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Editorial

The passage of Assemblyperson Willie Brown's Consensual Sex Bill, AB489, by the California State Legislature, and its signature into law by Governor Edmund G. Brown effective January 1, 1976, represents another milestone in the never ending battle for human freedom and dignity.

HOW DID WE GET HERE AND WHERE DO WE GO NOW?

The passage of this measure represents the culmination of years of effort by many individuals and organizations. To name them is impossible simply because it is impossible to grasp the full scope of the effort. The contribution of the gay person who did nothing more than be a good neighbor to the people next door had its place in the scheme of things right along with the outstanding and dramatic efforts of the leaders of the California State Senate and Assembly such as George Moscone and Leo McCarthy, in matters as important as this we must resist the temptation to scuffle over the allocation of personal credit; the accomplishment of the goal must transcend this.

We might reflect for a moment on some of the elements which made passage possible this year. The more obvious would include a governor who gave indications he would sign such a bill, a legislature disposed to exercise leadership in matters of principle; rather than blindly following its perceptions of the whims of its various constituencies, an electorate deeply suspicious of government intervention in private lives, a rising tide of support from straight newspapers, churches, and other institutions, and, last but not least, a gay community, more united, more active in political affairs, more able to communicate and lobby on a statewide basis, and more elevated in its own self-esteem than ever before. But all that is now history.

Our first action must be that of expressing our appreciation to the governor and to the legislators who supported us. Their voting records are included below with a full roster on page 58. Letters are important. Personal visits to legislators' district offices are even better.

We must continue to involve ourselves in community and public affairs on an ever-broadening basis, demonstrating that while we demand our rights, we also have responsibilities to society.

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THE S.I.R. WEEK!

WED: 8 pm General Membership Meet, 2nd Wed. All Members only.
7:30 Ward & Mean Gig, meets before Board of Trustees on 2nd Wed. of months, Members only.
8 pm Board of Trustees MEETING
Members may observe.
8 pm Still Dome Meeting & Big House 4th Wed, every month—Programs vary, Open.
FRD: 8 pm Conversation Group, Topics vary. Open.
7:30 Rainbow Deaf Society, 1st Fri., in sign language.
7 pm Married Men’s Group, 3rd Friday Contact S.I.R.
SAT: 9 am Free private consultations with private psychologist until 1 pm. Call for appointments—781-1570
Employment Office: Call 781-1570 for hours

Letters

Confusion
Recently a friend visited your fair city and returned home with a load of publications—free and otherwise. We were tremendously excited about the impending legislation making consensual sex acts between adults legal and were watching closely the outcome. Suddenly, after reading these publications, we were confused because there seems to be so much dish on the bill and we wonder now, how important it all is. In a way it is depressing because if you liberated luckies in San Francisco can’t get together with a united front, there’s little hope for any of us out there.

Howard Williams
Ann Arbor, Mich.

VD Statistics
On May 12, 1975, the City and County of San Francisco Department of Public Health released the following statistics: Gonorrhea for the week, 352 and for the year to date, 5503. Syphilis for the week, 42, for the year, 706. Like everything else, these are going up at a tremendous rate. Won’t you PLEASE now get checked out?

Name Withheld
San Francisco, Ca.

Centerspread Blues
You’ve communicated the problem often enough and I want to support what I feel you’re trying to do. I loved the blue centerspread of your May issue and thank heavens someone is publishing photos of human beings we can relate to as human rather than all that plastic, youth-oriented, sexist shit you started ten years ago and are just now trying to get out of the box that YOU built around sexuality.

Name Withheld
San Francisco, Ca.

What About Us?
I feel that it is time for someone to express the fact that VECTOR goes to other places than just San Francisco, therefore, if you want to get readers from out of your state you should get articles that are about other things than San Francisco. The Gay world does not only exist in San Francisco; there are things of interest in other places, too.

Larry Crofton
Winnebago, Nevada

Hope in the Boonies
We are excited about the recent events in California. The Willie Brown Bill is a giant step forward for all of us. Perhaps there’s hope for us in the “boonies” someday.

Karl Martens
Randolph, Nebraska

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Lot Angel©... wait for opening.
Variety is the Spice

Hot damn what a May issue of VECTOR!!! Being marginally connected to journalism (just a little beyond my high school newspaper) I have watched with interest your progress over the past several months since I picked up a copy at a bar during my first (of several) comings-out in San Francisco. What most impresses me is the fact that you are always seeming to try (and must be excuses when you fail) to address yourself to the full spectrum of homosexual life styles. I keep trying to find the hype—to know for sure where you stand—and I'm constantly being frustrated until I finally realized that you ARE the voice of the Gay Community. I'd like to stop in and say hello. May 17?

Steven Billings
Los Angeles, Ca.

So What's a Schlep?

I am sick and tired of having to schlep to depressing and dangerous dirty book shops to get my VECTORS. So here's your ten bucks for a subscription. It might be duller but certainly safer.

Irving Moore
New York City, N.Y.

Falling Star

On page nine of Star Cruise your dates are wrong! I will never read your magazine again.

No Name
No Place

Notice: VECTOR appreciates and welcomes feedback from our readers. Letters should be brief and signed and automatically assumed for publication. Requests for withholding authors' names will be respected however we reserve the right to edit all letters for clarity. These guidelines are included in notes written on the back of the membership renewal forms. Readers who wish to challenge the veracity of any articles are invited to do so in manuscript form so that we can give equal coverage to alternative viewpoints.

Compatible?

Is your sun sign the real you? Natal Astrology will show the true Astrological you with a scientific, mathematically accurate analysis of your birth planets in their proper astrological positions among the stars. In our chart, Natal, secondary progressions, compatibility charts and horoscopes will reveal your personal potential and the capacity of the individual for optimism and the ability to enjoy the good things of life. Jupiter acts as the indicator of material quality consciousness, of social discrimination, and of how we seek and acquire personal status. In short, Jupiter is the planet of taste. The natives of the Jupiter-ruled constellations, Sagittarius and Pisces, seek to associate only with the best people and are known to indulge themselves in the very best wines, foods, clothes, etc. Indeed, Jupiter is often called the planet of Snobs. If you are a native of either of the above constellations, or if Jupiter is prominent in your horoscope, you are possessed of an adventurous and optimis-tic nature, and you certainly are not averse to dropping a few names or well-known labels here and there. You are a hale and hearty, most likable person who spreads joy, optimism, good feeling, and hope in a world of gloom. Even those who are not lucky enough to come into your very tight, intimate social sphere never feel slighted. You have the ability to make people feel great by just saying "Good morning" to them.

When Jupiter is transiting your natal Sun, you can be assured of a time of very good fortune indeed. The elements of luck and opportunity are the gifts that Jupiter brings. Jupiter entered the constellation Pisces February 24, 1976. It will remain in Pisces until around February the greater benefit. It is the planet of luck. In the natal chart Jupiter shows the power of the individual for optimism and the ability to enjoy the good things of life. Jupiter acts as the indicator of material quality consciousness, of social discrimination, and of how we seek and acquire personal status. In short, Jupiter is the planet of taste. The natives of the Jupiter-ruled constellations, Sagittarius and Pisces, seek to associate only with the best people and are known to indulge themselves in the very best wines, foods, clothes, etc. Indeed, Jupiter is often called the planet of Snobs. If you are a native of either of the above constellations, or if Jupiter is prominent in your horoscope, you are possessed of an adventurous and optimis-tic nature, and you certainly are not averse to dropping a few names or well-known labels here and there. You are a hale and hearty, most likable person who spreads joy, optimism, good feeling, and hope in a world of gloom. Even those who are not lucky enough to come into your very tight, intimate social sphere never feel slighted. You have the ability to make people feel great by just saying "Good morning" to them.

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What does S.I.R. need most to promote its projects?

You are right. Money.

A dedicated group of men and women who donate a minimum of $3.00 a month to S.I.R. are helping its many worthwhile projects. You can become a S.I.R. Angel just by completing the form below and sending in your donation.

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☐ Any amount toward S.I.R. Angels

BIRTHDAY PEOPLE

June 1 – June 11

Your sun is in the middle of the constellation Taurus. It's asking too much for a Taurus to be straight-laced, but you come pretty close. You exhibit the passion and romanticism of your

(Continued on Page 54)
states, and should still work in California. AB489 is a major victory, but not in that it will materially affect the number of gay people arrested. It is a political victory, as a demonstration that we can influence legislators to take a "controversial" stance. It is a civil rights victory in eliminating the argument that gay people are, by virtue of their sexual propensities, unapprehended felons. This argument has been used to deny us jobs, security clearances and custody of children. It is the gay movement's anti-lynching law and provides the basis for the protection of other liberties.

It is the gay movement's for the protection of other liberties. 633 must be lobbied effectively to pro.

Attention was directed to a friend of his who was visiting here at the offices of the ADVOCATE. We exchanged "Hi"s and a pleasanter or so before the two of them went out to lunch. What was later related to me was that the man to whom I'd been introduced asked my friend, "Is she gay?" On being advised that I had been so re- answered, "But she's too pretty to be a dyke!"

I don't doubt that this remark was meant as a compliment to me. Yet my reaction upon hearing it can best be described as dismay. If this man said, "She's a pretty woman," that would have been flattering to me personally and I'd have liked it. But the comparison that was implicit in his remark was insulting to my gay sisters—those of us who struggle daily to overcome not only society's prejudices but its stereotypes as well.

My friend seemed surprised that I was less than pleased by what he'd told me, and he appeared not to comprehend fully my attempt to explain my somewhat negative response. But since I had encountered this same sort of reaction to my sexuality (based on the same type of "logic") from straight friends and acquaintances, all I could think was, "Oh boy, no way, too!" And in the enlightened atmosphere of America's major gay publications! The "you" whom I directed this lament to is any gay man who would have thought the remark "But she's too pretty to be a dyke" unremarkable at least, or complimentary at best. I now know this is not a concept unique to straight people, nor to just these gay men, because I've since checked it out with other gay male friends, and found that many of them admit to having thought, if not said, much the same thing. And I've had the difficulty trying to communicate to them my frustration when faced with this atti-

dude. There are so many angles from which to approach it.

Initially I took the "too pretty" remark and ran furiously with it, translating it into a battle cry: "If a woman is pretty, she could have a man; and if she could have a man, why on earth would she choose another woman?"
You considered "pretty" to ask yourselves: Do you really believe that a lesbian is a woman who can't get a man? Are you falling thoughtlessly into the stereotyping trap set by "society"? Are you simply unsure that the stereotype seldom fits? All of the above? None of the above? I don't know.

What I do know is that this categorization by stereotypes is the easiest way to deal with those about whom we lack knowledge and wish to pretend otherwise. I also know that this method of analysis yields almost unfailingly inaccurate images. I know these things because I've fallen into the same trap countless times myself, no matter whether the victims of my one-sentence critiques may have been "psychiatrists," "the Chicos," "Southern Baptists," "politicians" or "gay men." I suspect we all know, when we really think about it, that there is no one statement (with the possible exception of a Webster-type definition) that is truly applicable to all, or even most, members of any of these or other "groups." Yet we've all generalized in this way at one time or another.

During the past three months, I've had the rare and happy experience of spending a great deal of time with an incredibly diverse group of gay men, and what I've learned in this time is not what gay men are, but rather that there are millions of you out there, each one of whom must be different in some way from the other. And that, even though I've had more opportunity to know "gay men" than most women ever will, what I know compared to all there is to know is virtually nothing. Except that I should bite my tongue if ever again I begin a sentence with, "Gay men are . . ." (Which, being quite human and thus prone to falling into subtly set traps, I probably will.) And then perhaps I'll have the insight to pass through my mind's eye the images of gay men I know, until my tongue is healed.

Likewise, I can't tell you what "gay women are. I wish it were possible for you to know all the lesbians I know . . . and then you'd know approximately as much as I do know about gay men. Nothing. Except that we are in all sorts of packages, just as you do. Some of us have brilliant souls. Some of us aren't very nice. Some of us have fearless minds. Some of us are clearly boring. Some of us are fashion models. Some of us drive trucks. Most of us are bits and pieces of all these things and more, and people rarely run screening for cover at the sight of any of us. I myself don't know even one of us who's decided to be gay because she's too unattractive to be otherwise. I can almost guarantee that you know at least one of us who's "too pretty to be a dyke," though you may very well not know she is one.

Now, before I fall off this quite unfamiliar and rather uncomfortable soapbox, I'll ask those of you who've stuck with me this long to do a small experiment: Observe the next ten women you encounter and wonder, "Is she or isn't she?"

If you catch yourself coming to any conclusions, take a moment to check out your reasons for reaching them. If you find that your reasons are based solely on her physical appearance, do her (or her) the kindness of allowing some room for doubt. You'll then have made "people liberation" a tiny bit more of a reality than it now is, and we'll all thank you.

Reprinted from THE ADVOCATE
Here's a collection of prose and poetry that fulfills the first issue's promise of quality writing covering a broad range of gay experience.

The highlight of the issue is publisher Daniel Curzon's "Hated," a longish piece he has labeled a "fictoire," part memoir, part fiction, an interesting notion even if a bit academic. The distinction between fiction and non-fiction has always been nebulous. Where does reality end and fantasy begin, anyway? "Hated" concerns the relationship between a young gay writer named Dean (read Dan) and a homophile literary lady Joan Cheryl Holmes (read Oates). The theme here is the frustration of the gay artist trying to expand heterosexual consciousness. The climax is smashing. And whether you can't to call it fiction or simply effective storytelling, the result is good reading, the most remarkable aspect being the way Curzon manages to deliver a heavy load of emotion with such a tender voice. One can't help but suspect Dan is a writer to watch, almost certain to attain a sizable reputation.

John Mitte's "Display Window Denizens" beautifully tackles the sad fantasies of a young gay cop with a real and loneliness. "Buddies," a play by Maurice Kenny, dramatizes the adventures of the Kid and Pas de Deux, searching for birdsong and security in a seedy El Paso motel room. Also memorable is a poem by Michael Shevchuk, "I Am A Wanderer." A few lines:

Frantically I sell myself to people by trying to impress them with how nice I am, or how well I cook, or how smart I am, or how well I am a cock.

I am a junky for affection and appreciation.

Hopefully, Gay Literature will find the readers and support it deserves as its existence will surely encourage serious gay writers to apply their best insights to the subject they understand most—gayness, thus enriching all our lives, our self-awareness, and sense of pride.

You can get a copy of No. 2 by sending $2 to Daniel Curzon, English Department, Cal State University, Fresno, California 93740.

—Frank Howell

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In the final analysis I can only advise you to follow Gay Spirit with a thoughtful reading of The Art of Loving by veteran psychologist Erich Fromm. Life is only what we make of it ourselves, and books such as this can only add its own special luster to the field of gay periodicals being published today.

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Why is Mexican beer so damned delicious? Carta Blanca (80 cents) sat and twinkled during the soup course which was a mysterious minestrone type dish with a perfect meat ball swimming in glory. John got two in his cup and I only one but John has big blue sour eyes and I don't. A fresh, crisp salad followed with a house avocado/cream dressing which contrasted nicely with the hot tostadas and piquant chili sauce.

We chose from the Mexican Gourmet selections—Enchiladas Suizas ($3.65) which was a casserole of fancy chicken, vegetables, jalapeno peppers on layers of corn tortillas, topped with a sauce of Swiss cheese and baked to perfection. This was the kind of entree that slid down the throat singing quiet songs all the way to the bottom—smooth with tiny explosions of taste; the Swiss cheese mellow, the jalapeno sharpness, the corn tortilla exotic. We were very careful to keep this plate neatly divided, The Carne de es Chichopote ($3.75) was tender beef steak rolled and stuffed with vegetables and exotic herbs—marinated in piquant Chile chipotle and served with Spanish rice and beans. Again, a superb combination of flavors and textures obviously lovingly prepared and served. Being a rice freak I took exception to the fact that this appeared to be "Minute Rice" and lacked substance, having been processed to death at the "factory." That thing (quite erotic, at that) rolled in the center of the plate presented several surprises with seasonings and textures. Again a splendid contrast. We split a piece of absolutely perfect+

chewecake (75 cents) jaded on the premises by the chef. It was generous, flaky and spiced with fresh orange rind giving the total meal still another chapter in taste/tecture. The coffee was dark, rich and full bodied (25 cents). Mexican Restaurants seem to be sprouting everywhere and Lee Cazos is a welcomed addition to the growing internationality of the Market/Castro area. I hate this word but it was—crazy—and we lingered and lingered because everything was either here or right outside the window parding.

ABC CAFETERIA
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Right there—right there—in the middle of hustler row is a tiny establishment similar to several others in our commercial areas. What has a Chinese cafeteria got to offer anyone into food—especially Chinese food? A wonton soup that is a symphony of perfection playing in the least expected manner.

In the front of the shop there are the usual hot trays of the usual fast Chinese food line—egg foo young, deep fried prawns, tofuh, chow mein, fried rice, etc. BUT if you order barbecued pork WONTON SOUP the charming girl at the register simply takes your money ($1.16) and hands you a tiny paper napkin, a plastic Chinese soup spoon and a slip of paper to be handed to the chef in the back kitchen. After from five to fifteen minutes a proud Chinese Gentlemen will appear, soup in hand, searching for the person

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The second issue is out looking more like the classy literary journal it is, adding its own special luster to the field of gay periodicals being published today.

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Puppies & Kittens

Gay Literature NO. 2

The second issue is out looking more like the classy literary journal it is, adding its own special luster to the field of gay periodicals being published today.
with a white plastic spoon who looks as if he’s been forgotten. He will then
serve you soup and from his treasure box (be prepared to pay $1.16 inclusive of tax for the
soup mass produced. This isn’t even close to the real thing—it IS the real thing.)

To find at this price and in this place a soup of such perfection. The stock is rich, thick and yellow with
the taste of the Chicken in every spoonful and here lies one of the secrets.

Several light wontons with differing fillings swim in the broth which is topped with strips of smithfield ham (yes!) and fresh scallions and sometimes a green vegetable of the day. The portion is
perfect lunch size.

The fact that it varies day by day is proof of the individual preparation of each soup order but never has it evidenc­ed the stamp of a system as such. MacDonald's. The look in the eye of the cook bearing the treas­ure says, “How smart of you to have selected this.” For a slightly higher price there is a beef wonton soup with everything intact and plain old relax-and-be-human aura of the name of this charmer is right on the mark. Humans being humans in a human way through another kind of music is the raison d’etre, —Ambrose

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THE CORNER GROCERY BAR

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After Los Cazos John suggested a bar and I insisted on a quiet one. So we ambled the block or so down to Zel’s expecting just a few people. Lo, the place was jammed and on a tiny, tiny stage a beautiful woman was
coloraturing her way through an aria in front of a very involved mixed audience. Then Rick Cassio, member of the San Francisco Symphony Chorus, rendered Alfredo’s “big aria” from La Traviata. A short intermission and then some more music.

Evidently Thursday night is a live performance night and a very interesting audience turns out to cheer these profes­sionals along their career travels. The audience was warm, mellow and an atmosphere for actually “meeting” people was created in a supportive and in­teresting way. We’re always asking for alternatives to the bars for making new friends and hearty congratulations to Zel, the owner, for offering us some alternatives within the system that don’t involve thervor or gross or ra.

The Corner Grocery Bar sounds like a goofy name for the usual loud, stamp­ing me-Tarzan-you-Jane-were-fuck grunts which tend to fill up our gay ghettos. Wrong! The friendliness and chattiness and plain old relax-and-be-human aura of the name of this charmer is right on the mark. Humans being humans in a human way through another kind of music is the raison d’etre, —Ambrose

Fruit Punch

O NE GAY MALE ACTIVITY in the East Bay (Berkeley, Oakland, Albany, Emeryville, etc.) is readily accessible to people who want to do it. It’s as close as your radio dial. Fruit Punch is “Northern California’s oldest and most widely heard gay men’s radio show,” as its members will tell you every Wednesday night at 10 when the show is broadcast on KFPF, 94.1. (In some areas where KFPF doesn’t reach, you can hear it on KFPR, 89.3)

This month the show will be cele­brating its second birthday. Over the course of its two-year history, the Fruit Punch Collective has provided its listening audience with a broad range of programs of interest and con­cern to the gay men’s community.

It has produced shows on such topics as coming out, gays and health, gays in prison, the situation of older gays, S&M, and the issues confronting gay men on the job. Its news reporting has covered both national and local events, such as the Castro Street Labor Day races and the subsequent Eureka Valley Police-Community Relations Board meetings.

I talked to Camomile and Phillip, two members of the collective. They
cited the extensive gay cultural progra­ming the group has done. They’ve broadcast a number of gay men’s poe­try readings and recordings of music written and performed by local gay artists. And last, but definitely not least, they have produced a few original radio melodramas, which they affec­tionately call Purple Pansy Productions.

This month Fruit Punch will be air­ing four programs. On June 4 the show will celebrate its second birthday with a live party in the KFPF studios. List­eners can join the fun by calling 848-4425.

On Wednesday, June 11, “Teacher Is a Sissy” will take a look at gay men teaching professions. The following week there’s “Fruit Punch Goes to Jail.” The collective visits with and interviews gay prisoners in the San Francisco city and county jails. The show has done several segments in the past on gay prisoners and the special problems they face, especially in gaining parole under California’s indeter­minate-sentence provisions. Fruit Punch is widely listened to in Califor­nia prisons and jails, and it may be many gay prisoners’ only contact with gay life on the outside.

Finally, in the weeks to follow Gay Pride Week, Fruit Punch will carry extensive coverage of events in the Bay Area and elsewhere around the country. Fruit Punch is always looking for new members who are willing to sub­ject themselves to the trauma of produc­ing a weekly radio program. If you’re interested in finding out more about the collective, have ideas for future programs, or want to support its efforts (KFPF is noncommercial, listener-sponsored radio sustained by the contributions and subscriptions of its listeners), then call Fruit Punch at 848-6767 and leave a message, or write: KFPF, 2207 Shattuck Avenue, Berkeley, California 94704.

KFPF offers regular lesbian program­ming. Lesbian Express will be back on the air this month after a vacation; it is usually heard every Sunday at 10. Radio Free Lesbian can be heard once a month on Saturday at 5. There are also a number of gay persons working on other programs at KFPF.

ITEMS

The Laney Community College Gay Students Union in Oakland has been recently created. For more information call Chuck at 652-3679.

Oakland Metropolitan Community Church (MCC) is in the process of moving because Mills Terrace Church, where they have been holding services, has consolidated with another church. More information is pending.

—Michael Novick
HAIR REPLACEMENT

SPORTSMEN

EVEN ON AN ALL NIGHT RIDE
IT'S THE LAST THING TO COME OFF

Over half the business every month is
earned with satisfied customers.

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PEOPLE LIKE TO GO WITH THE BEST...

Nine Sore Points

by RUBEN LONGEAUX y VASQUEZ

I really do not like to define who, what, and where I am
but more and more today I find it necessary to do so. Not
because I want to, but so that others can acquire a new
insight that is still missing from the gay liberation movement.

In Denver, Colorado, there is a Chicano Liberation School,
which I graduated from. At that time I was beginning my
pilgrimage of establishing my own personal identity. And
a fine note inside the school said racism is not for the essen-
tial casual me.

I renounced my affiliation with the Chicano movement
to everyone whom I had been involved in it with, including
my family and closest friends. The time came when I had to
answer to the Chicano leaders of the school for my actions,
and I told them this:

"I am not a racist. At least, I feel I am not. I do feel,
however, that I am homosexual—gay. A male with preference
for sexual (and nonsexual) relationships with my own sex.
I think being gay is beautiful. Why? Because I can love black,
white, red, yellow, and brown men without ever thinking in
racist terms."

They accepted what I said. I believed what I said; only
at the time I seriously did not think of it as an ideal I would
be living for. It was real. It was true that I was ready for
sexual relationships with men of all races. But the gay world
itself would show me something else.

I left the Chicano movement and began my path of per-
sonal liberation in expressing my preference for male com-
panionship. So I began to frequent the clubs in Colorado
and mingle with campus gays. As much as I had tried to
make new friends and feel part of the gay community, I
found myself always returning to that part of the bar where
all the gay Chicanos sat. Alienated once again.

No matter how much I tried to relate to other races in
the clubs, especially the Anglo gays, I found I was being
alienated for a difference I couldn't see. The Anglos in the
bars never asked a black or a Chicano to dance. The Anglos
in the bars never socialized with the blacks or Chicanos. I
found out that it was common knowledge that the Anglos
in the bars never scored with blacks or Chicanos. Was it
fear that kept us apart? Preconceptions? (I notice in the
code explanation of this magazine a category: blacks fre-
quently.) And it began to bother me when Anglos looked at
me more as an "object of curiosity" than as a human being.
I was an exotic object in their eyes. It seems that the Anglo
gays wanted to keep that social line there—race—and it
has hurt me plenty.

I fell in love with an Anglo dude, and I was quite inno-
cent about any racial, ethnic, or cultural differences between
us. But a year later they began to show, and the stubbornness
of both of us to change, complement, and accommodate
each other, instead of competing and criticizing each other's
"strangeness," brought the affair to an abrupt end. Now,
today, I am not sure if I ever want, or could have, or could
be a lover with another Anglo. But the affair has proved
fruitful.

After two years of examination of what happened and of
observing Anglo gays associating with one another, I have
come up with a list of nine Anglo middle-class values that
caused our "cultural friction." I would like now to relate
them to Chicanos, blacks, and Anglos who are now involved
in a gay interracial relationship. Then, with this list, maybe
the relationship can change or be steered clear of what des-
troes most interracial gay relationships. Being gay or having
some tint of skin color is not a valid excuse to break up a
relationship. Nor is the bulge of one's wallet, as we shall
see later.

AMBITION. Ambition is considered to be some sort of
virtue to most Anglo Americans. Its absence is considered to
be negative and undesirable. A minority person's point of
view generally is one of "how high is high?" When one is
on the bottom of any level, at least he knows he is on the
bottom. But the minute any upward social mobility begins
the ladder goes up endlessly into the sky. One is supposed
to become a "somebody," and that creates an ego. And there

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are a lot of egos around. Ambition usually lacks innovation as a component. Minorities generally know these attitudes exist but find it moronic to possess them, because they are pretentious, superficial, and build walls between people instead of bridges.

**SELF-RELIANCE.** Self-reliance, individual responsibility, and a reluctance to turn to others for help are characteristics of most Anglo Americans. Most minorities see situations as sharing. This means sharing everything, from material wealth to emotional pains and joys. Why is it so hard to include someone in our life?

**HIGH EVALUATION OF SKILLS.** The cultivation of a skill (being a businessman or specialist in some field), academic achievement, becoming a "master" of a skill and not a "jack of all trades" is a demand imposed by most Anglos on minorities. This is a question of personal power. Some minorities will work three times as hard as their counterparts because they want to prove to themselves and others that they are fully capable. Others maintain a position like: "If being a 'master' is so important, then why is he having so much difficulty in staying a master?"

**WORLDLY ASCETICISM.** Most Anglos, reluctantly or not, postpone immediate satisfaction and work out plans for long-range indulgence. This hurts. Minorities are generally spontaneous, we like to do things, it makes us feel alive. But the pain of a gay interracial relationship sometimes comes out here. How many times will an Anglo (economically) put off an event with his lover so that he can play with (or buy) a toy? Can materialism be a better human value than human companionship? Minorities are alive and kicking. We're more alive, and give more pleasure, than that toy you have at home.

**RATIONALITY.** "Don't be unreasonable!" is one comment my Anglo lover was always making to me. Exercising forethought, conscious planning (to break my heart? or play mind games?), and maintaining reasons or motives for everything are highly valued by Anglo Americans. Minorities aren't so paranoid when it comes to reasons and motives. Because most of us are on the bottom rung of the social ladder, we have come to see beyond reasons and motives and to act from intuition and feelings for a complete balance of being.

**PERSONALITY.** Everyone has one, doesn't he? Yet the way Anglo Americans and the social system reward and cultivate courtesy is unbalanced. What might be polite in black or Chicano culture might not be so in Anglo American society and culture. The idea of individual identity sometimes keeps us apart in a devastating way. Since most minorities are on the level of survival ("What am I going to eat today?"), and Anglos on the level of activity ("What am I going to do today?"), the development of personality isn't achieved all that easily. Minorities have survival-oriented personalities. Anglos have existenced-oriented personalities, and so they can afford to sit somewhere (by minorities!).

**RECREATION SHOULD BE WHOLISTIC.** Here, the Anglo uses his Puritan ethic for recreation. It says something to the effect that he is never supposed to enjoy himself. That there is a purpose, a "reason," for his playing tennis or swimming ("I do it to keep in shape"), instead of for sheer pleasure and enjoyment. Minority people generally take their recreation solely for pleasure and enjoyment. There is no reason why anyone should play tennis or go swimming other than to have a good old time and just plain fun. Some Anglos really have a hard time with this one.

**CONTROL OF AGGRESSION AND VIOLENCE.** This value emphasizes the control of emotions, aggression, and violence. Anglos believe things can be changed through non-violence. Though, historically, they are guilty of having practiced precisely the opposite on minorities. Sometimes this hypocrisy is disgusting. Minority frustration to effectuate changes sometimes leads to outbursts of violence. It is at this time that the Anglo liberal will come forth, lend a sympathetic ear, and then say, "I believe in what you are doing, but I don't agree on the way you're going about doing it." At this point ask the white liberal for a practical solution. He usually has none, though minorities are still going about things wrongly in his eyes.

On a personal level, once I can recall being used by my Anglo lover for a drug transaction. It revived me to the point that I physically struck out at him for the first (and last) time. It was a shock to him, because he thought I would never do anything to damage that doll face of his. But it was also a shock to me, for I realized that I had just struck out at someone whom I considered to be the most precious human being to me at that time. Whether it was right or wrong, the few weeks following the incident found us with a new understanding of each other—a new respect.

**IDOLIZATION OF PROPERTY.** How many times does your Anglo lover get mad at you for using his hot comb? "Ask next time," he says, and he'll think about it. Minority people are leery of this one. Since everything is shared, most minority people have a hard time understanding the concept of hoarding. When it is understood, some minorities are the stingiest around. The reason behind this is one of "They owe it to me," or "I'm not going to lose something I've gained..." back..."

In a gay interracial relationship possession is also a question—human possession. We are no longer in an age of slave-holding, though some like to fantasize that we still are, and both parties involved must reach their own understanding of loyalty to each other. The affair is not healthy if one tricks out on the other while the other stays loyal to the one. A gay love affair isn't an "all-or-nothing" type thing. It is a "together-or-separate-ways" type affair.

If I had known some of these things when I had my Anglo lover, I probably wouldn't have seemed so dizzy to me. Our relationship would probably have grown into a more meaningful affair if we had realized what factors were governing our lives and destroying our lives in the process. Factors neither of us asked for, Factors that prevented us from developing ourselves as ourselves and as humans.

Today we've light-years apart. Torn apart by his concept of hoarding. He usually has none, though minorities are still going about things wrongly in his eyes. If I had known some of these things when I had my Anglo lover, he probably wouldn't have seemed so dizzy to me. Our relationship would probably have grown into a more meaningful affair if we had realized what factors were governing our lives and destroying our lives in the process. Factors neither of us asked for, Factors that prevented us from developing ourselves as ourselves and as humans.

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The Myths behind the Wanton Ads

Reprinted from G A Y NEWS, London, England

In the beginning, there was Cock. And Cock said: "Let there be Fuck!" But Cock was all alone. So Cock sat brooding over the abyss until He brought forth the Los Angeles Advocate, 'The Newspaper of America's Homophile Community'. And then He placed a personal ad:

SLAVES WANTED
Young cattle baron requires hardy, heavy-handed slave for sweaty chores, barn discipline, to be corralled and trained to the whip & bridle. Rack available for stubborn, arrogant, or unruly Ms who are slow or dull. Three categories of service available: full-time modern day slavery, all needs provided for; part-time weekend work; or one-night. Seek experienced Ms for service business. Write to: Jerome.

Cock’s message from on high inspired great envy in the Devil. “So he jealously placed his own ad:

LOOK NO MORE!
This is the ad you've been waiting for! White male, leather trained, fragile slave moving East. Seeks young, muscular, clean, w/e, sincere, responsible, understanding. Water sports, bondage and discipline expected, light sadomasochism if necessary. No inhibitions. Needs someone to serve & obey. Can help with household expenses. Please write instructions to: Neal.

For those not yet initiated into the mysterious language of the Gay Old Testament, I provide a translation of this rubric:

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This is the ad you've been waiting for! White male, leather trained, fragile slave moving East. Seeks young, muscular, clean, w/e, sincere, responsible, understanding. Water sports, bondage and discipline expected, light sadomasochism if necessary. No inhibitions. Needs someone to serve & obey. Can help with household expenses. Please write instructions to: Neal.

The Devil speaks with a forked tongue, and it is useful to decipher some of the hieroglyphics in this magical text:

B&D - bondage and discipline
S/M - sadomasochism
Ms - masochists
w/e; w/end - well endowed, well hung
clean - circumcised, clean cut
Gr act - Greek active, ie anal inserter
Gr pas - Greek passive, ie anal inserter
Fr act - French active, ie oral inserter
Fr pas - French passive, ie oral inserter
it S/M - light (mild) sadomasochism
W/S - water sports, ie urinating etc
J/O - jack off, ie masturbation
FF - fist fucking
Lev's - Levi's, including denim & cords
fone frk - phone freak, ie dirty talk etc
gdlk - good-looking, ie godlike
HA HO
- Let It All Hang Out

HOW I LEARNED TO LOVE THE WHIP
"Yea, though I walk through the valley of bondage and discipline, I will fear no heavy scene, for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. He leadeth me beside the toilet for his name’s sake, and anointeth my body with leather. And I shall dwell in the same room of my Lord forever. Amen.

This prayer comes from the hymnal of Southern California’s most fully developed religious sect, the S/M Cult. Its major centres of worship are Hangin’ Tree Country.
Il-the proper ceremonial ritual, which they\n^ch distribute the ma^cal implements for\nstore and A Taste of Leather, two temples\ncertain kinds of church utensils:
refrain from saying it in full, and utter only\nhis divine wrath.
the letters 'B/D' as they kneel to propitiate\nthe Lion Skin. This totem-skin-is the origin\nHercules, ritual bearer of the Big Club and\nthis cult is Rev Larry Townsend, prophetic\nAges, the Leather Cult experienced a Great\nwith his winged sandals. Cowboy is said to\naccomplished great marvels with his\nvery day. Votaries at Cowboy's altar prefer\nwith his Magic Boots:

**BAD TO S/M, and they have a\n**
**larger Pantheon of deities:**
**BRUISE AROUND WITH**

The Leather Cult;

From the Great Schism also emerged a\nCounter-Reformation movement emphasis­
bigotry, known as the Cult of\nBlood Brothers. Their highest deity is\nAmatissa, famed for his great wrestling match\nwith Hercules, at the end of which he\nreplied the mystic incantation "Winner\ntakes lower." They wear the loin-clotl of the\nmerchants princes, preach a doctrine of\nbrotherly love, and practice the ancient\nritual of Brother-Battle, part of the gladiatorial\nsic of most primitive tribes. Here is a prayer from their litany:

**WRESTLING FREAK**

1960s, ‘70s. Seems to meet others who\nare into wrestling and the rough end of the\nstreet. Not a phony, but a real bodybuilder.\nHandsome, has a great body, and one\nwho makes you feel like you’re the best.\n
Cowboy’s origins lie in the animal kingdom,\ntheir origins in the animal kingdom,\nanimal religion, is the Chicken Cult. Their\nleader is the boy-god Cluck, a younger incarnation of\nthe mythical Heroes is Charles Atlas.

For every day. Votaries at Cowboy’s altar prefer\nwith his winged sandals. Cowboy is said to\naccomplished great marvels with his\nMAGUS.

**VIRILE, MUSCULAR**

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by DAVID SCOTT BELL

The Bistro, a popular Chicago gay bar, flaunts the curious cultural phenomenon of homosexual enchantment with the music of black and female singers. Gays flock to the nightshirt Bistro from throughout the metropolitan area to hear the very latest sounds of such vocalists as King, Aretha Franklin, the Spinners, and Queen. Not all homosexuals prefer black and female vocalism, yet the Bistro is typical, if a flamboyant extreme, of those gay bars that play these types of music almost exclusively.

The word content of two types of songs attracts gays, the first which celebrates a total dependence on man for pleasure and the other which such which such a passivity. Consider the classic hit, "Maybe" by the popular Three Degrees:

"You know, girls, it's hard to find a guy who really blows your mind and you just dig everything he does, and when he gives you that great big smile and takes you in his arms, you know the kind, the kind you want in the worst way and take all you've got, and really turns you on, I had a guy like that/ then he had an argument with all us girls, I said pretty dumb things like 'Get lost' and he split, and I just stood there looking dumb and man walk right out of my life, I've been as evil as a witch and never been so mean to myself I wouldn't/ but that's in the wrong place at the wrong time/ I saw him..."

"Maybe" illustrates the overwhelming need and attraction homosexuals feel for "men" who have the power to be- come the dominant motivating force of their lives. Gays are more preoccupied with finding a man than are other passive beings, because the societal subordination necessitates their trying harder to compensate for their imagined shortcomings. In a mass society, the personal and romantic inclinations in unorthodox ways as so as not to upset the norms. So many gays who have yet to discard their socialized passivity, are also more desperate; they have nothing to lose and everything to gain and lack respect, and protection, and to pursue the cause of masculinity that represents power, security, and happiness is a result of a lonely, defenseless, less predicament. Perhaps in a relationship gays hope to smother the aggressive partner and absorb some "masculine" traits as a means of adopting its assets. Esther Phillips' 1973 version of "Use Me," highly revered by gays, sheds further light on such relations:

"my friends, they keep trying to tell me, all you want to do is use me, baby/it's all you want to do is use me, baby/my friends, they keep trying to tell me, all you want to do is use me, baby/somebody care/you only knew, I know you'd steal my heart/you know, girls, it's hard to find a guy who really blows your mind, and you just dig everything he does/like when he gives you that great big smile and takes you in his arms, and really turns you on, I had a guy like that/then he had an argument with all us girls, I said pretty dumb things like 'Get lost' and he split, and I just stood there looking dumb and man walk right out of my life, I've been as evil as a witch and never been so mean to myself I wouldn't but that's in the wrong place at the wrong time/ I saw him..."

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Since these songs, which are popular with gays, are by black female vocalists, a bond of similar experience must exist between male homosexuals and black women. The overwhelming popularity of black female singers and their songs indicates shared emotions; in love relations black women are treated like gays, they suffer similar abuses and are molded into similar role playing.

The precarious predicament of black women and gays appears in the warning message of "The Player," another hit by First Choice;

"Girls, I'm tellin' you, he'll come knockin' at your door, if you let him in one time, you got to let him back for more 'cuz he's a player, he'll get next to you, this is what he'll do, he'll shoot you down/breakin' your hearts left and right, he don't care who you are/girls. I'm warning you, if you eat out of the palm of his hand/loving is addictive/you'll never want another man/coldblooded son of a gun/he's a player, he'll get next to you, this is what he'll do, he'll shoot you down."

"The Player" illustrates that certain elements of society—the pimps, hustlers, con men, and sweet-talkers—prey on the emotions of black women and of homosexuals whom they perceive to be weak and vulnerable.

Black women and gays are defenseless in a society that is indifferent to their welfare. Black women, besides being oppressed racially, carry a sexual burden as well. General society concentrates its control over black men, whom it sees as a threat to its status. If black women are abused or mistreated in the process, who cares? To the black man, exerting control over his woman may be the only consolation he has in a society that strips him of pride, respect, or status, which are the normal properties of masculinity, and, if he can't keep her in line, then he is disdained in the black community as well as in the larger one. The white woman, though not immune from chastisement, has been freer to do as she pleases, with an economic power that most black women lack, more lucrative employment opportunities, and legal strength.

The homosexual, too, as a deviant in society, even when possessing financial wealth, faces uneasy times. In his hidden duality, he lives daily with the fear of discovery at work, in housing, and with friends and family, which might lead to unemployment, tenant eviction, and alienation from loved ones. In times of trouble the homosexual is left unprotected.

The preference of black and female music by gays further indicates an unconscious disdain for the white heterosexual male. On the other hand, white and black heterosexual women have always been a part of this culture and have left their mark. Black men, too, exposed to homosexuality in street life, in much the same way as to prostitution or drugs while perhaps not sympathetic, are able to deal with it as a fact of life, however unwelcome, and not react to it as a perverse moral philosophical problem.

Perhaps in music gays have found an escape from the domination of white heterosexual males over our society.

While an appreciation for black music has heightened the awareness of the average gay about black culture, it can't be inferred that white gays are less racist than their straight counterparts. White homosexual racial perception has been shared by the dominant white culture and is just as likely to demonstrate racist attitudes and actions as is that of the white heterosexual. Yet, this doesn't mean that homosexual appreciation of black music is without political significance. Culture can be radical and revolutionary. Lifestyles today have become the generating force of change and intellect in a society in which technology has subordinated economics. Culture—the way a person eats, dresses, goes about his/her activities, and occupies his time down to the minutest detail—is our only viable politics. A shakeup in the lifestyle values is why there can be potential impact from a group of whites dancing off James Brown's "The Payback."

Black music represents a tradition contrary to the American way of life. It is vocal proof of the suffering, agony, and despair of an oppressed people in a society that designates itself the land of the Free. The uninhibited music of blacks expresses a part of the little humanity this nation has ever known. And when a group of whites opens its ears to a music that implies that everything isn't rosy American Pie, then the corkcrown has been taken off the bottle. Awareness awaits its development, and, once that occurs, the revolution is half won.
LET ME TELL YOU, NEW YORK is a rich town. It stinks, literally stinks, of money. You can smell it in the air; you can almost touch it, it's a lowly mist hanging over the streets. Whole blocks, sometimes, are jammed with Rolls-Royces and MERCEDES-BENZES, head to tail, purring softly, opulent metal animals, their chauffeurs inside, sitting stiffly, like paper cut-outs.

In other places it could mean "How are you getting it together?" Or "What is your work?" In New York it means "How much money do you have?"

Making it in New York depends on your answer. And most people want to make it here, once they're here.

New York's first question to you is, "What do you do?" A question that, in other cities, has to be thought about. In San Francisco that question might mean anything. In Los Angeles it certainly would mean "What do you do in bed?"

In other places it could mean "How are you getting it together?" Or "What is your work?"
tric, at Cherry Grove.

The Hampton trip is perfectly acceptable in terms of the New York money fixation. It's lovely country. There's an ocean out there with a nice gay beach attached. The houses tend to be very big or very small. Any size is very expensive.

There are a couple of gay bars and restaurants, at least one place to dance, and a grocery store that's so expensive you feel full just walking in and out without buying anything.

The Hamptons are gay-straight integrated with a lot of visiting back and forth between the genders. But you feel full just walking in and out without buying anything... it's the most important thing in the world to me. We have lots of dope. And you—people I mean—are really free here. You can be what you want to be here more than anywhere else. I've been to lots of other places, and there's always some part of you that holds back, some part of you that makes you conform. Like the Hamptons. That's so make-believe. But that just doesn't exist on the Island. I feel released there. It's the only place I've ever been where I've been able to be everything I am.

JOE: "What does it cost?" I ask. "How much does a summer cost you?" I ask Joe and...
An Interview of MICHAEL Kearns by John Marvin

Michael Kearns is a man of many talents. He is a fine stage and screen actor (my opinion), one of the world's best call-boys (his opinion), and a very sexy guy (on which we concur). As an actor, Mike has appeared on stage in many cities across America, and he has turned up in TV commercials and newspaper advertisements as well as in such television programs as the highly rated series The Waltons.

His recent appearance on the self-consciously wholsomes The Waltons, in which he played Richard Thomas’s colleague “big brother,” was laced with an air of irony by being broadcast at about the same time as one of his autobiographical books, The Happy Hustler, hit the stands, detailing his other life as a bisexual male prostitute. Although the book was written under the pen name, Grant Tracy Saxon, its true authorship was one of the worst-kept secrets of the decade.

This is the era of the sexy autobiography. Nearly every man or woman who has appeared in two or more porno movies or sold his or her services in a bedroom has written an autobiography. Even Kearns’ book was originally commissioned by the publisher to cash in on the success of Xaviera Hollander’s best-selling The Happy Hooker. But among them all, Mike’s book strikes me as unique. To be sure, it has all the obligatory elements—sizzling sex scenes and a careful balance of his homosexual encounters with an equal or greater number of heterosexual ones. But it has something more, another dimension. It has Mike Kearns’ unique and immensely attractive personality.

Mike’s story has all the elements of a depressing tragedy. He went on an unhappy childhood into a life of prostitution, selling his sexual favors to the highest bidder. But Mike refuses to feel tragic, even for a moment. He is boundlessly optimistic, seeking out the best elements in each person with whom he comes in contact. Ultimately, his is a highly inspirational book, and one that I would recommend to every reader.

Although there is much of Mike’s personality and philosophy in the book and in the following interview, there is a certain vitality, a certain joie de vivre, and a certain eternally charged sensuality about him in person that I have never seen properly captured in word or photograph. To meet him is to be captivated by him. But since I can’t bring him around to each of you individually, I present these photographs and this report of my interview as a pale introduction to Michael Kearns, the happy hustler.

The Happy Hustler

Well, the obvious question in the minds of many of your readers is just how much of the book is actually true?

I’d say that probably 75% of it is completely true, and even of the remaining 25%, most of it is just distorted. Obviously, I couldn’t tell the whole truth without embellishment, because there were a good many people involved besides myself. And some of them are pretty impertinent.

I imagine that you are being constantly asked who some of the celebrities really are whom you’ve hinted at in the book?

Oh, yes, I really love that question. And people ask it perfectly seriously. “Who were the famous people you’ve slept with? Name them!” Why do they think these people were paying me? Obviously, they want to keep their sexual activities a secret. That’s why they’re paying for it in the first place.

Yes, that’s one reason. But, of course, there are a lot of others. Just why does someone come to you and pay for sex?

Oh, God, I imagine there are as many reasons as there are clients. And people, of course, go to a hustler simply because they haven’t the self-confidence or assertiveness to go out and find a trick on their own merits. And with others it’s because they have some really kinky interest that they’re embarrassed to lay on their friends. But very often the buying is an end in itself. There’s a great or maternal thing about wanting to give an allowance. I’ve had clients who didn’t even want to actually have sex with me. They just wanted me to go somewhere with them, or to be with them for a few hours—just as a companion.

I see a very real similarity between being a hustler and being an entertainer. You go out to a movie and pay to be entertained, and they go to a hustler for entertainment. In both cases, they are buying themselves a glimpse into some other life—into someplace they’ve never been before. Sex with a stranger is a total escape, just like the movies. It’s entertaining. But it all takes on an exaggerated meaning when you start talking about prostitution.

Nobody says anything when a man is driven by loneliness into going to a movie, or two or three movies, or spending his lifetime in a movie theater. But if that same man with the same loneliness goes out instead and buys himself a boy, or a girl, if that’s the case—then it takes on a whole new set of meanings.

That’s an interesting comparison—the hustler as entertainer. I imagine that a lot of actors would take issue with you.

I expect so. But only those who haven’t really taken a good look at their profession. I mean, it’s a totally crazy thing to go out on a stage and try to please several hundred people you don’t even know. You’re selling yourself, in a way, to those people. If not sexually, at least emotionally. Those people are paying your way there and bare your emotions. If not your body, and really that’s an even more private thing. What’s the difference, in the end, in going into a bedroom and trying to please an audience of just one? There are a lot of demands made on even a street hustler. That client expects certain things from you. He expects you to be a certain kind of person. And you have got to put on a performance to live up to his expectations. An entertainer owes something to his public, whether his public is a thousand people, or ten, or just one.

I think you’re rather unique in that view. Most of your garden variety hustlers have very little concern for the client.

But you see, Marc, you’re dealing in stereotypes there. You’re dealing in...
and then pursue it. Just because someone's a good cabaret singer doesn't mean she should try and sing at the Met. Nor does it mean that she shouldn't, for that matter. It's just a question of what's right for you. Now I happen to enjoy sex, and to be very good at it. Why should there be anything wrong with being good at sex? If you enjoy it, and can make money at it, then why not do it?

How does working at sex for a living affect your private life? Doesn't it take all the pleasure out of personal sex?

Not at all. Are people who work in films for a living unmoved when they go to see a really good film? However, to be perfectly honest, most of my real, real relationships are not based on sex. You see, sex is easy for me, I've never had any trouble getting whatever I wanted sexually. It's the most obvious thing for someone to get from me, and the most obvious way for me to get something. Of course, everybody uses sex subtly to get things at some time or another, but I've used it more extremen than most.

So, when someone sees something in me that is not based on sex, that is a huge compliment. And so I won't allow sex to get involved in a really good relationship. Right now, for instance, I am involved in a relationship with someone who I am not sleeping with. There's no real reason why we're not, except that it goes beyond that. Sex is not what physically attracts me, but it's the source of my gifts. Physical attractiveness is such a false basis for judging someone!

In addition to being a hustler, you are also pursuing a career as an actor. Do you find the two complementary? I'm thinking of what we know as the "casting couch"—a producer telling a young actor, "I'll give you this part if you go to bed with me." That simple?

No. Of course not. It's something that should never be an escape for him, and should never be forced on him. That's the difference between being happy or unhappy. Whatever you do, whether it's hustling or anything else, you must pursue it from a positive standpoint. If you look for the positive elements, and work toward the positive goals, you will be happy at what you're doing. If I am really "the happy hustler," it's simply because I do enjoy my work. If I didn't, I wouldn't be doing it.

I cry in movies—the whole bit. Besides, what's so surprising about it? A hustler is human, just like anybody else! If you pick us, do we not bleed?

What do you do when you get an offer for your services from somebody who is a total turn-off to you?

I say no.
Gays and the Question of Religion

by NORMAN DAVIS

One of the biggest causes of heartache and doubt about the "rightness" of being honestly and openly homosexual is the apparent conflict between the tenets of organized religion and the moral issue they present. There are no easy answers that we know must come. For the inquiring soul, a rationalization will never suffice for the long term of one's life. Nor can we cast aside these tenets without casting aside the faith itself. The two are interdependent. Articles of faith, the dogma, are precisely those elements of a religion that cannot be proved and must, therefore, be accepted as true by faith alone. It has been especially painful for me to see people suffering from these opposing forces within them, to the point where they feel they can neither enjoy their bodies nor face their Maker with pride in a life well-spent. Happiness is always beyond their reach; the expressions of love for their own gender is an impossibility. Thus has the Judeo-Christian ethic dealt with gays in the past, and it does so in the present.

Today, fortunately, there are gay churches and temples to provide a bridge between the two elements in conflict within the gay. But the need for these gay places of worship can be only a stopgap. They provide nothing for the young gay coming out, who first finds himself or herself in the crossfire of God and gayness. Nor do they represent in a strong way the ultimate necessity of enfolding gays within the total community, as the Quakers are now trying to do. Biblically "man lying with man" is an abomination, and those who do so are condemned to death. I doubt that even the Pope would subscribe to this solution in this day and age. It has to be understood in terms of Judaic LAW, not in terms of faith or religion. This proposition probably dates from 2500 B.C., in a context of agrarian, or even nomadic, living, with a patriarchal family structure. Children were an economic wealth not to be underestimated. Sons provided a source of labor, and strength in protecting the home and property. Sexuality that did not lead to reproduction had to be sharply suppressed in order to sustain the system. Even by 1000 B.C., when David became King of Judaea, his love for Jonathan was accepted, if not idealized. In the New Testament St. Paul returns to the subject of homosexuality with a vitriol even exceeding that he had for heterosexual love. This was the man who condemned long hair on men and raised celibacy to a position of godly virtue. And here is the crux of the matter, as I see it. Nowhere does Christ himself say a word about gay people, either pro or con. Perhaps we can read into St. John's comments on how wonderful it is for brothers to live together some sort of gay sensibility but Christ said nothing. All of the castigation, excommunications, burnings, and contumely to which gay people have been subjected derive from the words of Paul.

Can people be gay and Christians? Can people be gay and be Jews? I see no reason why not. Shall the church, through Paul, put itself between you and your God? Shall the laws of an ancient tribe be used to distress twentieth-century residents in an industrial society?

To both Jews and Christians, God has the wisdom, goodness, and power to do what He/Shall will do. In all other things the churches and temples bow to their notion of God's will, except in this: Here they presume to know God's will, and to exercise it for Him/Her. Civilization is a human invention. It is society that condemns us. God has said nothing. Christ said nothing. Only humanity—in the name of God and Christ—in the name of Love.

Where does that leave the gay, with respect to his or her church/temples? Exactly at the focal point of love and faith. Faith in the God that made him or her gay (since God is the source of all things) and love for our fellow humans, subject to the very human property of not understanding. Even Christ said, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." Any love is better than any hate, because hate destroys the hater as much as the victim. If we hold to the notion that we see it in this light. We must affirm the rightness of our spirit and the healthy expression of our affection simultaneously with the expression of our faith in love of God, for are not those whom we love also creatures of God? Only humanity stands against us. God loves us all.

Norman Davis has been active in the liberation movement for about two-and-a-half years. During this time he has held various offices within the Gay Liberation of Westchester, Inc., of which he is presently corresponding secretary. A frequent contributor to this and other gay-oriented magazines and newspapers, he has also published articles dealing with the history and genealogy of Westchester County, New York. Under the name of Owen Lear, he is a reviewer for Bantam Books and Oxford University Press publications, a former editor of "Gay Morning," the newsletter of Gay Liberation of Westchester, Inc., and a consultant for gay materials for the Westchester library system.

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God Loves Us All
A RAP ON THE BARS & CRUISING

by WAYNE JEFFERSON

Then there are the fantasy creeps. ... They'd rather not get to know you too well. ... (P. Brass, "Cruising: Games Male Chauvinists Play")

Sex. ... is both creative expression and communication: good when it is either, and better when it is both. (C. Wittman, "A Gay Manifesto")

Can't we forget about all this mutual respect and meaningful relationship and just go ahead and ball?" (cartoon in Playboy)

It's not "what's new" in the old bar-and-cruising scene. It's the new and different approaches people have to this-this favorite hobby, obligatory ritual, or whatever it be. A dozen people wondered aloud together about this very topic recently. And, this being the age of, maybe Aquarius but certainly Watergate, we therefore have, hmm. Evidence on those misings (tho of course with "phone numbers deleted"-alas).

People speak for themselves. Studs Terkel recently built his book Working from his skilfully-taped chat-sessions with folks. Its subtitle ran "people talk about what they do all day/ and how they feel about what they do." Clear enough.

Consider the following a virtual transcript, then, of what actually transpired one evening recently when twelve gay men rapped informally about—in effect—what some of them do a bit of, some evenings—and, definitely, how they feel about what they do, about the downers and the delights both.

It's intriguing—you don't have to be an ideological voyeur to pick up on the feelings of others in this area, or arena, of "the hunt" where we've all been.

One can empathize ("aha, you too!!!"), one can disagree ("get HIM"), one can simply enjoy—besides, the topic of Sex itself raised its lovely, rugged head during the evening ... .

— I'm always "cruising" in the sense of being aware of male bodies, but not always to act on it.

— Sometimes I recognize afterwards that it was a cruising situation.

— Or that I maybe missed out on something nice by not moving on it, turning it into one. Sometimes you have to rev yourself up so fast, out of that little residue of inhibition.

— Or just out of unawareness, due to the double-life. That shifting-gears, off-and-on.

— I LIKE the bars. Coming in, I get a high, I feel I'm coming home among my own people.

— I feel proud to go in there with my lover. Whether that's flaunting or not!

— I DON'T like the bars. Too depressing; too many lonely faces. That macho bit—cold, hostile, why people run out of the bar in tears. They're rejected. Then uniformed cops come in and everything tightens up. But where else can you meet people?

— Yes, you have to be another person. Aloof and all that. Holding your stomach in, not breathing. Primping for two hours beforehand. Grooming for battle. It destroys the self.

— Not only that, but still all the role-playing. Being at all femme—that's out. You have to be slightly rough, sort of hard-to-get but of course available too.

— Funniest thing—sounds a little like the straight bars I used to know. Too many gay people are still on some fantasy trip or guilt trip.

— Joe Java and Floradora Femmadora and never the twain shall meet.

— Except of course later on, in bed, and with the roles probably switched.

— Hey, isn't that NEXT week's topic?

— Well anyway, the bars are a helluva lot better vibes than they USED to be.

— True, but I prefer straight bars to relax in. The bartender helps people feel together.

— NO WAY. I'll take any gay spot over some plastic straight joint. It's not my turf.

— Then there's still the emphasis on youth. Even more than straight bars. The ideal of the beautiful teen-age beech boy and all that. If you don't fit in, you're out.

— The older guys, or the loners standing in the shadows—everybody puts them down. But I think what they're really doing is putting themselves down, when they do it to others.

"... the bars. Everyone just standing around and standing around—it's like one eternal intermission... . All that cat-and-mouse business—you hang around staring at each other all night... ." (M. Crowley, The Boys in the Band)

PHOTOGRAPHY OF CHRIS, BARTENDER AT THE WHITE HORSE INN (OAKLAND) by RICK JARRETT

Photography of Chris, bartender at the White Horse Inn (Oakland) by Rick Jarrett.
—You mean projecting or transferring self-hatred onto a brother, displacing it?
—Why IS that, anyway?
—Well that's a little heavy. Maybe not self-hate but just frustration at the pecking order. But anyway some of those cute young kids are pretty dizzy and vacant themselves.
—Hey, isn't that “ageism” in reverse, putting down YOUNG gays?
—No, all I meant was that it takes awhile for gays to get their heads together.
—Yes, I feel I'm becoming properly “seasoned” myself. But nobody seems interested!
—Actually I've been having a tad more success than before. And I think it's because I really do feel more open and out. Because it's true, people do tend to take you at your own self-image. If you’re really saying “kick me,” they will. And if your vibes are good, they'll pick up on that. Anybody worth it anyway.
—Not any BODY worth it, not always.
—You're lucky. I know that's the big secret for success but I'm still the original shy wallflower.
—Join the club. I don't like to go to the bars alone. I don't go unless it's with friends or I know there'll be someone there I know.
—It's no place to meet friends or lovers, just tricks.

—Well that's true, but that's partly because if you go looking for something specific, you're not going to find it, because you'll be imposing some pre-set pattern or demand of your own, upon a relationship which might be its own unique and different thing instead. Maybe valuable in itself but you just can't go and get love, you've got to come across it.
—Ah so, that's heavy. But you CAN meet new friends in a bar through old friends. It's easier that way, than if two people alone have to bear all the burden of conversation.
—In a group it's not as obvious you're cruising.
—That's good, but it's bad also. In a group, people don't know what your status is. So as for cruising, for sex, it's better to go out alone.
—Unless you meet somebody new through friends and then trick with him later. “Deferred gratification” one might say.
—One might INDEED. But there's still the mystique of the fresh meat. If you're seen around too much, you're old-hat.
—A friend of mine says he goes out some nights for cruising and other nights for “prospecting,” that is, to meet new friends.
—Does he have a two-sided sign on him that he flips over?
—Then there's just watching people. Which is not the same thing as cruising. Sometimes you can have warm feelings for a person you don't even know. Someone you see around time and again. That's a nice thought. But then it's hard to get to know them further. There's that sort of pattern established. A sort of non-cruising eye-contact only.
—And the cliques. That bit is still active too. They're so cold. They'll talk to you in Gimbels maybe, but not back in the bar.
—Why IS that, anyway?
—Actually I have rarely “tricked” if that means a purely impersonal encounter. And they were all bad. Impersonal sex is pointless to me. I'd just as well masturbate. Even a beautiful person, just my type, is nothing if it's just skin only. I found that out one weekend when I got my hot fat little hands on just exactly the type I'd always wanted and found out after all that I wasn't missing what I thought I'd been missing all along, if you follow me.
—Expressed with your usual clarity. But I agree. I have to get to know a person better first. I tell them that, and sometimes they tell you to go to hell, sometimes they are nice about it and we become friends or at least acquaintances.
—That summer I came out, I took to cutting a swath and racking up scores. The numbers game. For fun, for experience, for sheer relief, and also I think to prove that I could do it. And I value those honeymoon encounters even now. I remember them—perhaps better than they actually were. I don't know. But it's over. I eased off. After a while the newness wore off and they all sort of blended into each other.
—No, for me pure tricking is valuable. In two years once I must have had seventy to a hundred fifty people. Of course that was from off the street, where it's more simple and direct, where you don't have to play those games you do in the bars. But that sustained me, kept me sane. Those were redemptive moments. And I think this is good for an oppressed group of people.
—But wasn't that subtly using another person, to relieve your own tension?
—Who the fuck cares? Maybe HE had tensions to release too.
—So who's keeping score or voting? It's just “different strokes” that's all.
—For sure. Some of my tricking was just minimally satisfying; some was fantastic and maybe we became friends too; and some was just plain good sex and fun for its own sake.
—In the bar you can tell whether you click with someone, by the vibes, in minutes.
— That's why I like dancing. It not only means I'm out of the closet, but dancing tells a lot about people. The styles of passiveness and aggression you feel comfortable with.

— Eye contact is so important. Even before approaching the person but all along too.

— Often there's eye contact for a while and then a mutual fade-off and that's all there is to that.

— Well, but then sometimes you cruise a person and then there's a while when you both just talk and then that cruising really starts up again.

— I'm never the aggressor. I never to up to the other person. I balk, I can't make the move. My cruising was so super-subtle. I'd look away immediately. It wasn't guilt, just that old fear of rejection.

— Listen, that's fatal. Gotta move right ahead. I must have initiated 95% of my encounters.

— Once I stood there with a rose between my teeth and two separate people came up to talk to me and we DID hit it off well-I thought—and then both excused themselves. If you want to feel totally worthless for three days afterwards....

— Aw, their fantasy was probably of a Strong Silent Type or something.

— Maybe it was those thorns on the rose.

— Each person will now list his tested secrets of successful cruising.

— Alcohol helps. I was very resistant to even walking into a bar in the first place.

— Who wasn't. It's amazing what aggressive urges come out with a few Manhattans.

— Yeah, but if you're sked up it sort of spoils the whole thing. Blunts the sex, too.

— There seem to be three styles of sex. Where the orgasm is the goal, where heavy necking and foreplay and afterplay is the thing, and where MANY orgasms is the goal.

— I have a problem, Doctor. I have a relatively low sex drive itself, but a real high need to touch, to be sensual. And so that has resulted in entirely too many mismatched mutual bummers between me and other types who just wanted it quick. I'm a "sixty-minute man."

— I'm a four-way man myself....

— I too hate that pressure for an orgasm. That's a very male thing. I wish things could just take their course, even if we just end up talking and lying naked.

— You CAN control it. I'll tell you, if I get with a "quickie" type, I control the situation and they soon enough learn that this isn't going to be no slam-bang encounter. You simply have to bravely lead the way, redefine the roles and create new ones if the old ones are oppressive to you. No one else's going to initiate change if you don't.

— That's good. Most of the people I've gone with, I've made it clear that what I really wanted to do was talk with them. A few said get lost, but I think many of the others really appreciated that. They were lonely, and they were satisfied whether we finally MADE it or not.

— Bravo for you. I just can't bear the fact that you can't just TALK in a bar without it implying cruising. Or just talk and see where the road leads, to sex, to being friends, or just to that talk, period. I think I'm gonna go get drunk.

— Hang on. You sure never do know what's going to happen. It's like a dice game of chance but that's just the old excitement of the hunt. It's tricky to manage, but worth the effort.

— Part of this is just the dilemma of all sex: don't do anything you don't feel comfortable doing, but do satisfy your partner's needs also. And that may be contradictory.

— Yes, you know the only really bad thing is either objectifying the person or being objectified by him. Of course using him as a sex-object is bad, just to get your rocks off. But there's also using, or being used, as a "love-object" too. You know, the one-and-only, we-found-each-other trip. In either case there's no chance just to relate awhile.

— Listen, there's nothing at all wrong with impersonal sex for its own sake. And it's puritanistic to criticize that. In fact the only thing wrong there is when both parties don't work to enjoy just THAT to the fullest, and not just waste it.

— I say, that's a good title for a book: Learning Your Erotic Personality.

— Yeah, "go ahead and TASTE it, you don't wanna WASTE it."

— No, he's right. Even pure lust can be tender and sophisticated, and still stay impersonal at the same time. The only thing is that both parties must be into this, open to it, and also ready to sort of learn each other's erotic personalities fast, in a short time.

— I say, that's a Puritan WORK ethic there.

— In thirty days or your money back.

— No, it's true. Just so both people are into it. I've met too many sleepwalkers, people who are off somewhere else all the time, like you said that guilt-trip or fantasy-land or whatever.

— That's why so many one-night stands are a sour experience. Deposit your load, then get up and rush off. Leaves ashes in my mouth like an emotional hangover.

— Did you say ashes?
stands or less. We have more new options than we use, from the two-minute tearoom tango to the lifetime romance. I like what I call a minute tearoom tango to the life of his, take your time, have afterplay, fall asleep together, have breakfast you meet again or not. A rounded touch of that person to recall later. swath? A mini-affair for your some sort. I once got relieved of a clock radio.

I wish things got started earlier in choice. cocktail hour, like in some other MY usual tricking. I'm usually at a situation.

loss for words. It's a strained silent you again" and then of course they never do.

avoid any recognition.

The bar or on the street and madly good sex and I felt there was also some sharing and then in the mom-and-seek out my friends. Friends don't ask your phone number but if they stay that long—they make it bearable.

I think a lot of people would like to have more than a one-night stand, but can't.

And the whole bit of segregating your tricks and your friends, that's another topic.

As in the parks, the streets, and the bars, which sort of is, but it's late . . .

—Often those are one—HOUR stands or less. We have more new options than we use, from the two-minute tearoom tango to the lifetime romance. I like what I call a twelve-hour stand. You meet someone, talk, adjourn to your place or his, take your time, have afterplay, fall asleep together, have breakfast together in the morning. Whether you meet again or not. A rounded encounter, and time to know a touch of that person to recall later.

—Like your summer of cutting a swath? A mini-affair for your memory-album!

—Well at least it's a gain of some sort. I once got relieved of a clock radio.

It's nice if you can stay awake.

I wish things got started earlier in this town, like after work at the cocktail hour, like in some other cities. I'm not a night-owl by choice.

—Well it all sounds better than MY usual tricking. I'm usually at a loss for words. It's a strained silent situation.

—Most of the time they say "see you again" and then of course they never do.

—Or worse, they glimpse you in the bar or on the street and madly avoid any recognition.

—Or worse yet is when we had good sex and I felt there was also some sharing and then in the morning— if they stay that long—they don't ask your phone number but just leave. It's then I get depressed and seek out my friends. Friends make it bearable.

—I think a lot of people would like to have more than a one-night stand, but can't.

—And the whole bit of segregating your tricks and your friends, that's another topic.

—As in the parks, the streets, and the bars, which sort of is, but it's late . . .
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—Christopher Isherwood
STARS

fellow Taureans, but your tendency to guilt is an important consideration. Loyalty and devotion are very important to you, but there is need on your part to be standoffish. You may allow yourself to be too interested in worldly possessions. You can get really hung up on people and be rather fun if you keep in mind that you have had to fight hard for them. Your mental output might be disappointing to you, but you should realize that a little more effort might be more beneficial than it originally appears. Your mental output might be disappointing to you, but you should realize that a little more effort might be more beneficial than it originally appears. Your mental output might be disappointing to you, but you should realize that a little more effort might be more beneficial than it originally appears.

1975 offers you the same advice as for middle Taureans, except you have had to fight hard for them. Your mental output might be disappointing to you, but you should realize that a little more effort might be more beneficial than it originally appears. Your mental output might be disappointing to you, but you should realize that a little more effort might be more beneficial than it originally appears.

Vote for Bill Long
Mr. Cowboy '75-'76

and

June Towan
Miss Cowgirl '75-'76

should be better able to cope with the weirder aspects of the Neptune influence. Be careful of grand schemes, especially if they involve money, and most especially if you yourself thought them up. Your money judgment may not be at its best this year.

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June 17 — June 25

Your Sun is in the early degrees of the constellation Gemini. Eternally youthful and adventurous, you are somewhat high and mighty Gemini. Though not particularly religious, early Geminis tend to be very conscious of a higher power, even if they never tire of quoting it. You are the armchair philosopher. Your sense of adventure runs to that of the world of ideas. You are sometimes too busy thinking great thoughts and consequently don't take care of business, at least the business of love. You possess an agility of mind that may be misconstrued as emotional coldness. If your partners can keep up with and stimulate your mind, they will be better in all spheres of exchange with you. Sometimes you tend to make your partners feel less bright than you; this can put a damper on other areas of the relationship. Thinking about it is okay, but you have to do it occasionally just to keep your hand in, so to speak. Your thoughts in 1975 will run to the deeply philosophical and serious side of life. Saturn is on your Sun this year along with major aspects being made to it by Jupiter and Pluto. Some surprising, devastating changes might be more beneficial than they originally appear. Your mental output might be disappointing to you, but you should realize that a little more serious and more concentrated approach could bear most positive fruits. Gains from all the more rewarding when we have had to fight hard for them.
June 26 – June 30

Your Sun is in the middle degrees of the constellation Gemini. Here we have the quick-on-the-draw, lightning thinker. Thoughts rush around in your head so fast that even you have trouble catching up with them. Matters of love or friendship are looked on as adjuncts to the process of higher mind trips. Your passion is reserved for the world of ideas.

If you ever do come down from your ivory tower long enough to be amorous, your partners are apt to enjoy a fast whirl in the hay and soon find themselves wondering where you disappeared to. Your problem is just knowing how to slow down. Quite often you don't think about sex, but once it takes hold you can be momentarily passionate.

Of your life this year, you can take advantage of some unusual opportunities. That could have very positive long-range effects. Yet I fear this advice will be lost on you if you don't slacken your pace a bit. Give love a chance in 1975.*

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