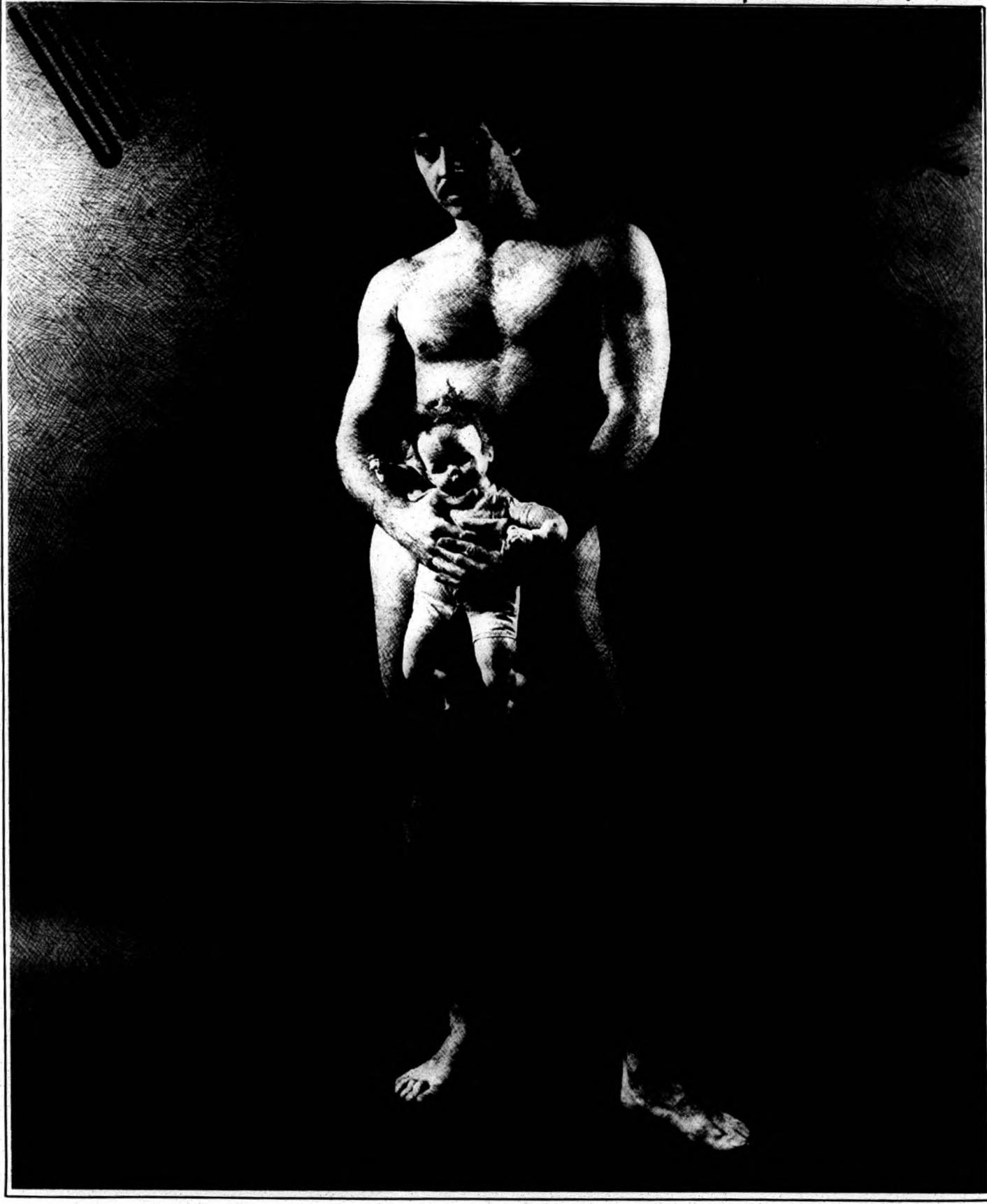


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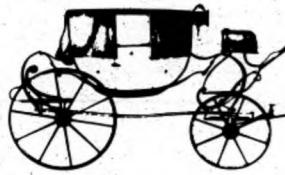
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CELEBRATING THE GAY EXPERIENCE

PUBLISHER

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San Francisco, California 94103
(415) 781-1570

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COVER PHOTO BY GRAVEN IMAGE

Vector is published monthly (with combined Sept/Oct and Jan/Feb issues) by S.I.R., 83 6th St., S.F., Ca. 94103. Second-class postage rates paid at San Francisco, Ca. 94103. Copyright 1974 by the Society for Individual Rights, a non-profit organization. Advertising Offices at 83 6th St., S.F., Ca. 94103. RATES \$1.00 per copy. SUBSCRIBERS ARE URGED TO SUBMIT POSTAL CHANGE OF ADDRESS FORMS WHEN NECESSARY.

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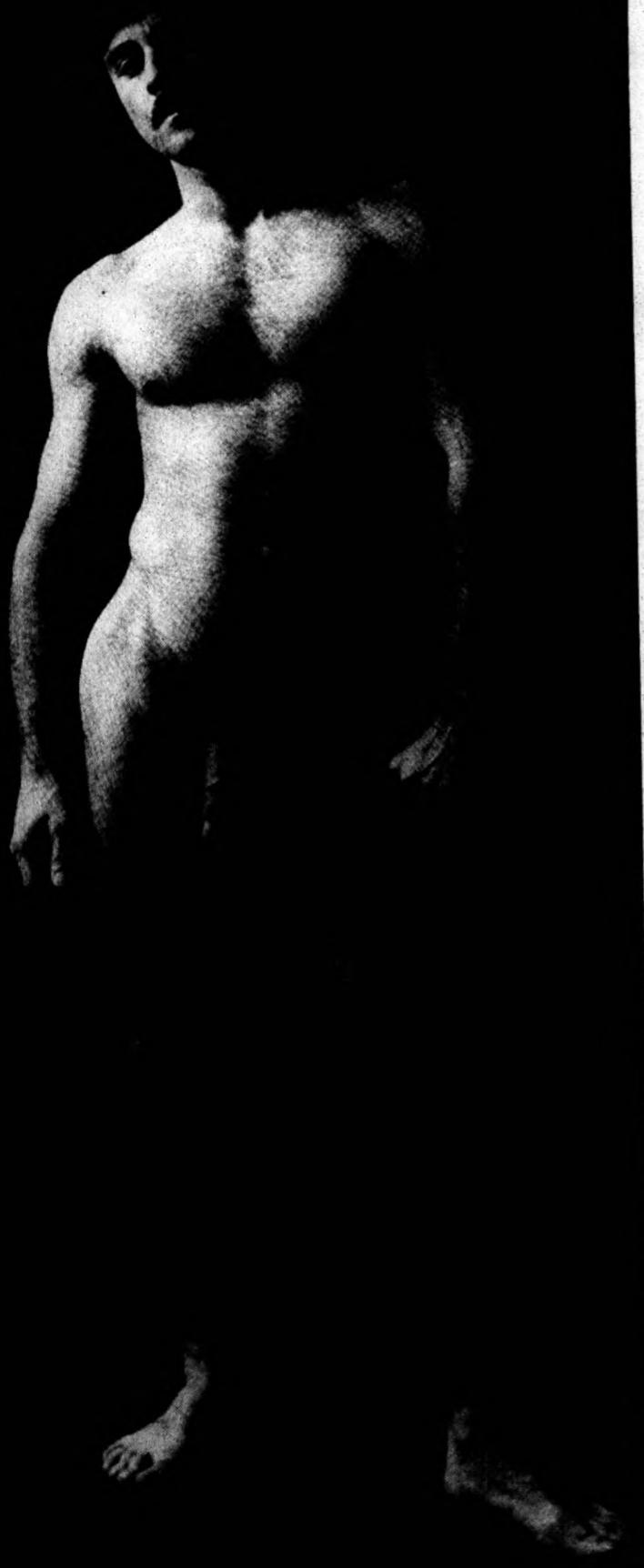
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THE XOKIT

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FROM THE RESIDENT

It was in an East Bay restaurant during dinner that one of our more well known columnists made several remarks concerning S.I.R. It was centered around another "well known columnist" that was "down" on S.I.R. and its whole function. It seemed that for months this columnist was unmercifully attacking S.I.R. and/or its officers. Our dinner companion thought that it was a waste of time, type and paper to print such attacks and if the Society for Individual Rights were left alone it would "just quickly die and disappear." This was early in 1973.

As you well know S.I.R. has not quickly died and/or disappeared. We ARE alive and VERY well.

The year 1973 was a shaky one but before the year's end we were stabilizing. It took a lot of belt tightening financially and a lot of public relations work to convince the community of our worth and strength and vitality. Many "stories" of how we were folding alienated or, more accurately, created loss of interest in S.I.R.'s ability to function as a community service.

By February of 1974 interest in the election of officers was by no means enthusiastic. The "story" that no one would oppose me for the presidency is NOT true: The truth is that no one wanted the job. The past ten months have shown not only a dramatic financial comeback but a renewed interest in the Society's programs. Each of my fellow officers and trustees are to be commended for their work (and I mean WORK!). The volunteer staff are also to be congratulated. Without those volunteers nothing (and I do mean NOTHING) could be accomplished. Much more could be done if we had more volunteers. However, we deeply appreciate the gems we do have. Our political committee has been revitalized and is in very working order. Our Legal Committee was completely reorganized with all gay attorneys and have successfully started a Legal Defense fund for the Gay Community. The productions committee produced the world premier of Lane Batemen's play, KISS THE SKY, a gay play with a positive message by a gay author. Groups such as our rap sessions and discussion groups meet weekly and added to this was a very popular tap dancing class.

Perhaps frivolous to some, our special events were highly successful—Easter Brunch, 40-40's show, 10th Anniversary Celebration, Fall Fajr, Halloween Ball, Auctions, Dances, etc. They brought in thousands of dollars and therefore continue to be a VITAL ingredient in our financing. Our annual Thanksgiving Day Dinner will again be presented for the Gay Community through the cooperation of many organizations. Along with the dinner we have a raffle for a Hawaii or Mexico vacation. I urge you all to support the raffle as, again, this is part of our fund raising projects that help us continue our work.

VECTOR MAGAZINE has been improved and we expect to see positive results from our new format. Our employment referral service continues to serve gays in obtaining employment throughout the Bay Area with dramatic results.

As the year closes I urge all members to take active interest in the coming February elections of officers. Those who are not already members of S.I.R. I urge you to consider joining as support of our services to all of us. We need you and your support in order to continue working for YOU.

Therefore, "well known columnist" we are not about to "die and disappear." We are in our 10th consecutive year and pushing healthfully into our 11th.

VECTOR

in this issue

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by RICHARD PIRO

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Quietly, efficiently and rapidly, our neighbors in the South are getting their act together and are ready to share the news.



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by JOHN GRIMBS

The Golden Gate Gay Liberation House are busily at work in one area—survival. A phone call from the bus terminal assures needy gays that they ARE cared for and can procure a comfortable place to sleep and a warm meal.



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A close look at the miracle on Market Street and what it can mean for gays throughout the country written by one of the merchants who has a triple investment.



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sounding board

Very Appropriate

I have been following VECTOR for about a year now, and I most heartily endorse your latest change in format. The paper quality is much more suited to a magazine with guts than to another skin sheet—very appropriate.

The quality of the writing—the short stories and reviews particularly—and the arresting photographs—Golden Gate Health Spa's ad, the incredible art work and Sierra Domino—all add up to a more vigorous, aggressive and timely publication.

Three cheers and keep up the good work.

J.D. and D.V.
San Francisco

In Loving Pride

Kiss the Sky is a dream come true for me. A play, produced by S.I.R., that shows gay people, not as perfect, but as human: a well written play that gay people would be proud to produce, direct and act. Most importantly, a play not intended to supplant the other quality productions of the Society but to extend the variety available to audiences.

I think that producer Dick Myhre is an essential catalyst to produce this extension of the kinds of productions S.I.R. offers. He holds a well deserved respect from the talented and dedicated thespians who have given us spectacular entertainment, and hopefully will again. And he has shown that he can successfully produce and co-direct a quality play of a different genre.

If you were not fortunate enough to have been able to see this play, perhaps a word to S.I.R.'s production committee would encourage a second run. If you live outside the Bay Area, I cannot urge you enough to read the script and attempt to interest a local theatre group in pro-

ducing it.

Kudos to the playwright, Lane Bate man, to Dick Myhre and Gary Bridwell (the co-director who ably stepped in at the last moment to play Chris) the entire cast for their obvious love of the play. A special mention to Stan Bond who projected pride beautifully, to Alan Green span who deserves the awards he has garnered for set design and to Hector, the President who did what I was only able to want to do.

Frank Fitch
Past President, SIR

The New VECTOR

Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice—Congratulations on the new VECTOR! Charlotte

Miami, Florida

Author Amory responds to Critic Maves review of WILLOW SONG

Well, yes, love begins with sex, can't really exist without it, but without love or at least strong mutual attraction there can be no really satisfactory sex either.

I liked Mr. Maves' recognition of the fact that I derive from "that tattered old literary genre," the pastoral, although I don't think it's quite so tattered as all that and have never read Theocritus, Milton, or "As You Like It." My immediate model was Gaspar Gil Polo's "Diana Enamorada," a work as patterned as a minuet, just as were all the other Spanish and Italian pastorals of the time—Montemayor, Cervantes, Lope, Sannazzaro—and "Loon" came out of this, a repetition of an old theme. "Song of Aaron" was a Western and thus derives distantly from the old romances of chivalry and the Arthurian cycle, though Owen Wister probably

didn't know that, but in "Listen the Loon Sings" I returned again to the pastoral mode, less closely in many respects, and also threw in some very recondite jokes of my own which apparently nobody has ever picked up on. They still have me cackling.

"Willow Song" certainly is a pastoral, I suppose, but even farther removed from Gil Polo's "Diana" than was "Listen." The subtitle, which the editor deleted, was to have been "An Acid Myth," and you can take it from

there. Mr. Maves had no way of knowing this either, but the book is really also a masque, in the sense of a masquerade or roman a clef. Strickland, Wilghe, Querk, Ome Ocelotl and a few others are real people—the editor knew this, and thus the blurb.

"Willow Song" came out of me easily and rapidly, not counting several unfortunate interruptions, and I have strong feelings that it is my best work to date.

Yes, the pastoral world is a sweeter one than our own; it is unreal and Arcadian, but a world whose message we would do well to heed.

Richard Amory

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ONSTAGE

KISS THE SKY

Produced by S.I.R., San Francisco

As an "employee of the organization that produced *Kiss the Sky* you might imagine my trepidation at going to a show to "review" and knowing that a less than favorable one will affect the income of the production and this income is part of what keeps this magazine alive and... Imagine also my consequent excitement at realizing, as soon as the curtain parted revealing a stunningly designed and executed unit set, that we were in for a beautiful experience.

Congratulations S.I.R. for selecting a script which broadcasts the other side of the Boys in the Band message. *Kiss the Sky* is "gay theatre" only in as much as the characters and two central plots revolve around the gay experience—in this case a student who runs away from homophobic parents to be with the man he loves—his former college instructor. The tensions come additionally from the fact that the professor (convincingly played by director, Gary Birdwell) already has a new lover and the student's parents show up to claim their son by threatening to expose the teacher. With the exception of the heavy gay lib commercials (of questionable necessity) inserted into the third act requiring the parents to mouth every homophobic cliché thus giving the "liberated" gay characters ample opportunity to express standard rebuttals to familiar but still lethal straight world prejudices, the script contains wit and wisdom in enough doses to provide a totally involving and satisfying evening of theatre. There are moments—quiet moments—of incredible beauty with acting levels on a uniform high. With a \$3 admissions charge it brings up new flags of rage at the Tubstrip ripoff going on a few blocks away.

BLYTHE SPIRIT by Noel Coward
Berkeley Repertory Theatre
College Avenue, Berkeley, California

We finally made it over to Berkeley for their opening and are delighted to report that A.C.T. isn't the only superb repertory group in the Bay area. What a treat to see theatre with proper STYLE.

Noel Coward is viciously difficult to do well and if a director is tuned into the proper theatrical (sets, costumes, acting, hair, lighting, etc.) styles of the period, the greatest percentage of the evening is guaranteed. Director Angela Paton has risen brilliantly to the occasion and nary a wrong stroke keeps the evening bubbling. Since *Blythe Spirit* is a director's a director's night, she is aptly assisted by Paul Laramore's perfect portrayal of Charles Condomine—the archetype Noel Coward witty fop, who is "blessed" by the miraculous return of his first wife, Ruth, played with unique combinations of warmth, wit, and bitchiness by Julia Odegard. Holly Barron—BRT's super star (who played the Judy Holiday role in *Born Yesterday* and will portray Regina in the forthcoming production of *The Little Foxes*) has a bag of ingenious devices adding to her overall hilarious portrait



Holly Barron's portrayal of Madame Arcati in the Berkeley Repertory Theater's *BLITHE SPIRIT*.

of Madam Arcati, the zealous medium, who sets off the evening's romp. While Coward worked to have her manner, her lines, and costume as outrageous as possible, she very much resembled the complete Berkleyized woman who just happened to wonder in off of College Avenue on the way to one of the several protest groups meeting any night of the week within a twelve block radius.

While admittedly the play is too, too long and Madam Arcati overdoes her bits until they get tiring, and since the entire third act is unnecessary, would it diminish BRT's concept of professionalism if they performed some necessary but brutal cuts? It was the flawless ensemble playing that kept most of us returning to our seats. This is a company with their WHOLE act together and it shows through every frame of an excellent evening of theatre—well deserving of their reputation and a trip over the bridges to experience what theatre's all about. (Continued on Page 48)

RELEVANT READING

PRESS RELEASE FROM MCGRAW

A rational, frank and often painful inquiry into the male condition—an essential counterpart to the myth-shattering works of such feminist writers as Germaine Greer, Betty Friedan and Ingrid Bengis—*The Male Machine* by Marc Feigen Fasteau reveals men to themselves in a new way (McGraw-Hill, \$7.95).



Marc Fasteau Photo by Janie Eisenberg

By the author's definition, the supermale is "functional, designed mainly for work. He is programmed to tackle jobs, override obstacles, attack problems, overcome difficulties, and always seize the offensive."

An active feminist, Fasteau ironically examines his sexually stereotyped hero's concept of women: "These delightful creatures service him with love and devotion induced by recognition of his superior design and the importance of his functions. He wields his authority over them effortlessly and magnanimously."

Fasteau draws heavily on his own experience to analyze entrenched beliefs and attitudes and their destructive effects upon the individual and upon society. Boys are reared to be tough, unemotional and dominant at all times, he notes. Men are taught to fear and suppress the "feminine"—tender—aspects of their personality. Professional success must be achieved even at the cost of personal relationships. In public affairs, blind reverence for hierarchy and power makes Watergates possible. Ultimately, men are led to a preoccupation with violence as the final test of masculinity, and to an acceptance of the violence

done in their names by their government.

Looking forward to the future with some optimism, Fasteau, a lawyer and former editor of the Harvard Law Review, projects an androgynous world where neither men or women will be bound by restrictive and artificially polarized sex roles.

THREE PAPERBACK ORIGINALS

HOMOSEXUALITY VS. GAY LIBERATION, by Dr. Alvarez and Sue March
Pyramid Paperback, 1974, \$1.75

About two years ago Pyramid Books announced publication of a paperback original by Dr. Alvarez on gay life. Printing was postponed for over a year and the work now appears as a totally new species known as a "Confrontation Doublebook." This means the original Alvarez material is presented and then challenged by Sue March, a professed Lesbian, feminist and social worker. To strengthen the package even further, a special section has been added, "Twenty Questions About Homosexuality: A Political Primer," by the Gay Activists Alliance of New York City.

This multiple packaging was a shrewd move on the part of the Pyramid Company.

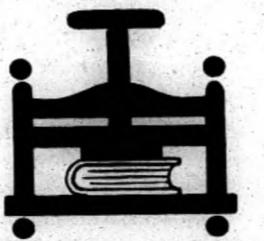
For Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, nationally known medical columnist, comes across as a smooth, condescending liberal of the 50's school of soft syrup. The kindly, well meaning family doctor feels sorry for homosexuals. If he is a friend of the Gay Community, who needs enemies? His fundamental approach is that gays were born that way. Perhaps it was brain damage. He continues to demonstrate that his heart is in the right place by linking homophiles to mental disease, alcoholism and other misfortunes of humankind by citing a dazzling array of quaint studies dating back over a fifty year period. He is especially fond of Dr. Hervey Cleckley and his *Caricature of Love* (1957) and the endless case histories compiled by Dr. Henry George.

He seems unaware of any psychiatric or sociological literature that appears after the early 60's. Alvarez wallows in one morbid tale after another to prove that love of the same sex must be innate since he has never known of a situation where a gay has not had relatives who

were insane or possessed some obvious physical defect. He even implies that creative people are impaired in some indirect fashion since he believes that so many gays are gifted. The good doctor does not help his appeal any by constant use of the term "sexual deviate." Perhaps he needs the Dale Carnegie Course in how to win friends. (At one point he lists San Francisco's Tavern Guild as a Lesbian organization).

But all is not lost. Many people in the world at large still read Dr. Alvarez and he does put in some good words for us here and there. At the conclusion of his text he discusses "Books By and About Homosexuals" such as, *Lesbian/Woman, Gay Crusaders, Society and the Healthy Homosexuals and The Lord is My Shepherd and He Knows I'm Gay*. Keep trying doctor!

Sue March challenges Dr. Alvarez by pointing out that he asks the wrong questions. She sketches in the oppressions encountered by gays and describes efforts at self-help in the community. She also attacks the mental health experts in their everyday assumptions. Ms. March provides a sparkling antidote to Dr. Alvarez and the old school of tired mental health.



LOVING WOMEN/LOVING MEN: *Gay Liberation and the Church* by Sally Gearhart and William Johnson
Glide Publications, 1974, \$6.95

It's time to attack the establishment Church again. Fine idea. But do we discern anything new this time? Not really. This collection of articles includes two old essays dug up from the early 60's. "The Church and The Homosexual" by Donald Kahn is exceedingly old hat. "Homosexuality: A Contemporary

(Continued on Page 49)

DINING OUT

In an age of inflationary food price rip-offs entertaining one's friends (not to mention entertaining one's self) with interesting dinners is almost a thing of the past. We now think thrice before we dash to our local supermarket in order to pick up the fixins' for a little din-din. Try to get away with less than \$7.00 for a simple meal for two and you're searching for a lost cause.

There is an answer, my friends, and the Chinese have held on to it for thousands of years. They came up with the solution for the same reasons as you and I—price and availability of food and fuel.

A good WOK will run you from about \$14 to \$25. (By "good" we mean a heavy one, the light weights are useless for other than steaming. Don't scrimp here or you'll be sorry time and time again with cleaning stuck on food.)

If your stove is electric you're in trouble and I have no answer except to suggest that you not read on. If you have gas than be informed that the WOK is generally used at your highest heat level—throughout the

brief cooking time. Remember not to ever let detergent or steel wool touch the insides of the wok. Run it under hot water and use a plastic scouring pad until the water runs clear. Dry it and return it to the flame for a few minutes and this will take care of the sealing and seasoning. It will turn black and, like algae in the fish-tank, it means the utensil is getting together and you're home free.

Basics are easy to come by in San Francisco; fresh garlic, fresh ginger root, sesame oil (expensive—\$1.93 for a coke-bottle size but it is used like perfume and lasts a long time so it's a good investment,) peanut oil (which can take the highest temperature of all of the flavorless cooking oils) and sake (rice wine but supermarket cooking sherry will substitute well.) Finally, IMPORTED soy sauce (heavy soy and light soy). The American brands are all chemicals and do not do the job.

Vegetables: Almost any vegetable can be done in the wok to gourmet satisfaction. Heat wok and place in a couple of table-

spoons of peanut oil. Heat till it smokes. Add chopped fine fresh garlic (about 4 cloves) and a couple of slices of ginger root (you're supposed to peel it first but I don't since it's such a bother -- but chop it fine.) Because the oil is so hot this will saute in less than 30 seconds. Place in the vegetable cut into small bite-sized pieces. Keep it all moving (called *stir-frying*) with the flame still at its highest. When it is done and still crunchy and very green, stir in one tablespoon of corn starch which has been dissolved in 1 tablespoon of water, 1 tbs of soy sauce and a drizzle of wine. Add it to the vegetables and stir just a moment until everything is glossy and thickened. That's it. This works well with broccoli, zucchini, carrots, string beans and asparagus.

Company Dinner: The most sensational company dinner we found sounds a bit complicated (that's what it always says, no?) but isn't. It involves quite a number of cutting up beforehand and than cooks

(Continued on Page 47)

EDDIE PAULSON PRESENTS: A NIGHT OF NOSTALGIA



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POLITICAL SADDY

by FRANK FITCH

With the possible exception of Boston, San Francisco is in the unique position of being the only area in the nation able to send a gay delegate to the Democratic National Convention to be held December 9, 1974 in Kansas City. Most of the elections for delegate from around the country have been held, and as far as we can tell, not one gay person has been elected. If Elaine Noble is elected to the Massachusetts Assembly as expected, it is possible she will receive one of the delegate slots reserved for elected officials.

This is not surprising. A person is elected a delegate to the National Convention of either major political parties by having been active in the affairs of the party. In this way, he or she builds up name identification with other active party workers, who frequently are the only ones who take the time to vote for delegates. But for this coming Democratic National Convention, all registered Democrats are eligible to vote. And gay Democrats have a candidate both in the 5th and 6th Congressional Districts that include San Francisco and Marin Counties.

In the 6th district, gay Democrats have former delegate to the Democratic National Convention of 1972, Program Secretary of the California Democratic Council and founding president of the Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club—Jim Foster.



Jim Foster addressing the National Democratic Convention — 1972

In the 5th we have a member of the Cable Task Force of San Francisco, Chairperson of the Gay Caucus of the CDC, and current co-chairperson of the Alice B. Toklas Club—Josephine Daly.

There are several reasons why it is important we attempt to get these two gay persons elected to be delegate to the Convention. First, is the importance of the Charter Convention itself. This is the first

time that any major political party in the U.S. has attempted to draw up a charter that will fix rules and principles of operation for all citizens to relate to. It is important that these deliberations are undertaken by people who know the democratic party well and yet are not beholden to entrenched political regulars. For the major issue in this charter convention is how responsive will the charter be to the interests of people and grassroots-type organizations that represent the peoples' desires.



Josephine Daly (Photo by L. Wilenski)

All gay organizations are of this type of group. Secondly, we need to insure that the interests of gay citizens, our needs for full and equal rights are represented in this convention. Issues, objective, in short a platform will be debated at the convention. The opportunity exists for us to have the Democratic Party go on record to work for the rights of all disenfranchised people, including us. This goes is more realizable if we are represented in person, by a man and woman that can give voice to our concerns.

A start would be to take a few minutes out of your schedule on Saturday, November 9th to vote to send a qualified gay person to represent us at the Democratic National Convention. □

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The procedure is very simple. On Nov. 9th, Saturday after the election, any registered Democrat is urged to go to the caucus in their Congressional District at 9 AM. The 6th district residents vote at Everett Jr. High School on Church, between 16th and 17th streets. 5th district residents have not selected a pooling place at deadline time for this writing. A call to 546-1974 will yield that address. If enough people come to vote for Jim Foster and Jo Daly they will go to Kansas as delegates and we will be represented. It is up to San Francisco's gay citizens.

But beyond this convention, even this party—if gay people are to have a voice in party politics in the United States, it will only come from individual people deciding to become involved in the day to day business of volunteer politics. If we need to send delegates to a convention, if we need gays to run for public office—you must gain the necessary experience in the campaigns of other candidates. State Senator George Moscone once said that whether you are involved in politics, in government, it goes on. Decisions will be made that effect your life in many ways. It is very simply up to you what kind of say you have in those important decisions. A start would be to take a few minutes out of your schedule on Saturday, November 9th to vote to send a qualified gay person to represent us at the Democratic National Convention.



by C. JESSE KNIGHT & JACK ANDERSON

HE KINSEY REPORTS (AND THEY are indeed very conservative statistics!) tell us that 9.7% of American males with thirteen or more years of education find primarily a homosexual outlet for their sexual and affectionate needs. With over 4,500 undergraduates and over 4,500 graduate students now at Stanford, I would expect that we have at least 900 gays. Where are they?

1974 is an exciting time to be young and gay: the varied accomplishments of Gay Liberation have made it far easier for us to come out and to be free today than, perhaps fifteen years ago. Yet a lot more political and social work has to be done as long as we remain a minority group, and therefore our coming out and our self-liberation remain a social challenge for us. So long as a larger percentage of gays manage to attain self-liberation annually, we are progressing. However, so long as liberated gays remain a minority within a minority, we have a hell of a lot more to do.

Being young and gay today, I find myself faced with myriad of challenges and enticements to work both with myself and with my social context. Being young and gay at a quite "prestigious" American university, I find a specific set of new facets added to these challenges and enticements. Although I don't dare to say that coming out on campus is very different from coming out in any other relatively confined social context, I do feel that coming out at an American university implies its own very specific set of decisions and alternatives.

Contemporary American society is struggling to prolong adolescence. A bachelor's degree no longer implies job security; people are pushed in greater numbers to seek higher

degrees. This and other factors have elongated considerably the growing-up process for the general American University student body. Students must confront numerous alternatives and make numerous decisions, and struggle to define themselves and their aspirations well into their 20's. Furthermore, when coming to Stanford, only a small minority are politically active or visible even in very closed contexts.

more faculty are coming out openly although not yet in such a percentage as students. Yet out of our 900 plus gays at an American university, the student is thrown into a large group of people, most of whom face the same decisions and necessities for evaluation. Particularly if the student wishes to enter such "prestigious" professional fields as business, law or medicine, she or he plunges into an intensely competitive and very often ego-oriented climate. The competitions, unfortunately, do not confine themselves to the academic, grade-grubbing side of university life—the only place where it could conceivably belong. The competition can rub off onto other spheres of one's life. People become socially competitive, typically striving to overassert their femininities or *Penthouse* masculinities—whichever the stereotype demands.

Here lies one major challenge confronting the campus gay: should one play along—retreat and introvert—or should one revolt violently and blatantly against the demands of conformism, or should one seek an alternative means to find one's own niche?

Just five years ago, the first three of these alternatives were, essentially, the only three open to a gay student. Fortunately other alternatives have opened up today—the most dynamic and exciting of which is simply to relax and let other people accept you as you are. People on the campus are slowly, but finally waking up to the facts that the gay community has been an oppressed minority, that gays have specific social and emotional needs that they ought and need to express, and that homosexuality just isn't the bugbear that they've always supposed it to be. In the campus social realm, people simply don't care, they of

don't care so much any more whether one is gay or straight. If they do care, they often care in an extremely positive manner. My friends have been glad to get to know me a little better; they are often flattered that I haven't allowed other's bigotry to interfere with my efforts towards intimacy.

Straight students come to gay public functions. Students discuss their gayness with their faculty and major advisors. More and

The campus is gradually, but definitely becoming receptive to gayness. Although the campus does present its own specific set of considerations for the gay individual, nevertheless, coming out is becoming easy and exciting, on the American campus. Those of us who have managed to come out on campus must think of concerning ourselves with further constructive political and social advances to help the still-oppressed majority of our still-oppressed minority. WHERE ARE THEY? □



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DEAR DON

by DON CLARK, Ph. D.

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 growing number of humanistic psychologists, that you do not have to be sick to get better. The purpose 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 a self-addressed 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:

Since being sent to this institution I have been through several therapy groups, gay consciousness raising groups and a gay retraining group teaching, cruising, touching, handling of rejection, etc. I was sent here because of child molesting on young boys and oral copulation. I have had several opportunities to have sexual experiences with other gay people here. I have found these sexual experiences to be rewarding in the respect that they have broken down barriers of fear and guilt that I have had about having sex with another man. There still is a certain amount of guilt that remains with me as I see sex between consenting males as alright and beautiful and the institution rules state no sexual activity at all. I find it hard to learn and develop new skills in dealing with other males and accepting my gay orientation when the institution says no sex and the only way to get together is to do it on the sly.

This rule seems to cut gays to expressing their feelings only on a social level even when there are strong sexual feelings. Do you have any suggestions on how to handle these feelings and help me and others in institutions handle this problem? I hope this can be used in one of your columns.

Blanket advice can be a dangerous thing so I'll try to resist the temptation and, as usual, stick to general commentary that may be helpful. Institutions often exaggerate the subtle moral messages of a society and the situation you describe is a good illustration. Our society has given all of us destructively conflicting messages about sex. Sex is a basic human need like our need for food and water, except that sex is a less pressing and more flexible need. In our society, as in many, it has become

entangled with learning about romance, honor, competition, self-worth, shame, duty, loyalty, and many other emotional factors so that our sexual behavior and feelings have become unnecessarily complex. In addition we receive two basic messages: 1) Sex is bad; 2) Sex is so important that it pervades all facets of life including the brand of soap we buy. We have been taught to be obsessed with and ashamed of our sexuality.

Add to that our society's official dis-honoring of homosexuality and you have a situation in which it is extremely difficult for any of us to feel wholly good about our Gay sexuality. What to do? We must continue to struggle to reevaluate all of the rights and wrongs, goods and bads that our society began teaching us in the cradle. Each of us must establish a moral code that can be lived within our society yet honors the individual's sense of right and wrong. We must work toward experiencing shame and guilt only when we violate our own moral code.

Because of the complexity of our sexual learning on an emotional level, a quick roll in the hay can easily destroy a Gay relationship before it gets off the ground. Even with raised consciousness, old feelings of shame and guilt can creep in to make you want to put distance between yourself and your sexual partner soon after the orgasm. His defects become more obvious as a way of explaining the sudden bad feelings to yourself. This phenomenon of projecting guilt and shame onto the partner helps to account for the brisk turnover of Prince Charmings that keeps many Gay bars in business.

While it would be easier to live in a society where sex is no more complicated than a drink of water, we do not live in that society—yet. Many Gay people have found that a courtship of some sort before sex helps to cement the relationship. It permits you to get to know the other person's virtues while keeping his faults in perspective. If you know him pretty well and have already explored a good portion of your feelings for one another before sex and then the bad feelings come after sex, it is less easy to project them onto him and use him as another disposable sex partner. It makes more sense to examine yourself and deal with those ugly old feelings.

So, while institutions have no such lauda-

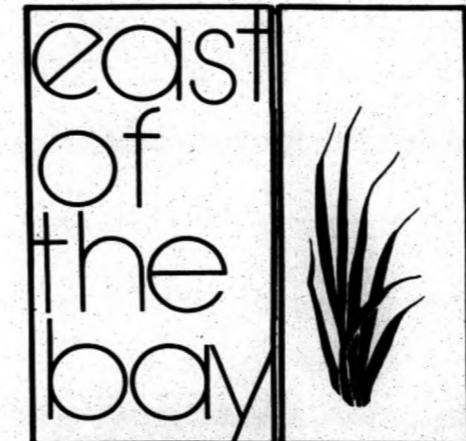
ble aim, their foolish no-sex rules (based on the idea that sex is bad) can be used to frown stronger in your own sexual relationships by getting to know prospective partners well, and exploring feelings for one another, long before there is any chance for sex.

Lastly, when Gay people are forced by repressive circumstances to have sex on the sly, they are obliged to work harder at reminding themselves that it is the crazy world around them that makes it necessary to have clandestine sexual contacts and not that the sexual impulses are unworthy because they are Gay per se. But beware! In such a setting it is all too easy to use the induced furtive atmosphere to dishonor your own moral code. If you misuse another Gay person, you are reinforcing the old learning that your own Gay identity is bad.

Dear Don:

All too often when I am attracted to another man, even when I know he's gay, I freeze in his presence. I can't think of anything to say so I sit there acting like a dope and have sexual fantasies about him until he gives up on me and walks away. I am dying of loneliness.

The kind of anxiety you describe can be easily reinforced by the inactivity it produces. You end up feeling rejected and anticipate that rejection the next time you are in the same situation. It can help to break the cycle by sharing body contact and verbal statement of feelings in very small ways. Instead of technicolor fantasies it is possible to take the other man's hand or to put a hand on his shoulder, back, or arm. He may well respond by making some body contact with you and the mutual contact can be reassuring. In addition it is possible to say something like, "It's hard for me to talk when I first meet someone." It can give him permission to help you more with the conversation or it might even cause him to share similar feelings. If such attempts to break the cycle with new behavior fail it may be time to treat yourself to a Gay Rap group or a few sessions with a Gay oriented counselor so that you can find ways that are sufficiently comfortable for you as an individual to break the cycle. □



GAY MEN AT WORK
by MICHAEL NOVICK

As one man said, "You know, I'm a worker just as much as I'm gay. I mean, you may say I'm just gay in bed, or I'm gay 24 hours a day; but I also work for more than half my waking hours. I feel just as oppressed to not be able to integrate that with the rest of my life as to have to hide the fact that I'm gay while I'm at work."

People talked about relations with co-workers, dealing with unions, bosses, and "the public;" what some of the job issues are, economic questions, the special pressures gay face to "toe the line" or produce more at work. People talked about one situation where a gay foreman who had seen the leaflet announcing the gathering called up to say that he had just lost his job for being gay, that his union was defending him, and that he would like to have some gay people out on the picket line. (He later called back to say that it wasn't necessary, as he had been reinstated). The conference ended with a number of men there expressing some interest in possible follow-up activities, such as further raps, special-interest groups for particular kinds of workers such as teachers or the possibility of collective action to protect our job rights.

If you feel like any of that could relate to your needs and interests as a gay worker,

call (415) 654-1578 and ask for more information

Gay working people face special problems and have special needs, which are certainly not met by this society, and which even the gay movement seems to ignore.

At the community meeting after the small groups broke up, for instance, one man suggested a group or activities for faggots who work nights and can't see people in bars or attend meetings or other functions. These special concerns were the reason for the get-together, to begin to give gay male workers a chance to identify ourselves and communicate with each other.

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RALPH, PETE & LUCY LEATHERHOLE

THE SAN FRANCISCO OPERA SO FAR:
THREE BANGS AND A HALF

AFRIEND OF MINE ATTENDED his first opera the night of October 8th: *Madame Butterfly*, with Renata Scotto and Georgio Merighi, conducted by Kurt Herbert Adler. A better introduction to the biggest, most complicated, difficult, expensive, and—when everything works—the most magical of all our art-forms simply could not be imagined. As luck would have it, his introduction to opera was ideal—a very nearly perfect performance of one of the most perfect operas ever written; a performance of such vaulting musical splendor, of such emotional intensity, of such dramatic conviction that it left him gasping for breath and—in all likelihood—an Opera Phreaque for life.

(I wonder which of us enjoyed it more? Him, getting it for the first time, or me, seeing the absolute best of I don't know how many?)

It will be a long time before he sees one to match it. That was a *Madame Butterfly* for the ages. Only Licia Albanese, in my experience, matched Ms. Scotto as an actress (physical, vocal), but Licia had not Scotto's effortless opulence of mellifluous sound. (And, if you react that way to Puccini, then this *Butterfly* rates an unprecedented four handkerchiefs. Quite literally, I wept all the way home to Oakland.)

Dr. Adler has certainly begun our Opera's 53rd season (and his 20th as General Director) with a bravura salvo of bangs: three and a half, to be exact. Not since the legendary Maria Jeritza, in 1930, have we had such a *Salome* as Leonie Rysanek. With Othmar Suitner directing, and a uniformly outstanding cast, it was on a par of excellence with *Butterfly*. *Parsifal* I did not see (having long ago decided that Life is too short and *Parsifal* is too long), but it was a box-office smash, and a critical sensation, and the Opera box-office reported an incredible number of repeaters. If people couldn't get seats for their second, third, even fourth times around, then they stood! (Five and a half hours!?)

The half bang was Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*, with which the season opened to such high hopes. It was touted as a sumptuous new production, and was Leontyne Price's first *Manon*. Well, it was not a success.

The sets were looney, to begin with, and so bloated you couldn't ignore them. Everything canted violently stage left, and until your senses adjusted, you experienced small queases akin to vertigo. Their style was a combination of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*

and MGM Versailles (rhymes with nails), except for the final scene which looked like a frozen Niagara Falls. Then, Georgio Merighi, making his San Francisco debut as Des Grieux, though possessed of a thrilling, raptuously Italian tenor voice more than capable of compassing this extremely taxing role, simply cannot act. He's one of those woeful simp-types who just stand around as though not sure they ought to be there, and to whom the disposition of their hands presents an insuperable problem. Vocally he is superb; a real find. The voice is thrilling and instinct with emotion. Good musician, too. Shut your eyes and he sounds a great actor. And his voice blends gorgeously with Ms. Price's. (The broadcast was more enjoyable, actually, than hearing it in the Opera House.) But physically he is no match for her. This is Much Lady, and she must have a tenor macho enough to match up, if not to master her. It might just be that

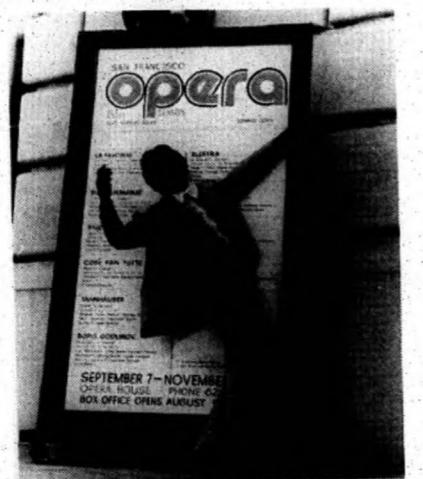


photo of Mark Killam by Open Lens

Merighi's lack of this kind of strength contributed strongly to the essential vapidity of Ms. Price's *Manon*. It pains me terribly to say it, but she just was not up to snuff.

Leontyne Price, once she bloomed into stardom under the aegis of Herbert Von Karajan, in her Vienna/European days, fifteen years or so ago, set an incredible standard for herself. When she doesn't hold up to it, it's a serious let-down. She sang with fine musicianship and lustrous tone, but essentially was just walking through. (Come to think of it, she was equally detached as Georgette, in *Il Tabarro*—another debut for her here—in 1971. Again, a weak tenor, and-worse yet—an uninspired conductor. The truth of the matter is that Leontyne—who appears here only every other year,

incidentally—hasn't had a really good season with us since 1963, when—in *Aida* and *Ballo in Maschera*—she was surrounded with singers of comparable mettle, and had strong conductors.

Perhaps, also, she couldn't shake the awareness of how inappropriate she looked, essaying the part of a pert, irresistible, scatterbrain slip of an 18-year-old French coquette, or of how savagely the costume department sabotaged her (that improbable, gold, hobble-gown in Act II looked as though her mother had made it... or someone's mother!) And her acting was strangely inconsistent, doubtless because the character is alien to herself. The results were as though she—or Pietro Zuffi (who not only directed but designed the sets)—had seen too many old movies and tried for stereotypes: in the first act she came on like Deborah Kerr; in the second like Mae West; and in the third like Susan Hayward. The Mae West bit was fun, but *Manon Lescaut* isn't supposed to be a comic opera.

The rest of the cast was excellent. Renato Cappelli, as Geronte; Julian Patrick as Lescaut; William Harness as Edmondo—all superbly sung and acted. Reynald Giovannetti conducted with heart and brains and balls... never afraid to let go, but always in control; balances just right; singers supinely supported and never inundated; and always a sure sense of the work as a total structure, so that—musically and theatrically—everything built.

The real star of that *Manon Lescaut* was the conductor.

To put it quite simply, musically, the season's second presentation, Richard Strauss' *Salome* was a shattering experience. Othmar Suitner, like Mr. Giovannetti, has the entire architecture of the work always in his mind's eye, and he puts every brick in, where and as it should be put; he builds the entire crazed, devastatingly decadent, irresistably beautiful and disgusting structure up to its teetering pinnacle, and then brings it crashing down on you, leaving you to struggle up out of that gorgeous rubble as best you can, cheering.

Dr. Adler assembled for us a kind of dream-cast: Leonie Rysanek (her voice, in her mid-fifties, stronger, fresher, more lustrous and powerful than ever; bear in mind, we first heard her here in 1956!) in the title role; Hans Hopf, the once-great Wagnerian, as Herod; Astrid Varnay, ditto, as Herodias (two parts that are Godsend to tenors and mezzos who can still sing

like sixty, but whose voices are no longer the way they were); Siegmund Nimsgern as Jochanaan; and William Neil as Narraboth.

Suitner's *Salome* begins more slowly, more languorously than most interpretations; the clarinet slithers in very softly, and Narraboth's first line is almost dreamily uttered. (For once, thank God, there no pussyfooting about what the page-boy feels for Narraboth!) But under this initial langor was already the first intimations of the torrents to come.

One cannot sufficiently praise conductor, orchestra and singers. But one can have a field day with the production. (WHY is Dr. Adler such a sucker for lousy sets and costumes?) *Salome* is one opera which absolutely requires specific sets, props, costumes and action. They're in the libretto and the music. We must have the terrace of a palace. A raked ground-cloth of concentric blue and white rings around an enormous black hole with a gigantic waffle over it simply doesn't convey. We must have a night sky, and in that night sky we must have a moon which turns from virginal white to severed-neck red as it sinks. A backdrop painted to echo the ground-cloth doesn't do the same thing, nor will that scrim like an oversize bit of contemporary woven sculpture substitute for the clouds so often mentioned. The moon is almost a character in this opera, for God's sake!

We also need thrones and carpets and cushions and torches and slaves and servants and a gaggle of drunken guests on the fringes of the action. And when King Herod calls for wine, for water, for someone to loosen his garments or remove his garlands, dammit! somebody better hop to it. A king's commands are not ignored. In this production, however, such details were all omitted, throwing the totality sadly out of kilter. (And it is simply not logical for that cistern-prison conveniently to contain a silver platter in which to place a severed head!)

The costuming was equally bonkers. Salome wore a vestal-virgin outfit, the soldiers Star Trek alien suits; Jokanaan was straight from the Haight-Ashbury, and Herod and Herodias were done up like Mr. & Mrs. Garfunkel at the Fountainbleau Hotel Beaux Arts Ball of 1967. (They should be biblical Jewish, not Miami Jewish!) Visually, this opera was a mess.

The acting, however, was excellent. Ms. Rysanek is a short, plump, pretty, mid-fiftish German lady, but by God she can

project on us any image she chooses. Her Salome was half-mad with spoiling, boredom, and assorted frustrations, with a kind of monomaniacal mind that can concentrate on only one thing at a time. It's hard for anybody to stamp vexation's foot convincingly, or pound frustration's little fists on the floor convincingly, but this lady could, and did. It's tricky, too, to do so much acting on the floor, but she got away with it. (So, for that matter, did Herod.) It's even more difficult to sing a large chunk of that final scene flat on your back with your head hanging down over a step, but Ms. Rysanek did, and you should have heard her!

Occasionally, Mr. Suitner let his orchestral balance slip out of kilter, and now and then some instrument would spring into unusual and disconcerting prominence; occasionally Ms. Rysanek would fake a phrase, or near-miss an attack, but by and large this was a nearly perfect performance, musically. If you know anybody who taped the broadcast, try to hear it. Its live like will not come again very soon.

Which brings us back around to *Butterfly* and having squirmed encomiums in all directions over *Salome*, what words are left for this latest musical miracle? First, let's get out of the way the fact that the set looked like a store window on Grant Avenue and have done with it. It didn't matter: Dr. Adler was in the pit, and Renata Scotto was in the kimono.

The newspaper critics huffed and puffed a bit about Adler's taking up his beloved baton, to the detriment of the running of the house. One of them accused him of taking things at a too Toscannini-like pace. (Puccini used to scold Toscannini: "Troppo presto, Arturo! Troppo presto! Lento. Piu lento.") Puccini wanted the tempi slow enough for the drama, the characters to have a chance, and that is the tack Dr. Adler took. He restored a few traditional cuts, and while it is perfectly true that the first two acts seemed a few minutes too long, never mind. It was heaven. Never have you heard this music paced so lovingly, or played with such savouring of everything there is in it. Like Ms. Rysanek, this is Ms. Scotto as a miracle; another plump, pretty lady (only this one is early 30's and Italian) who is on all levels an actress of such power that she can project exactly what she wishes you to perceive. Her voice is an instrument of infinite range and nuance. She dares to throw away notes in the interests of drama. And no singer I have seen so far so understands the uses of silence. □

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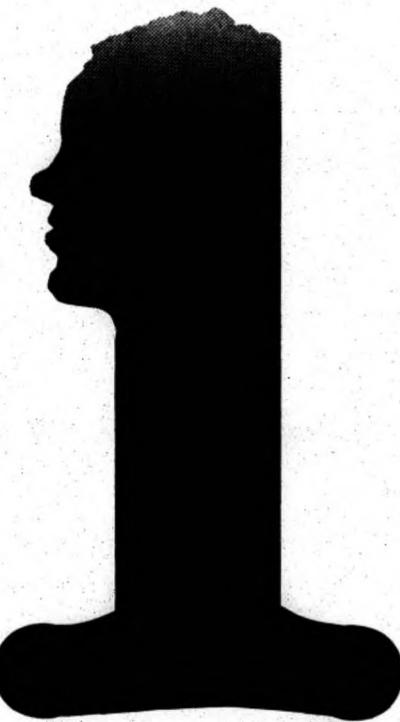


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BISEXUALITY: OCTOORONISM
by RICHARD AMORY

BY DICTIONARY (WORLD BOOK) defines bisexual as "an individual attracted to both sexes" which is about as good a definition as any and fairly close to what that asshole two bar stools down means when he says No, he's not a faggot, he got it on with a chick once, and is certainly what Peggy Caserta wants us to think about herself and Janis Joplin—they're not dikes, didn't they try to ball every hyped-up limp prick from the Haight to Woodstock? I suppose I myself could lay a better claim to being a bisexual than most—having been married for 12 years to a fairly naive and perfectly straight girl from West Texas and being the father of three children as a result, but I won't knowing that through all those years of pregnancies, diapers, obstetricians, orthopedic shoes, Thanksgivings, bedtime stories, and arguments with the neighbors, my secret sexual fantasies involved men only and I nearly went out of my mind. She and I screwed plenty but somehow I couldn't help conjuring up the image of that handsome, naked guy in the shower opposite me at Harmon Gym in the thin hours of a Sunday morning when she and the kids were gone to Mass.

Bisexual is chic these days. Among queers it is high status, very U, very IN. It purports to mean freedom of choice,

not being tied down to any particular life style, I can get it on in Des Moines, and Why didn't you leave your feather boa at home? I am high status myself here in San Jose (color me House Nigger) since I don't carry a reticule and have a non-faggot job, but I reject the whole hierarchy of jock-strap values that we've had laid on us by the straight world and which bye and large we've accepted like our own skins. Chief among these is the notion that fooling around with the opposite sex is next to godliness and that the guy in the football helmet with a string of broken maidenheads on his scalp-pole will be sitting next to God on judgment day.

Johnsonian machismo.

Cozy. Richard, Pat, Tricia, What's her name, and Checkers.

John Wayne shoot-em-up, where all the bad guys wear either black hats or feathers.

As an exercise in casuistry I recently sat down with Ron, an old friend of mine, and tried to draw up a picture of the perfect bisexual, and we ended up with the fairly hilarious idea of an immobilized guy (or girl) standing equidistant between a naked Robert Redford and a likewise Raquel Welch, and ultimately starving to death from indecision. We laughed, but Ron added the sobering information that in Korea, apparently makes very little difference to a man whether he's in bed with a Robert or a Raquel, and one's choice of sex partner depends on a host of situations and circumstances having little to do with the partner's genital fixtures.

Ron, however, was brought up in Arizona and I in Ohio, both of which are several light years away from Seoul—Oriental values, though interesting and possibly worth striving for, are not what that schmuck down the bar is talking about when he calls himself "bisexual."

He is talking about status in Sacramento and Washington D.C., nothing else, and by implication is putting all exclusive homosexuals two or three rungs lower down on the ladder than himself; he has bought and internalized the Drs. Reuben and Socrades' definitions and wants to lay them on you and me.

Who cares where my head is at, so long as my organs are with the opposite sex?

Gay is nigger, but bisexual is at least octofoon.

The fact is, our society works along a certain grain, even in San Francisco, most

of whose gay residents were brought up in Salinas or Salt Lake City in the first place. The push is all in the direction of pure white, pure straight—the most powerful institutions of American society today—schools, courts, churches, Madison Avenue—proverbs, folktales, jokes, put-down slang—tell us constantly, twenty-six hours a day, that we'd better damned well be better off getting married to a girl and settling down in San Leandro to a life of dealing with second grade teachers and idiot neighbors.

One would have to be powerfully homosexual to resist that kind of pressure (I consider hippie resistance to the Dagwood



and Blondie syndrome to be only superficial) so the occasional, vagrant blow-job carries quadruple weight under the circumstances, indicating to me not freedom of choice but a thumping necessity. The whole push from grandparents, employers and so on, from Washington, is in the other direction—it may be OK, even hearty, to sneak a second look at that lean swimmer's hairy loins, but no touchee, and get thee to San Leandro, citizen.

Peggy Caserta's new book, *Going Down With Janis* is a perfect example of bisexual preening, of what most people are thinking about when they refuse to call themselves homosexual. Ms. Caserta ob-

viously and quite sincerely enjoyed her relationships with other women, of which there were a half dozen or so mentioned in her book, including Janis, but she also, just to balance things out, makes a point of describing the men she has balled with, too. That makes her legitimate—she may be on smack, but you could not call her a dike since she has been screwed by a man or three. On further analysis it turns out that every single one of her male bed partners was either hurtful, strung out on smack himself and thus as limp as an old sock, transitory, or the third wheel in a threeway with Janis or whomever. Consciously or not, she seems to have gone out of her way to find exactly the wrong guy to hit the sack with, the precise male who was going to leave her unsatisfied, and failing that (there were apparently a few exceptions), she made damned well sure that she had other things to do the next day.

This passes for bisexuality?

Bullshit.

Pfeh! Ms. Caserta, like several male acquaintances of mine, doesn't or Didn't have a heterosexual bone in her body and is just as nigger as you and I. A one hundred per cent gay who wants her heel on my thumbnails in her scramble up the status ladder just because she's made it with a guy or two.

The same thing with that asshole down the bar, the octoroon. He's with it, a NOW person, thinks he's whiter than I am, and can get it on any way he pleases. Possibly he can, but I would like to know his masturbation fantasies in the bleak hours of a Saturday afternoon when she is running the vacuum cleaner—

A pure basilisk, and probably twice as rare. □



GROWING UP BISEXUAL
by PETER ENDERS

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO when you grow up, son?
You wouldn't believe it, Dad.

Bisexuality has been defined in many ways by people; some feel it's nothing more than a desire to "get it on" with either sex, without having to act upon that desire. Other people define it as not only a desire to get it with men and women, but also the ability to successfully act out their desires in bed. And still others won't consider anyone a bisexual unless that person has a complete and meaningful relationship with persons of both sexes.

I've agreed with all three definitions and think of them as each person's individual way to becoming what *they* consider bisexual, but those are only three definitions. It should be remembered that the definitions are as varied as the people who call themselves bisexual.

It's not up to me to define someone else's sexuality, but I'm going to attempt to explain my own sexual lifestyle which is hard enough to do. If after you have read this you feel like applying a label, fine, I'd love to hear from you.

Bisexuality was just a word to me until several years ago when my concepts of loving both men and women started to

become a real part of my life. But that's getting a head (pun intended) of my story.

My active interest about sex began as a small boy sitting on my parent's livingroom floor. There were a lot of books in that room; many dealing with anatomy, first aid, pregnancy, childbirth, and surgery. The reason was that my father was a corpsman in the Navy and my mother a registered nurse.

The books I was most interested in were those that had lots of pictures of human bodies plus closeups of different parts, inside and out. There were also photos of pregnant women and sequential pictures of childbirth procedures. They were also a hell of a lot more interesting than my Baba the Elephant books.

Today these pictures wouldn't excite very many people, but to a five year old boy, they were quite a turn-on and even though I couldn't yet read, the idea of where babies came from was quite clear.

As I grew older and learned to read and use a dictionary, my dreams about women giving birth became more and more detailed. By age nine I could explain most of it (but how they got there was still a mystery) and started sharing this fascinating information with my playmates, much to the concern of their parents.

As I grew older, my curiosity was not being satisfied by books; I really wanted to touch and examine a live person.

Sometimes in the backyard, a few boys and girls would get together and play doctor-patient games. Finally I got the opportunity to see live crotches, besides my hands, I'd use a toilet paper roll to do my "examinations." There were also the matinees at the local movie house, where a bunch of boys (ages 9-12) would sit together and feel each others' cocks, boner, pee-pee, banana, etc., and thought it was great fun. We would also be fascinated by the different sizes, shapes, and names we used.

We did it without guilt or confusion; two feelings I had to deal with in later years.

Since both my parents worked, I was guaranteed much privacy and the freedom to get it on with myself. Masturbation was my only outlet for sex. The girls of the 50's were saving it for their husbands, and boys were labeled "queer" if they showed any feelings much less touched another boy in a warm way. Society's taboos had been instilled in me, and I was aware enough not to confide in anyone about my sexual activities with boys and later—men.

The more I masturbated, the more ideas I would get about jerking off in different ways; creams and oils for lubrication, putting my fingers in my ass while coming or coming while lying under a hot shower.

I loved it and didn't stop until my first steady lover came along, whom I married a year later.

Up to the time of my marriage, I didn't have many close friends to confide in. Most relationships were sexual or competitive, my wife was the first person to give me love, warmth and feedback about how she perceived me. I was turned off to the women who were only interested in fun and money and to the men who just wanted sex, and got freaked by the thought of friendship.

At 22 I was married, at 23 a father—it happened so fast. As my income grew, so did our living standard. Something was wrong though; our interests, values and friends were going in opposite directions. We kept our marriage looking good on the surface, but inside me conflicts were raging about my job, my marriage, my sexuality and my lifestyle.

John and I worked for the same company; he was nice to talk to, and I enjoyed his company. One weekend I went camping with him. He took me to a deserted lake where we striped, jumped in and swam around. It was quiet and peaceful in the woods. We were lying on our sleeping bags drying off in the sun when I felt a powerful urge to suck John off. So, without thinking, I just did it.

It was great. I was consciously enjoying the feeling of a penis in my mouth, feeling free enough to take my time and too excited to realize when I came.

The rest of the day we hiked, explored, got high, and rapped, but no matter how good I felt, strange feelings were starting to get between us. Later that night, John wanted to cuddle but I was getting scared of him and the strong emotions I was experiencing. So I coped out and told him I would rather sleep alone.

There were all these fears going around in my mind. Am I really gay? Can I still be able to make it with a woman? What am I doing here when I've got a wife and family?

I continued to be friends with John. We would see each other, maybe get it on but the relationship was most satisfying when we could sit around and rap. Sometimes I would be able to break through my fears of confiding my true feelings to another man. It was exhilarating and opened a whole new dimension of relating to men.

By this time I was separated and living in Manhattan. The new people I were meeting were, like myself, not satisfied with the lifestyles we had. It was very supportive to be around men and women, who would question and help me clarify my new ideas and values without judgement.

Many of these new friends were gay. The longer I knew Terry, Wacky and Michael, the less nervous I would get about visiting them. For some reason I thought it would always turn into sex. The myths about and my fear of homosexual men were being destroyed.

As I became more relaxed, I could see that they were people, not labels that acted in specific ways.

Men were seen as oppressors, not as males who are caught up in roles that are dehumanizing, and keep them in constant fear of losing their powerful masculine image.

The techniques developed by the women's and gay consciousness raising groups were modified for our own use, but more was needed. Men have different problems to solve and roles to work out and understand.

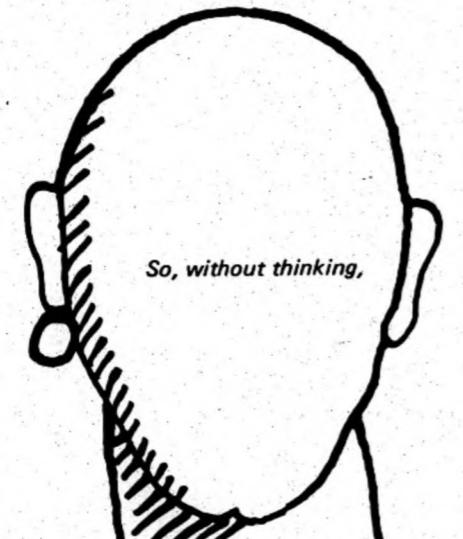
Little by little, groups of men would gather together in meeting rooms, churches and each others' apartments. They were there to try to relate, and share their feelings and fears instead of stock market prices and baseball scores.

I was a member of several mens groups, some only lasting a month or so, some a little longer and one that lasted almost a year. In each group the men were reaching out to one another in new and sometimes scary ways. Telling about their feelings, sharing their experiences and knowledge, and trying so hard to be real. The groups were not limited to sitting on the floor and rapping. Sometimes the meetings would revolve around an activity—cooking a meal, massaging one another, working out at a gym or spending the weekend together in the woods—just relaxing and enjoying each others' company.

Well, I don't want to make my mind up. I want to leave it open... to a wide variety of social and sexual encounters, living situations, and emotional experience with people.

My lifestyle does produce psychological, as well as physical stress. But along with the stress comes changes in my perception and personal growth.

For a while I looked at bisexuality as a minority within the gay community. But that's changed. What I'm seeing now are a lot of latent bisexuals. Some are heterosexual, some are homosexual, and they are both waiting to be turned on to that particular piece of information and understanding that will help them see that men and women are only different in the eyes of our society.



Everything wasn't perfect though. A lot of straight women and gay men would eventually bring up the question of, "When are you going to make up your mind about being gay or straight?" I was also told it was abnormal to be attracted to both sexes and immature to act it out.

Well, I don't want to make my mind up. I want to leave it open... to a wide variety of social and sexual encounters, living situations, and emotional experience with people.

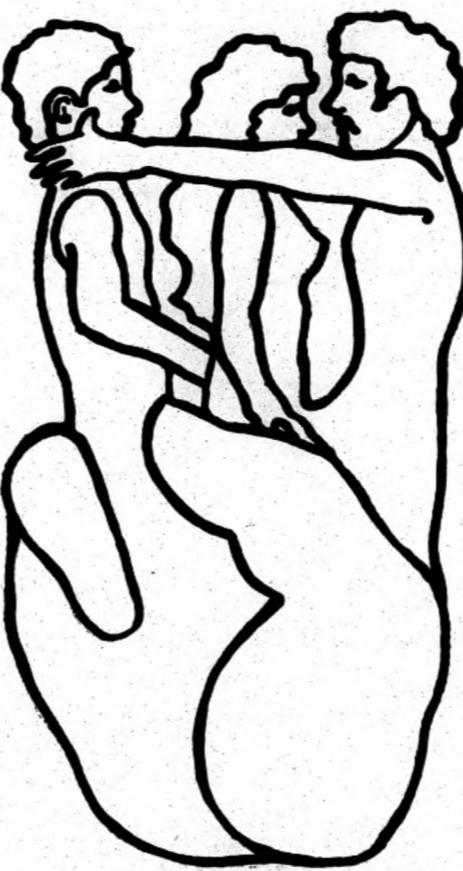
Men and women are sexual, sensual, intense and fun. I now experience, enjoy and sometimes love both. □

Editor's note : Peter Enders has been involved with several groups in San Francisco including the Sex Information Line and the National Sex Forum. Anyone interested in becoming involved in both ongoing groups or the new group being formed this month are invited to call and rap with Peter for more in-depth information by calling (415) 885-0964 or by writing him at 3401 ones Street, Box 4174, San Francisco, Ca. 94102

The differences are individualistic. Men are different from other men; women are different from other women. So what does it matter if the person I'm looking at is a man or woman? It is just another difference to enjoy if I'm turned on to them.

One night the women's liberation movement and the gay liberation movement bore (out of wedlock) a child—it was named the men's liberation movement. Unfortunately not many people could understand the need for yet another movement, especially a movement by and for men.

Men were seen as oppressors, not as males who are caught up in roles that are dehumanizing, and keep them in constant fear of losing their powerful masculine image.



ON DISCOVERING THAT MY LOVER IS BISEXUAL: NOTES FROM A JOURNAL BY POLLY FREEMAN

Now, Today: If someone had ever thought to ask me how I'd feel if I found out that my lover of more than a year was bisexual, I probably would have managed a cool, considered answer. The thing is, I knew it all along, or at least that's the way it seems right now. I did know it, damn it, or I'd be more thumped or devastated by tonight's session than I am

It began with one of our rare debates about our relationship and where it's going. The way it has been up to now, I want us to live together, often fantasize about, but I back off every time we get near the subject. Today, though, it was Sy who produced the big backoff.

"You know," he said very carefully, "the reason I went into therapy five years ago was that I wasn't sure where I was going sexually. That was the one thing my shrink never really did understand; I could go either way, and I did. Cock or cunt, as long as there was something good between me and whoever. He couldn't understand that, and I can't expect you to understand that, either."

He waited for a response, expecting I don't know what—shock, accusation, horror. Anything but what he got, which was nothing. I looked at him, waiting for the antiphon which would be something like, "But now I know what I want. My indecision is gone; wiped out; I want you; I am yours; this is it, etc." But that didn't come, of course.

There are a couple of reasons why I didn't come apart today and why I wasn't even surprised, for that matter. I am fairly good at seeing the parts in relation to the whole, adding things up until they mean something. Another of my talents, if you want to call it that, is patience. My mother saw to that. "You must learn to wait," she'd say. "You can never tell how long, but you must never give up." So we waited for our letters to be answered, for the books we requested at the library to turn up. And when we planted seeds in the garden and they rotted out each time, she'd have us plant them again. I learned.

June 20: Today was unexpected. Went to a careers workshop for people in communications which turned out to be an encounter style thing with some more or less interesting types represented. At the end of the morning, the leader gave his subjective impression of each one in the group, and we compared impressions. He came to Sy, a film editor whom I'd been paying a lot of attention to, and said, "Don't be put off by the red hair. Sy is an introvert. He's relaxed, talkative, but he's a close one and he's not going to let you find out very much about him. Am I right?" Everyone laughed; we weren't sure.

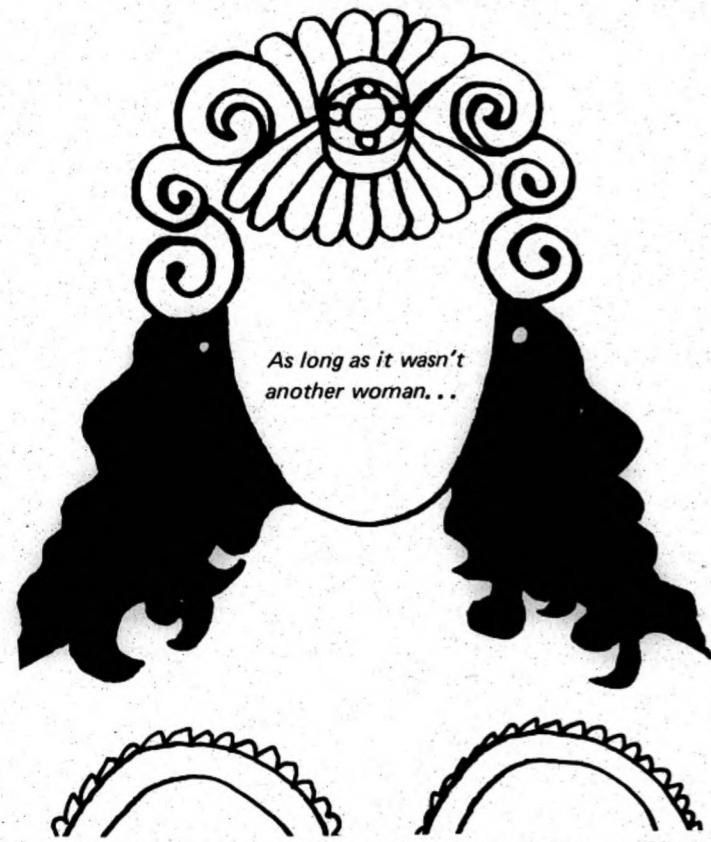
"That depends," said Sy, "on your expectations." Magic words, expectations. He and I got together during lunch, flirted some, I think, certainly connecting. Later in the afternoon the group played a game called "Make a Decision." Once you made a decision you had to follow through, and Sy announced a decision to get to know me better. That had nothing to do with our business there (or did it?) but everyone approved.

And so tonight. We came here, grilled a steak, then listened to some music and talked. The lovemaking was brief and gritty, and when it was over we were both rather quiet. I remember thinking: Too bad. He is so nice, otherwise.

June 30: Today Sy and I went to a beach near Montauk Point, found a private dune, picnicked, sun bathed, made love, actually went naked into the water late in the afternoon when no one else was on the beach. An easy, nice time. Heard more about his family: father who was away a lot, talented older sister, mother

who expected them to be adults from the time they were little. I can tell he is still very much used to being by himself.

I stayed at his place tonight and I know that it was kind of important for him. What a neat place; I loved it. Artful, but casual, neat except for the kitchen, male. He has a grand piano taking up a third of the living room. His mother had played and so did his sister. He wouldn't play for me; another time, he said. His bed is laid on a platform under a glass wall that gives out onto the whole West Side, the river, and the Palisades. Pictures, film clips, plants hanging from all the walls. Too bad about the kitchen. He said it was because his mother was frantically neat. August 14: We celebrated Sy's birthday tonight with champagne, red caviar and sour cream stuffed into little rolls, among other things. He's into cooking. Too bad for me; I can't keep up with



that. I can't believe I'm so lucky. To find someone so peaceful, so kind, thoughtful, good, all the good things in fact, that I could want. Sex is fine. Slowly but surely. Onward and upward. It takes me a while to get to trust someone and he's the same way only more so. We don't talk about love; that's a danger word.

October 17: A glorious time was had by us, by us. On a lake near Troy, I must mark the place in my mind. The Fall leaves were incredible, soft breeze, rustle, color, the smell, the light haze. Something intruded, I don't know what. Yes I do, remember? We intruded.

December 17: Strife. Argument, anguish, confusion, the works. All starting from a modest little discussion about how to distribute the holidays with each other and with the critical others. I must spend a few days in New Orleans with my mother, no two ways about that. And during that time he could take care of his own obligations, but no. Suddenly, now it appears that I'm taking too much of his time; I'm asking too many questions (what?) I'm surrounding, enveloping, demanding, I don't know what else.

Can't believe it. And here comes this King again. What is King to Hecubah to King, I asked, but he didn't get it. I'm making it sound light, but it wasn't. It was awful, and I felt absolutely wiped out after it was finished. It wasn't finished, either, of course, and that was the worst of it.

February 12: Today we talked about it for the first time. And after all these months of bliss, closeness and contact, comes this rousing, absolutely had-to-happen argument row. It came about when we were talking about rip-off people. I used the word "flake." OK?

Sy: What's a flake

I: A crazy.

Sy: Like who?

I: A rip-off freak, like—

I: No.

Sy: Is a gay a flake?

I: No. Why do you bring up gay?

Sy: I have the feeling you think that a flake or a crazy is someone who doesn't fit your own, middle-class, narrow...

And he went on and on as though we hadn't talked about non-conformism and homosexuality before, which we had, but there was something in the air that was new, anyone could tell; a truculence, a thrown-down gauntlet, something. He asked me, "What would you think if I had a lover—a boy—how would you feel? For example?

I allowed as how I wouldn't give a damn but I was, of course, lying liberally, but there was a reserve of truth. I recalled an interview with Paul Goodman that I read in which he said that his wife was pretty calm when he pursued a male lover, but when he launched a relationship with another woman, she became downright jealous, angry and such like things.

I: And I can understand that. Completely. Can you?

Sy: No.

June 25: Last week we celebrated our first year together. The weather was as magnificent as it can be on those rare days around the summer solstice. Clear blue sky, white sand, small waves going lap-lap-plash. After lunch I showed Sy, by way of coming to meet our problem, the *Times* article about the bisexual scene in New York—the places, people, costumes, attitudes, new feelings, etc. My intentions were of the best: I was being accepting and encouraging in my own way.

Well, he was furious. He waxed white hot and rages about the commercialism and the voyeurism, saying that this wasn't what he meant at all. This was obviously not an entry into the secret life of, the private affairs of, the secret, private *anything* of this particular loved one. I looked at that long, thin, no, skinny white body on the white sand and wondered how anybody could resist it. Or how anyone could covet, really, for that matter. Different strokes for... That is so very true.

Now Today (again): So here we are, back to our original thing. The Argument. The thing that has been so long in coming, and no answer in sight. Sy is all kinds of ways disturbed that I'm not upset about his big non-secret. I wonder why he wanted or expected me to be frantic or something. Maybe, it could be, that he hoped this was a way of tapering off, sort of, the relationship. Could be.

But I meant what I said. All I resent—or almost—is the time somebody would take from us. As long as it wasn't another woman. And, as I said, I can wait. □



BISEXUAL RAP by MAGGIE RUBENSTEIN

Maggie Rubenstein for the past 6 years has been nurse-therapist at the San Francisco Center for Special Problems. Now for the last three years she has worked as a counselor at the University of California Medical Center Sex Advisory and Counseling Unit and is also a director of the San Francisco Sex Information Center while also serving as a sex educator on the staff of the National Sex Forum

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE BISEXUAL? TO ME IT means to be sexually comfortable with men and women. It's a label that I dislike using because I don't like labels, but as long as people who are bisexual are oppressed for choosing to relate to men and women it's important to use the label, and to explain about people being free and comfortable enough with their own sexuality that they don't need to be coupled, that they don't necessarily need to be into a primary relationship, that their primary relationship can be with themselves, that they can enjoy masturbation, sex with the opposite sex, sex with the same sex, and sex with both men and women. But being bisexual certainly doesn't end and begin with sex itself; it can be a way of relating, a political statement, a way of feeling about oneself.

In our country the label bisexual is applied to people who don't neatly fit into being either totally straight or totally gay. The myth is that most people are straight, that some people are gay and that even fewer people, according to our myth, are attracted to members of both sexes. It's a potent myth, it's been around for a long time, the evidence is clear that bisexuality has existed down through history, and yet there is very little written about it. Recently, thanks to the women's movement and the gay movement and the enormous interest in the whole field of human sexuality, there's been, particularly this year, growing interest in bisexuality. I like to think of hetero, homo and bi as adjectives that describe behavior, how people relate to each other, rather than nouns that classify us, forever and ever. Whether I'm relating to a man or to a woman or just to myself—I self-define myself as bisexual. And most of the bi men and women that I've

talked to as friends and in workshops and in groups say the same thing. We don't want to make a decision on who we're going to relate to based on what set of genitals they happen to have, but based on how we feel about that other person or those other people.

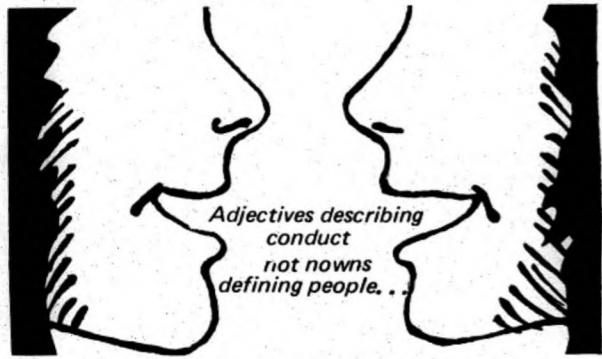
The evidence was clear when the Kinsey reports first came out—they said that people tend to dichotomize, that you've got to be either in one place or the other. They said that only the human mind invents categories and tries to force people into separated pigeon holes, that, in fact, the living world is a continuum in each and every one of its aspects. The sooner we learn this concerning human sexual behavior, the sooner we shall reach a sounder understanding of the realities of sex. They also said that many people don't want to believe that there are gradations of sexual choice.

The lesbian authors of *Sappho Is A Right On Woman* say that bisexual people may make the most important contribution to not only the women's movement, but also to the whole field of human sexuality. Wardell Pomeroy, co-author of the *Kinsey Report* and past president of the American Association of Marriage and Family Counselors and president elect of SIECUS, says that there is probably no more bisexuality now than there ever was. But the atmosphere now is such that some people will admit it freely and talk about it more. Also, there is much more openness in talking about sex in general, which we can credit in part to the women's movement and to the gay revolution. It's healthy to speak out because it makes more and more people free in expressing their sexual preferences. I find this a good statement.

Unfortunately a lot of bi people, because they don't have a parabase, or a sense of community, have reached out to gay groups or to straight groups and have been oppressed and denied or accused of being confused or coping out or not making up their minds. In effect saying—you've got to choose one thing or the other. I really believe that if we weren't afraid and weren't intimidated by each other's bodies, if we could be really comfortable with our own bodies and with each other's, most people would be bisexual, although some people would choose to be straight and some people would choose to be gay.

For me, being bisexual is an evolved place. It means feeling comfortable with men and women, not only sexually but also sensually, emotionally, intellectually; not being competitive, not having to be jealous or possessive of other people's bodies and other people's minds, not having to be monogamous. So much of the terminology in the sex field is that all people should be white, middle class, monogamous, coupled, heterosexual: more and more people are saying fuck that, that doesn't fit for me.

According to the Kinsey statistics of 25 years ago about 50% of men and women in this country have had some kind of gay experience and the percentage is much higher now. I'm fully aware that it's the gay part of being bisexual that gets oppressed by straight people and also it's the straight part of being bisexual that's often upsetting to many gays. And I don't think the oppression stops at a political statement; there's a personal feeling of "you can't relate to both men and women, it isn't normal, it isn't natural". That's the old traditional view, for straights and for gays. If heterosexuality is good and homosexuality is good, bisexuality might be for some people an even better place to be, a less fearful place to be. For others being totally gay or being totally straight is fine, for others being monogamous, or being in a primary relationship, or perhaps



being in multiple relationships, as I am, or perhaps being into group sex, or perhaps not relating to anyone is fine. What's important is how we define ourselves. It makes me very upset when I hear someone who's never had a gay experience speak disparagingly of gay experiences, or when someone who has not had a good straight experience speak disparagingly of straight experiences. It makes me doubly upset when people who have never had experiences with *both* men and women speak of that out of fear and out of lack of knowledge.

When we talk about bisexual people we're not talking about some freak who's a member of a small minority group. We're not talking about someone who's just running around grabbing ass, we're talking about someone who speaks with both parts of himself or herself. A person who sees with both eyes and both ears, as Don Clark says, "We've sold ourselves a bill of goods", he goes on to say, "and we're now stuck with a dual category mode of sexuality."

What society says is that you have to decide where you're going to be and stay therefore. Decide for yourself, but you must pick; you've got to be either straight or gay. And it turns out that all of this silliness is an excellent way to choose up sides for fighting. You become a member of one team or the other. You wear one kind of hat or another kind of hat.

Since the bulk of the population usually is not either at one total extreme or the other total extreme, you see an awful lot of people who are closet bi's, who may be afraid to admit or share the fantasies they have around same sex feelings. The same is often true, unfortunately, of gays who themselves are terribly oppressed — who say you've got to be gay to be OK., you can't be bi. But I'm finding that more and more people that I'm talking to both at the University and among friends and in workshops are saying, "I want to deal with that other part of me, I want to see if that other part of me is valid for me and if it fits for me. I want to see if I can be not either/or but both/and."

I've been talking publicly about bisexuality, ambisexuality, pansexuality, or whatever the hell you want to call it, for a number of years now, and its only recently that there is much public interest in the subject. There must have been at least 20 articles this month in various magazines and newspapers about bisexuality—most of them bad. They are the same kind of oppressive articles that came out when gay liberation was first beginning—saying that all gays do is cruise for sex contacts. What these articles about bisexuality are saying is that all bisexuals have to do is go to parties and get it on and maybe get out of bed once in a while to go to the bathroom or have a glass of water, but, essentially, all they do is get it on and on and on. That's the same kind of sensationalized sex-negative message gays are certainly familiar with. Bisexual people, and I include myself in that, are not choosing to be either straight or gay but are choosing to be both and then some. □

ity at least, or perhaps more. But I do other things—I go to school or I got to work or I raise kids or I have a volunteer job or I'm on welfare or I'm somehow just getting my marriage together or just getting by marginally without being able to get any money from anywhere else, except maybe from my savings, or I have to do some cleaning. I may be living communally, I may be living by myself or in a nuclear family or in an extended family. We're all very different people; our common denominator is that we choose to relate in a lot of different ways to men and women. It's important to be able to see that what bisexuals are saying most strongly is that we want to have choices and options. We want to be accepted as we are, just as we want to be able to accept other people as they are. We don't want to be oppressive to other people, neither do we want to be oppressed."

Most sexologists and sociologists agree that all people are potentially bisexual. When the women's movement first began, I, like many other women, joined women's consciousness raising groups and a lot of the women in the groups were either straight or gay, mostly straight. They were not comfortable with the fact that I was bi. That meant to them that I was a sexual threat, that I was somehow going to be seductive or come on to them or somehow make them aware of their own gay feelings. Also, when I spoke to and became friends with gay women and belonged to gay organizations I would get dumped on for not coping to the "fact" that I was really a lesbian and I just couldn't let men go. And I did as much educating and consciousness raising as I could about the fact that I, like many others, feel most natural relating to people—not to a particular sex and gender.

Most recently when I was giving a talk down at DOB, a lesbian organization to which I belong and give sex raps at, there had been prior to my talk that month, a very strong article by a lesbian in which the writer attacked bisexual women saying that lesbians shouldn't ever trust them. There was a response to that by another lesbian saying that bisexual women are women, that they're just as good as lesbians are, that lesbians have no right attacking their sisters in that way, and so forth. And we used the fact that those two articles had come out as a catalyst for discussions in that rap group where we talked, not in terms of the separateness, but to keep bi and gay women feeling comfortable with one another. For that matter, how women, wherever they fit sexually can be more accepting of one another.

How we can even get to a point where men, who also get held down by their own sex role assignments and by prejudice and stereotypes, can rise about that and get in touch with their potential bi feelings. How can we get to a place where we're not defining each other except as loving people? To be friends with people we choose to be friends with, and to be lovers with people we choose to be lovers with, to be friends and lovers when it fits—this is where we must direct our energies. How can we learn to be clear and communicate sex positively—to reach out to one another?

It's vitally important for people working in the sex field to see bisexuals as having as valid a life style as straight or gay people do and as needing to be counted, as needing to be listened to. It's extremely important, for example, that studies about bisexuality be done by bisexuals and not by curious on-lookers. Or, at least, to have studies done by people who are in sympathy and in understanding with the plight of people who are oppressed for being fully sexual. Bisexual people, and I include myself in that, are not choosing to be either straight or gay but are choosing to be both and then some. □

DEAR ABBY, PLEASE HELP ME, i may never love again!

A SHORT STORY by DANIEL CURZON



"...AND WHAT'S MORE, I LOATHE RED PUBIC HAIR!"

"M ALMOST TWENTY-FOUR YEARS old now, and yet the world seems to grow more menacing every day, people less dependable, one's consciousness more self-deceptive. Or is it my own romantic vision shattering? Grasping some kind of truty about the outer world, about myself, seems more impossible each day I live. Please tell me what to do.

It all began in an Eastern city that sits between two dirty rivers—let me not name it, though. I fell deeply in love with a young man I met in the Park while walking my Uncle Benjamin's cocker spaniel. Yes, Abby, a young man. Yes, I too am a young man. Though two years older than he. Two days before I'd had a premonition. On July 1st something wonderful was going to happen to me. It was on that sweltering day that I met Stuart. For three marvelous hours we sat on a bench near the museum and talked, about poetry mostly, but also about his job as a part-time peanut vendor in the Park, the only consistent thing about his life—so he said. But he was thinking of giving even that up because he had been mugged by some teenagers. He still had the bruise on one cheek—and I think it was that as much as his bright, innocent eyes and well-trimmed beard and moustache that won my heart.

I should have been wary. But he was so enthusiastic, with the face of a cherub. Through the Pennsylvania accent I could

hear the voice of a little boy reaching out for me. And Sheridan was the man I'd been looking for, I knew.

I told him that I'd be happy with just friendship—a lie. No, he wanted more. "You think too much. Let's fall in love," he said and kissed me as the first of the Independence Day fireworks exploded over the Jersey shore. It was all happening so fast, too fast, and when I warned him that I could be very jealous he answered, "It doesn't matter, because we will be faithful to each other." He was so utterly convincing, because—I see now—I wanted to believe in him, and perhaps also because in that warm, kind smile I saw again Jeremy's gaze, yes, dear Jeremy who is now gone forever.

We spent hours and hours together reading his poetry. Brilliant. Better than Rod McKuen's. I had been to college for two years and he had never been, so he lapped up my praise. I had discovered a genius. A pellucid style! The passions of a Dostoevski. Rebellious, robust, at times nihilistic. But that didn't frighten me. No, even the nihilistic nightmare lurking in his poems lured me on.

Sex was disappointing. Stefan said that he didn't find me all that attractive. But it would work out, he assured me. He mentioned that he found my buttocks a bit too plump, my red, sparse pubic hair a turn-off, my breath occasionally bad. But we would work it out, somehow.

Actually, though, Abby, HE was the one who was disappointing as a lover, well-hung but clumsy, the less affectionate one, the one who didn't like to do "certain things" in bed.

Yet I could understand and forgive everything at this point. He had been put in a home by his mother at the age of six and raised there with his two sisters. His mother wandered here and there and slept around indiscriminately. When he left the home, he moved to the city between the two dirty rivers. If only I had found him earlier, he might not have robbed those five banks with a note saying "I'm desperate. Put cash in this paper bag." But of course Sammy didn't really have a gun, though he pretended to; he was not the kind that could physically hurt people. He toured the country, living it up, flushing excess money down commodes to show his contempt for it. (Imitating his wandering mother? Seeking her perhaps?) Feeling guilty in Tacoma, he gave himself up. He thought he would get eighty years. He didn't. He ended up serving three years of a twenty-year sentence, because he was a model prisoner. He found Jesus in prison. His faith and his poetry sustained him. While others were raped, beaten, stabbed with forks, he survived—with the respect of guards and prisoners alike.

He has been released a year now (with four more of parole). He lives in a white boxlike room. It could easily be mistaken for another prison cell.

Who couldn't love someone with those qualities? Who wouldn't feel sorry? And he is rather attractive besides. He takes care of himself, works out in a gym three times a week, gets lots of exercise model-

(Continued on Page 43)

Stay Free

by RUBEN
LONGEAUX
Y VASQUEZ



Ruben Longeaux y Vasquez is a college student in Boulder, Colorado and hails from New Mexico where he was active in the Gay Chicano Movement.

Gay Liberation is a dead end street! If Gay Liberation is to work we must build a useful ideology with its roots in humanity and the human species.

Almost all of the great creations have come from those who have deviated from "straight" society.

If we were to follow all straight (accepted/approved) social norms, we would find ourselves in a most peculiar state of being; a state I prefer to call *stasis*.

Straight society dictates to us what and how we should live. It does this through its educational system, communications media and daily social contact with others. A deviate, such as a human with homosexual orientation, spends untold amounts of energy trying to be "normal." And if this strategy is pursued (to become a society pleaser) one loses balance of their selves and begins to abandon all meaning to life.

Deviates, hang on to your autonomy! Straight society is based mostly on authoritarians. They talk about being yourself but always give you a reason not to be. Authoritarians are judges, priests, and professors. Their weapons of control are guilt, justice, punishment and fear. Here's how it works. You are a "simple" person with no authority (child, street walker, hustler, etc.) Another person holds a position of authority in relation to you. He's "something" you're not (parent, executive, policeman, etc.), and claims that you have done some wrong. By virtue of his authority he causes something unpleasant to happen to you in return for (as punishment) this claimed wrong. If you are an "autonomous" person with no claimed authority over anyone but yourself, you should know how much truth there is in this.

Straight society would have humans become do-nothing, be-nothing existences. For example, a teenage idol asks his fans for an opinion on his hair style because he can't decide for himself. This suits straights society to a dandy. The idol becomes a victim of others—a people pleaser—in line.

An autonomous being stares at straight society and screams, "Don't tell me I'm nothing! A nobody! That I can't live life to its fullest! That I can't be free to be me!"

An autonomous being is no authoritarian but he will not stand for or remain dormant when he is told to "Get Down." Get down from what? From being myself? That's all a human has—self!

Now this is the problem nowadays. A weak self in many of us. We don't really know who or what we are. Or even why we are here—living.

Today, more than ever before, we have more sex, more intellectual stimulation, more cars, more music, more drugs to alter our consciousness, etc. Then why do we become upset? It is because of a weak self. We fall victim to fear of our own decisions. We lose our autonomy. Let something or someone else make our decisions for us.

Now we reach the question of the difference between autonomy and alienation. I speak of autonomy in two senses: (1) That of becoming aware of yourself. Being strong in belief in yourself, and, (2) That of creativity. Of being open to life or knowledge around us.

Alienation is when one does not seek to be aware of ones' self. It does not promote "growth" of any kind. This is *stasis*, that uncanny capacity to cause depression. And why shouldn't it if one thinks and believes all is lost. That one is helpless to do anything in life? The signs of depression are common; a reduction in response, loss of interest, decrease in energy, the inability to accomplish tasks, difficulty in concentration, and the erosion of motivation and ambition all combined to impair efficient human functioning.

What then is an "efficient human?" It is a person with motivation and interest in learning about life. It is a person who wants to know and knows that he can know.

When any strategy such as science, religion or society dictates there is a limit and consequently we must create concepts that go beyond these limits.

What, then, has all this to do with the death of Gay Liberation? Allegiance to a movement can take away the autonomy one has. Those seeking liberation must ask themselves whether they are really advancing or whether they have merely exchanged one kind of conformity for another.

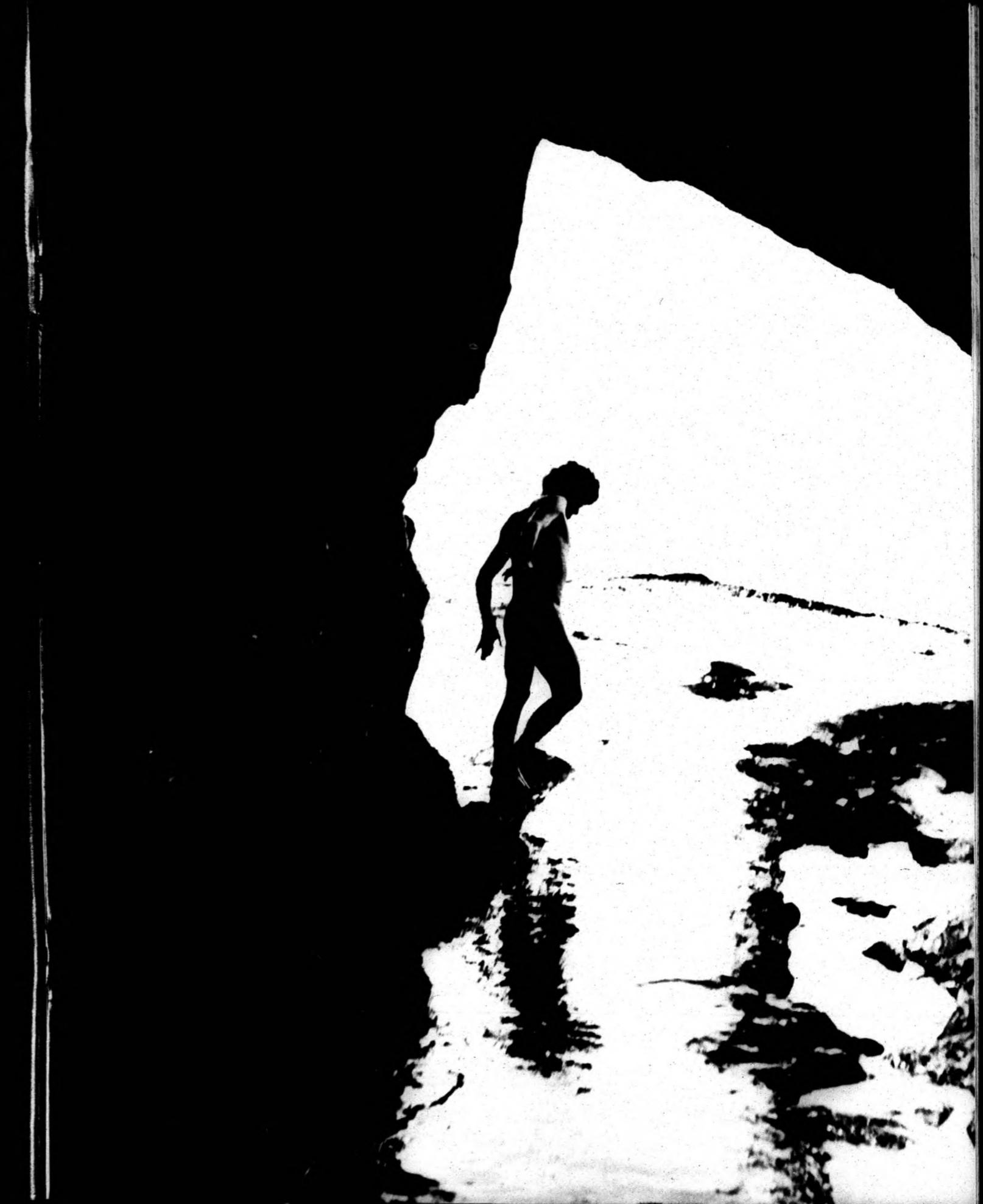
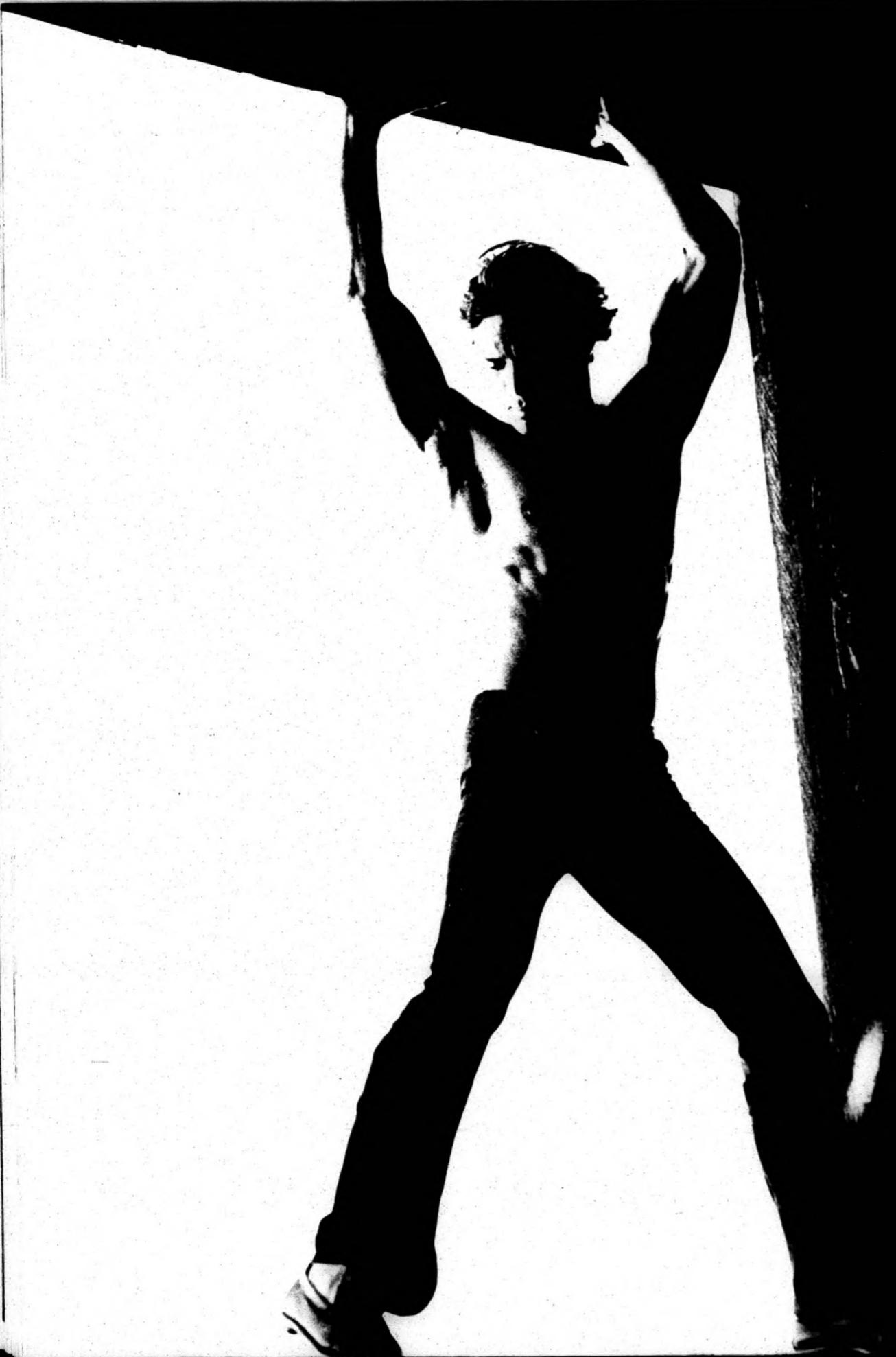
A truly autonomous person needs no crutch, binder or strategy for support. These are only tools about him with which he creates to support. There is no dread of standing alone. But in order to do so, one must believe in themselves. And that self must be strong.

For that is why the human species, unlike any other species on this planet, has a mirror. Humans are reflective. We love ourselves as a species. And we should begin to conduct ourselves as such.

When we look into the mirror, we should see something so beautiful that its image should evoke tears of joy, and elate our minds. In closing, I wish to see more humans become powerful in themselves, acquire self-assurance and self-confidence and, most of all, self-respect. □



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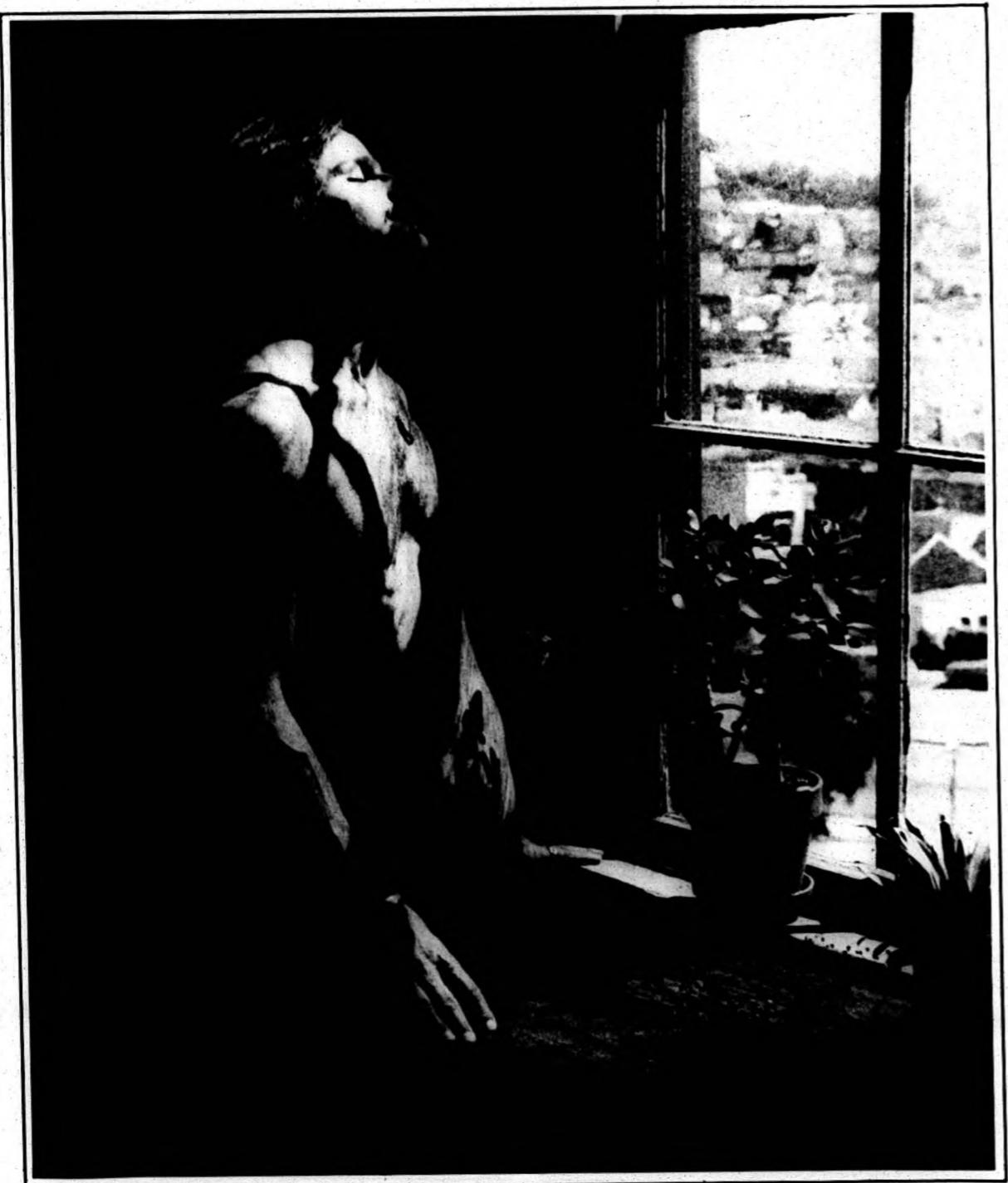
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GOD LOVES YOU, SHE REALLY DOES!

RELIGION
BY
SUSAN DAY

SINCE THE EMERGENCE OF WOMAN'S LIBERATION, many women have felt estranged from the Church—and most for a very legitimate reason. For often when we sense distance between ourselves and others, it's either because it's been put there by one or the other, or because we're unable to understand each other.

Let's backtrack a bit. When we refer to the "Church" we can mean, usually, one of two images: the most common for those turned off is the church in a *structural* sense—the hierarchy of titles, honors, egotrips, laws and guilt trips which people in "high" positions (mostly men) lay on people in "low" positions (mostly women).

The other, and far more important (though less emphasized) is the image of the Church as the Body of Christ. It's the latter with which we as lesbians must concern ourselves ultimately. For it's as part of the Body of Christ that we will all find the deepest meaning and beauty for our lives. Unfortunately, both images don't coincide right now... there *should* be only the latter meaning to the word Church. What we must remember right from the beginning is that the "structural church" was devised and developed by human beings; the "spiritual Church" was given to us by God. The Body of Christ is spiritual in nature; and when we have be-

gun to feel that spirit, we have become one with others who are also filled with it.

I'm not going to list and try to answer some questions and complaints frequently posed by feminists (and which you might have in your mind.)

1. It turns me off to worship a male God!

—We human beings have addressed and referred to God using images with which we're most familiar. "Father" and "Lord" are two of them. We can change those words; it's not blasphemy to do so. In so doing, let's remember though that any words will limit us. To give God a sex (whether male or female) is awfully egotistical of us; but hard to get away from, since few of the words in the English language are neuter. The one place in the Bible where God is described by God reads, "I am who I am." In addition, the male image has arisen among Christians—many of the Hebrew expressions for God in the Old Testament are feminine.

2. Everything in the Bible was written by MEN, and addresses itself to MEN; it's as if we're not even alive. Plus, whenever we ARE mentioned, it's doing the cooking or being used as a concubine. The whole thing is sexist from the word go.

—Let's face it, the Bible was written in a patriarchal society, and to many lesbians today it's sexist. What we have to do then is get beyond the "he's," "him's," "mankind's" and "men," to understand what's actually being said to all of us. Am I to refuse a large sum of money, simply because the envelope in which it's contained is addressed to Mr. Susan Day? Not on your life! Am I then to refuse the richness of God's grace for the same reason? As the money was meant for me, so God's grace was meant for me.

3. I can do without all the ceremony and pomposness of the services, the roleplaying and powertrips—it's men laying their trips on us again.

—The various rituals of worship service are symbolic expressions through which we grow closer to God. They aren't necessary; the community of togetherness is. We can change our symbols; we can discard them; but we must understand what they mean first. I would personally hate to toss most of them away—I may change their clothing; but the body is important.

4. Communion (or the Eucharist) is a barbarian, cannibalistic symbol... and it's not for women!

—The ceremony of figuratively eating the body of Christ and drinking his blood has been sometimes termed, in a word, gross. The act of giving a lover or a friend a rose, a common contemporary symbol of love, is lovely. The rose has thorns and withers in a few days—that's also a way of looking at it, less poetic but just as real.

There's something very real about Jesus Christ. Christ isn't just historical fact, or historical myth. Christ has a spirit, a deep love for us, a gentleness, an emotional strength that penetrates our limited perspective of history, that rises above the sexist roles we've developed. It's those qualities which engulf us when we pray and when we let this physical symbol of Christ run through our bodies.

5. Why should anyone be placed higher than others, a minister (usually male) dictating what God is all about; why would he know more than anyone else?

—Contrary to common thought, a minister is *not* above anyone or everyone else (ministers should heed this, by the way). In Matthew 23: 1-36, Jesus addresses this issue. Verses 10-12 in particular read, "Neither be called masters, for you have one master, the Christ. He who is greatest among you shall be your servant..."

6. Why should we bother dealing with the structural church (or those men) at all if it's oppressive? Why not go off on our own?

—We could go off on our own—but only temporarily; for to become *truly* closer to Christ, the divisive distinctions our society has made between people must be torn down. As the Bible says, "there is neither male nor female, for we are all one in Christ Jesus." (Galatians 3:28) △

Reprinted from THE GAY CHRISTIAN, Journal of the Northeast District of the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches, New York.



THE SULTAN'S PLEASURE

BY
DAVID
STEKOL

OR: LOUNGING IN BED WATCHING OLD MOVIES ON TV

HERE'S SOMETHING I LIKE TO do... I like to lie in bed with someone after having sex, and watch old movies on television. I like that.

Usually I'm with a stranger that I probably won't see again. Usually it's the night before a working day, and I'll be too sleepy the next morning to go to work, thereby losing a job, or at least a day's pay (I work temporary jobs).

A corner of my mind scolds: "Look at you! Intelligent, good looking, with a deep potential for loving, and a keen moral sense—lounging there naked with a man you don't know and never will know, even if you ball with him for years! Watching that tripe on the boob tube! What about work tomorrow? Aren't you ashamed to still have to take money from your mother? This can't go on! It's infantile, regressive, dehumanizing! What's to become of you?"

Oh, but it's so nice.

To lie sweaty, sticky, breathless, boneless, cushioned on a big bed or a

soft rug. Musky with sweet effort. Here we recline, this stranger and I, accountable to nothing but our pleasure. We most ingenious of Scheherazades: a squat, fluorescent box—deaf to our lazy praise or censure, given to shrill and rambling digressions about cornflakes and used cars, but nevertheless a purveyor of marvelous narratives. Here, backed by huge orchestras, we have swarming crowds, stampeding cattle, earthquakes, divorces, tap-dancing, peace treaties. And all of it so little, like a genii trapped in a bottle.

And, like the thwarted genii of the

THE SULTAN'S PLEASURE

Arabian Nights, these old movies—even in miniature, snared in the little box where they must live out their days—reek of humiliated power.

A second carping corner of my mind becomes the genii's advocate and, counterpointing the reproof of my own squandered potential, mourns the fall of Xanadu: "Was it for *this* that Hearst squandered millions on his stuttering darling, for *this* that Thalberg died of exhaustion, that stuntmen broke their bones leaping from balconies and colliding in chariots, that Metro went to Africa and Judy went bananas? For *this* the 20-hour days, the years spent painfully acquiring skill, the years of ambition and anguish—*this*: the diversion of two sleepy bums in a rumpled room in the middle of the night?"

But sultans—and bums—are eloquent in defense of their ease, and to both tirades of my thrifty conscience I merely reply, "Who talks of husbandry in Eden?"

Did not a far better man than I once say, "Anyone can live with the necessities. Give me the luxuries!" Just as effort has intrinsic rewards, so has sloth. I am at my best when at my least responsible. I am most unselfish, most perceptive in the afterglow of that blindest, most egoistic of pleasures, sex.

And you ghosts of Xanadu have as little cause to grieve. It was not technology but time that wrecked your picture palaces and fan clubs. Where would you now find enough people to pay three dollars to sit upright and silent for two hours, decently dressed, who would still have patience and generosity left over to appreciate fashion made quaint, wit made provincial, daring made timid, romance made gauche? Even in revival houses, you are mocked and patronized, your efforts and beliefs shrunken by time as ruthlessly as the grand scale of your image is reduced on a television screen.

But here, on the flickering little box in a dim, rumpled room, you are witnessed by friends. These two naked, sated strangers hiding from the morrow share a common enemy with you: time.

Our pleasure shall have no issue, either in progeny or, very likely, in friendship. We purposed oblivion—from consequence, from responsibility, and

most of all from time—and having found such oblivion, we are not inclined to spoil it by an undue sensitivity to the length of a hemline, an outworn piece of slang, a preposterous scruple. As we would be liberated from time, we look kindly on these conventions orphaned by it.

And we, in turn, are grateful for so diligent a conversation piece as an old movie on television. Sex with a stranger can marvelously transcend oneself and one's problems, but sometimes, coming down from that transcendence, the effort of making conversation with a stranger too closely resembles the effort of the workaday world we're trying to forget. Old movies repay our tolerance by smoothing the way for conversation.

But they repay us in a deeper sense, as well.

Naked, comatose, trivial as we are, we receive, in exchange for our kindness to these once-proud refugees from time, what might be called "spiritual lessons," were they not so casual, accidental, and diverting. I do not, of course, mean lessons gained from the trite little "morals" embedded in old movies. Such things we let pass with a smile, for the moralizing part of ourselves has been folded away with our clothes.

But on another plane, we observe the spirit keenly. Our well-pleasured bodies, wise in repose, have (without our being aware of it) made us empathetic, more sensitive to the spirit, as it is manifested in the bodies of actors: Jimmy Cagney's swagger as he throws a show together and puts it on by sheer bluff and *chutzpah*; the solemn dignity, despite humiliation, of Garbo's stooping body when she is forced to pick up her fan; Brando's animal pride as he flings dishes at the floor and walls; Mary Astor's erratic breathing as she fabricates a string of lies; Ginger Rogers' transformation from brass to flesh when she dances with Astaire. Each of these, and thousands more like them, is a bit of training in observation and appreciation of the spirit, in ourselves and in others. Thanks to our tolerance for what time has spoiled, we can glean from it what time cannot touch... small spiritual coin to jingle in our pockets when we don our clothes and leave this little Eden to face the world again.

It is a kind of recycling process, an ecology of spirit. For the world

may call my pleasures regressive and fruitless, but it rests on such small change as I gain thereby, pooled with that of billions of other people. In its own funny way, the symbiosis between homosexuals like me and outmoded entertainments contributes to the survival of the race. For *human* survival was never merely a matter of reproduction, even when birthrates were low and plague decimated us. Reproduction, or mere existence, we deem sufficient for the trumpeter swan or the giant panda, but not for men and women. □

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MOM'S SLEEPWELL TABS

by LOUIS L. WILSON

Illustration: Susan Davis

CLEAR BACK WHEN IT STARTED out there in ranching country, the whole barber shop still chuckled whenever some gangling adolescent got caught slipping Mom's collar and leash in his first, awkward sex experiments. But when that same youngster finally stepped out, a smooth operating girl chaser, no man except the Baptist preacher gave a damn how he got his practice—standing out on the whipping-tree of the manure spreader down at the far end of the field, fucking Dad's off-side mare; wrestling behind the straw stack to finger cup grease up the neighbor kid's half willing ass; or giving Mom's battery power vibrator an experimental work out. He'd made it, and made it their way. But what of that other young fellow—the fellow who discovered that his own way was more fun?

Man and boy, disturbingly handsome Police Chief Jack Joffman had always fixed those ultra serious brown eyes of his upon this puzzling world fortified by unquestioning belief in God and Devil, seldom in himself. Mom, being so religious, had early seen to that.

Right now, in his chair-crowded outer office, his peremptorily summoned vice

squad gathered in Saturday resentment, checked in by brown-nosing office assistant Davies. But in this, the uncluttered order of his inner sanctum, Chief Hoffman himself, still proudly hard muscled and flat bellied, paced like a caged cat.

Why in hell had he ever hung onto those old letters from Mom? Wasn't it enough that their painful counsel had molded his once politically popular moral drive? But to have kept them as some sort of fetish, rubber banded and laid apart in his bachelor apartment desk—stupid!

Lifted! Right when the city's pre-election campaign was at its mud-slinging worst, and his shameless gay lib opponents fighting out in the open and using every conceivable means to discredit both himself and the administration which had appointed him. Mom's letters had been written to their order.

"Dear Son . . ." Week after week, Mom had written through most of his freshman year at St. Thomas': Loving prayers and moral lectures. Repeated, all-too-vivid recall of that past summer's unexpected midnight shower that had sent her padding softly about the sleeping farm bungalow closing windows. Her shock at his own empty bed and detached window screen. The search out into the barn by his sleep-grouchy dad. The flashlight's revelation of where he lay with Eric, the handsome young college boy harvest hand, blanketed down naked in the haymow.

Those letters were embarrassing as hell, and after the third one, he let her have it: "For God's sake, Mom! Get off my back. You're indecent."

But writing Mom like that was wrong, and he knew it. He sent an apology that only left him feeling guiltier than ever, and Mom pushed her advantage:

"Why can't you grow up, Son?" she wrote on tear-stained stationery. "It's all from those awful crime magazines you used to hide under your mattress. Whoever heard of working for a degree in Police Science, and how will I ever explain that to the relatives? If only you'd study for the priesthood! My dearest prayers would be answered."

But, guilty feeling or no guilty feeling, Jack knew he had no vocation for holy orders. He just kept still on that one, while, on the side, he upped a correspondence he enjoyed a lot more with Eric. He even got Mom's rich, city brother to give Eric a lift on his second tuition payment at MIT, the one Dad's firing him had left him short on. Uncle Tim could always understand the human situations his pious sister left along her godly trail. What was more, Uncle Tim had liked personable young men with ambition. Too much, Mom always sniffed, though she didn't refuse her morally despised brother's offer to help Jack get his start, once he was graduated. Pulling cock was very, very wicked. Pulling influence just plain common sense.

Then—Mom's long impending, high blood pressure stroke, and Jack's week-long, death-bed vigil. Days when Mom fought back to consciousness long enough

to force, through slurred speech, those last, agonized pleas. Jack simply couldn't promise the priesthood, but he could and did vow to make his law enforcement career itself his true offering to God.

After Mom's burial, he broke all communication with Eric. And then, like a sentimental gool, gathered up, reread and kept every one of Mom's letters.

The intercom buzzed.

"Every officer here, Chief."

Jack pushed his private worries back and assumed the public front of Chief Hammond.

"Very well, Davies. Distribute the week's Central District summary of bookings, and get the meeting centered in."

Five minutes later, when Chief Hoffman stepped through the door, he stood in quiet amusement, noting Davies in his favorite act—lead hound in full cry:



"O.K., you all see the line: 'Sex offenders, male—5 Five! Now you know why the Chief blew his top—with you guys patrolling the biggest central district in Metropolitan U.S.A. Well—faggot catchers or dog catchers? Which are you?'"

"Whasamatter? Too shy to take a foot-tappin' shit in a public john? Too tender hearted to break some fuckin' faggot's heart lettin' him stick his dick through that glory hole to a cop?"

It was Officer Neely who rose and spoke quietly over Davies' head.

"Chief, you know as well as we do that we can't proposition *them*. Put the best face you want on what this assistant of yours is describing, it's still entrapment."

And our best face is never what them Civil Liberties Union lawyers look for when they catch us in something unconstitutional."

"Right!" That was Officer Johnson.

"What them ACLU boys would do to us would be verbal rape. My ass feels it now."

Approvals crescendoed in a wild flood while the Chief rapped for order. But the commotion failed to quite cover one low-voiced, back row exchange.

"Ol' Chief Jack-off Man an' his damn ass-sistant!"

"Yeah. Why in hell don't he get *himself* a lover an' quit ridin' us?"

The Chief crimsoned all the way down onto his neck.

"Who said that?"

In the silence a chair creaked. An officer coughed.

"No matter, Officer Davies, see that the audio-visual equipment is getting this meeting clearly taped for future analysis. Officer Neely, I *never* ask my officers to entrap."

"But, Sir, your assistant . . ."

"Was crude and inaccurate. This city's police serve all its citizens, including gays who keep their affliction private. But those who practice their perverted sex publicly are your job, and something's gone God-awful wrong when you men find yourselves even thinking you need to proposition them."

With that, Chief Hoffman charged full down center and planted his well polished boots within inches of front row toes. Looking his long-haired young vice officers straight into their eyes, he leveled.

"Now I'll be crude. You men are the only traps this department needs. Every mother's son of you was hand picked because God himself created you so damned well hung that every gay who sets eyes on you gets horny. Don't tell me the 'girls' don't proposition you. Say *you* don't circulate. I want this record pulled up, and pulled up damned quick. Dismissed!"

By and large, the chief had kept his cool. But, back in his inner sanctum, it was Jack Hoffman who broke into sweat. Last night, when he had discovered his burglarized desk, it was to Uncle Tim alone he had dared phone his predicament—wise old Uncle, still filled with financial and political savvy, now quietly watching down from his art-packed, hotel penthouse thirty stories up. And Uncle had immediately made the offer that was still hanging, still deviling Jack's mind, waiting his decision.

"Humph!" Uncle had grunted. "If you're that scared, you've got no choice, have you? Resign at once—before your politically de-

signing thief can possibly publish. With you gone from heading the police force, he will have all he wanted to achieve, and with no further risk from the law."

"You mean for me to make like a coward?" Jack had groaned. "Give up all the moral progress my police department has made—everything I've worked for trying to clean up this city?"

"Everything you Mom's worked for, you mean, don't you, Jack? Maybe it's time to show real guts. Cut your Mom's apron strings. Get out of that death-bed-promise, phony anti-vice drive that's made such a moralistic ass of you. Put your sound training and legitimate police experience into some kind of work that fights real crime and leaves mens' personal lives and their personal life styles alone."

For a moment the hot blood distended the veins of Jack's neck, and his clenched fist jerked the receiver from his ear, but he drew a deep breath and controlled himself. After all, he was in one hell of a bind.

"Do you happen to have any suggestions?" he had asked tonelessly.

"How about giving me a jingle tomorrow afternoon, if you've made up your mind by then; then dropping up to my place for cocktails about 8? Then I'll introduce the electronics wizard whose policing gadgets keep my place safe and guard the art treasures of a whole handful of my fellow collectors. He's a strict privacy buff, so you'll just have to wait to get all of your questions answered till you get acquainted here. But he's good. And he'd give those traditional eye teeth to pick up a man of your police know-how as partner. Think it over. Ring me as early as you can make up your mind."

Think it over he had, all through a sleepless night and this nerve wracking day. Good God! What that vice squad of his seemed to be thinking already without one bit of help from that damned thief! What a temptation to ditch the whole mess! Not even Mom could say he hadn't tried. Besides, he didn't have to bind himself to accept that potential partnership offer from Uncle's private agency man. Just confer. But, if the offer came, and looked good—well, he could cook up some sudden health emergency to feed the mayor—and the press. He felt relief and a stir of almost romantic adventure as his finger sought out Uncle's unlisted number on the push-button face of his desk phone.

That had been around 2:30. Now, at

8, the other guest had still not arrived, and Uncle was urging a second drink upon him. He stretched out his legs there in the dimly lighted luxury of Uncle's den, and accepted. For the first time in those past, nightmarish 24 hours, his breathing was coming relaxed, deep, and wholly effortless. Reality itself seemed pleasantly altered. Had Uncle drugged those Scotch and sodas? Or was it purely the magic worked by the moonlight flooding Uncle's roof garden just beyond those opened, sliding windows?

"You like the way the moonlight seeks us out and lives with us up here, don't you?" Uncle asked. "That's the joy of high roof living when we get these cloudless, moonlight nights. No other buildings shut us off by their shadows. It's the same open, silver glory you used to know back there on those high prairies of western



Nebraska. Let your imagination take you back there now—back into your own boyhood room, light snapped off, lying there waiting in that enchanted night for the first and only lover to come sounding his low readiness signal on your window."

Uncle's voice faded. They dreamed their separate dreams. Momentarily Jack drowsed. Then he woke suddenly to that long-remembered scratching with the back of a finger nail across the mesh of the window screen. It couldn't be! It was! Eric himself, as muscular, as tall, as Jack's youthful memory. Eric standing there in the moonlight barefoot and bare chested, waiting as if not a year, not a night, had intervened!

Hand already reaching for the screen catch, Jack hesitated and looked back, some sense of reality still troubling. Den—dark. Uncle—gone.

"Drop your duds in there, Kid. Your uncle's gone to bed with his lover. Their own summer-night love bower out here under the stars—that's their wedding-night gift to us. That wily old Timmy Boy promised you'd get acquainted with the guy who wants you for his partner, didn't he? Has wanted you for 16 years, you damned, Mom-drugged sleep walker! Are you ever coming?"

That slowly struggling, unwelcome intrusion of reality gave fantasy the green-light as Jack's jockey shorts at last dropped to the rug and he stepped out into the welcoming arms and saluting penis of a now equally nude Eric. How good to feel that still youthful firmness of full, hairy chest and well-muscled arms, the beard about the demanding lips, and the slow throbs of hardening penis against hardening penis as they pulled each other close and let the inner pressures build!

"Eric! My God, Eric!" he sobbed as emotions so long denied broke through. "I've wanted you so long—and didn't even let myself know it!"

But then he saw her—saw her over Eric's shoulder, standing out there in the Nebraska moonlight—saw Mom herself, pointing the finger of shame. And now, just as quickly as he had been possessed by that flood of mingled tenderness and hot desire, the anger of betrayal boiled up out of that unreasoning and utterly intolerable sense of unworthiness that Mom's shaming finger had brought up from the depths of his own unconscious. Only for the barest instant he had seen her. But his stomach convulsed, and the bitterness of bile rose from his throat.

"Let me go!" he screamed, struggling to break from Eric's arms. "Let me go! I saw my Mom!" Hands flat against that mat of blond chest hair, he pushed in the strength of hysteria.

"You and Uncle gulled me into betraying my Mom!"

But Eric had always been inches the taller and much the more massively muscled. His enfolding arms held.

"I saw her, I tell you! Let me go!"

"You're drunk, Kid. Listen to me. Is that nightmare Mom ghost that's bugged and driven you and made a damned, moralistic ass of you all these years as real as I am?" His arms tightened, and his big hands slid down to cup over Jack's buns, lifting and pulling

MOM'S

him till Jack felt the full, stiff length of Eric's seven inches slide under the suddenly complete limpness of his own, pushing up his balls and touching its eagerly exploring head against the vulnerability of his ass. "/s she? And which do you honestly want—her ghost or my hot flesh and love?"

Half shamed, half scared, Jack ceased to struggle; then began reentry to the lost moment of love. But this was only the shadow of the first abandon, the fear still lurking underneath, hiding in his own dark depths, still waiting the exorcizing act of full, conscious decision, which he had never in his life had the guts to make.

"Oh, let me go," he repeated, and gave another shove, to which Eric yielded with disconcerting completeness. But as Jack turned toward the still open screen, Eric's voice arrested him—low, clear, even cold—yet desperately pleading.

"Then go, Coward! But your uncle had more hope for you than this. He left his special wedding gift for you waiting over there in the bower—left it waiting under the lamp that was supposed to have lighted our bedside table. You'd have found it the most valuable gift of your life—if you'd had the guts to use it. And the stuff to test that, he laid right there with the gift, and it's authentic, Kid, it's straight from Mom to you. Well, will you look?"

"Stuff straight from Mom"—it couldn't be! Yet, on this outrageous night, what if?"

Eric saw him hesitate, and his voice came again in boyish challenge.

"You're going to risk it! Come on. I'll race you!"

And they were off toward the far side of the garden, Eric zipping in the lead around the shielding wall of white blossoming moon flower vines, then holding aside the entrance fold of the net-canopied bower itself.

"Enter, your courageous Majesty."

Outrageous, yes. But true. Lying on that table at the far side of that king size water bed, bathed in the soft lamp light, was the stolen packet of Mom's letters. And lying on top of them, a large, sturdy pair of cutting shears, with gift tag attached.

"You forgot," began Eric as Jack stood in momentary shock, "You and your uncle are trustees of each other's estates, and each of you has a duplicate of every important key the other has. Not burglary, exactly. Just Jimmy Boy's final, desperate 'borrowing' to scare you to your proper senses."

But Jack was already clutching the

packet, and reading Uncle's gift card:

"Mom's apron-string cutting shears.
For God's sake, use them!"

"I'll hold the waste basket while you cut into it," said Eric, coming to his side. "Hell! That's where you should have put those letters in the first place."

For the barest moment, Jack's eyes wavered. Then, steeling himself, he met Eric's gaze squarely, then, picking up the first letter, began to shred it.

The moonlight was at last in undisputed possession of the bower, and the water bed was fun.

"A hell of a lot more bounce than that alfalfa in your dad's hay mow," said Eric. "By the way, he was slow as you in comin' round—still usin' horses ten years after every other farmer was on tractors! Grrump! Me, I'm a tractor, Kid!"

And two days later, a retired rancher responding to "Next" in that same old barber shop, tossed down the Lincoln paper.

"Didja see where that Hoffman boy—yeah, that faggot-jailin' police chief out on the coast—how he resigned just like that! Remember that handsome young harvest hand that pious Mom of his got fired just like that, too? Makes you wonder what's been goin' on all these years now, don't it? Makes you wonder."



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VIEW FROM THE EMPEROR'S COURT

WITH LESS THAN SIX WEEKS SINCE the coronation of Bob Cramer, he and the Cable Car Court have been very busy in and for the Gay Community. Ten days after the coronation an auction was held at the Badlands to help raise money for the Society For Individual Rights Defense Fund. A total of \$380.80 was collected and turned over to the Legal Staff of the Society.

The Cable Car Committee and Bob motored down to Monterey for the coronation of Rex I and Regina IV. The Committee was presented with a trophy for the best group at the ball for their unusual presentation with flags of the country, the state, San Francisco flag, Cable Car Committee flags, Cable Car Centennial flags and Emperor Bob Cramer's flag. On Sunday a Bushed Brunch was held the next day by the Monterey Dons including food, games and a show at the Whispering Pines park. Most of the Court then flew to Los Angeles for the Coronation of Empress Missy and Emperor Alan.

On October 15th the Gay Community turned out in full force for the action buy at the KOKPIT as a benefit for the Helping Hands Center.

The presentation on the Cable Car Court by Emperor Bob Cramer was held at the Penthouse at JACKSONS following a cocktail party at the KOKPIT. All profits from the dinner were donated to the TAVERN GUILD FOUNDATION BUILDING FUND.

In November the Cable Car Court in conjunction with Emperor Ed of Colorado will host a Christmas Gift Package Auction. Everyone is invited to attend and purchase some special items for those hard to shop for people on their Christmas lists.

The other big news in November is the trip to Portland being sponsored by Bob and his Court. The flight will depart at noon on Friday, November 8th with lunch served on board. The package plan includes the air fare, hotel room for 4 days and three nights, tickets for the Coronation Ball and all taxes—for only \$125. Because of the limited number of reservations, please call Bob Cramer at WA 2-6161 or contact Jackson Travel at once. All reservations must be made and paid for by October 25th. There are special functions planned at Dahl and Penne and Darcelle's on Friday and Saturday nights including a show presented by some of San Francisco's most talented stars. The Coronation Ball and show by the Portland Forum will be on Sunday evening at the Grand Ballroom of the Portland Hilton.

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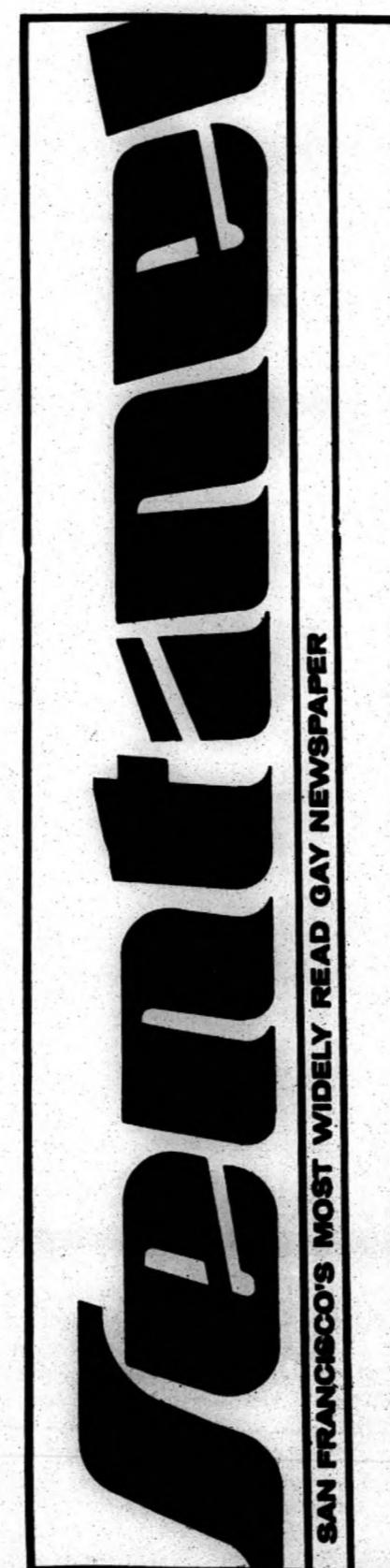
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abby

ing and vending peanuts in the Park. (But it wasn't just physical, Abby, never that.)

When Steven said it wasn't going to work out, that I was too moral, too naive, too intellectual, I couldn't believe it. I was heartbroken, yet I tried my best to accept what I couldn't see how to change. I cried on the grass in the Park, beneath the tall trees where we had met. I cried not so much for myself but for Sean, for all the unloved, suffering, starving, limping children of the world.

But I am shallow, I guess. For what have I ever done for these, what will I ever do to relieve their misery? I couldn't even help Simon. A voice in the windy night seemed to whisper, "Dor! t cry, there's more to come!"

So I stayed on in the city between the two dirty rivers, waiting for Skip to call, doing exercises for my buttocks on the hardwood floor of Uncle Benjamin's hot apartment, trying to darken and thicken my public hair with Miss Clairol, talking to myself, to my bedsheets. (Forgive me, Abby, if I have grown too personal too soon.) And then, lo, he did call! He did! He did! He called Uncle Benjamin's apartment after two weeks, to get my address, to write to me, to beg me to come back. He seemed a bit shaken that it was I who answered the phone—I had never left. So much the better. We would pick up the pieces...

That evening near the river, in the nightly shadows of a children's playground we sat on the swings and Sheldon held my hand and said to me, "I want you, I want to live with you. For the rest of our lives. I want to cook for you. Say yes tonight, now, or I'll throw myself in the river. I mean it!"

Of course he didn't mean it, not really, but I was touched, I guess, perhaps taken in by the luminous blue of his moon-lit eyes. Perhaps starved for affection. We met each evening that week. We talked. Intimately. About everything. He sang to me in the rain. He did cartwheels and handstands for me. He was so talented. He could walk on his hands for yards at a time, though passerbys stared.

Sex was barely discussed. We were waiting. I didn't care. The city seemed to grow quiet; people became nice. Picnickers offered us watermelon, but Saul wouldn't take any—because they were black people and he thought they were demeaning themselves by eating that stereotyped fruit.

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Since I have heard you are not romantic, you probably cannot appreciate all this. You are probably laughing at me. Please don't think I'm silly. I don't mean to be silly.

Then.

There was to be a reunion that next weekend in Skrungsville, Pennsylvania, at the home where Salvador had grown up. All those orphans—grown up now—were to get together, and Miss Pickles, the dear British headmistress, And Sigmund wanted me to go with him. I had little money. But we could hitch-hike.

The trip began rather well. But one thing after another started happening. Sydney's peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches were flattened by a truck—the bag split open—when he dropped them as we ran across a highway. And the handful of poems I had written for him were scattered by the whooshing wind of another truck-trailer hauling ugly machinery to some distant destination. "You can't hang on to anything, can you!" he teased me.

"We could eat your peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches off the middle of the highway," I teased back.

"You run like a girl," he teased.

"You wouldn't win any Olympic races yourself," I replied.

By turns we hurt and forgave.

Then.

The rides stopped coming—only fifty-six miles short of our destination, Skrungsville. People drove by in their cars laughing and waving at us in the late July blistering sunshine. Sterling, hungry and tired now, insulted me. "If you weren't such a fatass, somebody might pick us up."

Sweating and grouchy myself, I responded, "Maybe they don't like your limp!"

"If you think I'm going to have sex with you tonight at the orphanage, forget it! I didn't tell you this before, but I loathe red pubic hair! And you're getting even more freckly in this hot sun!"

"I can't help having freckles or red pubic hair!" I retorted.

"You're so stupid, for all your education!"

I couldn't believe the cruelty I saw creeping into Shelby's face. "You're not being nice to me!" I almost shouted.

"That's because you're a fool."

"Was it a fool you fell in love with, whom you asked to come back, to cook for? Uh? Was it?"

"You're ridiculous!"

"And you're perfect! You're right about everything!" I shouted. He was right about

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everything, of course. I was ridiculous that day.

The quarrel went on. I couldn't bear it. I had never taken such verbal abuse from any other human being in my whole life. His egotism took hideous shapes, Abby, and his sadism was accompanied by a series of sly smiles. "I'm used to being the master, you ass!" he grinned at me.

I threatened to leave.

"If you love me, you won't run away, you nit!" he called.

I came closer. "You're a ruthless beast!" I screamed, pulled down to that level of bitch-fighting, to silence him. At my words he was stunned. Then I saw that he thrived on this business of mutual humiliation.

"I don't like arguments, I don't like bitchiness, it's sissified," he said. But he wouldn't stop. "You educated people think you know everything. You analyze everything, and you're just full of shit!" Smoke and fog were settling thickly in the air.

Then.

Finally I said, wiping the truck dust out of my eyes, "Sonny, I don't love you anymore."

His eyes narrowed. "I wondered how you could from the start."

"I did love you—deeply. But there's only pity left, and that's going fast."

"See how immature you are, even if you are two years older. See how silly!"

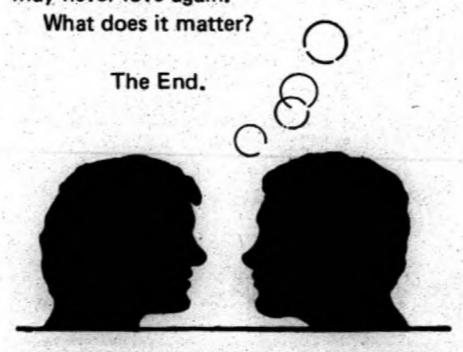
Enraged, I cried aloud, "Get fucked, Stanley!"

I stumbled away. His last gesture to me was ambiguous, his arm raised in the distance, jerking a little. What did that salute mean? Goodbye forever? Come back?

Why have I bothered writing to you about this love affair? I don't fully understand why. Please forgive me if I've bored you. It explains me a little, doesn't it? Maybe it can be of use to your other readers. Thank you for listening. Maybe someday we'll meet in person. But if ever we do, I'll be a changed person. I'm very bitter. I may never love again.

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MONTEREY IS BUSTING OUT ALL over...

by Cindy Smith

Beauty abounds in Monterey, not only in its natural surroundings, but in its people and their casual, friendly attitudes. There is no better example of this than the Third Annual Coronation Ball of Regina and the first Coronation of Rex of the Grand Cypress Empire de Monterey, held on October 5th at the Holiday Inn.

The theme of the ball was Mardi Gras and much of the proceeds of the evening are to go to a fund for the purchase of a community center building. Nearly 300 people were in attendance, including a large number of women and the costumes often left the straight clientele of the Inn gasping. Decorations were along the same Mardi Gras theme, with the exception of the dias which was done in a natural seaside setting. Contests were held for the best costume, best group, best couple and the 2nd Annual Happy Hooker Award. Live music and a dance floor large enough to accomodate everyone added a great deal to the enjoyment of the evening.

Presentations of visiting royalty were brief and well done, interspersed with time for dancing and talking with friends. The royalty presented included Empress IX Frieda & Emperor III Bob Cramer of San Francisco, Emperor Edward of Colorado, Reginas I, II, III and V of San Jose, Perry, Grand Duchess I of San Francisco, Nickie Nations, Grand Dzarin of the Peninsula & Lady Hermina of Seattle, Robyne, Peter, Fat Fairy, G.D.I., the San Francisco Metropolitan Community Church and S.I.R. were also present.

NEW REX AND REGINA ELECTED

The contenders for the title of Rex I were Little Jack of the Monterey Dons and Larry, Count de Carmel. Former Princess Royal, Lady Millie ran for the title of Regina IV. At midnight as Regina III Rhonda ended her year's reign of achievement, the newly elected Rex I Larry and Regina IV, Lady Millie stepped up to take the oath of office. The evening ended with their reception and more dancing. Emperor Bob Cramer, whose Cable Car Committee won the best group award, said of the evening, "We really enjoyed ourselves. It was nice to be at a function as relaxed as this."

BUSHED BRUNCH

The next day, the Monterey Dons hosted the "Bushed Brunch" in celebration of their first birthday. The Dons are a small hardworking

bike club with a powerful influence in the community and have worked closely with many of the bike clubs in Northern California, earning a respected name for themselves.

The brunch was a great success, drawing about 150 people from all over the gay community. Along with good food and plentiful drink, the Dons staged a series of skits that drew several well deserved standing ovations.

M.C.C. STUDY GROUP

Six months ago, the first meeting of the Metropolitan Community Church of Monterey Study Group held its first meeting. Growing from three at that first meeting, it now has approximately thirty people and is growing rapidly enough that it has begun to look for a church home of its own. The group expects to be given Mission status and be chartered within the next six months.

BOWLING LEAGUE AND RAP GROUP

There are several other new developments in Monterey. An all gay, eight team bowling league has been newly formed. The league meets every Monday at nine in the evening. Tuesday nights are devoted to rap sessions. That group, too, has experienced rapid growth and needs a larger place to meet. Future speakers will include people from both the community and various civic organizations.

Things are beginning to happen in Monterey and you can expect to hear a lot more about it. Monterey is coming out—civically, socially and unified.



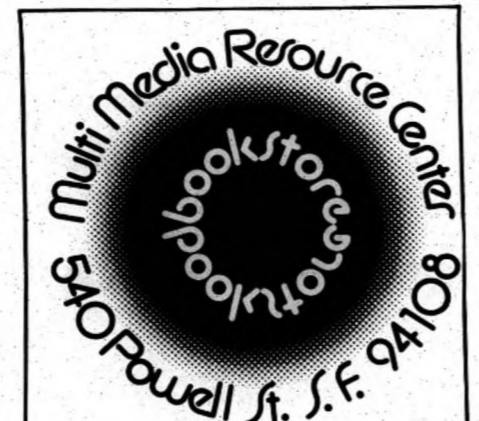
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FOOD from page 9

in minutes (thus saving fuel). For 4 guests start by cutting a medium fresh chicken up into bite sized pieces. A heavy cleaver is best as you do a Kung Fu number. Cut everything small which means the drumstick into 4 pieces, backs, thighs, neck, etc. Cut a green vegetable small —broccoli is best (unless you're willing to splurge on asparagus which are now out of season.) Separate flowers of the broccoli. Cut the remaining stems into pinky-finger size. (Two bunches will do nicely). Cut up a bunch of scallions with green part included into one inch pieces. Chop up about 10 cloves of garlic. Reserve about 10 slices of fresh ginger root but do not chop it. Toast some nuts by placing them in a dry skillet over high heat and push them around until they toast but don't burn. Dissolve one tablespoon of cornstarch in 3 tablespoons of water. Have the wine & soy sauce at hand. Take out 4 to 8 dried red chili peppers. Now you're ready with everything cut up and within grabbing distance of the stove.

Heat about 4 tablespoons of peanut oil in the wok. When smoking add the garlic and ginger. When done (about 30 seconds) add the chili peppers and right afterwards the chicken. The trick is keeping the oil at its highest temperature or else the chicken won't brown properly and will stick. Stir it around and occasionally move it all away from the center of the wok so that a well of oil forms and returns to highest heat. This will take about 25 minutes and you needn't keep stir-frying but do turn it often. When almost done, add the broccoli and now you must keep stir frying. Don't forget the well of oil business. Throughout the frying, if too much liquid is thrown by the chicken remove it and save it for later. You don't want much liquid. When broccoli is crunchy and edible add the scallions and stir around for about 30 seconds. re-stir up the cornstarch and add it with the soy sauce and rice wine. Turn off the heat and immediately stir around until all is glossy. Turn it into a platter and sprinkle the toasted nuts over. Serve with white rice. Since the meal is VERY spicy the best thing to put out the flames in the mouth is Chinese tea.

Ambrose

Editor's Note: If you have a favorite meal you wish to share with our readers please send it along so we can give Ambrose some much needed time off.

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ON STAGE from page 7

RICHARD III
American Conservatory Theatre
Geary Theatre, San Francisco

After what seems like an eternity, ACT has finally opened their hotly anticipated 1974-75 repertory season with a fantastically ugly mounting of William Shakespeare's **Richard III**.

It was a typical William Ball (General Manager of this unique and spectacular company of superb actors and technicians) fucked up Shakespeare with all female characters portrayed as grotesquely as costumes and makeup can serve, and all the men as beautiful in body (especially torso and legs) as can be found. And, of course the women are brilliant performers and the boys are simply gorgeous to look at.

What can we say? The play was dull because the performers had their choices removed and what we were forced to view was not a play by William Shakespeare but an interpretation by William Ball. And, as usual, Ball managed to homosexualize the entire production. Since we feel that this was a director's evening we will avoid the specific names of performers who should not be blamed. Example: The final showdown is between Richard (humpbacked, misshapen, black leather, studs, chains, whips, etc.) and Richmond, all in white, gold, pure, glowing. Richmond played his few scenes and heads began turning in the audience. The man was just a bit under the lisping-faggot level of delivery. But terribly earnest and sincere. But, a few moments later all the puzzle came into focus. On the battleground when Richard delivers his famous line about giving his kingdom for a horse—suddenly Richmond appears (it's the first time they meet face to face in the play) and in a slow motion ballet they proceed to fuck. Richmond is naked from the waist up with a torso that seemed lifted from the Museum in Olympia—a pink marble flawless torso of breathtaking beauty and on his head a phallic unicorn-like thing which related, of course, to the horse so needed by Richard. The consequent dance was not embarrassing only because it was so obviously the climax of Ball's philosophies concerning what it means to be gay and we thought rather than saw. Later we felt the message.

Richard's first scene as King was upstaged by the fact that his wife, Lady Ann, is forced to cower on the floor under his raised throne. Around her neck is a studded S&M collar and

Richard constantly tugs at the chain forcing her to show the bruises and marks of a sick and mentally disturbed Richard.

Ball has announced that his ideas concerning the play are a monochromatic study of evil in one dimension. Since Shakespeare was NOT monochromatic and the stars that ACT employ (such stars!) are hired primarily because they are able to infuse excitement of choices into every line reading the resulting theatre experience was first a bore and by the final curtain one is nailed to the seat with black depression because one has not only been witness to an accomplice to a colossal waste of energy, funds and talent. Ball has become the Ken Russell of the classic play producers and that is NOT a compliment! He has been given too much power and it has corrupted not only him but this tremendous theatre organization which must soon evaluate its basic philosophies and not turn into a forum for one woman-hating, dictator who is given unlimited resources to work his twisted mentality on an entire city who have little choice in their search for professional theatre that is not of the Civic Light Opera level.

It was in the middle of William Ball's production of **Richard III** that I first felt, tasted, and totally experienced the reality of decadence. Perhaps this was his goal. But... it was not Richard's decadence that polluted the Geary Theatre that night... —Richard Piro

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READING from page 8

View of the Biblical Perspective" by Dr. Robert L. Tresse has been revised somewhat and still wears well with the passing of years if you're in the mood for doing battle with the Bible Belt.

The remaining articles are the work of Bill Johnson, Director of the local Council on Religion and The Homosexual (San Francisco) and Sally Gearhart, a professor at California State University, San Francisco.

"The Gay Movement in the Church" brings us up to date on efforts to reverse traditional anti-gay positions. But in "The Good News of Gay Liberation" and "The Miracle of Lesbianism," written separately by Johnson and Gearhart, we find a monumental rehash of old ideas and happenings. At one point the authors attempt to enliven the proceedings by suggesting that gay is not only good but far superior to straight family life. This sounds enchanting, but a more level-headed view, I think, would suggest that gay is certainly equal to but not always better than conventional modes of adjustment. Such a distainful and pious attitude sounds reminiscent of a certain gentleman of the 30's who preached that the Nordic race was far above anything Jewish.

But the chief offense committed by this Glide Publication is the price. Loving Women/Loving Men runs one hundred and sixty-five pages in paperback and is offered at the outrageous price of \$6.95. Aside from libraries and other institutions, I wonder who can afford it?

One positive note—the bibliography is quite pleasing. Even tapes and films are listed. People new to gay life and the church will find the book of value, but in the name of all that's holy, let's get that price down!

DIFFERENT: An Anthology of Homosexual Short Stories, S. Wright, Editor
Bantam Books, 1974, \$1.95

In **Different** Stephen Wright has delivered a bibliophile's dream. He has written a thoughtful and informative introduction to these wide ranging tales that cover many aspects of the homosexual life. These brief narratives represent a connoisseur's orgy of delight. Just a sample: Gore Vidal, Guy de Maupassant, Paul Goodman, Christopher Isherwood, Sherwood Anderson, Stanley Kaufman,

Phil Andros and Henry James.

Three of these mini-epics struck my fancy.

D.H. Lawrence's "The Prussian Officer" paints a classic portrait of repression as a 19th century army officer struggles with his impulses toward a handsome young soldier under his command.

"The Priest and the Acolyte" (attributed to Oscar Wilde) examines the passionate encounter between a priest and a young boy that climaxes in tragedy. Perhaps someday scholars will figure out who wrote it.

Finally, a story originally introduced in Playboy a few years back, "The Crooked Man," by Charles Beaumont, a science fiction version of the future where heterosexual relations are illegal.

Don't let this one get away! Maybe Mr. Wright will edit a volume two someday. It would be nice to do a collection like this on Lesbians. □

—Frank Howell

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HOUSE A RESPONSE BY JOHN GRIMBS

GGGLH

WHEN I FIRST APPROACHED WITH fear and trembling the fair city of San Francisco several years ago, I had nothing going for me except two old acquaintances here from my days in New York (who I subsequently discovered had evolved into junkies) and the idea that San Francisco just might fill the bill of the necessity of finding somewhere within these United States to live. Things worked out like a charm, and quickly too—but I seem to have a knack for that sort of thing. Some people don't. Now in this Gay Mecca, of certainly the West Coast and perhaps the country, a warm hand is extended to those newcomers who need help.

The Golden Gate Gay Liberation House, semi-discreetly known as Triple-G-L-H, occupies a typical San Francisco Victorian house at 934 Page—not the best of all possible neighborhoods, but a new arrival doesn't know that, and that's just as well. After all, even the worst of San Francisco's "ethnic districts" fare well by eastern standards. The previously condemned building, which at that time had only one finished room, was occupied about a year ago. In a single year the House has become a warm, functional, inviting haven for three basic groups of gay people. GGGLH offers temporary accommodations for those of us who visit San Francisco as total strangers and who need a cheap, comfortable place to stay and at the same time want to get a basic feeling of the mood of the City of Love. Some people even ask for advance reservations. In this regard, the House also has a reference service which can put you in touch with gay people living in the City who are willing to put up a visitor for a few days in their homes.

More basically, and taking a much more significant amount of the House's energy, are the services offered to people coming to San Francisco with a mind to staying here. The House has a nominal capacity of 24 guests, though no one is ever denied a place to sleep or a square meal. If you

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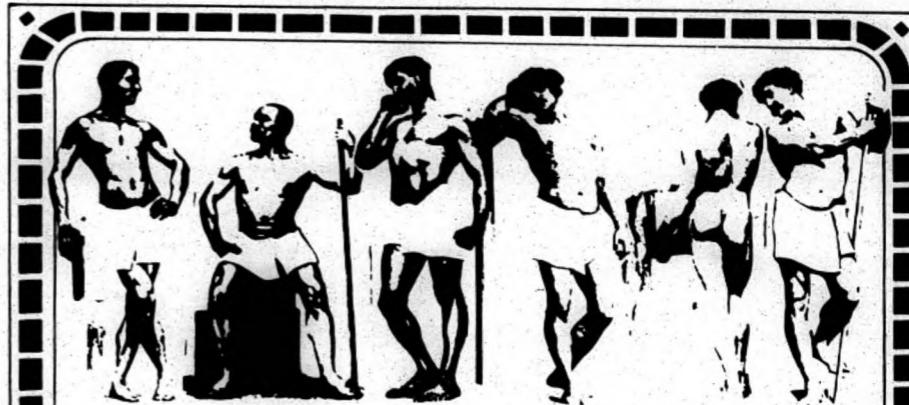
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Further, and even more altruistically, GGGLH serves as a half-way house, officially sanctioned by the sheriff's office and the county jail system. Once each month the director of the House, F.E. Mitchell, goes to the jails in the Bay Area counties offering assistance to gay people getting out of the joint and seeking to re-establish themselves in our society, but not in the old patterns. This "Root Program" is designed for the special problems of drug users and parolees.

A few months ago while in Vancouver, I had the opportunity to make use of a similar, but not nearly so ambitious or far-reaching, organization there called Give-A-Gay-A-Stay. There I learned of the GGGLH which, if need be, could ease the rigors of my re-entry into San Francisco life. Had it not been for a delightful hitch-hiker I met along the way, that probably would have been the case. As it turned out, after I had gotten myself resettled I decided to go by Page St. and check it out anyway. As I said, the place is a three-story San Francisco-type dwelling. Mitch, the House Director, took me in hand, showed me around, and explained the ideas of the place, presumably



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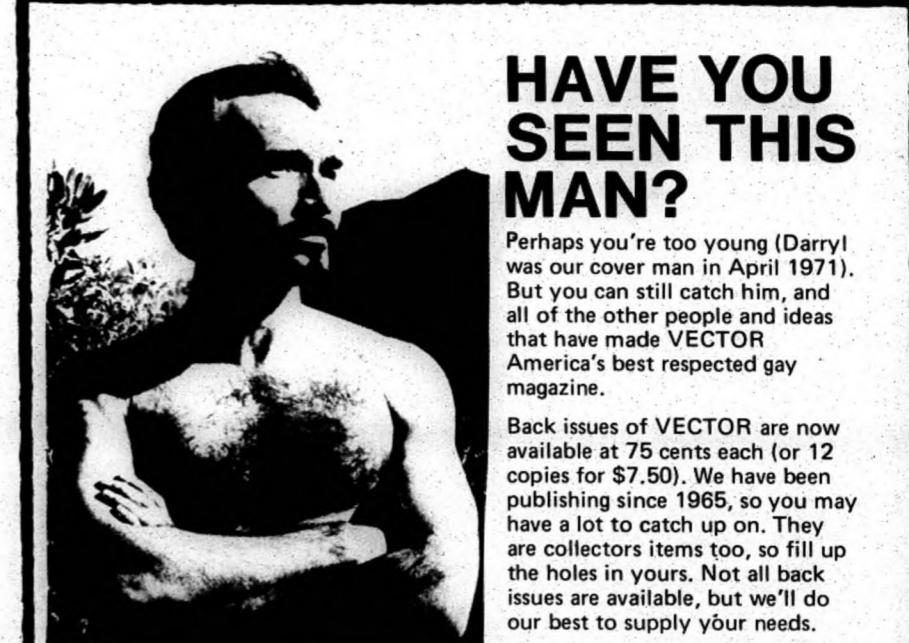
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to help me decide if this was the place for me to stay. Within a few minutes I was given assurance of a place to rest my body and an invitation to join the communal meal of that evening. A lot of work has been done to the original building by the three permanent residents and as contributions by the guests passing in and out. There are comfortable rooms with two or three occupants each, a couple of kitchens, dining rooms, a TV room, a meeting room, a library, an office, a theatre, a back garden boasting an avocado tree of about two feet in diameter and prodigious height, and a general overall feeling of funkiness. During my initial conversation with Mitch, two dudes came by to thank him for helping each of them find a more viable permanent living situation—and for helping them to find each other!

This organization offers, and follows through on, a lot to the gay community of San Francisco. Even though only a small percentage of us may ever need to seek the aid of their specific services, GGGH deserves and needs the support of all of us everywhere. The needs are obvious. Moral support, of course. Go by and enjoy the open atmosphere and friendliness of the place. Find out what you can do. If you're getting rid of some extra sheets or towels, stop and think—think what a hassle it is coming into town with the bare essentials and trying to set up a base of operations from scratch. The use of a car for a day—well, you can imagine. And, of course, there's always money. In my experience money is a very fluid thing—it sort of seeks its own level. Most of the time I find myself with more money than I really need, and I get a certain pleasure out of being a little loose with the rest. Even if I lose \$20 in a bar it's no big deal—so why not put that \$20 where it'll do more good. Then there are the times when I don't have so very much money, and it seems that something, or somebody, or someplace always comes along that enables me to continue living, essentially, in the manner to which I am accustomed. Mystical Powers? Whatever, I like it.

On my way out of the House I noticed a note on the bulletin board from Mitch to the residents and staff which read simply: "Be Cool. Please refer to our guests as such and not crashers." □

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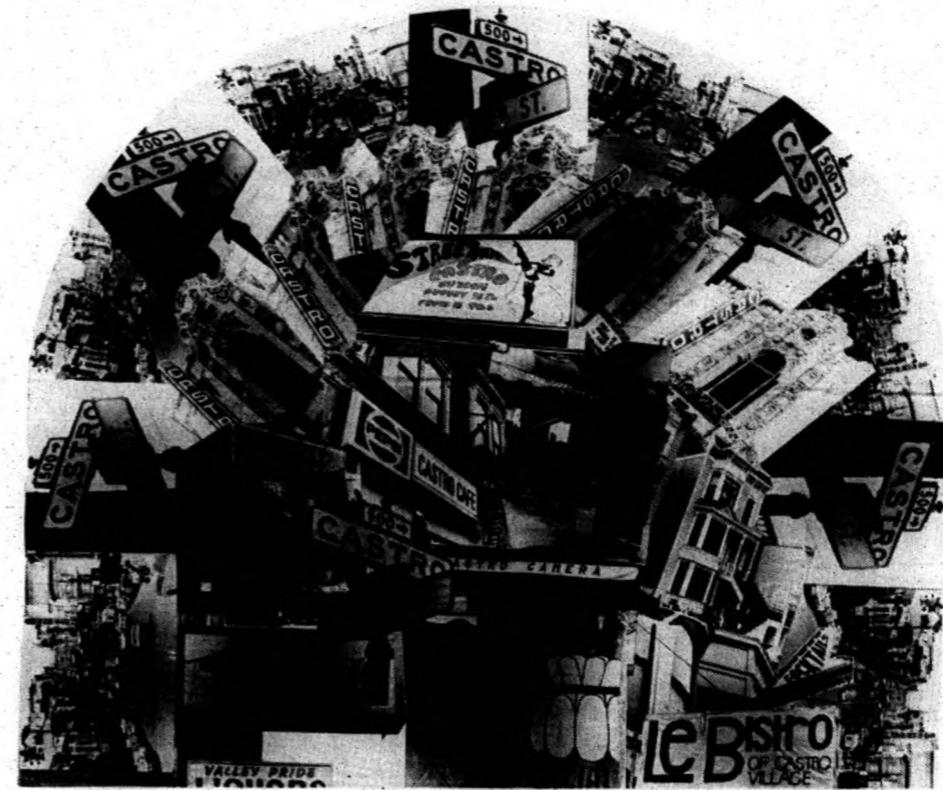


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CASTRO VILLAGE: WHAT IT MEANS

by Harvey Milk

THERE ARE THREE COUNTER-culture bars in the Castro Village area of San Francisco: the other ten are gay. There are two counter-culture restaurants in the Castro Village Area: the other seven are gay. There is one counter-culture florist in the Castro Village Area: the other four display C.T.C. signs. In fact, you'll find the C.T.C. sign in shop after shop. What does that mean? It means that the shop is gay-oriented. In almost all cases, gay-owned. It means out-front gay businesses. Not that the straights do not shop there, but these shop owners are proud to be known as gay. There are two merchant associations in the Castro Village area. One has a record of not looking with favor upon gays; the other wants to make the area a pleasant place to shop, work and live be you gay or non-gay. Already, there are over forty members of the newer association of business people; some gay, some straight, all positive energy people. Maybe it can be summed up best by the "open/closed" sign in the window of the shop owner who is president of the Castro Village Association. His store carries a sign that says, "We're very open."

There are several associations of gay

business people in this city. Two new ones are forming. There are several associations of gay professional people in this city. What does it all mean? A closer examination of Castro Village may give you an idea of a trend that has formed and where it may go.

Castro Village physically is small. It is an area of some five or six blocks of shops. There are many grocery stores, laundries, dry cleaners, beauty shops. There are also antique shops, restaurants, book stores and gift shops. Many of the merchangs are gay. Many are not. Most realize that a growing number of their customers are gay. Attitudes are changing. Promotion is taking place. Buildings and streets are in for "beautification." The two commercial banks in the area know where their commercial accounts are coming from. They see the financial strength developing. The banks, more than any other sector, perhaps excluding the real estate companies, understand what is taking place. What started out as a few gays courting the gay business is slowly growing into a "buy gay" attitude. It is similar to what Blacks, Puerto Ricans, Cubans and other minority groups did in other cities. They catered to their own

merchants once they realized that "whity" was interested only in their money and gave little for it. The homosexual community in this city has started to react to the lack of fair treatment by City Hall, by the police and by the downtown big businesses. They are creating their own economic block. Castro is a small segment of the movement. There are gay travel clubs. There are gay doctors, lawyers and on and on. A movement that came out of gay pride is speeding and speeding fast. No one knows where it will go, how big it will get or the final outcome. All that is known is that, as an example, Castro Village has seen a drop in its crime rate, an increase in its economic growth, a lot of laughing on the streets and a generally uplifted spirit. The young straight people who have moved into the area seem to enjoy the change and have helped its growth. They are not uptight. A new blend has taken place and a very warm glow is starting to radiate from the area. Castro Street is in the physical center of San Francisco. Maybe this new spirit that has caught on there, explains why people refer to Castro Village as the heart of San Francisco.

Restaurant Row in Castro Village

San Francisco's society was introduced to what many of us have known for a long time—Castro Village has restaurants and restaurants and restaurants. Recently, I. Magnin brought designer Anne Kline and about 200 socialites to dine in several of the restaurants while gypsy violinists, guitarists and accordion (remember them?) strolled through the streets entertaining the guests.

About two years ago there was hardly any place to dine—eat, yes—dine, no. Since that time, what was once a rundown neighborhood has had a "redevelopment" take place which has even seen the Castro Theater paint their outside and put up a new marquee—that might be somewhat symbolic of the change in the Village: something new and exciting is now playing. The change has also brought about the flux of new restaurants—and they usually are full. The newest one to open is Castro Cabana—huge open windows, entertainment, and the aroma of espresso spilling out into the streets. Ethnic food: Mexican food at Los Cazos which serves much more than tacos... they turn out native dishes that one seldom finds in the typical Mexican eatery—it's these dishes that fill the place rather than the tacos. The Bistro gives the

CASTRO VILLAGE



rich street health club

Village its French cuisine—small, intimate and crepes. **The Sausage Factory** has been around the longest: it's our Italian fiesta.

A restaurant remains packed for one of three reasons: no place else to eat, low prices, good food, new menu (as is the case with Chef Adrian's new specials at **The Mistake**). **Fanny's** and **The Neon Chicken** remain packed night after night. There are other places to eat and their prices are not low. Conclusion? People return for the food and atmosphere. If this sounds like a PR trip put it this way—with that many restaurants so close together the only way that they can all stay in business is to be as good or try to be better than the next one. Competition has created a restaurant row in the Castro Village that the gay community can indeed be proud of.

To sample each of the establishments would take six nights. On the seventh you are supposed to rest... but not here, for we still have **The Badlands**. The name is wrong! The open fireplace makes dining here pleasant. Located in the midst of the other six restaurants, in order to exist they have to stay up with the competition. They do.

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- ResErection, 567 Sutter 781-3949 D
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- Sutter's Mill, 315 Bush 397-0121 L,R
- 1001 Nights, 335 Jones 474-1067 R,B,W
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- Connie's Why Not?, 878 Valencia 647-6949
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- Fanny's, 4230 18th 621-5570 R
- Fickle Fox, 842 Valencia 826-3373 R,B
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- Midnight Sun, 506 Castro 861-4186
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- 1010 Bryant 626-0444

Bradley's Corner

- 900 Cole 664-7766 B

Cissy's Saloon

- 1590 Folsom 626-5767

End Up

- 401 6th 495-9550 D

Febe's 1501

- Folsom 621-9450

527 Club

- 527 Bryant 397-2452 R

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- 1898 Folsom 861-2811

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- 1145 Folsom

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Lucky Club

- 1801 Haight 387-4644

Maude's Study

- 937 Cole 731-6119 W

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- Buzzby's, 1436 Polk 474-4246 D
- Cloud 7, 2360 Polk 474-9696
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- Gordon's Saloon, 1750 Polk 775-4152
- Grub Stake II, 1525 Pine 673-8268 R
- House of Harmony, 1312 Polk 885-5300 E
- New Bell, 1203 Polk 775-6905 E
- N Touch, 1548 Polk 441-8413 D
- Polk Gulch, Polk & Post 885-2991
- *P.S., 1121 Polk 441-7798 R,B
- Wild Goose, 1448 Pine 775-8880
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- Lion, Divisadero & Sacto. 567-6565
- Peg's Place 4737 Geary 668-5050 D,B,W
- Petri's Caboara's 161 California 421-9154 B,R
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- Truck Stop, Market & Church 626-0472 R
- Wagon, 278 11th 626-1692

EAST BAY

BERKELEY

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

OAKLAND

- Berry's 352 14th 832-9116
- Chalet 414 E 12th 444-8556 W
- Club Carnation 1200 13th Ave 532-9425 B,W
- Grandma's House 135 12th 444-9966 R,B,D,L
- Hans, 316 14th 893-6280 R,B,D
- Lancer's 3255 Lakeshore 832-3242 R,B

THE BANK CLUB

- 265 14 St. 832-0558

White Horse

- 6547 Telegraph 652-3820 D

Revol

- 3924 Telegraph 652-7144

HAYWARD

Driftwood

- 581-2050 W

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Turf Club

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After Dark, R, 356 N La Cienega, 652-4210
Aldo's, RT, 6413 Hollywood, 469-3470
Arthur J's, M, R, C, AH, 7985 Sta. Monica
654-0898

Au Petit Joint, R, M, 7953 Sta. Monica
656-9234

Basic Trends, 559 N Western, 464-0291

Beach Boy, 7113 Sta. Monica

Bon Air Motel, 1727 N Western, 464-4154

Book Bin, 4459 Sunset, 666-9476

Book Circus, 8230 Sta. Monica, 656-6854

Brass Rail & Cabaret see Paradise Ballroom

Carriage Trade, R, 8077 Beverly, 653-9337

Corner Pocket, M, Hip, YC, 8800 Sunset

Cypress Baths, 5291 Fountain, 464-9512

Daniel's, M, YC, R, C, AH, 6776 Hollywood,

464-0667

David's, R, 7013 Melrose, 934-5730

De Paul's, 1729 Ivar, 466-1129

Drossie's Russian, M, R, 7405 Sunset, 8769149

Eleven-Seventy, L-W, 1170 Western, 462-9685

Etc., M, R, E, 1433 La Brea, 874-6431

Eye Ball Service, 1626½ Cahuenga, 461-4227

Falcon's Lair, L-W, 742 Highland, 462-9588

Fellini's (It), M, Hip, R, 6810 Melrose, 936-3100

Florentine Room, E, 4579 Melrose, 667-3314

49er Showbar, S, G, 5510 Hollyw'd, 465-2675

Four Star, R, 8857 Sta. Monica, 657-1176

Gallery Room, R, 8100 Sta. Monica, 664-7811

Garden District, R, P, E, 757 La Cienega,

Gaslight, R, S, 1608 Cosmo, 467-2283

Gino's, D, AH, YC, 8482 Melrose, 653-9148

Gold Cup, C, R, 6700 Hollywood, 467-2231

Goliath's, 7011 Melrose, 937-8743

G.S.F., 8235 Sta. Monica, 633-7572

Grape Vine, M, R, 1405 Vine, 462-6807

Griff's, L-W, 5574 Melrose, 462-9105

Handle-Bar, D, 5925 Franklin, 464-9833

Haven, 5903 Hollywood, 467-8657

Hollyw'd Center Theatre, 1451 Los Palmas,

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Hollyw'd Century Theatre, 5115 Hollywood

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Hollyw'd Grace Motel, 1800 Grace, 466-6512

Hollywood Spa, 1769 Cahuenga, 463-5169

House of Ivy, R, S, RT, 1640 L-Palmas, 467-5885

Hub, L-W, 7864 Sta. Monica, 654-3252

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Jaguar, 7511 Sta. Monica, 874-2437

Jason's Books, 1702 Western, 464-9966

J.B.'s, 6365 Yucca, 462-0208

K's Star Room, R, 1271 Vine

Last Call Saloon, 5471 Sta. Monica, 462-9164

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La Palmas Theat, 1642 L-Palmas, 462-0241

L.A. Tubs, 4420 Melrose, 660-3310

Latin Flame, D, E, 5315 Melrose, 462-9376

Left Bank, M, P, R, 8430 Sunset, 650-1290

Lemon Twist, 6423 Yucca, 462-9661

Lillian's, R, 1253 La Brea, 874-7011

Lillian's, S, Bups, R, 7515 Sta. Monica

Lloyd's, R, E, 739 La Brea, 933-9293

M.B. Club, L-W, 4550 (B) Melrose, 666-9899

Melrose Social Club, P, Baths, 7269 Melrose,

937-2122

My House, 1626 Cahuenga, 464-9709

Old West, L-W, 5150 Hollyw'd, 666-9769

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Paradise Ballroom, Brass Rail, D, E,

Cabaret, M, S, 836 Highland, 461-4033

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Paris Theater, 8163 Sta. Monica, 656-9106

Pharoah's, D, 6314 Santa Monica, 462-9701

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Rendezvous, D, 7746 Sta. Monica, 656-9343

Richard's Theatre, 5527 Hollyw'd, 464-9758
Rusty Nail L-W, 7994 S. Monica, 654-2391
Saharan Motor Hotel, M, H, 7212 Sunset
874-6700

Selma's Sauna, 5859 Melrose, 462-9707
Snoop's See Saw, 7713 Beverly (rear)
937-9595

Spartan Spa, 5613 Hollywood, 462-9403
Spotlight RT, 1601 Cahuenga, 467-2425
Stud L-W, 4216 Melrose, 660-0889
Third St. Baths, 8709 3rd St, 273-9113
Studio One (Disco), R, D, 652 La Peer Dr.
659-0471

Study 1723 Western, 464-9551
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Vine Lodge, 1818 Vine, 467-8994
Western News, 5507 Hollyw'd, 464-9494
Woody's Adult Books, 5659 Hollywood
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Airport, 3626 Sunset, 666-9394
Aquarius Club, Baths, P, 4504 Eagle Rock Blvd.
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B.J.'s, C, AH, 2692 La Cienega, 836-9051
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386-9169

Bunk House, L-W, 4519 Sta. Monica, 6609166
Butch Gardens, D, 3037 Sunset, 666-9105
Center Field, B, 4213 Crenshaw, 294-5510
Circle, 324 W 5th St.

Club, G, D, E, S, R, 8947 National
Cypress Baths, 3241 N Figueroa, 226-9125
Detour, L-W, 1087 Manzanita, 664-1189
Eatin High, 4514 Fountain, 660-9877
Fallen Angel, 2709 W 6th, 386-9979
Four Poster, 2939 Sunset

Gay Community Services Center,
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Joly's, R, 117 S Western, 386-9630
Little Cave, L-W, 3111 Sunset, 666-9421
M.C.C., 1050 S Hill, 748-0121
Midtowne Spa, 615 S Kohler, 680-1838
Outcast, L-W, C, AH, 4219 Sta. Monica (rear)
666-9099

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Plush Pony, G, 5261 Alhambra, 226-9302
Redwood Room, S, 3372 8th, 384-6125
River Club, YC, D, 3152 Riverside, 666-9025
Roman Holiday Baths, 12814 Venice,
391-0200

Shingle Shack, 1941 Hyperion, 666-9051
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