual couple having intercourse, missionary position. And even that was frowned upon. Given the images presented by the popular, mass media, human beings don't exist below the navel. And gay love and sexuality (when it was admitted that such a thing was possible) has always been shown as a miserably bleak affair. Depending upon the view taken, gay lovers are shown either as an abomination in the eyes of God or as a couple of hopelessly neurotic individuals. I have yet to see an image that even hinted at the possibility of happy, well-adjusted gay couples. Throughout every facet of the popular media I see myself stereotyped as an extreme. According to the popular media I am viewed as a grotesque cross between the "effeminate" hairdresser and the sexual gargantua of erotic mythology. I am shown as a member of a community populated not by human beings capable of love and anger, but by sub-human



caricatures whose entire lives are focused on each other's genitals. I find such images to be not just stupidly stereotyped, but personally insulting. For they are saying that I am not capable of loving just as freely and just as openly as the heterosexual community. But I am not the only one that they are telling he isn't human. They are telling it to over ten million of my gay brothers and sisters.

My anger is a recent phenomenon. I have, in the past, accepted these images of myself. It didn't even require a conscious effort on my part. I would sit before my television and watch as the popular media paraded the hysterical interior decorators or the "poor, sick" homosexuals before me. And I came to accept them without a second thought. But I think I have found a solution for this problem.

The first part of this solution was to become consciously aware of the images presented by the media. In effect, to become a more discerning listener, reader, and most importantly, viewer. I know that much of my own acquiescence to these images was based in my own intellectual laziness. It was, and is, always much easier to accept the majority opinion than to voice one's dissent and attempt to find the truth.

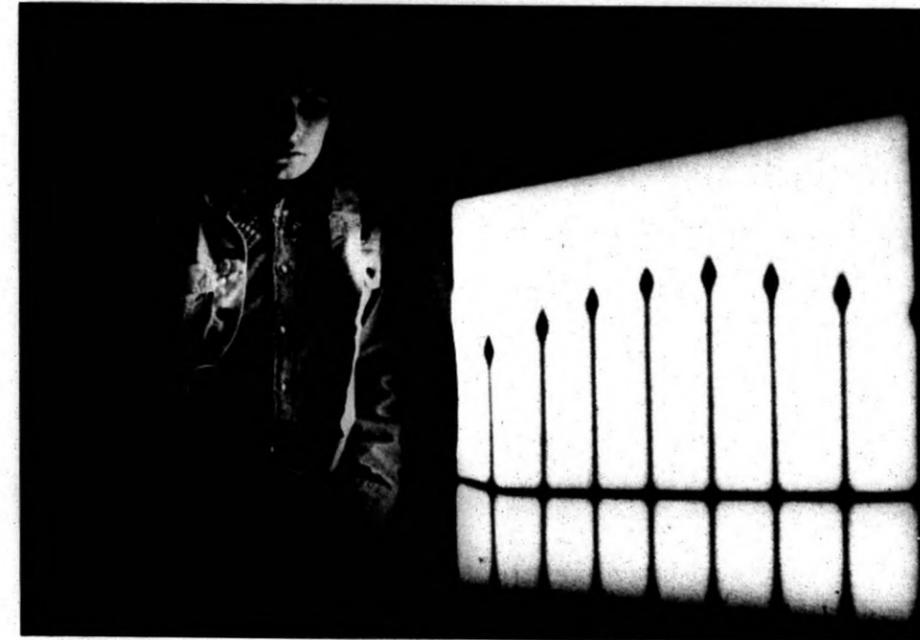
I now find myself turning off the television or putting the book aside if I find that it presents the popular stereotypes mentioned above as the definitive word on gay culture. I won't learn any-

thing by subjecting myself to such nonsense. Or if the material is particularly offensive, I send off a letter to the parties concerned and tell them that I find it an ignorant, insulting presentation. Not only does this let them know where I stand personally, but it tells them that I am not willing to quietly sit back and watch as they vilify the gay community, my community, before the public.

The second part of my solution was to find a positive image within the gay community. Finding someone whom I respect has proven itself to be an invaluable experience for me. And there are more than enough of such people in the community.

This need for a positive contact can not be overstated, as it is a need which is especially acute for those who are just "coming out." The support of an individual who has already experienced the frustrations and doubts which inevitably accompany "coming out" can make the difference between the development of a positive image of yourself and the maintenance of a demeaning, guilt-ridden status quo.

By a positive contact I do not mean an individual who has voted a certain party in the past or who is employed in a "respectable" profession. And neither do I mean someone from whom one can assume a "role" identity. Rather I mean a liberated individual who has not been intimidated by the standards of conventional behavior. Someone who has accepted himself and acts accordingly.



### Friends

When I first decided to "come out" I was afraid of what my friends might think and of how deeply they might react. It was only after indulging myself in two weeks of masochistic fantasies that it occurred to me that perhaps it wasn't their feelings that I should be considering, but my own. The fear I had of being rejected and shunned had, I found, little to do with my friends, but was a projection of my own negative feelings about being gay. It was a denigrating experience for me, wandering about thinking of how they might react to the "horrible secret" of my homosexuality. But the worst of it was that these fears were, in my case, utterly groundless.

I am not suggesting that everyone go about the streets proclaiming their sexual orientation. The folly of such a tack is obvious to anyone who is gay. But I do feel that by concealing this facet of my personality to a friend (and by a "friend" I mean someone with whom I have shared my most intimate hopes and aspirations and who has reciprocated) is to deny

both of us the opportunity to explore our relationship to its fullest potential. In my case I found not only the satisfaction of sharing a very vital part of myself with someone whom I care about but, additionally, found a renewed sense of confidence in myself.

Shortly after I told my friends, I found that I was no longer afraid to challenge the psychology instructors who termed homosexuality "an abortion of life." It's a good feeling to stand up, and proudly, against those who would slander you. I can't honestly say that I'll always be able to walk away from a threatening situation knowing that I've defused someone's hostility, but just by standing up to such a situation I feel that I'm making an important statement.

### Relations

"Coming out" to one's family is, perhaps, the most difficult part of being gay. For the gay person it means risking the withdrawal of the family's support and acceptance and for the family it often means a radical re-evaluation of attitudes

towards homosexuality. For example:  
Item: Father (watching Joel Grey) Wasn't he the queer in "Cabaret"?

Gay Son: Was he?

Item: Mother (watching a television report on a teacher who has been removed from his classroom for being gay) What'd he do anyway? Wear a sweat-shirt that said "I LIKE BOYS" on the back?

Item: Brother (who is gay) I'm going to join S.I.R.

Older Brother (who knows that the speaker is gay) Why do you want to join an organization like *that*?

The above are not fanciful recreations or imaginings. They are experiences which I've personally had in the past two weeks. And it is this which has been the most difficult part of "coming out" for me. To watch my family as they sneer at, condescend to, or attempt to ignore the gay community and, by extension, me, has been painful, for I can not help but to wonder if they would, perhaps, reject me as they have rejected my community. At this point it is a moot question.

I suspect that there are members of the gay community who would insist that I should come all the way out and declare my affiliation with the gay community to my family. There are two reasons why I have not done so.

The first reason is this: I simply don't know at this point whether or not I would be able to handle their rejection which is, I feel, a very real possibility. For myself I feel that the best course is to

wait until I'm self-supporting and therefore able to approach the situation from a more equilateral financial position.

But what is more essential is the development of my own consciousness to the point where I am no longer dependent upon anyone's definition of what I should be or how I should be it. Regardless of the time I choose to "come out" to my parents the stakes will be high. And yet, as I see it, the gamble is inevitable. I can not, I will not live my life in fear that they may find out that I'm gay. To do so would mean that I was no longer living my own life but a reluctant extension of theirs.

The second, and in the final analysis, the least important reason is the fact that I am, as I indicated above, financially dependent upon my parents. To "come out" now would place me in a stupidly precarious economic position. Not only would I be jeopardizing my education, but my future as well. For I have come to the realization that I haven't any marketable skills upon which to survive should I be asked to vacate the premises. It's an annoying factor but one which must be considered should I (or anyone else for that matter) decide to reveal my sexual orientation to my parents.

To those gay people who are just "coming out," but particularly to my peer group, I can't offer any practical advice. I haven't had the necessary experience. What I can offer, however, is the assurance that you are not alone by any means.

### Conclusions

"Coming out" for me has been an attempt to establish my identity. And it has been a difficult thing for me to accomplish. But I have not really done it alone or just within the context of the gay community. It has been done with the knowledge that "coming out" is not a singularly gay experience. It is the experience of the woman who won't be satisfied by the roles of wife and mother, it is the experience of every black man and woman who has decided that black is, indeed, beautiful, and it is the experience of every clergyman who has found that the Bible is not to be summed up in Leviticus. "Coming out" means that you're no longer willing to accept the white, male, heterosexual view as the only word on anything.



And "coming out" is, by and large, a materially thankless effort. I know that I can't count on the community at large to support, much less respect, my decision. I do know however that by making this decision for myself I am inviting the community's derision and persecution, or at best, its tolerance, sans support.

But "coming out" has meant an end to boxing my experiences with inapplicable labels. It has meant the freedom to enjoy my life more fully by opening myself up to a broad range of human experience that was previously closed to me. And, most importantly, it has engendered within me a respect for myself and my abilities which will never be known by those who can't or won't dare to make the leap.

"... sickness is contagious and that it is called, homosexuality."

make you uncomfortable, stop and check with your parents and other trusted adults before getting into that kind of interaction again.

5) If someone in your family or a friend of the family behaves in ways that seem strange or makes you uncomfortable you have a right as a person to talk it over with a couple of grownups that you trust and they will help you to figure out what to do about it.

6) Sex, like any other kind of human interaction can be nice or nasty. Homosexuality is as valid as heterosexuality and is not, by nature, sick or wrong (though some people may choose to exclude it from their personal sexual code). The same holds true of sexual interaction between two people when one is much younger or older than the other. It is a matter of taste or preference and each individual must sense that out for himself as he grows to adulthood.

Now for a quick description of the actual four films that I saw. The first was the worst. It was produced in 1960 for a junior high school audience by the Inglewood California Police Department and the Inglewood Unified Schools. It is called, *Boys Beware*. In the first scene a boy is hitching and is picked up by an older man who is friendly. They meet many times after that. They go fishing, the older man shows him some pornographic pictures, takes him out for hamburger and coke treats, and finally takes him to a chamber of seduction to "demand payment in return." The narrator's reassuring voice says that there is no way to know by looking at this friendly man that he has a sickness of the mind, but that sickness is contagious and that it is called, "homosexuality." It goes on to warn that not all homosexuals are passive, that some are violent and that it may cost you your life if you get into contact with one. Indeed, the boy in the second sketch shown, "trades his life for an evening headline."

The third boy is picked up by a man using a ploy to get him into his car, but a clever young friend writes down the license plate number and the day is saved by the police.

The fourth sketch shows a malevolently unattractive man who hangs around restrooms looking shifty-eyed and waiting to follow boys under the nearby pier and sexually molest them there. The voice on the film warns that "one never knows when there is a homosexual about" — that you can't tell that he's not

normal — that he is *mentally ill*.

If a youngster of mine had been watching the film, I would have been reassured that he had learned that it is not safe to get into a stranger's car, and had even picked up a useful reminder to remember to write down the license plate number if a friend gets into a stranger's car and immediately notify a trustable adult. I would be mildly comforted that my youngster had been alerted to the fact that there are sick people who will hurt and possibly kill you but that mild comfort would be far outweighed by my discomfort over the paranoia being promoted. And, I would be positively *alarmed* at his being told authoritatively that homosexuality equals a contagious sickness whose carriers kill or maim you. I would be very angry at prejudice and bigotry being passed off as "education" at public expense.

The second film, also produced by the Inglewood Police Department and Inglewood Unified Schools, was made in 1961 and aimed again at a junior high school audience. It is entitled, *Girls Beware*.

"... not to be told that they are "sick" or "deranged" for having enjoyed sex."

The third film was produced a few years later, again by the Inglewood Unified School District and the Inglewood Police Department, and is aimed at elementary school children. It first describes "little Debbie Denson" who goes for a ride with a stranger who offers ice cream and is never seen again. Her doll is left lying on the grass.

The second sketch warns about playing in lonely places. It shows two boys playing in what seems to be a parking lot. They are approached by a young man who gives them some baseball cards and offers more at his apartment. You are left with the impression that something terrible happens later but you are not sure what.

In the third sketch a man follows a girl into a movie theatre, puts his arm around her and "touches her" on the shoulder. She wisely moves away and the children in the audience are warned that under such circumstances they should always get the manager or usher.

In the fourth sketch a little girl is playing in a park playground, a man

comes along and offers her candy and begins to take her home but her older brother spots them and yells, "Hey, let go of my sister," and the older man runs away.

In the fifth sketch a man is waiting outside at the school in a car and says, "Hi, Sally, I'm a friend of your mother's and she wants me to take you home." The child gets into the car with alacrity, but again a friend saves the day by writing down the license plate number.

In the sixth sketch, a couple of boys are hitching and the narrator says, "You're just plain lucky if the driver doesn't mean you harm," and goes on to tell that, in addition, the car might be defective. Children in the audience are once again instructed to always write down the license plate number if a friend gets into a stranger's car. The friendly policeman ends the narration with a summary in which he reminds the children: (1) Never accept gifts from strangers, not even candy, (2) never go anywhere with a stranger, (3) never get into a stranger's car. And then reminds everyone that "strangers can be *dangerous*."

If my own children were watching this film I would feel somewhat comforted that they had been alerted to specific behavior that could get them into trouble, like accepting candy from a stranger or getting into a stranger's car. I would *not* like the instruction to never let a stranger touch them. I wouldn't want them growing into adulthood leaping away from skin contact. In general this film was more acceptable, however, than the first two because it never quite spelled out the equation of sex being bad, nor did it carry the bizarre message about homosexuality being sick, evil, and contagious.

The fourth film was made by BFA Educational Media (Bailey Films) in 1969. It's called, *Meeting Strangers — Red Light, Green Light*, and aimed at an elementary school audience. It is a more upbeat film. The children are an ethnically mixed group. They are a sort of modern day education film version of "Our Gang." They almost get into scrapes but always escape laughing.

You can tell the tone is going to be less heavy when the narrator, near the beginning of the film says, "Most strangers like you, but a few are dangerous." At least, film makers apparently

(Continued Page 43)

You asked about the possibility of my writing for Vector. In the past I wouldn't have been willing, because I felt alienated from the magazine. Now, hopefully, it's changing and maybe by communicating how it has turned me off in the past, I can help it along.

I want to do this in personal terms, in terms of the way Vector has made me feel when I read it. So, I'd better start by saying something about myself. I've known I was Gay since about the time I was twelve. I first came out at twenty-nine. In between I spent seven years with a shrink, trying to get "cured." Not because I felt guilty — I just wanted a secure life, as part of a family. I was afraid to be Gay because I was afraid that would mean I'd have to end up as a dirty old man living by myself in a furnished room somewhere. Everything I knew about the Gay life then, bars and t-rooms primarily, seemed to point towards loneliness and isolation.

At twenty-nine I came out anyway. Anyway, because I was scared of what would happen to me as time went on. But I came out because I was Gay; my life really couldn't start until I started living it as a Gay person. I wasn't reconciled to living alone, but my Gayness wasn't going to change, so something else would have to, whatever it was about the Gay man's world that threatened me with so much loneliness. Of course once I was out I discovered it wasn't all like Boys in the Band. I have gotten to know some fine Gay people; discovered that there really are Gay men who love each other, that even the bars aren't just a meat market. To me this says a hell of a lot for Gay men making a decent life for themselves against all odds. So what I've been doing for the last three years is trying to find an alternative to the bar world, which pretty much means being part of the process of creating it.

**"I want to do this in personal terms the way VECTOR has made me feel . . ."**

Now, to get back to Vector. Before I came out I saw Vector, and S.I.R., as one of the best things Gay people had going. Two things about them were really important to me personally. The first was the message that Gay is good, I am good; the second that message and example that Gay men are capable of working together and creating something.

But pretty soon I stopped reading Vector. In spite of the good things about it, it scared me. Overall, the message I got from it was too much like the kind of despair I usually feel in bars. I felt that if

I wanted more out of life than a series of quick lays until I got too old to score, if I didn't want to end up in that furnished room, I had better start looking for Gay men whose heads were in a different place than the ones putting out Vector.

On balance, Vector has been more of a hindrance to me than a help in getting what I want out of life. I think what I want is what a lot of Gay men want, so I hope it may be useful to try and explain just what my problems with Vector have been.

Three things stand out in my mind.

## AN OPEN LETTER

Mike Silverstein

**"I stopped reading VECTOR"**

Sex is the first place where Vector and I part company. I'm not willing to give up on the idea of love. To me that means a relationship with another person that's growing, open, with sex as an important part of it, important because it's the most intimate part of the relationship, a way of communicating feeling and affection that no other human experience can match. I've caught glimpses of this often enough to make me unwilling to settle for a life without it.

But usually that's not the way it happens. More often I find myself cruising, wanting to score with some really hot number. Nowadays I'll usually lie down until the feeling passes. More often in the past, I'd try and score. Then if I didn't make it I'd feel like a real loser, that I didn't have what it takes. Or I'd make it, then I'd be a winner. Then later that night, after having gotten my rocks off, tired and a little embarrassed at being in bed with a stranger, I'd make polite conversation while wishing he'd just go away so at least I could be lonely in private. I'm not trashing myself, or other Gay men for this. Everything I've ever been told about sex and how I should go about getting "what I want," has taught me this is the way to do it. Every toothpaste ad, every dirty joke, every Playboy magazine

says it — high-brow things like the opera, "En Espagne, mille et tre," low-brow things like the army, "Find 'em, Flatter 'em, Fuck 'em, Forget 'em." Being Gay meant I wanted to do it with a guy, but the "it" didn't change, it was still the same men's game.

The Gay men's world isn't any worse than the straight man's in terms of sexuality, and Vector isn't any worse than Playboy. It might not even be as bad. It's just too much the same, a Gay version of the same rule-book, with the same built in scorecard. But the game doesn't work the

same for Gay men. Straight men try to lay this trip on women. They've never really been willing to put up with it, and lately are increasingly less so. But since it's a man's game, both sides are playing for real in a relationship between Gay men. Moreover we give it to each other on both ends. The way I see things pictured in Vector, I both have to attract other men by being young, pretty, well-hung, a hot number, and at the same time be masculine, aggressive, and go out and sweep some sweet young thing off his feet. What kind of a human relationship is possible between a number and a thing?

That's the message I've gotten too often in Vector. It's there in the articles sometimes. It's always there on the cover, in all the pictures, in most of the ads. You know, I'm not all that bad looking really. Maybe with a little tendency to pudginess, but my friends tell me I have soulful hazel eyes, and nice hair. I'd say I don't look all that different from the people I've seen around the office at S.I.R., or even on the staff of Vector. But the men pictured in Vector seem to belong to another species entirely. They never have circles under their eyes, like I do when I didn't get a good night's sleep; and they never seem to grow old. I've never seen a picture of anyone over thirty

**"Sex is where VECTOR and I part company."**

in the magazine.

The pictures in Vector turn me on. That's the problem, they turn me on more than real people do. That only makes it all the harder to have the kind of sexual relationships I want with real people. (If they happen to look like the things and numbers in Vector it's only that much harder.) Sex is more often a barrier between me and the Gay men I

that somewhere some nice soft, warm, emotional mothering woman wanted nothing more out of life than to take care of a big strong man like me. Later I learned that this is a lie men are taught to believe. But even when I believed it, it didn't help me, because I was looking for a nice soft, warm, emotional man. And I didn't run into many, even among Gay men — though we aren't as bad as straights. Most weren't any more capable of being that way than I was. Now I'm trying to learn to be a sissy again, relearning how to be sensitive, even to cry. It's

sonal thing, but I think I have a real stake in the way women are treated. I've been put down as a faggot a lot in my life, and I believe that the reason for it is the way I relate to women. Men expect to be in charge of things in this society, above all they expect to be in charge of women. And they expect every other man to do his part to hold up the myth of man's natural superiority over women. In individual terms the most important part of

**"... there's the way VECTOR treats women."**



## TO VECTOR

want to get close to, than a way to get close to them. The old patterns of sexuality keep getting in the way. And Vector isn't helping any.

I'm changing this in my life, and working to create a community of Gay men who don't play the old games any more. I'd like Vector to be a part of what we're building, not a part of our problem.

**"Another hassle I have with VECTOR is the way it has kept telling me to act like a real man."**

Another hassle I have with Vector is the way it has kept telling me to act like a real man. I tried it, I even got fairly good at it, and it was a lousy experience. When I was a kid, I was the class sissy, not tough enough to be accepted as one of the guys. My family kept telling me I was too sensitive, and I was terribly ashamed of myself. More than anything I wanted to grow up to be a real man, tough, able to take care of myself, not bothered by feelings, never a crybaby. Like I said, I did a fine job. I don't think I showed a feeling from the time I was eighteen until I was twenty-nine. I took care of myself too, and God was it lonely. I kept hearing

not that I want to be like the "woman" that was supposed to take care of me. I'm damned if I'll take care of any big strong man. I'm no more willing to do that than women are lately. But maybe I can be a whole person, strong and sensitive, not the incomplete half of a mythically whole couple — "a man and a woman" or some reasonable facsimile thereof. What I'm working toward is a community of such whole people, neither dependent nor independent, but mutually interdependent. It's on this that I pin my hopes of not ending up entirely alone.

Again, Vector has been no help so far. In the past it has always shown Gay men as just as tough and able to take care of themselves as any, whatever we do in bed. (And this has nothing to do with leather or lace, some of the toughest studs I know wear drag and try to sound like Barbra Streisand). If this is true, then there's no hope. Because there is not much two real men can offer each other beyond a quick fuck, then onward toward separate furnished rooms. If I could get the feeling that any of the people in Vector still knew how to cry or wanted to be held when they're down, I could feel a lot better about it.

Finally, there's the way Vector treats women. This may sound like a less per-

this is that every man is expected to get out there and get himself a woman and make a wife and a good homemaker out of her, proving once again — especially to her — that men are born to be on top. Men want women to believe that they need a man to take care of them, any man will do. Well, I didn't. Nothing else I can do can make up for that. If you don't get yourself a woman, as far as men are concerned, you're not a real man. So straight men have seen me as a half-man, a queer, in effect a traitor to my sex.

It should be clear by now that that's fine with me. I can't think of a group I'd

**"... hurting me personally."**

rather betray. More seriously, I can't see any way to ever really change the way faggots like me are treated in this society, as long as it's taken for granted that men are on top, women are on the bottom, and every man is expected to do his share to keep it that way.

But this is just what Vector takes for granted. It seems to be saying that even though we Gay men don't sleep with women, in every other way we treat them just like men are supposed to. This really

*(Continued on Page 34)*

(Continued from Page 33)

leaves us trapped in the middle. To straight men we're still failures where it really counts. To women, we're trying our best, given our limitations, to be as bad as other men. I see women as my best possible allies in becoming a whole person, since we share the goal of redefining sex roles. But no woman I know has seen Vector as representing an ally. Instead they see it as proclaiming itself "A voice of the homosexual community" while it is written and controlled almost exclusively by men. They see the "homosexual community" that it (and S.I.R.) represents, as trying to be just like every other "community" in this country — a place where men speak for women, where men are assumed to generally represent women, and where men's interests are assumed to be shared by women. In Vector, Gay women are represented as just another Ladies Auxiliary. I understand this is changing, in Vector and S.I.R. I hope so, but I haven't seen much of it yet. So far it seems part of the same trip as "The Gay Freedom Day Committee" which claims to represent a cross-section of the Gay community, all of whom are men.

Moreover, at the same time that

Vector claims to speak for "The Gay Community" women are almost entirely invisible in it, in most of the fiction, poetry, sexually-oriented articles, and pictures, women are banished from sight. No wonder women reading Vector often suspect that what Gay men really want is a world (like Richard Armour's) from which females have been totally eliminated.

In all of this Vector is hurting me personally. It continues to depict as "natural" a kind of relationship between men and women, that by definition makes me "unnatural" and together with women, "Less than a man." And in doing this it tells the people who could be my closest allies in changing things — women — that Gay men are their enemy because they want to keep things the way they are, keep women down.

Well, there's more I could talk about, such as the way Vector helps along the myth that most Gay people are rich, and helps keep poor people in their closets, by joining in the general assumption that working-class Gay people don't exist.

It's important to me that you understand that even though I really do believe that Vector has done me far more real harm than good as a Gay man, I don't regard the people who read it, or even the

people who write it, as my enemies. I can say this because all the problems I've had with Vector are also problems in my own head. This lets me believe that all the things about it that hurt me as a Gay man also hurt the Gay men who read it and put it out. At least I can hope you'll find it worth examining your own lives and seeing if what Vector tells you about how to live them is really a help. Things are changing. A new kind of Gay men's community is creating itself. I hope you choose to be part of it.

Respectfully,  
Mike Silverstein

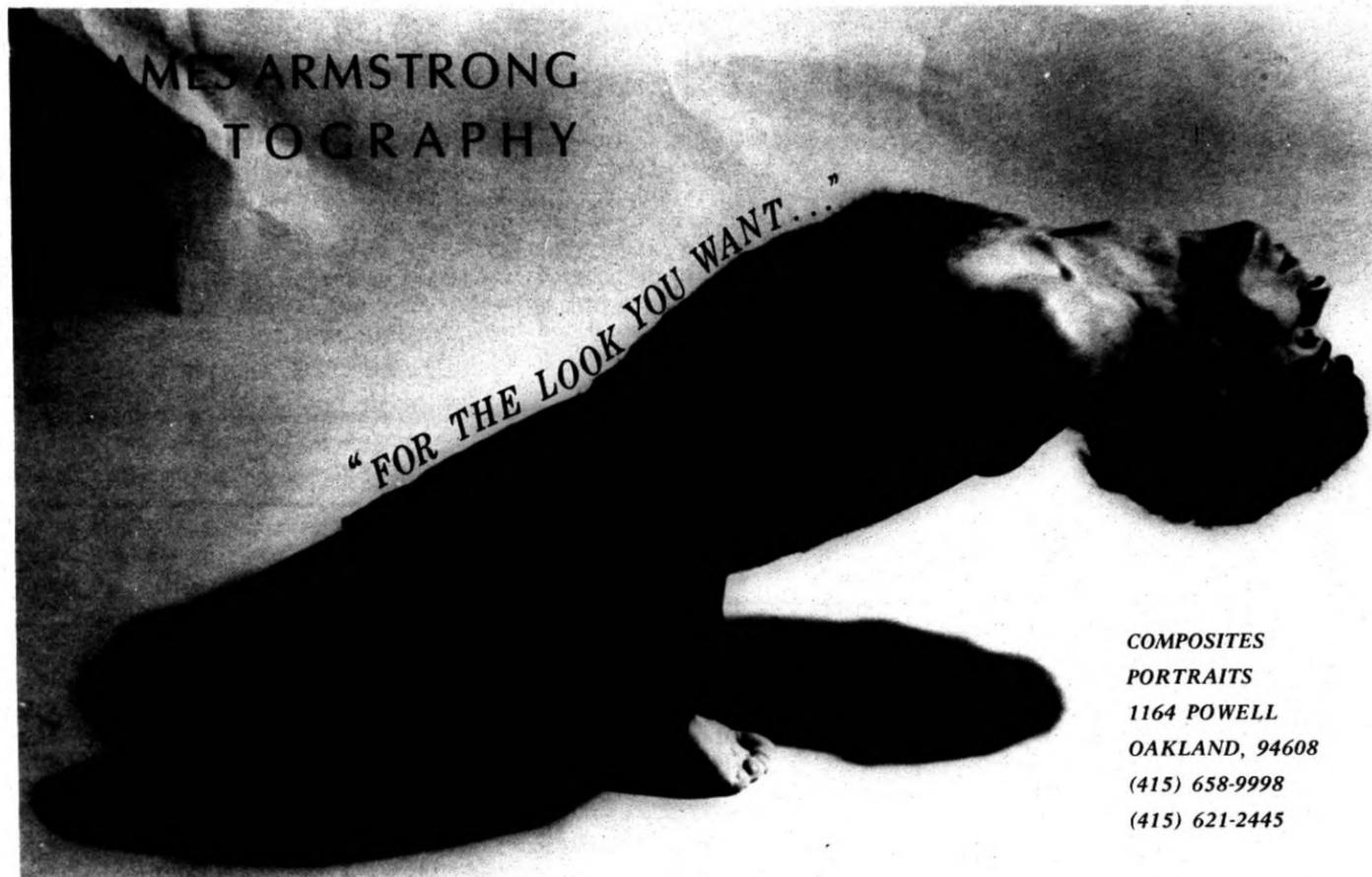
**San Francisco Clinic  
250 Fourth Street  
Venereal Disease Examination**

**Free — Confidential**

**Mon., Thurs. 9:30 - 6:00  
Tues., Wed., Fri. 8:00 - 4:00**

**Telephone: 558-3804**

*"Just a step off  
the Miracle Mile"*



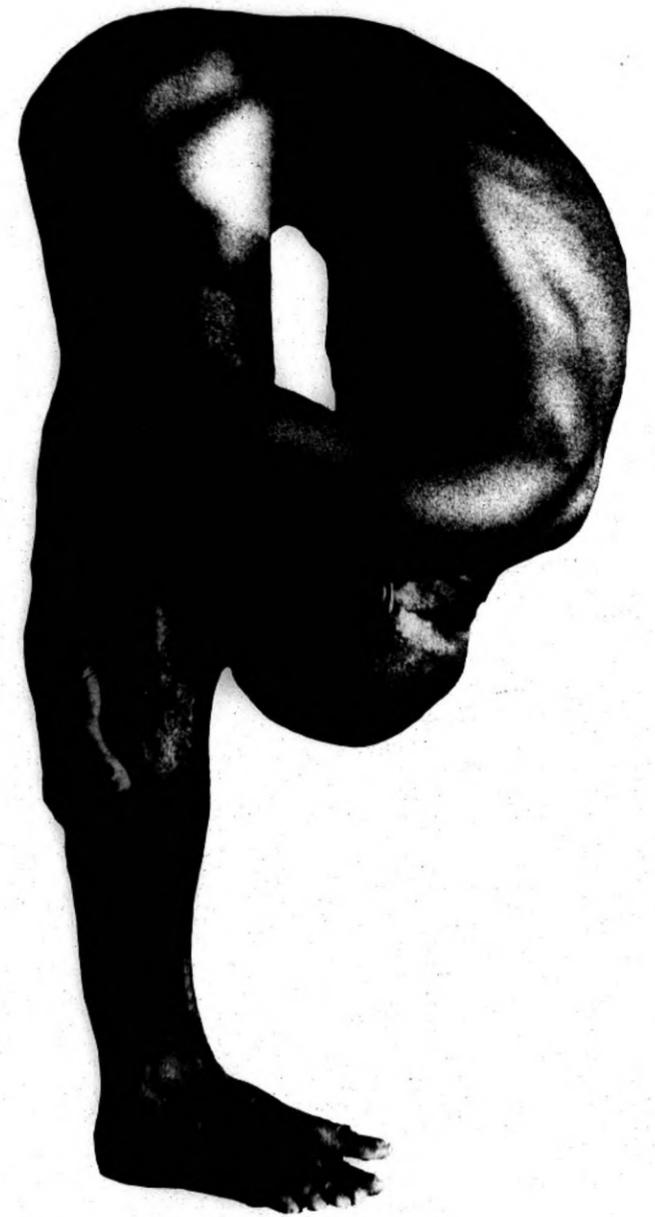
COMPOSITES  
PORTRAITS  
1164 POWELL  
OAKLAND, 94608  
(415) 658-9998  
(415) 621-2445



## COVER MAN

Ray Richardson is a relaxed, healthy, interesting and secure 40 year old resident of San Francisco, coming originally from Los Angeles. Where most people have hobbies Ray has marketable skills including being a licensed barber and hairdresser, clothing designer, pet shop owner, carpenter, architect, marine aquarist and horticulturist. Ray's lifestyle is one of moderation and respect (but not worship) for his body and when asked how he has managed to keep so well in shape he'll look surprised at the question and say, "Enough sleep, proper nourishment and sufficient exercise," which is what our doctors have always said.

Photographs by James Armstrong





(Continued from Page 17)

father was gay. (Please note that this book came out a full eight months before they started to film *That Certain Summer* for television.) In my book the straight son reacted violently when he found out the truth about his father, but the father defended himself. With patience he taught the boy a few facts of life. The young man left his father after the summer vacation, not accepting homosexuality as a life style for himself but no longer condemning it for others. Patrick Doyle in *THE ADVOCATE* called this novel "a real throat catcher."

In the latest book of mine which Greenleaf published, a collection titled *An Exceptional Young Man*, there is a short story called *Five Alarm Fire*. It has created nary a ripple in the literary world, but I think it's one of the best things I've written.

*Five Alarm Fire* is the story of two lovers, together for several years, who are on the verge of separation. They are far from perfect people, either of them. Neither of them is particularly successful nor especially handsome. They are not what anybody would call ideally mated. They are, in short, just ordinary guys — like the men who are your neighbors or who live in the next block.

In the middle of one night, after they have quarreled, they awaken to discover that the building next door to them is on fire. This imminent danger, their concern for each other in a moment of crisis, makes them realize that there is a bond between them which they haven't been aware of, that in spite of their differences and all of the troubles they've been through they do care about each other, quite deeply.

World shaking? No, of course not. There's nothing sensational about such a simple tale. It does present, however, a more honest picture of what everyday life is like with two gay lovers than do most books or stories about homosexuality. It may also say something meaningful about human nature.

At the moment many gay writers are at the crossroads in their careers as writers of fiction. Should we continue, when there are so few publishers willing to take a chance on a quiet style of writing in this field, when the reading public which cares for it is so limited?

We probably will. The chances are, too, that some of us will try to crash the hardcover houses, and one or two of us may even try our hands with a straight novel.

In any case, it will be the public, those people who put their cash on the

line who will be responsible for the kind of fiction which the publishers distribute to bookstores in the future. Hopefully, gay readers will someday wake up to this fact and support (by purchasing) the kind of gay writing which presents the homosexual's best image, and his most honest image, to the world at large. ♂

*Douglas Dean is the pseudonym for a man who was well known for many years in New York and Hollywood theatrical circles. As an actor and director he has worked with some of the most prominent stars of stage and screen. At one time he was a drama critic for the Hollywood Citizen News. Recently he has been a columnist and reviewer for THE ADVOCATE. He is an associate editor of CALIFORNIA SCENE, and the managing editor of the MCC quarterly CROSS CURRENTS. He has published over a dozen novels and short story collections. He currently resides in San Francisco where, at the moment, he is enjoying the rewards of his successful publication, GAY MEXICO '73-'74, which, he tells us, is selling very well through the United States and in Mexico itself.*

(Continued from Page 17)

selves to congregate in a bar like the Twin Peaks, because its windows were wide open to the public. I explained that of all the Gay people who patronize bars in San Francisco, these Gays were probably the most "liberated" about themselves in terms of caring whether other people knew they were Gay or not.

Charles Pierce was something else. They howled and laughed with him. Not understanding some of his "in" jokes, they still appreciated his talent and ability to be what he is. George Buchanan and Co., and Jerry Grasse were, to them, not so distinctly Gay entertainment as just good, wholesome entertainment.

When I dropped Paul and Robin off at their hotel later that evening, Paul thanked me for showing them all such an enjoyable evening, and added, "You've dispelled so many illusions we had about Gay people." At Berkeley, one of the students we had spoken to in class stopped us in the hall and said, "You people have made this one of the most interesting and fascinating classes I've ever been in."

When all the laws have been passed, there will still be misunderstanding and hate. However, because of S.I.R., there will exist a group of people who were once students who believe that, like themselves, homosexuals are human beings who live, love and die; no worse, no better, than themselves, and certainly a part of mankind. They will have met with, and participated in a dialogue with Gay brothers and sisters who believe as I do, that Gay is damn Good!

**CAPRICORN**  
STEAM CARPET CLEANERS

SANITIZES, DEODORIZES  
& BEAUTIFIES  
ALL YOUR  
CARPETS  
HOME OR  
BUSINESS



**PHONE 931-3544**

**Sarah**

**LA**

**GAYE**

**775 - 2060**

A BAR FOR WOMEN  
(MEN ARE WELCOME TOO)

1469 SUTTER STREET  
San Francisco

FREE PARKING

**WE'LL TAKE  
YOUR LOAD!**  
MOVING & HAULING

**call KEITH  
282-8085**

**DON'S TRUCK: FIRST**  
... a happy accident. It could  
have been anyone.

**DON'S TRUCK: BEST**  
... no accident!

**DON'S TRUCK: ALWAYS**  
... call 626-9257 anytime  
for free estimate.



## ELECTROLYSIS by Barbara & Jerry

Conveniently located  
in the Sunset District  
1741 NORIEGA — 566-2784

Registered Cosmetologist  
Both Electrolysis and  
Thermolysis

Private appointments available  
Evenings and Weekends  
Safe—Harmless—Reasonable  
Free Consultation  
Body and Facial Work



## Portraits Plus

Development and Printing  
of own negatives  
commercial — portfolios

2600 Union Street, #103 · San Francisco 94123 · (415) 931-3692

(Continued from Page 28)

1970, in which a group of "gay libbers" picketed the establishment for several days. (One can review these allegations by scanning the newspaper accounts in the *GAY SUNSHINE*, late 1970.) These protestors forced a confrontation between themselves and the present owners. The confrontation amounted to very little in terms of immediate gains and it was rumored that some arrests were made by the Oakland Police Department of some of the protestors for "failure to disperse in picketing a duly-authorized place of business." As a result of these arrests, rumors spread that Joe Johansen was an ex-cop who sought to bust "faggots" — those who either appeared intimidating to Joe or Ruth and those who threatened to reduce Joe and Ruth to the level of "exploiters and ex-capitalist pigs." (As of

"Is the White Horse an elitist, exploitative, tired gay bar in the East Bay?"

this writing, no evidence is available to connect Joe with any police department, and Ruth Johansen, in an interview did report that "it is simply not true that Joe is an ex-cop.")

Joe Johansen, a middle-aged, stoic man, spreading broadly about the waist, weighing some more than two-hundred pounds, is probably in his late fifties. Oddly enough, his face could be described as "stone-face" with an unassuming look. He is a grandfather and he demonstrates to me all signs of being a "good" husband, father and grandfather. He was born in Florida and his family are ex-career service people. He has a brother who is an admiral in the U.S. Coast Guard in the Washington, Maryland, Virginia areas. A mild-appearing man, Joe comes across to some people as the "good" American; for some, he is viewed with suspicion, and for many others he appears cold and callous and he fits the descrip-

tion of the "Mister Scrooge" of the "bar-owner" "type." Whatever his faults or assets, Joe Johansen is diametrically cast as the opposite of his pretty blonde, petite, gracious-looking wife. Ruth Johansen is a product of the Bay Area and she is a grandmother who looks young enough to be the big sister of her two daughters. Looking remarkably youthful and meticulously coiffured, Ruth Johansen greets many of her customers with a warm, friendly, motherly smile which if she becomes angered or even suspectedly intimidated by a customer, Ruth can become stern and sometimes even forceful in her feminine manner which often seems to disarm her foe to the point of guilt for having aroused her emotions. Some people characterize Ruth as a person who evokes two immediate reactions from a first meeting. They declare that one either likes her immediately, or one hates her guts. Others have expressed similar sentiments. Still others describe her as "Miss Plastic, 1972." Whatever the comments, Ruth's non-admirers seem to consistently portray her in such perjorative terms. While at the same time, her admirers reflect quite a different portrait of her personality.

Is the White Horse an elitist, exploitative tired gay bar in the East Bay? Do its straight owners exploit the gay community? Without making a value judgment, let's deal with some of the reactions from various customers who come there and then, perhaps, we can draw some conclusions. Let's assume you are Black. This is your first trip to the Horse. Let's also assume that you've heard something about the place, but you have not made up your mind. You ask yourself what you like or dislike about the bar. Judging from some responses, here are some typical reactions: One customer said: "I like the setting of the Horse, but the prices are too high. Why, in the city, I can

(Continued on Page 42)

### SOCIETY FOR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS

Avoid trouble with the law. Do not cruise public parks or mens' rooms.

If you get in trouble, call us for referral to lawyers committed to fighting oppressive laws for responsible fees.

781-1570  
day or night

Craft Warnings (Continued from Page 20)

The performances are uneven because the writer has locked them into some impossible acting situations. Perhaps if I didn't know the vocal involvements of the directors from A.C.T. I would have been less aware that the overall level of projection was several times what the room required and this led to an annoying stridency. Having suffered the reverse for so long in traditional theatres, it was a mixed blessing. And there was the my-turn, your-turns when each character had their moment on a particular spot on stage under a particular spotlight to verbalize inner thoughts. It worked best with Quentin who was allowed his moment in a chair rather than going front and center to address the audience. Not having seen Williams' directions I would have preferred these moments of inner conflicts and justifications to be made to the people on stage, thus turning a tired device into something novel. Leona, rather than looking to me for her meaning should have looked to Bill, her lover. Directors? Playright? Who knows?

Since it was impossible to simply act or read the lines as they were written, each performer had to make a choice and this made considerations of other possibilities often more interesting than the lines being heard. So fascinated was I with Richard Rekow that I watched and appreciated his reading and missed listening to what I suspect was the best speech in the show. If I had known Williams was writing him out of the play so soon I would have paid closer attention. Myra Hughes' Leona was best when quiet. When she calmed down, vocally, and joined Quentin and Bobby, I was moved to tears both by the character and the performance. I hope to see more of this talented woman's art. Vera Stough's Violet was so painful to watch and so pathetically real that I was simply too uncomfortable with her and urged her scenes to move on. I submit that Williams was most intimate with her space although he claims total identity with the character of Quentin. Since some of Williams' best writing was given to Quentin and Bobby both of whose performances reached the highest levels of the evening, I felt cheated at their too early final exits. Their story was as interesting, if not more so than the others, and was the least developed. No performance was weak and the pace and energy remained at an almost too tense level. This was not an easy directorial task and one wonders if the only alternative was a concert reading. Winter and Chapline kept the picture as fluid as possible and

the whole cast microscopically involved through long stretches of physical involvement which properly softened the my-turn your-turn weaknesses of Tennessee Williams' script. Williams admits to being unable to control structure.

SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS will be playing Friday through Sunday for the next several weeks and deserves to be seen. TENNESSEE WILLIAMS is a long way from epitaphs and if you can forget STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE you'll find a fascinating trip available with SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS.

— Richard Piro

**SIMI WINES**  
DELIGHTFUL! DIFFERENT!

**MISPAH WINE**  
Kosher for Passover Use

**THE ROSENBERG**  
Largest Selection of Wines in San Francisco

3870 17TH STREET  
On 17th at Pond Alley

## VIP Gallery

VERY INTERESTING  
POTPOURRI

Antiques - Furniture -  
Bric-a-Brac  
Chandeliers - Statuary

SPECIAL:  
CONN ELECTRIC ORGAN  
2 MANUALS  
25 FOOT PEDALS  
\$600.00

3782 24th St.  
285-5900  
open daily including Sunday a.m.

# SEW? SURE!

THE SAN FRANCISCO SEWING CENTER  
HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY TEACHING MEN TO SEW  
FOR OVER A YEAR. WE START WITH THE ABSOLUTE  
BASICS, AND HELP YOU FINISH YOUR OWN SHIRTS,  
SLACKS, AND WHATEVER ELSE YOU'D LIKE TO  
MAKE. IT'S A SEVEN-WEEK COURSE, AND IT'S FUN.

FOR INFORMATION, CALL BEA  
AT 771-4477

**San Francisco Sewing Center**  
1715 Polk Street

(Continued from Page 40)

go to most bars and pay fifty cents for the same beer that Joe sells for sixty-five or eighty-five cents." Another reaction commonly expressed is, "I don't mind paying the sixty-five cents, but I detest the idea of having to drive all the way to San Francisco because it is an inconvenience to me, so, naturally I pay the price. But, at the same time, I feel it is exploiting." Incidentally, I might add that this is a typical reaction from Blacks, Anglos, etc. Now let's assume you are Anglo or whatever, and you have frequented the Horse for some time. Let's also assume that you know what Joe's prices are, and that you have resolved within yourself your rationale for coming. What are some typical reactions

"... it is the legal right of a bar owner to set his own prices."

to this kind of question. Typical interviewees generally assert the following: "Although I know Joe is exploiting the gay community, I don't mind coming because I like some of the men who do come, so, I keep coming back hoping to meet some interesting people with whom I can communicate." Others have expressed that, "under no circumstances will I come here because I can't 'stomach' the idea of being exploited when I know that there are other places to go." It becomes clear that people who justify this rationale have a deeper sense of reasoning for this contradiction and its unexpressed assertion appears to have a hidden meaning which does not surface itself when these same persons are pressed for a clearer interpretation. One might add that not all persons interviewed feel exploited and some people feel that it is the "legal right" of a bar owner to set his prices as he sees fit, just so long as he is reasonable and fair in his judgment.

When these interviewees were asked if the White Horse was "tired" and "elitist" in character, many replied with an emphatic yes. Yet many more replied no to the same question. Of course the terms "tired" and "elite" are not well defined and no attempt was made to establish an operational definition. However, when these interviewees were pressed for a definition, many interesting verbal observations surfaced. Such assertions in telegraphic form were: "snob-bishness" "pseudo-hip," "dizzy queens," "dinge queens," "too many niggers," etc.

Are Blacks, gay women and other minorities singled out as trouble makers, thus a probable source of harassment? This is a tricky question and it deserves

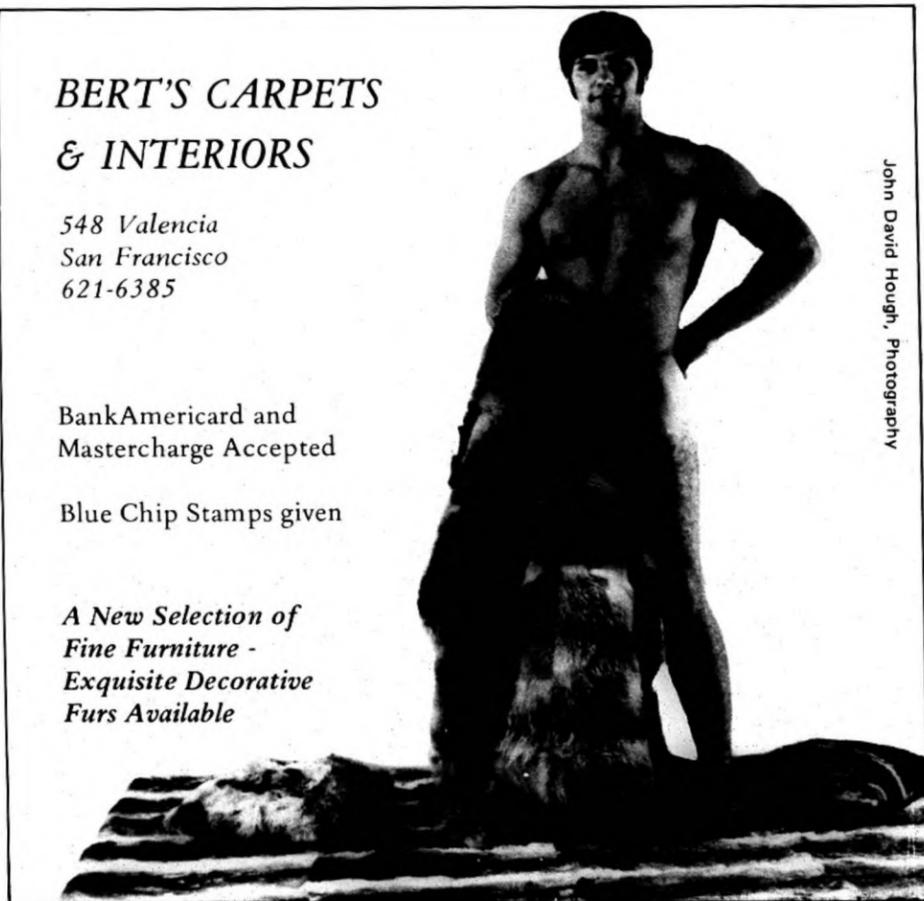
## BERT'S CARPETS & INTERIORS

548 Valencia  
San Francisco  
621-6385

BankAmericard and  
Mastercharge Accepted

Blue Chip Stamps given

A New Selection of  
Fine Furniture -  
Exquisite Decorative  
Furs Available



John David Hough, Photography

considerable and careful interpretation. Historically, Blacks have come to the White Horse. Moreover, they have come with many reasons in mind as evidenced by their presence. It appeared to this writer that on the surface the Blacks were welcome and no visible evidence of discontent either from the Blacks or the owners surfaced in any obvious nature before 1969. Of course we have absolutely no way of knowing what Blacks, gay women and other minorities actually thought of the place, for no one seriously sought to tap their sentiment regarding the Horse. But by 1969 things quickly changed. While the reasons for the initiation of the change are unclear, a noticeable difference in the behavior of Blacks and the owners was evidenced. For example, Blacks who have generally reserved their comment about the bar now openly expressed to this writer and perhaps among themselves that the bar was a "racist" institution. Many Blacks declared that "this bar is 'racist' because there are few records on the juke-box by Black artists. It is uncertain whether this deletion was deliberate, but a scan of the juke-box produced little or no musical artists of black origin. This of course has recently changed. Blacks further declared that the owners discouraged Blacks from

coming to the Horse because "they don't want to make this a Black bar." It is clear to this writer that never have the owners expressed this sentiment nor have they openly suggested, to my knowledge, any policy statement to that effect. However, I have received reports from some very reliable sources that sometimes bartenders who work for the Johansens do occasionally "hassle" some of the Blacks for such things as I.D.'s, etc. (this while not hassling Anglos.) In one interview it was expressed that "the Bar was fearful that if too many Blacks did come there too many customers might, real or imagined, feel uneasy about the Horse "getting to be a Black bar."

With the "gay women" the scene is of a different kind. As previously stated, women were, as a rule, unseen at the Horse unless escorted or with their Family. By 1971, gay women appeared much more frequently. Sporadically, and often times in pairs and groups the women arrived. By late 1972, gay women were seen at the Horse regularly; soon through some unknown design they selected Tuesday night of each week to be "ladies night." This action appeared not to have created any serious disturb-

(Continued on Page 43)

(Continued from Page 42)

the Horse, but gradually a number of the males began to complain to this writer, and perhaps among themselves that the "dykes" or ladies were "taking over the bar." From all indications this writer sees no validity to these claims. And, if these claims are indeed accurate, then what objections should there be to their presence since one night out of seven is a small inconvenience for such a "humanistic" interaction.

At the moment, the White Horse appears solidly based. A lot of different kinds of people frequent the Horse, more and more of whom are driving over the bridge from the city to experience a less frantic, less alien, more communicative bar environment. The White Horse will probably continue to rub some people the wrong way as it will probably continue to be a landmark in the East Bay serving its many satisfied customers. That's the nature of the game. Until it is determined why the city of Berkeley hasn't a single gay bar (The Campground is primarily a restaurant) the White Horse will continue to thrive without competition. ♀♂

(Continued from Page 31)

have relented by 1969. They no longer suggest that everyone is dangerous. Another good touch is that the "Red light people" or the people who might cause you some harm are not depicted as grotesque creatures. The first is a rather handsome blond young man who sees a boy waiting for his parents in the park and buys an extra ice cream which he offers the boy. The boy considers that he may be a red light person and runs away.

Next, a young black boy is playing with a toy glider in his neighborhood and a Latin looking man in a car asks directions to Oak Street. He asks the youngster to get into the car to help him find it, and the boy spots him as a possible red light person and runs away.

Next, two kids are playing near a deserted building site picking up blocks then going through an aesthetically slow motion play scene in a vacant lot strewn with various discarded junk. One of them realizes that there is someone behind the bushes and suddenly a man emerges offering them cookies. They spot him as a red light person and run away.

Next we see a young boy who could be Polynesian, American Indian or Chicano who comes home to find that his parents are not home but have left the key under the doormat. A phony repair

(Continued on Page 44)

OPEN 10AM  
TO  
2AM DAILY

AFTER HOURS  
OPEN  
ALL WEEKEND

**Cruz 'In**

2026 I St. Sacramento ph. 447-1300 or 443-9563

**Naughty but Nautical... Sail in  
Drop in - Mince in  
But by all means CRUZ'IN  
to Sacramento's Most Popular  
Gay Bar**

Watch for Grand Opening  
of the CRUZ-IN II

**FIND  
A  
FRIEND**

**-FAST!**

**IN  
EUROPE  
MOROCCO  
PUERTO RICO  
MEXICO**

**SWINGERS OVERSEAS  
• 1973 GAY GUIDE •**

"Four star!" - California Scene "Very informative." - Skipper's Guide  
"Great!" - Matthew of Glendale

**Go SOS '73!** is the smart traveler's passport to all the action overseas. Accurate and up-to-date, filled with swinging tips and inside information, SOS also includes maps and easy directions. SOS is the only gay guide to offer you your money-back if you are not fully satisfied. Why fool around. Go first class. **Go SOS '73!**

**\$5.00**  
Immediate Delivery

**Go SOS '73**  
P.O. Box 27781-V  
Los Angeles, California 90027

Continued

man pulls up in a van and offers Jimmy a penknife as a prize if he opens the door so that he can get in to do the electrical work. Jimmy spots him as a possible red light person and runs away.

Finally in the last scene the whole gang goes to the movies together and one girl decides to go off and sit by herself because she can't have the seat she wants on the aisle. An older woman who looks as if she could easily be a mother from the neighborhood, moves over next to her, offers to share her popcorn, and puts her arm around her saying, "what a pretty blouse." The girl spots her as a red light person and goes back to the section of the theatre where her friends are.

The film concludes that there are also green light people. The green light people are teachers, parents, policemen, the sheriff, and your friends.

Had my own children been watching this film I wouldn't feel too badly about what they had learned. First they learned that if they are suspicious about somebody, the easy way to handle it is to just run away, and it's done with light laughter so that the child doesn't have to worry about being impolite and thereby get caught in a nasty situation with no apparent way out. The oversimplification is troublesome, though, since obviously not all of those red light people depicted are necessarily red light people. The friendly young man in the park indeed may have been just offering an ice cream cone and the woman in the movie theatre could conceivably have been a neighborhood mother who was being friendly. Likewise there may be an occasional teacher, family member, policeman, sheriff or friend who is a red light person. But compared with the other three films, this one was so much better that the latter points are nit-picking.

"Some film makers are red light people."

I wish that the people who make these films were aware that very often the child who participates unwillingly in a sexual experience does so with a member of his own family or a close friend of the family and that most sexual molestation of children is committed by heterosexuals. They should realize also that the child is not always unwilling. Sex is, after all, interesting.

They should realize that there are children in their audience who have participated in sexual activity and need to hear some reassuring messages, not be

"It is a molestation of mind, spirit and body."

told that they are "sick" or "deranged" for having enjoyed it.

If the film makers are really concerned about protecting the child from unwanted advances and from possibility of physical harm, these more complex and subtle facets of situations should be used in the films. They need the courage to face up to the fact that family members and family friends can be just as dangerous to a child as a stranger. In their fear of offending a family grownup they're failing to protect the rights of the child.

Last but not least, let the film makers keep in mind that a sizable minority of the youngsters in the audience are people who in their adult lives will not restrict their sexuality to heterosexuality. It would be wise to think through the subtle insults being aimed at this portion of the audience and the damage thereby being done to developing feelings of self-worth of a large segment of the population. They would certainly not use public funds to insult and injure any other social minority in this day and age.

I was cheered to see that the more recent the vintage of the film, the more comfortable I felt with its content. I hope that in this year of 1973 there are some much better films being made. But if not it might be well to warn children, parents and gay organizations that films can be dangerous because they can plant misinformation - some film makers are red light people.

And we might search our souls as parents, teachers, and human beings and ask what we can do to promote good feelings about sex and good feelings about people who are "different." Or do we truly believe it is better to make love than to make war?

**JIM'S TRUCKING SERVICE**

**752-3655**

**TRUCKS AND MEN TO SERVE YOUR NEEDS, LARGE OR SMALL**

20¢

**T.A. MUNCHKIN**

IMPORTER  
COFFEES  
TEAS  
SPICES

212 CHURCH STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO CA.  
863-3428

COUPON  
GOOD TOWARD  
PURCHASE

**T.A. MUNCHKIN**

20¢

**gsf**

**Tired of the bars?**

Our NATIONWIDE Services  
Eliminate Cruising!  
**SAFE & DISCREET**  
INTRODUCTIONS by MAIL  
or TELEPHONE!

- OVER 1,200 MEMBERS
- IMMEDIATE INTRODUCTIONS
- YOU CHOOSE YOUR CONTACTS
- ALL AGES, RACES, TYPES
- INSTANT TELEPHONE SERVICE
- SAFE AND DISCREET
- MEMBERS IN ALL 50 STATES
- ELIMINATE CRUISING
- RUN BY GAYS FOR GAYS
- MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

GSF . . . Since 1968

Call Now: 213-654-3491  
or Send Coupon!

.....

GSF Organization Dept. DV-7  
8235 Santa Monica Blvd.  
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Yes, I'm interested in learning more about the GSF Organization and how I can expand my social life. I enclose \$1.00 for postage and handling.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Phone # \_\_\_\_\_

### ZODIAC ANALYSIS

#### TAURUS

Jon Comines

The sign Taurus extends from April 20th to May 21st. Its symbol is Apis the bull, and planetary ruler Venus, goddess of love. Ideally Taureans are very handsome people with pleasing manners and amiable personalities. They appreciate beauty in all forms but are especially attracted to the visual and performing arts. Form and design influence their concept of beauty, and since they are practical, interior decorating or landscape architecture would especially appeal to many of the more creative types.

Taureans' most outstanding traits are loyalty, perseverance, and stability. As workers they are industrious, self-reliant, and dependable. They like order, are practical, and efficient, and will plod along with tacit but resolute determination until they have accomplished their goal. They are acquisitive, quietly ambitious, shrewd and patient. Because of these traits, and because of their ability to capitalize upon every opportunity which presents itself, they are usually successful in life.

In personal relationships Taureans will initially appear shy or introverted. They don't trust easily, and only after they have been convinced of another's sincerity will they themselves become accessible. For underneath their facade of aloofness, they are the most loyal and compassionate people in the zodiac.

#### Loyalty, Stability, Perseverance

As lovers they are gentle, kind, and demonstrative. In fact, love is a very essential requirement for their well-being. The mate and the home symbolize the stability that Taureans so desperately seek. Consequently, disharmony in any form is repugnant to them. They will go out of their way to avoid an argument, and will usually be willing to make small concessions in order to keep peace. But Taurus is also the most stubborn sign in the zodiac, and if they feel they are right they can become obstinate and unyielding in the extreme. And if badgered or taunted they become enraged to the point of physical violence sometimes. They also are capable of sustaining a grudge or seeking revenge if they feel they have been slighted or betrayed by someone they love. But usually their intense emotional nature finds expression in sexual outlets, for generally speaking they are quiet, unobtrusive people.

In expressing their love nature there are basically three Taurean types, depending on the year and month of birth, for the groups arbitrarily change from year to year. Every Taurean will therefore fall into one of three categories. Each of the three types expresses their emotions and sexuality differently than the other two types, and it is their attitude towards these emotions which really serves to distinguish them from each other.

The first type is the true Taurean lover, he is more loyal and devoted than the other types. Sensitive, quiet, doting, possessive, he almost idolizes the beloved. He is not frivolous, nor does he like to feel insecure, so he won't be inclined to change partners once he's settled down. For when it comes to love he is a



Stephen & Edward

### MEN AND WOMENS HAIR STYLING

BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

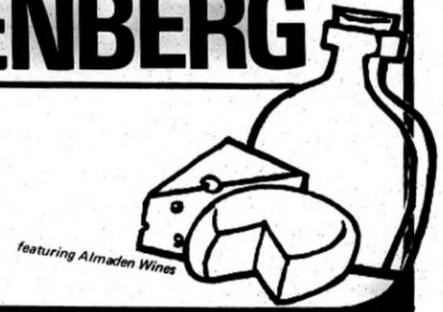
409 CASTRO STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94114  
PHONE: 863-3469

*fine wines and cheeses for the discriminating gourmet*

## THE ROSENBERG

3870 - 17th Street  
San Francisco  
863-1910

7 a.m. - 11 p.m.



*featuring Almaden Wines*

## PRINTS AND THINGS DISCOUNT CUSTOM FRAMING

3899 24th Street • 285-8333

DO IT YOURSELF FRAMING SERVICE

SAVE 50% OR MORE ON FRAMES  
WIDE CHOICE OF MOULDINGS • ONE DAY SERVICE

practical idealist, he does not separate love, sex, or money, they all are integral parts of his concept of security. All Taureans are sensual, but this is especially true of this type. He is a strong, intense lover who can be exciting but demanding, for he has an insatiable sexual appetite. And since he is so demonstrative and does not distinguish between sex and love, he has the capacity to remain loyal only when he has found a compatible sex partner. But his practical nature, strong emotions, and intense sexual drive make him a very compatible and desirable partner for many signs, especially Scorpio and Capricorn. (Examples: May 1936, May 1941, May 1944, April & May 1949.)

The second type of Taurean is much more volatile than the first. He is a veritable storm center when it comes to his emotions. He is the

most dynamic and versatile sex partner of the group. But he is restless, always on the move in search of new relationships. Emotionally he is fickle and changeable, and consequently, is inclined to commit adultery more than the other types. But since all Taureans have the tendency to remain loyal to their mates, he will take every precaution to keep from placing him or her in an embarrassing situation. Since his type is so restless and energetic it is better to build a relationship with him on something other than love or sex alone. Since he is not necessarily consistent in love, you would have to appeal to his mind and ideals, or share some other of his interests in order for him to remain loyal to you. For he is looking for uniqueness and mental compatibility in the partner more

(Continued on Page 46)

than love or sex. And he is inclined to become moody or touchy where his emotions are concerned if he cannot find this type of person.

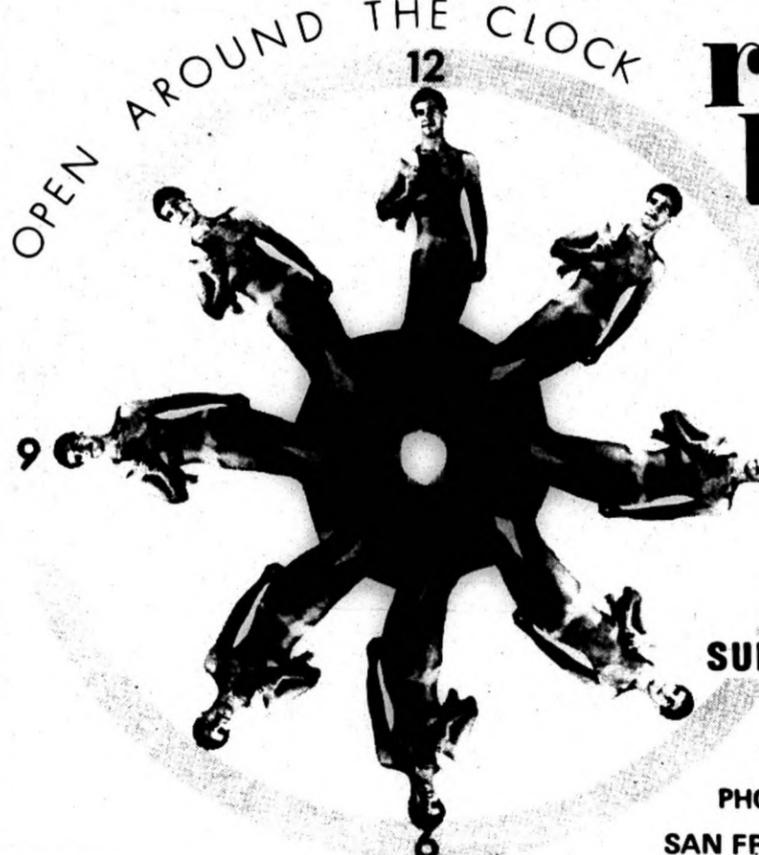
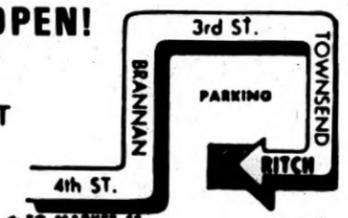
His type is usually found in the arts, he excels in music, art, or drama. But as a businessman he is much more aggressive and competitive than other members of his sign. Contrary to what most Astrologers say this type of Taurean is not really compatible with Earth and Water signs. He has a special physical attraction for Libra and Aries, and could function harmoniously with these two signs. (Examples: May 1931, May 1933, May 1934, April & May 1937, April & May 1945.)

The third Taurean lover is the most fickle, and unstable of all the types. As a lover he is not as intense or sensual as the first type, nor as aggressive as the second, but rather, he expresses his love nature through nervous energy. He is more refined and ethereal than the other types. He is what one would call a masterful lover, that is, when he wants to be, for he too is restless and inconsistent. This type of Taurean is deceptive, for externally he appears to be stable and dependable, but where his emotions are concerned he is almost impossible to please. Emotionally he is frivolous and often times has an insouciant attitude towards sex. But when he's on the make he can be devastatingly seductive, for he is the most convivial of the three types. In love he is an idealist, and wants to feel that he has helplessly fallen under someone's spell; he likes to be dazzled and overwhelmed by his partner. He is attracted to people who are a challenge to him. He'll remain loyal only as long as you keep him interested, and at the same time let him keep his freedom, for he is the least possessive Taurean and the most impressionable. He is unconsciously attracted to Gemini and especially Sagittarius.

**175 cheeses**  
from more than **20** COUNTRIES  
**the CHEESE co.**  
3856 - 24TH STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94114  
Between Sanchez and Vicksburg  
285-2254

10% DISCOUNT WITH THIS AD!  
**Flowers by Jerry**  
Phone 826-2948 Jerry Updike  
3297 Twenty-Second St.  
San Francisco 94110  
— Free Delivery in San Francisco and Daly City —

OPEN AROUND THE CLOCK  
**ritch street health club**  
NOW OPEN!  
Yet Another Floor  
Featuring The Fabulous Minoan Lounge  
With The Poolside Cafe  
BUDDY NIGHTS Tuesday  
TWO FOR \$6.00  
SUNDECK NOW OPEN!  
330 RITCH STREET  
PHONE: 392-3582  
SAN FRANCISCO

## GOLDEN AWARD

The S.F. Academy of Performing Arts properly lauded and recognized 1972's considerable theatrical achievements from the Gay Community, on Saturday, March 24, 1973. It was a glittering, glamorous, starstruck evening, full of excitement and anticipation. The spacious, beautiful Kabuki Theater was electrically abuzz, with over a thousand people involved, either as part of the audience or participants in the show.

The show itself was a smart, elegant, mellifluous recreation of 1972's theatrical highlights. Don Berry was a congenial, mellow Master of Ceremonies, and the Carl Berry set was attractive and sharp. It was a long staircase set stage center, which swiveled backwards to afford backdrops for the various musical production numbers. Highlights of these numbers were *Mame's The Man in the Moon* (which won), the *Waiter's Gallop* from *Hello, Dolly!*, and *Wonderful Town's I Can Cook Too*.

Popular winners of the evening were Faye as Best Actress for *Mame*, Malcolm Smith as Best Actor for *Dolly* (musicals), Chuck Waltz, Best Dramatic Actor for *Light Up the Sky*, Chuck Zinn for Best Director of a Musical (*Dolly*). Nancy, Vern Becker, and Jim Richey also won in various male actress categories, and Carl Berry won for Set Design and Pat Campano as Coutourier for a series of shows. Special awards were given to Cliff Reynolds and Naomi Murdoch "for significant contributions," and the Humanitarian Award was given to Bill May. May was one of S.I.R.'s founding fathers, and kept *Vector* afloat in its early, trying days.

Since the competition was especially keen this year, and the major awards were more-or-less evenly distributed, there was little disgruntlement at the end of the evening.

—Noel Hernandez

## SILVER SHIELD



## BIKE SHOP



You can choose from a large stock of Japanese, Italian and other Imported Makes.

- \* PARTS AND ACCESSORIES
- \* COMPLETE REPAIR SHOP

Authorized Dealer For  
**NISHIKI**  
**AMERICAN EAGLE**



5918 FOOTHILL BLVD.  
OAKLAND  
Near Seminary Avenue  
**638-7881**



## CALIFORNIA



## SCENE

EACH ISSUE: 60¢ postpaid  
ONE YEAR \$7  
SAGITTARIUS PUBLICATIONS  
P. O. Box 26032  
Los Angeles, California 90026



*Love is  
Total Grooming.  
For Him.*

Hair Styling by  
Lloyd of San Francisco  
133 Geary · Suite 605  
By Appointment Mon. - Fri.  
986-4347

♂ Youth culture is a phenomenon in western countries that is part of our inheritance from ancient Greek culture which has shaped so much of our lives today. Youth culture as we know it, however, came to the western world through the Romans, who, as they did with so much of their Greek inheritance, perverted it into a cultism that has survived in a virulent form which has scarred the emergence of young homosexuals into the gay world through the ages and which has perverted their achieving a mature and lasting love relationship in their lives. If this statement smacks of just another academic launching into the topic it is only because homosexuality is just emerging in the western world as an accepted and socially healthy way of life, but unfortunately is a topic that has been treated pedantically by those who are either bitterly opposed to it or have made it their special province of clinical examination that has not been based on reality. Some of these zealots have been religious bigots, or latent homosexuals unconsciously fearful of their own masculinity, or Freudians and much of the rest of the psychological fraternity who view it as a disease, all of whom have been responsible for shoving gay life into the gutters of civilized societies through the centuries. But homosexuality today is rapidly becoming a part of the social and sexual fabric of our times; so it is perhaps appropriate to examine such acceptance at this time as homophilism becomes an established fact of life rather than a perversion which has plagued us since the days of Rome.

**"Everyone likes a pretty young boy."**

All of this is a rambling way of saying that what follows is an attempt to unravel some of the myths about homosexuality created by authors from the Roman Empire to the present, whether they are found on the library shelves of universities and high schools or in the dimly lit back rooms of underground porno shops. The only thing I can urge you to do if you shy away from reading on at this point is to do what I would do in a similar mood, namely, flip over the next few pages to a more interesting account of what's happening to gay life in Copenhagen.

So! to get back to youth cultism and its effects among American males of all kinds of sexual persuasions. Put simply, everyone likes a pretty young boy or a pretty young girl, usually somewhere between the ages of eighteen and, say, twenty-four. We like to see them in the

flesh, read about them, admire them in sculpture and painting. Who doesn't put high on his itinerary in Florence a visit to the statue of David (or how many of us have a crude plaster cast of him somewhere in the living room); who can resist the beauty of Picasso's "Boy With Horse," or become aroused by the artistic eroticism of Jerry Gooch's lithographs of boys in tight jeans with exposed or unexposed baskets of marvelous proportions? From these museum pieces to the photos of male nudes in VECTOR, we are all carried back to that image of ourselves when the human body is at its most beautifully developed stage, full of vigor and the promise of a maturing vitality. Gay guys, of course, enjoy this imagery either in the flesh, pictorially, or through verbal description in poetry and fiction, whatever their tastes might be. Straight guys enjoy admiring the female nude in similar fashion, the only difference being in their case, that they are reinforcing the male image in terms of feminine conquest. Unfortunately, most artists, dramatists, and writers are in the straight majority and thus it is that their works are most often exhibited or read. But whether the subjects be male or female, their commonality lies in portrayal of youth when the human body takes on its most beautiful shape and form.

Youth cultism is inevitable, therefore, from a purely esthetic point of view. Carried into mature life, it remains a lovely memory of when we were all young and gay. Carried into making it a profitable venture, youth culture preys upon the crassest motives of human sexuality, made even more profitable in the United States by our need to get rid of guilt hang-ups built into our culture by the Puritan Ethic. Health addicts and the diet freaks, the cosmetic and clothing industries, advertising and the impact of mass media all prevail upon us, perpetuating our obsessions with the trim waistline, slim buttocks, well developed busts or baskets, and supports the burgeoning wig trade to cover the first onslaughts of baldness or graying hair. Who cannot remember that first time he had to pass up the "Tiger Shop" and ascend reluctantly to the more sedate "Men's Department" because the former haberdashery carried no slacks beyond size thirty-six? Or when at a gay bar, one suddenly realizes that, in looking around at the customers, he is looking at himself ten years ago? One can't be twenty-four forever, and so one of the favorite gay dodges is covering up this fact in many and often bizarre fashions. Some, who remain trim and fit, are tempted by a younger person who is mis-

guidedly looking for a father image, but that's a dangerous game to play too.

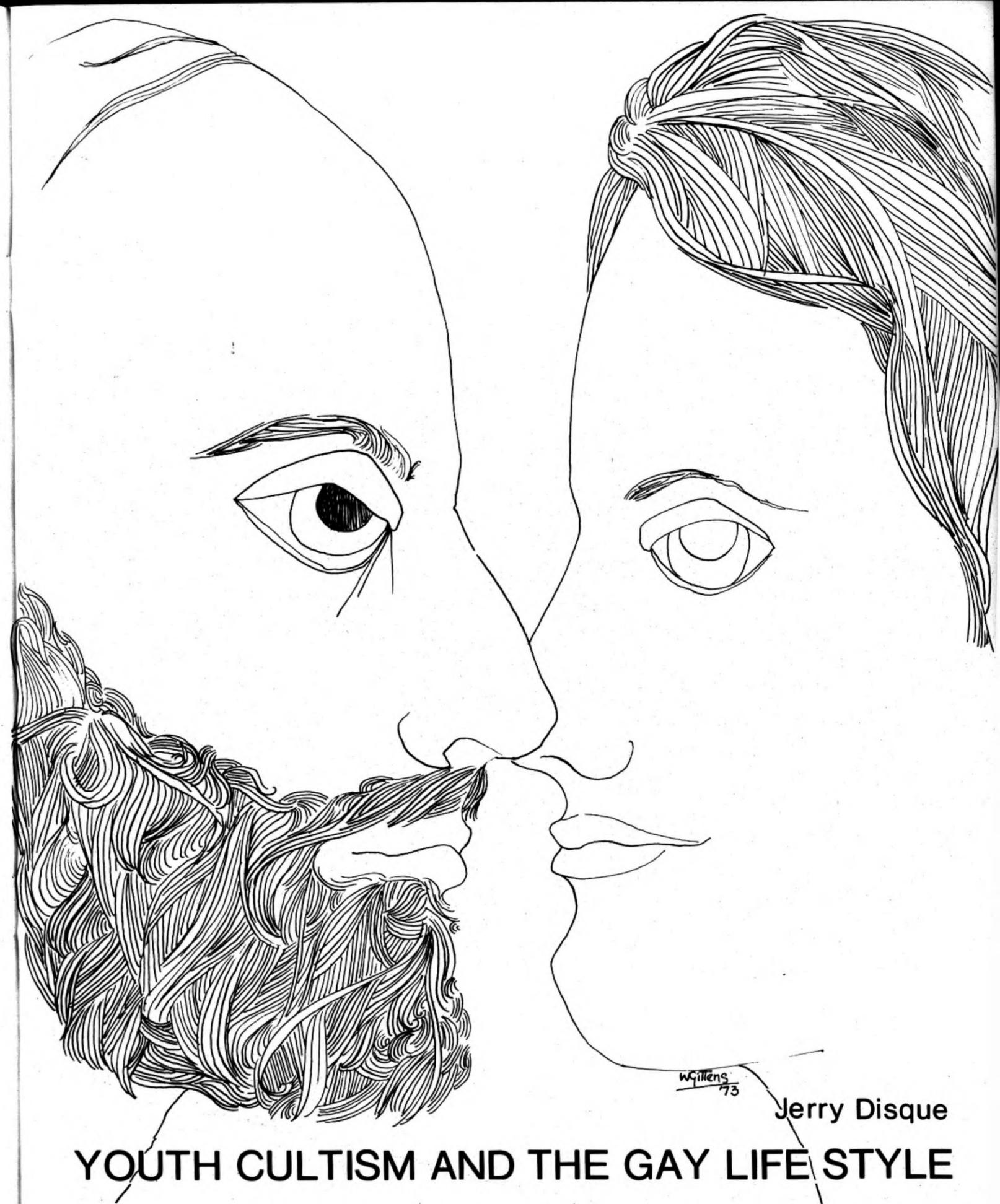
What bothers me about youth cultism among the gay community is that it is a cultism. If youth, or memories of one's youth, are accepted for what they are, that is OK. But when the image of youth becomes a self imposed narcissism, then I worry about gay guys who get caught in the youth cult. By getting caught I am referring to their fear and anxiety of gradually *growing older*. For it is this that most often prevents them from *growing up* as well. Lest we get into a long psychological thing about this problem, let's take a look at youth cultism among gay guys who practice it and are trapped by it in many vicious ways.

Young gay people live in a marvelous world of vitality, attractiveness, and the

**"... fear and anxiety of gradually growing older prevents us from growing up as well."**

ready availability of a whole variety of sexual pleasures and affection. Hopefully their emergence into the gay life has been a positive one, not a clandestine pants-stripping affair behind the bushes or long and lonely periods of jacking off, wishing that their fantasies could become sexual reality. These kinds of negative introductions into gay sex life is one of the problems, incidentally, for which SIR provides much more positive approaches through its educational programs in schools and youth agencies. If he has 'come out,' in a positive and anticipating fashion, however, the young homosexual finds himself almost immediately immersed in the total impact of the gay world. The bar circuit with all of its crazy antics and attractions, those first gay parties, the one-night stands (either beautifully remembered or sometimes just chalked up to a dull evening) one's first "affair," the first exposure to gay literature, films, and the theater. Then, at last, the young gay person's first love, meeting that never-to-be-forgotten lover with whom he establishes a deeply involved personal relationship and which, among other things, consummates for him his first psychological insights into homosexual love and his accepted commitment to gay society. Such a relationship at best may last the young lover for the rest of his life or it may be one of several through which he passes as he learns to treasure and expand his capacity for love fulfillment as a homosexual. Most gay

(Continued on Page 50)



Jerry Disque

## YOUTH CULTISM AND THE GAY LIFE STYLE

(Continued from Page 48)

people who have experienced homosexual love in this way usually become happily settled in the marriage scene. They are people who are neither possessed by or dependent upon another gay person for sex and love but who can live inter-dependently with someone else in a deeply meaningful way. Some homosexuals experience this type of marriage for many years and then break up for one reason or another, but if the marriage was a true one in every sense of the word, they are often content to assume the role of gay bachelorhood in homosexual society. As an aside, one of the most productive (and often surprising) effects of a gay marriage is that both partners discover new relationships to the straight world that they never had before in being accepted by straight people as lovers and included by straight people without question as a gay couple. Strengthening and widening their gay roles in a broader society, too, is also achieved by joining together such homophile organizations as SIR, attending church if they are of a religious bent, or just for the fun and hell-of-it, re-visiting those gay bars and other haunts they had enjoyed singly or together before their marriage. And, of course, there is always that wonderful yearly anniversary celebration alone with one's lover at that special place on the date they think they first fell in love.

Such is the normal stepladder of youth to sexual maturity if he experiences the fulfillments of gay life in its most positive ways. But there are those who never reach that top rung on the ladder and are tragically stopped somewhere on the way up. What halted this normal progression from the sheer exuberance of young gay life to its gradual maturing into the homosexual world? Where along the way was that wonderful youth between the ages of eighteen to twenty-four trapped by a phony youth cultism that turned him into a narcissistic individual? Where and how did he become blinded by a narrow self-image that prevented him from ultimately experiencing deep and true homosexual love? How did he become the "dizzy queen," which he accepted jokingly at first but which eventually became the sad reality of his homosexual life?

For an explanation of this sort of thing, if you're still with us, we should take a look at an abbreviated history of gay life from its initial perversion by Roman society to its present emergence in the late twentieth century as a positive and productive way of living in the homo-

sexual community. We need to quickly review how the insidious connotations of words like "pervert," "queer," or "diseased" prolonged the mythologies about homosexuality and which, happily, are increasingly being rejected by enlightened straight people so that the gay person can live openly and honestly with his fellow man. ♀

Part two of this article will be published in the June VECTOR - Editor

**SAN FRANCISCO**  
1074 Guerrero St. (b/t 22nd & 23rd)  
Rev. James E. Sandmire, Pastor  
Sunday Services - 7 p.m.

**OAKLAND** **M.C.C.**  
1455 Harrison St.  
Tel: 839-2646  
Sunday Services - 11 a.m., 7 p.m.  
Raps - Tuesdays - 7:30 p.m.

**SAN JOSE**  
160 N. 3rd St.  
Sunday Worship - 8:00 p.m.

**We Never Close**

**THE BATHS ON 21st St.**

**HUGE SUNDECK**

**REMEMBER!**  
**Buddy Night**  
**Tuesdays 4 PM - 12 MN**  
**2 for \$4.00**

**3244 21st St. S.F. 285-3000**  
*"Between Mission & Valencia"*

NEWS BRIEFS

**CUBA:** Homosexuals are officially classified as "antisocial" and ipso facto hostile to the Revolution, barred from the mass political organizations, and relegated to a second-class citizenship. Since everybody's life depends on his status as a good revolutionary, it is a prerequisite for a good job, a chance to enter the university, and even the opportunity to buy rationed consumer goods. For homosexuals, many of these things are impossible. No one knows for sure why this is. But such discrimination is popular among machoistic Cubans who have always despised homosexuals. Fidel undoubtedly draws support from this campaign in the same way George Wallace generates support among racist whites by attacking blacks; a cowardly but effective tactic. (Harper's)

**THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION** of Southern California announced the activation of the Rights of Homosexuals Committee, first at the affiliate level nationwide, as approved by the Board of Directors on March 15, 1973. Jay Murley was named Chairman. The Rights of Homosexuals Committee recognizes that the gay minority is the largest minority being freely discriminated against and is dedicated to assisting their struggle for first-class citizenship by helping to ensure their civil liberties.

The activation of the Committee underscores the ACLUSC's growing concern about the civil liberties of the homophile minority, both in the field at certain chapter levels and in the courts, where their legal docket has grown from one gay case two years ago to nine currently underway.

**DETROIT:** An Accosting and Soliciting charge has been brought against Robert Holmes of Detroit. The arrest was made at the Woodward Bar at approximately 1:00 a.m. A friendly conversation was held between Holmes and the vice officer for about 1½ hours, and a ride home was offered by the cop. Drinks were bought by the officer and he mentioned that he had been arrested before and therefore was apprehensive about making the first move. There was very little talk of sex, and then only when it was brought up by the officer. Upon leaving, the officer asked Holmes if he had any particular preference in bed. When the cop was asked if he liked to fuck or be fucked, he replied, "I like to be fucked and you're under arrest," then flashed his badge and his two assisting officers appeared from behind. (Gay Liberator)

Noon 'til 2:00 AM  
10:00 AM 'til 2:00 AM Sat. & Sun.

*GLAMOR.*

**469 CASTRO**  
**626-5876**

**NOTHING SPECIAL**



A good tool  
is the beginning  
of a great  
work of art!

**CRAFT COLAGE**  
CRAFT SUPPLIES  
TOOLS AND SUPPLIES  
FOR LEATHER, CERAMICS, JEWELRY,  
MACRAME, ETC.

1685 Shattuck Avenue / Berkeley California 94709 / 843-3180

10% DISCOUNT WITH THIS AD!

**The  
Jade  
Room**

214 W. Commercial  
RENO, NEVADA  
(702) 786-9841

dancing  
gaming  
relaxing

**HANS'**

**The place with  
two worlds  
in one...**

**COCKTAILS - DINING**  
316 - 14th Street  
Oakland - 893-6280

A warm, cozy atmosphere in our main lounge and dining room, with a menu featuring Swiss-French Cuisine you won't forget and Sunday Brunch you'll make a habit of.

*Upstairs, the pace of things changes in our "Penthouse"*  
Music - Dancing - Pool and you name it.

Lunches Sunday-Friday 11:30 a.m. - 2 p.m.  
Dinners 7 nites 6:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m.  
Sunday Brunch 11:00 a.m. - 3:00 p.m.  
Penthouse . . . Open 7 days a week - 8 p.m. 'til 2 a.m.  
Happy Hours: Sunday Noon - 6 p.m.  
All 75¢ drinks are 50¢

**NUDE BEACHES:** Nudity at beaches has not formally been legalized in California, neither by judicial nor legislative action. However, since 1966 it has been tolerated at certain "privately-owned" beaches in San Mateo County, Santa Cruz County, and elsewhere. Typically the "owner" charges \$1 or \$2 admission fee. (Technically the beach is public domain, while the land access is private property; in practice, an isolated beach is controlled by the adjacent land-owner.) Local sheriffs and public officials approve of such private nude beaches as a way to minimize nudist use of public areas. Landowners are expected to maintain toilets and trash collection. Maps of free-beach locations are sold mail-order and advertised in California underground tabloids. Besides beaches, there's now a nudist hot-springs near Cloverdale. (SFL Newsletter)

**A TASTE OF LEATHER**



**CANADIAN STYLE MOTORCYCLE CAP — \$23.**

**FEBO'S**

11th & FOLSOM STREETS  
DEPT. V  
SAN FRANCISCO 94103

**BAR HOURS:**  
MON-FRI 4 PM — 2 AM  
SAT-SUN 10 AM — 2 AM

50 PAGE S&M BROCHURE  
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED  
\$3.

LEATHER DRAWINGS  
EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT

WHERE YOUR LEATHER  
DOLLAR BUYS MORE

# DON'T SHAVE...

UNLESS YOU LIKE TO!

**PERMANENT HAIR REMOVAL**  
Beards Permanently Edged, Thinned or Removed!  
Electrolysis, Face, Neck, Shoulders, Back...  
Days, Evenings, Weekends... Phone for information!

**DWIGHT LETCHWORTH, R.E. (415) 421-1787**  
209 POST STREET (1 Block to Union Square) SAN FRANCISCO

**MAGNETIC SIGNS**

*San Francisco*  
**MOLDED SIGN CO.**

VACUUM MOLDED SIGNS & WOOD LETTERS  
FAST SERVICE • CUSTOM DESIGN

**861-7818**

208 VALENCIA STREET, S.F. ZIP 94103

## Next Month in VECTOR

Richard Amory	SONG OF THE GAY TEACHER
Hannibal	PARIS IS GAY IN THE SPRING, TOO.
Duke Smith	MERCY, THE MOVEMENT'S GOING LEGIT!
Ralph Petersen	INTERVIEW:
Richard Piro	WHERE'S LA?
George Mendenhall	JUAN CORONA — GAY MURDERS AND SEXUAL IDENTITY
Jerry Disque	PART II — YOUTH CULTISM AND THE GAY LIFE STYLE
W.H. Auden	AN UNPUBLISHABLE POEM
Vector	TRIBUTE TO ANOTHER PUBLICATION
Jim Stall	GAYS AND MENTAL DEPRESSION
Don Clark	ASK YOUR SHRINK
Rick and Bob	FILM REVIEWS
Charlotte Schmidt	THE ROEHM AFFAIR — HOMOSEXUALITY IN NAZI GERMANY
	BAR REVIEWS
	BATH, BAR, RESTAURANT GUIDE
	NEWS BRIEFS
	HOROSCOPES
	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Vector's Bar, Bath and Restaurant Guide

### SAN FRANCISCO DOWNTOWN

Alley Cat, 330 Mason St. 982-7968, D  
Ambassador Lounge, 101 Eddy St. 441-2328  
Bo Jangles, Larkin & Ellis, D  
Blue & Gold, 136 Turk St. 673-2040  
Body Shop, 98 Eddy, 986-0561  
Frolic Room, 141 Mason St., E  
Gangway, 841 Larkin St. 885-4441  
The Wood Shed, 1601 Market St. 861-9462  
Jackie D's, 147 Mason St.  
Kokpit, 301 Turk St. 775-3260  
Landmark, 45 Turk St. 474-4331  
La Cave, 1469 Sutter St. 775-2060, D, W  
One-Eighty-One, 181 Eddy St. 441-5373, E  
Page One, 431 Natoma St. 982-1837, L, B, E, R  
Peke's Palace, 180 Golden Gate, 775-4959  
Rendezvous, 567 Sutter St. 781-3949, D  
Sutter's Mill, 315 Bush St. 397-0121, L, R  
Totie's, 743 Larkin, 673-6820  
Trapp, 72 Eddy St. 362-3838  
Turf Club, 76 - 6th St. 863-4615  
Wilde Oscar, 59 - 2nd St. 392-4455  
Windjammer, 645 Geary, 775-9796, D, B  
1001 Nights, 335 Jones St., 474-1067, R, B, W

### VALENCIA — CASTRO — MARKET

Bachelor's Club, 3481 - 18th St. 626-9541  
Connie's "Why Not?" 878 Valencia, 647-6949  
The Corner Grocery Bar, 4049 18th St., 863-9463  
Fickle Fox, 842 Valencia, 826-3373, R, B  
Gaslight, 645 Valencia, 864-0829, E  
Hans-Off, 199 Valencia, 864-9652, D, E  
Kelly's Saloon, 3489 20th St. 285-0066, R, B  
Midnight Sun, 506 Castro, 861-4186  
Mint, 1942 Market St. 861-9373, R, B, L  
Missouri Mule, 2348 Market, 626-1163, R, B  
Mistake, 3988 - 18th St. 861-1310  
Naked Grape, 2097 Market, 863-7226  
Nothing Special, 469 Castro, 626-5876  
Pendulum, 4146 - 18th St. 863-4441  
Purple Pickle, 2223 Market St. 621-0441  
Scott's Pit, 10 Sanchez St. 626-9534, W  
The House, 1884 Market, 863-3323, R  
The No. 3, 18th & Valencia, E, D  
The Twilight, 456 Castro, 621-9193  
Tiffany's, 1900 Market, 626-1308, B, L, R, 24 hrs.  
Toad Hall, 482 Castro, 864-9797  
Twin Peaks, 401 Castro, 864-9470

### POLK STREET

Cloud 7, 2360 Polk, 474-9960  
Early Bird, 1723 Polk, 776-4162  
Gordon's Saloon, 1750 Polk, 775-4152  
House of Harmony, 1312 Polk, 885-5300, E, D  
New Bell, 1203 Polk St. 775-6905, E  
On The Q.T., Polk & Clay, 885-1114, R, B  
Polk Gulch, Polk & Post, 885-2991  
Hot House, 1548 Polk St. 441-8413, E, D  
P.S., 1121 Polk St. 441-7798, R, B  
Wild Goose, 1488 Pine St.  
Yacht Club, 2155 Polk St. 441-8381, B, R

### FOLSOM STREET AREA

Big Town, 115 Harriet St., 626-1250, R, B, D, L  
Boot Camp, 1010 Bryant St. 626-0444  
Country Club, 2742 17th St. 864-1949, R, B  
Febe's, 1501 Folsom, 621-9450  
527 Club, 527 Bryant, 397-2452  
The Phoenix, 1347 Folsom  
Ramrod, 1225 Folsom, 621-9196  
Round Up, 6th & Folsom, 863-9628  
Stud, 1535 Folsom, 863-2980  
The Corner 'Longhorn Saloon,' 1898 Folsom, 861-2811

### AFTER HOURS

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

### AROUND TOWN

Club Dori, 427 Presidio, 931-5896, R, B  
The Lion, Divisadero & Sacramento, 567-6565  
Peg's Place, 4737 Geary Blvd. 668-5050, D, B, W

### NORTH BEACH

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

### HAIGHT AREA

Big Ange, 1821 Haight, 668-9682  
Bradley's Corner, 900 Cole, 664-7766, B  
Lucky Club, 1801 Haight, 387-4644  
Man Handler, 1840 Haight, 668-7655  
Maude's Study, 937 Cole, 731-6119, W

E - Entertainment D - Dancing  
B - Brunch, Sunday W - Women  
R - Restaurant also L - Lunches

### PENINSULA

#### Palo Alto:

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

#### Redwood City:

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

#### San Jose:

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

#### Santa Clara:

The Tinker's Damn, 46 Saratoga, 243-4595, D, B

#### Cupertino:

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

#### SAN JOSE

Magnolia's Clo<sup>5</sup>et, 1384 Lincoln Ave., 295-9595

### MARIN COUNTY

#### Fairfax:

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

#### Sausalito:

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

#### Santa Rosa:

Bunk House, 9117 River Rd. 887-9905  
El Matador, 3535 Guerneville Rd. 545-9670  
Monkey Pod, 616 Mendocino Ave. 546-5070

### SACRAMENTO

Topper, 1218 "K" St. Mall, 444-2815  
Atticus, 5121 El Camino, Carmichael, 481-5595  
Charlie's Place, 371-9768  
Cruz-In, 2026 I St., 447-1300  
Ernie's, 3480 W. Capitol Ave., 371-9901  
Off-Key, 1040 Soule, 371-9725  
Purple Stallion, Folsom near 65th St., 383-9958  
Underpass, 1946 Broadway, 457-5867, R, D  
Other End, 3480 W. Capital, 371-9901, D  
Zodiac, 4205 W. Capital Ave. 371-9712, D, R, B

#### Bryte:

Staircase, 3rd & Broderick, W  
Hide & Seek, 825 Sunset, 371-9817, D, E  
Club "Yolo" Baths, 1531 Sacramento Ave., 371-9949

### EAST BAY

#### Berkeley:

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

#### Oakland:

Berry's, 352 - 14th St. 832-9116  
Chalet, 414 E. 12th, 444-8556, W  
Club Carnation, 1200 - 13th Ave. 532-9425, B  
Exit, 3333 Lakeshore Ave. 451-2329, E, D  
Grandma's House, 135 12th, 444-9966, R, B, D, L  
Han's, 316 - 14th St. 893-6280  
Lancers, 3255 Lakeshore Ave. 832-3242, R, B  
Lou & Rae's, 2304 Telegraph, 444-5009  
White Horse, 6547 Telegraph, 652-3820

#### Hayward:

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

### RENO, NEVADA

Club Baths, 1030 W. 2nd St.  
Dave's Motel & Club, 3001 W. 4th St. (702) 786-0525  
The Jade Room, 214 W. Commercial Row, (702) 786-9841  
Phil's Copper Club, 1303 E. 4th Ave., 786-9720, R, D  
Reno Bar, 424 E. 4th St.

### BATHS

#### SAN FRANCISCO

Baths, 3244 - 21st (at Mission) 285-3000  
Castro Rock, 582 Castro, 863-9963  
Club, 132 Turk, 775-5511  
Dave's, 100 Broadway, 362-6669  
Finnish, 1834 Divisadero, 921-0306  
Folsom Street Barracks, 1145 Folsom  
Jack's, 1143 Post, 673-1919  
Ritch St., 330 Ritch, 392-3582  
San Francisco, 229 Ellis, 775-8013

#### PENINSULA

##### Palo Alto:

Bachelors Quarters, 1934 University, 325-7575  
Golden Door Sauna, 1205 Bayshore, 325-9121

##### Redwood City:

Fred's Health Club, 1718 Broadway, 365-9303

# VECTOR CLASSIFIEDS

**MASON-EDDY BARBER SHOP** - 131 Eddy (Formerly Hyde-Away) 771-1013

## GAY CATHOLICS

Join DIGNITY, a National Catholic group of sincere gay men & women with an active spiritual, educational & social program. WRITE: DIGNITY NATIONAL OFFICE, Box 6161, Los Angeles, Calif. 90055  
S.F. DIGNITY meets every First Sun, 4 p.m. Potluck dinner May 6th. Call 282-3170 or write 2449 Harrison, S.F.

**MOVING - HAULING - DELIVERY**  
Free Estimate! Call Charles. 864-3563

**ELECTRONIC REPAIR** - free estimates / bay area pickup & del. Call Jim 465-0910.

**SLAVE WANTED - DOWNTOWN SAN FRAN.** Live-in possible with benevolent autocrat. Write Paul, P.O. Box 2811, San Francisco 94126. Or Telephone anytime (415) 775-4806.

**QUALITY HAIR CARE** (Styling, Coloring, Conditioning) in comfort & privacy of your own home. Call Leslie after 7:00 p.m. 665-1053. Formerly Saks Fifth Ave. Beverly Hills & I. Magnin. 15 yrs. experience.

**2 GUYS** - want to explore group relationships. We are 33, 140 lbs., 5'9" and 50, 170 lbs., 6'1"; strong love of outdoors but great love for San Francisco too, so hope to move soon to nearby rural area, prefer non smokers, non drug users. Jim & Hank, Box 15434, SF 94115

**PIANO LESSONS** - Popular or Classical, Beginners or Advanced - Bob Campbell, 386-0312

**WE'LL TAKE YOUR LOAD** - Moving & hauling, Call Keith, 282-8085

**ENJOY WRESTLING** - in leather levi's & boots or in the nude. No pain trip B&D - GR Sex, am versatile - call Maury, 441-3178

**HAPPINESS IS MEATING A FRIEND AT THE MOVIES** ... Fred's Health Club, 1718 Broadway in Redwood City. 365-9303

**WILDWOOD RANCH** is coming. For info & details, write Wildwood Ranch, P.O. Box 31384, San Francisco 94131.

**JIM'S TRUCKING SERVICE** - 752-3655. Trucks and Men to serve your needs, large or small.

**ONE BEDROOM** - Pacific Heights; w/w carpets, converted Victorian, modern kitchen and bath. Circular staircase to 2nd level bedroom w/brick walls. A truly unusual pad with large windows and lots of space. No pets. \$295/month. Ed Smith, 563-7575

**LIVE AMONG THE UNDERSTANDING** - furn. apt. bargain at \$110 for 1 or 2 persons. Conveniently located in heart of Tenderloin. Eddy & Jones area. Tub/Shower. Phone MGR anytime (415) 775-4806

**CAREER GUIDANCE - ANALYSIS, Resumes. FREE** Details, job search aids. Consultant, 4172V Emerald Lk. Dr., Decatur, GA 30032.

**INCOME TAX, ACCOUNTING, BOOK-KEEPING** - For appointment, call (415) 441-1096.

**SUNDAY IS FUNDAY AT FRED'S HEALTH CLUB!** Special \$2 Rate includes: Movies, Private Rooms, Sauna, Snack Buffet, Color TV Lounge, and a cruisy atmosphere. 1718 Broadway, Redwood City.

**INTERNATIONAL GAY TRAVEL SERVICE** - P.O. BOX 821 - AMSTERDAM - HOLLAND - Are you coming to Holland, especially AMSTERDAM??? Do not hesitate!!! Write to the I.G.T.S. (escort-service, hotelbooking, tours). Enclose \$5 and our compl. program "SUMMER 73" will be sent in return!!!

**JOB OFFERED** - Gay Classic Car enthusiast seeks travelling companion with generalized automotive knowledge. Leave with me for New York, third week of June for back roads drive to northwest and return to S.F. late August in magnificent 1938 classic. I'm 56, well built, 5'6" height, writer by profession. If this trip goes well ...? Picture and prompt response appreciated. Write c/o S.I.R., Box 3020, 67 Sixth St., S.F. 94103.

**WOOD BROS. TOWING CO.** - Complete Auto Repair and Body Shop, specializing in foreign cars. State Farm towing and 24 hr. emergency road and repair service. 14 E. Sir Francis Drake Blvd., Greenbrae. 924-4083.

**BONDAGE, TRANSVESTISM, DOMINATION, SUBMISSION, FETISHISM,** Fantasy club. Complete details and literature, \$1. (Gals FREE). Send now to: R.W., Box 3265T, Hayward, Calif. 94540.

## Classifieds

\$1 per line  
42 spaces per line  
Deadline on the 7th  
of the month  
preceding the  
month of issue.

**SALE!** - Contents of Bill Plath's fabulous garage - a lifetime accumulation of treasure. Sat. & Sun. May 5 & 6, 10-4 - 814 Grove St.

**GOLDEN OAK SIDEBORD** - 47"x37"x21" - \$135.00 - 3315 Sacramento St., 563-0929 - Ask for Ted.

**S.I.R. MAILING SERVICE** - Your Private Mail Service - We Receive and Hold U.S. Mail. \$3.00 per month; \$5.00 with forwarding service. Letters mailed at special rates. ADDRESS: 69 - 6th St., San Francisco, CA 94103. Apply to: Office Manager, SIR Center Offices, 67 - 6th St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

**INCOME TAX** - Business and Personal - Bookkeeping - 861-1330

**PROMPT SALES & NEAT BUYS**  
Homes or Income Property  
CALL HERB WEBB, Agent  
COLUMBIA REALTY  
626-6657

**EMPLOYERS NEEDED** - S.I.R.'s employment referral service has had tremendous success in satisfying the needs of employers who have contacted us. If you are an employer or know of one who needs qualified employees, contact S.I.R. We are discreet!!!

**GAY BUSINESSES** - If you are a plumber, physician, carpenter, TV repairman, etc., and want gay business, contact S.I.R. for a listing in our referral service.

**2 & 3 RM. APTS.** - Immac., Secure Bldg. Good Res. Area N. of Market. \$110-150. 861-1213.

**GAY? DRINKING PROBLEM? OTHERS HAVE FOUND A WAY. WE MEET FOUR NIGHTS A WEEK. CALL 567-0069**

**RECEIVE YOUR MAIL AT OUR ADDRESS,** any name, \$2/month. 1718 Broadway, Redwood City.



What greater pleasure  
hath any fine gentleman  
than an evening of solitude  
with a sexy little number  
from *Le Salon!*



### LATEST MAGAZINES:

- SEAFOOD NO. 1 - \$6
- MOUTHFULL NO. 2 - \$6
- THE INTRUDER - \$6
- BUBBLES, BANGLES, & BALLS - \$6
- YOUNG & LATIN NO. 3 - \$6
- AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAZE - \$6
- THREESOME & THENSOME - \$6
- TRUCKERS AND SUCKERS - \$6
- SEAFOOD NO. 2 - \$6
- EAST MEATS WEST - \$6

Le Salon · 1118 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
I AM OVER 21 \_\_\_\_\_ AMT. ENCLOSED: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

ON THE **Q.T.**

ENTERTAINMENT NIGHTLY

DINING - COCKTAILS.

1695 POLKSTRASSE  
SAN FRANCISCO  
885-1114

paul scott studio

# UPSTAIRS AT



3520 16th st. SAN FRANCISCO 861-4444

IT'S HOT!

## NOW FOR EVERYONE!

- Dancing all Nite: both floors  
EVERY NITE 10PM TIL 5AM
- Comfortable Garden Lounge  
A SPOT FOR EVERYONE
- Live Folk Lounge  
THE BEST IN FOLK SOUNDS
- Rock Concerts  
TOP NAME GROUPS
- Wonderful Light Experiences  
& EXPANSIVE VIDEO TV

GET IT ON!

LIVE ENTERTAINMENT EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON & EVENING



THE SHED will feature RETAIL SHOPS with many groovy items! ... and a full selection of MOTHER NATURE'S plants & flowers

EXPANDED PARKING with NEW MARKET ST ENTRANCE

## Two Levels of Entertainment & Excitement!