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Editorial

READER FEEDBACK

The fact that you have this issue of VECTOR in your hands right now indicates your support and approval whether it was on an impulse buying or a subscription. Therefore, I am hesitant to ask for more support but... VECTOR is currently the oldest continuously published gay periodical in this country and perhaps the world. Any publication of any kind that manages to survive for twelve years represents a kind of miracle. In looking over the past 132 issues, I am struck by the incredible variations from pure crap to pure gold, and it is with humility that I realize the degree of support we have received from our community, which has seen us through the bad months, and the good months and especially from our advertisers, who, more than anyone, have felt the pinch of tight money.

VECTOR has been the baby of many fine minds over the past eleven years, and each editor has brought his particular stamp to the book via both editorial and graphic specialties. For the past twenty-seven months it has been my baby, and with the recent addition of Art Director, Jay Manning, to our staff, I am finally at a place where VECTOR is as I feel it should be, given our budget and limited resources. I am proud of the past issue (which was the most successful seller in our eleven-year history), and, of course, this one. But, that's not enough. We are producing a magazine for YOU, and at this point we MUST know where we are on the mark and where we are not.

Our ivory tower is actually made of glass and built on a hill of sand. The glass is two-way and the sand is constantly shifting and in order to remain in business, and on top, we have to know for whom the bell tolls and, within reason, ring with our readership.

"The Most Dangerous Homosexuals" by Dan Allen: College teacher, Allen, discusses closet persons in mind-shaping institutions (schools, churches, etc.) who lead painfully triple lives in same-sex environments. And he's angry!

Since the Referendum Passed by Frank Fitch: As we approach the first real showdown of Fundamentalist California Christians' attempts to look us out of mainstream living, political editor, Fitch, projects what it will be like in a horror fiction piece.

Wildwood Ranch, An Appreciation by Richard Piro: What began as a quickie turned into allegro con brio as the magic of one of the Bay Area's two (no less) gay "ranches" began to work its spell. In rather too rhapsodic overwriting, our editor shares the experience of this membership-only magic mountain.

"Let's Get Ready" by Andrew Mendelson: Another moving short tale suspiciously connected with the tragic Houston murders.

Hamburger Mary's & Cissy's Saloon by Robert Boylan: A very personal reaction to one of San Francisco's oldest and most treasured eateries. James Moss, photography.

"Stayin' Out on Campus" by Andrew Mendelson: Coming out—really coming out—is a never-ending process, and despite the warning of his "friends" Stanford graduate student Mendelson shares his struggles and visions for a new order.

"The Strange Bachelor" by Damon De Winters: A very personal folk tale by Damon De Winters. It concerns a "strange" bachelor who later... VECTOR's first feature-length poem.

"Mr. and Mrs. Average Christianizing Citizen" by Frank Fitch: Does not automatically presume a particular sexual orientation. Author's opinions are their own and do not necessarily coincide with S.I.R. policies or philosophy.

The Gay Experience

Our Eleventh Year

July 1975

Vol. 11, No. 7

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THE MOST DANGEROUS HOMOSEXUALS by DAN ALLEN: College teacher, Allen, discusses closet persons in mind-shaping institutions (schools, churches, etc.) who lead painfully triple lives in same-sex environments. And he's angry!

SINCE THE REFERENDUM PASSED by FRANK FITCH: As we approach the first real showdown of Fundamentalist California Christians' attempts to look us out of mainstream living, political editor, Fitch, projects what it will be like in a horror fiction piece.

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CENTERSPREAD: JOHN by JOHN DAVID HOUGH: 31

VECTOR READERSHIP SURVEY: The most important thing you can do for this publication is to fill out our questionnaire and mail it in immediately. Results published next month.

TALES OF PIN CHINN by DAMON DEWINTERS: Another moving short tale suspiciously connected with the tragic Houston murders.

HAMBURGER MARY'S & Cissy's SALOON by ROBERT BOYLAN: A very personal reaction to one of San Francisco's oldest and most treasured eateries. James Moss, photography.

STAYING OUT ON CAMPUS by ANDREW MENDelson: Coming out—really coming out—is a never-ending process, and despite the warning of his "friends" Stanford graduate student Mendelson shares his struggles and visions for a new order.

MEMORIES OF A SMALL TOWN by SCOTT FABERSHAM: As we approach the first real showdown of Fundamentalist California Christians' attempts to look us out of mainstream living, political editor, Fitch, projects what it will be like in a horror fiction piece.

SHAMPOO WASHES OUT by R. MORGAN ELLIS: Film critic, Ellis, posed several questions to producer Warren Beatty concerning his use of gay stereotypes in his new film.

INTO THE STREETS by RANDY ALFRED: Why participate in a gay parade? An articulate rationale for sharing the celebration of gayness not only during the June spectaculars but in the day-to-day activities of liberated humans who are gay all the time.

WINDOWS by GUY CORRY: Introducing the subtle photo-genius of Guy Corry who chose window-woulds for his VECTOR debut.

ROBBIE by H. KARP: On the most bizarre block of the world's most bizarre city, New York, East Coast correspondent decided to check out a happening—which was bizarre.
The best yet
To paraphrase Coue, "Every day in every way VECTOR is getting better and better." Your June issue is the best yet. Cover-boy Mark Howard, especially de Winters' photo on page 31 (where he is fully clothed), is superb. What a beautiful face.

Marvin's interview with Michael Kearns was great—went right out to buy the book and Pickwick (I.A.'s largest) was already sold out!

Your articles are better, too. Thanks for such good reading and interpretation of the gay scene. Long may your banners wave.

Joseph W. Keasler
Los Angeles, Calif.

An author speaks up
First of all, I meant to write sooner to thank you for doing such a nice job with A Day at the Beach. It certainly was pleasant to see my name at the top. And, by the way, speaking of quality-Karl Maves' Sweet Rosewell O'Grady in the Feb. issue is not only one of the best stories you have ever published, but the illustrations and layout were absolutely perfect—there's hope for gay literature and there is even, thanks to you, a forum where gay stories can be presented in a fresh and delightfully witty way. Thank you, Thank you.

Thomas G. Felt
Alexandria, Va.

Some disagreements
I wish to compliment you on the June issue of VECTOR. It is simply the best I have ever seen. Don't know how to praise it enough.

Despite some disagreements with the philosophy of the article (which is really neither here nor there) I especially want to thank you for the article by Ruben Vasquez. I'd really like to see more really serious articles along that vein.

Again, my compliments.

Jack Trujillo
Palo Alto, Calif.

Progress in this state
My compliments to your magazine and to S.I.R. for the great progress it has been making for the communities of this state.

Gary Centman
Gay Center for Social Services, San Diego

Hope springs eternal
Just a note to say how impressed I am with the quality of the writing and the subject matter of VECTOR in the past few months. As a life member of S.I.R. I have been disenchanted with this organization as it became irresponsible and meaningless. Perhaps there will be a revival. Hope springs eternal!

If you are interested I would consider writing an article for you called ' "You're Alone' and directed to the large group of the shy but competent professional group of gay men in San Francisco (and the U.S.), who can find no easy way to meet people who make sense. In an
anti-intellectual age attainment becomes a burden of disenchantment.

Dr. Guy M. Everett
San Francisco, Calif.

The media is the paper cost
This is the first time I have ever written a letter to the editor and I find it very difficult because I am so impressed by your June issue that I can't see straight. I was distressed when VECTOR moved from glossy (and very expensive, I know) paper to what you have now. Then for a few months I could see the struggle of your pretending you were still glossy but weren't. I also hated the fru-fru neon type of "chic" art work BUT, since Jay Manning became art director (who is this genius?) I have observed the perfect marriage and union between your message and your media supplies. I'm a graphic artist so, naturally the 'look' of a magazine is what first attracts me to buy it. Mr. Manning has brought a harmony and a tight unity making, I believe, VECTOR extremely readable, enjoyable seeable, and seems to have married well with your editorial staff and policies. Hey—thanks, huh?

John Cook

East Bay
GAY MEN'S RAP

The oldest established permanent floating gay men's activity on the continental side of the Bay is the East Bay Gay Men's Raps, which meet every Friday night starting at 7 pm in the First Baptist Church on the corner of Haste and Dana Streets in Berkeley.

On any given Friday night as many as fifty to seventy men (from Berkeley, Oakland, and the farther reaches of Alameda and Contra Costa counties) gather for a community meeting and various kinds of small groups. The raps have been going on for almost three years now, facilitated by the Raps' Collective, a body of nine men who function as an ongoing encounter and training group. Besides leafleting extensively and providing refreshments, collective members draw together encounters, discussion, nonverbal communication, and ongoing problem-solving groups every week.

About half the men who attend are regulars, many of whom take some responsibility for the raps' continued success and growth. But as many as a third of those present on a particular Friday will be there for the first time. A small orientation group usually is held before the community meeting in order to acquaint newcomers with the over-all format and to get a sense of people's needs and expectations. Periodically special events occur at the raps: massage groups, demonstrations of postural integration, or show-and-tell groups in which people share their poetry, music and other creative efforts. There have been film and video showings on topics as diverse as Chilean resistance to fascism and the Ohio Gay Pride Week. Projects initiated by the raps range from picnics (a conference on gay male sexuality, to a gay/rights platform that was adopted by Bobby Seale and Elaine Brown for the Black Panther Party in their Oakland campaign two years ago, then approved in part by the Berkeley City Council, There have been discussions on youth, age, bodies, jobs, cruising, cooking, and every other interest gay men know. One night people role-played “gay bar.”

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But the main focus at the raps continues to be on the "here and now" of people's feelings about themselves, their lives, and one another; on the interactions that take place between individuals. The groups are meant to be supportive in an atmosphere for you to take some risks if you want to, in order to grow...
with one another, develop a sense of community, deepen our understanding of ourselves, each other, and life in this society. The raps afford people a chance to make new friends, to meet other gay men in a more open and honest, and less ritualized way than ordinarily occurs in bars or baths.

The diversity of gay men's lives is reflected in the attendance at the raps. There's usually a substantial number of black and other third-world men. From the Berkeley Free Clinic), the typical group now includes many different kinds of men: working people from Oakland, older gays and younger ones from all walks of life. These differences and similarities often form the basis of the discussions. Nor is attendance restricted to those who live in the East Bay. Gays from San Francisco and even down the Peninsula regularly come to the raps. If you want more information about the raps' upcoming third anniversary, come to them and make them what they are in order to meet their needs. It's something you're involved in, or just for a place to live, or need to share some energy and contributions of the men who come to them and make them what they are in order to meet their needs. It's something we build for ourselves and for one another. Whether you're looking for a place to live, or need to share some feelings, or want to turn people on to something you're involved in, or just want to come and help celebrate the raps' upcoming third anniversary, come see for yourself some Friday night soon.*

In response to several complaints concerning the "inaccuracy" of the dates/signs below, we call your attention to the fact that Jeff is dealing with SIDEREAL ASTROLOGY

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<th>Dec. 17-Feb. 13</th>
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July 9 – July 17

Your Sun is in the early degrees of the constellation Gemini. Your depth of thought can be profound. Of the Gemini you come closest to being a scholar and an intellectual. You are warm and receptive of the needs of others as long as they recognize your leadership. Good health, eating, sleeping, and sharing are your great concern if you allow sufficient periods away from your inner tower. Your main problem in relationships is to learn to be gentle with many admirers. They seem unable to understand that you are only one person. 1975 offers you opportunity to get some pet mental projects off the ground. New thoughts can lead to new gains. This is a year to make spectacular progress if you are willing to accept the changes necessary.

July 18 – July 22

Your Sun is in the middle degrees of the constellation Cancer. Strongly motivated and conditioned, you are the perfect charmer. You can be a skilled performer in the arts of acting, musical performance, or any activity that distracts others from their cares. You can be the clown and the mime. You act with one of the friendliest and most charming faces known (with all well intentions). You can be irresistible to all those who cannot but laugh at your antics. You are a terminal romantic. 1975 emphasizes youthful steam and many outdoor uses. Sizes 23” to 47”

July 23 – July 31

Your Sun is in the late degrees of the constellation Cancer. Your greatest problems are to learn to be true to yourself and to develop and stitch with a satisfying self-knowledge. You must learn that you cannot please everyone, and you must certainly not truly please anyone unless you learn to please yourself. 1975 offers a mixed bag of emotional highs and lows for you. Your gentleness will be taxed, and you will need to use restraint in emotions. Keep in mind that you are an extremely sensitive person, and with romantic fires can burn you more deeply than in can most people. There is no need to retire from the world. Simply be careful.

Wining & Dining

Pier 54 Restaurant
China Basin Street, S.F.
390-7846

It has been some time since we visited Pier 54 and were delighted to report very little has changed — this simply has to be one of the most glorious of San Francisco experiences. It's the ultimate Key Largo trip through all the warehouses, empty gigantic ships, and there all fuzzy with a foggy tinfoy announces you've arrived. The room is heaven, reminiscent of grandmother's and everyone's crazy aunt who lives overseas. The old sheet music, antique furniture, dark woods and the most attractive male staff this side of earth. It's impossible not to chat with total strangers at the other tables because there is being in the wings and when you visit, being a good little boy, you chat with everyone.

We arrived at sunset (before the fog, this time) and seated at a window we
Although I have been a lesbian for seven years, and used to think I knew what being a lesbian meant, I must admit over the last year the feminist interpretation of the role of the lesbian has thrown my political activity in the gay, lesbian, and feminist movement into a quandary.

Recently a friend whom I call a nouveau lesbian (because she recently came into lesbianism from heterosexuality via the Women's Movement) told me, "A lesbian is not a homosexual." Last week I read in that new famous feminist document, "What is a lesbian?", "A lesbian is the rage of all women condensed to the point of explosion." Later in that same article I read, "But lesbianism is also different from male homosexuality, and serves a different function in society."

Clearly these are, if not conflicting, certainly different definitions. Clearly they come from different perspectives. The former is what men like Webster understand about us, the latter apparently what our het sisters saw in our lifestyle. In recent years I have come to understand that lesbianism is not like (male) homosexuality because in a sexist society such as ours no behaviour of women is the same as that of men. When women love (men or each other), they don't "love" like men do. When women work "together", it is not the same experience as when men work "together" (compete). When women talk to each other, they don't talk about the things (men, status, power) that men talk about. Ad infinitum. Knowing this helps me understand that when women love each other and attempt to build a life around their love, they do not love or live as men who love last women and they do not love or live as men who love other women. After I got this through my consciousness I was still left with another sticky conflict which I am hoping to work out.

I was a woman-identified-lover-of-other-women for four years before I found the Women's Movement. I now realize that when society bastards "a fag" or "a dyke" they are showing contempt for "a man who would be a woman," and when the courts take away a lesbian's children it is because she is not ready to be a woman. For many years I have known that the "faggot-swilling male" and the "dyke-butch lesbian" come in for far greater oppression than the butch male and the latter-day "femme" lesbian. I know this is because the former are overtly breaking role behaviour and the latter are OK because they still look like real men and real women. Laying aside (for the activist, one who wants to help change things, question whetber any place is with the movement which seeks to lift discrimination off our sexual orientation or the movement which seeks to redefine the one-down position of my het sisters away from both womanbaiting-sexism and the gay men and lesbian-baiting from the last, women is I think the reason why so many
Lesbians adopt a dyke separatist, total Lesbian Movement/identity/perspective. Sometimes I sit in large lesbian meetings and listen to what my "sisters" say. "No, Jane can't be the one given the TV speech, her hair is too short, and she wears men's boots—what will people think?" I know damn well what a lesbian thinks in either situation. I also know that a lesbian in the women's movement isn't doing much to help her sisters prevent rape. Emotionally I so totally identify with women that it's hard to feel a part of Christopher Street West parades. It's hard to recognize any "No!"

"Sexism: It's a Nasty Affair"

Author of "The Lesbian Her Sisters who still suffer under anti-gay as well as anti-woman prejudices?" Next year maybe someone will write about how to fight a society which would lock me up on (New Way Books, Los Angeles). This Tide two counts. Both, it seems to me, carry life sentences. «

Jeanne Cordova is an activist and

You can't do that to women." I am tired of telling my het and lesbian feminist sisters, "I'm angry and

and lesbian feminist sisters, "I'm angry and gay." Sometimes I think my sisters who have found loving another woman through the rosy glow of a woman identified supportive Women's Movement, for—I've never learned—loving another woman is also being queer. No, being a lesbian is not the same as being a homosexual but how do you jump against a society which says it is? This year I don't see any real place in the male identified gay movement for a feminist identified lesbian. This year I still question, "What is a lesbian-gay-queer woman's responsibility to the thousands of her sisters who still suffer under anti-gay as well as anti-woman prejudice?" Next year maybe someone will write about how to fight a society which would lock me up on two counts. Both, it seems to me, carry life sentences.

Jeanne Cordova is an activist and author of Sexism: It's a Nasty Affair (New Way Books, Los Angeles). This piece is reprinted from The Lesbian Tide (Los Angeles) via GAY NEWS

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Travel
LAGUNA

Laguna Beach—a stone's throw from Los Angeles, a short hop from San Diego, an hour by plane from San Francisco—is unique in California, perhaps in the whole country. This oceanside village invites comparison with Provincetown on CapeCod, with Sausalito in Marin County, but it's more than and quite different from either, Laguna always has been primarily an art colony, first colonized and still populated primarily by successful artists and craftsmen. This is no haven for "artsy" drifters and groupies in funny costume—rather, a community of individuals who've found what they like to do, do it well, and are busy at it.

Most of the year there's no bustle and rush here; a lazy village dominated by the Pacific Ocean—the graceful wheelings and glidings of the gulls set the pace. Lunch hours are spent strolling on the beach, shoes in hand; cocktail stops are often followed by a trip back to the beach to share a sunset while you listen to the pounding of the surf.

In summer the pattern is broken for a while by—scourge and salvation!—the tourists. They come in hordes; squeeze themselves into every square yard of space; overflow the beds—it becomes impossible to drive and difficult even to walk; there are lines everywhere. But they buy the artists' paintings and sculpture and pottery, pay the shopkeepers' rent, spend well in the local restaurants and make possible another year of happy residence for those who choose to live here.

Nora are they shortchanged. The Festival of Arts alone is worth the trip, and Laguna's Pageant of the Masters is famous around the world. Primarily, the reward is in the beautiful sandy beach that stretches the length of the town, given unique character and beauty by rocky cliffs and islets formed of lava. I don't know whether anyone's attempted a survey of the marital status of Laguna gays, but it appears to be largely a "couples" society, with singles showing more interest in the company of friends than the pursuit of partners.
LOSE INCHES...WHILE WATCHING YOU WON'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES! can be used at home.
—Phone or write for information—
SAN FRANCISCO 94108
Ralph Ovick Greg Barnet
and other social sciences to imply that
marital bliss can become so therapeutic and
intrinsic to the consequences of marriage is a matter of uncompromising
overriding her needs, but man is so undisciplin­
edly and wretchedly. They have commit­
ted high rate of illness. But, as the old saw goes,
the figures don't lie but lies figure. Statics
must, of necessity, be interpreted and
flashed out. Gilder draws on anthropology
and other social sciences to imply that
marriage is a matter of uncompromising
urgency. His research tells him that single
women don't need the knot tied nearly as
urgently as single men do. Woman can sub­
stitute her needs, but man is so undisципli­
ed and violent that only a stable supply of
roots and security will do the trick.
It is unfortunate that Gilder does not deal
adequately with the brute fact of divorce. If
marital bliss can become so therapeutic and
necessary for all the unbridled, why do we find
the skyrocketing divorce rate? Perhaps socie­
ty has come to expect too much of this
fundamental union. Sometimes compulsory
happiness evolves into an overwhelming
burden.
Certainly there are grains of truth in Naked
Nomads. We learn that a shortage of young
females exists for males of the same age group
(600,000 females for 1.5 million males). This
dilemma has seemingly been produced by the
number of divorced older men who develop a
yearning for proving they can still attract
the pretty ones in their twenties. Again we
wonder about the high crack-up rate.
Reckless playboy sorts are offered as
outrageous examples of irresponsible,
untamed manhood. Many gays will be
unable to identify with these characters.
The message offered is that single men
above thirty are wandering about dissilusion­
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When I tried to tell my American literature class about the prevalence of homosexuality in our movies and literature, some members of the class balked. They claimed they didn’t know what I was talking about, and they hinted that even I didn’t know of what I spoke.

“Aaw, shucks,” I said, “maybe you’re right.”

Of course they weren’t. But life is very difficult for college students today. So who was I to add the burden of facing the idea that there is a dangerous homosexuality in America that will overthrow the whole damned country if we don’t apprehend, limit, and understand it? Who was I indeed?

To see a glamorous version of the homosexuality I speak of, one can look at the love affair between Robert Redford and Paul Newman as it unfolds on the silver screen. Notice its transcending hypocrisy. One doesn’t have to go all the way back to queer relationships between ostensibly straight males in Herman Melville and James Fenimore Cooper, as Leslie Fiedler does.

Fiedler, with all his misdirected machismo did at least admit that Jim says, “Come back to the raft, Huck, honey.” No other critic had ever faced up to that; in their male faculty atmospheres they dared not rock the boat. As long as they could blow each other (literally and metaphorically) and blow well-hung male graduate students in private and keep wearing the badges of wife and family to keep their image of maleness secure in Academia, all was well with the world.

This homosexuality I speak of exists in those areas of our life where people of the same sex congregate and exclude the opposite sex. Further, as I’ve suggested, it is a society based on hypocrisy. It is the completely male society seen in the business, military, industrial, and education world, a society in which honesty of emotions and sexuality are suspect and feared.

Hypocrisy comes through the imperative that all members of these homosexual (same-sex) groups act out a gross masculinity, which is a distortion of the Hemingway code, a code that even Hemingway saw was sham. And how Hemingway must have suffered because he felt he had to live under the stringent requirements of that code that does not allow humanity to man or to woman. It is obvious that he suffered; he did blow his brains out, didn’t he?

Though Patricia Nell Warren’s The Front Runner threatens to become the guidebook for liberated gays, there is this dangerous homosexuality present in her book, too. All of the characters in her novel put a premium on masculinity. Androgyny? Forget it. (Moreover, the book endorses monogamy, still relies on the death of gays, and glorifies good old American religion.)

New York literary gossip has it that Warren lied; she didn’t get the idea for her novel from talking with a young male track star who was gay, but she first wrote it as a lesbian book. That scared the pants off her, since it didn’t fit in with the code. So she rewrote, adding a few drops of amyl.

Since Warren obviously made her choice, I wonder whether she can’t be recognized as what she is, a revisionist sow. However, as an older gay male, I have to admit that Warren did a lot for me. She got me to running, and also she has set up a mystique that makes me have to fight off young jocks who see me as the coach while they, in their wire-rimmed glasses and sweat-bands, are acting out Billy Sive. Marvelous. All of us need some drama in our lives, and they can pursue older men without guilt feelings about dad complexes, while I can enjoy being pursued. Yes, it’s marvelous, but at the same time all of us ought to note the travesty we’re involved in. We’re continuing to stay locked in a code, masculinity über alles, while running around the track of our nervous fantasy world. Anyway, who says that young jocks turn me on?

There is rampant homosexuality, galloping same-sexism, in board rooms,
executive suites, and the cocktail lounges of wealthy business males in America. An executive I knew who worked for a utility company in New York admitted that the men he worked with would never allow even token women in their world if they could prevent their entry: "They leave their wives in Scarsdale and Mamaroneck," he said. What I see as the worst aspect of this world of Horrendous Homosexuals is the dishonesty necessary to continue the act. Time after time I keep looking at the science building at City College of San Francisco, where I teach. From the time it was built in the 30's, our science building has proclaimed, "The Trush Shall Make You Free."

Lately I've felt like a Peanuts comic strip as I say to the building, "Yes, yes, and when will we get to the truth? We can't wait any longer." My theme song lately has come from a man I consider almost an archetypical Establishment-Homosexual-Pharisaism-Code hero, Dotson Rader, who hides in a straight guise even as he proclaims that he ain't marching anymore. My theme song is, "I Ain't Gonna Lie So Much More, Nowadays, No Time."

Thanks, Dotson, baby, hypocrite, my brother, my pig. All you folks out there in Homophilieland, what have you got to be afraid of? Bloutrage!

NO NEW CONSENSUAL SEX BILL

Governor Brown said he would not sign any other bill similar to AB 489 if it were passed and sent to his desk. "The voice of the people is clear," he said.

The vote in the state Senate was so close that it would be impossible to pass another bill in the face of an expected veto from the governor.

WASHINGTON, D.C., ACTIVIST KILLED

Noted and longtime activist Frederick Kennick was murdered and mutilated during a two-hour-long rampage through the offices of the Mattachine Society of Washington, D.C., by nearly 100 black youths. Police records indicate that Mr. Kennick called in at 9:04 p.m. to report vandalism entering the office and request police assistance. Officers arrived at the scene at 11:30 p.m. As of two days after the tragedy, police detective reports they are still investigating the possibility that Mr. Kennick died as a result of "mutual combat," a phrase used to describe a fight engaged in willingly by the participants. Art P.B.I. spokesperson announced yesterday that the P.B.I. has no plans to investigate the possibility that Mr. Kennick's own rights were violated.

The success of the Coalition of Concerned Christians in repealing the Consequential Sex Bill (AB 489) in California's June Primary election has been a disaster for gay women and men throughout the United States. The failure of gay people nationally to make the referendum battle in California a high priority—even more, the failure of Californian gays to put aside past differences, eschew the apparent joys of attacking one another for imagined or real slights and to join together in the greatest test our movement has ever faced—was directly responsible for the tremendous losses we have suffered in just five months.

Since the Referendum Passed:

June 1976 to November 1976

by FRANK FITCH
NATIONAL MEDIA FEATURE
CALIFORNIA VOTE

All three networks and most of the major radio stations and newspapers surveyed across the country have given page one treatment to the California referendum loss. Typical of the coverage was a CBS newscaster, who stated, "In a first test before the voters, the nation’s most populous state voted to make homosexuality illegal." National Gay Task Force calls to the network to ask them to state correctly that only certain sex acts were made illegal were ignored.

EMPLOYMENT BILL DEAD

As a matter of fact, John Foren stated it would be foolish to bring AB 633 to a vote in the Assembly. "I would have had the votes easily if the referendum had been defeated," he said, "but now it would be defeated overwhelmingly." AB 633 would have prevented employment discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation. It’s now dead.

506 ARRESTED IN L.A.

Last week, LA Police Chief Davis ordered a sweep of Hollywood gay bars. In a statement issued to the press. Davis said he could see no reasons for "these ferals" to remain unapprehended. "I’m going to make it so hot for ‘em here that in a year there will be no queers in L.A.," Davis said.

NAMECALLING IN PRE-ADOLESCENTS (Reprinted from Psychology Now)

Dr. David Ruben, in a recent study of the "bad words" used by elementary school children, when referring to homosexuals, reports the use of "faggot" "queer," "bitch," and "queer" in this form is common as it was in a similar study made one year ago.

THREAT TO LICENSES

Sen. H. L. Richardson successfully passed a bill in the California state Senate reinstating "moral turpitude" as a reason for denying or revoking any state license. His bill said, "Moral turpitude will be judged to exist when, for example, there is evidence that the applicant or licensee holder is or may be a homosexual."

Gay organizations from California to New York have been flooded with calls from doctors, lawyers, contractors, beauticians, real estate salespeople, C.P.A.’s, and others licensed by the state demanding that their names and addresses be stricken from any and all records. The National Gay Task Force, based in New York City, reports that it has lost over half of its California membership in the last week.

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LESSIAN MOTHER LOSES CUSTODY

Ms. Susan Anthony lost custody of her five-year-old son yesterday in a reversal of a previous decision in her favor. The judge in the case decided to review the merits of Ms. Anthony as a mother in the light of recent events. The real tragedy, according to Ms. Anthony, is that Johnny has no other living relatives and will have to be placed in an institution until foster parents can be found who are acceptable.

Sixth MCC fire in three weeks

The Metropolitan Community Church throughout the nation appear to be the scene of amateur arsonists. The burning of the MCC in the New York area raises to six the number of churches burned in the last three weeks. The Rev. Troy Perry was in tears at the news of the most recent loss.

Photo coverage of Gay Freedom Day Parade, 1975

Faggot in paradise by Lewis Felton: A gay teacher discovers Micronesia and vice versa.

You never forget the first by Walter Febick: Prep school, infatuation, shower follies and first love.

San Francisco look to the east (Bay) by Rick Divari: A "City" person discovers Oakland's White Horse Inn.

Threnody for an old Queen by H. Karp: Another pile-driving elucidation of New York's soft underbelly.

Photo/Interview of Byron (above) Vector's discovery by Guy Corry

Gay Reno by Hugh Masters: Cigarettes and liquor and wild, wild, wild.

Bar/Bath/Restaurant Guides (Newly Revised and up-to-date)

Books/Theatre/Women/Campus/Politics/Travel/Horoscope/Classifieds

Send me Vector for one year. I enclose $10 for 12 issues.

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Vector Magazine, 83 Sixth Street, San Francisco, California 94103

The above stories are fiction. It is my hope that they will forever remain fiction. To prevent some variation on the above we must make the referendum battle our number-one priority.

Right now we can start the process of obtaining statements against the referendum from non-gay organizations with which we are affiliated, especially churches. Right now we can support the gay organizations that will be helping to organize the fight.

Right now we can send in our names, addresses, and phone numbers and list what skills we have that might be useful in a campaign: writing, advertising, media relations, organizing volunteers, direct-mail campaigning, raising money, calling people on the phone, walking a precinct. Everyone has something he can contribute. We need every person, every mind, every hand to prepare for this showdown.

Next month in Vector:

Make sure you get yours!
Now is not the time to write about Wildwood Ranch. It’s Monday morning, and the workload is fantastic, and I’m just not into it—and my temptation is to zoom back at two of the finest days I’ve had in years and rephrase. My body is a copper/bronze ad for a tanning lotion, my head is swimming in fantasies of beautiful men, and my cock has a most pleasant ache/twinge from memories even I can’t face yet. But deadlines and promises must be met so here goes.

Wildwood is a very, very pleasant 1½ hour drive from the Golden Gate Bridge (or the San Rafael Bridge) up into Sonoma County and that incredible Russian River territory. If you’re lucky enough to find it upon the first try, you enter a paradise that can only exist in California. Processing in was the epitome of simplicity. A naked god said, “If you’re looking for Gerry, he’s the one in the kitchen with the can on his leg.”

I wandered through the main building noting the red wood appointments, fish pond through the glass double doors, fireplace, game area, etc. and found him. “Oh, hi,” he said, “right out this door.” So I was on my own with creepy first-visit jitters.

I reached the pool (it was 10:45 am) and aimed for the pool trying to keep an open/journalist’s eye but very much tight and defensive. On the way up to the pool a very Berkeleyish man smiled a warm hello.

Gerry, who was confused because this kind of feedback was not the usual at Wildwood, dropped my flight bag, undressed, pulled out a towel (you must bring your own) and went in the pool trying to keep an open eye but very much tight and defensive. On the way up to the pool a very Berkeleyish man smiled a warm hello.

I reached the pool (it was 10:45 am) and aimed for the pool trying to keep an open/journalist’s eye but very much tight and defensive. On the way up to the pool a very Berkeleyish man smiled a warm hello.

ME: My feeling is that, although it is an alternative to the bars, it is quite apparent that you’ve brought the bar “thing” with you, and I feel that in order to meet most of the guests I have to do a bar thing—namely, cruise.

HIM: Relax. You’ll see what it’s all about, and it’s not about bars, although I felt the same thing my first time here.

So I pretended to relax, but inside I was seething and very much wishing I was at Bear Wallows talking philosophy and gay lib and books and theatre.

After lunch (tuna sandwiches, borscht, juice, coffee—simple, excellently prepared and informal) the magic started and I couldn’t pinpoint why. But it seemed very right to tell host Gerry, “I’m having a fabulous time!”

One by one, quickly, when it had some meaning (beyond doing duty) I met everyone, and between playing Hearts by the pool, listening to Turandot on Robert’s fabulous cassette hookup, and beer and other chemical things that make us beautiful people, Wildwood had completed its magic. I met Gerry and Ken, our hosts, Joe, a graphic artist, his friend John, a book publisher, Robert, an accountant, Bud, a data processor, formerly long-time member of the San Francisco Opera Chorus, Tony, a student chef, Bret, a grad student at Cal, Bob, a medical insurance person, Ray and Matt, Berkeley people, Pat, Gig, David, a speech therapist, Wayne, a financier (and founding vicer president of S.I.R.J.I. A.), maitre ‘d and into psyche trips, Greg, a stained glass artist, and Jim who was into metal sculpture with a one-man show about to happen in Bradley’s Bar. No pattern.

Adjoining the Olympic pool is a hot Jacuzzi pool building which remains open all night, complete with candles and incense. The area is dotted with private and house tents hidden in the trees. The two bunkhouses each sleep eight—one with stacked bunk beds and the other with four doubles placed in a row. Showers and toilets are all around, sexy people—people.

Maximum sleeping quarters are for forty, but Gerry is very much into limiting weekends to an average of twenty-five to thirty. Members, of course, get top priority, and weekends are almost booked for the season until late October rain time. During-the-week is fairly open since this is the first season that Wildwood is open seven days a week and the word isn’t quite out yet. Gerry does no national advertising, and the greatest percentage of guests are from the Bay Area. Gerry feels he wants to keep it this way. Many, many relationships have developed at the ranch and continued into the city, and some have turned into “marriages.”

So since so many guests are members, they feel they have a stake in the operation and the running of Wildwood and are often possessive of the experience, which runs to helping keep the place clean and taking turns “hosting” the new arrivals. Occasionally the crazies take over. On Memorial Day weekend it was decided that the place was in need of a sophisticated first-aid kit. So an instant “benefit” was held consisting of taking the most beautiful people, Wildwood had completed its magic. I met Gerry and Ken, our hosts, Joe, a graphic artist, his friend John, a book publisher, Robert, an accountant, Bud, a data processor, formerly long-time member of the San Francisco Opera Chorus, Tony, a student chef, Bret, a grad student at Cal, Bob, a medical insurance person, Ray and Matt, Berkeley people, Pat, Gig, David, a speech therapist, Wayne, a financier (and founding vicer president of S.I.R.J.I. A.), maitre ‘d and into psyche trips, Greg, a stained glass artist, and Jim who was into metal sculpture with a one-man show about to happen in Bradley’s Bar. No pattern.

Just people—beautiful people—attractive people—human people—relaxed people—
It does not take a Tolstoy to figure out the possibilities for adventure. Gerry sells nothing so the two outdoor refrigerators are stacked with privately owned stashes of goodies, from beer (don't bring Acme since their containers are not recycleable to sodas, fruit, nuts and munchies).

Locating 69 miles north of the Golden Gate Bridge and on the Russian River, Wildwood Ranch offers you the incredible beauty of nature and a chance to really relax and enjoy life. Here you can meet new friends or get closer to someone special. Call or write for free inspection trip. No obligation, of course. (415) 864-8446.

1975 RATES:

Your camper or tent: $15
Bed in bunkhouse: $18
Tent with mattress: $20
Extra days: $8
Special 1 week membership: each: $10
Regular Annual membership (member & guest) $65

And what can I say to and about my "special" who pulled it all together, took my hand, and we gathered stars?
WHO
READS
VECTOR?

The VECTOR Survey

The editorial staff of VECTOR would like to know what our subscribers and other readers feel about our magazine. We include the following questionnaire, and urge you to take a personal hand in guiding our future direction. We are the oldest continuously published gay periodical in this country and perhaps the world, and our existence and growth depend upon how well we address ourselves to the needs and desires of you, our readers.

Please try to answer all parts of the form. In rating the regular columns (books, theatre, etc.) judge them over the period you’ve been acquainted with them, however brief. As for fiction, poetry, and interviews (feature material), you may have liked certain particular stories or articles, but not others. Feel free in your final comments to expatiate on your opinions of those categories. Name names in regard to your favorite authors and what they’ve offered you. They’d be delighted to hear your reactions.

We who put out this magazine are each individually of a certain cast of mind, and each of us has his own favorite articles. We are not always in total agreement about everything we do, and often compromise rules the roost. We are changing and we believe the changes are all for the better. We enjoy being Number One. We need your individual feedback to remain so.

I am: □ 18-21 □ 21-31 □ 31-41 □ 41-61 □ 61+ you

How many people read your copy of VECTOR? ____________________

Do you patronize our advertisers? □ ALWAYS □ SOMETIMES □ NEVER

VECTOR Covers should be (two words): _____________________________________

The one thing wrong with VECTOR is: ____________________________________

The reason I don’t subscribe to VECTOR is: ________________________________

Centerfolds should be more: _____________________________________________

Centerfolds should be less: _____________________________________________

Centerfolds should be discontinued: □ YES □ ND □ OCCASIONALLY

VECTOR Photography is: □ NOT EROTIC ENOUGH □ TOO EROTIC
□ TOO "ARTY" □ JUST FINE MOST OF THE TIME

Features are: □ TOO INTELLECTUAL □ NOT INTELLECTUAL ENOUGH
□ JUST FINE MOST OF THE TIME

I read VECTOR: □ ONE SITTING □ SEVERAL SITTINGS □ VARIES

Upon receiving VECTOR □ I thumb through it all □ I immediately turn to look at all the photos □ start on page one
Do you like or resent VECTOR’s inclusion of material from other publications, such as GAY NEWS (London), GPU NEWS (Waukesha) and THE ADVOCATE?

Like □
Present □

Are you annoyed or do you not care when an article is continued to another part of the magazine?

Annoyed □
Don’t care □

Concerning the graphics (Illustrations, photos, type styles, layouts, design)

Pleased □
Sometimes pleased □
Turned off □
Don’t notice □

VECTOR is:
Better □
Worse □
Holding the line □
Varies □

The length of the magazine is:
Too short □
Too long □
Just fine □

The length of the departments (books, theatre, etc.) is:
Too short □
Too long □
Just fine □

The length of the features is:
Too short □
Too long □
Just fine □

I would like to see photos of men over thirty: Yes □
No □

I would like to see more photos of ethnic minorities: Yes □
No □

What one MAIN thing induces you to purchase/subscribe? (Check only one)

Poetry □
Fiction □

The coverage of the magazine usually reads:
Sometimes □
Never read/Dislike □

Enjoy very much: □

Usually read: □

Sometimes read: □

Never read: □

Are you a subscriber? Yes □
No □

What things not presently found in VECTOR would you like to see included in future issues?

What one MAIN thing induces you to purchase/subscribe? (Check only one)

Coverage of Bay Area events □

Fiction □

Interviews □

The whole issue □

Are you a subscriber? Yes □
No □

What things not presently found in VECTOR would you like to see included in future issues?

Cinema reviews □

Cartoons □

Music (Serious, Rock) □

Puzzles & Games □

Sports □

Pornography □

Gossip about VIPs □

Hard core want ads □

Other □

83 Sixth Street, San Francisco, California 94103

They told everyone. Everyone was shocked.

The people blamed those who liked bread and butter.

"Far Too Far was not like us," said those who liked bread and butter; "he was sick."

"The people have not been diligent in their vigil against sin," said Holy Terror.

That is what he had always said, and now, he thought, he had been right all along.

Since Far Too Far was dead, the people turned their attention toward Tar Baby.

They took him before a magistrate, who found him guilty of helping murder many of his little friends and sentenced him to be buried alive for 600 years.

A great crowd of people followed as he was taken out into the desert where he was to be buried. On the way they met Pin Chinn, who stopped to talk with him.

"You have come to see too late," said Tar Baby.

"Why do you even want to listen to him?" interrupted the people, still furious that he had played Taggerdy Faggedy with those who may have had no particular interest in bread and butter, and thus had reversed the order of things.

"By examining our course from the past," said Pin Chinn, "we may redirect our path toward the future."

Holy Terror pushed his way out from among the people to confront Pin Chinn directly.

"Why didn't Tar Baby talk with someone?" asked Holy Terror, annoyed by the delay. "Why didn't he reach out for help before he became involved in murder?"

"Prejudice isolates those against whom it is directed," answered Pin Chinn.

"Well," said Holy Terror, "why did Far Too Far kill those he was wont to embrace?"

Pin Chinn looked out past Holy Terror at the great multitude; at Tar Baby, his hands bound and his feet shackled; at the magistrates and the town criers who had come from all over the kingdom. He looked at the sad and angry parents and the frightened children. Finally, he turned to Holy Terror and said softly, "You taught him to love least what he desired most."

"You who teach hatred," continued Pin Chinn, "and encourage violence against others must expect eventually to gather the consequences."
My first and most lasting impression of Hamburger Mary’s is one of a place where long-haired blonds, with thick-muscled upper arms, dropped in from the Stud or maybe Fadé’s on the other side of Folsom and down the bend. I’d watch them devour their meaty mushroom burgers and be caressed everywhere by their adoring waiters. The food is generally good—damned good for the prices. The coffee is at best pretty bad. The service is aloofly cordial. No waiter there has ever caressed me. My last occasion to stop by, the eggs Mexican and the walnut pie made a filling and tasty meal, but 65 cents for a thin slice of pie seems quite a bit much.

An enduring memory of the place: About two winters ago I was drinking in Cissy’s Saloon, adjoining Mary’s, and seated on a sofa near the windows was a stunningly handsome young man, thoroughly drunk, whose trousers’ zipper was undone all the way down. He got up and danced with his girl. He went through the motions of a game at the pool table with her. My eyes were riveted on that protruded patch of white underwear, of which he was unaware.

Not that one doesn’t often see more there. Generous disclosures of ass. Lots of slits in the Levi’s. Midriffs bristly with peach fuzz. Guys without shirts slumming along the Miracle Mile, bespeaking motorcycles and surfboards. Untrammeled teats for those who care about such things. Dykes frequent!

Among the looking-glasses of this Alice’s restaurant in No-Wonder Land, its walls crazy repositories of kitsch of the kitschiest kind, one notices a question: “Have you a Little Fairy in your Garden?” Sit at a table. Forget the counter stools (they’re very uncomfortable). Best go with someone. Look around. You’re bound to observe something eminently edible sauntering around before you depart. One further caution: If loud and persistent Rock is not to your liking, your ears will be assaulted. The clientele appear not to mind. All in all, Hamburger Mary’s is a tossup of pluses and minuses. Marvelous and dismally funky. But “ours” as only San Franciscans can understand, and love and cherish and...
I remember reading, at about the age of thirteen or fourteen, a book by Jess Stearn called The Sixth Man. And I remember that afterwards, and for the next several years, I spent a lot of time counting people off, mentally by sixes. I figured that out of my high time counting people off, mentally by there ought to be at least four or five and the values that I never heard in (who wonder why I'm making such a engagements—despite the disapproval college. students at Stanford; more than half I didn't know that there was an "us" are men (and those who are hetero the Gay Peoples Union. Most of them others? Should I still go around count­ I didn't know what made you that way? Have you done anything about it? And have you told your parents?" But I also answer the questions. Maybe by the end of the con­ sequence I've made my point that causes and categorizations aren't important. Does performance determine sexuality? It's chic to be bi (at least in NY and SF); be gay virgins, too, just as there are We feel isn't what you're "supposed" to say the right ones—not shouting them, necessarily, but saying them firmly, quietly, with conviction. If it doesn't adhere to some of the dogma and ideas about gay people, it may be a bad name, Yet, these people, who form the vast set seems rampant, there is a tendency we can make you straight?"), and particularly at Stanford, where the academic mind­ set seems rampant, there is a tendency for the audience to adopt a position of intellectual tolerance (Schefflin calls it "amnification by blandness"); it is used to be called wishy-washy (liberalism) that's very fashionable but that pre­ cludes any real communication on an emotional level or a level of values. So maybe I'm antagonistic. I go through the rap of "When did you know you were straight?" What do you think made you that way? Have you done anything about it? And have you told your parents?" But I also answer the questions. Maybe by the end of the con­ sequence I've made my point that causes and categorizations aren't important. Does performance determine sexuality? It's chic to be bi (at least in NY and SF); be gay virgins, too, just as there are We feel isn't what you're "supposed" to say the right ones—not shouting them, necessarily, but saying them firmly, quietly, with conviction. If it doesn't adhere to some of the dogma and ideas about gay people, it may be a bad name, Yet, these people, who form the vast set seems rampant, there is a tendency for the audience to adopt a position of intellectual tolerance (Schefflin calls it "amnification by blandness"); it is used to be called wishy-washy (liberalism) that's very fashionable but that pre­ cludes any real communication on an emotional level or a level of values. So maybe I'm antagonistic. I go through the rap of "When did you know you were straight?" What do you think made you that way? Have you done anything about it? And have you told your parents?" But I also answer the questions. Maybe by the end of the con­ sequence I've made my point that causes and categorizations aren't important. Does performance determine sexuality? It's chic to be bi (at least in NY and SF); be gay virgins, too, just as there are We feel isn't what you're "supposed" to say the right ones—not shouting them, necessarily, but saying them firmly, quietly, with conviction. If it doesn't adhere to some of the dogma and ideas about gay people, it may be a bad name, Yet, these people, who form the vast set seems rampant, there is a tendency for the audience to adopt a position of intellectual tolerance (Schefflin calls it "amnification by blandness"); it is used to be called wishy-washy (liberalism) that's very fashionable but that pre­ cludes any real communication on an emotional level or a level of values. So maybe I'm antagonistic. I go through the rap of "When did you know you were straight?" What do you think made you that way? Have you done anything about it? And have you told your parents?" But I also answer the questions. Maybe by the end of the con­ sequence I've made my point that causes and categorizations aren't important. Does performance determine sexuality? It's chic to be bi (at least in NY and SF); be gay virgins, too, just as there are
Memories of a Small Town

SCOTT FAVERSHAM

There was a spot
Along Country's Creek
Where the willows grew
Dense and shadowy
In the summertime.
Country boys,
Half grown and sturdy,
Swam naked there,
And it vanished there—
Hidden in shadow.

Randy Richards—
"Rip in a hole!"
"Tough as a mug!"
"Whitewash—"
Remember the time
He threw those geezers
Out of that bar
For taking dollars,
And the movies,
You heard about
The women he beat!

But one Saturday night
Under the bridge
In Jefferson Path
I learned things about
Randy Richards—
That no one else in town
Ever knew—
I think.

Biff Dennis—
Streetskin,
Golden boy.
School's handsomest,
I see him last week—
Too much weight now,
Not enough hair now,
Lives of fame now,
Strange to think,
There was a time
When I was dreamed of him
Every night.

It was late, really,
That Reddy Anderson,
Whose favorite spot
Was beating up quacks
In the park.

By the University,
Should have been gang-banged
In the back of the sun
Taking him to the Country Jail
For our shelf.

Richard Formmers
Called home one day
From his job in the food mill.
"I can’t hear it any more!"
Was all he said.
He was gone for three years.
Before he showed up again,
But he looked much younger.
Everyone agreed,
Perhaps it was his hair.
Dyed now, not styled—
Or the flashy clothes.

He mentioned visiting
New Orleans, Amsterdam,
And some Arab cities.

Armed with his friends
In the "no strokes under-"
And the homes of Jefferson Path.

Furious, exciting, dangerous, ugly,
Frightened, exhilarating—

Try to understand, my dear,
I’ve not quite outgrown my past—
And I’m sorry—truly I am.

Unknown poets,
Who’s drawings on a wall
Absorbed me as no classic ever did.

Unknown artists,
Whose drawings on a wall
I studied art law at
Gallantry in Europe.

You lived in my town—
Perhaps next door,
Or down the block.

Did I know you?

When we said goodbye at the station
I kept my arms close
Instead of hugging you.
I kept my hands close
Instead of touching you.

My lips spoke little phrases
Instead of kissing you,
Men don’t weep, or cry, much,
Or cling close to each other
In my town.

We always talked so seriously—
And on such a high plane—
And so politely.

If never occurred to me
That perhaps you wanted me
As much as I wanted you,
I didn’t realize that
Until I was far away from my town,
And by then it was too late—
Much too late.

I did not learn of love
In fields of flowers in spring.
For me no candlelight and wine,
No moonlit grove, no sighing night
No loggery touch, no tender kiss
No gentle caress.

To put it bluntly—
I learned of love
In the "no strokes under-
And the homes of Jefferson Path.

Furious, exciting, dangerous, ugly,
Frightened, exhilarating—

Try to understand, my dear,
I’ve not quite outgrown my past—
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Whose drawings on a wall
I studied art law at
Gallantry in Europe.
George loves women, nothing very unusual. However, George, in three days, makes love to a mother (Lee Grant) and her daughter (Carrie Fisher), attends to Christie), who is the mistress of the aforementioned mother's wealthy husband (Jack Warden) and best friend of his steady girl. Certainly a lethal collection of amours, but this is not too remarkable for George. Suffers (?) from an unsublimated sex drive. The one catch with George and a continuing joke throughout the film is that George is a hairdresser.

Shampoo is a film that is dividing audiences and critics into two factions, those who enjoy the film immensely and those who detest the film immensely. In addition to starring as the macho hairdresser, Warren Beatty has produced and co-authored this picture. It is truly Beatty's baby.

Situated in Beverly Hills, Shampoo's three days of action fall around election day, 1968. At this time, the volatile circle of Lovers explodes, leaving George in the debris of broken relationships.

Recently, Warren Beatty was in San Francisco to discuss with the press his views on Shampoo. Asked about when he started working on it, Mr. Beatty replied, "I've been working on it since about 1968, actually; before that, 1967. I had always wanted to do a story about a compulsive Don Juan. One that didn't necessarily say that Don Juanism is a sexual role was to show how much our society's attitudes have changed. Still perplexed by the 1968 setting of the film, I asked if the intent towards sexual roles was to show how much our society's attitudes have changed.

"I think whether you call it instinct or not, I think it's undeniable that particularly the role of women has changed. George is kind of the dumb blond of the movie. He is the sex object and I think that kind of male consciousness has not changed an awful lot."

Shampoo is especially depressing to men, because it really shows the women using men as sex objects: difficult for us to take. It also gives an undercurrent of something that attacks the nuclear family, in a way that is disturbing. No one repents in the end. It is difficult for the generation that is now 30, a pill. For the young people it's not so much."

The intention of the film is good, but the structure falls apart. Unnecessary bits, such as the momentary pathos evoked by the death of Norman's son Robinson, who is cast as a screaming faggot, Norman and Ricci (Mike Otton), who also portrays a faggot, are the only other hairdressers with substantial roles in the movie. Disturbed by this tired image of the homosexual hairdresser, I asked, "Because the film promotes certain views on women's liberation or sexual philosophy, plus a definite attitude towards politics, there also seems to be a backdoor statement about homosexuality or the image of a homosexual. By using the character of a hairdresser, it seems the scenes in the shop, with the focus on Norman and Ricci, support the view of the faggot hairdresser. Do you see this as a 1968 attitude or a present one? It seems you have promulgated the image of the homosexual hairdresser."

"I did?" he replied defensively.

"Your movie did." I answered.

Pause. "I don't know what to say about that. Could we be a little heavy on the character of Ricci and Norman, because there were no other hairdressers. Maybe you're right, I don't know. Sometimes you broaden things when you try to be funny and that was the source of a couple of gaps, maybe some cheap gags. We only dealt with three hairdressers, one was heterosexual and two homosexual."

"One cut from Lester saying, "Too bad he's a faggot" to a shot of George blowdrying a woman's hair while her head hovers around his crotch leads to another question. Doesn't this sequence play on the stereotyped image of a homosexual hairdresser? In defense Beatty said, "I would think the two homosexual characters equate to my part, since my role is so much bigger."

Just like the facile and cheap political theme, Mr. Beatty admits to, though does not apologize for, the cheapness of the homosexual images, in the film. Audiences do not see the hairdressers as 1968 characters. They laugh at the image with a 1975 mentality. The modern view is necessary for the joke to work.

Hollywood no longer makes films with black rolls their eyes. It's time they became aware of other minorities. Ann Weldon, a black actress in the film, comes across as straight as possible, without making her white. Dare Beatty make a joke about her to evoke Lester's views on race?

The intention of the film is good, but the structure falls apart. Unnecessary bits, such as the momentary pathos evoked by the death of Norman's son the childishly absurd portrayal of a politician singing Indian songs, lend no perspective to the picture. Our society has changed but not as markedly as Mr. Beatty thinks or demonstrates.

Shampoo would have been more valuable if it had been set in 1975 and showed us where we are now, rather than showing from where we have come. But, the best laid plans of...
Why be in a gay parade?

by RANDY ALFRED

Randy Alfred, an author-activist now living in Berkeley, California, was involved with the planning of the 1975 San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Parade.

In late June parades were held in San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York, Boston and other cities major and minor throughout the United States. These are variously designated as the Gay Freedom Day Parade, the Gay Pride Parade, or the Christopher Street Wlarct|.

The last of these appellations refers to Freedom Day Parade, the Gay Pride Inn, where a spontaneous uprising against raiding policemen in June of the location of New York's Stonewall 1969 flared into the Concord and Lex­ington of Gay Liberation. There had been important prior events in the gay strugg­le against oppression, much as the Boston Tea Party preceded the American Revol­tion. But the Stonewall Rebellion is the symbolic beginning of the modern gay movement, and so each year near the end of June we celebrate our unity and solidarity.

Yet, despite the large numbers parti­cipating in these events in the past, many gay people still refrain from them. Many who should be in the streets merely stand on the sidewalks and let the parade pass them by. What are their reasons for doing so, and why should you participate, anyway?

When we analyze these reservations and motivations, we should be aware of three different, but certainly interrelated, levels of impact. First, what will participa­tion do for us individually? How will it make us feel? Second, what are the effects on our community of gay men and women? If we feel good about ourselves, we can be open and honest with, and accepting of one another. If we build strong and suppor­tive communities, we can aid in the personal­ization of individuals still struggling to unlock the doors of their closets. Third, what impact do these parades and other events have upon society? How effective can they be politically, as public relations?

Some people think that gay parades are passé. They were in a march or two, a few years back, when the idea was new. Now it seems like yesterday's fashions, and they wouldn't be caught dead in any­thing so terribly dated. This is the kind of nonsense responsible for the annual articles on the death of Rock and Roll. The press isn't interested in it anymore; so people pretend that it's simply not there. But no matter how many times it's been buried, it refuses to give up and die as directed.

Similarly, some people no longer consider themselves with environmental issues; it's no longer the rage. Well, if ecology is a fad, it's the last fad, friends. And if Gay Liberation and community solidarity are just passing fashions, we might find out too late that our growing public acceptance and recent legislative progress may be passing fashions, too.

Now it is not the time to assume that we have won all that is rightfully ours. A coalition sponsored by right-wing Legislators and fundamentalist Christ­ian churches is planning a referendum to repeal California's newly enacted Consensual Sex Law. This legislation, sponsored by Assemblyman Willie Brown, will legalize (as of January 1, 1976) private sexual acts between consenting adults, gay and straight. A growing anti­gay backlash now threatens to put this measure on next June's California primary ballot. Meanwhile, P.T.A. groups and others are seeking to exempt public employees from the provisions of Assemblyman John Foran's AB633 which would prohibit discrimination in employment on the basis of sexual prefer­ences.

Gay backlash now threatens to put this repeal measure on next June's Califor­nia primary ballot. Meanwhile, P.T.A. groups and others are seeking to exempt public employees from the provisions of Assemblyman John Foran's AB633 which would prohibit discrimination in employment on the basis of sexual prefer­ences.

In New York City last year Intro 2, a similar civil rights bill for gays, was defeated by an anti-homosexual front supported by the city's firemen and the Roman Catholic Archdiocese. In Boulder, Colorado, gay rights legislation was re­pealed by the voters in an election that also recalled council members who had enacted the law. The much-publicized gay marriages in Colorado have been stopped, and the legality of those al­ready performed has been called into question. We must struggle and be ever­vigilant to preserve rights that our ours, to consolidate our victories, and to build new ones. Political apathy is easy but expensive.

CLOSETS

Clearly, though, many gay people don't take part in the parades because they are still in the closet. Either they have not acknowledged to themselves their own gayness, or they are self-aware gays who feel they must still hide their preferences and their lifestyles from anti­gay friends, families, employers, schools, and various institutions. We cannot expect the former to march, but their existence is itself further reason for the rest of us to participate. The more we are visible, the more we show that we feel good about feeling and being gay, and the more we show ourselves to be mutually supportive, then the more we encourage these sisters and brothers to take that all-important step of self-acceptance.

"Well," says the self-acknowledged but still closeted gay, "what if someone I know sees me?" There's no better place and no better time to be seen. You can march proudly in the clear light of day among thousands or scores of thousands of gay persons, The parade can be a liberating experience for you personally, and your participation should encourage others to march and add to the political clout of the parade by swelling the ranks of the visible gay electorate.

Remember, it's no crime to march. And it's not a crime to be gay either, even where the penal code reform hasn't been enacted. The law may regulate your behavior, but it can't tell you what to think or who to be. It's impossible to arrest the truth. If you're not worried about legalities, but you still have close friends or family who don't know about your gayness, Gay Pride Week is a good time to announce it.
is the perfect opportunity for you to come out to them. Bring them to the next parade or demonstration, Why not ask them to march with you?

NOT DIFFERENT?
There are gay people who see no need to march because they do not believe that significant differences exist between gays and straights. "I'm no different from the next guy, except..." and an acquaint- ance of mine, "Why should I march down the street screaming 'Gay is Good' when I'm just like everyone else except...?" I happen to like men. Why be proud? It's not an important difference.

This argument just won't wash. We are different. (Thank heaven! When I was just coming out, I had felt other­wise for a while. Gradually, as I have become more self-accepting, my creativity, my entire consciousness have always been shaped and colored by an awareness of differences from the conventional assumptions of everyday heterosexual reality. Gay is good, Creative homosexuals have a speci­al vision of the games straights play, and we can often see through a lot of the ideological excrement associated with those games.

But we do play our own games, and these often include as much (or more) sex and sexuality as straights who are sometimes evil or some­times well-meaning but dreadfully unen­lightened. The price of accepting this oppression and not allowing ourselves to express our true feelings is a slow-killing of our very being. We must love one another or die," Audre's advice to all humanity, has meaning for gay brothers and sisters. When we learn to love each other, we must also teach the world to love along with us.

So we must march because we are different. We have a long history and a current multitude of great and creative men and women in many fields of human endeavor, and so we are proud. We are subject to political, economic, social, and psychological oppression, and so we are angry. We must show our strength and indicate that we won't put up with being put down anymore.

Not only will this produce positive political results, but it will also enhance the self-images of each of us and our collective awareness as communities. In no small measure will the presence of a strong community of proud individuals bring hope and confidence to gays who are still learning not to hide and hate themselves.

TELEVIOIUS
Psychic violence takes its toll in nega­tive self-images, which must be overcome in our personal liberation and in our com­mon struggle. When gays treat each other poorly (as we all often do), it is due usually to a lack of self-esteem. The trouble is, for we have already been forced to do combating the continued, day-to-day and year-in-year-out oppression by straights who are sometimes evil or some­times well-meaning but dreadfully unen­lightened.

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IMAGES
But what kind of images are we pro­viding for each other and for the straights we're trying to influence? A friend's mother living in Manhattan's East 80's once asked, "Conversions filled with
WINDOWS

the photographic art of Guy Corry
New York City is strange. Other cities have pimples on them. Little ones.
San Francisco, outside the Haven after the bars close, is grotesque.
And London, in Piccadilly Circus, is peculiar. But both these cities, like most cities, are for the most part placid. Grimy, depressing, maybe; but they are not covered with the pervasive, palpable sense of strangeness that covers New York. All of New York. No corner is safe, no tiny enclave is straight, in this town. Everywhere, everywhere you look, dreamlike New York stares back.

Christopher Street at 11pm on Friday in the spring. Gorgeous. Like panthers the people move, touching, not touching, barely touching. The street is high; the music so thick it hangs in the air like a canopy.

Eighth Avenue in the Twenties at about 4 o'clock in the mopping. The leather bars have closed, and strange gangs of Puerto Ricans rush up and down, shouting at each other in Spanglish, marching past the studs who stand on the corners, keys wrapped around their hands, menacing the moon.

The Port Authority Bus Terminal, where it is never night or day, but always some harshly fluorescent time in between, and the people move like entomological specimens about to be trapped in a preserving fluid.

And the little streets under the Brooklyn Bridge where the people walk slowly up and down and do each other in crumbling doorways until the whole little neighborhood smells like sex.

Fantastic place, New York, filled with fantastic people.

Once I came out of my apartment early in the morning, the sky still gray with edges of pink just starting to glow, and saw, silhouetted against Central Park,

three elegant hookers and one-a-logged man doing a slow and stately dance.

In the middle of all this a street would have to be something, wouldn't it, to be thought of as the strangest place of all.

Fourteenth Street is.

An unusually wide street for New York, it cuts, fat and bleached-looking, straight through the Island from the decay of the docks on the West Side to the slums and housing developments on the East Side.

It is jammed with stores. Stores filled with so much merchandise, it spills into the sidewalks. On both sides there is a panorama of sleazy materials, trashy panty hose, ghastly pink plates, Christmas decorations, misshapen pots and pans, truly ugly works of art.

To make the merchandise even more attractive, there are barkers in front of the stores, screaming, mostly in Spanish, about the joys of the shit they're selling, the wonders of the paintings of the Sacred Heart of Jesus on black velvet and how no hacienda can afford to be without one.

And music, too, each store blaring its own, the golden blackness of Marvin Gaye blending with Salsa. So much music, in fact, that often it just gets to be too much for the customers and they dance, whirling, stomping, shouting, in and out of the plastic shower curtains and the velvet hot pants.

There are bars, too.

And restaurants blowing hot chilli smells into the air.

And Sabarret carts.

And junkies, either dealing or nodding out.

And fantastic burns sleep in the middle of the sidewalks, oozing juices that trickle down to the curb: Blood? Piss?

No one on Fourteenth Street knows.

No one on Fourteenth Street cares.

Right in the middle of all this is a purple orchid of a place, a place that's peculiarly New York. And peculiarly Fourteenth Street.

It has an elegant name for what it is, reduced to its barest essentials, a whorehouse. It's worked like a club, but, as in many enterprises of this sort, the whole thing is sort of confused.

You are, I think, supposed to pay $10 for membership to begin with and then $4 every time you go in, but when I got there the woman selling tickets said I didn't have to join if I didn't want to.

I didn't want to.

"Just give me four bucks, honey," she said. "Well, wait, Are you going to take off your clothes?"

"Oh," she said, "you haven't been here before, honey? Well, you'll see."

I paid the four bucks.

You walk into a small room with a round bed in the middle. Off to one side is a bar. The bartender, a reasonably muscled, fairly good-looking guy, is pouring little glasses of awful red wine.

"It's free, man," he says to me.

He is wearing only a G-string, and I stare at his ass as he turns around. He catches me looking. "That's not free," he says. "See you later," he says, smiling brilliantly.

It is pretty crowded.

Average age of the crowd is forty, I estimate, but there are wild swings at both ends. There are two men there, grotesquely fat, who are, minimally, sixty-five. There is a delicate boy who can't be more than eighteen.

I go up to him.

"Hi," I say.

"Hi," he replies. He looks uncomfor-
table. I feel as if I am doing something wrong. Is talking to the other customers something not done here? Is this one of those places where we are all supposed to be invisible to one another? I plunge ahead anyway.

"Have you been here before?" I ask. He smirks wide. "This, apparently, is a safe topic. He has sensed I am not the time. This is one of my favorite the guys all the time, you know."

"Do you like this place better than the bars?" I ask.

This is the wrong topic. I have stepped outside the delicate line. He smiles again, waves vaguely at someone, excuses himself.

One of the fat men is staring at me. "Me? The way I look? Listen, they just get a free pass for next week. Nice idea, huh?"

He bursts into laughter. I look puzzled. So he explains. "Robbie. Some of them unsure of themselves, clumsy. Some bored. Some

"Yes?" I say. I am obviously no good for him. Robbie is talking, but, obviously, he is not talking to me.

"He talks. All day. He tells us about the fire escapes and how we are going to have a show tonight. He tells us about the fire escapes and how we are going to have a show tonight."

They all fix me out of one of the three arches behind the stage. "Welcome, welcome, welcome," he shouts. "Let me tell you about the fire regulations first. We don't want any roasted fairies, do we? There is a comfortable giggle at the word "fairey." We are all happy, it seems, to be identi- fied. He makes us feel closer, groupied. He tells us about the fire escapes and the fire doors and urges us to keep our hands inside. Slowly, sensually, he rubs it. "Robbie," the MC shouts. "Wasn't he something?"

"He'll be back for the second act. And, of course, you'll see him at intermission."

"That's all I do," he said. "I talk."

"That's all, I do," he said. "I talk."

He nods.

"I don't want you to get the wrong know, what you do." He nods.

"Well, I'm interested in this place. You know, what you do."

"That's all I do," he said. "I talk."

"I pause."

"Almost always. I could tell you with you."

"That's all I do," he said. "I talk."

"I don't want you to get the wrong know, what you do."

"Well, I'm interested in this place. You know, what you do."

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"I don't want you to get the wrong know, what you do."

"I'm not hustling. Shit, I don't even give it away." He nods.

"I don't want you to get the wrong know, what you do."

"I'm not hustling. Shit, I don't even give it away." He nods.

"That's all right," I say. (But I'm disappointed. I am.) We arrange to meet the following day for lunch. "You buy " he said.

We met at a small Italian restaurant not the next day (he called to cancel) but two days later. He was dressed as he dressed for the
show. Same enveloping sunglasses. "I don't know about this," he said. "I figure you for some kind of sickie, Am I right?"

I told him I was a writer, that I was interested in writing about him. He looked at me blankly. We ate, hardly talking at all, talking when we did talk, about New York, about Fourteenth Street. I looked at me blankly. We ate, hardly talking about New York, about Fourteenth Street. I stayed at a couple of crash pads, and I found the library and read a lot. But, you know, I had to do something. Girls didn't really turn me off either, you know? I noticed all the other guys who liked my thing, I worked in a bar, Go-go boy. That sucks. Then I got this job."

"Do you like it?"

"Like it? This is perfection for me. It's the best. You want to know what I feel when one of those old men has my cock in his mouth? It's simple, man, I feel power, I own them, man, I own those old dudes. When they've got their hands all over me, they're mine. I'm in charge. It feels wonderful."

"Don't you want something more? Don't you want a real bond, a relationship?" I ask.

"No, man. This is my job. To be admired. To be wanted. I don't know where I'll end up, Maybe nowhere. But this is where I want to be now, I feed on these people."

"It can't be true," I said. "I don't need you to tell me that," he said. "I know." We sat for a while longer. "I should go," I said. "No," I said. "I'm in charge. It feels wonderful." I never did anything. I gave up to LA. Seemed like a good thing to do. Then he got a job in England which was going to last for about a year; he was a movie person. He wanted me to stay there or come to England. But, I didn't know, I didn't want to. He bought me a ticket to New York and gave me some money, I have his phone number. If I ever need to, I'll call him."

"Why'd you come to New York?"

"I don't know. It's true."

"What happened next?"

"I stayed with that guy—his name was Robert—for about six months. We just couldn't get enough of our thing. And he started bringing friends around, and I'd put on the same show for them. We loved it."

"Then he got a job in England which was going to last for about a year; he was a movie person. He wanted me to stay there or come to England. But, I didn't know, I didn't want to. He bought me a ticket to New York and gave me some money, I have his phone number. If I ever need to, I'll call him."

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"It can't be true," I said. "I don't need you to tell me that," he said. "I know." We sat for a while longer. "I should go," I said. "Got everything you need?" he asked. "No," I said. "Well, nobody can have everything, man," he said, looking unbelievably beautiful.

When I was almost out the door, he called me. I looked back. His sunglasses were off. "One more thing," he said, "my name isn't Robbie."

A couple of weeks after our interview, the first act came and went without me. I waited for the show to begin. The first act came and went without Robbie.

During the interview I asked the fat man, who was there again, what had happened to Robbie.

"Who's Robbie?" he said. I told him I was a writer, that I was interested in writing about him. He looked at me blankly. We ate, hardly talking at all, talking when we did talk, about New York, about Fourteenth Street. I looked at me blankly. We ate, hardly talking about New York, about Fourteenth Street. I waited for the show to begin. The first act came and went without Robbie.

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"Who's Robbie?" he said.
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