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COVER PHOTO-PARAGON PHOTOGRAPHICS

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COVER MAN—Your face on the cover of VECTOR? Could be. VECTOR is seeking suitable subjects for cover portraits. If yours is the face for such a space, send a photo of yourself, plus name/address/phone to Art Director, VECTOR, 83 6th St., San Francisco, California 94103. If selected, you will be contacted for a shooting session with one of VECTOR's talented staff photographers.
I noticed a letter in the last issue from someone in Edmonton who seems to think it would be a risk to have VECTOR sent to him through the Canadian mails. You might like to let him know that you have an Edmonton customer and during the four or five years I've been receiving it there has not been one occasion where it has been opened. I would rather doubt anything could be done about it if it were because Playloft and some of other American publications with their center-folds certainly get through. The fellow sounds as if he may be in the caution frightening stage of progression a lot of us have gone through.

S.A.  
Edmonton, Alberta

A Source of Pleasure

Congratulations upon the marvelous job you are doing for the 'cause! My subscription to VECTOR has been a welcome visitor comes into my home frightening stage of progression a lot of us have gone through.

Frank Mellano  
San Francisco, California

Dear Frank,

We haven't run your class in the July catalog. We have decided not too run homosexual classes anymore. The Open University is meant to be open to all people, whereas homosexual classes are only open to a small segment of the population.

Over 50 and glad to have lasted that long!

The premise of Mike Newton's article Fantasy Anyone? in the May issue was both healthy and commendable. There was, however, a sentence in that article to which, since I am a member of the group to which the writer was referring, I take strong exception. I am wondering if others of your readers, many of whom I know to be over 40, experienced the same reaction as I did.

The sentence, "What the hell kind of good times can a man of 40 offer a kid of 20?" then to use his body to try to pretend he isn't growing older?"

While recommending that we all acknowledge our own worth, because we are each "a human being with real feelings and wants," and that we should not discriminate against each other (both philosophies to which I heartily subscribe), Mike negates his stand by implying that different age groups cannot or should not communicate on a romantic or sexual level.

I have never understood why society, homosexual as well as heterosocial, insists that a man must mate with his own age group. As I have a deeply emotional affair with someone who was 14 years older than I, I cherish the memory of that relationship. Now that I am middle-aged, unashamed and quite comfortable about admitting it, I frequently have affairs with men who are younger and with some who are older, too. I emphatically deny that this happens because I am "striving to hold on to (my) youth." I think it happens because certain men and I, regardless of age difference, have something to offer each other as human beings. Some people might not comprehend it, what we see in each other, but as long as we understand it, that's all that matters.

The "dirty old man" syndrome, and the idea that a young man cannot respect, love or desire a more mature person—these are further stereotyped notions which should be removed from Gay consciousness, if we are ever to have the "unlimited world" which Mike Newton seems to propose as a homosexual Utopia.

San Francisco, California

Douglas W.  
San Francisco, California

A COUPLE OF COOKBOOKS by LOU RAND (Auntie Lou)

As some of us grow a little more mature, we find that there are some pleasures never thought of when young, wild and gay. Probably simplest of all these is reading, and some of us are amazed to find that one can do it almost anywhere—even at home—and alone, with almost no exertion, no preparation. Some won't agree, but many will. These are a new and peculiar type of reader. They read cookbooks! They quite often don't agree, but many will. These are a new and peculiar type of reader. They read cookbooks! They quite often don't agree, but many will. These are a new and peculiar type of reader. They read cookbooks! They quite often don't agree, but many will. These are a new and peculiar type of reader. They read cookbooks! They quite often don't agree, but many will. These are a new and peculiar type of reader. They read cookbooks! They quite often don't agree, but many will.

I honestly believe that the very best cookbook we have, featuring a first class French-in-American style of major cookery, is the late Louis De Gooyer's Gold Cook Book. Chef de Gooyer was for many years at the Ritz in Paris and London. Hence, my knowledge of the world's foods has been legitimately gathered; but for certain "specifics," it is at times necessary to "go to the book."

Of course, I have Italian cookbooks, French, Russian, Scandinavian, Mexican, and some that simply represent opkray the world over. Then too, I did cook professionally for 40 years, including many years at sea in unusual climes. Hence, my knowledge of the world's foods has been legitimately gathered; but for certain "specifics," it is at times necessary to "go to the book."

Perhaps you too, would like to spend a quiet evening at home, and read—

A good Cookbook. A

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Male Homosexuals: Their Problems and Adaptations
by Martin Weinberg & Colin Williams

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In 1969 excitement rippled through the gay community when the Institute for Sex Research announced that the San Francisco Bay Area would be the site for a major research project concerning male homosexuals and how they do their thing. Rev. Tom Maurer became the project coordinator of the study and Alan Bell, senior research sociologist at the Institute, was announced as the author of the resulting book. Apparently the present title is not based on the 1969 study. The Indiana group has also announced a study of male homosexuals and how they do their thing.

Francisco Bay Area would be the site for the study and Alan Bell, senior research sociologist at the Institute, was announced as the author of the resulting book. Apparently the present title is not based on the 1969 study. The Indiana group has also announced a study of male homosexuals and how they do their thing.

However, the research reveals that even the well integrated gay scored lower on the ratings that concerned happiness and faith in others. Hopefully, further probing will unearth the way behind these peculiar feelings. Is a lessened faith in fellow humans the product of social rejection?

When social scientists run cross cultural comparisons they find that homosexual actions do not necessarily equal homosexuality per se. Only when the individual embraces the total gay life style can we apply the expected labels.

(Continued On Page 33)

Older homosexuals (senior citizens, shall we say) do not live out lives of despair, frustrated, punctuated by endless suicide attempts. They are often better adjusted but live with fewer expectations.

Blacks seem to exhibit fewer conflicts. Weinberg and Williams point out that such healthy sexual development is related to a generally liberal climate. Blacks have always shown fewer hangups in the sexual area.

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(Continued On Page 33)

By DON CLARK, Ph. D.

I never thought I'd find myself writing one of these public "Dear Somebody" letters but I respect some of the things I've read of yours. I've tried to stay away from labels and be myself. I get into relationships with both men and women. The strongest one is a friendship I've had with another guy who's straight. We've known each other for four years. He's always curious about Gay things but I usually tell him to find out for himself. It seems wrong to me that we've never expressed our affection in bed but I don't do anything more than hint at that once in a while. We had an argument the other night that was about what felt like it was everything and he said I thought like a fog and fought like a fog. Then he left. I haven't seen him since.

I guess I'd like to hear any reactions you may have.

J.C. Oklahoma City

Men in this society have been trained and encouraged to fight with one another but we have not had much assistance in learning how to be friends and love each other. Conflict is bound to arise often between two people who care for each other. As young growing males we were taught that there are two ways to handle conflict: 1) ignore the conflict, 2) settle it in a physical fight that determines who is the "winner". I believe that the future tense of conflict is conflict. Let's try to settle it in a way that makes us each feel better.

Because our male programming has so permeated the culture, this sort of every-one-wins style of handling conflict works just about as well in loving interaction between women or between a man and a woman.

I have noticed that you have things to say to Gay married men so I thought I'd drop you a note about this. I have four kids ranging in age from 9 to 2. My wife feels okay about my being Gay but I'm open about it at home with the kids.

The other day my nine year old daughter told me she's gay when she grows up and I was surprised to find that it made me feel uncomfortable. I think maybe she's doing it because she admires me. I really do believe that Gay is good but still I'm uncomfortable and keep thinking about what she said.

G.R. Spokane, Washington

Even when each of us finds our way to that private state of grace in which we know that being Gay is a good thing, we may feel the bad old days of low self esteem linger on. The world had many years to get at you with "bad-you" messages and, indeed, the reinforcement of thinking of yourself as bad because you are Gay continue to pour forth in the seemingly innocent "boy plus girl equals happiness" advertising and drama. So it would be surprising if you didn't feel a twinge somewhere in you when a man a much loved younger announces that she or he is being Gay.

It may have been the future tense of her statement that got you going. Most of us already knew we were Gay even if we did not know the word by the age of 9. The statement "I'm going to be gay...." when I grow up..." is often simply a statement of ambition. It is easy enough to handle it as you would any other admiring statement from loving offspring. Sonya, thanks, Love, I enjoy your liking my being Gay. When you grow up you may or may not be Gay like me. All we want to make sure of is that you grow up to be yourself and be free to love whom you love, whether that person is a woman or a man. Each of us is special in many ways. Being Gay is just one way that I'm special. So it doesn't matter whether you grow up Gay. I'll always love you for all the ways that you are special as you, whatever those ways may be.

Note: I am a clinical psychologist who, by choice, specializes in work with gay people. Gay is not sick. But I believe, as do a great number of humanistic psychologists, that you do not have to be sick to get better. The pur­ pose of this column is helpful commentary rather than advice or psychotherapy. Only those letters selected for this column will be answered. Other letters that contain personal information will be addressed and stamped envelope will receive a list from this publication of available counseling and psychotherapy resources in the community. Brief letters with questions of general interest are solicited.

"DEAR DON broad reading"
A roundup of San Francisco Theatre seems to clearly indicate that the major part of the season is past and, along with the tourists we are welcoming various productions, something on the road to glory and others to oblivion.

The chief disappointment was a much heralded production of Leonard Bernstein's Mass with countless media "hints" that this was the one production that most satisfied the maestro's original concepts—certainly better than the Kennedy Center's premiere.

Bernstein's heralded production of Leonard Bernstein's Mass was a disappointment, with countless media "hints" that this was the one production that most satisfied the maestro's original concepts—certainly better than the Kennedy Center's premiere.

It was a ripoff, as most of the productions presented at the University of California in Berkeley are—embarrassingly amateur student performance with six paid dancers, one "star" (Gilbert Price), and a zillion undergraduates transplanted from a well disciplined football cheering squad minus the pom-poms, with a $7.50 admission price. The evening was fraught with musical values on the level with the tourists we are welcoming various productions, some on the road to glory and others to oblivion.

The Magic Theatre is playing a new play by Cowpeland called, American Ver-million. In the 50's (when we suspect the play began its search for a production as evidenced by its reference to Soupy Sales) the racist cliches and, by now, all too familiar structure may have caused a stir of interest but in 1974 it comes out as dull, ponderous and predictable enough to have thinned out the audience at intermission. Five amateur house painters go on and on about ghetto conditions until one gets a pie in the face and one gets murdered! Then and we left.

Bless A.C.T. for bringing us Neil Simon's Sunshine Boys—a delightful, often tragic, more often hilarious evening spent with two retired vaudeville stars who have not spoken to each other in 15 years but have been forced to get together for a TV special. Jose Ferrer and Phil Leeds don't know whether to laugh or cry and neither will you. A totally delightful experience!

Because we believe in the validity of Gay Theatre we felt that a less than honest evaluation of the Yonkers Production of Little Me would have been contrary to this philosophy. Therefore in service both to the cause of Gay Theatre and Little Me we limit our remarks to the fact that it is happening and many people are enjoying this other Neil Simon romp.

Finally, the quality of both the San Francisco Symphony and Chorus (of which I'm a member) has never been more clearly demonstrated than during this philosophy. Therefore in service both to the cause of Gay Theatre and Little Me we limit our remarks to the fact that it is happening and many people are enjoying this other Neil Simon romp.

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Finally, the quality of both the San Francisco Symphony and Chorus (of which I'm a member) has never been more clearly demonstrated than during the recent Brahms Festival. It was do-it-yourself all the way. Backstage I asked, "When the hell is William Steinberg going to retire?" A member of the orchestra retorted with, "He has already."
As Tony and I, hand in hand, walked through it
Hot sun burned on the dry, dry Timothy
A cow lowed on the right, and underfoot
Barefoot. A jay chirped and flew by on the left,
In a warm mid-summer breath of paradise.
The grass whispered as we trod. The air was sweet
At the wall, cast up by long-dead farmers hands.
And holding hands yet more, imbibed a cherished hour.
Surveyed our world with eyes filmed o'er by love.
Moss-speckled and ivy-overgrown.
Bedecked with lichen, green and gray and white.
We cleared a spot and sat together down.
Amid the natural sounds and nature-smells.
No lookers-on to tell us. "No! Or else. . ."
Encompassing the outer things we knew,
Inside our heads, the here and now was all.
No regimented pattern, guide or law.
Close-meshed with all we felt and did and were.
Our natural love had bloomed and grown and thrived.
In natural field, beneath a nature sky
Still hand-in-hand, we silently went on
And homeward bound, the sun declining west.

David, how long have you been a member of S.I.R.?
Nine Years.
Have you always been as active as you are now?
No. For the 1st year I hardly set foot in the Center. One
day thought—you did join so do something about it. Gradually
I became more and more involved.
What do you enjoy most about the office work?
Answering the phone. It's a constant challenge. Never know
what the next call will be about.
Tell me a little about those calls.
Most of them are routine, of course. For example—I need
a doctor or a lawyer or carpenter or painter. Surprising how
many people don't ask the number of a local establishment.
Frequently I'd like to say, "Look in the phone book," but I
don't. If the information is listed in VECTOR or the Tavern
poster file—give it out—but if it's not that's too bad.
Are all the calls local?
Not at all. We get calls from all over the country. Most
of the time I can answer the questions thanks to ex-S.I.R.
President, Frank Frich. He wrote to many of the Gay or­
ganizations all over the country for information. This has proved
invaluable in this work.
Do you have any sex calls?
Once in a while. This always poses a problem for you
never know who is on the other end of the line. Not long
ago a man called wanting to know where to go to have sex.
I suggested he go to the Baths. The conversation sort of
wandered on when he said, "I have 13 inches of you know
what." I felt like saying, "Lucky you." Instead said,
"Buster, you are wasting my time," and hung up. A few
days later a man called with much the same line. At that
point I recognized the voice and just hung up. The third
time he called I told him to knock it off and not to call
this office again. So far haven't heard from him.
Another type of call?
Yes. A young man called and said he was 18 and where
could he go for sex. Again suggested the Baths. The conver­
sation went along a bit when a young female voice broke in with,
"This phone call has been monitered," so when she broke out
with gaggles I just hung up. She called back a couple of times
but I just broke the connection.
Do you have any calls from alcoholics?
Yes, every once in a while. Just last Sunday a chap called
and said he needed a doctor's attention. Asked—general or a
specialist of some kind. Well, I'm an alcoholic was the answer.

PHOTO-FORBES

Ernestine he aint
Upon meeting Scott Luebking for the first time, one is immediately struck by a radiant force of energy and movement. The man fairly sparkles with animation while sending out three conflicting messages: incredibly alive blue eyes. Everything needed for explicitness, which means sexuality which means turning on to him as a person and an extremely good-looking, again, his wheelchair.

Soon, you're flying in his jet stream and realize you've just passed the prudish stage without having gone through it. His whole lively manner transmits total humanity, which means concern for his total immobility and, again, his wheelchair.

Concerning his total immobility and, again, his wheelchair. Sooner, you're flying in his jet stream and realize you've just passed the prudish stage without having gone through it. His whole lively manner transmits total humanity, which means concern for his total immobility and, again, his wheelchair.

... (Continued on Page 37)
A GROWING UP ROMAN CATHOLIC one quickly learned not to commit an additional sin of pride by assuming that your Saturday afternoon confession would include terrible revelations that the local priest had not already heard confessed several times that day. Yes, the words never seemed to fall naturally from the lips. It was impossible to say "masturbation" in fear of shocking Father O'Brien into some loud fire and brimstone thereby embarrassing you within hearing of those outside awaiting their turn to confess. Even avoidance expressions such as "im-pure thoughts about myself," or, "the sin of self-abuse three times," maybe even, "I committed impure acts with myself," were torture. On the way to church, by way of rehearsal, each word would be repeated over and over again and, while individually innocent and easy to say, the combination always stuck in the throat. No, there was no help. Every Roman Catholic male teenager was certain he was the only one of the gang to do these foul and disgusting things with his cock and it was NEVER discussed with one's friends, being absolute proof that you lacked that cardinal virtue of "self-control." Even today, after fifteen years of liberation from the nuns of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus, I cringe when a sex partner approaches his hand on his own cock. And woe to him who gets on a plane or into an automobile unless he is in a "State of Grace" which is that golden space between having confessed and not yet having jerked off.

The National Sex Forum's basic course in Human Sexuality not only encourages masturbation but has several fine films to show how it can be accomplished more completely with ultimate satisfaction for both men and women—and get this—partners. One of the few bits of specific advice, in fact, suggests that one masturbate in front of a partner thereby showing what you require, your turn on spots, energy flow, and pace. (We tried it. It wasn't easy. It has since enriched our sex in all its forms.)

From now through September 8th the National Sex Forum will be giving Human Sexuality 101 courses in Sexual Attitude Restructuring. Each course involves either a Saturday evening (6-11PM) and all day Sunday (10AM to 5PM) or a Friday night and all day Saturday at the same hours. It may be the best $50 you'll ever invest in your body. ($75 per couple.)

Courses are given at the Museum of Erotic Art which, the gay press coverage notwithstanding, we found wildly exciting. This is no tacky excuse-for-pornography ripoff but a beautifully designed gallery of superb art dealing with humanity and sexuality.

It was with some trepidation that I and my "significant other" (the Forum's definition) passed through the doors and were greeted by Phyllis Lyon (author of The Lesbian Woman) and wound our way upstairs for the start of the course. We entered a rectangular room covered with huge, soft, colorful pillows set in an amphitheatre arrangement. One was was wound our way the multi-media aspects of the presentation and suggested everyone be as comfortable as possible, avail themselves of the perpetual coffee and go to the toilet at will. What followed was a fast, exciting, and wildly turning on audio-visual sex experience climaxing with Fuckarama, a multi-multi (sometimes more than 30 individual films projected at the same time) media presentation of pornography (called "sex education" materials by Frank Myers, Media Specialist) that were available to our parents and grandparents. These ranged from dogs fucking women to the homely guy who doesn't bother to remove his socks nor her heels. The points were made brilliantly—then sex WAS filthy, disgusting, and ugly. And we all laughed because the video preceding Fuckarama had been filled with beautifully made films concerning men and women masturbating, fantasizing, fucking, loving and it was clear to see the realities of the beauty in being human and trying to look hip and throughout the course I managed to ask each of them why they were there and was delighted when some mentioned marital (they meant sexual) troubles and their therapists had recommended the Forum experience, and others were there for professional reasons such as school counselling, sex therapy in churches, etc. and had brought along their significant other.

Eventually the course was introduced by Ted McIver who mostly paid tribute to Kinsey and gave a run down on the multi-media aspects of the presentation and suggested everyone be as comfortable as possible, avail themselves of the perpetual coffee and go to the toilet at will. What followed was a fast, exciting, and wildly turning on audio-visual sex experience climaxing with Fuckarama, a multi-multi (sometimes more than 30 individual films projected at the same time) media presentation of pornography (called "sex education" materials by Frank Myers, Media Specialist) that were available to our parents and grandparents. These ranged from dogs fucking women to the homely guy who doesn't bother to remove his socks nor her heels. The points were made brilliantly—then sex WAS filthy, disgusting, and ugly. And we all laughed because the video preceding Fuckarama had been filled with beautifully made films concerning men and women masturbating, fantasizing, fucking, loving and it was clear to see the realities of the beauty in being human and trying to look hip and throughout the course I managed to ask each of them why they were there and was delighted when some mentioned marital (they meant sexual) troubles and their therapists had recommended the Forum experience, and others were there for professional reasons such as school counselling, sex therapy in churches, etc. and had brought along their significant other.

Eventually the course was introduced by Ted McIver who mostly paid tribute to Kinsey and gave a run down on the multi-media aspects of the presentation and suggested everyone be as comfortable as possible, avail themselves of the perpetual coffee and go to the toilet at will. What followed was a fast, exciting, and wildly turning on audio-visual sex experience climaxing with Fuckarama, a multi-multi (sometimes more than 30 individual films projected at the same time) media presentation of pornography (called "sex education" materials by Frank Myers, Media Specialist) that were available to our parents and grandparents. These ranged from dogs fucking women to the homely guy who doesn't bother to remove his socks nor her heels. The points were made brilliantly—then sex WAS filthy, disgusting, and ugly. And we all laughed because the video preceding Fuckarama had been filled with beautifully made films concerning men and women masturbating, fantasizing, fucking, loving and it was clear to see the realities of the beauty in being human and trying to look hip and throughout the course I managed to ask each of them why they were there and was delighted when some mentioned marital (they meant sexual) troubles and their therapists had recommended the Forum experience, and others were there for professional reasons such as school counselling, sex therapy in churches, etc. and had brought along their significant other.
sharing in humans who were in touch with the reality that we are all sexual beings.

Early in the first day we were introduced to Bill Johnson, an ordained gay minister. Bill is blond, handsome, clean cut and would do any mother proud to have this Jack Armstrong of a man for a son. In low keyed tones Bill "lectured" on the experience of being homosexual. His rhetoric was exact party-line gay, he said all the right words and was so incredibly dull, a quick look around the room found most of the people asleep. Afterwards, four beautifully executed films were shown demonstrating homosexual lovemaking. Why the lecture before the attitude-inducing films is anyone's guess. Bill said it was the Forum's wish it be that way. Phyllis Lyon contradicts the point.

The second day began with a glorious array of fresh donuts. More films, this time dealing with the female experience. A live panel followed with representatives of gay, hetero, and bisexual speaking and fielding questions. The outcome was that the most oppressed group today are the so-called bisexuals who are distrusted by everyone and Maggie Rubenstein intends to do something about it via a bisexual liberation group to form in the Fall.

After a lunch break, two highlights were presented—a heavy anatomy session with graphs and charts wherein it was shown that all fetuses are first female and gradually sex definition occurs ending in gender. The penis and the clitoris are amazingly similar organs and we wondered why these have been such well kept secrets. (Perhaps the contradiction of bible myths about woman following man?) The final mindblower was two films concerning disabled wheelchair persons getting it on sexually. A panel of three persons (one being a male gay) related incidents of their sexual oppression via the fact that the non-disabled somehow dismiss the fact that—again—we are ALL sexual beings.

Throughout this course the lines between gay, straight and bi were blurred enough to be nonexistent. Many exclusively gay persons are often ashamed to admit that heterosexual pornography turns them on. The philosophy of the Forum is—you have a natural given right to enjoy your body and the bodies of whomever you please. It is good. It is right. It is natural. (The only unnatural sex act is that act which cannot be performed.) Fantasy is healthy. Masturbation is healthy. Fucking is healthy. Cock is good. Cunt is good. Over and over and over these ideas were reinforced via multimedia until you were so turned on to being gloriously human that you wanted to trumpet the message to all who would listen (damn few, actually.)

A final walk through the Museum of Erotic Art made us feel as comfortable as if surrounded by family portraits. Our conclusion was in two differing contradictions. The lesser was that there isn't very much a liberated gay can learn from the SAR Course. Many staff members of the Forum are either upfront gay or heavily into bisexuality for reasons which are fairly obvious. We long ago rejected the Church and Society as dictating voices about our sexuality. Therefore, as pure humans, we were forced into going our own way and doing that which we knew deep down was RIGHT for us. It's going to take hetero-society some time to to realize and catch up to the same rights to their body's pleasures and it is only natural that liberated gays would be marching in the front of all sexual liberation.

On the other hand, we were put in touch with the brotherhood of all people as sexual beings and many of the myths of heterosexuality were blown. Our feelings of "being different" because of what we did in bed were very much scattered and in place of the usual group warmth of "isn't it wonderful that we are all gay" was replaced with, "isn't it fabulous that we are all human and sexual!" Therefore we recommend the SAR course for all people without any reservations.

I seriously doubt if we were the only couple who rushed home, turned on ALL the lights and coupled with not only love for each other but love for what we were doing, it's sounds, it's smells, it's tactile sensations, it's uniqueness to us and it's similarity to the entire race who have within their power the ability to couple with whatever their conception of the highest order may be. We were both gods and—you know what?—we still are!
Recently my lover and I received a call from a friend, Bill, who stated a frantic cry for aid. His relationship with Larry was about to collapse. He was moving out of their new place in five minutes.

Larry’s voice could be heard making non-committal comments in the background. Could we come over soon and help patch things up? We made the necessary arrangements and showed up at their apartment a short time later. Larry was there ready to talk, but Bill was nowhere to be found. In fact, Bill, the very person who contacted us in the first place, never appeared. Little has been heard from this “couple” again.

Strange how some gays interact... Some say that living with someone you love constitutes a lifetime embrace and others feel a comp in the hay is the nearest human contact they can tolerate. What is the problem? Why can’t gays like Bill and Larry make up in it?

A complex array of factors may conspire to pull a homosexual union apart. Bill and Larry were victims of opposing lifestyles. Bill thrived on bar hopping and liked to socialize. Larry was a homebody sort, somewhat shy, who didn’t like to go out much. These striking contrasts were seemingly not considered by either Bill or Larry when they set up house. They were star struck and caught up in the thrill of togetherness. The ingredients of fantasy discerned in gay romance will come as a surprise to few. Yet, over the years we know of several couples, both men and women, whose living arrangements have endured for ten, fifteen, and twenty-five years. I recall someone telling of two men who had recently celebrated their fiftieth anniversary. They met during World War I as teenagers. We can only conclude that such a coupling is possible.

The intelligent couple take their time finding a mate and then stick with him or her. Some people will start out as star crossed lovers and gradually end up as tired, washed out roommates. We know one couple who shared the same house for several years and then split up. The home in question was owned by only one of them and the other merely rented. Were they roommates? Was the partner even mentioned in the will? We think the need for a strong, secure commitment is necessary. If two gays are really serious they should share jointly in property and estate planning. Otherwise why shouldn’t gays also benefit from tax advantages of religious and legal sanctions that traditional households have the advantage of religious and legal sanctions bestowed by the larger society. The implicit assumption is that such an arrangement is superior. If this is such a desirable state of affairs why do divorce rates persist in climbing to the new ratio of one divorce for each 2.77 “straight” marriages?

The forthcoming study of the homosexual world by the Institute for Sex Research in Indiana may shed desperately needed light on the dynamics of the long term gay marriage.

Their choice of mate is based on the distinctive assets of their mate and not a fantasy creation. (“I like the leather type” or “he must have hair on his chest” or “She must be the passive and motherly sort.”) How often have we all heard the remark, “Paul and I are just good friends, and we have a lot in common, but he just isn’t my type. He doesn’t turn me on.”

A successful homosexual couple will take a practical, objective view of life and consider such non-romantic criteria as the occupational situation and social standing of the prospective lover. It goes against the grain today to think of such cold realities, but the implications of social class are a hard fact of American life. The stockbroker who falls for the garbage man may sound exotic and daring, but in the cold light of day a match will probably end in disillusionment. How do I introduce him to my friends?

The intelligent couple take their time finding a mate and then stick with him or her. Some people will start out as star crossed lovers and gradually end up as tired, washed out roommates. We know one couple who shared the same house for several years and then split up. The home in question was owned by only one of them and the other merely rented. Were they roommates? Was the partner even mentioned in the will? We think the need for a strong, secure commitment is necessary. If two gays are really serious they should share jointly in property and estate planning. Otherwise why shouldn’t gays also benefit from tax advantages of religious and legal sanctions that traditional households have the advantage of religious and legal sanctions bestowed by the larger society. The implicit assumption is that such an arrangement is superior. If this is such a desirable state of affairs why do divorce rates persist in climbing to the new ratio of one divorce for each 2.77 “straight” marriages?

The forthcoming study of the homosexual world by the Institute for Sex Research in Indiana may shed desperately needed light on the dynamics of the long term gay marriage.
How a Few Ounces Of Prevention Can Help You Avoid Pounds of Cure And Keep the Bliss in Balling... By Edward Guthmann

Reprinted from GAY SUNSHINE, 1974

"I'm convinced that God loves and approves of gay men, and that's why he put the prostate gland right above the asshole so we could enjoy the pleasure of being fucked."

— a gay man from Berkeley

"Don't give him anything but love."

— slogan for anti-VD poster put out by Los Angeles' Gay Community Services Center

The joy of anal sex is a mystery and sounds unpleasant unless your body has known it and adjusted to it. To the squeamish man who calls it "unnatural" or fears being hurt, I would compare the ignored potential of the asshole to the many muscles and organs which seem useless only when we don't explore and exercise them. I would say, remember that your rectum has a mucous membrane lining, just like your mouth or a woman's vagina, which allows for or ceases sexual activity, but rather be aware of possible risks, and to avoid them with the right precautions.

ANAL WARTS

Anal warts, especially, are an incredible problem. Even though they're an epidemic with gays, very little information is available, and their treatment is rather crude. Since they're highly contagious, though, you should seek treatment immediately.

Warts are almost always the result of anal intercourse. Doctors know they're caused by a virus, but the virus hasn't been identified or isolated to the point where an efficient cure or vaccine has been developed.

Usually you'll see small tumors just outside the rim of the anus when you get warts. Unlike hand warts, they're pink or red, soft and moist with an indented, cauliflower-like appearance. They can sometimes form a large tissue mass. Some clear up quickly, others take years despite treatments. Sometimes there will be itching or bleeding, but most often you won't feel anything.

My friend recalled his experience: "When I first felt them, I assumed they were hemorrhoids. So I went out and bought some Preparation H. I'd never even heard of anal warts!" First, he went to a gay general practitioner who spent 6 unsuccessful months trying to kill the warts with acid. Then he found a good proctologist who had to operate and even then spend six months more of weekly check-ups to burn off recurring warts.

During that time, my friend couldn't be fucked for fear his infection would spread to others, as well as the possibility of the contact ruining the effectiveness of the treatment.

The hassle of warts is made worse, as with all VD, by the nature of the rectal canal. The mucous membrane lining of the rectum has no sensory nerve endings, so you can have them up inside your ass and never know it while they multiply and grow larger.

The rectum can be compared to an elastic tube that stretches and contracts, so in its normal folded state you wouldn't be able to feel all the way up your asshole to know if any warts have formed deep inside. Only a proctologist with his anoscope could do it. When you spot warts or suspect them, go immediately to a doctor, or better yet proctologist. Most VD clinics can only diagnose them, and they aren't in a position to refer the names of good doctors. You have to call the local medical society for referrals, or any gay switchboard or community center for the names of good proctologists or gay doctors.

Bear in mind, treatment is crude at best. The freezing technique, called cryotherapy, is the newest and best. Dr. Bruce Friedman of San Francisco now uses this almost exclusively. "I'm very encouraged by it from two standpoints: 1) It can be done in the office, and 2)
the amount of pain is minimal. And it's more accurate.

Podophyllin, an acid, is the most common treat­
ment for warts. It destroys warts but through the process of burn­
ing by freezing we're stimulating an immune reaction in the body.

Doctors should always take a gonorrhea culture and blood test for syphilis when treating warts. The rash of secondary syphilis looks just like warts. If the doctor mistakes them for benign growths, which syphilis always is, it can be dangerous. When chancres are visible (as well as "secondary" soft symptoms) and the symptoms persist, other diseases. Syphilis is called "the great imitator" and because it "mimics" other infections, a blood test or dark-field exam of serum from the sore are sometimes the only way to identify it.

Doctors can cause blindness, sterility, or an infected prostate. In 80% of the cases, you can cause blindness, sterility, or an infected prostate. The rectum is very difficult to inspect it because the rectum is such a contained receptacle. Rectal infections, when no precautions are exercised. Aside from sex, the latter three isn't common enough to be considered a significant risk. Again, the rectum is very difficult to examine cures itself. To stop their spreading, it's good to rub antiseptic or pain pills. Washing well instead of wiping with toilet tissue is good.

When two men are rimming and the tongue and lips licks the anus with a definite pos­

Herpes can return as they will lie in remission, and it's possible to get herpes in the mouth — either without symptoms until the virus leaves the body and the dis­

The mucous membrane lining of the rectum has no sensory nerve endings. In 80% of anal sex cases and 75% of anal siff, and often with anal warts, there will be no symptoms. The mucous membrane lining of the rectum has no sensory nerve endings. In 80% of anal sex cases and 75% of anal siff, and often with anal warts, there will be no symptoms.

Secondary symptoms vanish, like a chancre, within 2 to 6 weeks. Stiff then becomes latent (no signs or symp­toms). For years. Once, you've a 33% chance of getting an advanced condition, which can lead to a fatal heart attack or paralysis, or insanity from the nervous system.

Remember, there's a very small (about 25%) chance that any of these primary or secondary symp­
toms will develop. "These infections of the gastro-intestinal tract are a very significant hazard that one doesn't really think of as being a venereal disease." He added that the latter three isn't common enough to be considered a significant risk. Again, the rectum is very difficult to examine thoroughly. To help the man the less chance of disease for the man who rims or fucks him. Yellow skin, jaundice, is the traditional hepa­titis symptom, when really only 1 out of 3 persons get it. Common symptoms resemble a flu: no appetite, aches and pains, fatigue. The urine is very dark and feces become a light clay color. Hepatitis is serious, in that it can permanently weaken the liver, and can put you out of work for weeks with a long, slow recovery. Often when hepatitis symptoms have left or are slight, the person is still communicable.

The rectum is really vulnerable to a world of infections, when no precautions are exercised. Aside from the nature of the mucous membrane lining, further disease can flourish in what's called anal crypts. There are cryptoeccic lesions leading to fistulas where the lining of the bowel meets the skin, 3/8 inch inside the anus. When these become infected you'll get problems with the crypts. But it's very often caused not by sex but by diarrhea or other bowel problems.

A fissure is a split in the anal canal, from an infected crypt. It appears like a small raw spot, and not much more. A fissure. Abcesses develop when the infection goes deeper, causing a highly painful swelling. Once a doctor drains an abscess and the pus is released, the patient's pain will subside. But in 85% of abscesses, once drained a fistula develops, which is a tunnel boring outward from the abscess infection. It must be surgically opened and trouted. Fissures, abscesses and fistulas are not a large problem, and shouldn't be considered a major risk in anal intercourse.

Fissures, abcesses & fistulas

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Beginning what may seem to be a very long time ago, but in truth has been only ten years, the Society for Individual Rights recently celebrated its ten-year anniversary with a party at California Hall.

It was an evening of greeting old friends and making new ones, drinking, eating birthday cake, laughing uproariously at a basketball game (I sat basketball court between the "Emperor's" Court and the "Empress's" Court, of San Francisco, and on the more serious side, awards and testimonial speeches.

President of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, Senator Milton Marks, Assemblyman Willie L. Brown, Jr., Senator George Moscone, Assemblyman John Burton, past presidents Dorr Jones and Tom Littlejohn, William E. BeardemphI, Don Scott, Rev. James Sandmire (and a large contingent of luminaries from the gay community, past-presidents of the Society: Larry Jim Skaggs, Frank Fitch, Harold "Duke" Smith, Charlotte "The Mint), Doug de Young, Littlejohn, William E. BeardemphI, Don Scott, Rev. James Sandmire (and a large contingent of luminaries from the gay community, past-presidents of the Society: Larry Jim Skaggs, Frank Fitch, Harold "Duke" Smith, Charlotte "The Mint), Doug de Young, Foster, Doug Bowie, of the Peninsula Group of Concern, Kevin Norton, Bob Ross, of the Bay Area Reporter, Dick Jay, of Kalendar, Foster, Doug Bowie, of the Peninsula Group of Concern, Kevin Norton, Bob Ross, of the Bay Area Reporter, Dick Jay, of Kalendar, Cynthia Slater, Tere Roderick, Elmer Wilhelm, S.I.R.'s placement bureau director. Bob Craner, David Goodstein, of Whitman-Radclyffe, and a large contingent of luminaries from the gay social scene such as Emperor 1, Marcus, Whitman-Radclyffe, received Awards of Recognition from the Board (presented by John Bonzar) and the California Senate (presented by Senator Milton Marks).

Credit for an evening of entertainment and celebration goes to a large number of people, of whom I have the names of a few: Charlotte, many local bartenders, Norman Armstong, handled the hot dog and popcorn concessions, many vendors donated time to selling the goodies (with prizes inside the packages), the stage was decorated with a gigantic cake constructed by Ron Ross, Kissy Dicky and Tacky Ruth (where do people get names like that?).

It was not what you would call the run-of-the-mill Saturday Night Sock Hop, after watching the Empress Court beat the Emperor's Court 26-10 I wondered what kind of event it was. The Emperor II, Russ, Empress Freida, "La Kish", Miss Gay San Francisco, Mr. Gay San Francisco, Lorel, and a gaggle of gay drag queens whose machinations as cheerleaders, vendors, and just plain fun folks made the evening a fun event.

The dapper dons coming from the Tap-Dance Group meeting weekly at S.I.R. Center. Glow-up stats of letters of congratulations lined the wall of the bar from Dianne Feinstein, the stage was decorated with a gigantic cake constructed by Ron Ross, Kissy Dicky and Tacky Ruth (where do people get names like that?).

If you don't tell them, then make it a point to give them to your doctor or clinic worker, for the simple reason that you're protecting them and aiding in the abatement of the disease. The names of persons with any of the above diseases are required by state law to be confidentially reported to the Department of Health.

As further prevention, most doctors will encourage using a rubber. This is really controversial, mostly because for most people a rubber negates the pleasure of sex. It should be said here, though, that it will be very effective in preventing most VD, including warts. (There needs to be research for a suppository as an alternative to rubbers. An antiseptic for the rectum or vagina, tasteless and odorless, inserted before balling, would be a lot more repulsive as a rubber.)

A vaccine against warts, let alone one against the clap and syphilis, has yet to be developed, but would ultimately be the easiest and most efficient deter­rent to infection. What's needed is public support and demand for continued research into such a vaccine.

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research, I was told by a gay doctor and public health worker of cases where a man with an infected asshole was seeing a doctor who knowingly administered an ineffective treatment, because he got off on examining that particular man. This isn't that common, but along with all I've described here, it's enough to make me go out of my way for good treatment.)

* Your state of mind, or positive thinking, shouldn't be discounted as a means of prevention or partial cure. Try to mellow out and don't become too identified with the disease. The infection is possibly being maintained by the overwhelming depression that accompanies it, as by the virus or bacteria. Perhaps your attitudes and emotions will help where medicine cannot.

* Above all, don't be unnecessarily alarmed by all this information. Just take heed, and continue to enjoy. ∆
Do you feel frustrated with some of these calls? Often - and this one is really far out. A gal called and said she had a couple of children who was fathered by a guy, who wanted a divorce. Her "Butch" was going thru the sex change. Question: Does the law still consider me a lesbian? For that this matter came up again it would mean a nice jail term. Would you care to give another example? Yes — and this one is really far out. A gal called and said she had a couple of children who was fathered by a guy, who wanted a divorce. Her "Butch" was going thru the sex change. Question: Does the law still consider me a lesbian? For that
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ated a San Francisco Landmark.

San Francisco

From Page 32

so had a chance to tell this young person that the agency
really wanted to help it, he would return and that they
would make every effort to place him in a gay home. So, by George,
he arrived in the office, talked with me, then asked if he could
call Mr. A? He did and then turned to me to say he would go
to see this man the next day. A few days later Mr. A called to
thank S.I.R. for the cooperation. The boy had gone back to
residency and that a home would be found.

What about teenagers?

That’s a very real problem. I don’t know what to suggest
to them. Have recommended they go to MCC, Limandire,
with heated pool and roof deck. Reasonable
rates include meals. Write
P.O. Box 476
Boonville, California 95415
or call (707) 895-3435.

From Page 25

GAY/MARRIAGE

households. One principle research obstacle
can be detected in gays themselves. Mature, healthy gay couples frequently tend to
live quiet, obscure lives in the suburbs away from any visible concern about the sexual
resolution. They do not require psychiatric
attention and hence do not receive any.
The popular press will focus on any sick,
guilt ridden “gayer” stored on drugs in
order to divert attention from the fact
that well balanced middle-class American
gays are now jumping into the struggle
for freedom for sexual choices.

So the controversy generates still
more heat than light. In the midst of
the confusion is it possible to offer any
advice to those seeking a lasting kinship?
Let’s make a start at it.

Don’t go out deliberately seeking pro-
pective mates. Avoid ads found in under-
ground newspapers like the plague; like-
wise the computer matching services.

Many of these agencies will only succeed
in introducing you to social misfits who
cannot adequately relate.

Do place yourself in social circles where
people you click with are most likely to
gather. This does not imply such stereo-
typed hangouts as bars and baths. Do not
select places simply because they are
lavender colored. Seek out situations
that cater to your own personal interests.
In London, for example, I’m told the
theatre is a prime spot for meeting other
gays interested in the arts.

Stay out of bed until you know the
individual. (If possible!) The contents
of the jar are infinite if you preview them
beforehand.

If you find an “acceptable prospect”
try to experience them in a variety of
different lights. See that “great guy” in
the bad moods as often as the good times.
Try living together in ordinary circumstances.
Some mate hunters seem addicted to what
I call “honeymooning.” They expect each
day to blaze into a time of endless felicity.
Most of us have suspected this of gays who
love to spend the entire evening in several
different bars.

I’ve been told that one such way to
separate the loved one from the phones
is to go on a rugged camping trip to an
isolated spot for a weekend. This way
you are sure to learn about the real per-
son behind the mask.

It may feel dark and cold out there,
but believe me a life partner can be found.
Having someone who cares beside you can
make life a far richer experience. As those
who have made the journey. Time and
patience is certainly required, but there is
a special someone out there waiting for you.
Finding them may be the most difficult
task you’ll face in life but, it goes without
saying, the rewards equal the score.
WANTED: LIVE IN HANDYMAN: Room in modest, negotiable salary for person to work North Oakland (near Berkeley), food, and very order are highly desirable. Ability to learn, and a compulsion for neatness can instruct. Aptitude for the work, dexterity, as owner has done all of the work before, and lawn & garden, some concrete slab, and lots of finish carpentry.

Worker need not be extensively experienced as owner has done all of the work before, and can instruct. Aptitude for the work, dexterity, ability to learn, and a compulsion for neatness are highly desirable. Call Robert H. Koch, daytime 964-4944; even Ol'ympic 4 1608, or write same at Box 430, Berkeley, Cal. 94701

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FREE COPY OF VECTOR TO A FRIEND? Yes! Send name(s) to Editor: 83 6th St., SF for complete details. Ask for Norman Armentrout

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