

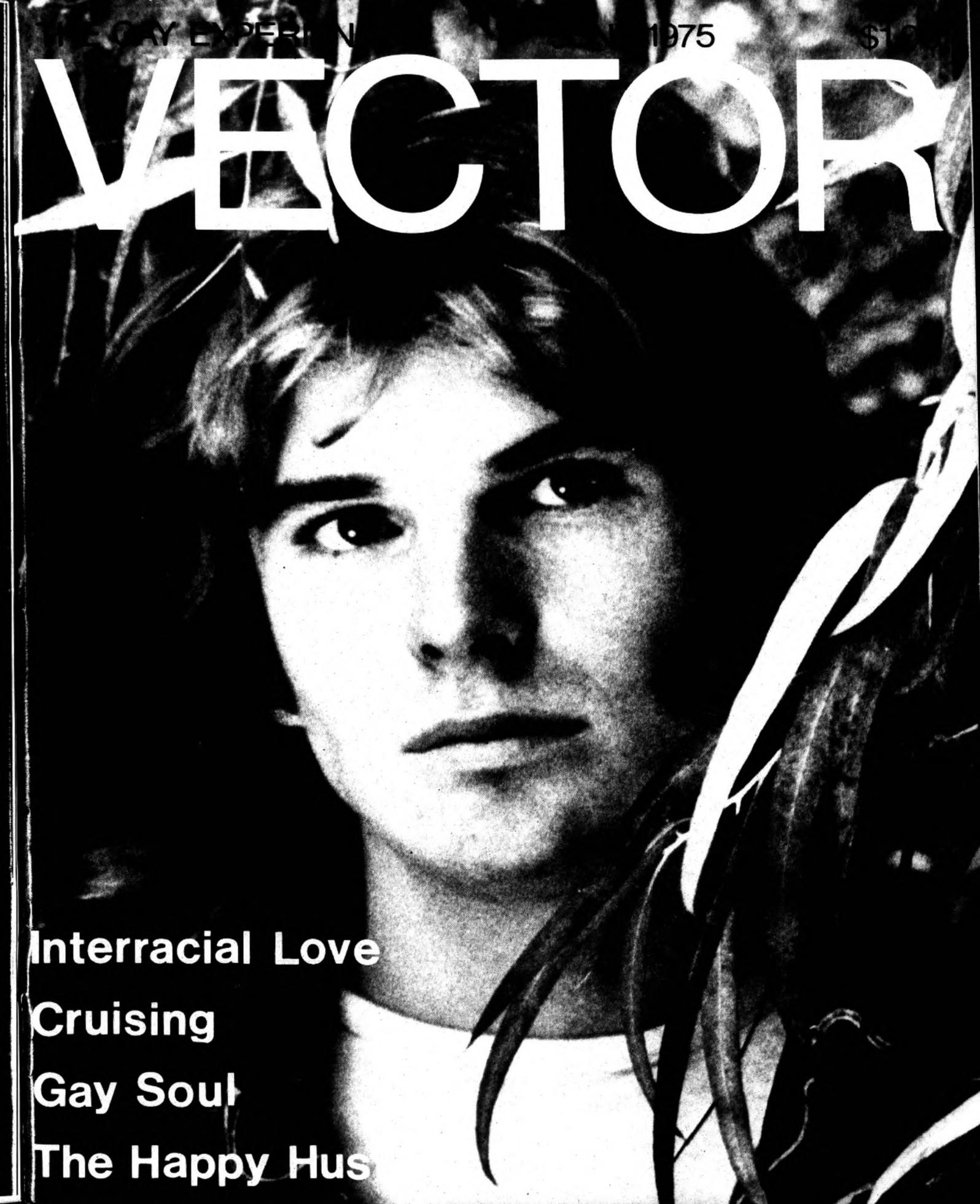
THE GAY EXPERIMENT

1975

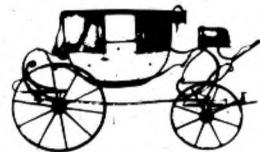
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Editorial

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 perception 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 contributions we want to make toward the solution of problems facing society in general—ALL SOCIETY.

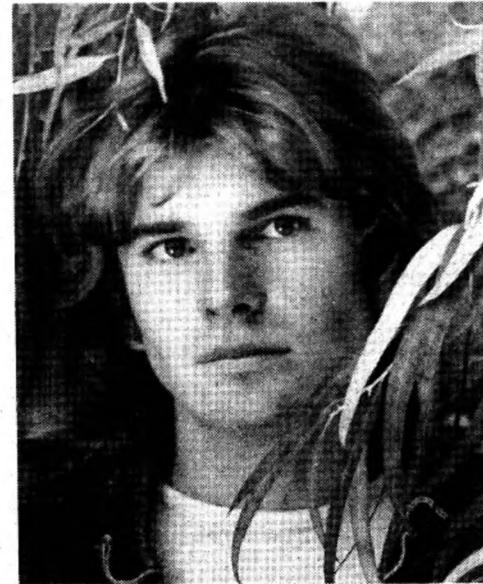
We must prepare ourselves for the inevitable backlash against AB489. Our opponents are already suggesting a ballot initiative overturning this legislation. This must be exposed as the exercise in religious bigotry that it truly is. There can be no better allies in the defeat of such mischief than those churches and religious groups in the straight community which already support us. Fighting a major battle on theological turf will in itself be prima facie evidence that the issue is a religious one which, under proper separation of church and state, has no place on the ballot.

We must also contend with those in the straight media who would oppose us. One tactic is a simple, economic one—complain to the supporting advertisers of the offending media.

We must also turn our attention to other legislation before us such as Assemblyperson John Foran's AB633 which would prohibit employment discrimination against us. In the opinion of some, the furor over the passage of AB489 will hamper further progress in the session of the legislature. It serves no useful purpose to hassle over this, or the merits of alternate strategies which might have produced progress in a less traumatic way. The bullet has been bitten, so now we must move ahead as fast as political resources and realities permit.

In closing, we must thank our readership elsewhere in the nation for bearing with us in our current emphasis on California affairs. It has been said that progress in California and New York is a necessary prerequisite to progress at the national level. Nobody can say we aren't trying. (See Page 57 for voting records)

Doug DeYoung
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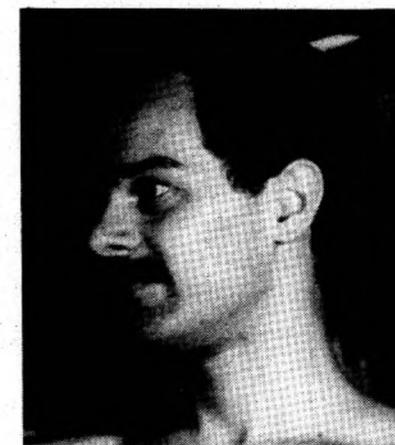
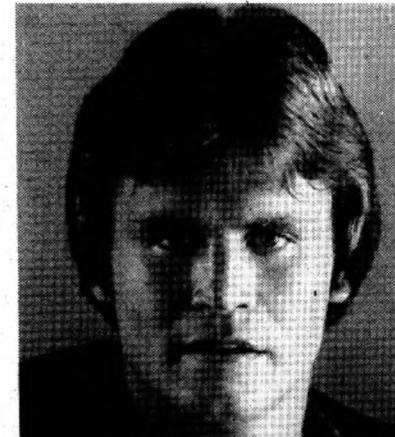
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COVER PHOTO BY DAMON DEWINTERS

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THE GAY EXPERIENCE JUNE VOL. 11, NO. 6

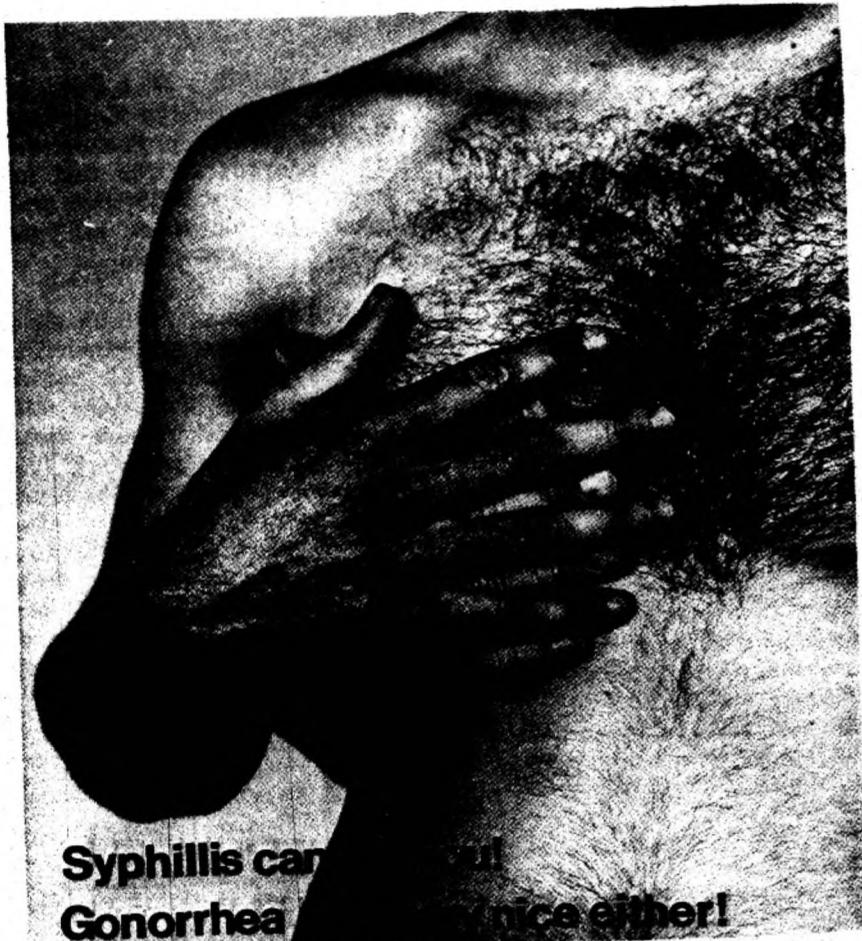


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Gonorrhea can be painful either!

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 8 pm S.I.R. Open Meeting & Open House 4th Wed, every month—Programs vary. Open to all.
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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 dishing 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
 Winnimucca, 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 Martans
 Randolph, Nebraska

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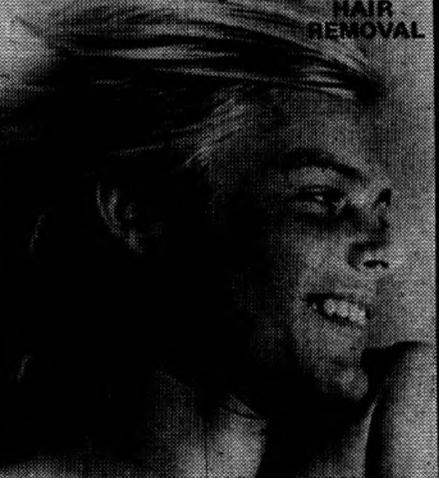
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Variety is the Spice

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 excused 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 I?

*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*

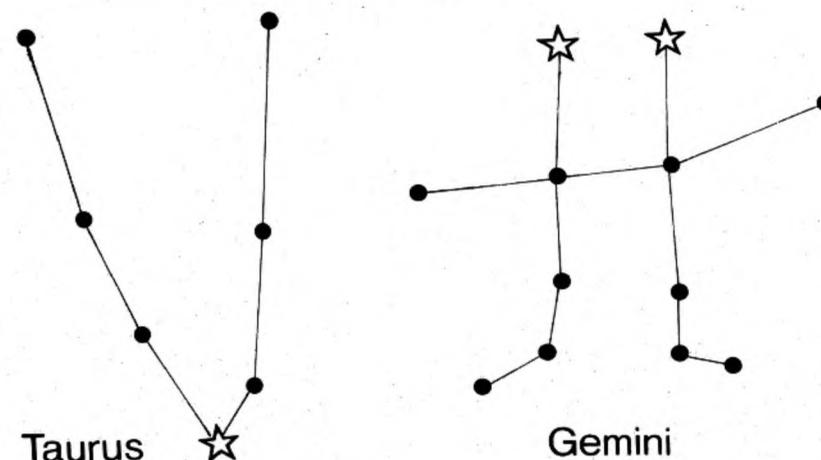
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Star Cruise

THE PLANET OF LUCK



THE PHILOSOPHY AND NEW LIFE APPLICATION OF THE PLANETS' TRIPS AMONG THE FIXED STARS OF THE CLASSICAL SIDEREAL ZODIAC

by JEFF

STAR CRUISE will be devoted to the needs of the Gay Community. It is our hope that through Sidereal Astrology you can better understand yourselves and your lovers, and better cope with the everyday joys or problems of life. Send in those cards and letters, folks. We want to hear from you. Astrology applies to EVERYTHING! (or anything.) If you have a question about yourself please send your complete birth data — that is — date, year, time and place of birth, along with your question, of course. If you have a question about someone else we need all that information about him or her, too. We cannot make personal replies and letters cannot be returned.

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LAST MONTH'S DISCUSSION of the planet Mars ends our current consideration of what are called the intimate, or personal, planets. The Sun, Moon, Mercury, Venus, and Mars play the greater part in the make-up of the basic, intimate personality of man. The rest of the planets which are farther out from the Sun are what are called generational or outer planets. Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto affect large numbers of people in comparison to the individual effect the personal planets exert. Our subject this month is the planet of good feeling and good fortune, Jupiter.

Jupiter is thought of in astrology as

the greater benefic. It is the planet of luck. In the natal chart Jupiter shows 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 optimistic nature, and you certainly are not averse to dropping a few names or well-known labels here and there. You are a hale and hardy, 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, 1975. It will remain in Pisces until around February

Sunday Brunch 11-3pm
Dinners 5:30pm-10:30pm

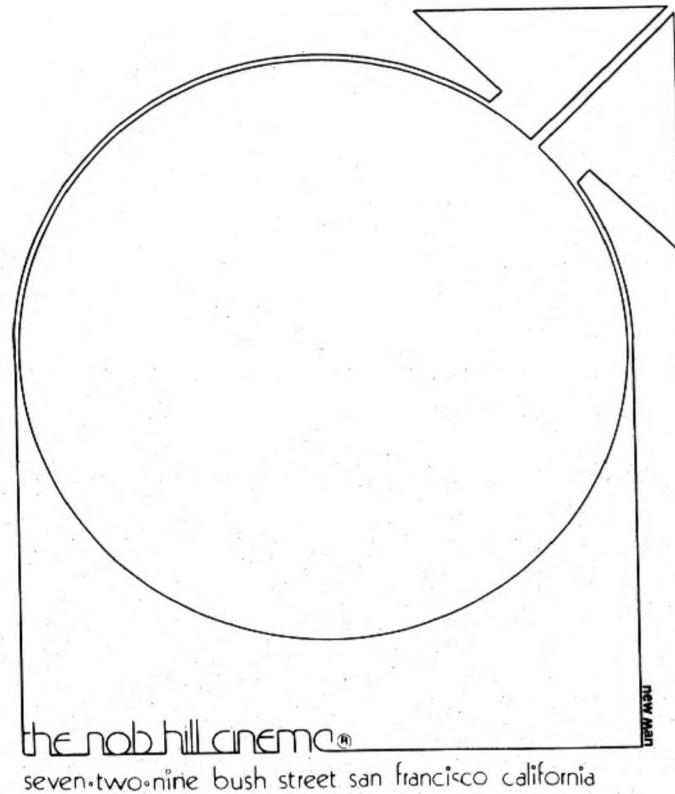
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20, 1976. The Mutable constellations Pisces, Virgo, Gemini, and Sagittarius will be enjoying a great deal of opportunities and good luck during this year. Accomplishment will be easier than it has been ever for you. Jupiter will not again smile on your fortunes with such positive force for many years to come. 1975 is a year for you to *act positively*. Of course, it's difficult not to party just a little when Jupiter transits our Sun. You can dissipate the marvelous opportunity of a strong Jupiter by just reveling in its good feelings. You Pisces folks will feel in a party mood, but 1975 is a banner year for you to take advantage of the heightened status that Jupiter can bring.

THE NEW MOON

The New Moon takes place on Monday, June 9, 1975, in the constellation Taurus, a sexy constellation indeed. But there are rather sinister implications for the Fixed Group, Taurus, Scorpio, Aquarius, and Leo. Histrionics and anger can accompany Neptune and Pluto, strongly aspecting a New Moon as they do this week. Of the Fixed Group, Scorpio and Taurus are the more likely to fight, Taurus only if there is no other alternative when he feels cornered. Scorpio however loves nothing more than a good knock-down, drag-out bitch fight. So be careful, Scorpions. This could be a violent New Moon.

THE FULL MOON

The full Moon takes place on June 23, 1975, another Monday, and in the constellation Sagittarius. The Mutable Group will be most strongly affected; especially, of course, Sagittarians. Saturn and Neptune are aspecting the Moon on that evening and could add their very depressing notes to the Full Moon action. The famous optimism of you Sagittarians could be overtaxed this Full Moon.

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)

Politics

APPROACHING POLITICAL REFORM

by FRANK FITCH

The California State Senate narrowly passed Willie Brown's (D-SF) Consensual Sex Bill (AB489) on May 1, 1975. Assembly concurrence in amendments and Gubernatorial signature followed.

During the six year-long effort to secure majority votes for AB489 in the legislature, two views about the best way to achieve legal and civil rights reform have developed which may be called the public versus the quiet approach.

THE PUBLIC APPROACH is based on the premise that there are two goals of our movement's legislative reform efforts. One is the direct change of the legal and civil rights status of gay people that the legislation would accomplish. The other is the more long-range educational and consciousness raising effect that our lobbying of legislators, preparation of carefully crafted press releases and speaking in public will have on the

legislators, media personnel and the public at large, as well as individual "missionary" work in the fields of straight America. Proponents of this approach tend to support both legislation that deals with specific problems as well as remedies that are buried in a larger package of unrelated legislation.

THE QUIET APPROACH fears greatly the possibility of a heterosexual backlash. The feeling is that if we are quiet enough in our lobbying for legislative reforms potential opponents will not be alerted, will not raise a public clamor and encourage lobbying against our reforms. They believe the benefits of public education are outweighed by the dangers of a counter-reaction that could take away prior achievements. Proponents of this approach tend to only support legislation covering a number of items, with our concerns being a small part of that package.

California is the first state to have

passed a specific sexual law reform with full debate rather than buried in a comprehensive penal code reform package. This demonstrates that specific legislation can be passed.

Proponents of the quiet approach maintain that the publicity generated by the Brown bill as it moved toward law will make it harder to pass a comprehensive penal code revision or Foran's antidiscrimination in employment bill. This view does not give much credit to the organized opposition to our desired reforms. These people have demonstrated that they closely watch the legislature and are tenacious in lobbying against our interests.

Many people familiar with legislators in Sacramento and the determined opposition of the police officers associations and the PTA's prior to the publicity associated with the consensual sex bill were trying to alert the community that they believe that Foran's bill will not pass without a massive campaign of constituent letter writing and personal visits to legislators' district offices. Willie Brown's bill does not make this job harder as long as gay people do not act as though one success is enough and fail to lobby their representatives. Police representatives routinely read all proposed law changes, so there has never been a chance of keeping our reforms secret from them. We will have to depend on the tendency of legislators not to amend a complicated package for fear that so many amendments will be offered that nothing will pass. This has worked in seven other

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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" action. It is a civil rights victory in eliminating the argument that gay people are, by virtue of their sexual proclivities, 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.

We must not rest now. Foran's AB 633 must be lobbied effectively to protect us from public and private job discrimination. Moscone's SB513 may not pass this year, but we can begin to educate people, even members of our own community as to the nature of the bill and the law it changes. For example, it only involves one section of the solicitation statute—the one most gays are arrested for involving *non-monetary* suggestions. It does not affect prostitution laws. People who do not find a simple "no" enough, will still have the protection of laws against "outraging public decency, being a public nuisance

or disturbing the peace." On the national scene, bills by Abzug, Fraser and Dellums that extend civil rights protection to gay people need to be talked about with U.S. Representatives, Senators and their aides.

We can attempt to settle differences of opinion over the best approach to take within our own community. If, as I suspect, there is no settlement, we can agree to allow each group to pursue its own approach but not in such a way as to appear to the community-at-large that we are engaging in divisive in-fighting.

Willie Brown's bill did not pass by the efforts of only the few hundred gay persons who hold leadership positions in our organizations. It took gay citizens with little time for the day to day workings of the movement but who made time to write letters and ask others to write. The reforms yet to be made, both the penal code revision package and specific legislation will require even more of that kind of effort for success.

If you would like to be part of a "telephone tree," willing to receive a phone call when a vote is pending or a crisis is brewing and to phone 10 or more friends to pass the word and ask that they make some phone calls too... Call us at S.I.R. (415) 781-1570.



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Women

IS SHE OR ISN'T SHE ?

by Norma Hayes

A "compliment" was told to me recently by a good friend and co-worker, who passed it on in a sincere attempt to brighten my day.

My friend had introduced me to a friend of his who was visiting here at the offices of the ADVOCATE. We exchanged "Hi"'s and a pleasantry 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 told that I was, he responded, "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 had 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—the untold numbers of them who are more physically attractive than I, those who have far more outstanding qualities than I will ever possess and all lesbians everywhere 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 migod, not *you*, too!" And in the enlightened atmosphere of America's major gay publication!

The "you" toward whom I direct this lament 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 two 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-

tude. 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 all that I felt was implied (perhaps subconsciously, but nevertheless...): 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?!

All of us have heard the same refrain sung in heterosexuals, where lesbians are often dismissed with such one-liners as, "She'll straighten out in a hurry once the right man comes along," or "What man would want her?"

But perhaps my translation is extreme. Therefore, I'm asking those of you who would be surprised to meet a gay woman that

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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 unaware that the stereotype seldom fits? All of the above?

None of the above? I don't know.

What I do know is that categorizing 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 Chinese," "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 know about gay men. Nothing. *Except* that we come in all sorts of packages, just as you do. Some of us have beautiful souls. Some of us aren't very nice. Some of us have brilliant minds. Some of us are deadly 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 screaming 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 straight. And 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. And if you find that your reasons are based solely on her physical appearance, do her (and yourself) 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. •

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Books

GAY SPIRIT / GAY LITERATURE

GAY SPIRIT: A Guide to Becoming a Sensuous Homosexual
by David Loois, Grove Press, 1974
\$6.95, 171 pages.

"They laughed when I sat down to play the piano" is an ancient routine that pointed up the conventional wisdom of advertising. Find a need and fill it. Americans are optimistic to the end. There must of necessity be an answer to all dilemmas. Therefore, we cannot be surprised when the Norman Vincent Peale mentality reaches our shores. Gay positive thought arose even before the Stonewall Rebellion.

Gay Spirit will probably be enjoyed by mostly young gays just entering the life. The tone feels bright and cheery and contributes to the building of a healthy self-image. But one can still get the impression that books of this sort cannot really deliver the goods promised. Mr. Loois can never be other than trivial and superficial in his remedies for misery in the human heart.

Basically we all face the same problems regardless of sexual preference. Loois is hung up on issues revolving around sex, choice of clothes, and how you smile. Suppose you succeed in luring a partner into your life by using his common sense techniques. Once the honeymoon aura has melted, the real you floats to the surface. If you function as a screwed-up neurotic mess underneath all that newly applied charm, the return trip from the Olympian heights of love can be devastating. A well-supervised encounter session might come closer to the point. Cookbook hints can help set the stage, but you have only yourself to offer and hopefully some refreshing outside interests that will attract the cute number you ran into last night. We always end up returning to base No. 1.

Mr. Loois preaches a doctrine that has contributed to the splintering of many "happy" unions: perfect sex. He advises, "Every kiss must be so deep, so true, so poignant that when you release each other you are dizzy." Can this be real life? Sexual encounters are rarely so blissful, and young couples of either sex

soon discover disillusionment instead and start laying on recriminations. Reality has the tacky habit of constantly asserting itself.

Loois writes in a charming, disarming way that will offend few and does manage to get some useful points across. He offers advice on a wide assortment

of topics, such as grooming, dress, role playing, how to keep your lover, the pros and cons of orgies, and how to build a sensual aura. His section on "How to Drive Your Lover to Ecstasy" reveals a delicious sense of whimsy as he explores the erotic potential of each part of the human body.



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In the final analysis I can only advise the curious 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 delay the moment of supreme confrontation when you look in a mirror.

—Frank Howell

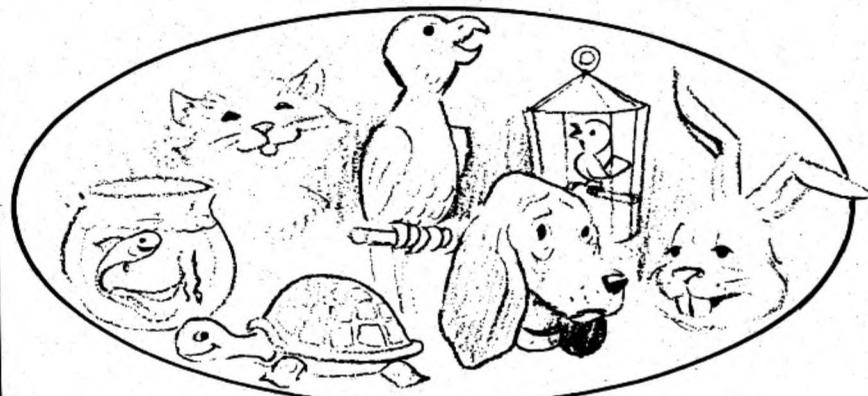
GAY LITERATURE NO. 2

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



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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.

Highlight of the issue is publisher Daniel Curzon's "Hatred," 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?

"Hatred" concerns the relationship between a young gay writer named Dean (read Dan) and a homophobe 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 cant to call it fictoir 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 Mitzel's "Display Window Denizens" beautifully tackles the sad fantasies of an aging gay coping with betrayal and loneliness. "Buddies," a play by Maurice Kenny, dramatizes the adventures of Billy the Kid and Pat Garrett searching for bedbugs and security in a sleazy El Paso motel room.

Also memorable is a poem by Michael Shernoff, "I Am A Whoer," 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 suck dick. 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.

—Cleve Gallat

Wining & Dining

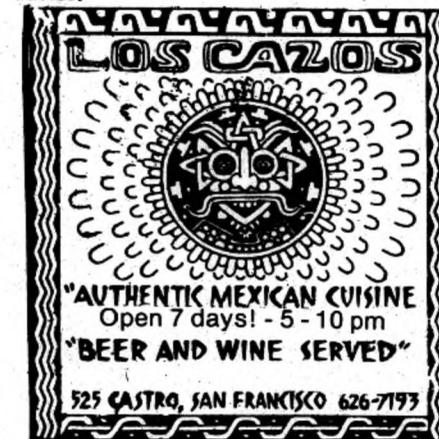
LOS CAZOS
525 Castro St., SF 626-7193

Tucked away dead center of the heart of one of the heaviest gay promenades on earth is a very small, very charming, very inexpensive and very mellow jewel known as **Los Cazos**, a Mexican restaurant of unique character.

Grab a window seat and most of your hungers will be more than satisfied—all on a high quality/quantity level.

The most expensive item on this large menu goes for a ridiculous \$3.75 and is food enough to fill the heartiest of appetites.

The dining experience begins with a maddening sensual twinkle in waiter Val's eyes and without the pressures of look-how-well-I-can-serve-you, he makes you immediately certain you have made a brilliant choice of restaurant and then goes about arranging for your comfort. Thank God for all waiters who are together enough to make suggestions to guide you through an array of tempting offerings. Without question we followed his advice.



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 soulful eyes and I don't). A fresh, crisp salad followed with a house avocado/cream dressing which contrasted nicely with the hot tostaditas 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 entre 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 evenly divided. The Carne de res en Chipote (\$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

cheesecake (75 cents) baked on the premises by the chef. It was generous, fluffy and spiked with fresh orange rind giving the total meal still another chapter in taste/texture. The coffee was dark, rich and full bodied (25 cents).

Mexican Restaurants seem to be springing up everywhere and **Los Cazos** is a welcomed addition to the growing internationality of the Market/Castro area. I hate this word but it was—cozy—and we lingered and lingered because everything was either there or right outside the window parading.

ABC CAFETERIA
Market Street (at 6th)

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, tofu, 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 Gentleman will appear, soup in hand, searching for the person

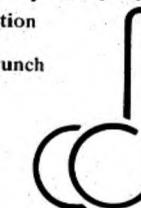
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with a white plastic spoon who looks as if he's been forgotten. He will then place in front of you a large bowl of absolute treasures. This is no convenience soup mass produced. This isn't even close to the real thing—it IS the real thing.

For over a year I have been into the preparation and study of authentic Chinese cooking and hardly expected to find at this price and in this place a soup of such perfection.

The stock is prepared daily (I peeked into the kitchen and now after perhaps 20 visits am rather welcomed back stage.) This stock is rich, thick and yellow with the taste of the Chicken in every spoonful and herein 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 such as MacDonaldis. 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 plus the addition of several strips of beef which I personally find overpowers the subtlety of the other ingredients so stick to the \$1.16 (including tax) one.

Recently I ventured into the other foods there and found them tepid, and impossible to judge since the key to all Chinese cooking is speed in preparation and every second between the wok and your fork is a moment of flavor lost. The courtesy and efficiency of their staff shines with joy in their work and a feeling of being charmed by each customer and, realizing that this is the Tenderloin, to be able to remain "up" for some of the "downers" who wander into the ABC Cafeteria is a talent even greater than the wonton soup.

THE CORNER GROCERY BAR
4049 18th Street, SF

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 live performance night and a very interesting audience turns out to cheer these professionals along their career travels. The ambience 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 therapy or groups or raps.

The Corner Grocery Bar sounds like a ripoff name for the usual loud, stomping me-Tarzan-you-Jane-we-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



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ONE GAY MALE ACTIVITY IN the East Bay (Berkeley, Oakland, Albany, Emeryville, etc.) is readily accessible to people all about the Bay Area. 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 KPFA, 94.1. (In some areas where KPFA doesn't reach, you can hear it on KPFB, 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 arrests 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 programming 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 KPFA 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 in 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 (KPFA 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: KPFA, 2207 Shattuck Avenue, Berkeley, California 94704.

KPFA offers regular lesbian programming. Lesbian Express will be back on the air this month after a vacation; it is usually heard every Sunday at 5. 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 KPFA.

ITEMS

The Laney Community College Gay Students Union in Oakland has been recently reactivated. For 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

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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 essential 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 personal liberation in expressing my preference for male companionship. 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 clubs 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: b-blacks frequent.) 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—racism—and it has hurt me plenty.

I fell in love with an Anglo dude, and I was quite innocent 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 destroys 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

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 characteristic 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 and mannerly 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 existence-oriented personalities, and so they can afford to sit somewhere (by minorities?).

RECREATION SHOULD BE WHOLESOME. 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 revulsed 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 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 slaveholding, 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, 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.

Today we're light-years apart. Torn apart by his concept (and acceptance) of social rationality, I've come out and he has turned straight. But the attitudes a gay minority person faces in the clubs and on the campuses still remain and must be overcome. There are so many gays out and around, why is that most of us still feel loneliness in its midst? It's time we slowed down, or acquired more speed, to begin to look and listen to our hearts, if we haven't lost them yet. . . and I think not. •

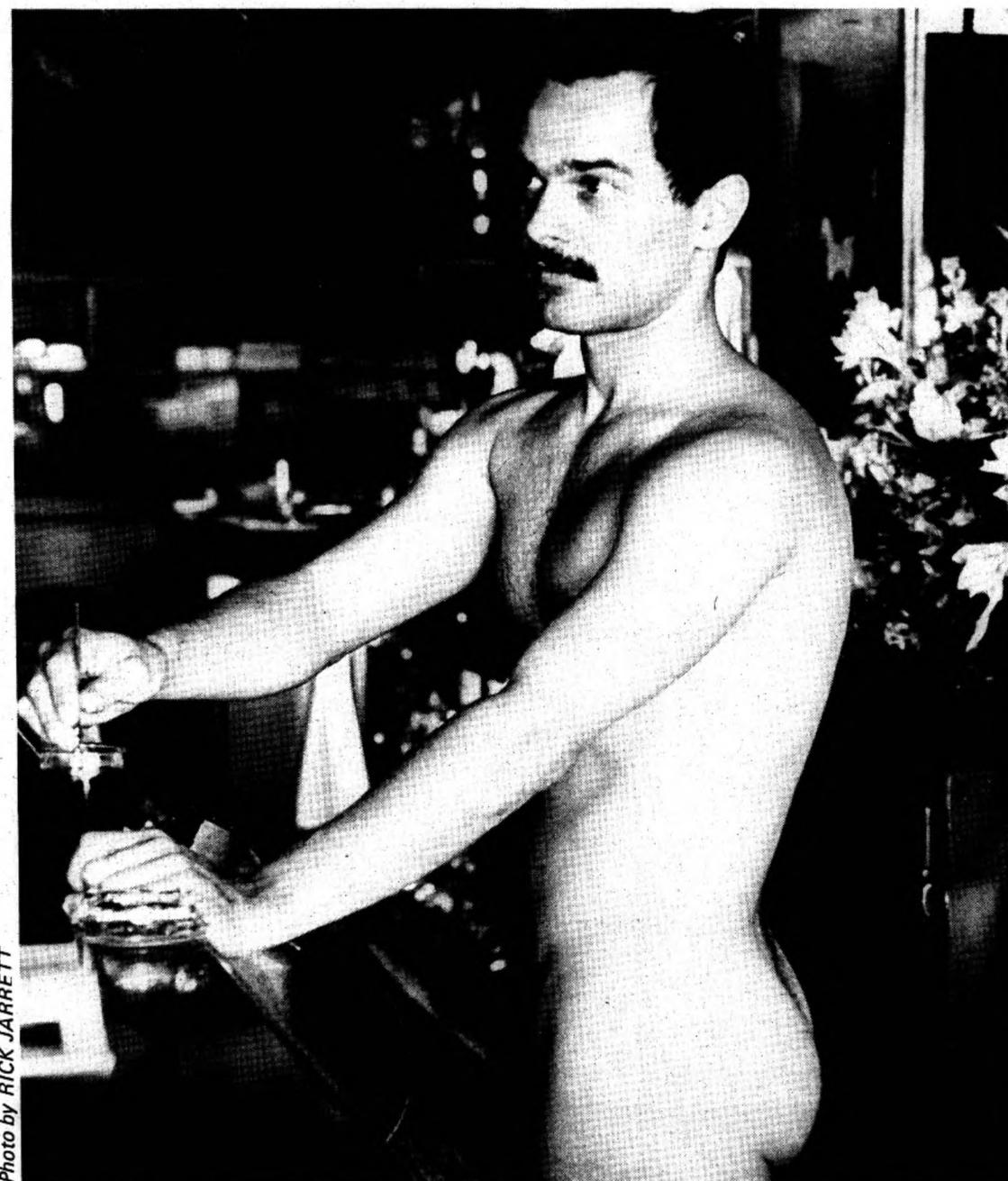


Photo by RICK JARRETT

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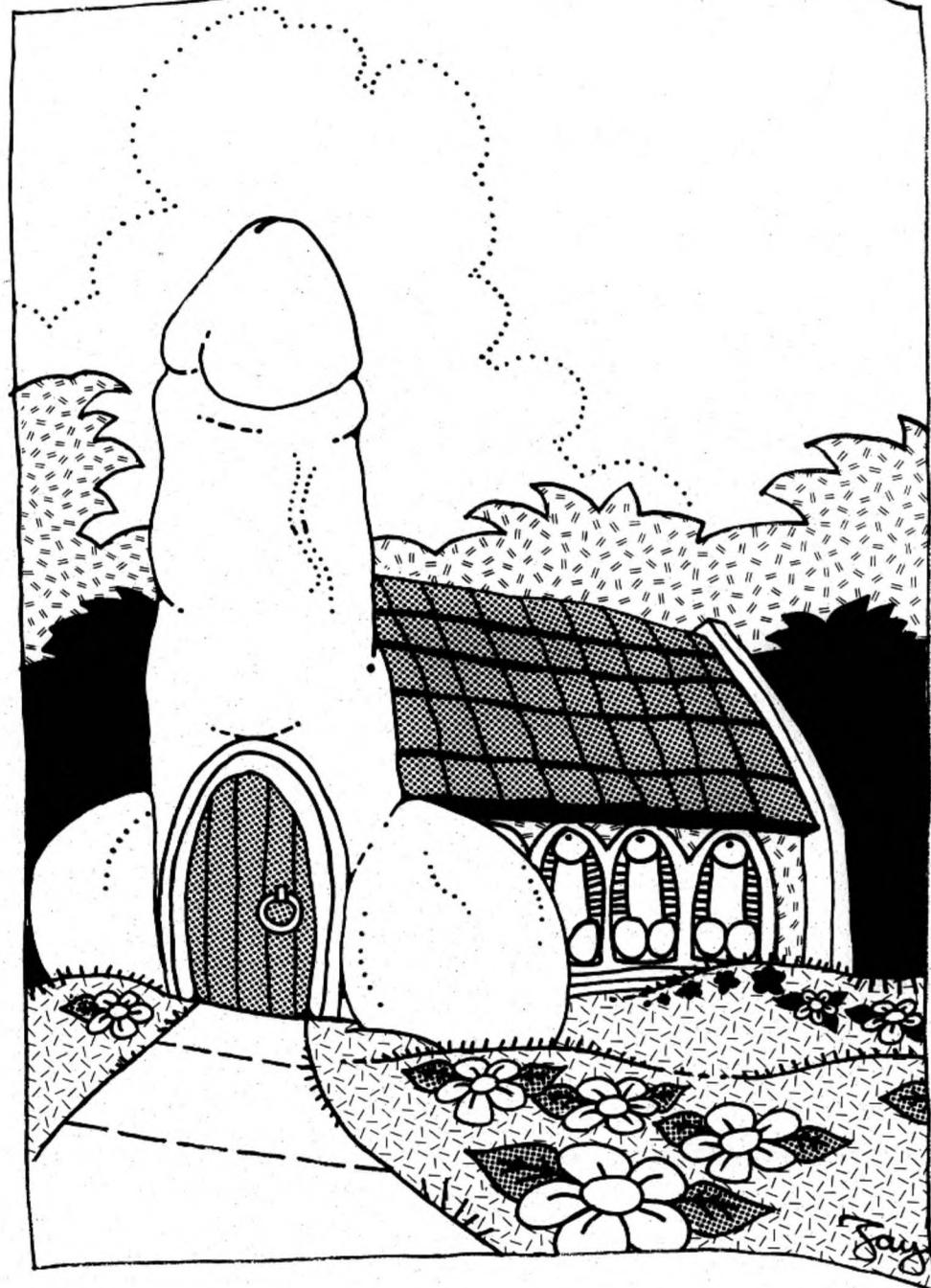
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VOTING MEMBERSHIP
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The Myths behind

WOURO

HURO

STUA

SEERS

SAME

by Rictor Norton

the Wanton Ads

Reprinted from GAY 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 hand for sweaty chores, barn discipline, to be corraled and trained to the whip & bridal. Rack available for stubborn, arrogant, or unruly Ms who are slow or sluggish. Three categories of service available: full-time modern day slavery, all needs provided for; part-time weekend work; or one-night only. 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! W/M, lthr trnd, frgl slv mvng East. Sks yng, musclr, clean, w/e, sincr, responsbe, undrstrndng. W/S, B&D expt, lt S/M if necs. No inhbtns. Needs someone to serve & obey. Can hip w hshld expens. No frks, fats, fems, drgs, drnks, leeches. Pls write instrctn to: Neal.

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

LOOK NO MORE!

This is the ad you've been waiting for! White male, leather trained, fragile slave moving East. Seeks young, muscular, circumcised, well endowed, sincere, responsible, understanding. Water sports, bondage and discipline expected, light sadomasochism if necessary. No inhibitions. Needs someone to serve and obey. Can help with household expenses. No freaks, fats, fems, drugs, drunks, or leeches. 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 insertor

Fr pas - Greek passive, ie anal receptor

Fr act - French active, ie oral insertor

Fr pas - French passive, ie oral receptor

lt S/M - light (mild) sadomasochism

W/S - water sports, ie urinating etc

J/O - jack off, ie masturbation

FF - fist fucking

Ly's - Levi's, including denim & cords

fone frk - phone freak, ie dirty talk etc

gdlk - goodlooking, ie godlike

LIAHO - 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 anointest my body with leather. And I shall dwell in the game room of my Lord forever. Amen."

This prayer comes from the hymnal of Southern California's most fully developed gay religious sect, the S/M Cult. Its major centres of worship are Hangin' Tree Country

Store and A Taste of Leather, two temples which distribute the magical implements for the proper ceremonial ritual, which they call 'a Trip'.

S/M EQUIPMENT

Recks, pillories, stocks, whipping posts, cages & heavy, clunky, freaky, wood & iron, handcrafted to your design, or our engineers will build to your exacting requirements. Manual or hydraulic power. Built by Ms for Ms. Each piece thoroughly field-tested. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Smaller chapels such as Paeon, David, Sovereign, Tantalus, and Goliath (we can see the mythological roots) specialise in certain kinds of church utensils:

THE TANTALIZERS

Add zest to any scene. Unique Ball Stretcher/Cage, black leather, adjusts to fit. Subtle.

COCK & BALL HARNESS

Increase your turnover by 20%. Makes you feel like you're gently being groped. Guaranteed to fit. Adds inches to your sex life.

NIPPLE NIPS

Padded jaws, leather loops for weights. Attach anywhere.

VIBRATORS

Seven inches from base to tip of head. Shaft is four inches round. Uses two 'C' cell batteries.

The vibrator is of course the magic wand of all gay cults, and is an idol representing the great god of gods, BIG DICK. Mystic kabbalistic interpreters of his holy name refrain from saying it in full, and utter only the letters 'B/D' as they kneel to propitiate his divine wrath.

The leather idolator's legendary Hero is Hercules, ritual bearer of the Big Club and the Lion Skin. This totem-skin is the origin of all leather, the priestly vestment which all leather acolytes must wear while paying homage to their deity. The High Priest of this cult is Rev Larry Townsend, prophetic author of *The Leatherman's Handbook*, otherwise known as The Bible.

THE ADVENTURES OF JAMES BOOT

Sometime during the Middle Modern Ages, the Leather Cult experienced a Great Schism, with the result that there grew up a Reformation group known as the Levi Cult. The tutelary deity of this cult is called COWBOY, whose origins are lost in the obscure mists of the Wild, Wild West. His priesthood worships at the temple of Colt Studios, the name of which indicates that in the beginning the animistic natives may have worshipped Cowboy in the form of a horse. The shepherds in his flock are called Studs, another indication of the primitive agricultural society in which this cult originated.

The legends about Cowboy are legion. His lasso represents the archetypal ouraborus or serpent biting its tail, which symbolises the unity of active and passive. Like Mercury with his winged sandals, Cowboy is said to have accomplished great marvels with his Magic Boots:

DIG BOOTS?

Freak out over loggers, western or heavy motorcycle types. Write to: Chuck.

The Levi movement gains new converts every day. Votaries at Cowboy's altar prefer the rites of B&D to S/M, and they have a larger Pantheon of deities:

VIRILE, MUSCULAR

Rugged male, 34, 6', 175lbs, wishes to meet construction workers, lumberjacks, athletes, truckdrivers, servicemen,

bodybuilders, or rugged males for man-to-man relaxation.

The canonical robes of his worshippers are also more varied than those of the Leather Cult:

COWBOY & STUD

Young athlete bodybuilder will supply you with any well used item: straps, T-shirts, Levi's, dirty, smelly jocks & sox to groove on after hard and hot workout. Write to: Steve.

The lay brethren in the Levi Cult are seeking to return along the Mystic Path to their origins in the animal kingdom, especially by initiating "dirty, sweaty, hairy studs." The missionaries of this cult actively seek converts from primitive non-white cultures:

MEXICAN BOYS

Stars of Gay Mexico. Danny Au Naturel. Hunky, sensuous, exotic young Portuguese.

HOT CHOCOLATE

Handsome nude black & Latin dudes of truly classic proportions prove that clothes don't make the man.

A BUDDY TO BRUISE AROUND WITH

From the Great Schism also emerged a Counter-Reformation movement emphasising strict orthodoxy, known as the Cult of Blood Brothers. Their highest deity is Antaeus, famed for his great wrestling match with Hercules, at the end of which he recited the mystic incantation "Winner takes loser." They wear the loin-cloth of the mendicant friars, preach a doctrine of brotherly love, and practice the ancient ritual of Brother-Battle, part of the kingship ritual of most primitive tribes. Here is a prayer from their litany:

WRESTLING FREAK

160lbs, 5'8", wants to meet others who really groove on grunt 'n' groan for some rugged no-holds-barred mat action. Write to: Ressler.

Their archdeacons are the six men on the New York City Wrestling Team, and one of their mythical Heroes is Charles Atlas.

This cult has two other initiation ceremonies for those who wish to advance to the level of superior abbot. The first is a rite of baptism known as W/S or Water Sports, sometimes also called Toilet Training or Scats Club. The officiant of the rite solemnly administers an enema to the candidate and then sprinkles him with urine, excrement, mud and oil.

TOILET DOG SLAVE

Groovy 24yr toilet dog slave seeks all masters for humil scenes, W/S, scat, latrine service; all toilet scenes, dog food, force feeding, etc. The raunchier & dirtier the better. Write to: Ken.

Candidates who wish to advance further in the hierarchy must present their posteriors for a ritual known as "Make All Deliveries To The Rear":

BOTTOM WORSHIPPERS

Saucy stud seeks spanking. Bra... 170lb, avg bld, badly needs woodshed discipline from muscular buck who can wrangle my pants off, put me over his knee & hold me there while he blisters my bottom. Write to: Bob.

(The ritual removal of garments of course symbolises divine rebirth).

HOT & HORNY

There is an obscure sect of wandering monks, somewhat like the Hermits in the Wilderness, known as the J/O Cult:

LEND A HAND CLUB

Virile always horny stud living in iso-

lated area. Forced to depend on hand and/or toys. Seeks to correspond with those interested in comparing J/O technique. Write to: Andy.

They communicate with their far-flung brethren through oracular correspondence. Many of them are *fone frks* who perform a ritual dance at the sound of their thunder-god, Heavy Breather.

An equally obscure sect, another totem-animal religion, is the Chicken Cult. Their boy-god Chuck is a younger incarnation of Butch, one of the Levi Heroes. His mystic number in the prudent New Testament of *Gay News* is '21+'. The priesthood of this cult frequently go on pilgrimages:

MOROCCAN CHICKEN?

Need experienced companion for discreet but lively chicken tour of Morocco. Share expenses. Write to: Occupant.

Each initiate into this cult is called a 'Boy Friday'.

The most refined of all the gay religious tribes is the Cult of Orpheus, god of poetry and music. The clerical cassock of this order consists of a fluffy sweater or ivy-league suit, and the chapel is called the Hair Dressers. They worship Narcissus:

IS THERE ANOTHER ME?

I have lots to offer as a lover. Interests include classical music, theatre, and literature. Seek sensitive guy with similar qualities. Am 35, 6', 170lbs, good bod, endowed, successful and attractive. Own sensational Victorian mansion and luxury car. Artistic but masculine. Write to: Philip.

They are forever in search of a Sincere Friend to accompany them on their mythical Quest to the Opera.

The members of all these cults occasionally have their faith restored by visits from the Sacred Temple Prostitutes. The Ancient Order of Masseurs was founded by Bishop Clark of 'The Clark System', and their wizardry performs miracles. With the rhythmic, syncopated strokes of their thaumaturgic hands, they heal the soul and renew the body.

HAIRY MUSCULAR DUDE

Hot and hunky Larry gives you a modelling session you won't forget! **PROFESSIONAL LICENSED MASSEUR** Treat yourself to a complete tune-up: lube job, fuel ejection system tested, battery recharged, and your hot system cooled with my special oil emulsions. Master Charge accepted.

There are of course other gay cults and rites, but anthropologists have not yet studied the material fully. The great Secret of Secrets behind all of these cults seems to derive from an Asiatic concept of the ecstatic void: The Glory Hole. There are a variety of alchemists preparing magic potions such as Athos Anal Lubricant, in magically disposable packets, and an order of soothsayers practicing Twin Mars astrology.

The *Advocate* necessarily does not tell the complete story, for like many church manuals it has excommunicated two heretical cults, one ruled by Sapphy, Mother of the Amazons, and the other ruled by Sissy, Queen of the Drags. There is also an apocryphal gospel entitled *The Coming Thing*, which prophesies that in a lowly sauna in Bethlehem, Ohio, Our Saviour Mr Right will be born unto the Virgin Precious, will be entrapped by a false kiss from Jimmy the Agent Provocateur, will be photographed by Prints Charming, will be gangbanged by the Cnam Gang, and on the third day of His passion will arise from the bed with a halo girding His loins, whereupon He will forgive us our follies and friendship will rule the world.



Leslie St. Clair, of the Transsexual Counseling Center, presents Officer Blackstone with an award.



Elliot Blackstone, retiring Police-Community relations person with the San Francisco Police Department with his lovely family.



Sheriff Richard Hongisto chats with Officer Blackstone



Ray Carlson, Blackstone's competent replacement

The Good Cop Retires



Illustrations Robert Androsko

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 nightliferish Bistro from throughout the metropolitan area to hear the very latest sounds of such vocalists and groups as Eddie Kendrick, Carol King, Aretha Franklin, the Spinners, Stylistics, O'days, and Love Unlimited. 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 Bistro provides a breathtaking experience quite easy to get lost in. Among the overdecorated Grecian atmosphere that promotes emotional excesses, the flashing colored lights, and the electrical wall, moving caricatures are match-

ed by the beautiful hip people in the latest fashionable styles—body shirts, shrink tops, knickers, sequined high-heeled shoes, silk scarfs—all radiant and doing the latest dance, the Bump. The Bistro caters to a diverse gay crowd: the made-up drags, extravagant fags, "heavy" men, blacks and whites, and, not to be outdone, the vivacious straight women. The pulsating music, generated through a dozen turntables and countless speakers, goes on and on amid the colorful swirl of the dancers. The newcomer has just got to join in on the fun, dig the music, and dance, to prove he is somebody, that he's as good as the next person and can dance as well.

Quite possibly, before coming to the Bistro, the clientele has not been exposed to black music, but the Bistro's romantic projections of subterranean love change that. Was it all a charming dream? Certainly he'll return the next week as a

captivated addict of black music.

Black female vocalism and music with emotional, high-pitched, feverish qualities are especially popular with gays. Ecstasy, Passion, and Pains' "Good Things Don't Last Forever," the Supremes' "Bad Weather," "Smarty Pants" by First Choice, the Three Degrees' "Dirty Ole Man," are examples. Such screaming songs are favorites with gays because, in their musical intensity, they reflect the despair and desperateness that often haunt the lives of homosexuals. Some singing groups and solo artists, nearly immortalized in the gay world, make their wealth almost exclusively off a homosexual market as their songs gain a reputation for being "gay."

Much of the gay infatuation with such music lies in an identification with the female singer. Gays adored and worshiped Judy Garland, who through her voice expressed a personal tragedy, a

self-destructiveness, and a struggle for survival that many homosexuals likewise experience. The identification with the tortured Garland springs from a mutual predicament. She, too, was the emotionally unprotected, with her vulnerabilities exposed, searching for happiness in a world where only the strong survive.

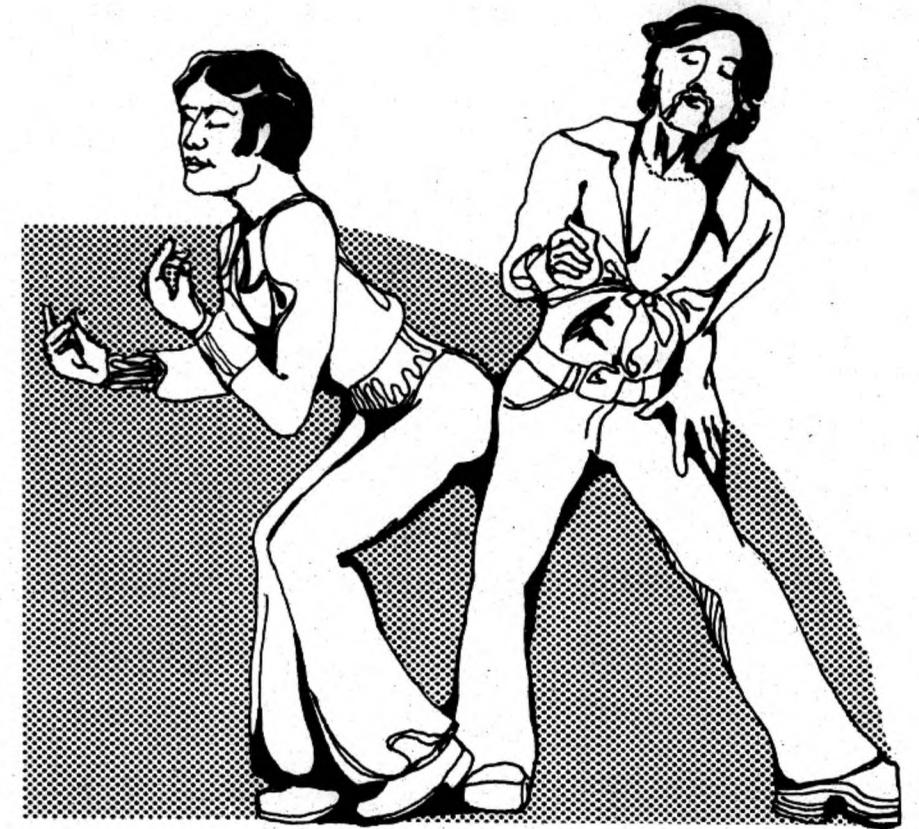
Another reason for the popularity of such female singers is their image, visualized through dress, style, and mannerism, of what gay men perceive to be the ideal woman. Some gays, idealizing the feminine mystique, project themselves into such appearances as an escape from their own predicament as males and as a "wonderlandish" outlet from the harsh societal reality of being homosexual.

Gay identification with women performers is most vividly seen in the cases of female impersonators. Diana Ross, Barbara Streisand, Bette Midler, and the Pointer Sisters are commonly mimicked female singers. Performances by female impersonators have long been held at many gay bars and recently have become acceptable at certain straight establishments as well.

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 bucks 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/like when he gives you that great big special hug and that heavy kiss/girls, you know the kind, the kind that's in the wrong place at the wrong time/and really turns you on. I had a guy like that/then we had an argument, and like all, all us girls, I said some pretty dumb things/like 'Get lost'/and he split, and I just stood there looking dumb and let that man walk right out of my life. I've been as evil as a wet hen ever since/I told myself I wouldn't sweat it, but I did/he was inside me, inside my thoughts, dreams/everywhere I went I saw him. . ."

"Maybe" illustrates the overwhelming need and attraction homosexuals feel for "men" who have the power to become the dominant motivating force of their lives. Gays are more preoccupied with finding a man than are other passive beings, because their societal subordination necessitates their trying harder to compensate for their imagined shortcomings. Gays have to pursue social and romantic inclinations in unorthodox



ways so as not to upset the norms. So many gays who have yet to discard the masculine/feminine sexist propaganda are also more desperate; they have nothing to lose and everything to gain and lack respect, status and protection, and to pursue the control of masculinity that represents power, security, and happiness is a way out of a lonely, defenseless 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:

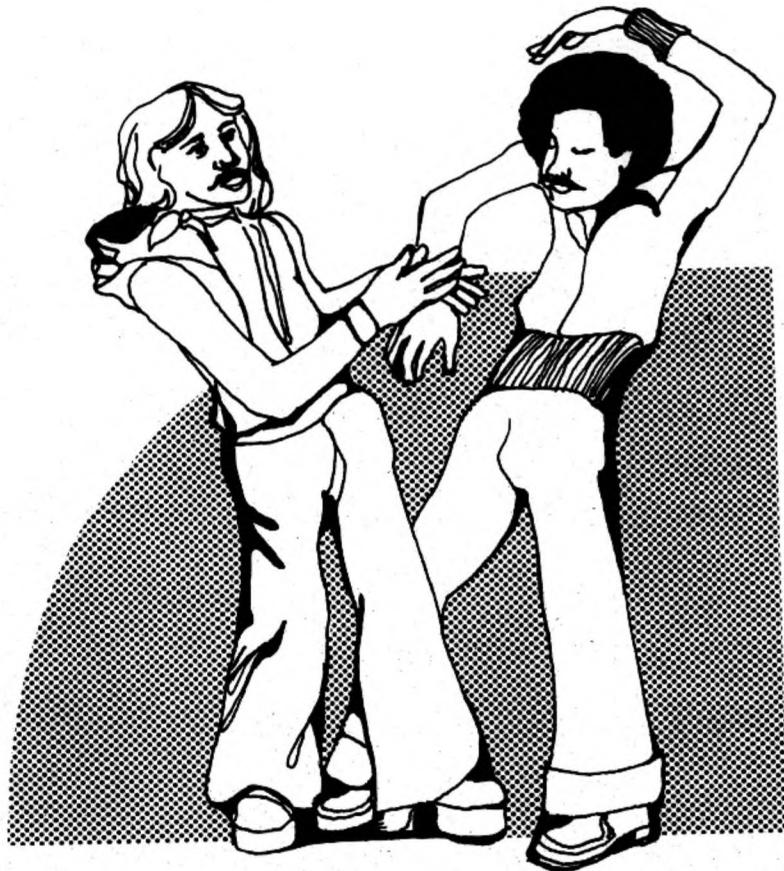
"my friends, they keep trying to tell me, all you want to do is use me, baby/my answer/all that use me stuff is I want to spread the news that, if it feels this good being use, keep on using me till you use me up/my sister, she set me right and talked to me/she told me 'Don't let the man just walk on me'/I said, 'Sister, if you only knew, I know you'd steal my shoes, just keep on using me till you use me up/sometimes it's true you really do abuse me, but when you love me, I can't get enough."

These lines recognize that some gays often passively accept their exploitation in affairs. "Use Me" sheds light on a masochistic tendency, characteristic of some gays who will make any sacrifice

in a relationship rather than see it break up. This resignation, accompanied by helplessness and powerlessness, is also evident in Aretha Franklin's immortal classic "Chain of Fools":

"I thought you were my man, but I'm just a link in your chain, you got me where you want me, but I ain't nothing but your fool, you treat me mean, you treat me cruel. Every chain has got a weak link/the chain is gonna break, but up until then I'm gonna take all I can take."

Lynn Collin's 1972 smash "Think" and Denise LaSalle's "What it Takes to Get a Good Woman" illustrate the rebellion and frustration homosexuals feel toward their socialized passivity. Both songs articulate the disillusionment, antagonism, and friction that often characterize gay relationships. In both songs a "tug of war" is apparent; "Think" rebels against the double standard often imposed on the submissive partner in a relationship, whereas the dominant member enjoys freedom denied the weaker. "Think" also uses the denial of sexual access to the dominant mate as a weapon to win concessions. Both songs underline the ambivalent struggle against, and hatred of, total passivity, which is the only form of expression allowed. When this passivity enacted in a relationship doesn't create an angelic dream, bitterness and reprim-



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 unenviable, 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, thinks, dresses, goes about his/her activities, and occupies his time down to the minutest detail—is our only viable politics. A shakup in the lifestyle values is why there can be potential impact from a group of whites dancing off James Browns' "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 corkscrew has been taken off the bottle. Awareness awaits its development, and, once that occurs, the revolution is half won. •

inations result.

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:

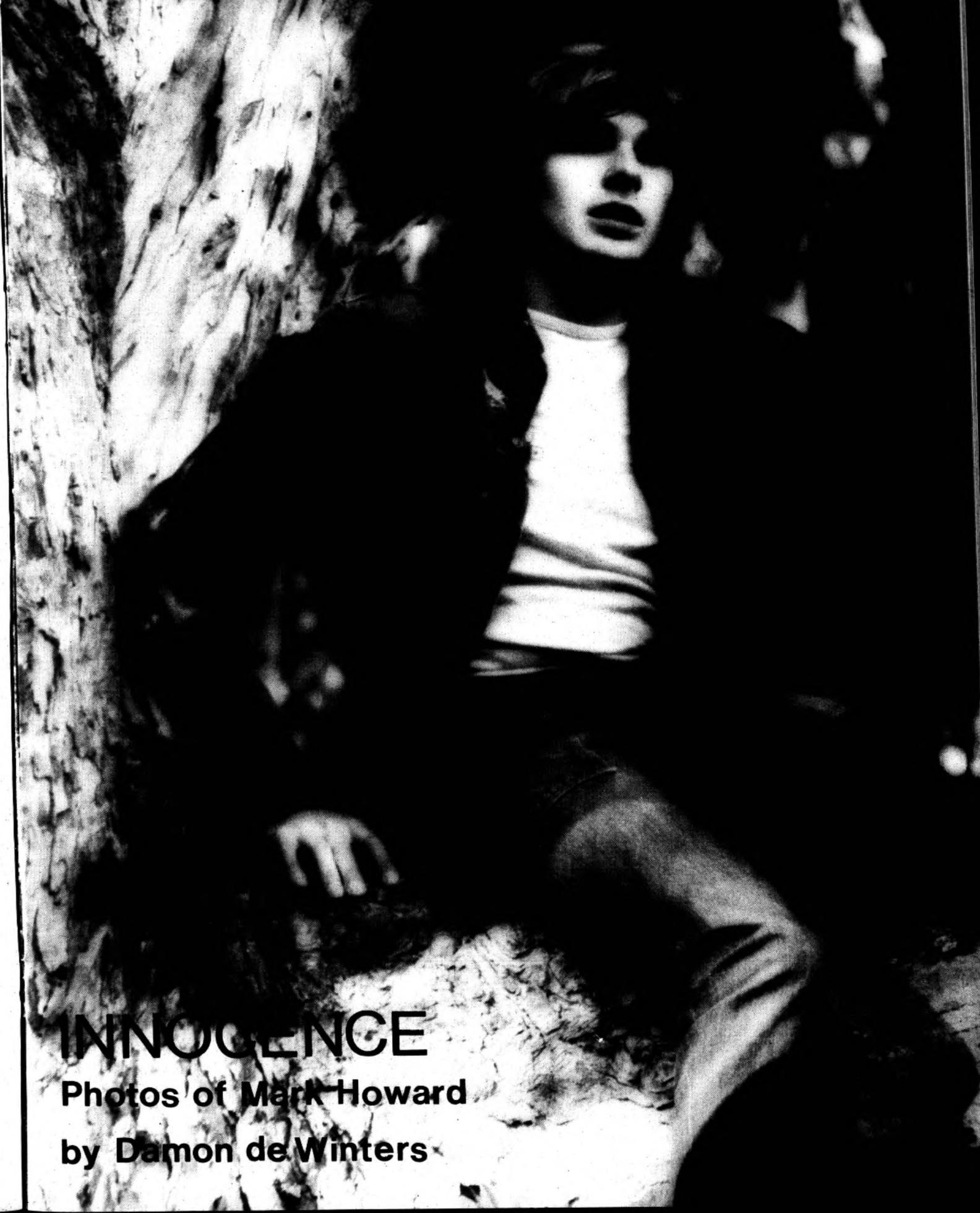
"Girls, I'm tellin' you, he'll come knockin' at your door, if you let him in one time, you got to let him back for more 'cuz he's a player, he'll get next to you, this is what he'll do, he'll shoot you down/breakin' your hearts left and right, he don't care who you are/girls, I'm warning you, if you 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 homo-

sexuals 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 duo identity, he lives daily with the fear of discovery at work, in housing, and with friends and family, which might



INNOCENCE

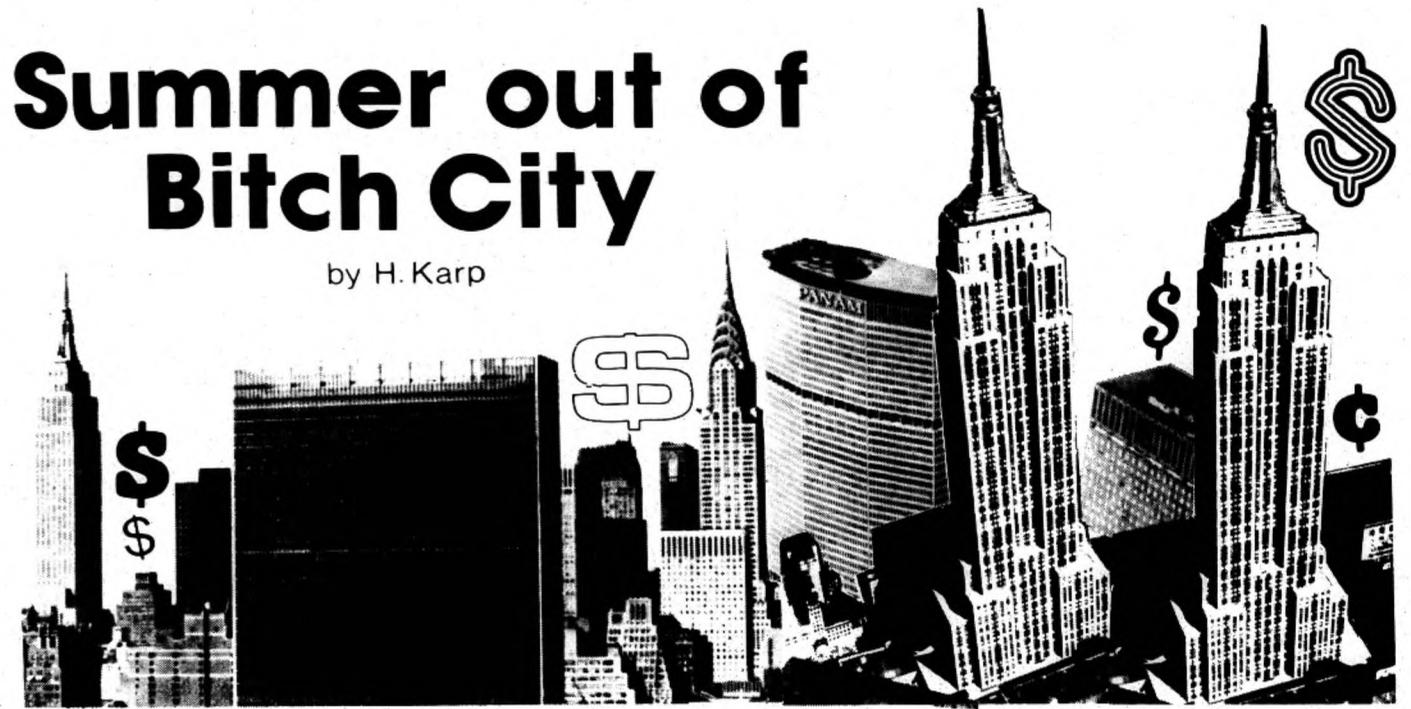
Photos of Mark Howard

by Damon de Winters



Summer out of Bitch City

by H. Karp



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 low-lying 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.

It's like the movies, this town. Wonderful! A Peter Bogdanovich fantasy trip! Who knows whom you're going to pass on the street? Who is that woman, ripe as an August peach, trailing a sweet swath of perfume?

Who is that man in tailored jeans and denim jacket, teeth glittering in a face tanned in December with a tan that certainly owes nothing to a sunlamp?

They must be the people the store windows are decorated for. Gorgeous windows filled with expensive dreams. Silk flowers from France, \$25 for a single, tightly curled rosebud. What must a whole bunch cost?

A diamond bracelet, with a few cunning rubies, no price, but it's got to be a couple of hundred thou.

And those shoes there. Three hundred the pair? Yummy.

Look, there's Robert Redford, tripping along in elegant high-heeled boots, dressed all in suede. What did that cost? A bundle.

And there's Jackie (and the Secret Service) stepping out of a dull silver custom

Rolls, popping in, perhaps, to see one of the apartments in the late Ari's new Olympic Towers, plumped in the middle of Fifth Avenue, its two-bedroom layouts starting at \$135,000 (monthly maintenance another two or three hundred). Of course, that includes a gorgeous, fully equipped kitchen, but who needs a kitchen? With all those marvelous restaurants just the flutter of a \$100 bill away? Lutece, a modest French garden of a place, with its dinner for two only \$90. And Quo Vadis, where one pays \$2.50 per person for bread and butter and where one gets bread and butter whether one wants it or not. And Cote Basque, with its \$18 prix-fixe luncheon that costs \$25 by the time you've had a drink. Insults are thrown in free.

New York is mesmerized by money. Because, unlike some other cities (notably San Francisco, where to be poor is desirable, to be well-off is unsavory), money in New York City is *good*.

Not just necessary. Absolutely, palpably, *morally* good. To be old, to be ugly—those are mistakes. They can be compensated for. All is not lost.

But to be poor? Feh. That is hateful. And boring. And bad.

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?"

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.

Of course, there are lots of ways to answer this question without telling anybody you're behind the cologne counter at Bloomingdale's.

Where a Don Hobbie suit, Shrug out of a \$200 sweater at the Flamingo when you really get hot on the floor. (Just being at the Flamingo, the current hot dance club, or at Cobra or Buttermilk Down is a statement.)

Have a couple of pairs of Gucci shoes. Carry your toothbrush in a Louis Vuitton or a Hermes satchel.

Get your hair cut at Zebre.

Eat at One if by Land, Two if by Sea. But the best way to show you're making it is to have a good summer.

And there are not limitless ways to do that that don't cost a minor fortune.

You can—especially if you are older—bop down to your place in Bucks County. If your place is in New Hope or Lambertville.

You can take a place in the Hamptons. Which means Easthampton, Sag Harbor, Quoque, or Amagansett. Not Westhampton.

You can spend the summer at Fire Island Pines. Or, if you're really eccen-



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 guilty walking out.

The Hamptons are gay-straight integrated with a lot of visiting back and forth between the genders. But it is essentially a straight and a straight-laced summer. It's a place where people wear Bermuda shorts and cord jackets and where you sometimes feel constrained to put on a tie for dinner.

Drugs aren't big there, although, of course, everybody smokes. The sight of a Quaaluder stumbling along the beach is still rare enough to raise eyebrows. Martinis are big in the Hamptons, and gin and tonic, and sometimes a banana daiquiri to break the monotony.

Making out is a reasonably rigid game in the Hamptons, too. You can pick up people in the bars, of course and plenty of burning glances sizzle along the gay beach, but it's all a little Frankie Avalon/Sandra Dee-y, a weensy Beach Blanket Bingo, a smidge unreal.

People meet most naturally there at the parties, which start every Friday night and continue through opulent brunches and pool get-togethers and picnics and cook-outs to early Sunday evening drinks before the weary facing of the Long Island Expressway back to the city at about 10. It's a good to-and-a-half-hour drive back, and there's nothing good about it at all.

"The only glitter out here is in the conversation," Richard says. Richard is a thirty-four year old, short-haired, goodlooking in an Eastern college way. He works for an advertising agency. "I have a great job. I'm doing what I would be doing if I could wish for any job in the world. My job isn't just important to me. It's the most important thing in the world to me. Nothing comes close to it."

"Do they know you're gay?" I ask.

"If you mean have I told them I'm gay, the answer is no. Bullshit," he says. "Fire Island's what's wrong with being gay in New York. Fire Island, in fact, is what's wrong with being gay anywhere in America. Disgusting queens all over the place. And all that matters, I mean *all* that matters, is cock. Everything is reduced to that. You tell one of those people that a Fascist gorilla has been elected President of the United States and they'll want to know if he has a

big dick. I can't—I can't—relate to people like that. They parade around in their sexy bathing suits and their skin-tight overalls and their made-up eyes. Stoned, stoned, stoned! It's unreal. It has nothing to do with life. Go to the Sandpiper at about midnight on Saturday night. It's the end of the world, man. Unreal."

Joe is twenty-eight. He owns one of the most successful boutiques in New York. He is its chief designer. Although he has never received a Coty Award, he's been mentioned as a possibility, and he's often quoted in *W*. He's tall and thin and has a slight speech defect. For the last four years he's taken a house at Fire Island Pines with some friends.

"You've got to get away from New York in the summer, first of all," he says. "It's so goddamned hot, your brains get fried. Second, if you don't go away, people talk. They wonder if the shop is doing badly, if you're on your way out. Third, you can, you *do*, make plenty of business contact at the Pines. I suppose you would other places, too, but the Pines is best, I think. So that makes it the perfect place to go. I even take it off my income tax. My accountant says that's legitimate. Maybe you shouldn't quote me on that—oh, shit, quote me, what do I care?"

"How important is the business part? I mean, is that the main reason you go to the Pines?"

He is silent for a moment. "That's hard to answer," he says. "Sure, the business

part is important. Even if I weren't making contacts, it would be important to go somewhere right for the summer. Where you are seen determines what people think of you, right? In a business like mine, what people think of you is important. Maybe most important. There are a lot of designers around, you know. It's a crowded city. A lot of people have talent. That's not enough. A lot of guys who are in media come out here and I meet them, and that's important, and they bring women into the shop. It's good, the business part, but I guess, really, that's not the main reason I come out here."

He thinks for a moment. "It's so beautiful in the Pines, you know. Really beautiful at all levels. The beach is incredible. And you—people I mean—are really free here. You can be what you want to be here more than any other place. 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."

RICHARD: "I'm no different in the Hamptons than I am anyplace. I don't need to go away for the summer to be me. I'm me all the time. I'm not a wild person. I don't want to be. I don't want



to go someplace where gay is everything. Gay isn't everything, after all. There's a lot of me which exists without my gayness entering into it. In the Hamptons it's possible to spend a summer without being reminded every minute that you're gay."

"Is that good?"

"Sure, it's good. I'm a person first, a gay person second. My sexuality isn't everything there is to know about me. At least I hope to hell it isn't. That's what makes it nice here. We have lots of friends here who aren't gay. They know about us; we know about them. There's no condemning on either side. That's what makes the Pines so hideous. It's like spending a summer in a ghetto. Shit, that's not what I want."

"How about other people?" I ask. "Is it a good thing to be coming to the Hamptons for the summer? I mean, is it good for your image?"

"Well, it means you've sort of made it. I'm not ashamed of that. I *have* made it. It's been a long hard push to get where I am; I don't mind other people knowing where I am. And I'll tell you the truth: The kind of people I meet out here, gay people and straight people, are useful to me. There's nothing bad in that. I'm useful to them, too. That's the way everything is, isn't it?"

"How much does a summer cost you here anyway?" I ask Richard.

"Well, that's embarrassing. It's so damned expensive. The house costs about six thousand dollars. That's for a long season. You know, the end of May to October. Then we go back and forth on the train. I can't take the traffic driving. So that's about sixty dollars a weekend because we take the club car. And then food and liquor. And we keep a car there, an old clunker, because you can't get around without a car. So there's gas. And utilities. And telephone. And we give a couple of parties. They're really expensive. Maybe five or six hundred for both. I don't know. Have you been adding?"

JOE: "What does it cost? It costs your ass. The house is seventy-five hundred. I mean it's a classy house. I'm a classy person. And the damned ferry costs a couple of bucks every time you take it, which is twice a weekend. And food costs an arm and a leg out here. And you have to have lots of dope. And then we give a party. If you're invited to parties all summer, you've got to pay back. We give one on the Fourth of July. Believe me, by Pines standards, we only give a modest bash. I went to a party last year where they had Nina Simone singing. Live! God knows what that cost. Ours comes in at about four or five hundred bucks for the decorations and the fruit and the punch. Thank God, nobody drinks anything except wine. I'd have to give up eating for the summer if I had to buy liquor, too. So what does it cost? I don't know. I'm afraid to add it up."

What does it cost to spend the summer properly in New York? Enough to feed a family of our in Iowa for a year. Enough to feed a family of four in the Bronx for a year.

But this is a city that makes you pay a lot for your summer tan. A city where it might cost you more not to do it right.

"Is your tan worth it?" I ask Joe and Richard.

"I couldn't afford not to do it," Joe says. In different words Richard agrees.

Ah, New York. What a beautiful bitch city you are. You glimmer in the twilight; success is your diadem. Your streets are studded with invisible toll booths. And the tolls are incredibly high. ●

The Happy Hustler

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 wholesome *The Waltons*, in which he played Richard Thomas's collegiate "big brother," was lent an air of irony by being broadcast at about the same time as his autobiographical book, *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 from 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 any situation in which he finds himself, and looking for the good 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 erotically 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.

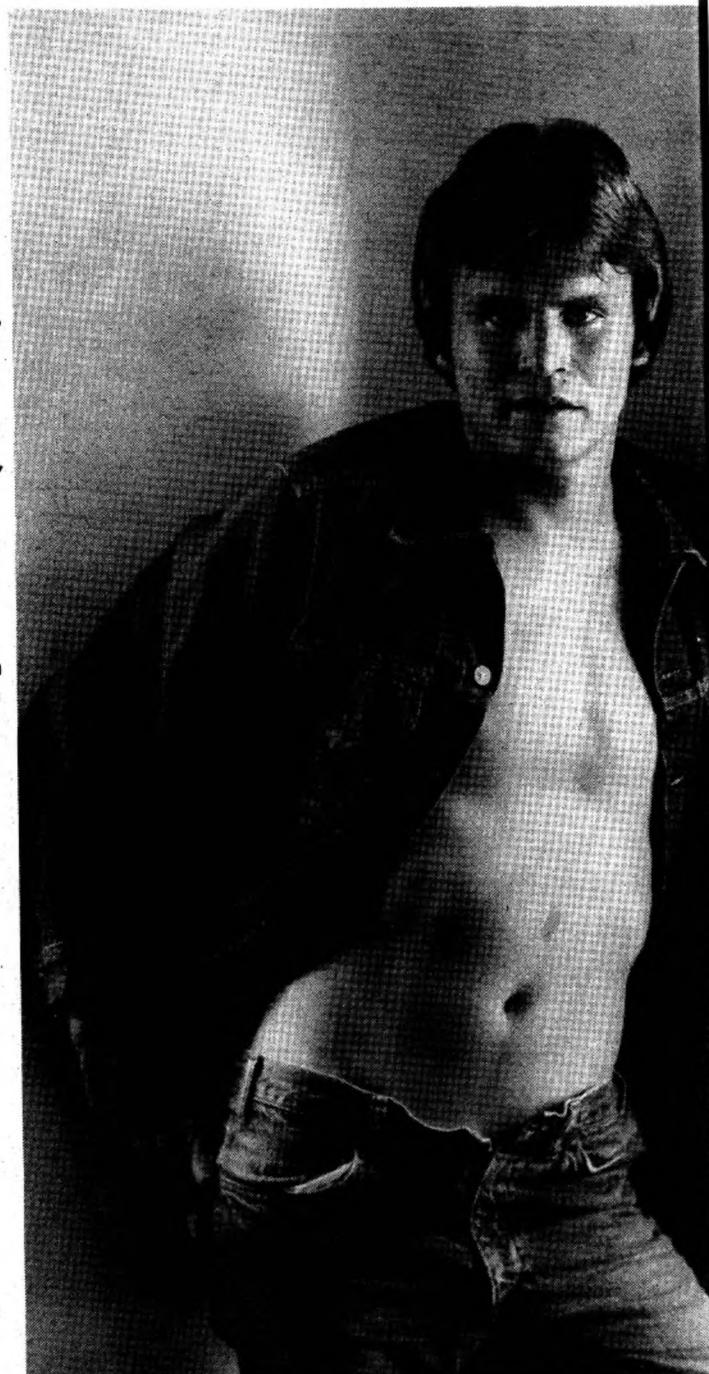


Photo by Lynn Carroll

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 important people.

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. Some 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 paternal 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. People 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-

one else's 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 you to go 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, Marv, you're dealing in stereotypes there. You're dealing in

labels. Giving a label to someone carries with it a lot of implications about their behavior that simply need not be true. If you say a person is a teen-ager, then they're supposed to act in a certain way. And if they're called an adult, then they're supposed to act entirely differently. And they're supposed to act differently still when they're called an old person.

"Senior citizen."

Sorry. Senior citizen. Another label. They're all just labels, you see, and they limit our perception of the individual. So you talk about a "hustler," and you expect him to act differently than a "call-boy," or a "gigolo," or an "escort." But there's really no difference between a hustler and an escort. Oh, maybe the street hustler is more prone to be hung up on drugs or something, but there are escorts that are into drugs, too. There are diverse types at every level.

Today there are people into calling themselves bisexual. First we had people who were gay and people who were straight, and even if they would have enjoyed a little fling on the other side of the fence, they couldn't do it because they were all so neatly packaged and labeled. But now enough people have discovered the capacity for a wider sexual experience, and so they have coined a new label—they are bisexual! Why not just sexual? Everything has to be labeled—young, old, gay, straight. Why do they do that? What do they all mean?

Well, the more labels you have, the easier it is to function in society.

Certainly. Labels make for an orderly, unquestioned life. But I happen to think that my life is more exciting. For me, but I wouldn't recommend it for everybody. Some people need all those labels. I don't. My own way of life works better for me. You've got to discover what you're good at, and what works for you,

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 extremely 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 keeps it going. Someday we probably will go to bed, but we don't *need* to, you see. And yet the relationship doesn't lack romance. It's getting more intense, more romantic all the time.

It's surprising to hear a hustler speak of romance.

Oh, I'm one of the all-time romantics.



Photo by Lynn Carroll

I cry in movies—the whole bit. Besides, what's so surprising about it? A hustler is human, just like anybody else! If you prick 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.

That simple?

Sure. I do insist that there be some attraction for me, too, even professionally. Several times I've had clients who were really more attractive than I. Often I can get a lot more out of it than just payment in cash.

But doesn't being selective limit your viability as a hustler?

Well, I think we're probably talking about selectivity on different levels here. I'm not saying that I'll only take on a client if he's a ravishing beauty. But you can't get far as a hustler, or in any other endeavor, if you only see the negative side of everything. You should always look for the positive side of a thing first. And as a hustler, especially, you often

have to seek out the positive side of someone, to justify it to yourself, if for no other reason.

It's pretty hard to find the good in some people.

Obviously. And it has nothing to do with how physically attractive they are. 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'll go to bed with me."

No. As a matter of fact, I have never gone to bed with anyone for that kind of reason. I consider *that* prostitution in a negative sense. And the proof is in the fact that I haven't been terribly successful as an actor. Lord knows I've had the opportunities, and if I'd been more willing to sleep around for the parts, I probably would have done a lot more than I have. But, on the other hand, I might not have. For most of the men who do

that sort of thing, the pursuit is an end in itself. All interest in you is gone once they've gotten you in bed. So it's quite easy to put out and get thoroughly used, and then wind up right back where you started. The trick is to know how to flirt with them. Even actors who would not dream of going to bed with a casting director will still flirt with him for a part. It's a game. You tease, you seduce, and you try to get what you want that way. Not just in that kind of a situation, either. You do it every day, with waitresses, cab drivers. Everybody does it, without even thinking about it.

I'd like to pursue this a little further—this idea of negative prostitution. Just what is the difference between sleeping for a job and sleeping for twenty bucks?

I'm not really sure I know, Marv. I just know that I do feel very strongly about it. I guess, if I go to bed with someone for twenty dollars, which I use to buy three or four meals, that is really a straightforward kind of deal. Everything's open, everything's honest. But sleeping for a part in a film—that is somehow devious to me. And also I feel that it would be selling myself short as an actor, because deep down I would know that I got that part because I'm a great lay and not because I'm a great actor. I think I could get the parts without that. I think I have the talent as an actor to go in through the front door and read for a role and be cast on the merits of that reading. I have a talent for sex, but I think I also have a talent for acting, and I guess I just don't want to mix the two up.

Hustling, of course, is a job that depends on your youth and physical beauty for success. Are you concerned about growing older?

“ In any profession the difference between being happy or unhappy is whether or not you feel guilty over what you are doing. ”

No, of course not. It's something that is going to happen, anyway, so what good would worrying do? It would just speed up the process. Already, in terms of being a prostitute for homosexual men, I'm getting over the hill. Gay guys want young men. I guess they think it makes *them* younger, which is silly—I think it makes them look all that much older! Anyway, I'm getting older, just while I'm sitting here talking to you, and there's nothing I can do about it. So I'm certainly not going to worry about it. I think you must enjoy the moment. True, it's good to have some sort of long-range goal, but you must never waste a moment of the present worrying about what may happen in the future. I've always thought of hustling as a transitory thing anyway, and when it begins to work less well, then I'll go on to something else. There are a million things to do in life, and half the fun is starting over at something new. That's exciting. You just have to concentrate on the things that you can do well, and not spend time worrying over the things that you can't do.

In conclusion, what advice would you give to a young man thinking about

becoming a hustler?

Well, first and foremost, he should know *why* he's getting into hustling. It should never be an escape for him, and it should never be forced on him out of necessity. That all leads to guilt and to recrimination and unhappiness. He should do it because he enjoys sex, and because he enjoys being paid for it. So many guys, instead of feeling worthwhile, feel that what they are doing is worthless. Not only worthless, but sick and demented, and all those other bullshit things. They feel it, and they believe it. And they feel guilty because of it.

In any profession the difference between being happy or unhappy is whether or not you feel guilty over what you are doing. 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. •



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 can be reeled out, the way the tickets to a motion picture come flying out with the punch of a button. Nearly all of us have been raised within the framework of some kind of religion.

For those gays who can deny neither their faith nor the pressure of their homosexuality, the deadlock between these forces can be destructive indeed. It is probably the source of by far the most profound and painful kind of guilt that many gays experience.

So let's say something about religion, and how gays may find the ways and means to resolve these conflicts.

We cannot rationalize away the tenets of religion; to do so would be to put off until a later day the reckoning 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 same 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 expression 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 stop-gap. 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

enfoldng 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 Judea, his love for Jonathan was accepted, if not idolized.

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, exorcisms, 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/She 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/temple? 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 this is our life, our only life, which God gave us, we must then live that life which we have in the only honest way we can. Gay if we are gay. Straight if we are straight. We are just as wrong to suppress our gayness as anyone else who oppresses it in others. There is no real conflict between God and gay, if 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?

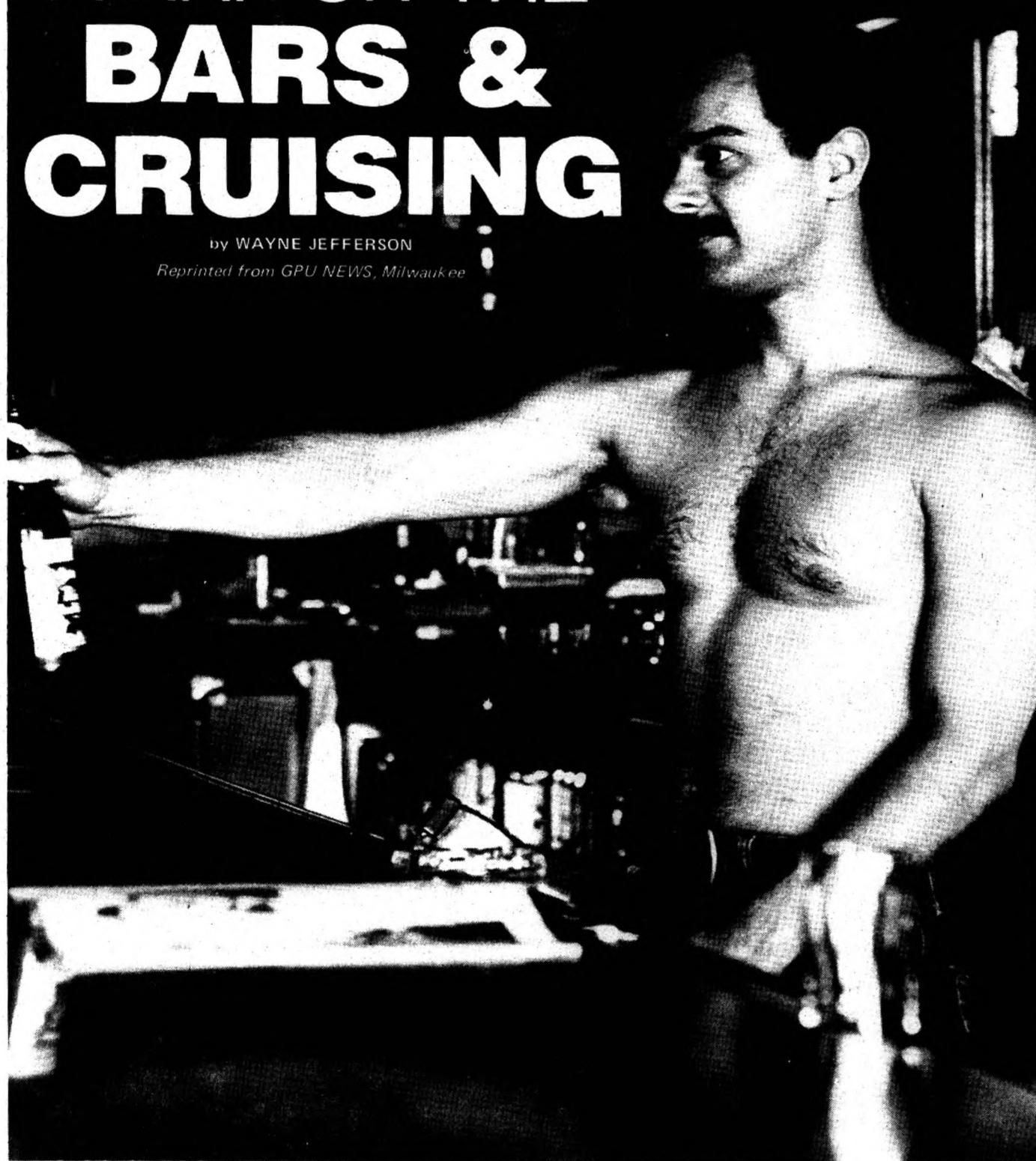
Only humanity stands against us. God loves us all. ●

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.

A RAP ON THE BARS & CRUISING

by WAYNE JEFFERSON

Reprinted from GPU NEWS, Milwaukee



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

"... 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)

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, hm, Evidence on those musings (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 learn, 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?

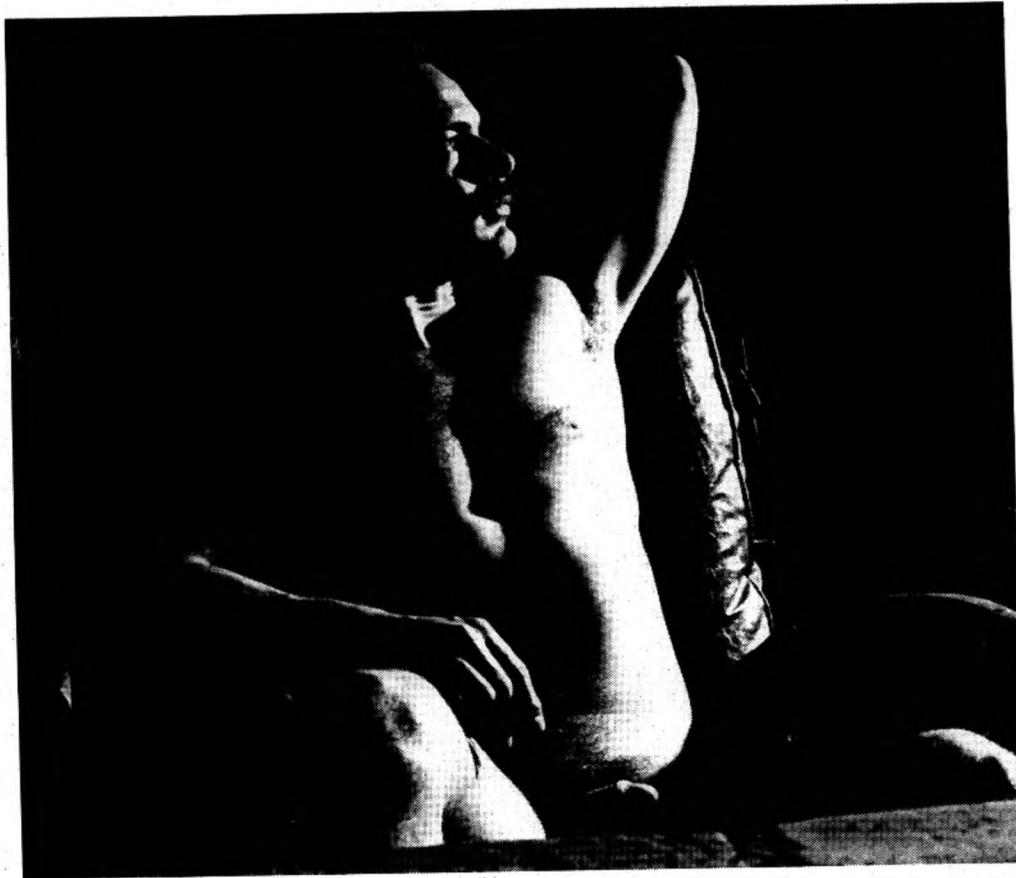
—Well anyway, the bars are a helluva lot better vibes than they USED to be.

—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.



—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 will 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.

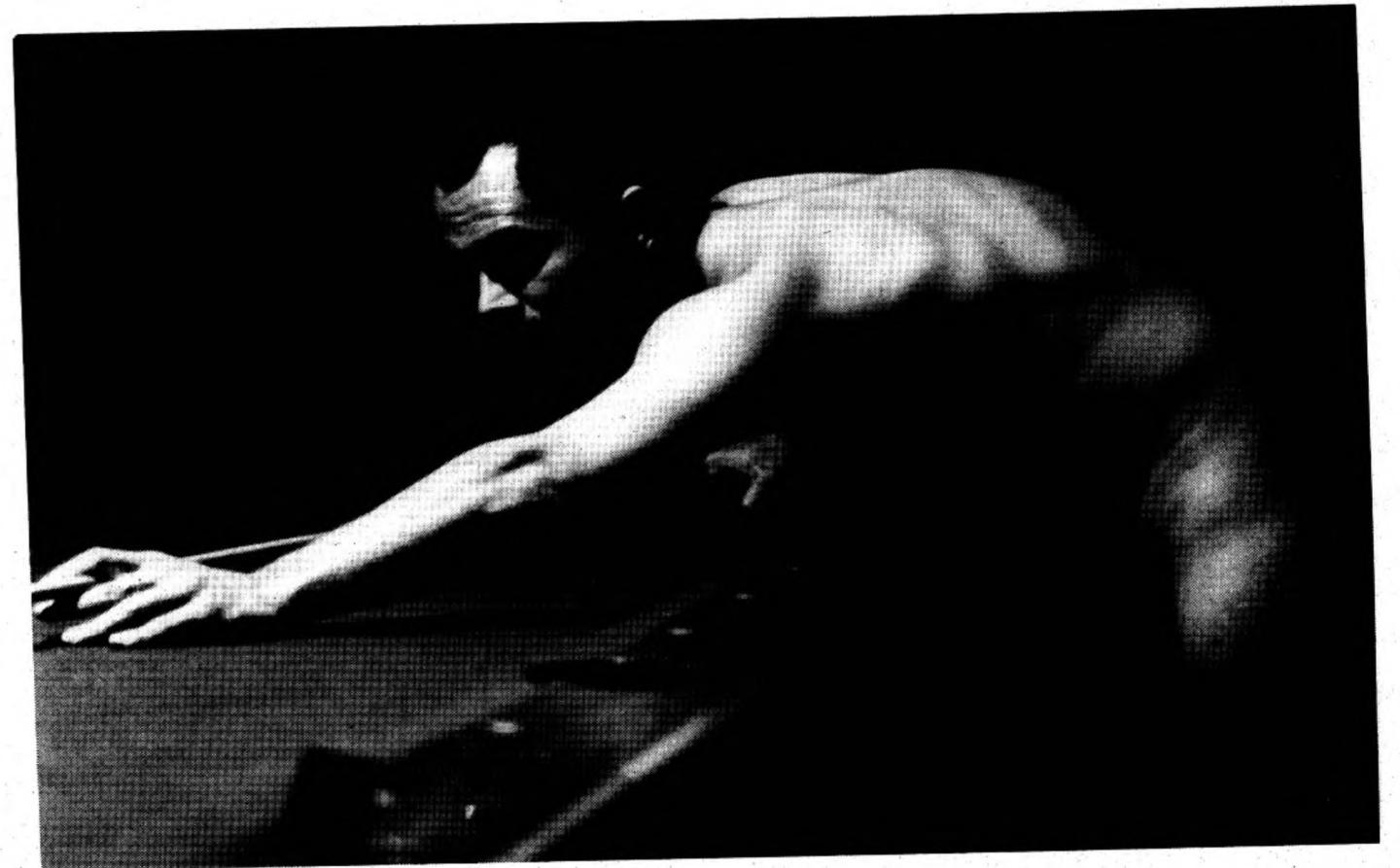
—Unless you meet somebody new through friends and then trick with him later. "Deferred gratification" one might say.

—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 wan't that subtly using another person, to relieve your own tension?

—Who the fuck cares? Maybe HE had tensions to release too. Sex is sex!

—I do believe we have, uh, shall we say disagreement on lifestyles here.

—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. Oh well, you didn't want THAT number anyway.

—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 sloshed 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.

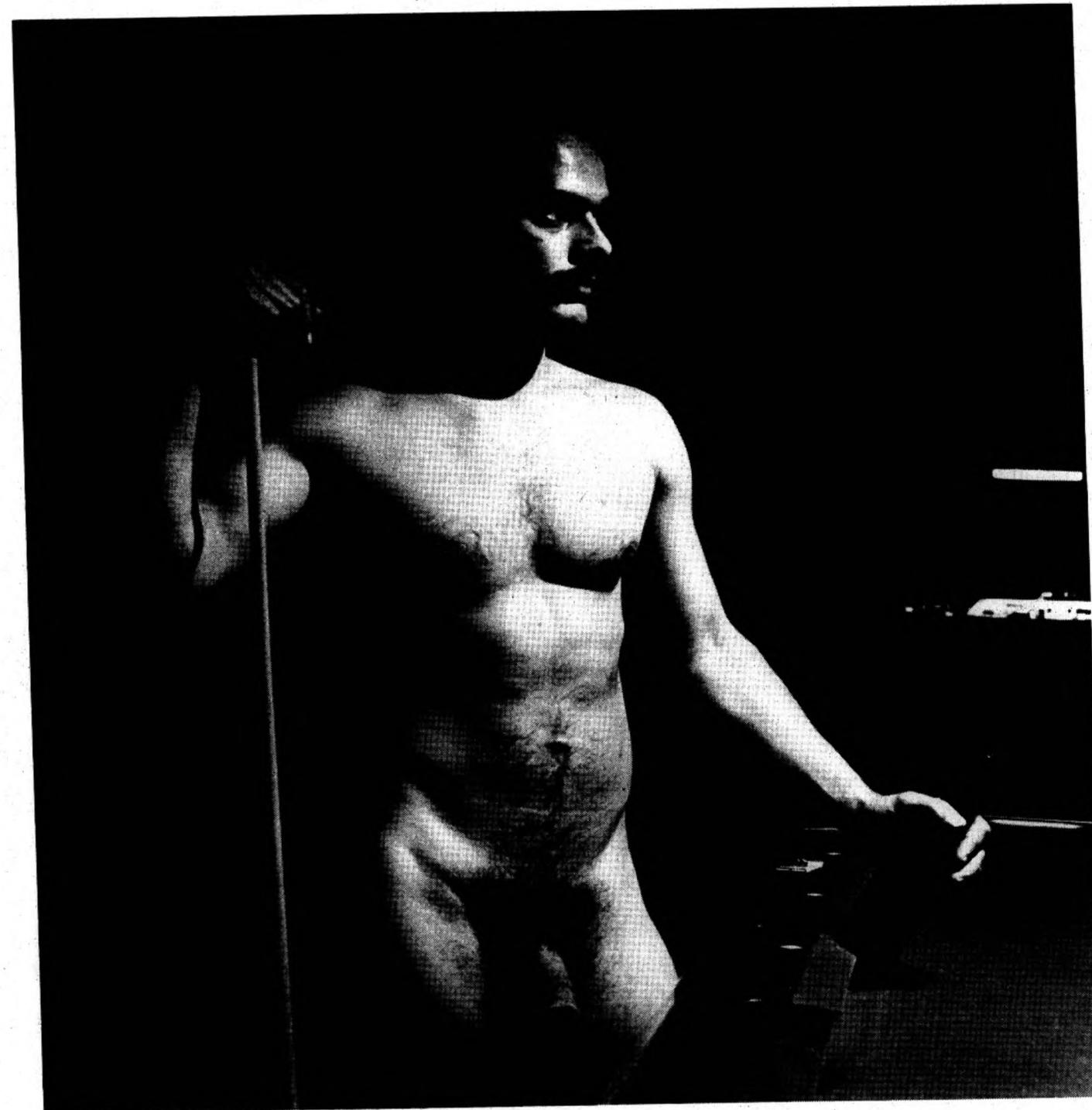
—Hang on. You sure never do know what's going to happen. It's like a dice game of chance but that's just the old excitement of the hunt. It's tricky to manage, but worth the effort.

—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 like your Puritan WORK ethic there.



—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 good title for a book: Learning Your Erotic Personality.

—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?

—Often those are one-HOUR stands or less. We have more new options than we use, from the two-minute tearoom tango to the life-time 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 is the parks, the streets, and the baths, which sort of is, but it's late●



THE ARGUMENT FROM LOVE

"I WAS GETTING TO BE almost a duel," Hank said, sitting on the sofa in my neat little house with the two bedrooms. He sank his teeth into the Wiener schnitzel, which he held on the plate with his fork, and pulled until a piece broke off.

"You're right. I thought it might come to double-barreled penises at twenty paces."

"We'll have a bigger apartment in Washington, won't we?" he asked.

"Maybe I'll get a smaller one than the one I have there now; we've been so cozy here the past three weeks."

"Maybe so. I've really enjoyed staying in your spare bedroom. Really!"

His fast chewing developed into a belch.

"Sorry."

I glanced into the front bedroom,

pig!" Hank protested.

"You'll have to keep me from fattening you up. I get carried away."

"My mom always wanted me to eat too much, too," he confided.

"That's love, I guess," I grinned. I took a bite from his helping.

"You don't eat all that much yourself," Hank said, digging into the imitation ice cream. It was too hot in

Yo'ing

(The following short story is the final part of a five-part series which began in February with REASON and continued through EROS, then COMPASSION, then FORCE and, finally this month's LOVE.)

by DANIEL CURZON

"Who would have won that?" Hank asked slyly, chewing the Wiener schnitzel like a dog.

"You! No doubt about it. You would have shot me with your rainbow cum right in my eye." I patted his knuckles, then sat back to sip my peppermint tea.

"You're so nice," he said, flattered.

"Would you like some catsup on that?" I asked, pointing. He nodded, and I got up and got the bottle out of the refrigerator. "How about some more meat?" I held up the frying pan from the hot plate.

"Okay!" He gobbled down the portion on his plate to make room. "You okay!" He gobbled down the portion on his plate to make room. "You sure treat me good, C.C."

"That's because I love you." I gave him a beatific eyesweep, doling out the rest of the Wiener schnitzel.

"I guess my manners aren't too great," Hank apologized, but he made no effort to cut the food with his knife.

A segment dangled from a corner of his masticating mouth. "I think it's cute."

"We get along good, don't we?"

"More compatible than I ever thought possible."

where his clothes were spread on the bed messily. "Don't think of it as my spare bedroom. It's ours." I smiled.

"Gee, I wish you didn't leave on tomorrow." He looked wistful.

"I wish I didn't either, darling. But I have to get back and retrieve my—excuse me, our—apartment from the sub-leasers; all kinds of details, my new assignment."

"I knew, if I held out, I'd win," Hank confessed, candid, fighting off a bigger belch.

"I'm glad you did, too. It made our love-making that much sweeter, when it finally arrived." I smelled the aroma of my strong tea.

"I wrote my mother and told her I was going to live in D.C. when I got out of the Air Force in seven months. I said I'd stop along the way and see her."

"I'll bet she'll be pleased to see you again," I said. "How about some ice cream? I bought some chocolate ripple." I got the half-gallon that was almost empty out of the freezer. "You've been into it, huh?" I scooped out a size helping on a dish.

"Not too much! You'll make me a

Thailand for real ice cream.

"That's because I don't want to grow out of my new clothes." I patted my custom-made doubleknit trousers and shirt with the French cuffs, which I had had made at Hank's favorite tailor.

"They look nice." He had bulldozed through the mound of ice cream already.

"One more bite?" I held out some chocolate ripple on the end of the spoon so that he could lick it off. There was no problem about the ice cream melting in the snug, domestic security of my air-conditioned house.

"Yummy!" Hank said.

"Some tea or coffee?"

"Oh, you don't have any coffee ready, do you?" He settled back against the sofa's spongy cushions.

"I'll make you some. I don't mind." I got up and put some water to boil, fixing the fresh coffee in the percolator. Hank hated instant coffee.

"You do so much for me, C.C.," he said, loosening his belt one notch.

"I want to! It's fun when you want to." I surreptitiously kicked aside his moccasins, which he had left by the sink.



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"Gerry asked me why I didn't sleep in the hooch anymore?"

"And what did you tell him?"

"I said I was married." Hank's face swelled with pride.

"Did you tell him to whom?"

"Well, no. . ."

"Doesn't matter. It's our business, not Gerry's."

"Do you think we can spend our vacation in Vermont next fall, C.C.? I've always wanted to see Vermont. I hear they have all sorts of. . . leaves and things."

"Of course. Vermont it will be. Maybe we could see all of New England. I understand the. . . leaves. . . are a riot. Of color."

In a couple of minutes I brought him the coffee, with brown sugar, no milk, no cream, the way he preferred it.

"Thank you." Hank reached up for the mug.

"From C.C. to Hank with love." I went to the end table and put on a cassette. Some violins traipsed into the room.

Hank leaned back on the cushions, heavy-lidded. "Gosh, this is wonderful." He yawned, showing his tongue, which still had some chocolate ripple on it. "So comfortable."

"That's what being in love means," I added.

"We're always together now. And we always will be, won't we?" He didn't ask the question out of fear, only out of confirmation.

"Always." The violins sounded like they might have been dipped in honey. The cassette was one of Hank's.

We dozed for a while. Then I got up and snapped off the living room light. "You ready, love?" I asked. Hank liked to have sex in the dark.

"Sure." He got up and stretched. It was still a memorable body, not fat, despite the loosened belt. It would be at least a year before the fat started.

I undressed him in the back bedroom, folding his clothes on the dresser. He lay dreamily in the two pillows while I undressed myself. When I approached the bed, his arms went out to embrace me. I lowered myself, then fell on top of his agreeable young flesh. "My darling!" I whispered. The devil in my cock started singing.

I wonder what ever happened to Hank. I wonder if he ever got to Wash-

ington, or if he stayed. My new assignment was in Portland, of course. I still recall his self-satisfied face as he waved to me at the airport when I left the base. And his last words to me: "See you soon. Now write right away! Only seven months!" He waved so hard several people looked at him.

I didn't want it to be that way. I did warn him. . . I really did tell him to be careful, didn't I? I wanted. . . well. . . I wanted it to be. . . well, just call me C.C.—Cynical Cad or Cheating Conviver. I really didn't want it to be that way. . . not really. . .

The End

About Daniel Curzon's new novel:

"*Something You Do in the Dark* ought to be taught in a gay studies class because it is a real novel, not a political tract. It deals convincingly and powerfully with the persecution of a minority but it tells the story of an individual, not a martyr. Its hero is torn between rebellion and cowardice, love and rage; he is never too noble to be true. I greatly admire Daniel Curzon for writing this book."

—Christopher Isherwood

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STARS from Page 10

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 physical intimacy within certain prescribed lines, but your need for deep touching, although still great, somehow is frustrated. You compensate by being too interested in worldly possessions. You can get really hung up on people and are a well-known torch carrier. 1975 will be a year of strange and unusual fantasy for you. Neptune, the planet of unreality, is making strong aspect to your Sun and could bring with it vague fears and unresolved dreams because of uncertain or mis-directed action. You will need to keep a clear head this year and make efforts toward expressing yourself in such a way that you are not misunderstood. Your artistic endeavors should take

on a surrealist atmosphere that could be rather fun if you keep in mind your usual realistic approach and make an attempt to blend pleasurable the two seemingly opposing ideas. You will have a hard time holding on to your usually well-grounded ego concept. Excuses will come easily to you but will not be readily accepted by your intimates. The best advice is for you to relax and enjoy the unreality and weirdness of it all, and, by all means, check that impulse to *quit*. Hang in there, Taurus.

June 12 - June 16

Your Sun is in the final degrees of the constellation Taurus. All things that please the senses come into your sphere. Beauty, form, color, line, texture, and, above all, style and taste are your forte. In choosing friends or lovers, you rely heavily on the good feelings of third parties. If your intimates can be in the least considered an ornament or enhancement to your status, then their worth is higher than most in your eyes. You never stint on affection. In fact, you can be too generous in love. You are optimistic and self-growth conscious. You can even get bossy about these concepts in dealing with others. You are definitely an ardent and rewarding lover. 1975 offers you the same advice as for middle Taureans, except you



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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.

Sagittarius	Dec. 17	-	Jan. 15
Capricorn	Jan. 16	-	Feb. 13
Aquarius	Feb. 14	-	Mar. 15
Pices	Mar. 16	-	Apr. 14
Aries	Apr. 15	-	May 15
Taurus	May 16	-	Jun. 16
Gemini	Jun. 17	-	Jul. 17
Cancer	Jul. 18	-	Aug. 17
Leo	Aug. 18	-	Sep. 17
Virgo	Sep. 18	-	Oct. 18
Libra	Oct. 19	-	Nov. 17
Scorpio	Nov. 18	-	Dec. 16

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, and 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 change might be more beneficial than it originally appears. 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 seem all the more rewarding when we have had to fight hard for them.

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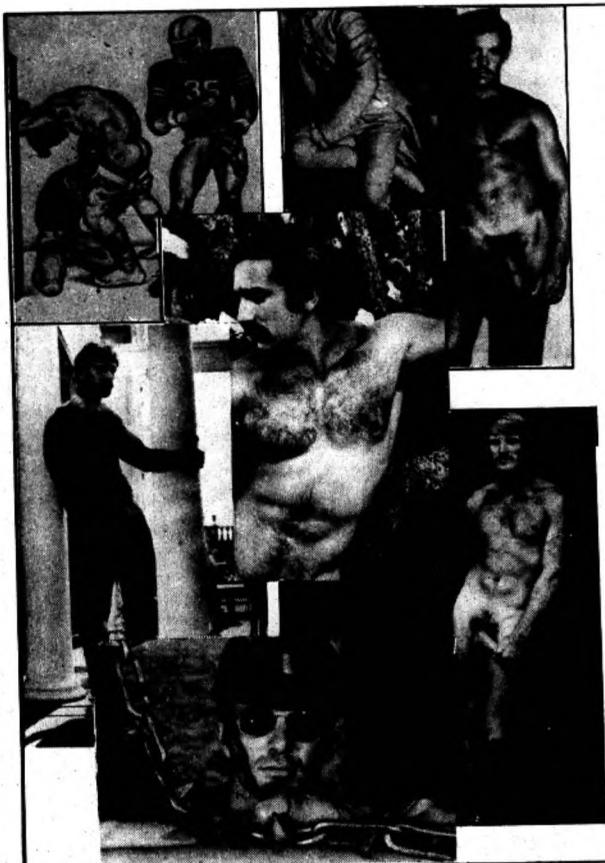
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June 26 — June 30

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. 1975 will be easy-come, easy-go. If you take the time to contemplate the state 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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ASSEMBLYPERSON	INITIAL VOTE	CONCURRENCE VOTE
Altorre	Absent	Yes
Antonovich	No	No
Arnett	Yes	Yes
Badham	Absent	No
Bane	Yes	Yes
Bannai	Abstain	No
Berman	Yes	Yes
Beverly	Yes	Yes
Boatwright	No	No
Briggs	No	No
Brown	Yes	Yes
Burke	No	No
Calvo	Yes	Yes
Campbell	No	No
Carpenter	Yes	Yes
Chacon	Yes	Yes
Chappie	No	No
Chel	Abstain	Abstain
Chimbole	No	No
Cline	No	No
Collier	No	No
Craven	No	Absent
Cullen	Yes	Abstain
David	No	No
Deddeh	Yes	Yes
Dixon	Yes	Yes
Duffy	Yes	Yes
Egeland	Yes	Yes
Fenton	Yes	Yes
Foran	Yes	Yes
Garamendi	No	No
Goggin	Yes	Yes
Greene, B.	Yes	Elected
Greene, L.F.	Yes	Yes
Gualco	Yes	Yes
Hart	Yes	Yes
Hayden	No	No
Ingalls	Yes	Yes
Kapiloff	Absent	Yes
Keene	Yes	Yes
Keyser	Abstain	Yes
Knox	Yes	Absent
Lancaster	No	No
Lanterman	No	No
Lewis	No	Abstain
Lockyer	Yes	Yes
MacDonald	Yes	Yes
Maddy	Yes	Yes
McAlister	No	No
McCarthy	Yes	Yes
McLennan	No	No
McVittie	No	No
Meade	Yes	Yes
Miller	Yes	Yes
Mobley	No	No
Montoya	Absent	Yes
Mori	Not yet elected	Abstain
Murphy	Yes	Yes
Nestande	No	No
Nimmo	Yes	Yes
Papan	Yes	Yes
Perino	No	No
Priolo	Yes	Yes
Ralph	Yes	Yes
Robinson	No	No
Rosenthal	Yes	Yes
Siegler	Yes	Yes
Sieroty	Yes	Yes
Suitt	Abstain	No
Thomas, V.	No	Absent
Thomas, W.	Abstain	No
Thurman	No	No
Torres	Yes	Yes
Tucker	Yes	Yes
Vasconcellos	Yes	Yes
Vicencia	Yes	Yes
Warren	Yes	Yes
Wilson	Yes	Abstain
Wornum	Yes	Yes
Z'berg	Yes	Yes
YES	45	45
NO	25	26
ABSTAIN	5	5
ABSENT	4	3
NOT SEATED	1	1

SENATOR	VOTE
Alquist	Yes
Ayala	No
Behr	Yes
Beilenson	Yes
Berryhill	No
Carpenter	No
Collier	No
Cusanovich	No
Deukmejian	No
Dills	Yes
Dunlap	Yes
Garcia	Yes
Greene	Yes
Gregorio	Yes
Grunsky	No
Holden	Yes
Holmdahl	No
Kennick	No
Marks	Yes
Mills	Yes
Moscone	Yes
Nejedly	No
Petris	Yes
Presley	No
Rains	Yes
Richardson	No
Robbins	Yes
Roberti	Yes
Rodda	Yes
Russell	No
Schrade	No
Smith	Yes
Song	Yes
Stevens	No
Stiern	No
Stull	No
Way	Yes
Wedworth	No
Whetmore	No
Zenovich	No
Lieutenant Governor Dymally	Yes
YES	21
NO	20

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13	Alquist, Alfred E. (D)	777 N. 1st St., Rm. 245, San Jose 95112	408 286-8318
32	Avala, Ruben S. (D)	486 W. 5th St., San Bernardino 92401	714 884-3165
2	Behr, Peter H. (R)	1299 - 4th St., Rm. 301, San Rafael 94901	415 457-9441
22	Belloni, Anthony (D)	1373 Westwood Blvd., Suite 202, Los Angeles 90029	213 479-3969
3	Berryhill, Clare (R)	1301 K St., Suite F, Modesto 95354	209 521-1936
36	Carpenter, Dennis E. (R)	3912 Campus Dr., Newport Beach 92660	714 557-3200
1	Collier, Randolph (D)	113 Vernon St., Roseville 95678	916 783-0464
23	Cusanovich, George (R)	23241 Ventura Blvd., Woodland Hills 91364	213 888-0242
37	Deukmejian, George (R)	444 W. Ocean Blvd., Long Beach 90802	213 435-4865
28	Dillis, Ralph C. (D)	16921 S. Western Ave., Gardena 90247	213 324-4998
4	Dunlap, John F. (D)	583 Coombs St., Napa 94558	707 255-5553
24	Garcia, Alex P. (D)	205 S. Broadway, Suite 708, Los Angeles 90012	213 628-5155
10	Gregorio, Arlen F. (D)	1177 University Dr., Menlo Park 94025	415 323-8448
17	Grunsky, Donald L. (R)	406 Main St., Watsonville 95076	408 722-3511
30	Holden, Nate (D)	411 Crenshaw Blvd., Los Angeles 90043	213 295-6655
8	Holmquist, John W. (D)	110 Pine Ave., Oakland 94607	415 464-0863
33	Kennick, Joseph M. (D)	110 Pine Ave., Suite 606, Long Beach 90802	213 432-5473
9	Marks, Milton (R)	350 McAllister St., San Francisco 94102	415 527-1437
40	Mills, James R. (D)	815 - 3d Ave., Suite 201, Chula Vista 92011	714 427-7812
7	Moscone, George R. (D)	540 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco 94102	415 557-3801
6	Neljeddy, John A. (R)	1393 Civic Dr., Walnut Creek 94596	415 934-4538
11	Petris, Nicholas C. (D)	1111 Jackson St., Oakland 94607	415 464-1333
34	Presley, Robert B. (D)	3610 Central Ave., Riverside 92506	714 682-0550
18	Rains, Omar L. (D)	Studio 129, El Paseo, Santa Barbara 93101	805 963-0634
19	Richardson, H. L. (R)	735 W. Duarte Rd., Suite 304, Arcadia 91006	213 445-4404
20	Robbins, Alan (D)	12444 Victory Blvd., N. Hollywood 90028	213 980-0055
5	Rodda, David A. (D)	6640 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 90028	213 464-1178
27	Russell, Newton R. (R)	State Capitol, Rm. 4048, Sacramento 95814	916 445-5788
39	Schrade, Jack (R)	815 S. Central, Suite 26, Glendale 91204	213 247-7021
12	Smith, Jerry (D)	1904 Hotel Circle, San Diego 92108	714 294-5043
26	Song, Alfred H. (D)	2387 S. Garfield Ave., Monterey Park 91754	408 984-7290
25	Stevens, Robert S. (R)	925 Truxtun Ave., Suite 35, Los Angeles 90024	213 724-3825
16	Stern, Walter W. (D)	1400 N. Rose St., Escondido 92027	213 473-7594
38	Stull, John (R)	105 N. Rose St., Escondido 92027	714 743-8338
31	Wedworth, James Q. (D)	235 E. Maple St., Exeter 93221	209 592-3571
35	Whetmore, James E. (R)	1 Manchester Blvd., Inglewood 90301	213 673-1010
14	Zenovich, George N. (D)	300 S. Harbor Blvd., Anaheim 92805	714 991-1140
29	Greene, Bill (D)	1060 Fulton Mall, Suite 1310, Fresno 93721	209 485-6260
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41	Antonovich, Mike D. (R)	512 E. Wilson Ave., Glendale 91206	213 240-6330
74	Arnett, Dixon (R)	680 Warren St., Redwood City 94063	415 364-0260
20	Badham, Robert E. (R)	1649 Westcliff Dr., Newport Beach 92660	714 645-0074
40	Bane, Tom (D)	5430 Van Nuys Blvd., Suite 206, Van Nuys 91401	213 986-8090
53	Bannai, Paul (R)	1919 W. Redondo Beach Blvd., Gardena 90247	213 327-5920
43	Berman, Howard L. (D)	13719 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks 91403	213 990-2070
51	Beverly, Robert G. (R)	1611 S. Pacific Coast Hwy., Redondo Beach 90277	213 540-1611
50	Boatwright, Daniel E. (D)	1035 Detroit Ave., Suite 400, Concord 94518	415 689-1973
69	Briggs, John V. (R)	1400 N. Harbor Blvd., Fullerton 92635	714 879-2345
17	Brown, Willie L., Jr. (D)	515 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco 94102	415 557-0784
23	Burke, Robert H. (R)	17732 Beach Blvd., Huntington Beach 92647	714 842-1494
71	Calvo, Victor (D)	2570 El Camino Real West, Mountain View 94040	415 941-4640
64	Campbell, William (R)	7624 Painter Ave., Suite D, Whittier 90602	213 693-8284
71	Carpenter, Paul B. (D)	12062 Valley View, Garden Grove 92645	714 693-8284
79	Chacon, Peter R. (D)	5106 Federal Blvd., Suite 207, San Diego 92105	619 263-2148
3	Chappie, Eugene A. (R)	438 Colusa Ave., Room H, Yuba City 95991	916 673-2201

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47	(vacancy)
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75	Sieroty, Alan (D)
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Arnett, Dixon (R)
Badham, Robert E. (R)
Bane, Tom (D)
Bannai, Paul (R)
Berman, Howard L. (D)
Beverly, Robert G. (R)
Boatwright, Daniel E. (D)
Briggs, John V. (R)
Brown, Willie L., Jr. (D)
Burke, Robert H. (R)
Calvo, Victor (D)
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- Cissy's Saloon, 1590 Folsom 626-5767
- End-Up, 401-6th (D) 495-9550
- Febe's, 1501 Folsom 621-9450
- 527 Club, 527 Bryant (R)(B)(L) 397-2452
- Folsom Prison, 1898 Folsom 861-2811
- Hamburger Mary's, 1582 Folsom (R) 626-5767
- No Name, 1347 Folsom 863-6458
- LeDomino, 17th & Florida (R)(B)(E) 626-3095
- Ramrod, 1225 Folsom 621-9196
- Round-Up, 6th & Folsom 621-9628
- Stud, 1535 Folsom (D) 863-2980

HAIGHT AREA

- Bradley's Corner, 900 Cole (B) 664-7766
- Lucky Club, 1801 Haight 387-4644
- Maude's Study, 937 Cole (W) 731-6119

POLK STREET

- Buzzby's, 1436 Polk (D) 474-4246
- Cloud 7, 2360 Polk 474-9696
- Early Bird, 1723 Polk 776-4162
- Gordon's Saloon, 1750 Polk 775-4152
- Grub Stake II, 1525 Pine (R) 673-8268
- House of Harmony, 1312 Polk 928-2350
- New Bell, 1203 Polk (E) 775-6905
- 'N Touch, 1548 Polk (D) 441-8413
- On the Q.T., 1695 Polk (R) 885-1114
- Phoenix, 1035 Post (R) 441-8418
- Polk Gulch, Polk & Post 885-2991
- *P.S., 1121 Polk (R)(B)(E) 441-7798
- Yacht Club, 2155 Polk (R)(B) 441-8381

NORTH BEACH AREA

- Baj, 131 Bay (R) (B) 421-1872
- Brighton Express, 580 Pacific (R) 781-9947
- Cabaret/After Dark, 936 Montgomery (D)(E)(R) 788-3365
- Jackson's, 2237 Powell(R)(B)(E) 362-2696
- Katie's Opera Bar, 1441 Grant 986-9551
- Savoy Tivoli, 1438 Grant (R) 362-7023
- Wild Side West, 720 Broadway(W)391-0460

AROUND TOWN

- Club Dori, 427 Presidio (R)(B) 931-5896
- Lion, Divisadero & Sacramento 567-6565
- Peg's Place, 4737 Geary(D)(B)(W)668-5050
- Petri's Caboara's, 161 California (B)(R) 421-9154
- Pier 54, China Basin Rd.(L)(B)(R)398-7846

AFTER HOURS

- The Shed, 2275 Market (D) 861-4444
- The Sack, 1044 Post (D) 441-9647
- Truck Stop, Church & Market(R) 861-1266
- Wagon, 278 - 11th 626-1692

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- Bank Club, 264-14th 832-0558
- Berry's, 352-14th 832-9116
- Club Carnation, 1200-13th (B)(W) 532-9425
- Grandma's House, 135-12th (R)(B)(D)(L) 444-9966
- Hans', 316-14th (R)(B)(D) 893-6280
- Lancer's, 3255 Lakeshore (R)(B) 832-3242
- Revol, 3924 Telegraph 652-7144
- White Horse, 6547 Telegraph (D) 652-3820

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The ROYAL PALACE Singers & Friends | 9:30 PM |
| JUNE 22 | "BARBER OF SEVILLE" OPERA
Starring JOSE | 4:30 PM |
| JUNE 29 | SPECIAL "MY FAIR LADDIE"
Starring JOSE with JOE CAMPANELLA, ROXIE HART, and a CAST of THOUSANDS | 4:30 PM |
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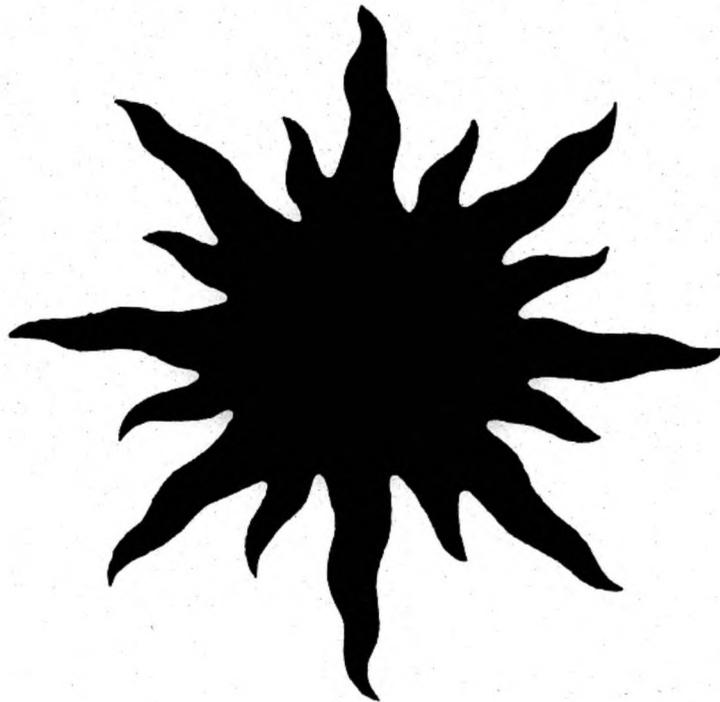
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