KKHI ANNOUNCES

OPERA TOUR TO NEW YORK

FOR: $649.00
DEPARTURE: APRIL 13, 1975

ESCORTED BY - PETER BESSOL

Sunday, April 13

Monday, April 14
3:30 P.M. tour of the Metropolitan Opera House.
8:00 P.M. performance of La Bohème by Puccini at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Tuesday, April 15
A three-hour circle island cruise around Manhattan Island will be provided in the morning.
8:00 P.M. performance of Die Tote Stadt by Erich Korngold at the New York City Opera House.

Wednesday, April 16
Today you will be provided with a ticket to the matinee performance of a Broadway musical.
8:00 P.M. performance of Falstaff by Verdi at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Thursday, April 17
8:00 P.M. performance of La Traviata by Verdi at the New York City Opera House.

Friday, April 18
8:00 P.M. performance of Tosca by Puccini at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Saturday, April 19
2:00 P.M. performance of Siegel of Corinth by Rossini at the Metropolitan Opera House. Beverly Sills debut at the Met.
8:00 P.M. New York Philharmonic Concert with Leonard Bernstein conducting at Philharmonic Hall.

Sunday, April 20
Motorcoach transfer provided to the airport in time to depart New York via Trans World Airlines at 11:00 A.M. Luncheon served aloft. Arrive San Francisco at 2:00 P.M.

ITINERARY:

INCLUDED IN PRICE: ROUND-TRIP JET TRANSPORTATION SAN FRANCISCO/NEW YORK/SAN FRANCISCO+ MOTORCOACH TRANSFERS BETWEEN AIRPORT/HOTEL/AIRPORT+ACCOMMODATIONS FOR SEVEN NIGHTS AT THE MAYFLOWER HOTEL + TOUR OF METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE+ CIRCLE ISLAND CRUISE AND BROADWAY MUSICAL+ ORCHESTRA SEATS FOR ALL OPERA PERFORMANCES

PAYMENTS: Rate of $649.00 per person is based on double occupancy. Single room supplement is $95.00. Deposit of $50.00 per person with application for reservation. Final payment will be due on March 21st. Full refund if cancellation is prior to March 31st.

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

ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER OF SPACES AVAILABLE

For further information Contact: PETER BESSOL — 928-2500 or 861-1330

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ADDRESS __________________________ ZIP __________________________
DOUBLE OCCUPANCY ___________ SINGLE OCCUPANCY WITH SUPPLEMENT ___________
TWIN OCCUPANCY ___________ SMOKER ___________ NON-SMOKER ___________
$150.00 DEPOSIT PER PERSON ENCLODED
MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO: KKHI OPERA TOURS
MAIL TO: JACKSON TRAVEL SERVICE LTD.
As we enter the new year we can't help but look into the bottom of the laundry basket and share some serious soul searching concerning where Vector is in 1975. Recently the curse (blessing?) of response-to-the-needs-of-the-whole-gay-community has again reared its probing head. As hot news stories break in the media our phones burn with demands that we respond instantly. "That's what you're in business for, no?" No. Most magazines are run like newspapers because the editors cut their journalistic teeth in the newspaper industry and that's all they know. VECTOR has an editor that knows nothin' 'bout birthin' newspapers which means VECTOR is pure, uncut magazine.

Because of the mechanics of printing a monthly magazine, if we "covered" breaking news items, by the time we were on the stands that "news" would be old, tired and long gone from the front pages of the press. It's not good journalism. But—six months later, when the heat and sensationalism has settled and people are wondering just what happened, that's when a responsive organ moves into the breech with analysis rather than reportage.

Where do we go for news? Simple: For local we search through The Sentinel and for national we devour the Advocate. Therefore, rather than warming over their excellent gigs we heartily recommend you go to our sources while they are still fresh and exciting.

Some disturbing rumors have come our way concerning the Advocate's change of ownership which may result in that fine paper's becoming a thinly disguised magazine and if it happens we will mourn the loss of the last truly national source of all the gay news—the sensationalism, the truths (often more than one), the dull-but-necessary coverage of important grass-roots legislation to human interest and entertainment items.

But, at this moment, we'll take the optimistic view and say that we will continue to play our ball game the best way we know how—as pure magazine pledged to the consciousness raising of the entire gay community. Yes, it is a luxury we hope will last.

And to Dick Michaels, former owner/editor of the Advocate we say: Rest well. We'll miss you as a target but your valiant work for all of us—through the years of struggle and thanklessness and despair—will ring in the annals of gay liberation with ever resounding peals of freedom. We thank you and wish the Advocate well.
The S.I.R. Week

SUN: 11am Mission Services with Ms. Kent Kent LeMere, Open to all.

SUN: 8pm Psychology Rap Session with Martin Snow, Open to all.

WED: 8pm General Membership Meet, 2nd Wed, SIR Members only.

7:30 W & M at Com, meet before Board of Trustees on 1st/3rd Wed of month, Members only.

Bom Board of Trustees MEETING Members may observe.

Bom SIR Open Meeting & Open House 4th Wed, every month. Programs vary, Open to all.

THU: 8pm Women's Rap with Kent LeMere, Open to all.

FRI: Bom Conversation Group, Open to all.

7:30 East Bay Silent Group, 1st Fri of each month

7pm Married Men's Group, 3rd Fri. Contact SIR.

SAT: 8am Free private consultations with private psychologist til 1pm. Call for appointment.

Employment Office: 12 Noon-4PM Mon-Fri.

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The moon in all its glory often exerts a more powerful astrological pull than the sun, February forecasts.

POLITICAL SAVVY

by FRANK FITCH

The closeted gay's best opportunity to support gay civil rights. A no-nonsense approach.

BOOKS

by FRANK HOWELL & CLEVE GALAT

15

by DON CLARK, Ph.D.

DEAR DON

by BRIAN BOYD

LIBRARY OUT

by AMBROSE

DINING OUT

by BARBARA COLLIER

OUT ON CAMPUS

by KARL MAVES

THEATRE

by BRIAN BOYD

SWEET ROSWELL O'GRADY, A Short Story

by KARL MAVES

MAYBE

by JEFF

Star Cruise

by BEBE J. SCARPIE

42

THEATRE

by J. KERRY KAMMER

CLAIRE

by MARVIN BUCK

THE HOMOSEXUAL AND SUICIDE

by BEBE J. SCARPIE

ALL NOT QUIET

by RICHARD PIRO

THEATRE

by J. KERRY KAMMER

MAYBE

by JEFF

THERAPY

by AMBROSE


The closeted gay's best opportunity to support gay civil rights. A no-nonsense approach.

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group in general new energy is in store.

Planetary combinations in major aspect to the new moon this week can operate most positively in your lives. It is a time to begin new ventures, especially if they involve unusual or novel ideas. The week prior to February 8th should be a time when doors open on exciting new opportunities which could thrill and surprise you. You should be operating most effectively this week.

LEO

The moon becomes full in the constellation Leo on February 25th at 6:16 pm PST. As this is a Tuesday it's a little late for the weekend. But if you like to venture out on a weekend night try the Sunday or Monday before. Just be sure you have your own ego concept in order. The full moon in Leo will tend to make those of you with Leo suns pretty high and mighty. Again, lots of energy for Leos and the others in the Fixed constellations, that is, Aquarius, Taurus, and Scorpio. But Leos will be hitting their best strides. You with the sun in Leo prepare yourselves! You will be fighting them off around February 25th. Or they might have to fight you off! If you

have any plans to present yourself for approval this is the time to do it, whether it be in matters of business or love. Leo and the other fixed constellations will have to guard against over-indulgence at this time. The full Leo moon makes aspect to Neptune early in the morning of the 26th. There is danger if you don't have all your faculties in good working order. Neptune allows merriment and imaginative fun, but it keeps us from seeing things, people or situations as they really are. Neptune usually leads to disillusionment especially if you place too much faith in the prettiness of people or things that come into your life under Neptune's influence. You could be left with only a pretty memory or a dream.

FEBRUARY BIRTHDAY PEOPLE

FEBRUARY 1 THROUGH 13

If you can find time in your busy work schedule, and particularly in your drive to the top of the heap, your inner Capricorn proclivities will come shining through. You are very the mental and profound Capricorn. Ambition is your driving force. You can be a work house and are invaluable in the business world. Reliability is your star quality. You can be depended on to pull any difficult project through for your superior no matter how much work is involved. If you are your own boss you usually wind up doing everything yourself, for few others have your ability for slow persistence in the face of a heavy work load. There is a strong tendency to negatively. You may be subject to profound depressions. Oddly enough those close to you are delighted by your sense of humor, for you often laugh on the outside and cry on the inside. Many groans must come your way from the reactions to your very pronounced punning abilities. Romantically you can be experimental but most often give the impression of holding back initially. You are a background person, shunning the limelight, preferring to realize your ambitions quietly and with persistence. Those you choose for partners must be willing to put up with your lack of spark and somewhat pessimistic traits. (Continued on page 12)

Compitable?

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Sidereal Astrology will show the true Astrological you with a scientific mathematical accuracy analysis of your birth planets in their proper zodiacal positions among the stars—not the sign.

Natal, secondary progression, compatability chart-solar and lunar return (monthly and yearly) $20 each chart, Contact Jeff, 972 Bish #55, San Francisco 94109 or call even 885-4578. Gift Certificates Available.

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OPERA MADNESS

Premiered the last day of each Month at 4:30 PM

ROYAL PALACE

3580 Geary Blvd.
San Francisco

(Continued on page 12)
THE CLOSETED GAY'S BEST OPPORTUNITY TO SUPPORT GAY CIVIL RIGHTS

by FRANK FITCH

The Equality Act of 1974 is to be of 1975, is a bill that would add sex, marital status, and affectional or sexual preference to several civil rights laws. The number of times this bill must be introduced into Congress before it's finally passed into law depends on you, the readers of this article. The members of Congress that represent areas with large, out-of-the-closet gay populations are already (or will be soon) on record as supporting this bill.

To obtain the support of the other 424 Representatives and 100 Senators we must prove equal to two tasks. One, women need to form an alliance for the purpose of supporting this bill. There are some political realities that those who will be trying to put together such a combination will have to deal with. Single people are not organized, have no national organization working for their interests, in fact, seldom take action as individuals to improve their lot. If they had, they would not remain today as the most discriminated against class of taxpayers.

Women, on the other hand, do have an effective national organization. Women have honed their lobbying talents on the Equal Rights Amendment. Women have a very visible presence in Congress and they are moving to get their fair share of committee assignments. Ms. Magazine has the following to say: "We have met with Ms. Abzug, and we agree to incorporate the Fraser bill's ban on employment discrimination and to reach a very large number of women who have demonstrated a willingness to act on issues that affect them."

The Gay minority, numerically second only to the women, has, as yet unrealized, powerful political potential. Unlike any other minority, our members are distributed across all social, economic, and racial boundaries. We have a still young but growing national organization that will be coordinating the effort to pass this and other favorable bills through the Congress. But a few gay individuals have acted yet in their own self interest, to build the kind of pressure that passes bills. That is our second task, to contact our Representatives as individuals.

The Equality Act will be re-introduced into this next session of Congress. What appears likely at this writing is that Ms. Abzug and Mr. Koch will get together with Rep. Donald M. Fraser (D-Minneapolis), who has a similar bill in the final drafting stages. Gay Task Force Executive Director, Bruce Voeller, and others have met with Ms. Abzug and she has agreed to incorporate the Fraser bill's ban on employment discrimination and his use of the term "affectional or sexual preference" rather than "sexual orientation." Mrs. Dorothy Hertz of Fraser's Washington D.C. office told VECTOR that the preference term was used in the Equality Act when re-introduced. The resultant bill will include the three minorities in the 1964 Civil Rights Act covering discrimination in public accommodations, public facilities, public education and federally assisted programs; in the 1968 act covering the sale and rental of housing; the 1972 Education Aid Bill; and add a prohibition of employment discrimination.

VECTOR has compiled a list of names of Members of Congress already on record as willing to co-sponsor and support the Equality Act when re-introduced. They are Representatives: Bella Abzug (D-N.Y.) John Burton (D-S.F.) Phillip Burton (D-S.F) who chairs the powerful Democratic Caucus.) Ron Dellums (D-Continued on page 57)
And they must be willing to be quiet­ly but firmly bossed around. However, if they do stick around they are in for some interesting surprises. Your per­sistence is transferred to your passions and your staying power is very reward­

Your sun is in the early degrees of the constellation of Aquarius. You never say anything with three words that you could say with a thousand. You have a reputation for being profound but very wordy. Your biggest conversational prob­lem is failing to realize that your listen­ers get your point hours ago. Interest­
ingly enough you can be very closed mouthed too. You sit for hours think­ing your moody thoughts and never voic­ing them, then someone makes the mis­take of asking you a question. It’s not that your facts are not true—they usually are—it’s just that you go on and on about them. You, too, tend to be gloomy. But your pessimism is colored by a rather dry matter of fact attitude about life. You are the practical inventor. Your inventiveness flows from a profound laziness. You are a great creator of your own labor saving devices in the home. Anything that might seem to be a hassle you are not really in­

You prefer to put off important jobs to the very last minute and then amaze others with your ability to get the job done in such a short time. You perform best under pressure of time. But many deadlines are missed this way and you have a reputation for never being on time. You are extremely practical. Glamour and frills don’t appeal to you and you certain­ly don’t go along with styles and trends unless you have set them yourself. Have all, you are an individual. You have a certain flair about you and could be known as “different” or even “odd.” Your intimacy is hard won. You often are too reserved. It is difficult for you to

For:  
- Lunch (Mon - Fri)  
- Dinner (7 days)  
- Brunch (Sat - Sun)  

Third Anniversary Party Feb. 16th  
25 Well Drinks 3 - 6 pm  

ATTENTION! Since VECTOR has never established a policy concerning printing the names of persons sending letters which are too short or too long, just the San Francisco and California Area, yet you are much more national and international than the almost total local Bay Area news you print. However I have noticed that in the last three or four issues the scope of news-worthy reports from other areas has increased and especially the section devoted to the current political action (in) behalf of Gays. I am happy to see that Senator Spear has taken the position he has and I intend to work for his re-election next year, as I know he will strive even more now in behalf of our cause.  

L. R.  
Minneapolis, Minn.

It Was A Thrill  

Recently I was in San Francisco and on several occasions visited the S.I.R. center, I must tell you how extremely pleased I was with your entire operation. It was really such a thrill to be there and represented the high point of my visit to your city, I must say I admire all of you tremendously for your efforts and wish I lived there to volunteer services. We out there in middle-America are ever grateful for any organization or groups such as yours which are making positive gains every day for a better world for all of us.  

A.O.F.  
Cleveland, Illinois

Richard Amory and Bisexuality  

I was deeply angered by Hilgar Walker’s comments on my thoughts concerning bisexuality, and particularly by his im­plication that I use a pseudonym out of a need to stay behind the closed door. do just for the record, my real surname is Love, and back in ’68 when I wrote The
Dear Don,

Your reminiscence to the seeker of Mr. Perfect in the December 1974 issue of VECTOR moved me from silent admiration of your thinking and your monthly contribution to the magazine and to your correspondents. Always in your replies, I found so much more than appreciation of your thinking and your wisdom. Henderson offers us "how to do it" only in a general sense. But several chapters cover specific delicacies and measures their degree of stimulation according to what the poets have decreed throughout history. Readers will ask themselves where this volume should be kept in the kitchen above the stove or stashed in a cozy bedside nook? Probably neither.

Friday and Saturday
Sing-A-Long
Featuring
Bob Bendroff
at the Piano
9:30 - 1:30

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To The Good of ROUND-UP
* Excellent Events Every Night
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Emperor's
Court

Saturday, January 4, 1975

Doris was crowned Express X de San Francisco. She will be my new wife for the remaining 8 months of my reign. The Emperor and Court are proud to have people like Doris and her backers to work with. Congratulations to all the candidates for a Fantastic job of working for their community. Keep on working together as a way to be together.

Sunday, January 5th, the 2nd Leather and Feather Follies was held at Bimbo's. This year's follies was a benefit for the Pride Foundation. Leather Shades of Heaven.

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B.B.W.
Berkeley, California

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Frankie Hucklenbroich's immensely readable "Upon the Death of the Poet Sappho," portraying the famous poetess from four different points of view, stands out as exceptionally fine writing, rich in emotion, delivered with refreshing economy. Also impressive is Curzon's well-developed "The Tiger or The Lady," about a Lesbian's struggle for pride and an honest lifestyle. "Crossroads" by highway strategy for cocksuckers. Sea of type and dead space in the 56-page magazine, are three stunning photos made at last summer's Gay Pride March in San Francisco by Robert Hopkins. Gay Literature would profit greatly from the more extensive use of such material represented here deserves better treatment and would be less likely overlooked.

You can get a copy of Gay Literature by sending $2.00 to Daniel Curzon, English Department, State University of California, Fresno, 93740.

Frankie Hucklenbroich's immensely readable "Upon the Death of the Poet Sappho," portraying the famous poetess from four different points of view, stands out as exceptionally fine writing, rich in emotion, delivered with refreshing economy. Also impressive is Curzon's well-developed "The Tiger or The Lady," about a Lesbian's struggle for pride and an honest lifestyle. "Crossroads" by highway strategy for cocksuckers. Sea of type and dead space in the 56-page magazine, are three stunning photos made at last summer's Gay Pride March in San Francisco by Robert Hopkins. Gay Literature would profit greatly from the more extensive use of such material represented here deserves better treatment and would be less likely overlooked.

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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,

I guess I am engaged--if that's the right word for it in Gay language. Whatever it is, I am involved with a terrific guy. He doesn't look anything like I thought he would--do they ever? But the thing I don't understand is that ever since we have begun to make our relationship official, he has begun to pick fights with me and I find we are having arguments. We knew each other for a year as friends and never said an thing helpful?

As usual I cannot give advice in a column like this because I do not know you or your friend well enough. I do know that funny things happen when a relationship becomes official. Sometimes a person begins to feel bound by those individual chains, is frightened of losing individual freedom, and a part of him begins to work to break the relationship in order to regain freedom. That is why it is always a good idea to talk out the frightened feelings with one another when a relationship is forming.

Related to this need for freedom is the fear of getting hurt. When you open yourself to another person to form a lifetime relationship, you know that you are erasing the boundary between yourself and the other person. You remain two individuals but the line between you is less defined. And that means you open yourself to hurt. Your loved one can hurt you more easily than anyone else because you have less defenses between you. You sense that you could be hurt terribly by his decision one day to leave you. People are smart. Early arguments serve the purpose of experiments. Each argument probes another area in which you might be hurt by the other person. The accumulation of early arguments tests whether the other person is willing to take the bad as well as the good with you. If both people get through the early arguments still loving one another and wanting to stay together it is a good prognosis for the relationship since a lifetime relationship is bound to hit rough spots and requires a willingness to endure until the good times come again.

You used three good words in one sentence—love, trust, and care. Scared is not usual when starting a new and important venture. Love and trust are the ingredients that build lifetime relationships. You're in a good space.

Dear Don,

I am so lonely. I am getting on to middle age and I am okay looking but not handsome. I go to bars and see more lonely people like me, I don't chase the hot numbers but everyone else does. I usually get depressed and drunk. Does the loneliness ever end?
Dear Don,

There is no end to loneliness. Each of us is alone from the cradle to the grave. But there is an end to loneliness. The first step is to fill up your own life with activities and genuine interests that bring satisfactions to you. They may be hobbies, work, helping others, or forms of play. Just making sure that your own life is full in a very satisfying way begins to make life less lonely. Then people notice that you are a person who is satisfied and busy and that is attractive.

Your life looks rich and people cannot resist getting closer to you in the hope that some will rub off on them. As your life fills with other people you will find loneliness ending. From these you must elect the ones you want to be close with. A small circle of really close friends finally ends the loneliness.

Gay bars, at best, function as recreation centers. It is difficult to fill up your life in a satisfying way there. It is difficult to be attractive to others when you are depressed and drunk. Better to turn your attention elsewhere—helping out in Gay organizations or taking a course to learn are good starters. After you have developed friendships, then you can go back to the bars with a smile and be kind to someone else.

Dear Don,

Is it wrong to be in love with a man fifteen years younger?

I'm hardly an arbiter of right and wrong but I do know that love is almost never wrong if it is mutual. People are aging at amazingly different rates with their bodies. Chronological age tells so little about how much two humans have in common and how much they have to offer one another.

1001 NIGHTS/ROYAL PALACE
335 Jones St., San Francisco 474-1067

THERE ARE MANY REASONS for dining at the 1001 Nights in San Francisco's quaint Tenderloin district. (There should be only one reason and since it exists we place it at the top of our list—quality of food.)

We don't know how Joe does it because we can honestly say that no one could prepare such dinners at home at these prices which make it the bargain/quality restaurant in town. All meals include soup, garlic bread, salad, and entré. $1.75 can bring you Cabbage Rolls stuffed with Grandma's special seasoned meat sauce, served with fresh garden vegetables and sour cream cheese sauce and mushrooms also with rice and vegetables. The nine items on the menu from steaks to stews ($5.60) set taste buds a tingling and it was difficult for us to choose but we did at handsome waiter Frank's nudging. I, a majestic stuffed port chop entree ($3.25) over-coated with sage dressing (wet and spicy as mother made—honest) and creamed over with a delightful brown gravy. The squash was crunchy-fresh and allowed to carry its own taste from the garden to our table—no small feat. John had the spare ribs ($2.25) which, according to the menu, "was one of Sitting Bull's favorite dishes and was the real reason for Custard's last stand..." (Bill Plath and Jose will fight and was the real reason for Custard's last stand over-stuffed with sage dressing (wet and in an at-home environment which is part the decor, part Jose's host abilities.)

Chef Chuck did minor miracles. His Minced Beef with homemade mashed potatoes ($2.25) which, according to the menu, "is part the decor, part Jose's host abilities, part waiter's disarming charm (and with whipped cream on top). All around us there seemed to be "business" being discussed by a crowded who were comfortable and in an at-home environment which is part the decor, part Jose's host abilities, part waiter's disarming charm land with bodies and faces like those—to realize they mean what they say is simply too much—as Elmer likes to say.)

We loved the experience and when we'd been there two and a half hours it was only the fact that the garage closed at 10 that got us out into the street.

Because we were in the neighborhood we checked out the new Nikkei Dodeon. Wow! I would call it the finest piece of art direction ever created as environmenal experience. We sat and stared at each meal and after an hour staggered out with the trippiness of what they've done to the senses. And the sound system was the richest mass of sound I've ever heard. It more or less bypassed the ears and hit the guts so there wasn't the shirlliness of other establishments. Conversation is impossible but with the variety of every type there, we wondered what anyone
would have had to say to anyone anyway. We're still wondering who the oriental fellow at the bar was with the hat looking exactly like Charlie Chan. Given the Hollywood 30's decor we suspect he is a nightly plant.

As an ex-New Yorker (mugged) the Tenderloin makes me very, very nervous since the area oozes despair, and violence, and sadness, and hopelessness and how many of us ever get this close to it? When and sadness, and hopelessness and how many of us ever get this close to it? When I mention this to the habitués they smile in a closed way which hints that they keep it this way to protect their "club's" exclusivity. I wonder if they feel comfortable there because that's all there was for gays for so many decades.

The proximity of The Nikelodeon (141 Mason) in the same building with Score II (formerly Jackie D.'s) boggles the mind. If more fresh, new, and lively table there because that's all there was for gays for so many decades...

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CAMPUSS

The first incident started with that old familiar tune, "Rumor." I met the local gossiper in the house who said that he heard I was "raping" (trying to date) two Black women in the house and that a certain local Black drag queen was my boyfriend. I cast aside all the stories because they were simply untrue, although all the people mentioned were friends of mine. This was the first week of the Autumn quarter.

For about four weeks thereafter, nothing was said to me by gossip, friend or enemy. But every now and then I would find notes on my door saying that the local Gay People's Union was after me. In addition, someone kept stealing my note-pads. This was evidently petty harassment by certain people-Blacks, thinking that I was gay.

During the sixth week of school, four different friends came to me concerning the "problem" of my sexuality in the dorm. Heidi, a white friend across the hall, was the only one who actually knew that I am gay. When she spoke to me she said that a lot of people thought I might be a "faggot." She knows a lot of Black gays from the Stanford football team and said that she wouldn't be very surprised if people got a "little physical with me." She wanted to warn me to be careful, Laura, another white friend, was in the dorm lounge when several Blacks were talking about the faggot in the next room (mine). It was the first time that Laurie had heard the rumor, but she boldly said, "I like Brian!" and the people stopped talking about me. Finally, two Black friends, Jeanette and Jeanette, came to me; they were concerned about my reputation. They had heard many rumors that I was gay. Jeanette had replied that they were untrue, as far as she knew; and I had dated Freshman year (before my came to campus). Jeanette and Nathan advised me to start denying the rumors if I weren't gay, or to start dealing with the issue openly if I was. They, too, were looking for verification of the rumors. They told me that I am gay but that, because I am very busy leading my own real life, I had neither the time nor the desire to deal with these rumors. I don't care about gossip. I felt it to be fruitless and unnecessary to waste my time with these rumors. They, then, expressed concern for my safety in the dorm.

During the rest of the quarter, a rumor was started that I had propositioned a guy in the dorm. The rumor was based on an actual discussion that I had with the guy about the Stanford Gay People's Union, but it's content assumed a degree of indiscretion uncharacteristic of me. After this rumor was started, I kept finding orange peels outside my door, and some guys wouldn't even speak to me. Black women, white guys and white women tended to react with much greater acceptance.

I have learned a lot during this quarter in the Black Theme House. I learned that many Black men are threatened by my presence. Uncertainty about my gayness, since I'm not particularly effeminate, made many guys unusually hostile. The anger, scorn, and ridicule that I engendered among people with whom I had no personal contact had to be cultural. Comments saying that it would be OK for me to be gay in the dorm if I were white, the orange peels and the stolen note pads, the silent treatment, and the very open concern of my friends all highlighted for me the strength that takes to be gay.

This first quarter I had a roommate; I was in a double. I have now moved into a single, which will afford me privacy and the chance to express my lifestyle without the hindrances of a roommate. I think that many of the petty harassments were done more mildly because I was not the sole occupant of the room. I am only now beginning my second quarter and I do not know what will occur, but I do have a firm belief in my own strength to overcome any challenge. Anyway, it should be interesting.
NEW-Quarterly Membership for $5.00

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$20 VOTING MEMBERSHIP (including VECTOR) 1 year

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$5 Official 10th Anniversary Button

SPECIAL NOTE: Due to the vacation of VECTOR Editor, Richard Piro, former VECTOR Editor, George Mendenhall, will "guest edit" the forthcoming March Issue featuring a never-been-published new portfolio by Photographer John David Hough plus an interview of Dr. David Ruben's being confronted by Mr. Mendenhall concerning his writings about homosexuality in 'Acme Beer—40's Rehearsal'.

I can't remember

I can't remember

I can't remember

REVISED CALENDAR OF S.I.R. SPECIAL EVENTS FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

JAN. 31 8:00 PM “Acme Beer—40’s Rehearsal – California Hall
FEB. 4 7:00 PM 40-40's Rehearsal
FEB. 5 7:00 PM Special Membership Meeting (Members Only)
FEB. 11 7:00 PM 40-40's Rehearsal
FEB. 19 8:00 PM Board of Trustees Regular Meeting, Newly Elected Officers and Trustees Begin their Terms of Office (Members Only)
FEB. 22 7:30 PM Annual Awards and Installation of Officers Banquet
FEB. 26 8:00 PM Open Meeting Program for Members and the General Public

FEB. 21 and FEB. 22 AN EVENING WITH MISS CARMEN McRAE

SAMANTHA CARMEN
MCMXLIII

SAN FRANCISCO

SATURDAY FROM 9 PM

CHARLES PIERCE WOWS NEW YORK!

It seems the Big Apple is not as jaded as we had thought and our very own Charles Pierce has captured the town with his artistry and magical talents. Charles is playing to standing room only houses and has been overwhelmingly praised by the press as New York's newest favorite camp item. He deserves it as much as they don't deserve him. Come home!

FRENCH DRESSING IN LOS ANGELES

Nothing has changed—nothing. Continuing the saga of San Francisco, this review received rave reviews from both the straight and gay press in Los Angeles and, as in San Francisco, the show is nearly dead in terms of audiences. The reviews, notwithstanding...

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY

JUMPERS by Tom Stoppard
HORATIO by Ron Whyte

THERE'S NO NICE WAY OF SAYING this so let's frame it as a question: "What the hell are you doing, ACT, in mounting trash while at the same time increasing ticket costs by $1.00 in every seat location?"

Just as we reported that Richard III was not so much about decadence as it was decadent—the ultimate in making your theatrical point, Jumpers was not about lack of communication but was, in effect, the ultimate ripoff—a total evening of total obscurity.

In a printed interview with the playright included in the theatre program, Mr. Stoppard clearly indicates his vital interest in communicating thusly:

"Bearing in mind that this is an interview to go in the program, is there anything you would like to say about 'Jumpers'?

Not really.

Is it about people jumping?

Definitely.

As opposed to metaphorical jumpers?

As opposed to knitwear what is meant.

What was the first idea you had that resulted in the play?

I can't remember

The production was lavish in the grand traditions of ACT. Costumes, lighting, gymnastic coaching, sets and the stage glowed with the essence of money—lots and lots of it. For what? To showcase contemporary theatre, which is part of the "doity" of every viable resident repertory company. We in San Francisco desperately need a tiny, intimate theatre in which to mount new plays—simply, cheaply and quickly. We'll have it soon.

Irene Oppenheim, theatre critic for the Bay Guardian said it better than anyone and it bears repeating: "ACT is drowning in its own opulence."

Ron Whyte's Horatio has nothing going for it except the wasted talents of the many performers who wander over the stage in wonderment at how they got involved in something so trite, so unoriginal, so dull and so poorly scripted.

At moments they seemed to be having a rollicking good time and thus, again, proved their talents.

It seems that unlimited financial resources ischocking this company as the same system destroyed New York's Lincoln Center repertory theatre, if ACT had to beat the bushes to fill their theatre they might be more careful in the selection of scripts. As it is, they proved their talents.

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emperor rex
from monterey california
GAY...UNITY? ACCEPTANCE?

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accept each other, regardless of the 
"trips" we are into, i.e., Leather, Drag, 
Cocktail, Collegette, or any other. We 
are all gay. We are, or profess that 
we are, all working toward the same goal— 
liberation—the freedom from domina-
tion and oppression. To achieve our 
goal, we must exercise the same thing 
within our own community—acceptance. 

There is no time for petty quarrels 
and gossip. If something has been said 
and resented by another, let it happen. 
No outside force is as destructive 
as the splitting of a group into factions 
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THESE FOUR ARE MY FRIENDS: 
He who loves me, he who hates me, 
who is indifferent to me, and 
God who is Life. 
He who loves me teaches me kindness. 
He who hates me teaches me tolerance. 
He who is indifferent to me teaches me 
patience. 
God who is Life teaches me to live, 
love, forgive, and accept. 

For as myself, I am proud to say 
that I am a Christian and a homosexual.
"Last March an intelligent, healthy, attractive young man stood on the Golden Gate Bridge; first, he threw his personal journal, then two books, and then himself over the side. I knew him well. I am angry at the waste of his death. He needed only to love himself.

James Stoll, Homosexual Counselor at Family Service Agency of San Francisco speaks of this young gay man's situation with great sadness and anger: "We could have helped. There was not enough time for the few of us who work with such persons to counteract his 22 years of societally induced self-hate."

Perhaps no one knows more about the relation between the homosexual and suicide than Jim Stoll, himself a gay man. Before working for the Family Service Agency, he worked for four years at San Francisco General Hospital on the Depressive States and Suicide Prevention Project. In this position, Mr. Stoll worked with depressed and suicidal persons admitted to San Francisco General Hospital and to Community Mental Health Service In-Patient units. He is also an ordained Unitarian Universalist minister and professor at the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley. Speaking of his experience at San Francisco General, Stoll says, "It is clear to me that much depression and suicidal behavior results from alienation caused by prejudice in this society. A basic quality of most depressive states is an inadequate sense of self-worth, often linked with feelings of estrangement from other persons and the society as a whole. One's sense of worth is probably best and most firmly established by a supportive environment during early development. When early deprivation is coupled with negative reinforcement from the society, the potential for depression is high, and this is exactly the situation of many homosexual persons."

Yet Stoll's counseling experiences have shown him that "Many persons deprived of such early support do attain a worthy self-concept through later positive reinforcement from the society." Stoll, Jim Stoll feels that all too often society refuses to give this support. From his research it appears that while serious suicidal or depressive states develop more frequently among homosexuals, it also seems the suicide rate closely parallels the general population. Yet, the suicide rate for persons under age 25 is slightly higher for homosexuals than for others. This fact is true even in San Francisco which is one of the least discriminatory places for gay men and women to live. (It is estimated that about 20% of San Francisco's population fits the homosexual category.)

Yet, for some gay people in San Francisco becomes a nightmare. For if fate is unkind to them, not providing the love and prosperity they anticipated in the Nirvana of San Francisco, a depressive state may ensue, which may lead to suicide.

What can be done to combat the gay person's taking of his/her own life? Appearing before the California Legislature last April, Stoll suggested three measures. First, California must have a new consensual sex law: the state has no business legislating morality and should have no concern with sexual acts between consulting adults in private. Since the American Psychiatric Association has recently determined that homosexuality per se is no longer a mental disorder, California should be ready to say that homosexual behavior is not a crime.

Second, funds must be provided so that professionals with expertise in suicidology can focus full attention on work with suicidal persons. Also, there must be more mental health resources which support the fact that one can be homosexual and still be healthy and happy.

Third, gay persons need role models with whom to identify but many homosexuals are afraid to be "open" about their sexual preference. It is of tremendous importance that we be free to, and do, identify our homosexuality.

Jim Stoll is one gay person who is ministering to the depressed homosexual, but society must help, too. Stoll says, "I have always believed that no person has any more or less right to life than any other person. While suicide is an ultimate deprivation of life often evoked by the inequities of this society, many of us have been similarly deprived of portions of our life; teaching a person to doubt and hate his essential self is a slow, torturing homicide by the society."

Effective January 1st, Mr. Stoll will take on his new position as Director of Gay Counseling Service of Pacific Presbyterian Hospital in San Francisco.
Despite a walkout by members of the Lesbian Feminist Liberation, and a general lack of positive response, the planning committee of the INTRO 554, rallied held the November 23rd rally in New York.

Rose Kaplan, chairlady of the committee and a member of the Lesbian Feminist Liberation, led the walkout. The issue leading to the walkout was the refusal of Miss Kaplan to participate in a rally in which Female Impersonators would be allowed to entertain.

The women tried to force the committee to forbid the participation of female impersonators from Queens Liberation Front, a transvestite organization. It was the failure of this move that triggered the walkout.

The committee did not respond, yes or no, to the LFL demands. They tried to pacify the outraged impersonators by reiterating their initial policy, formulated at the insistence of the women, to use "non-sexist entertainment only." This was considered an appeasement of the LFL demands.

Miss Kaplan was quoted as saying, "I cannot remain impartial and chair this meeting any longer, I have to resign." She previously read a letter from Ginny Vida, spokesman of the Lesbian Feminist Liberation which indicated the "none or else" attitude of the Lesbians to the impersonators.

Monty Manford, former president of the Gay Activists Alliance, commented that he "found the whole thing rather boring at this point," and that he resented "being in the middle of an argument which should be settled among the respective parties."

Previous to this, the Lesbian Feminist Liberation was noted for trying to divert women from the mainline of the Gay Pride March last June at the Central Park terminus.

Quote Coco Oliver, community liaison of the Queens Liberation Front, "If we pulled a stunt like that (walking out of a meeting), it would be written off as "drag queen temperament." THEY (LFL) do it, and they call it fighting "sexism."

Several movement leaders were conspicuous by their absences from the rally. These included Bruce Voeller and Ronny Gold of the National Gay Task Force, and Jim Owles of the Gay Democrats, and Alan Ross. They had previously been present at such rallies, "Apparently they were afraid of being too closely identified with the transvestite cause and the issue of female impersonation was more important to them than the Gay Civil Rights Bill (INTRO 554) which they previously supported," said Bebe J. Scarpie after the rally.

The entertainment portion of the rally was stopped in its tracks by a walk-on of Mr. Pudgy Roberts, noted female impersonator, as Bette Davis. The Davis mimic issued an appeal for funds for the Gay cause, "from even you, Joan Crawford. I know you're hiding out there!" Mr. Roberts appeared between acts of his own show.

Bebe added, "This is only the beginning of our moving against anti-drag elements within the gay movement and look for much, much more."
WHY SHOULD GAYS SEEK THEIR OWN NIGGERDOM?

Talk about the so-called gay scene, and you talk about such things as gay bars, gay baths, close-knit circles of friends, gay ghettos, cruising streets, the rejection by organized religion and other of society's institutions. You talk of separation. You talk of isolation. It's a kind of protective coloration, in a sense; it's a kind of sour grapes separation from society—you reject us, so we reject you. We'll have our OWN bars, our OWN churches, and our OWN places to live. You don't want us, and we will show you that we don't need you.

But from a very specific angle—this isolation is nothing more than an enlarged closet. We know perfectly well that we cannot dance slow or close dances with each other in straight bars (is this really true?) but we can in a gay bar—sometimes. We know we'll run into straight guys in a regular bath, so we invented the tubs.

From the viewpoint of the gay who has not tried to see society as a whole, composed of not just gays and straights, but blacks and whites, catholics, protestants, jews and others—from the interior view of such a person, all of these special places and things for gays may seem like a good idea.

But let's face it, we're stuck in a straight world. We have to work in it, live in it, and die in it. Our parents are mostly straight, and we have to deal with them. Our employers may be open-minded or closed, but we have to deal with them. If all of our friends are gay, how will we ever have the chance to open the minds of straights who don't know anything about being gay? I'm not talking now about coming out... but only the fact that we isolate ourselves from straight society as much as they try to insulate themselves from us. It's no wonder the straight politicians don't hear us—they don't see enough of us to have themselves constantly reminded that we are everywhere.

Separatism was for a long time considered a good goal by the black community, and there were many whites who would gladly have given the blacks a "state of their own" just to get rid of them. But blacks soon realized that having a separate state was really only another kind of niggerdom. Gays toyed with the same idea—went so far as to try to buy up enough property and move in enough gays, to take over Alpine County in California. Then we'd have had "our own county."

For what? Who the hell wants it? Why should gays seek their own niggerdom?

I hear many gays say "What I do in bed is my business," and consider it an invasion of privacy to discuss the fact that they are gay. OK, I can dig this attitude up to a point, that point being the one where the individual taking this position has to restrict his happiness for the sake of survival. I know an M.D. who opposes violently any form of gay liberation, and takes the position that the movement is "rocking the boat." When I asked him whether he wouldn't like to be able to live with his lover, instead of seeing him at odd hours when everything was "just right," his answer was yes, but it would never work. He'd lose his practice, and his lover's wife would divorce him forthwith.

Entirely true—probably. And that's what the whole shitload is all about. Gay separatism and isolation are born of fear of discovery. It's a part of our hiding, not only from the rest of society, but from ourselves as well. And the ridiculous part of it is, not only do we think we've got it good under these circumstances, we're actually deluding ourselves. Does anyone think for one moment that the police in every hick town across this country do not have the license plate numbers of the cars outside of gay bars? Does anyone believe seriously that they have fooled the entire circle of their friends? Ask any straight if they know any gays—they all know at least two and suspect a dozen more. It's nice to patronize gay businesses, and it can be a potent economic and political weapon. And if there is a store owner that has been offensive to gays, we can use that same weapon by (Continued on page 56)
by DANIEL CURZON

THE ARGUMENT FROM REASON

(The following short story represents the first part of a four part story. Subsequent installments will take the protagonists through arguments of Eros, Compassion and, finally, Force.)

"But you identify as a gay," I said, mildly exasperated. "I wouldn't want to hurt my mother, you know. But you do seem to have some personal problems, Hank. I don't want to impose my culture on others, and I don't want to make them uncomfortable. But I'd like to get together with you in the base library sometime. I'm a big believer in sexual freedom. Would you be interested in discussing sexual freedom with me?"

"I'd like very much for you to come home with me, Hank," I repeated.

"You really ought to get some clothes made, C.C.," he said. "The color of your clothes doesn't go well with your skin tone."

"I don't just give myself away. It's not that. My mother would be ashamed of me," Hank replied. He was reading a science fiction comic book with one eye, looking up to see if any of the other GI's could overhear us. We were off in a corner, with only one Alabama-southern lilter, writing a letter to his home to a seventeen-year-old child, anywhere near us, and he was several yards away.

"But there's nothing wrong with being homosexual," I said, mildly exasperated. "For heaven's sake, even the American Psychiatric Association has voted on the subject, and found us worthy!" I stared into Hank's dumbish dark-brown eyes, sighing inwardly over the big shoulders, the twenty-nine-inch waist that I could not have, and the 'biceps' in those few inches of pretty gay to me.

"You can! You can have both!" I pressed. Hank nodded slowly, sticking out his perfect lower lip. "I didn't know you could place an ad for yourself, if not in the State papers or even The New York Times."

"I'd like very much for you to come home with me, Hank," I repeated.

"You turned your sincerest expression on him, hoping that his chin did not show too much. There was nothing I could do about the coming wrinkles around my eyes, the hair falling out of the top of my scalp. That's what being thirty-nine-nine meant.

"I'm having a cashmere coat made, Hank. I'm having a cashmere coat made, and I would like to have you design it."

"I've bought and chewed the Judeo-Christian codes of a small tribe of Semitic no­mads six thousand years ago, who needed every ounce they could get in order to make themselves powerful, to impose their culture on others, and therefore needed to believe that girls and women were not reproductive. How can you let that tribe of ancient incestuous people govern your life NOW?! The Alabama-southern lilter looked over at me, because of the volume, and I could see the anger in his eyes. "Do you know that? Sex between men is a sin. Isn't thatae, because of the volume, and I could see the anger in his eyes. "Do you know that? Sex between men is a sin. Isn't that true?"

"I'd like very much for you to come home with me, Hank," I repeated.

"You turned your sincerest expression on him, hoping that his chin did not show too much. There was nothing I could do about the coming wrinkles around my eyes, the hair falling out of the top of my scalp. That's what being thirty-nine-nine meant.

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AN OPEN LETTER TO MY PARENTS

Dear Mom and Dad

by MARVIN BUCK

There is something I was going to tell you about when I came home next month, but I decided to write about it first so that you would have a chance to get used to the idea, and would have time to think of any questions you may wish to ask me when I am there. I think you may have suspected this from time to time over the years, and then dismissed the idea for one reason or another. I am gay, Bill and I are very much in love with each other.

I am gay. Bill and I are very much in love with each other.

No one knows what causes a person to be gay. Most of us don’t really care what the cause is; we simply want to be accepted as we are. Both Bill and I come from normal two parent homes. Neither of us has felt rejected by our fathers, or any of the other ridiculous theories that have been offered by psychiatrists in the past. We have both known strong parental love and guidance, and we both have heterosexual brothers and sisters. One prayer is particularly appropriate here: God give me the strength to love each other.

We feel that being gay is something like being left-handed. For many years parents and teachers tried to change left-handed children so that they would be “normal.” This produced many disastrous effects on the children. Then people came to realize that being left-handed is just as “normal” as being right handed. There just aren’t as many left-handed people in the world. No one knows what causes left-handedness. In the same way, psychiatrists have been trying for years to change homosexuals into heterosexuals. They have been as unsuccessful as the ancient alchemists who tried to change base metals into gold. It simply cannot be done. This year the American Psychiatric Association took homosexuality off their list of mental disorders because they have come to realize that we just as normal as heterosexuals.

The sad part about being gay is that it is not openly discussed, and even when we recognize it, we try to suppress it. I was thirty years old before I fully realized it myself. Now as I think back, I know I have been gay all my life. Society has placed such a stigma on being gay that most of us have had to suppress our real selves and try to kid ourselves into thinking that if we were married, raised families, and acted like heterosexuals, we would somehow change. However, I don’t feel that my homosexuality had anything to do with my divorce. I didn’t even recognize it myself until my marriage had ended and we had separated. I don’t know if Roberta knows or not; I have never told her, nor was there any reason for her to have found out.

Being gay has nothing to do with effeminate mannerisms. I know many effeminate people who are straight. I have not changed since you last saw me. People still don’t know I’m gay unless they decide to tell them. Most of us are not in any way distinguishable from the rest of the population. We do, however, recognize ourselves with pride for what we are. Over ten per cent of the population is gay, and I am only counting those who are openly gay and who accept themselves for what they are without trying to change.

A “gay marriage” is really not too different from a straight one. Bill and I do not “play roles.” In the first place, how could we decide who is the “husband” and who is the “wife”? It is not based on just sexual attraction, for how long would that last? Like any successful marriage, it is based on our common interests, ideas, likes and dislikes. I use the word “marriage” loosely, because, of course, it is not legal for gays to be married to each other. In fact, in our state as in most states, it is illegal to be homosexual. Nevertheless we have a lasting one-to-one relationship based on just sexual attraction, and even that is not openly discussed. I do not “play roles.” In the first place, no one knows what causes left-handedness. For many years parents and teachers tried to change left-handed children so that they would be “normal.” This produced many disastrous effects on the children. Then people came to realize that being left-handed is just as “normal” as being right handed. There just aren’t as many left-handed people in the world. No one knows what causes left-handedness. In the same way, psychiatrists have been trying for years to change homosexuals into heterosexuals. They have been as unsuccessful as the ancient alchemists who tried to change base metals into gold. It simply cannot be done. This year the American Psychiatric Association took homosexuality off their list of mental disorders because they have come to realize that we just as normal as heterosexuals.

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I hope that you will be able to accept this and continue to love me. Perhaps knowing all about me will draw us closer. In any other minority group, the members have at least a set of parents and brothers and sisters who belong to that same group. With gays it is different. We are all alone. Many have families that reject them when they find out. Most are afraid to tell their families for fear of rejection.

We told Jim and Donna when we visited with them last spring, and they were readily able to accept it and understand. Jim’s attitude was that he was pleased to see that I had finally found happiness and was still proud to have me as his brother.

It has been very difficult for me to write this, as I am very sure it is for you to read it. I still feel that it is better to be completely honest and have everything out in the open. If you would prefer that we did not come for a visit, please let us know. We will understand, and we will still love you.

All my love,
Your Gay Son

38 VECTOR February 1975
When I arrived huffing from the hill at
Claire Harrison's attractive townhouse/Public Relations
office above Buena Vista Park, her Christmas tree from Delancy
Street had just been delivered. It was somewhat mishapen but
well-meaning, like Quasimodo—but all in the blameless name of
charity. Claire ushered me to her upstairs office where she
returned to a phone conversation “... to New York” my arri­
val had interrupted. I parked my person on a comfy corduroy
couch from which, beyond the blinds and on a clear day, you
could see forever and then some. Well-matted watercolors were
spaced at appropriate intervals along the wall, and I couldn’t
care less. I was there to interview Claire Harrison—possibly as pertinent a background as any for a career in Public
Relations, and after graduation she took on a marriage, “... to a Yalín. About three years after I became a house­wife, I got bored.” Divorce and its attendant emotional
devastation followed. But in time Claire found other things than marriage to fill her days, mentioning only casually that she had studied dance with Martha Graham
as if it were just the neighborhood Neba Jean School of Tap & Dance. Claire even put in some time as a radio
serial star, filling the airwaves with her vocal contributions
vectored to the radio version of “Stella Dallas” and some orthopedic
soaper called “Joyce Jordan, M.D.” “I have a very good
radio voice,” she informs me in her clear clean downright
deliberate tune of voice, and it doesn’t take a transistor
between us to convince me.

Unlike other marjorie morningstar-struck young show­
folk determined to worm their way into the Big Apple at
any cost, Claire had the good sense to realize that her show­
biz fantasies were just that, and applied her aspirations
elsewhere. She kicked around the continent some, lived in
Spain for a while, then—back in range of Purple Mountains
Majesty—tried her talents at vaguely PR-related jobs with the
United Nations Association, Langley-Porter Psychiatric
Institute, the San Francisco Film Festival, and finally she
landed a position in charge of publicity for United Artists
pictures in town. Her success at press promotion of these
films poured more moonlight than she could handle into the
tiny office United Artists had sectioned off for her. So
she branched out in 1967 and founded her own agency,
Claire Harrison Associates, which has fluctuated in size and
has employed as many as 12 people at once, depending on
the workload. When her professional obligations get heavy,
she sub-contracts work out rather than hiring additional
help on a permanent basis. Her first associations with pub­
litical relations for films out of her own agency were DARL­
ing and MORGAN, “... what was known as the 'art-house'
circuit at the time.” Claire eventually expanded her inter­
ests to include theatrical events and concert performances
(Beverly Sills, Joan Sutherland, Elton John, Johnny Cash,
Rudolph Nureyev to name a few). But Claire's applied
press agency involves more than a general category of
entertainment—theater, concerts, and films (she’s curren­
tly handling the enormously successful SCENES FROM A
MARRIAGE, and the as-yet-to-be-released Viet Nam docu­
mentary HEARTS AND MINDS). She also represents
several business concerns mostly architectural, and claims
to find new things to be the most satisfying part of her
work. “I got a shipping account for the first time. I
called ships ‘boats’ and they almost fell through the floor.
With every kind of account, you have to read up on it,
several business concerns mostly architectural, and claims
to find new things to be the most satisfying part of her
work. “I got a shipping account for the first time. I
called ships ‘boats’ and they almost fell through the floor.
With every kind of account, you have to read up on it,
research it.”

Now that her two children, Martha and Stephen, are
shedding their teens and not home much anymore anyway,
Claire has moved her agency into her home, largely for the
take of convenience, although tax purposes figure in it too.
Her old office was in Columbus Towers, and she had the

Charles Pierce and Claire Harrison at the opening of APPLAUSE.
Claire Harrison, Caleb Storm (as Judy Garland) Ed Reed and Helena Tester at opening of FRENCH DRESSING

Claire Harrison, Caleb Storm (as Judy Garland)

To Be Somebody

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Claire Harrison, Caleb Storm (as Judy Garland) Ed Reed and Helena Tester at opening of FRENCH DRESSING

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Roswell O'Grady: Glory
of the supermarket boxboys,
hipshot loungier at the high school
crossing, all-state basketball champineen
getting his jockstrap zinged in the lock­
er room after a victory.

Roswell: my cowboy incarnate, lean
in jeans, squinting under a stetson,
watching his tough-pretty blue eyes
turn chocolate brown in the shine of
his boots.

Grady: the raw recruit bending
over for the soap in the showers, the
hitchiking soldier who's open to sugges­
tions, the sailor not as drunk as he pre­
tends to be spreading his long blue-clad
legs just a little wider.

O'Grady, Roswell: for years the king­
pin of my fantasies, the dazzling dumb
beauty so butch he doesn't know it, so,
horny he can't describe it. And once
you tell him and describe it for him,
he's yours for life. Or maybe, you're his.

He exists, I hope you understand, he
is flesh, very special flesh with a quirky
inside, and I first met him five years ago,
one evening at the Greyhound bus sta­
tion. He'd just arrived in San Francisco;
a duffel bag lay at his feet and he stood
rooted in the center of the waiting room,
wondering what happened next.

It's funny—I occasionally cruise the
bus station for boys like that, and I find
them too; but when I saw Roswell stand­
ing there, he was more a revelation than
a provocation. I was in the presence of
perfection: nineteen at the most, six
feet at least, narrow hipped, wide shoul­
dered, thin regular face, eyes shadowed
by his cowboy hat. Portrait of the Marl­
boro Man as a Young Stud.

So it wasn't because the crowd was
thick that I couldn't get any closer to
him. It was because I couldn't move, I
was transfixed. Or rather, I could only
move when he did, and at a set distance
from him. As if he were this sun, son,
and I was a planet, see?

I'm not exaggerating. I literally follow­
ed him out the door that way, and across
the street and into a wee hours coffee
shop. I sat down three tables away; he
got up to make a phone call. I saw him
fumble for a slip of paper, for change—
and panic, right around the eyes, when
a number rang and he heard a recording
that was no help at all.

When he returned to his chair and
sank into despondence, I ambled boldly
over and sat down opposite.

"Need a place to stay?" All my cards
were instantly on the table.

He looked up from the ashtray, dumb­
ounded but not, I noticed, afraid. I
smiled, "Ha," he said, squinting, trying
to focus me. We ordered two coffees
and had a long chat—or "jaw", as Ros­
well liked to call it.

I found out he was on the make.
Born in Roswell, New Mexico, named
for the town and the song by his funny
Ma, had lived there all his life up till
now. Hated his dad, loved his mother,
but not enough to keep him "in that
old dump!" Had graduated from high
school with a letter in basketball, work­
ed sixteen months at a gas station, and
then packed his bag and headed West.

"What, for instance," I prodded.
"That there's a lot of... really weird
people here, and stuff, and you can
really have yourself a lot of fun, here,"
he paused. "And I believe it." He grinned
shyly: I was his first wierdo.

"What kind of fun?" I wasn't going
to let him play games.

"Oh, you know, Pot, I guess, and
parties, and... knocking off some ass."
I was startled by his tone; he spoke of
"ass" with respect, but without convic­
tion. It was still mainly an abstraction
to him.

I pressed onwards ruthlessly.

"Oh, girls... I guess." He lowered
his head again and told him he looked
sleepy; when he finally glanced up, his
eyes showed a willingness to bargain.
But then I foolishly went too far. Hands were okay, anywhere almost, but lips in his rulebook belonged below the neck.

"I don't do that," Roswell turned stubbornly away.

"Yet," we slept, and I awoke the next morning to find him gone, with my wallet.

I got the wallet back, however, minus about forty dollars in bills. It was stuck in my wallet when I got home that evening, along with a badly scrawled note of explanation: "I'm sorry I need the money. Let me still be your friend." Stupid kid, stupid note, but touching somehow. And I didn't regret the "today" then, or ever. That night had been more than worth it, and besides, I suspected that those forty dollars were a kind of down payment.

My strategy once I got him home was pretty elementary. I suggested a shower, started getting undressed when he insisted on clarifying the contract. It was wild there for a while, but not as well solemnly maintained.

But I was looking over the crop of sullen, under thirty, I'm actually closer to forty. Acid, tried speed, tried getting it up to him, realizing however that the enchanting circle no longer existed and that time, went through a pretty serious recovering period. I resigned myself, from the looks of things, to that there was nowhere to go beyond best, and because Roswell couldn't stand still.

I saw him regularly at the Folsom Street bar where he worked, however, and we chatted: and then one day he dropped by the apartment to say that he'd been fired. "I couldn't make change fast enough." But friends had suggested other possibilities, and would I please advise him? The choices finally reduced to three: male model, warehouse worker, waiter on Polk Street. I was judicious. "Modeling is too close to hustling, and waiting tables is a dead end. Get thee to a warehouse.

"Goddam that's true," Roswell said with admiration and relief. "He took the job and still has it today. He spent that night with me out of renewed gratitude, mainly. But he was already elsewhere, and even in bedallacked much of Joey, and Rick, and Al, and Matt, and when he left in the morning I knew he was eager to begin his next reincarnation. That next one was by far both his gaudiest and godawfulest. We lost touch almost completely for more than two years, traveling in different crowds, crowding in different bars, and my own circulation was further restricted by a part-time lover of all things, a Navy guy who worked on Treasure Island and was eventually transferred to Honolulu. Then about two weeks after he shipped out, and a month short of my fortieth birthday, I wandered into this slick new dancing bar everybody in town was raving over, just to check it out, and was seized, before turning aside to sleep, by the sight of Roswell O'Grady.

This time I stopped to admire a stranger, reciting with him a stanza, and went rigid with astonishment and outrage. He had been sucked in by the Ricks and Joey's and Al's, and sucked under, and belched up again: and here he was, all wrong, from the top of his fluffily-cut, raven-cut head to the toes of his silver-sandaled feet. He had on that white flared pants, wore a flowered shirt tied in a bow across his stomach like a calypso drummer, and exuded an odor of Jade East that reached out for you like a tidal wave.
FEBRUARY FANTASIES
minutes Roswell had hunted me up and was urging me to explain.

"It better be in private," I said, so we walked three blocks to the gingerbread house where he was living with two roommates. "Them?" I made it big.

"And what's wrong with... them?" said hostile Roswell.

"Nothing, babe, except that they aren't... you." I went slow. "You don't fit in with that kind of stuff. It's the wrong style, Roswell. It's... not your image."

"And what's my image?" He was curious in spite of himself, though ostensibly still sullen.

'Alright, listen to me. You are the cowboy. Jeans and boots, tough and sweet, gentle and masculine. You're Ross, not Rosie. And you're Roswell most of all. Who I used to kaavy. " I suppose I sounded corny, but I was fighting for something I really believed in, very much so.

"That's one of those... stereo type of sex roles," Roswell accused. He'd been getting in deep, lately.

"Well I'm afraid it is. And you're one of the reasons they get started in the first place. So use it, modify it maybe, but don't work directly against it. Don't imitate, when you're a genuine article."

There was a silence while Roswell lowered his head; the gesture was still the same, still his own. "It does get cold in these skimpy shirts," he finally managed to admit.

Two DAYS LATER WHEN I cooked dinner for him he compromised by wearing tailored Levis, and also by spending the night. It was a pleasure as always, partially because neither of us realized that it was probably our last romp in the sack.

What happened was, our paths kept crossing socially without really intersecting, and when I heard that Roswell had finally taken a lover I was surprised; especially when I learned that the lucky man was someone I knew, and liked, and had even tricked with. But I was pleased too. Roswell was dumb and malleable, and he needed someone like Larry who would mold him sensibly.

I found out their address, and one evening before the bars got hopping I dropped by to wish them luck. But only Roswell was there, getting dressed after a shower. His clothes were now back to normal; only his hair was different from what it had been five years ago.

"Congratulations," I told him, and he responded with the first full kiss we had ever shared—it was long, intimate, probing. We broke away. "Hey, now; that's the real thing." I was delighted, and a little sad too.

"We been through a lot together." Roswell smiled, and we left to meet Larry at a nearby bar. Out on the street we bent our heads against a steady wind. "Am I still your ideal?"

"As long as we both shall live," I assured him.

"That's a big responsibility," he answered, in a voice I'd never heard from him before. He might have been joking fun at me, but I doubt it—remember how dumb he is. Suddenly he fished out his wallet and handed me a check for forty dollars. "No, c'mon," he insisted. "It's the only way I can... thank you."

I looked at the battered piece of paper. "How long have you been carrying this around?"

"Since I met Larry." He fixed his gaze straight ahead. I put the check in my pocket. "Okay, you... idealist." This was a new side of him, but it didn't change anything basic. "You're a funny kid, Roswell."

"You should know." And then he laughed, and murmured something about maybe a three-way, soon. But I'm willing to swear that Roswell O'Grady isn't ready for three-ways yet. Perhaps he will be, in his next reincarnation. In my eyes, however, he'll always be the same—which is why we're still friends, though not lovers. <

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something ELSE

Photography by Rick Jarrett
creating a gay boycott. But it's also time that we started taking our lovers dancing in straight bars. It's time we started using the law that Isolation assaults and muggings—like demanding hotel rooms with a double bed instead
and demanded marriages, if we want than what THEY say we are, and start supporting those institutions who have honestly questioned their own values, rather than us.

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FEBRUARY 19th THRU 26th

You will be much like the above reading with the exception of the Venus inﬂuence. Jupiter smiles on your sun this year and bestows all of its good qualities. Take time out to keep your own counsel. Quiet, meditation, and rest will stand you in good stead. This is advice that is hardly necessary for you since you do it a lot anyway. There is an indication that you will tend toward the new and unusual without your accustomed caution, but check everything out with thoroughness before you act or commit yourself and all will be well for you in 1975.
C la ire

on being Queen," Claire added. "Basic­
ally I'm a homebody and have great kids.
they always came first." Her second hus­
band, Edward Reed, is an engineer and
altogether unthreatened by her success,

Claire has no patience with women
who fall back on their gender to defend
the emptiness of their lives. "I'm tired of
women who say if it wasn't for my hus­
band, I could have... or 'If I wasn't a
woman, I might have... Nobody holds
you back but yourself," Claire Harrison

is a woman to hand excuses to.
She is not enthralled at the idea of
being interviewed either. When first ap­
proached for a meeting Claire Deferred,
"Mass Media exposure is not good
for my business anyway," she says. "I

man who'd seen her talk on educational

wanted her to represent some straw bas­

daughters whose budding singing careers
need strict supervision, and many less

verse to mention.
Frankly, an evening at

past when sexism was all the rage and
women as solid and straight and success­
ful as Claire Harrison used to be called
hard cookies, scheming females, pushy
broads, and probably just plain bitches

a mans' world (or if it was at one time),
up a peoples' world after all.<^
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