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# Editorial

As we go to press, it appears that the so-called Coalition of Christian Citizens has failed in its efforts to overturn the Brown Consensual Sex Bill by referendum on the June 1976 California ballot. If the attempt does not fail outright to get the required 312,404 signatures on the initial count, it will almost assuredly fail when the slim margin it may enjoy is eaten away by the signature validation process which must follow.

There will be much speculation on what happened. The efforts of the Concerned Voters of California and its public relations firm of Winner, Wagner and Associates made it clear that the petition process would be monitored unmercifully and that the efforts against the measure would be unparalleled if it did qualify. Others challenged the tax-exempt status of churches using their official structure and financial resources in blatant support of the referendum. In the final analysis, it may well prove that a great number of Christians simply had a better perception of the true meaning of their religion than did an isolated backward minority of their leadership.

At any rate, the message to the state legislature should be loud and clear. The people of California have vindicated their elected representatives. Let those representatives now get on with the proper business of enacting AB633, the Foran Bill prohibiting discrimination in employment, and with other legislation so vital to gay people.

*Doug DeYoung*



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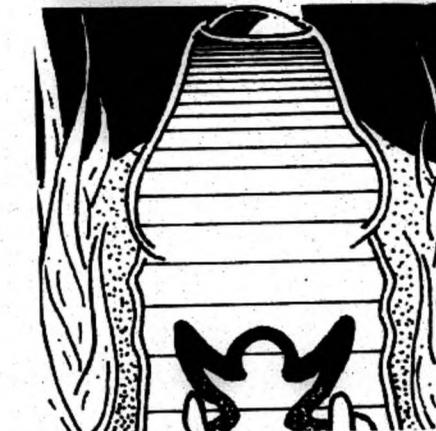
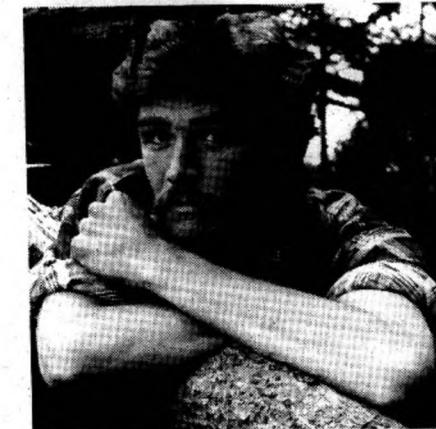
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—Preamble, S.I.R. Constitution



For Eleven Years

# VECTOR

The Gay Experience

August 1975

Volume 11, Number 8

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## Letters

### Hail Poetry!

I wish to express my appreciation to *Vector* for introducing to me the wonderful work of Scott Faversham and H. Karp. As a sometime dabbler in poetry, sometimes when I read a certain poem, I think I'd give anything to have written it. That's how I felt about "Memories of a Small Town" — reminiscent of E. A. Robinson and *Winesburg, Ohio*. Karp is superb. How justly and mordantly he dissects the *Homomanhattanesis* in "Summer out of the Bitch City"! His story "Robbie" was so observant of every slightest detail, as much as it maintained the grand flow of the Boys Boys Boys show and its evanescent star attraction. I hope Karp is contemplating writing a novel. I've also liked very much many other short stories in *Vector*.

Robbie La Graine  
San Francisco, Calif.

### More intellectual erections.

I do not apologize for asking for more

erectile photos. These are a powerful expression and are common emotion. An article on the current legislation on frontal male nudes and the current reason why erections are *verboden* in *Vector* would be very interesting. I could also stand a more intellectual approach, but I do not wish you to commit *hari-kari* by narrowing your readership.

Name Withheld  
Boston, Mass.

### I'm 20 and gay

I'm 20 and gay and don't know where to go to meet people because I'm not old enough for bars. I have just recently been walking around. If you could give me any advice it would be greatly appreciated. I live with my parents so if there is any response please send it to a friend of mine.

Name Withheld  
San Francisco, Ca.

We are currently preparing an under-twenty-one "guide" to San Francisco and

will rush it into print in response to several similar requests. —Editor

### The other Valencia

I have read your announce of work. I am actually in Spain; have the title of advocate and other things, but my preferent hobby is to write, and I have written for some years in any Spanish magazines of theatre, films, books, music, etc. But I want to have the USA nationality and for this reason, go to USA. In Spain the gay scene non exist and the life is some *estupid*. If you have any appropriate employment for me, please write. I am twenty-three years ago.

Aureliano Sebastian Martinez  
Valencia, Spain

### Not a news service

We note with interest that your June issue carries a reprint of an article that originally appeared in our publication, *GPU NEWS*.

We have no objections to reprints of

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  - 8 pm Board of Trustees MEETING Members may observe.
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our work, but respectfully ask that in the future if you reprint from our publication that you be sure to include our full address. Many people who have seen our articles reprinted in almost every gay publication simply assumed that GPU NEWS is a commercial news service like Liberation News Service etc.

We therefore must request that credit read as follows: Reprinted from GPU NEWS, p.o. box 90530, Milwaukee, Wi. 53202.

Eldon E. Murray  
Editor, GPU News  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

#### Companionship in Columbia

I want to congratulate you for the finest magazine you are producing which certainly fills the gap in companionship we Columbian gays suffer so much of.

Gilberto Navarro  
Columbia

#### To the Board of Education

At five minutes to seven last Tuesday evening — I did not know about the homosexual community's attempt to secure teaching positions.

At three minutes to seven—I realized the problem.

As a parent — I protest!

I protest the hiring of abnormal teachers. Abnormal teachers produce abnormal students.

The group here tonight label themselves as "Gay."

The group in the film label themselves as "Gay."

It is inconceivable that anyone — who identifies themselves as being members of such a group—could be qualified to teach in a public school.

There are fits. . .

missfits. . .

counterfits. . .

Our children deserve the very finest teaching instruction we can provide.

Our children deserve the very finest individuals to be their teachers.

The nation that has the schools, has the future.

There are fits. . .

missfits. . .

counterfits. . .

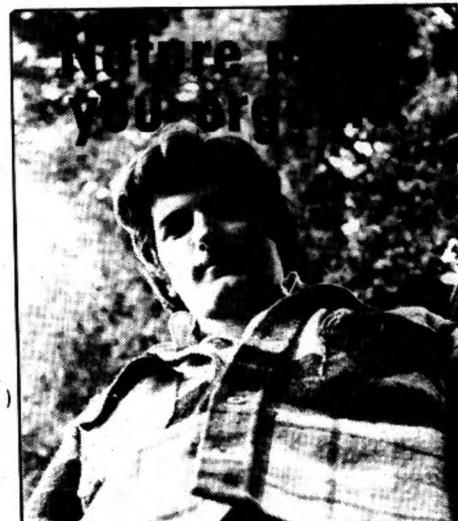
Mrs. Marjorie D. Martin  
San Francisco, Calif.

#### Viva la difference

I have never before written in to bad-mouth one of your articles, but I must tell you that I was really disappointed in *Vector's* jumping on the bandwagon just like the *Advocate* and others, in printing such a glowing report on Michael Kearns and his book, *The Happy Hustler*. It is too bad that all the time spent writing, reading, and reviewing such low material could not have been spent on a much more benefiting work or recreation. (Sometimes I wonder if reviewers have actually read what they are reviewing!)

May I point to Ruben Vasquez's article in the same issue ("Interracial Relationships: Nine Sore Points") as an example of something only half as well written as Martin's interview, but a hundred times better. I suppose the opportunity to get this interview was viewed as a really hot thing for *Vector*. But just because an item is "hot" doesn't mean it is good! And if *Vector* will strive to continue recognizing the difference, that's what will keep it the best gay publication.

J.J.  
Hollywood, Ca.



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## Films

### EIGER SANCTION/NOT ENOUGH

by R. MORGAN ELLIS

In keeping with its tradition, the movie industry continues to turn out a plethora of expensive but mindless productions. Two recent fiascos, *The Eiger Sanction* and Jacqueline Susan's *Once Is Not Enough*, allowed my brain to wander a bit. Neither film offers very much to occupy one's gray matter. In these films, the portrayal of gay characters in major roles revealed to me a touchstone, which homosexuality, or any image of a minority, can provide to moviegoers. Because of the thin thematic development, my meandering mind became aware of an interesting correlation between representation of minorities and the general realistic quality of a film.

Interestingly, *Not Enough* makes an admirable, though superficial, attempt to present a realistic lesbian relationship. Unlike *Enough*, *Sanction* blatantly



Alexis Smith (right), continues her clandestine lesbian affair with Melina Mecouri

personifies the fag joke. These characterizations of gays point the way in which to measure the producers' and their movies' level of consciousness.

Coming as no great surprise, *Enough*, as a film, retains most of the trash of the book. Not until watching this cine-

matographic version of *True Confessions* did I appreciate what made this author so commercially successful. Her talent lay in the fact she could take a fantasy, be it a sexual one or the materialistic "American dream," and blend it with the everyday tacky reality of life.

The late Ms. Susan holds a record for writing three consecutive best-seller novels. This achievement indicates the level of American taste—not literary value.

Consider the plot of this film. Returning from Switzerland, January Wayne (trashy name), after recuperating from a motorcycle accident caused by her frigidity, receives a great shock. Her father (whom she lives a bit too much), Mike Wayne (Kirk Douglas), a no-longer-successful movie producer, has remarried. His choice turns out to be nothing less than the fifth-wealthiest wo-

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man in the world (dream), Deidre Graner (Alexis Smith). Obviously, Mike hustled himself (trash, plus a little fantasy) so that he could maintain a lifestyle to which January, whom he loves a bit too much (more trash), is accustomed. Why did Dee marry Mike, when she knew his motives? For social reasons. She needed an escort (sad trash, but true) and, as it turns out, a smoke-screen. Yes, a screen to cover her homophilic relationship with Karla (Melina Mercouri), a reclusive star (trash). To top all of this garbage off, Karla manages to swing with Dee's playboy cousin (dream and trash), played by George Hamilton (trash).

Near the end of *Enough*, Mike asks Dee for a divorce (trashy reality). At this time he lets it be known his knowledge of Dee's homosexual relationship with Karla. Dee notes, "I detect no shock in your voice." He answers simply, "Nor reproach." This meager exchange epitomizes the dreams of acceptance most gay people harbor.

Neither Ms. Smith nor Ms. Mercouri acts like a bull dyke or flaunts vibrating dildoes. Not much about their relationship is delved into, but that holds true for all the characters in this picture.

Since everything in *The Eiger Sanction*—emotions, women, situations, and photography—is too beautiful, too plastic, or too macho, Cassidy's role in it cannot be taken too seriously. The gay agent of the plot symbolizes the macho world's fears of the gay world. Just like killing a Commie for Christ, Eastwood "sanctions" (an agent's polite term for murder) Cassidy. This killing represents a cleansing of the macho world.

Macho values still govern a major portion of our society. However, with liberation movements shaking the oppressors' world, films such as this neither threaten nor insult a liberated person. One can only despair at the antiquated, low-minded chauvinism of Mr. Eastwood and of this film.

## Wining & Dining

### IT'S THE LITHIUM

In planning Festival attending at any of the several options (Bayreuth, Salzburg, Ashland, San Diego, Edinburgh, etc.), one thinks primarily about MONEY. To travel there is one thing but to be fed and lodged is quite another in terms of a pinched pocketbook.

Instead of raving on about Ashland Oregon's Shakespeare Festival let me cite one typical price experience. In the only (not the best but the *only one open in the early morning*) breakfast eatery in Ashland—Hamlet's Roost (honest!),



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two eggs any style, toast, and all the coffee you can drink costs all of \$1. That, in a nutshell, is what eating costs are all about. The town supports the festival; locals are not there to rip off the helpless, hungry tourists a la all the other "festivals" in the land (except at Disneyland, which is also reasonable.) We found it not so much a gourmet place as simple, hearty, good food sensibly priced.

Our hotel—The Mark Antony—(honest!) is the only tall building in town (nine floors), and a double is \$10 a night, single \$8—all with private baths. The Columbia, on the same block (and without walking distance of everything including the theaters) is slightly cheaper and on the clean/funk side. Our room in the Antony was on the ninth floor, with two walls of glass panes overlooking the incredibly beautiful Cascade Mountains as well as the theaters. Courteous, clean, efficient, warm, friendly, and cheap—an impossible dream but true.

The most interesting eatery in town is the Rare Earth, serving Mexican vegetarian specialties, mixed bean salads, avocado cheese melts, superb home-ground coffees, iced red zinger teas, and charm.

We didn't so much "dine" there as "hang out" and eat often when the mood struck.

Outside of town, about three miles, is another vegetarian place called Mum's Cottage, serving individually prepared wok magic numbers in which each vegetable (including the minced ginger and garlic) was individually prepared per diner. Only twenty-two seats and somewhat of a wait while your feast was being prepared, but for \$2.25 (the asparagus wok special) you got the freshest of vegetables with a perfect brown rice, followed by a slice of fresh peach pie and filtered wonderful coffee. Very mellow people, a "family" who had met in the Far East, decided they could bring the same peace and centering to the States and make a living at the same time. No smoking, naturally, which is a bummer.

There are no Doggie Diners or McDonalds in Ashland (thank God), but there is a Taco Time place just around the bend. No one sees it, though, except the students from Southern Oregon University just up the street.

For the big spenders there is a very French place we couldn't afford but heard excellent reports, a pizza place, and a few steak and ale charmers.

#### THE BAR SCENE

And that's just what it is, *the* bar scene. It's a bit wierd and it's called Cook's Reception Bar. Patrons consist of many of the cast and crew from the theaters, the local gays in from Medford, and hungry-



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eyed tourists like us. But there is a quite marvelous coming-together where a smile precedes everything and within minutes, if you're open, you're in a large family of happy people. Ice crusted frozen glass mugs of light or dark draft beer cost a mere thirty cents, glasses of same twenty cents. The phonograph features a broad range of music and often frantic dancing happens in the aisles, which seems to be cool. If there's a party anywhere in town, you'll hear about it at Cooks and probably be invited.

You're free in Ashland to be yourself—maybe it's the lithium in the public fountains (fizzy, awful-tasting sulfurish stuff) but we're told you can get off on it if you drink enough.

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—Ambrose



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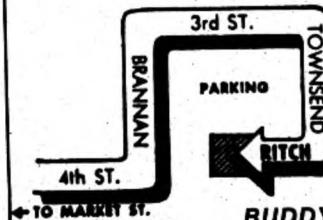
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**Music**

**ERIC BENTLEY / MICHAEL COHEN**

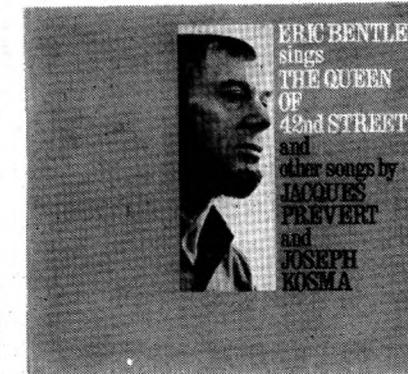
by SPACE WHITMAN

ERIC BENTLEY sings *THE QUEEN*  
of 41nd STREET and other songs  
by JACQUES PREVERT and JOSEPH  
KOSMA  
Folkways Records Album No. FG8581  
17 W. 60th St., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

A unique trio of men. There is nothing "gay" about these men. Most of these songs were written in Europe during the '30s and '40s and have that subtle hinted-at homosexuality of the "divine decadence." Knowing the inside story of the gay meaning these thoughtful songs unfold even more pleasure in the lyrics. The music is broken and disjointed in an almost Brechtian way and for all the world sounds like a black humored version of Tom Lehrer.

One song, which is specifically titled on the cover, is "The Queen of 42nd

Street." This selection could very easily be trashed by gay radicals who dismiss the queen stereotype as improper for the gay male, but this song should not be abandoned so quickly. It's a good number, with a catchy tune, easy-to-sing lyrics, and just a touch of melancholy. But more importantly, it is defiant. This number denies the put-



down of being a tight-pants, blue-eye-shadowed "fairy" and reaffirms itself. (If the reaffirming sounds weak today, I think that in its day it was considered overly bold.)

Another piece that comes to mind is "Cafe au Lait." A sensitive, short paragraph tells of a man who apparently has told another man something despicable. (Perhaps all he said was, "I love you"—we never know.) The lyrics watch the offended man prepare his coffee, drink it, and, without saying a word, leave. How often this has happened to me because I did not rightly guess the sexuality of the one I admired.

Mr. Bentley says in the last piece of the album that he didn't choose what he knew we wanted to hear but rather found the "howls sung by the dong in the pount." He gives us a reality of a pat and not yet lost gay life, and beautifully sung at that. It is a collection of painful

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songs and tunes that smile because they are hurt. They are best heard with a glass of wine, a quiet, foggy afternoon and a lover.

**MICHAEL COHEN** sings *WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?*  
Folkways Records Album No. FG8582

I didn't like this record. I read the whole introduction and all the lyrics, even the inane paragraph on the front of the record ("Songs sensitively and honestly dealing with the experiences of being gay, written and sung by this brilliant young artist") and was perfectly willing to swallow all of this in the hopes of seeing an upfront gay artist getting the exposure and enlightening the general public with good taste and good artistic endeavours. However, reality got in the way again. What ever makes an apt songwriter think he can sing? Michael Cohen has a nice voice, but if I were directing a musical, he would hardly be cast above a walkon silent one.

The lyrics are a step above the usual poetry of late years and better than the pieces found in the college lit class publication. Michael should keep going. He



does have a potential that I am still very interested in watching develop but jumping on this gay bandwagon he fell out of the artistic nest before he was ready. (I also have strong fears of any poet or lyricist who writes about death. It is a subject high school students are lamenting over, and few others have the maturity not to be equally trite about.)

When he sticks to that which is familiar to him, good things do happen. The songs of his memories of first being aware of being gay ("Orion") struck some anxiety-filled notes in me, too. I also liked "The Last Angry Young Man,"

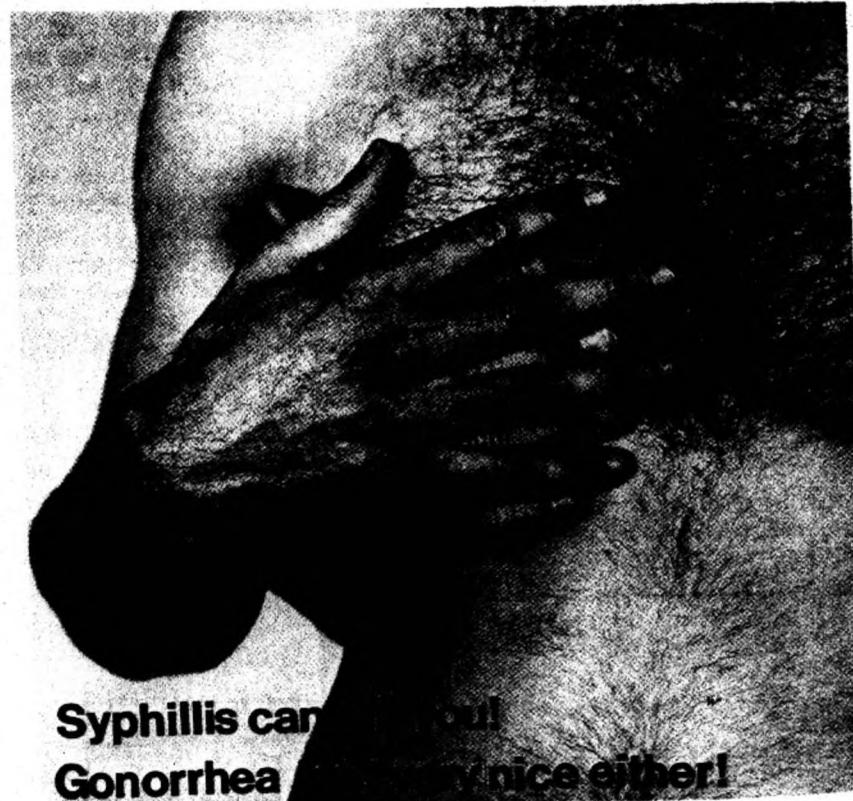
a view of coming out that was true for my experience. However, straight people have been filling the air with enough "He done me wrong," and do we have to do it also to prove we're just like them?

Most of the songs in this album are stronger and more beautiful than what they're smothering the gay bars with now. All Cohen needs is an equal talent as his partner who can sing his works. And I think Mr. Cohen will be a valuable addition to our growing volumes of upfront gay life troubadors.

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**OREGON SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL**

Photo/Hank Kranzier



Since the Oregon Shakespeare Festival has been doing its number for a mere forty years, one can forgive it its perfection, for this theatre experience is, indeed, flawless and should serve as a beacon for all classical repertory groups in the realm of earth!

The theatrical banquet served up this season boggles the brain with its diversity of styles, all within an artistic philosophy that has kept people coming to the festival regularly year after year after year.

The biggie this season was *All's Well That Ends Well*, directed brilliantly by "guest director" Jon Jory. (Last season there were 135 days of no rain. Okay. It did just happen to pour icy rain midway through our performance, and, while a few did flee to the refund desk, most of the audience remained melted in their freezing seats to cheer this incredible production which began with costumes of simply unbelievable quality and style and ended with jeans, sneakers, torn underwear, and more than a few dangerous slips on the rain-slicked stage floor. No matter! Christ! No matter.

The reigning star of this and some other productions is the ever-amazing le Clanche du Rand, who in spite of her vast experience still manages to convey the wonder of each discovery within a script. She has mastered the craft of sharing with an audience each moment to a point where one must remind oneself that he is hearing Elizabethan English and not contemporary speech. It was rumored that Angus Bomar, founder of the Festival, expressed the thought that this is the finest production jewel in a crown that has literally hundreds of other precious stones. We credited his rumor.

Second in line is the indoor production of the enigmatic *Winter's Tale*, which, in spite of too, too much blurred diction, energy for the sake of energy, and director Audrey Stanley's hip use of lights, costumes, and program rhetoric to "help" us get the point, still shone—again that word—brilliantly. Audiences consistently stand and cheer at the completion of this stunning interpretation of a very difficult

late Shakespeare play. And again le Clanche du Rand took space, took time, and sent shivers up and down spines with the marvels of her art. It seems unfair to point out any single performer, since the entire festival is one of ensemble work—from the director of Information and Education (the press lady), who does an absolutely terrific *Lady Capulet* (Margaret Rubin), to the director of *Romeo*, who graces most of the other productions as a superb actor of the second-rank noblemen (James Edmondson), to the carpenters who dance in the Renaissance consort, to the stagehands who do just about everything else. There isn't a soul connected with this theater that is not actively involved in every facet of production, and the results are evident in the seamlessness of the experience.

*Henry VI, Part One* was a shocker, best described by the middle-aged lady who upon the final curtain call turned to whoever seemed

receptive and shrieked, "That was terrific! Wasn't that terrific?!" It was.

History plays are another thing, and one does expect much pageantry and little understanding between Essex and Sussex, Bedford and Warwick and Salisbury and Gloucester, etc., but the Ashland "thing" is clarity, and, if you couldn't maneuver the intricacies of this one, you simply weren't listening.

Shakespeare here dealt with pure English propaganda in "getting" the French. Joan of Arc is portrayed as a witch, with horrifying creatures in satanic drag underlying visually the British justification for burning her as a demon. Joan is a difficult historical personality, and we found Will Huddleston's use of the character stunning in originality and perfect within context. She never quite fitted into the play but always remained around and above the flow. She disturbed on several levels. It was absolutely right—played perfect—and what genius to come up with the production concept! As du Rand impressed with her leading ladies, so Randi Douglas stamped her art on several character rolls including Joan, Nurse and the Countess Rossillon.

*Romeo and Juliet* didn't work for us but is hard to fault. I asked several people whether they were moved by the show, and they reluctantly admitted that they hadn't and it was a wholly ritualistic retelling of the story rather than a poignant reliving. After the murder of Mercutio (the best Mercutio I have ever seen, Denis Arndt) by Tybalt (played by superactor and swordsman Eric Booth Miller), the lights went out of the show and we simply moved step by step to the end. Director Edmondson (about whose skills I felt the same lack in last season's *Twelfth Night*) tends to make all performers (especially the younger ones) puppets to his strings and individual personalities are not allowed to shine through his interpretations, giving a feeling that every portrayal is being done by the same person. Thus we were watching basically an interpretation grounded within the limits of one person's abilities. There are a few foundational lines ("... my only love sprung from my only hate.") which were carelessly allowed to be thrown away eliminating key pivots to the unleashing of audience emotions. The meeting of *Romeo and Juliet* was muddled and far, far from poignant—again appearing as a deliberate attempt to—"Look, Ma, no hands." The best moments remained in the skilled hands of Michael Kevin Moore's Lord Capulet and his wife, Margaret Rubin. Along with Eric Booth Miller's Tybalt, they provided the only excitement in the ball scene.

The failure of this production is both a blessing and a pity. Those who came to Oregon looking forward only to *Romeo* went away with the realization that there is much gold

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in the less familiar Shakespeare oeuvre.

Long Day's Journey Into Night is like two hours of losing at chess and is bone-numbingly depressing, which, in spite of the excellence of the cast and the direction, doesn't exactly titillate your summer afternoon in the Cascade Mountains. I feel this is an actor/director's ballgame and remains in the repertory for this reason alone. It begins in pain and ends in unresolved agony. A real downer. Be careful. We missed Charlie's Aunt, to the moans of the company who are very proud of the production.

What is the Ashland experience all about? It's all about two shows a day until September 21 (with no understudies in town). Every evening a Shakespeare in the theater which is a reproduction of the original Fortune Theatre (and if you haven't seen Shakespeare done as he meant it to be done—you're in for such a treat!) and every afternoon a matinee in the charming and theatrically perfect Angus Bormar indoor theater. It's an entire town living on or off the festival. It's miles and miles of tailored parks and wilderness with a broad spectrum of humans in Festival attendance—retired railroaders, young kids, hippies, hatted and gloved Methodists, gays, macho rednecks and senior citizens, to mention a few, scanning the program notes for the next production. It's everyone smiling. It's the Renaissance dancers and singers performing for an hour before each night's production for the joy of the strollers and cruisers just before show time.

In short, there is no other theatre experience on earth (especially the dreadful Stratford-on-Avon over there) that offers the complete totality of Elizabethan drama that Ashland seems to do so effortlessly. It's another world—just 6½ hours of fantasy scenery from San Francisco. It's pure. It's simple. It's inexpensive. It's amazingly complicated, and, most of all, it's fun.

WARNING! You'll feel a little stupid doing this, but, as you enter the theater at 7:45 pm, the sun is shining and it may be hot. An hour-and-a-half later you will bless me for saying that you must bring your warmest, down-filled ski parka, your sleeping bag to wrap up in, gloves (definitely), and maybe even a scarf for your head. It gets damned cold, and the shows are blessedly performed without intermission (perfection!), and let the lady with the backless afternoon dress and shawl sneer. Hie thee to Ashland. Reservations are a must. —Richard Piro

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## Books

### CAMP FROM MR. CLEAN

JOY! A Homosexual's Search for Fulfillment

by Pat Boone (Correspondence with Barbara Evans)

Creation House, 1973, \$3.95

My first "crush" occurred when I was in seventh grade. Unfortunately for me, the object of my affection was the son of a fundamentalist minister. This led to several messy conflicts over the years.

Let us call the other boy Joe. I loved Joe more than anyone else in my limited universe of 6,000 (the population of our town). I worshiped him from afar and knew our relationship was conceived in a cultural deadend. Joe's father eventually learned about my yearnings. A furious storm erupted, which climaxed in my standing up at a midweek pray-

er meeting and verbally puncturing the entire congregation at Joe's Nazarene Church. I was seventeen by that time.

Because of this incident I have always possessed a low point of tolerance for anything connected with those who believe they have been "saved."

It therefore requires a monumental quantity of self-control to review a precious little opus such as this *Joy!*

Pat Boone, the Mr. Clean of the middle-class teen set, offers us his correspondence with an ex-lesbian who repented and left her lover of several years. Perhaps this is well and good for her. Maybe she will be happier as a straight person. Maybe! But the mistake is always made of assuming that what worked for one is also best for another.

The succession of letters between Mr. Boone and Miss Evans attempts to show

the gradual change through the years as she renounces her wicked ways.

One can't expect Pulitzer Prize prose in a tome such as *Joy!* (which Bible book stores are gleefully pushing these days), but I've always resented writing that is filled with an overabundance of italics and exclamation points so numerous they nearly drive one's eyes off the page. Mr. Boone has that much in common with other zealots who attempt to convert you. He's always desperately afraid we will forget that Christ loves us. Perhaps this is why I'm so fond of Quakers. Their quiet confidence is based on the sure knowledge that we got the point the first time.

Mr. Clean provides moments of unintentional humor and camp. Witness the following:

"It is not a sin to be tempted! Satan will

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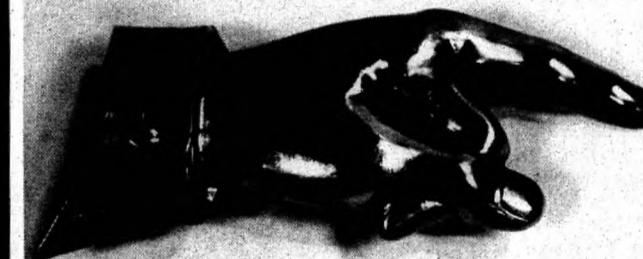


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never completely leave you alone; but when he comes against you as he has lately, just get out chapters 7 and 8 of Romans and read them to him OUT LOUD. I'm serious!

A dear friend of mine sometimes gets up in the middle of the night, when he is really being tempted, and feels himself starting to slip. He will get out his Bible and turn to many passages that flatly say that a child of God is victorious over Satan. . .

He'll pace back and forth in his living room in his pajamas with his open Bible, reading passage after passage, and saying things like, "How do you like this, Mr. Devil?" "Try this one on, Satan!" "Have you had enough? No? Then listen to THIS!"

And on it goes until he feels that he has achieved the victory, and that Satan has left him alone. . ."

Wouldn't it be fascinating to read a collection of letters exchanged between the Rev. Troy Perry and Pat Boone? No winner could possibly emerge from such a match, but Troy could make Pat step lively!

To those of you who cannot tolerate a moment of uncertainty in life, I commend *Joy!* to you. The use of the mind and the imagination will no longer be necessary. All avenues to any possible adventures in life will be closed. Who needs to search when you have *all* the answers? Even God would be puzzled by such a prospect. —Frank Howell

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### THRILLS & SURPRISES

by JEFF

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**

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

Life is full of the unexpected, that's what keeps it interesting for some of us. The planet Uranus is usually in the forefront when life's surprises spring upon us. If strong in the natal chart Uranus can add a great deal of excitement to the life. It lends to the character the elements of independence and individuality. All that is new and unusual or in any way different appeals to the person strongly influenced by Uranus. You Aquarians know what I mean, for Uranus rules your constellation. It's from Uranus that you get your marvelous inventive abilities, your independent spirit, and your constant seeking after the new, the unusual, and the thrilling.

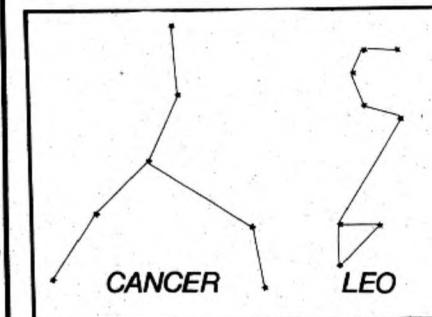
When Uranus is transiting the zodiacal position of the natal Sun, the native's first thought is to look for greener pastures. Old friends, old haunts or possessions suddenly seem just that, old, and no longer interesting. Tried and true seems tired and blue. New faces and new kicks are in order. Since August 1974 Uranus has been in the constellation Libra. Instead of sitting around primping and preening and sweetly accepting all those compliments you Librans have been feeling the urge for someone or something new and a little more exciting. Librans especially, but to a lesser extent all of you in the Cardinal Group, can expect to be bored to distraction with the commonplace for the next few years. Now is the time for Librans to strike out into new fields of endeavor and to try out those new ideas, however unusual they may appear. You have a chance to develop new skills and to cultivate more interesting and exciting attachments.

#### BIRTHDAY PEOPLE

AUGUST 1 — AUGUST 4

Your Sun is in the middle degrees of the constellation Cancer. You are the deeply emotional, very romantic "Moon-Child." You can be charming but sometimes a little too sweet. There seems to be an air of confusion about you which is part of your charm. Important to you is gentleness and

harmony, and if to these is added devoted loyalty, your partners in love or friendship find themselves hooked for awhile. You can be a slave to beauty. But your greatest asset is an ability to communicate to others beauty and charm with a rococo style. Being a self-indulgent sensualist yourself, you have a unique talent for turning on the sensuality of others. Your arsenal includes artistic command of color and form, delightful music, a skill for blending palate-pleasing flavors and textures, and a ready willingness to please others' experimental libido. You are excellently qualified for successful relationships because you know how to give. But the depth of your emotional sensitivity is both a strength and a weakness. Nothing in life is simple



to you especially how you FEEL about things or people. Your most difficult task is to recognize that love can end and that sometimes you have to let go. Read below about your fellow Cancer natives. They have a slightly different attitude toward life. You could learn from their less emotional approach. 1975 offers a similar trip for all Cancer natives.

AUGUST 5 — AUGUST 17

Your Sun is in the last degrees of the constellation Cancer. Emotion and feeling to you, though deeply experienced, are aspects of life that are meaningless if you cannot graphically express them to others. You seek to publicize that which you feel; to communicate with vivid emotional color. Your ability to psych out what others want and need makes you an excellent politician. You have the charismatic ability to develop wide public appeal. Newspaper reporting, writing or teaching, or any form of popular artistic communication would be excellent fields for you. Your ability to articulate and convey verbally the character and personality quirks of others is frightening. You are chatty and can even be catty. Gossip could become a way of life for you. You are a delightful clown, forever youthful and fun loving. But a ninety-year-old teenage image can wear thin eventually. You can mature, but maturity seems to be one of the few qualities you have difficulty expressing. Your emotionality is rapid and sometimes dangerous, but only to yourself. You are swept off your feet by love, but lack staying

power. What you have to do is learn to shut up, calm down and enjoy it!

The planet Saturn entered the constellation Cancer on July 31, 1975. For all Cancer natives the next two-and-one-half years will be ones of frustration, inhibition, and feelings of lack of perfect success. You are beginning a period in your lives when your greatest gain will come from releasing all that is dead weight around you. Most of your time will be devoted to maintaining hard won position, holding on to cherished friends and possessions, and coping with emotional depression and physical ills. You will have to try much harder for small gains. But recognize that even though they are small, at least they are gains. Investigation of self and personal image will prove profitable. You will see with clear reality what you truly are, especially in the eyes of your close friends. Personal renovation and improvement should be your goals this year.

AUGUST 18 — AUGUST 31

Your Sun is in the early degrees of the constellation Leo. Your chief attribute is energy, both emotional and physical. Stamina, drive, ambition and magnetic charisma add up to an achiever. Your self-sustaining pride is a wall over which you have difficulty climbing—and the world never makes it. You are seldom aware of mistakes you make and certainly never bother to excuse yourself. You feel you are a naturally ordained leader. Your abilities of leadership are difficult to ignore. Excessive pride is of course the main stumbling block to interpersonal relationships. If your loved ones recognize your natural lead in a romantic situation and can cater to your pride they are in for a long and possibly rewarding relationship. You have much warmth and are never hesitant in expressing love and affection to the acceptable person. You demand loyalty and find it difficult to forgive its lack. For those who can be loyal and who can return your tremendous emotional fervor, you can be a most generous lover.

1975 shows much opportunity for your romantic pursuits. Your needs and drives will be very strong this year, so much so that true satisfaction may be difficult. There are indications of not only greater desire on your part but also of increased personal attractiveness. But you could miss a good bet by seeking more quality in your partners than anyone should expect—even a randy Leo. Recognition of true worth in a prospective partner rather than holding out for an ideal could pay great romantic dividends in 1975.

Natal, secondary progressions, compatibility charts-solar and lunar returns (monthly and yearly) \$20 each chart. Contact Jeff, 972 Bush #55, San Francisco 94109 or call eves 885-4578. Gift Certificates Available.

## East Bay GAY DAY

by MICHAEL NOVICK

The third annual East Bay Gay Day Festival was held under sunny skies on Sunday, June 22, in Berkeley, at Emma Willard/Ho Chi Minh Park. Warren Widener, the city's black mayor, had issued a proclamation identifying the date, which commenced the week of activities marking the Stonewall Rebellion in New York City, as Gay Pride Day.

During the course of the day 300 to 400 people, both lesbians and gay males, gathered in the park. Sponsored principally by the Pacific Center (formerly East Bay Gay), the event drew participants from a number of East Bay organizations, including MCC and the Gay Men's Raps. The day was loosely structured, with gay craftspeople displaying their wares, including jewelry and a lesbian collectives' silk-screened tee shirts. Musicians and pantomime actors provided entertainment.

One of the highlights of the day was a booth and display prepared by the Solidarity Committee of Bay Area Gay Liberation (BAGL), which featured panels on lesbian oppression and liberation, on gay Third World people, on the hidden history of the gay movement, and on gay workers and prisoners, as well as on the new gay culture of liberation.

Pacific Center, which convened the over all event and provided refreshments, is a funded mental health and community services project. Its offices are located on San Pablo Avenue, in Berkeley, above the popular gay restaurant, Campgrounds. Pacific Center provides a full-range of counseling, rap groups, and switchboard referral type of services. Many of its activities are listed in the Lavender U catalogue, and it also cosponsors bisexual rap groups with the Berkeley Men's Center. You can call Pacific Center at 841-6224 for a schedule of activities and

other information or to volunteer your own services.

Another issue that remains of concern to gays in the Bay Area and especially the East Bay, is the Coors Beer Boycott. It begins to rankle like a thorn. The Beer Drivers Local, Teamsters 888, has been locked out of East Bay routes by Coors distributors and replaced by scabs, because Coors refuses to accept the drivers' affirmative-action hiring program. The union has gotten gay drivers on other routes and is now trying to place a lesbian.

## Boycott COORS!

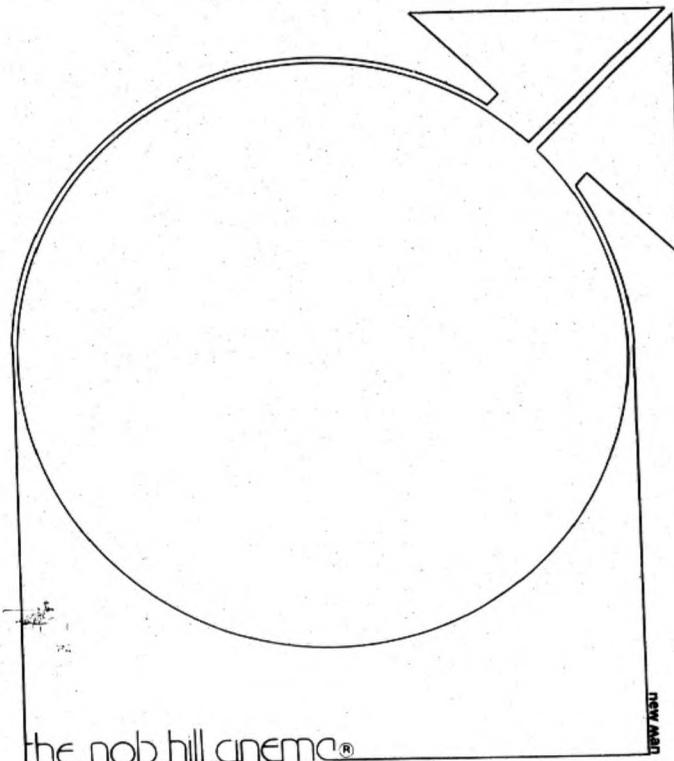
In San Francisco only a handful of bars are still carrying Coors, but very few of the East Bay bars are honoring the boycott. We should get together and help this progressive local win its strike because the contract is clearly in our interest. They have gone to bat for us, pushing for the passage in the state Legislature of the Foran Bill to guarantee gay employment rights. Coors is available in the East Bay through the Richmond distributor, who has a union contract. If you want more information contact Andy Cirkelis of the Coors Boycott Committee at 450 Harrison Street in San Francisco (495-3580) or Michael of the Oakland Gay Men's Political Action Group (654-1578). •

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## After Seeing Hearts and Minds

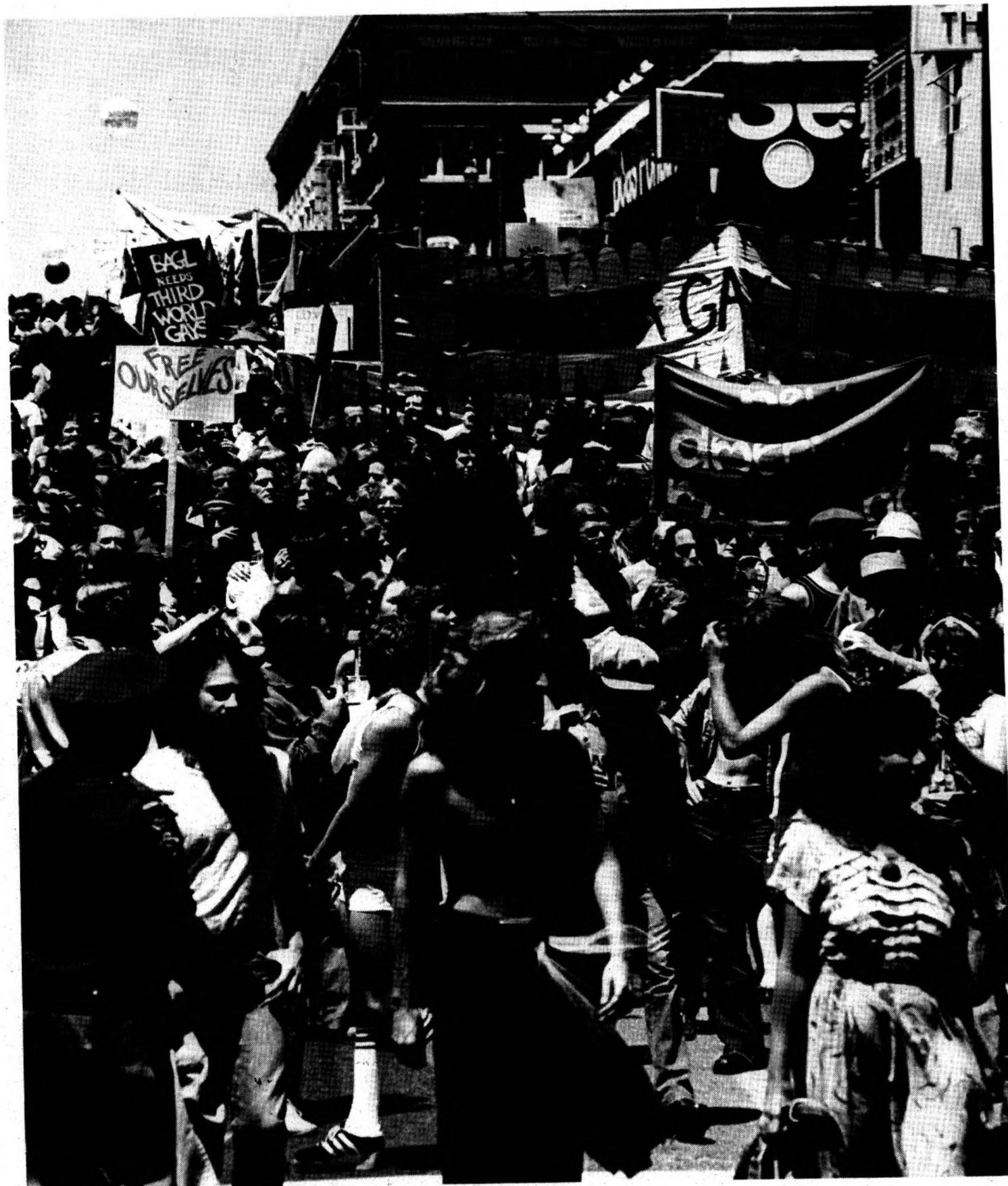
by ROBERT G. BOYLAN

*Dedicated to Daniel Ellsberg, Ho Chi Minh, the Vietnam Veterans against the War, the draft resisters, Senators Wayne Morse and J. W. Fulbright, the people of Vietnam living or dead who struggled for their independence and unification during five of our Presidential Administrations.*

We were misled and lied to, and from Tet to Tet the war dragged on, our leaders wishing not to win and yet not end the slaughtering. We let ourselves sheeplike be guided through a labyrinth of dominoes and fictive incidents. We sent our youths across the world, gave them carte blanche to kill, furnished them every tool they'd need, watched on TV each night the sick show that we underwrote. For years we heroized barbaric bandits of the air dropping their tons of death, suave bombardiers who never heard the moans of sufferers far down beneath their opened flaps and miles behind their tails.

Like blubber peeled by flensers' hooks, napalm-fried strips of skin sloughed from the backs of naked kids scurrying down strafed roads. Legless and armless boys and girls, bewildered innocents, crouched in a land of waiting graves, coffins in hundred lots. Imponderable harms we wrought who listened to the lies and all the liars and turned off pleas for a chance for peace. Where did our heroes spend their leaves? In Saigon's harlots' beds, playing, as if with counter fruit or festival balloons, with hickied, flopping teats. Then where are those who have returned? Clumsily mobile or in chairs, surgical substitutes

attached below their knees or groins so they might walk and with discomfiture make love if wife or girlfriend doesn't mind. Remade with plastic here and there, in hospital or out, prideless perhaps in mind or heart for having done as told, cheated of triumph and discharged with medals they won't wear. We wince in shame because of them, because truth surfaces, because they served an unjust cause, but ours is all the guilt. With angry gut reactions and hoots at hypocrisy, young persons render judgment on their elders' last mad fling, having before their eyes the crimes of that condemned crusade.



# The Gang-Greening of Gay Pride

by J. KERRY KAMMER

Photo/Jarrett



*J. Kerry Kammer is representative of the new breed of young homosexuals who were still in elementary school out there in sleepy America while the courageous first bloody steps were being taken in breaking the crusts of a country unified in their stand against gay liberation. Many of the drag persons he speaks of with such contempt were in those front lines, risking their lives so that in 1975 we could enjoy a political demonstration of gay solidarity as big as any other political gathering in this city's history.*

*We feel his perspective of the state of affairs is typical of the thousands of angry young gays who pour into our city and deserve a forum both as a warning to those who feel we have come far enough to relax and as a banner for others who will not rest until we have assumed our rightful place in society—all of it.*

*VECTOR welcomes alternative viewpoints on this and all topics of interest to the gay community. —Editor*

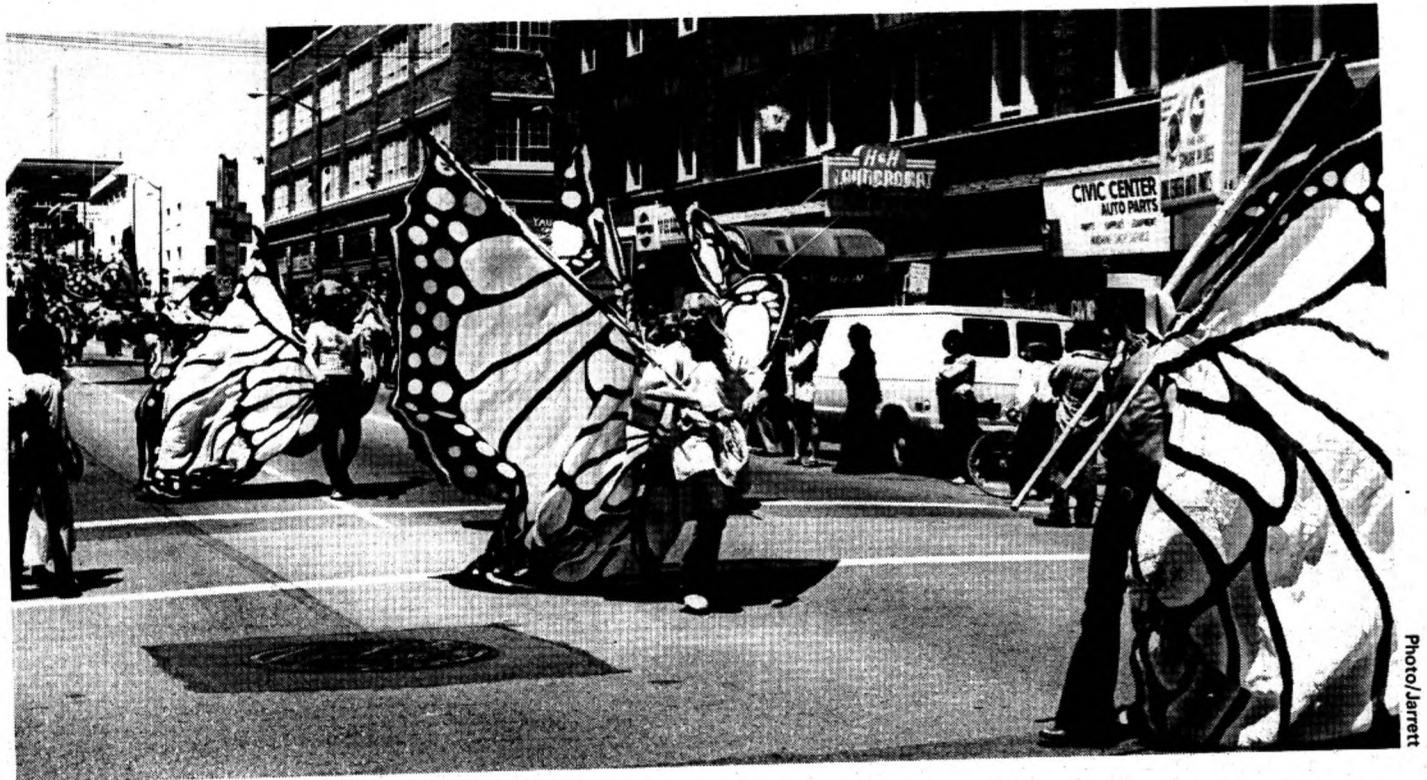
It was a killer afternoon for the Gay Freedom Day Parade: sunny and blue and the breeze bountifully benign—a rare day in June for this constantly off-season city of San Francisco. There seemed to be a feeling of greater awareness this year about what was happening; even the tourists out to drum up some Sunday brunch could be seen standing outside of Macy's pointing down O'Farrell saying, "Is this where they're coming down?" as hundreds of young men and women moved past them in couples and clusters and columns toward the parade site at Pine and Montgomery Streets.

The crowd had gathered and was singing and mingling and carrying on for at least half an hour before a police siren would give the go-ahead. Save eight or ten percent of the thousands of marchers—who would have to be classified as outrageous drag, dog-legging the gamut from bejeweled empresses to general genderfucks (moustache and house dress sorts of combinations) to full leather regalia—it would be difficult to distinguish the gay crowd from any other comparably enormous gathering of mostly youngish people. Not to give the impression that older gays weren't represented, but they were in no great abundance. Very few older women marched in the parade and although the same could be said of men over forty, they certainly squeezed in like cracks in the cement at the curb.

A hugely homogeneous and harmonious group, there was a solidarity in evidence, a kind of kinship so perfect and smooth at some points during the day it was downright religious. A small marching band toward the front behind a purple-bannered "Lesbian Sisters Unite" assemblage played joyous little dixieland ditties on two violins, a trombone, clarinet and french horn, the crowd shrieking along joyously all the way. And unlike most any old gathering of however many tens of thousand of people (police estimated 10,000 marchers and 72,000 onlookers), there were virtually no bad trips in evidence, even on the sidewalks which was not necessarily the case five or six years ago at gay demonstrations where curbside hostility was the rule rather than the exception. Of course these days the crowds just shut up and pay their attention, knowing full well that the Gay Day Parade is the best show in town, more eyefood than the Chinese New Year pageant and incoming astronauts put together, not seeming to really care whether or not Gay is Good, but realizing that That's Entertainment, and cheap at nothing for a curbside seat.

Everyone—gay, straight and slightly crooked—was quickly infected with the glee seeping down the street like leaking laughing gas, an outdoor opiate for which any breather was eligible. And they're just going to have to reassess that stereotype about who has rhythm in this world because when you find yourself in the thick of 10,000 marching gay-crazed brothers and sisters, a complex compound of devastating diversities stewing in sweet solidarity, get ready for some dancing in the streets and up a few walls, too.

I was at the front of the parade near the band which was unofficially designated as the space "normal" marchers could take without the stigmatization of all the drag and pomposity and royalty and giant phallus floats which generally led the parade in years past. Flanked on either side by the Wild West Side Chapter of Lesbian Widows and a "Gay Men, Fathers, and Fathering" group with beaming little children on their gay shoulders (fatherhood being a side of life few gay men have a slap at), it was like being part of a family again—a somewhat displaced one—but homey nonetheless.



Photo/Jarrett

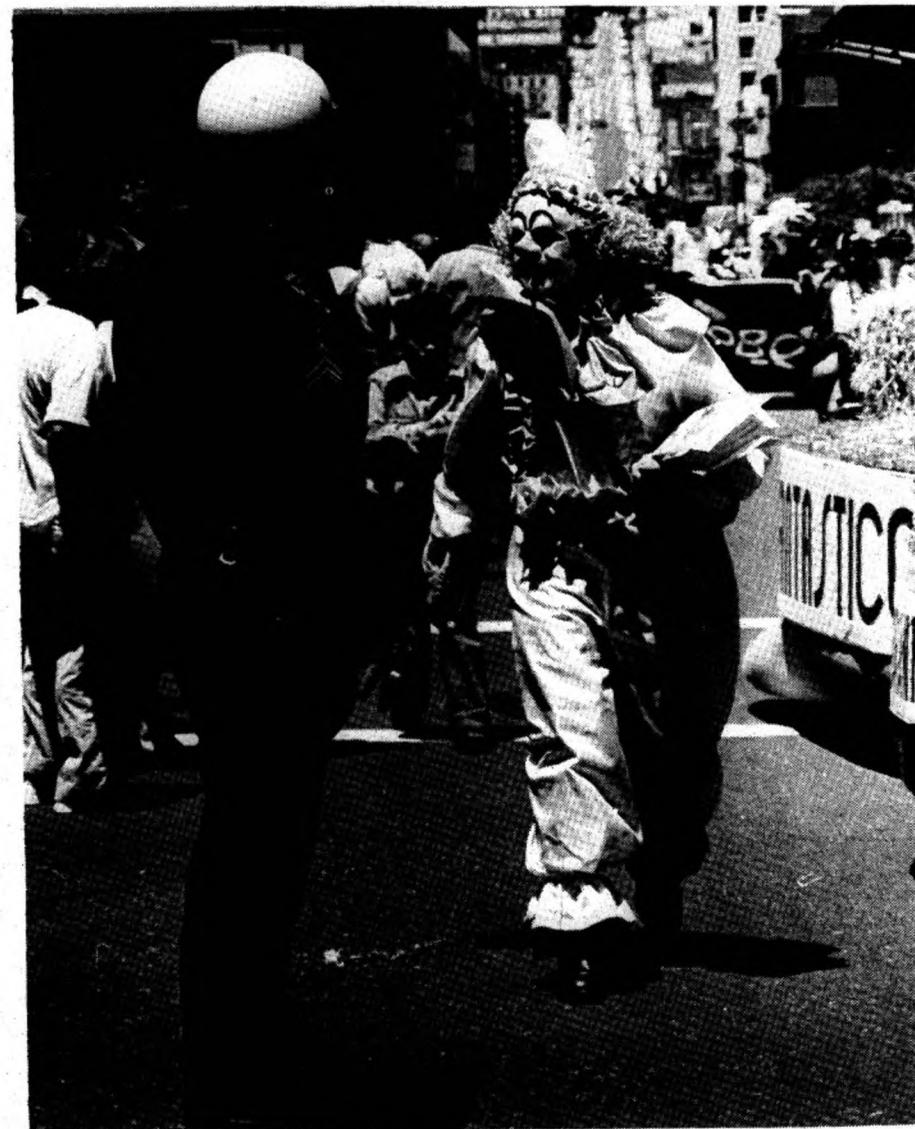
But the drags, a generally outgoing and mobile group, didn't just hang out in the back unless they were affiliated with some organization and tied to its float. Random drags were dispersed throughout the crowd: a Brownie-Scout drag with a moustache and a box of animal crackers for a purse, a man in sailor drag with a live parrot perched on his bare shoulder, roller-derby drags in numbered uniforms and matching crash helmets, a majorette drag with a lethal twirl, several Playboy Bunny drags, ballerina drags doing the splits down the street, and one man with shocking pink toreador pants, silver wedgies, and plastic fruit pinned in his also pink hair and up one leg, and carloads of empressy gown-dragged lovelies clustered together in Cadillac convertibles (in harems for whom?), pudgy and pink and powdered, like ladies of leisure on a Rubens canvas, cracked paint and all. Some marchers incorporated the popular bicentennial theme into their drag, sequins of red, silver and blue covering their arms and faces and matching balloons tied into their hair (the balloons would be symbolically liberated at the end in front of City Hall, giving custody to the heavens).

There are literally many different hats worn by the gay community at such a

gathering (mostly by men, as they are the gay gender most often associated with "drag" and cross-dressing, although I did see a dyke in a fedora): hard hats, fire hats, knitted caps, huge tiaras, headbands, sweatbands, rubber bands, and heavy black rhinestone-riden veils. Everything except a trio of heads swaddled in toilet paper—that was last year's parade. But they were all there in hordes—bubble-blowing, glitter-throwing—in constant testimony of celebration, hardly anyone content just to march along, all having their own little story to demonstrate for the crowd. I ran into some old street-mates, Charles and Christopher, and weren't they just the bee's sleeze! Christopher is a Berkeley-based genderfuck from a while back, and looking to be the thorn of plenty in his black leather-spiked pilot's cap and lipsticks. His is the politics of confrontation, and he means his cross-dressings to be taken very seriously. Charles, a sometimes schoolteacher, in matching black afro wig, fish-net stockings, studded dog collar, spike heels, lashes, leather jacket, and abbreviated body stocking, would stop every twenty feet or so, wield his whip, and crack at the pavement, thrilling without fail every brain-damaged seven-year-old, fire hydrant, and trash container along the street.

A wonderful thing about the parade was the collective public primal screaming that runs in ruffles through the crowd like a frosted flag on a cake. And how fabulous it feels to hold up traffic marching in a gay parade, perhaps as politically provocative a show of solidarity against *it all* as any!

A march complete with tambourines and songs of Solomon (among others) in random snatches and football cheering, too ("...gimmie a G...gimmie an A..."), and roller-derby tactics along the curbs. There were more photographers in the crowd than children under twelve, of whom there were hundreds. And probably almost as many Afgans-in-waiting as lesbians in attendance if the truth be known. A great majority of the women there seemed to be associated with involved political organizations; not many appeared to be there free-lance marching or "stag," as many of the men were wont to do. There had allegedly been some effort made to attract gay women in greater numbers to the parade this year, and it did seem that there were some more than last year. The lesbians in the parade were wearing more clothing than the men, and if their placards were any indication, gay women seem to find a good deal less humor in their oppression



Photo/Lou Berry

(although the verbless declaration "Petaluma Dykes" on a banner drew a chuckle here and there). They are less frenzied in their celebration of Gay Pride, less demonstrative about their personal fantasies, and would seem to be more concerned with the political implications of their homosexuality than many gay men, who too often regard it as carte-blanche license for total irresponsibility.

I can't really blame the gay women for staying away from some of these junior high Show-and-Tell tactics that many of the bars and local politicians exploit the occasion of the parade for. I'm easily as trashy as anyone on the block, but even I found the Folsom Prison Bar float, which consisted of three men feeling one another up on

top of a truck (one man in a rhinestone dog collar and leash sucking on another man's boot in slobbering servitude), in rather dubious taste for a mid-day matinee in the Civic Center. I can see how women might not go overboard for it. And I don't know how seriously I would take a political candidate, either, who felt the need to drape pretty boys in Harvey Milk tee shirts across the hood of his car; that might lead me to believe that a person who was running as a gay candidate had somewhat misplaced priorities.

Obviously this Grand Duchess sort of drag must be a felt need of some kind; it's too foolish and frivolous to pass as fashion in these severe times. And the fervency with which all this is embraced is embarrassingly real. There was an arti-

"THERE WAS A SOLIDARITY IN EVIDENCE, A KIND OF KINSHIP SO PERFECT AND SMOOTH AT SOME POINTS DURING THE DAY IT WAS DOWNRIGHT RELIGIOUS."



cle in last summer's gay issue of the *Bay Guardian* called "Judy Garland Died for Our Sins" and, Lawd-Have-Mercy, did she ever—several times. (There was a Wizard of Oz float, too, and when are we going to get over "Over the Rainbow" and grow up a little?) Granted, gay solidarity is by definition rooted to a large extent in our diversity. But should this diversity have to extend itself to feature every sorry little fantasy some lonely person has of waving to adoring crowds from a car?

God knows, we're all entitled to our own drag, be it red handkerchiefs in



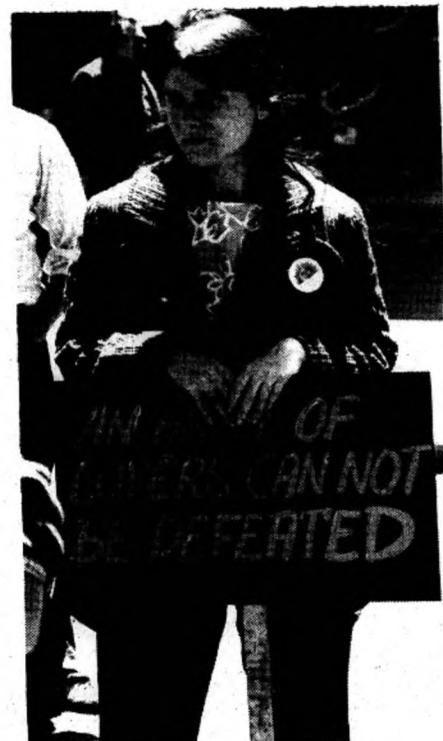
Photo/Jarrett

whichever pocket or mini-skirts or Arrow shirts or leather codpieces and fishnet stockings, Polk Street finery or basic Montgomery Street business drag. But I get enormously annoyed when these powdered and 'titled' persons purport to represent the gay community at large, which is exactly how they come off in parades of this sort. They sparkle and shimmy in their sequins the most and throw their baby mums the farthest; so of course they're going to catch the eyes of the people on the curbs and the news cameras. But we're certainly quick enough to jump on the Media when the drag queens and grand duchesses show up at the lighter side of the 11 o'clock news. Isn't that the tendency, though, of the press to report the "bad" news in great detail and ignore the often noble, if typical, behavior of the representative majority of "normal" people. And, anyway, why should the gay community expect any different treatment from the press than anyone else?

The drag queens prinking and preening for the cameras are the Stepin Fetchits of the Gay Movement, and during the course of the parade—after the eighth or tenth entourage of bejeweled, bored, and bewiskered powdered-pink persons puff by on their float or their feet—one is tempted to shout, "Out of the streets and back into the closets!" Of course, one doesn't. It is currently considered rude and sexist to be gay and resent transvestites and cross-dressers, as they are just making their political statements, casting their ballots for a free America to hear them tell it. But even in a voting

booth there is such a thing as a curtain to pull closed occasionally.

When the first of the paraders reached the end of the line—City Hall—folks hung out some. But by the time the tail end of the sixteen-block-long parade pulled in, people had begun to disperse en masse, many heading for the celebration in Golden Gate Park's Marx Meadow to follow immediately. For those who remained in the Civic Center, the main attraction seemed to be A Scene in the reflection pool by the trees. Several men had stripped and were cavorting in the pond to the leering cheers of the crowd. "Suck it, baby," several yelled to a cock-ringed young stud approaching a middle-aged man on the side of the pool who was being worked on by a young woman, a Coors in one hand and his cock in the other, as literally hundreds of cameras clicked. Finally, when it seemed as if the crowd was getting restless watching several wet naked men watching each other and shivering in two feet of dirty water, the woman joined in, flinging her sopping underthings to the crowd. She and the studsy fag kissed and splashed some; then a presumably straight man came in to grab at the woman while the fag she was kissing, having lost interest, was trying to pull on her damp and discarded pantyhose under the water. When the straight man started in assuming basically the same liberties the fag had taken, the woman was across the pond like a *Jaws* victim. The middle-aged man pulled himself up to get dressed, and a man with a camera asked for his autograph, which he was



Photo/Lou Berry

given with the reminder: "Send me a copy of the picture. . . Did you get one of me over there jacking off?" This half-hour incident was, incidentally, one of the bigger crowd draws of the day.

What a wonderful accomplishment that homosexual men managed to fondle each other's genitals right there in the cultural center of the city in full view of the cops stationed on the balcony of City Hall, bystanders bravely screaming dares across the street for the police to come over and do something about it. How perfectly revolutionary! What a major milestone in the anus of gay history! Had the crowds been even more encouraging, they might have just fondled their way along Van Ness or fucked like spaniels on the library lawn.

What is it with this macho dogshit sexual exhibitionism that so many gay men seem to have to work through time and time again? And—despite efforts to curtail the sorts of phalluses on wheels, which passed as floats in 1974—sex seemed to be the all-too-apparent theme of the parade (again) this year. If not flesh for its own sake, the ridicule of the imposed sex roles and their attendant limitations by the cavorting drag queens for the most part made clear where the priorities were. Is sex what being gay all comes down to? What about



Photo/Jarrett

the homo half of homosexual, or is that just rhetorical deadweight?

Several friends I gave a ride to Golden Gate Park to spoke rather disparagingly of the Parade. In celebration of what?—they wanted to know—of the demonstration of which major organs? But gays can and do almost demonstrate solidarity in the face of diversity, no mean accomplishment in itself, though the dividing line between sex and politics remains Crisco-clear (which is to say, a greasy smudge). Some fags see Gay Liberation strictly as the politics of confrontation, genderfucking their wares every which way; others, the majority probably, see it mainly as an issue of civil rights, having no enormously sexual overtones. But, as is the case with drag and un-drag—sex catches the eye quicker than civics, whatever your politics.

Finally made it over to the park to the Gay Freedom Day Fair, where Sweet Chariot and several other bands were making their musical contributions to the day. There were food and some booths promoting everything from a stop-smoking program to pound cake for a quarter a slice to V.D. information. Dancing, gay on the green, pinecones as frequent as cowpies in a barnyard—all was going swimmingly until there was a lull in the music and the speakers began speaking including a black gay activist and a representative

for Transsexual Liberation. Then Frank Fitch of the Alice B. Toklas Memorial Club came onstage to talk about media coverage of gay events such as the parade and how negative and sparse it generally was, and he suggested that gays didn't care enough about political issues concerning even themselves, that too many of them were just out for the good time to be had. And, brother, you said it, he was right. As soon as the first speaker stepped out, the milling around began and general restlessness and rudeness prevailed until they started dishing the Disco again. Large groups broke away from the crowd the speakers were attempting to address—some to go play in the woods, one bunch to watch a person balance silver goblets on his head while he tap-danced, and others stood around in groups debating which bars would be the hottest to hit on a night like this.

Of course, Fitch was perfectly right. You can always pull together a good-sized crowd for a gay parade or demonstration (read: demonstrate, exhibit) in this city. Homosexuals, especially men, are always big on having a gay, grand time—in celebration of anything from Academy Award night to Good

Friday. It's no accident that Halloween, the big day for role-play, is the major religious holiday on the gay calendar.

Is the fogged-in homosexual community of San Francisco too pretty for politics? Are gays so unoppressed in this city? It takes more than a twirling parade baton to drum up self-respect, and certainly there's more to liberation than celebration and screaming in the streets. What happened to the enormously enlightening and successful Stanford Gay Pride Week Conference that Whitman-Radcliffe sponsored in Palo Alto last year? Or was that just a one-shot deal? How about a sequel from somewhere, even conceivably on a national level.

Anyway, the whole concept of Gay Pride Week is about as ludicrous and ultimately underhanded as the U.N.'s declaration of this an International Woman's Year, as if to say, when your week (or year) runs its course, please go back where you came from and we'll see you around next cycle. Gay Is Good is real reinforcing to chant in a parade and, like Black Is Beautiful, makes for a fab bumper sticker. But the gay movement needs to look to new altitudes, not old platitudes, to get it off the ground. ●



# Eighty Years Too Late

by SHEILA MASTHOFF

May 8, 1975

The California Legislature passed Assembly Bill No. 489 and sent it on to Governor Edmund G. Brown, Jr., for signature.

May 25, 1895

A judge in London, England, spoke these words to the prisoner in the dock:

"The crime of which you have been convicted is so bad that one has to put stern restraint upon one's self to prevent one's self from describing, in language which I would rather not use, the sentiments which must rise to the breast of every man of honour who has heard the details of these two terrible trials."

Assembly Bill No. 489 repealed the state's 100-year-old sex laws.

"That the jury have arrived at a correct verdict in this case I cannot persuade myself to entertain the shadow of a doubt; and I hope, at all events, that those who sometimes imagine that a judge is half-hearted in the cause of decency and morality because he takes care no prejudice shall enter into the case, may see that that is consistent at least with the utmost of indignation at the horrible charges brought home to you."

The measure legalized all heterosexual and homosexual acts between consenting adults.

"It is of no use for me to address you. People who can do these things must be dead to all sense of shame, and one cannot hope to produce any effect upon them. It is the worst case I have ever tried. That you have been the centre of extensive corruption of the most hideous kind among men it is impossible to doubt."

Bill No. 489 also repealed seldom-enforced prohibitions against specific private acts by married couples.



"I shall, under such circumstances, be expected to pass the severest sentence that the law allows. *In my judgement it is totally inadequate for such a case as this.*" (The italics are the writer's.)

"This is not a bill for or on behalf of homosexuals," Assemblyman John Miller, an Oakland Democrat, argued. "It is merely a bill that says *ADULTS IN PRIVATE* should not have to worry about the law."

Mr. Justice Wills continued: "The sentence of the Court is that you be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for two years."

An opponent, Assemblyman Mike Antonovich, a Glendale Republican, complained that the bill "condones a perversion, a sickness, and says it is legal."

Cries of "Shame!" and hisses broke out in the courtroom.

The Assembly endorsement of the sex bill was 45-26.

The condemned appeared dazed. He tried to speak, but the judge ignored him, motioning to the warders to remove the prisoner. With a despairing look around, he was hustled off, amidst jeers.

May 12, 1975  
Governor Brown signed Bill No. 489 into law.

May 25, 1895—evening  
Newspaper placards throughout London proclaimed:

WILDE GUILTY!

#### REFERENCES:

Santa Barbara News-Press	5/9/75, 5/13/75
Los Angeles Times	5/9/75
London Times	5/27/1895
New York Times	5/26/1895
The Trials of Oscar Wilde	H. Montgomery Hyde, Editor
Oscar Wilde	Frances Winwar
Oscar Wilde	Frank Harris
Oscar Wilde	Philippe Jullian
Oscar Wilde	Hesketh Pearson

# LOOK TO THE EAST!

EAST OF THE BAY, THAT IS CHECK OUT THE WHITE HORSE

by RICK DIVAR

Hidden for some twenty years beneath the San Francisco sparkle, this little hamlet has in its own rights cultured a glow of its own.

As a San Franciscan myself, I felt the need to look elsewhere for a new and different night life. I was always under the impression the only thing the East had to offer was perhaps the End-Up or occasionally the Boot Camp or Ramrod. The countless other spots have since become overcrowded, loud, and just simply too serious.

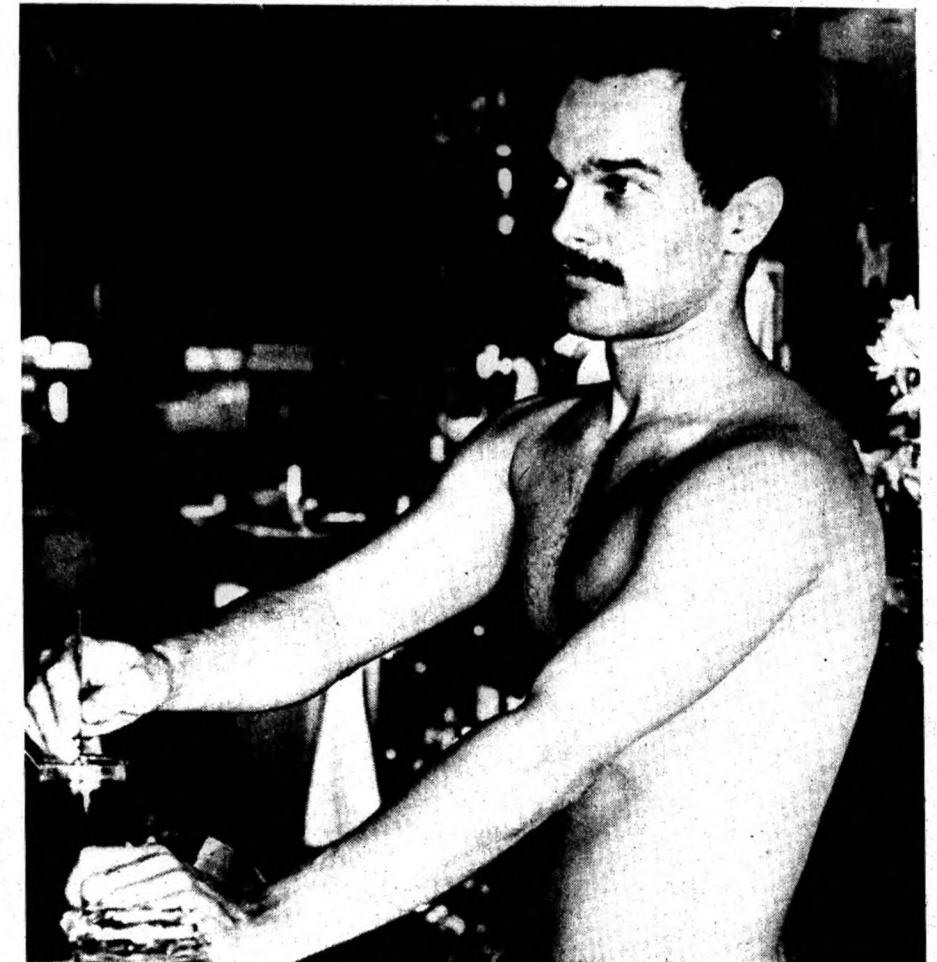
Then, as if out of nowhere, I came across it—it was as if I had found the oasis hidden from the hustle and bustle of the sometimes too wild gay capital—San Francisco.

The spot I'm referring to is the White Horse Inn in Oakland/Berkeley. Some of you may say, "Yuck, I've been there. It was awful." But I say look again, San Francisco. Just as all things change, so has the White Horse. The transformation is a little less than incredible! It's not San Francisco, however, so if that's what you're looking for, forget it. But, if you've been craving a change with a combination of San Francisco music and dancing, plus a mixture of new faces and a warm and friendly atmosphere, with an attractive staff, then the "new" White Horse is for you. In fact, I'd go as far as to say it has the most attractive staff I've ever seen anywhere in any bar.

You must not get me wrong. I love San Francisco bars, but there are times when one needs a change and the White Horse offers the most pleasant change I've had in a very long time.

When one enters the White Horse, automatically the old San Francisco defenses are shed. A smile returns to your face and you realize it's still possible to enter a bar and simply relax.

What about action? Well, if action is what you're looking for, you can't go wrong on a traditionally "hot" Friday night. The front room blasts of the Beach Boys and other early '60s



Chris of the White Horse Inn

Photo/Rick Jarrett

sounds, so appropriate for the campus atmosphere. Behind the bar are Chris and Matt, who bop and wiggle in track suits, shaking to a rhythm that, regardless of who's in the bar, one can't help but want to be a part of their action.

Chris looks every bit as hot as Burt Reynolds and with a lot more to offer. And Matt looks like a cross between Robert Redford and Troy Donahue—together they keep the action right up until the last few minutes of closing and then some, I'm sure.

Serving you on the floor is Edward. This guy is a hunk and a half. Usually wearing as little as possible and wow, what a body! I have it on good word that he has taken such honors as Mr. Fun Buns, Mr. Windjammer, Mr. Rendezvous and Mr. End-Up and who knows how many more? And, not to be for-

gotten is the glamorous Ms. Ruth, the owner. She adds the necessary charm that any bar could use.

And if dancing is really your interest, like so many of us, The White Horse also offers dancing in the back room. It's like stepping out of an old English pub into a new world of only the best sounds in disco music.

So I say, next time there is something missing in your night-life action, try a change of pace like I did and go to where the disappointment isn't but where the action and atmosphere is—The White Horse Inn! •

VECTOR welcomes reactions from readers concerning any aspect of the gay lifestyle. Sharing each other's ups and downs is the very best kind of gut writing. —Editor

# PARADOX

by DOUGLAS DEAN

The thing about him is, he's a paradox. When you first meet him he comes on strong. You're struck by his warmth and his friendliness, and you wonder—is he perhaps just a bit *oversolicitous*?

Then you get to know him and you discover that his enthusiasm is genuine. But you find out there are other sides to his nature, too. He's a multi-faceted person, really—alternately cheerful and concerned, happy and irritable, sensual and lethargic. A human being whose moods are like the sands, shifting and ever changing.

I first met Jack Wrangler in mid-July of '75. Previously I'd seen him in a Glendale theatre production of *The Subject Was Roses* and I knew he'd been a sensation in a male revue at the Paris Theatre in Hollywood. On a trip to Los Angeles I was introduced to Jack by the editor of *What Love Demands*, a new collection of my short stories scheduled for publication late this summer. The editor informed me that Jack had been selected as cover boy for the book and would also have a four page center layout in it.

"I'd really like to meet him," I said. (In my mind, I was recreating the image I carried of him from *The Subject Was Roses* and also his erotic dance in the Chuck Roy revue.)

We were still casting for the production of my play *Special Friends* in San Francisco. Months of searching had failed to produce the right actor for the part of Denis, a go-go boy and ex-hustler. The man selected to play this part had to be convincing as a boy of the streets, a kid who had really done it all—yet at the same time he had to be warm and appealing, he had to have an air of innocence about him. Audiences would have to love him and take him to their hearts. Physical appeal would be quite essential, but the man for the part must also be skillful enough as a performer to run the gamut of emotions, from broad comedy to moments of despair and anger and high poignancy. A body would not be enough. The role needed an actor.

Although he hadn't yet signed the contract, Jack was scheduled to leave almost immediately to do a film in the Bahamas. He also had an offer to do a revue in New York. He told me this when he came to read for me in my hotel room in Hollywood.

He hadn't read half a page of dialogue before my heart began to sink. "I've found him," I thought, "but I can't have him. He's right. He's *right*—and he's going off to the Bahamas to make all that money and I can't have him for *Special Friends*!"

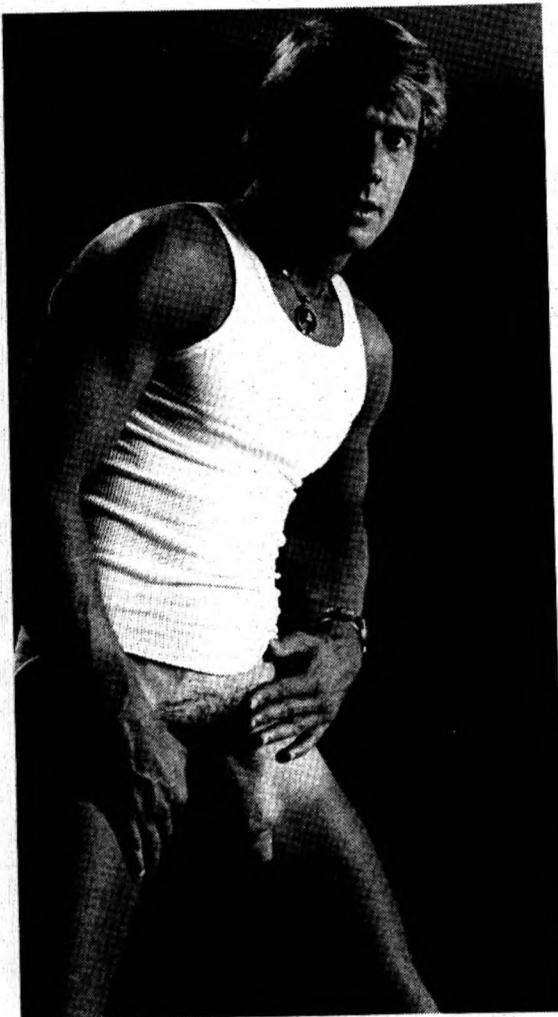
Two days later we talked on the phone. He and his manager had discussed all the angles. There were certain things about the film in the Bahamas he wasn't happy about. He didn't really want to go to New York. Maybe the individual attention he would get from his performance as Denis in *Special Friends* would, in the long run, be more beneficial to his career than the other offers he was considering.

Excited, we sat up till 4 A.M. talking about the part and the play—and all of the possibilities for both of us in our association. In another two days he was in San Francisco, attending a press conference at the Holiday Inn and geared for his first rehearsals for *Special Friends*.

What is it about him which makes him so endearing? The warmth is real, to begin with; it's nothing forced or simulated—and yes, he has an animal allure about him, a sensuality, plus a wide-eyed little boy quality at times. He projects the feeling that he's completely masculine in his attitudes, yet there is a yearning in him, a need for protection, a desperate desire to be loved and held close. Raw sensuality exudes from him and so do affection and generosity. He wants very much to please.

"There's a lot of Denis in my own personality," Jack told me. "I discover more similarities between us every day. Denis wants to hang loose and be happy, and so do I. . . I'm not all that ambitious about my career. Sure, I want success. I'd like to make it in show business. But it's the everyday little things that fill me with contentment—my work-outs at the gym, conversations with my friends—it's these things that make life worthwhile."

A touch, a smile. He gives these things to you, from his heart, and he makes *you* happy. He's a sex machine, all right, but he's also a man with class. ●



Photography by JOHN DAVID HOUGH

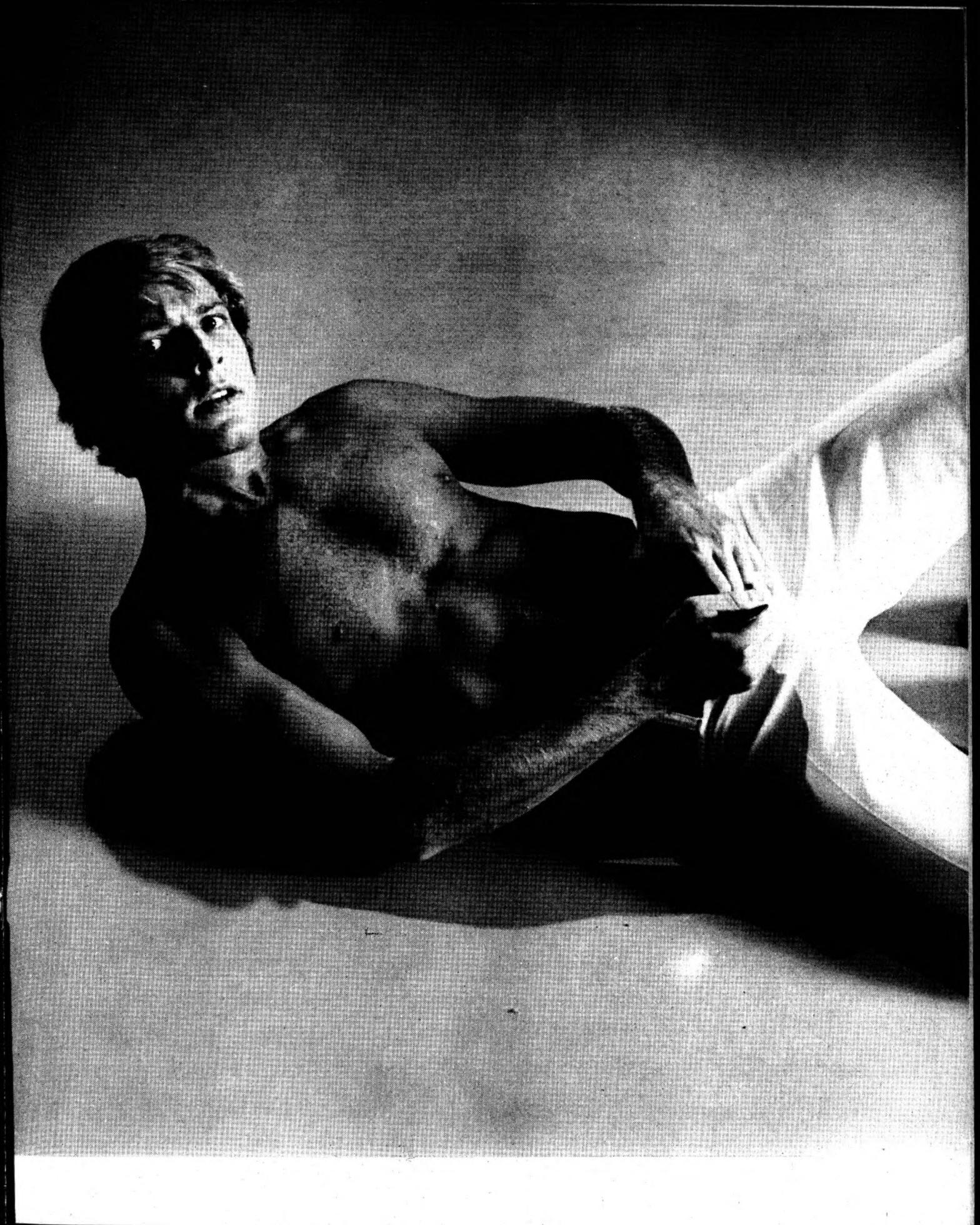
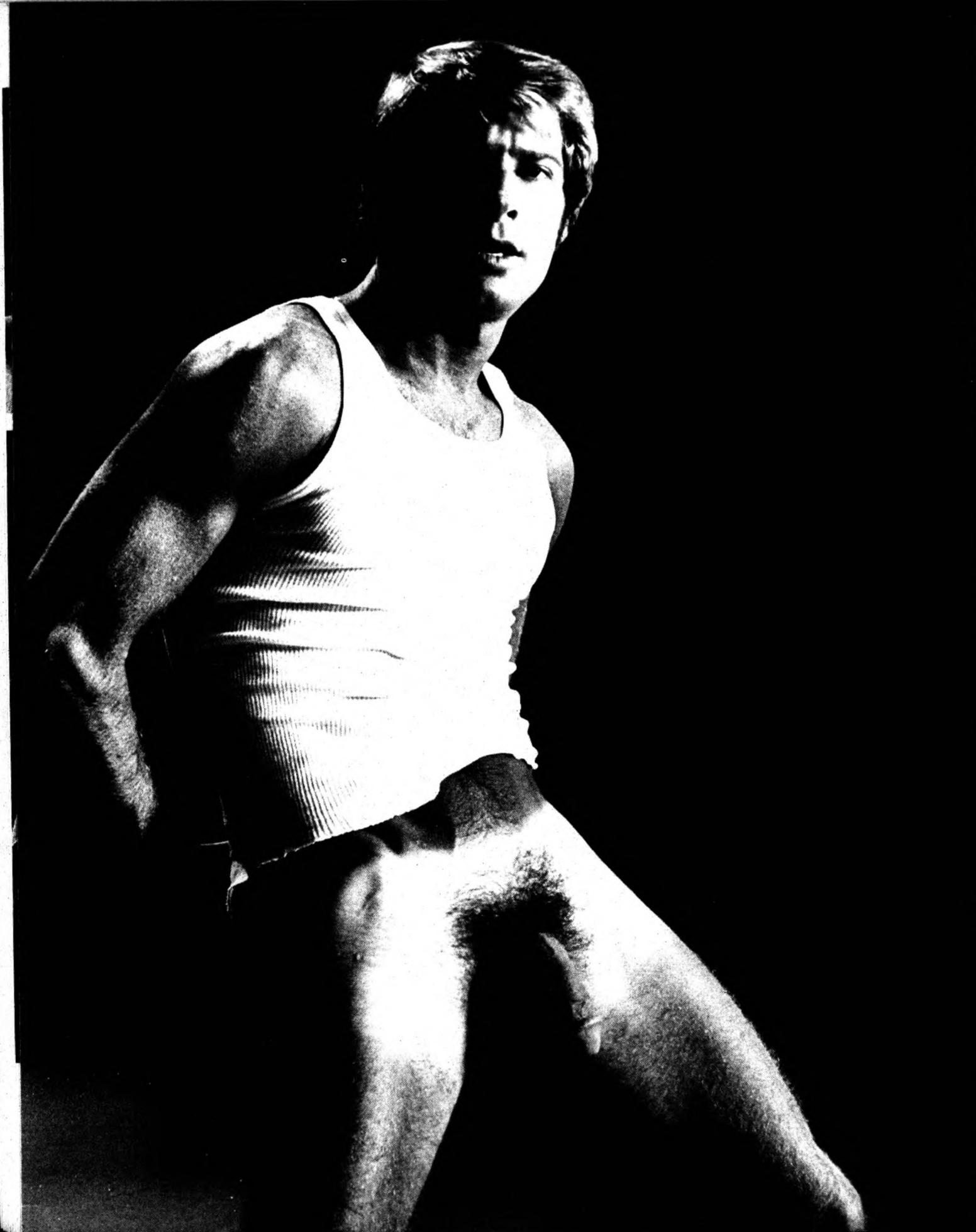
Jack Wrangler may be seen in the starring role of Denis in the world premiere of Dean Goodman's play, *Special Friends*, opening at the Showcase Theatre in San Francisco on July 24, 1975 for a limited run.



## Jack Wrangler

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN DAVID HOUGH





# River Run

THE ECSTASY OF AN ALL GAY RIVER RUNNING EXPERIENCE

by STEPHAN RIXNER

To other boaters on the South Fork of the American River in the foothills of the Sierras, the four paddle boats, shooting the exhilarating rapids and floating easelessly down the tranquil stretches of awesomely beautiful smooth water, looked just like any other boats on the river. Like any number of river-running boats on the weekend of May 31st, the four paddle boats were carrying a diverse group—businessmen, professionals, students and working men, ranging in age from their early 20's to their 40's. But there were two differences between these boats and the others on the river that weekend. First of all the boats were chartered under the auspices of the American River Touring Association's White Water School as a total educational experience "guided" by the natural rhythm of the river and by the spontaneous energies of staff and participants alike. And, secondly, the

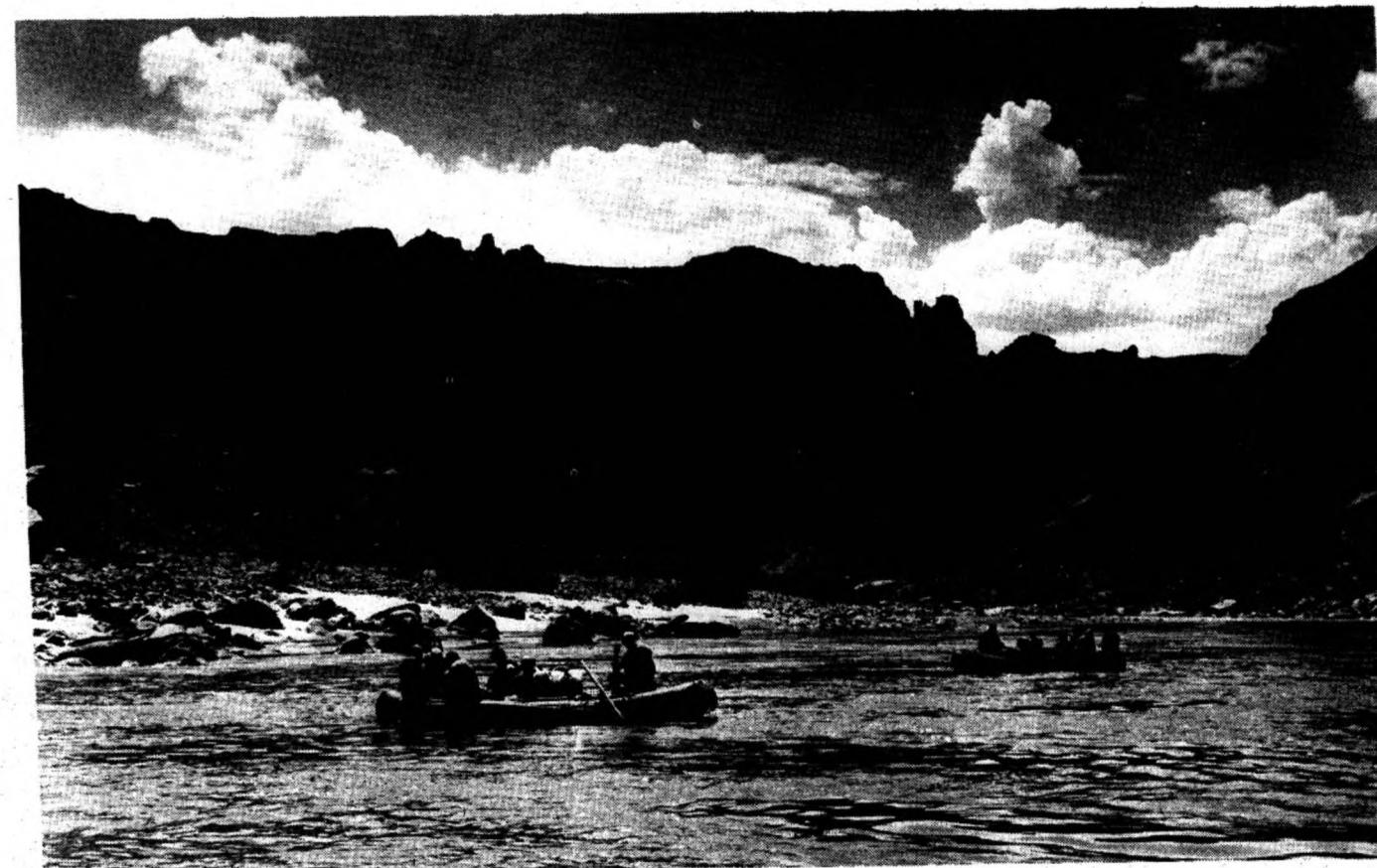
trip was organized as a viable social alternative for gay people to the bar scene.

Larry Kratzer and David Roinski of San Francisco have been working with the **American River Touring Association**, the world's largest river-running organization, to open the incredible experiences of wilderness adventures to gay people. The combination has been unquestionably successful for the fifty or so gays who have taken advantage of the program so far. ARTA, which is a non-profit organization, is dedicated to turning people on to the exciting and tranquil joys of river touring while teaching the need for preserving man's natural heritage of beautiful waterways. In line with these goals, they run the American White Water School to sponsor White Water Workshops and the River Classroom. Working through Lavendar U, San Francisco's gay free university, Larry and

David took advantage of the River Classroom program's incredibly inexpensive rates (less than half the cost of most commercial trips) to organize several social-educational trips for gay people this spring and summer. The trips have been real cooperative efforts with everyone manning a paddle and taking part in the total outdoors experiences involved in camping. Everyone learns the skills of safe, efficient, ecologically-sound river running. But the skills and techniques ARTA seeks to impart are merely a starting point. The trips are geared to convey a feeling for the country through which they run. The stage is set for a free and natural progression of events within a framework of specific curricula designed to teach the techniques and procedures for exciting yet cautious river touring. There is a constant element of challenge through every phase—success built upon success aimed at



Photos by American River Touring Association



discovering a heightened sense of well-being, with the river, with the other people, and within oneself.

It certainly is a change from the types of experiences available in The Stud or Cabaret bars. One participant in the May 31st trip said, "Even a place like the Rainbow (Cattle Company) bar, which is a lot more together than most gay bars, and where you don't get the feeling you're a side of beef in a butcher shop. . . well, even the Rainbow is The City, with all the vibes of The City." David, an artist's model, photographer and moving-man, feels that alcohol has played too important a role as a social mixer for gay people and that bars can be synthetic. He and Larry both feel that activities like river trips are a more natural way for gay people to come together and relate. All the participants of the trips seem to agree and a late-summer trip planned on Idaho's Main Salmon River promises to be even more successful than the first two on the American River.

ARTA, of course, runs trips all over the world, from a gentle Huck Finn Raft excursion down the Sacramento River to action-packed adventures on the Colorado

the Stanislaus, the Rio Grande, and on rivers in such exotic places as Peru, Ethiopia and Brazil (the headwaters of the Amazon, no less). On these trips you find people—gay and non-gay alike—who have one thing in common: a desire to absorb the totality of exquisite experiences of river adventures. But the idea of an all-gay trip is something special. Larry, a theater technician and performing arts teacher, felt that an all-gay trip would facilitate the forging of an efficient team to share a deep and meaningful experience. "The more you feel at ease with each other, the better it works out." As it turned out, the group developed a perfect rapport with ARTA boatpersons, Barbara and Steve Dupuis. "Boatmen are tuned into a nice state just by their occupation of being on the river. They were super warm. . . there was a lot of acceptance and mutual respect," according to Larry, who was unsure initially of how it would work out with non-gay boatmen. As far as ARTA Operations Director, Bill Center, was concerned, it was "a joy to come upon people who have a real sensitivity and awareness of themselves and their surroundings and are willing to express that." Bill feels

that these trips are helping break down stupid stereotypes on both sides which portray "river people as macho he-men" and gay men as "sitting at home playing with dolls."

Participants felt that getting out of the cruisy, forced context of bars and relating to fellow gays on a non-sexist basis was a consciousness-raising experience in itself. One first-time river-runner said, "I like dancing in the bars, but they're full of smoke and weird vibes. So many people are out looking for quick sex or are reacting to that. I just have a lot of trouble meeting other gay people as people. That's what the weekend was—a chance to do a thing with my brothers. It was so far out—working as a team with other gay people and not having to deal with sexual issues. Everyone was out for fun and that's what we had—good, clean fun, if you'll pardon the expression. I got into people in a natural way. It just made a lot of sense and felt real good."

For further information regarding ARTA's river-running trips, for groups and individuals, call 415/465-9355 or write ARTA, 1016 Jackson St., Oakland, California, 94607.●

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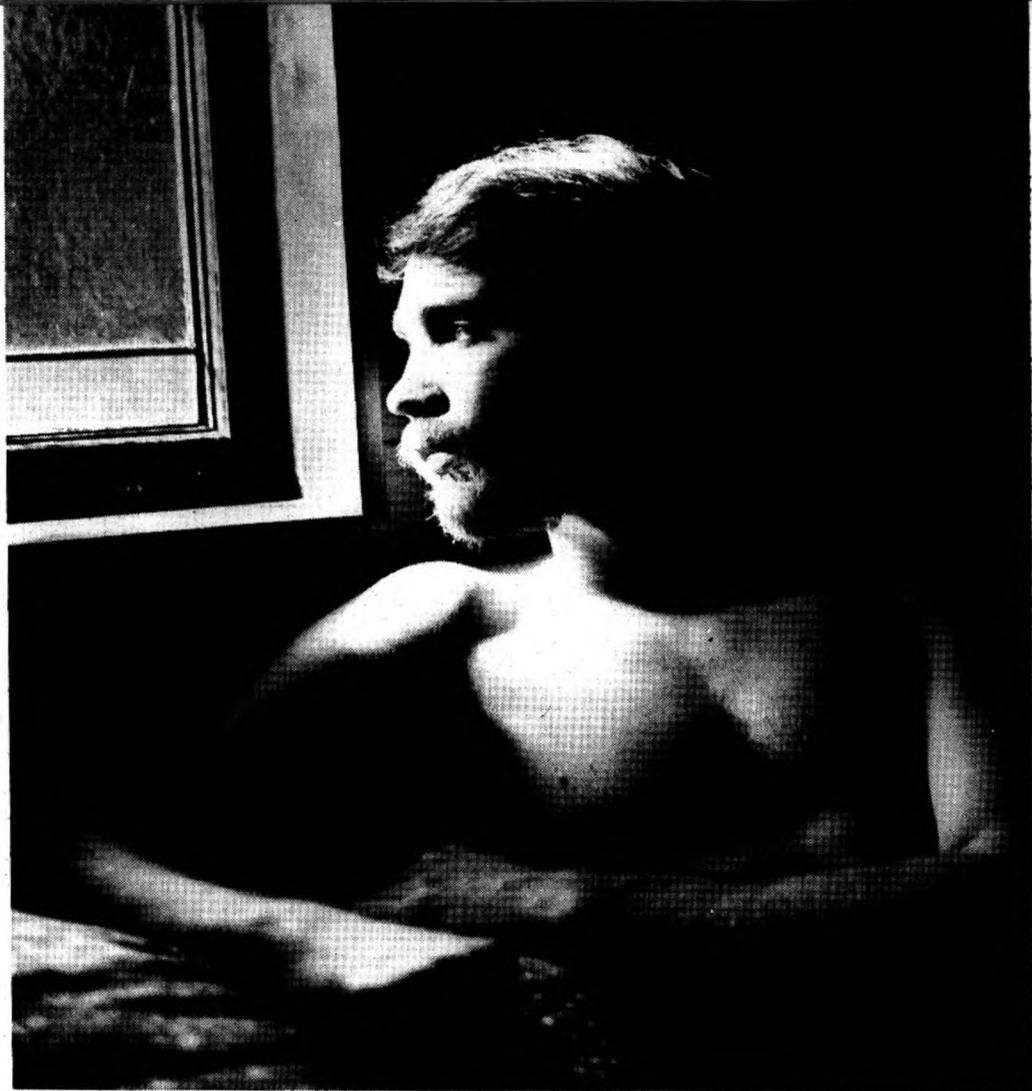


Photo: Guy Corry

## Next month in VECTOR:

**MALE/MALE FUCKING** by ANTHONY RUSSO: Addressed to straight and bisexual men who just may be considering.  
**BOY FOR SALE, A Short Story** by HAROLD HANSEN: Science fiction dealing with psychic programming and "real" love.  
**THE HANDBOOK OF ORAL-PEDAL SEX** by CARL ARCHIBALD: A disgusting piece of humor writing.  
**A STRUGGLE TO BE GAY** by AN UNIDENTIFIED JUNIOR COLLEGE STUDENT: The new sociology class term paper.  
**CONSIDER THIS, A short Story** by TOM FELT: A sensitive and moving tale of new love, and fear, and pain.  
**TRANSSEXUALS** by JAN MAXWELL: A photo/essay of the earth's most oppressed minority.  
**KEN, VECTOR's SEPTEMBER "NICE TO KNOW GUY" (above)** by GUY CORRY  
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# FAGGOT IN PARADISE

TEACHING IN MICRONESIA

by LEWIS PELTON



R. W. Borg

There were many factors that led me to apply for a teaching job in Micronesia that summer. For one thing, my job as a science teacher had been cancelled (the administrators on the Minneapolis school board had decided that inner-city kids couldn't learn science), and my prospects for another position in that city looked dim. Seventy-one had been a bad year for me, dragging me through a series of abortive affairs with neurotic people, and I finally decided I was due for a change of scene.

Why Micronesia, and just what is Micronesia anyway? What it is, is hun-

dreds of tiny islands scattered over a large area in the western Pacific. The islands were dominated first by the Spanish (disregarding that they had already been inhabited by the Micronesians—small, brown-skinned people of apparently southeast Asian origin), then by the Germans, and then by the Japanese. The Americans have held sway since the Second World War, though we supposedly only administer them as a trust territory for the United Nations.

I had been to Micronesia in the Peace Corps five years earlier, teaching

ESL in the Palau Islands. So I knew pretty much what to expect environmentally and culturally. I suppose it was that experience that got me the job: teaching high school math at Ponape Island Central School (PICS). Still I was flabbergasted to hear I'd been accepted and soon had split town for the West Coast, leaving in the lurch all my creditors and any other unrequited persons who might still have been looking for me. I had no visions of Ponape being any sort of gay paradise; my virginal Peace Corps experience offered me no clues. I guess I was just in such

an escapist frame of mind that I decided my sex life would have to work itself out with whatever or whoever existed there. Which is about what happened.

#### PONAPE

*"... certainly the present situation poses some decided challenges."*

Ponape (say it like canape) sits like a Caesar salad in its blue China plate of a lagoon on the tropic sea. On nice days, that is; on stormy days, and there are doozies, the plane can't land, for there's nothing to be seen, Ponape is purportedly the rainiest inhabited spot in the world. (More than 300 inches a year!). This makes the humidity downright steamy. The interior is covered with such impenetrable Henri Rousseauesque jungle that all the settlements are around the edge of the San Francisco-sized island and are reachable only by water.

I knew all that before I arrived, but still I looked forward to the experience as an adventure. No sooner had I got settled in the main town of Kolonia than the resident Americans began filling me in on the disappointments and dangers of fraternizing with the natives. They were secretive and untrustworthy, they said. And watch out when they get drunk! Most Americans seemed to have little to worry about, however, living as they did in rather isolated area of government housing and associating with only those Micronesians who had a U.S. education and high-placed government jobs themselves.

These Americans seemed nice enough to me, however, regarding me as somewhat of a novelty with my rather freaky appearance and hip argot. But I was getting hornier and hornier, and I knew that associations with them were not going to lead to any sex adventures.

#### TOD

*"Though I played innocent, I suppose the truth was that I seduced him."*

Then I met Tod, an American journalism teacher at PICS. There was nothing obvious in his speech or mannerisms, yet I knew in that private way gays do that he was gay. When he invited me over for a drink one night

after a movie, it seemed, after the deprivation I'd been experiencing, like my golden opportunity. He lived in an old funky quonset hut among the palms, which had once been the Japanese officers' club during the war. It summoned up colorful visions that night as I lay in bed listening to the breeze rustling through the palm leaves.

What Tod had failed to tell me was that he had a Ponapean lover, an intense young man who apparently kept a bitter vigil out in the bushes all night, and then had a big gory scene with Tod after I had left the next day. Orens (Tod's lover) would never speak to me after that and went through so many changes when I came around that I seldom did anymore.

Capricious as he could be, I liked Tod; he was witty and widely traveled. And how he could maintain appearances at school through some of the violent drunken battles he had with Orens, wearing shades to school to try to hide the bruises, was a marvel to me. We had a rapport out of dire necessity, being the only other person for each other available to whom a good deal of our thoughts and experiences could be expressed. His view of sex and the Ponapean man had a great influence on me; the optimism in it kept me going for quite some time.

His experiences had convinced him that Ponapean men were bisexual in an unconscious way. They might deny that they liked having sex with other men, and yet a great many of them regularly got into it anyway, being drunk or otherwise high enough that all inhibitions temporarily vaporized. Get yourself under a blanket with a Ponapean, he asserted, and a little forwardness will go a long way!

I admit I had a few such impromptu experiences, but what usually occurred was a studied trip directed toward me.

#### SINDEN

*"I don't even mind getting used if I indeed get something out of it."*

I met Sinden on the street one day. There was something desperate yet rather appealing to me about him. He had a waif-like quality that I'm sure he

worked on in coming on to Americans, for it induced me to invite him to stay with me. He was from Pingelap atoll, one of the many atolls in the surrounding waters, and like many Pingelapese he was somewhat runty in appearance. But he was nice, a link to the local people that I was glad to have, and he did useful things around the place, such as give me hand jobs regularly. He said he liked doing it, though he was evidently not interested in reciprocation.

What he was really doing, I came to realize, was hustling. He wasn't the first kid to give me the pitch: I'll be like your adopted son, I really love you, I'll give you what you need. Opportunistic young guys knew full well the vulnerable position of gay Americans who happened to be there, that they would most likely be glad to pay in one way or another for sex and attention. A guy could set himself up quite well if he got and kept his act together. Trouble was, too many such guys there had a passion for booze, and once they were blasted, as they almost invariably would come to be if they had the opportunity, their personae could easily disintegrate into bitterness and rancor.

Siden and I had it out one night, over some money he wanted for something, and as he walked out he told me he was going to his uncle, who was a police officer, and tell him how I'd been contributing to his delinquency (he was 18) by getting him drunk and making him beat be off. Two days later I was called into the office of the educational administrator and was told of rumors that were circulating about lewd relations I was having with a teen-aged boy. My hastily conjured reply was that there were so many guys who came around my place drunk and wanting more booze that I wouldn't be surprised at any rumors that disgruntled guys I turned away might start. Lord knows there were enough of them: rumors and guys.

That settled that well enough, though by that time I'd become convinced I had to leave at the end of the school term, rather than stick out a second year as per my contract. I could see that my needs were liable to catch me up even-

tually in a scandal—or drive me a little nuts through deprivation—either one.

#### MARKIE

*"At least I should provide some kind of an attraction for guys looking for new adventure and a steady source of satisfaction."*

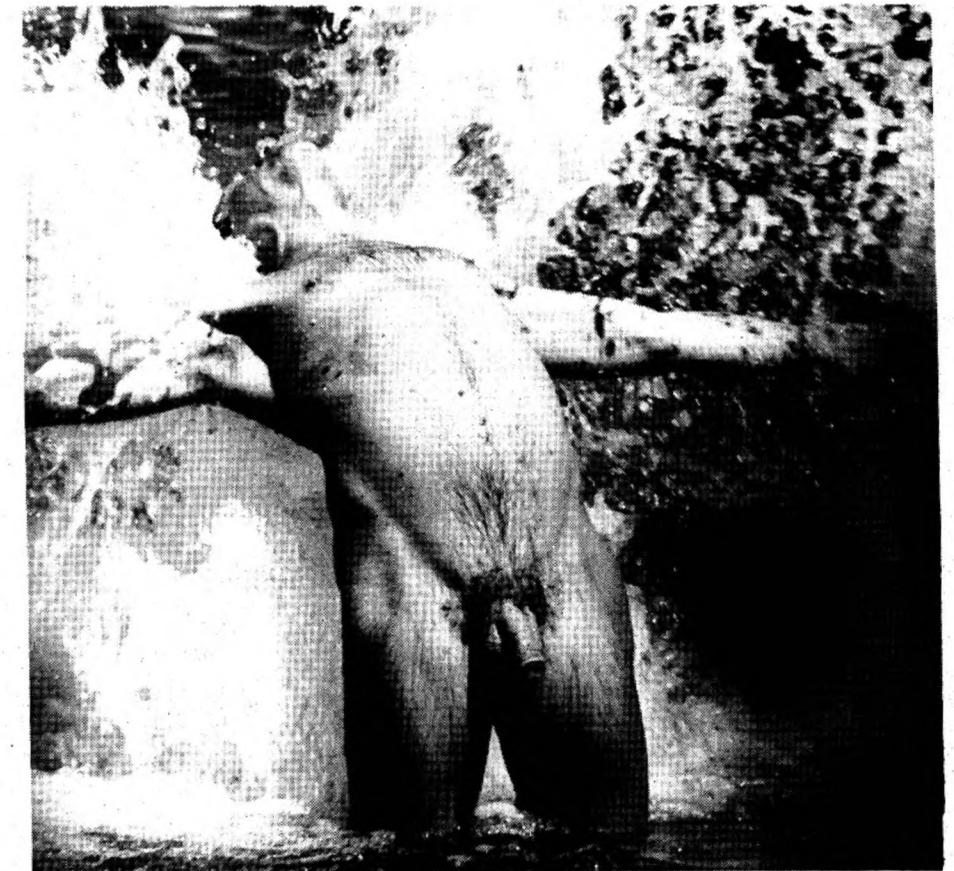
Markie had the biggest, baddest bike in town. He was the local stud, dragging the main drag with his ol' lady, an ex-Peace Corps woman, or any of the numerous local women behind him, clutching him around the waist. He had a marvelous smile, which was all I really hoped to get from him, feeling sure his handsome, sleek body was beyond the reach of any man.

Wasn't I surprised, then, when he came around one night alone! He'd been partying at the beach that day, he said, and did I mind if he took a shower? Not at all, said I, nonchalantly lying on my waterbed and reading a book. Then after a few minutes from the bathroom came, "Wow, I really got a sunburn at the beach today, didn't I?" And there he stood nude in the doorway with an impish smile, demonstrating a lithe expanse of cocoa-brown back that showed no evidence of a burn. Oh, Markie, you tempt me to believe that wish dreams really can come true!

We got it on royally, albeit somewhat onesidedly, then and a few times thereafter besides. Markie declared that he dug sex regardless of whether it was with a man or a woman, which was a pretty radical statement for a Ponapean even if many tacitly would have agreed with him. But he had his reputation to think about. By that time I had become notorious among the local demimonde, and Markie was afraid someone would see his bike parked in front of my place too often. Therefore he never came around again except with a couple of drinking buddies, and the specialness went out of our friendship.

#### KADALINO

*You were the one who was to blame,  
Kadalino Damarlane,  
Across your life there's cast a strain,  
Kadalino Damarlane,  
Of phony friends and rotgut drinks,*



*Of degenerate acts; your body stinks!  
You kill your pain and pickle your brain,  
Kadalino Damarlane.*

Kadalino was the school badass. None of the teachers liked him because he was such a sarcastic loudmouth. He was also tall, good-looking, and devilishly bright. If he hadn't been such a lush, he might have sent me through profound changes; but that was the only capacity in which I knew him, since he wasn't a student of mine. One night some pixilated PICS students gave me a ride home from a movie, and, as I plopped down in the back seat, who should be sitting there but Kadalino, who proceeded to put his arm around me and feel me up, saying, with a wickedly enticing grin, why didn't we go to my place, have some drinks, and get it on?

One night not too long afterward we did get it on, and he turned out to be more uninhibited than I thought any

Ponapean could be. Did he know what he was doing, I wondered, as he thrust his brown ass up in the air like a cat in heat? Did he put out for his "friends," or was he acting on some diabolical urge, conscious or unconscious, to make me wish I were in friendlier territory? Sloppy as he might act, there was always a sardonic glint in his eye and a twist to his smile to tell me that he knew the predicament I was in, and once he had tried me out for himself I could just stuff it for all he cared.

True to form, Kadalino stopped coming around alone once I started turning him away and whatever guys he was running with at the moment along with him. I never had been that free with passing out drinks, especially to teen-agers, but sex and booze had come so much to represent means and end, or end and means, to local guys or me, respectively, that I had fallen into an unfortunate pattern. Finally I started getting really

tight about liquor, I was leaving soon anyway, and the precipitous dropoff of visitors came as a relief.

#### HERLINO

*"I'm really pretty soft-hearted (weak-willed?) when it comes down to it."*

One guy didn't stop coming around, though. Herlino, normally a pleasant, bright, sensitive person, could get pig-headedly belligerent when drunk. A senior at PICS, he had walked on campus juiced one day howling like a madman and brandishing a knife, and consequently he had been expelled—a disturbing phenomenon I saw happen several times while I was there. I hadn't met him, though, until he came around innocently enough one night late in the school year. We became friends and sex partners, seeing through a typhoon together, and then one night in the midst of blowing me (once the "oohs" and "ahs" had begun to sound really impassioned, I suspect), he popped the biggie: Would I take him back to the States with me?

I went limp. Oh God, I thought; now I've really gotten the words. But Herlino could carry it off. He needed a chance, he pleaded, to be able to finish school, to get into a profession, to make something of himself. I could see that he might never get off that island any other way, and he did have potential. When I told him what San Francisco was like, he assured me that he had nothing against gay people (he was having less and less against me as time went on, too, as it began to come out that he really preferred women). He was eager and quick to learn things, though, and we had some good talks about living in the United States.

In other words, he had snowed me. I had some motives of my own, however, in agreeing to bring him back. If I were able to do him a big favor in his life, it might help me to feel that my experience there had been validated, that I wasn't just another selfish, greedy American tripping off into the sunset. Besides, it seemed almost the thing to do. Tod and Orens had left together for Hong Kong, and another teacher



was leaving with a classmate of Herlino's whom he had adopted. There was a big crowd of relatives at the airport to see the two of us off, with leis and kisses and all, and, though it was a big bite to have to pay two fares back (where I could have returned for free if I'd stayed for another year), it was providing me with a wide-eyed traveling companion and, hopefully, a loyal roommate.

Poor Herlino didn't last long in San Francisco. He was twenty-one and had a sophistication for island living, but that was no preparation for life in any city, let alone one where so many people were so open in their preference for members of their own sex. I was going through too much culture shock of my own, besides struggling to find a job and pick up the pieces from an affair with a guy "that should have lasted years," to be able to be of much help to him. Finally a kindly middle-aged man gave Herlino bus fare to Eugene, Oregon, where his sister was in college, and after one card I never heard from him again. He could have been deported for all I know.

Obviously it was a mistake to bring him but I couldn't have convinced him or myself it would turn out that way. Yet I have to admit to a secret, fiendish glee I got out of watching him flop and gulp like a fish out of water. The tables were turned; now *he* was the one who would have to compromise himself in

Owens

order to live in the situation. That he chose not to was a relief for me.

#### EPILOGUE

*"There are places where one can live an openly gay life without becoming an object of ridicule, and I'm determined from now on to stay in such places."*

So ended my trip through the torrid zone. To be fair to the Ponapeans, I met there and became friends with a number who appeared to be rather together in the face of the American presence. I felt successful as a teacher and had quite a few conscientious students. Being gay and horny, though, I left myself wide open to experience the effects of the glaringly double standard of living wrought by American colonialism and capitalism. Go to any resort area in a poor country—Acapulco, Puerto Vallarta, Mallorca, or wherever—and you'll find plenty of young men (and women) attempting to get picked up by rich Americans.

Yet I felt I uncovered, for my own edification anyway, an at least ambivalent attitude toward gay sex on the part of men who were racially and culturally quite different from white Americans. Micronesian men are not afraid to touch each other; they hold hands, embrace, and even dance together sometimes, though they don't think of it as an expression of homosexuality. Before the coming of the Christian missionaries, who worked their guilt and fear trip there as they did in many other places, the people might not even have felt there was anything "queer" about sex between men, or women. But that's only my conjecture.

I'm left to ponder what my experience might have been if I had gone back to the Palau Islands or some other cultural area instead, in my newly turned-out condition. Unsatisfying in the end as my experience in Ponape was, I'll probably never find myself in such ripe circumstances again. Ingenuous abandon and horniness can make things happen that otherwise would not—and in some cases should not. ●

# Out of the Closet! Into the Pew!

WHO'S BEHIND THE COALITION OF CONCERNED CHRISTIANS? by FRANK HOWELL

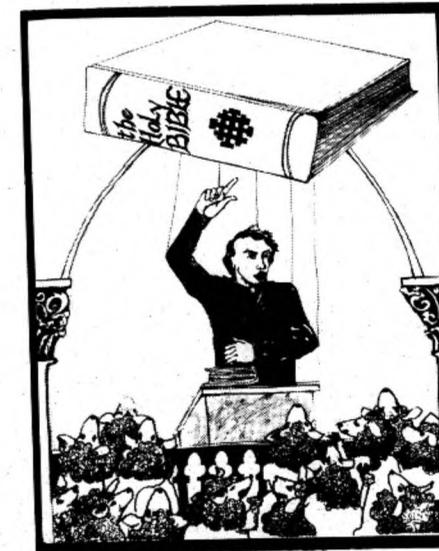
The name Harvey Chinn is probably not familiar to most gays in California, but during the next twelve months this unfamiliarity will be remedied. What Brother Chinn thinks and does will affect the destiny of many Californians who fail to heed the missionary position. The Rev. Harvey N. Chinn recently has become chairman of the Coalition of Concerned Christians, that zealous band of pious church people who are determined to dictate how your private life will be conducted. The coalition feels threatened by Assemblyman Willie L. Brown's recent sexual freedom legislation going into law on January 1, 1976.

Harvey has served as pastor of the Faith United Methodist Church in Sacramento for the past seventeen years. He undoubtedly believes the Lord knew what He was doing when He placed the good reverend near the Legislature. This enables Chinn to dabble in other matters of passionate, but private concern, such as marijuana, gambling, and pornography.

I first encountered the reality of Mr. Chinn's pious activities when my lover and I helped organize a local chapter of the United Methodist Gay Caucus. We had finally left Metropolitan Community Church and decided to rejoin our boyhood faith. We began reading *United Methodist Reporter* and came across a series of anti-gay articles by—guess who.

**In his writings the good reverend discussed the psychiatric and biblical aspects of homosexuality with sly disdain and concluded with a warning that accepting homosexuals into the Methodist Church would virtually herald the beginning of the final California apocalypse. His "research" constituted a joke on the entire scientific tradition.**

Chinn apparently knew nothing of Evelyn Hooker, George Weinberg, Mark Freedman, or the Institute for Sex Research in Indiana. Dr. Charles Socarides, who earns his bread and butter by treating "sick" gays, was naturally underlined in red. The cards were carefully chosen



Illustration/Robert Andrasko and stacked accordingly.

I immediately wrote an opposing article, but *Methodist Reporter* refused to print it, saying I represented an "unofficial" Methodist group. We suddenly realized as gays that God was about to provide us with a new battlefield. Harvey Chinn needed some hot competition. We set to work recruiting gay Methodists or straights, speaking at churches, and organizing a newsletter.

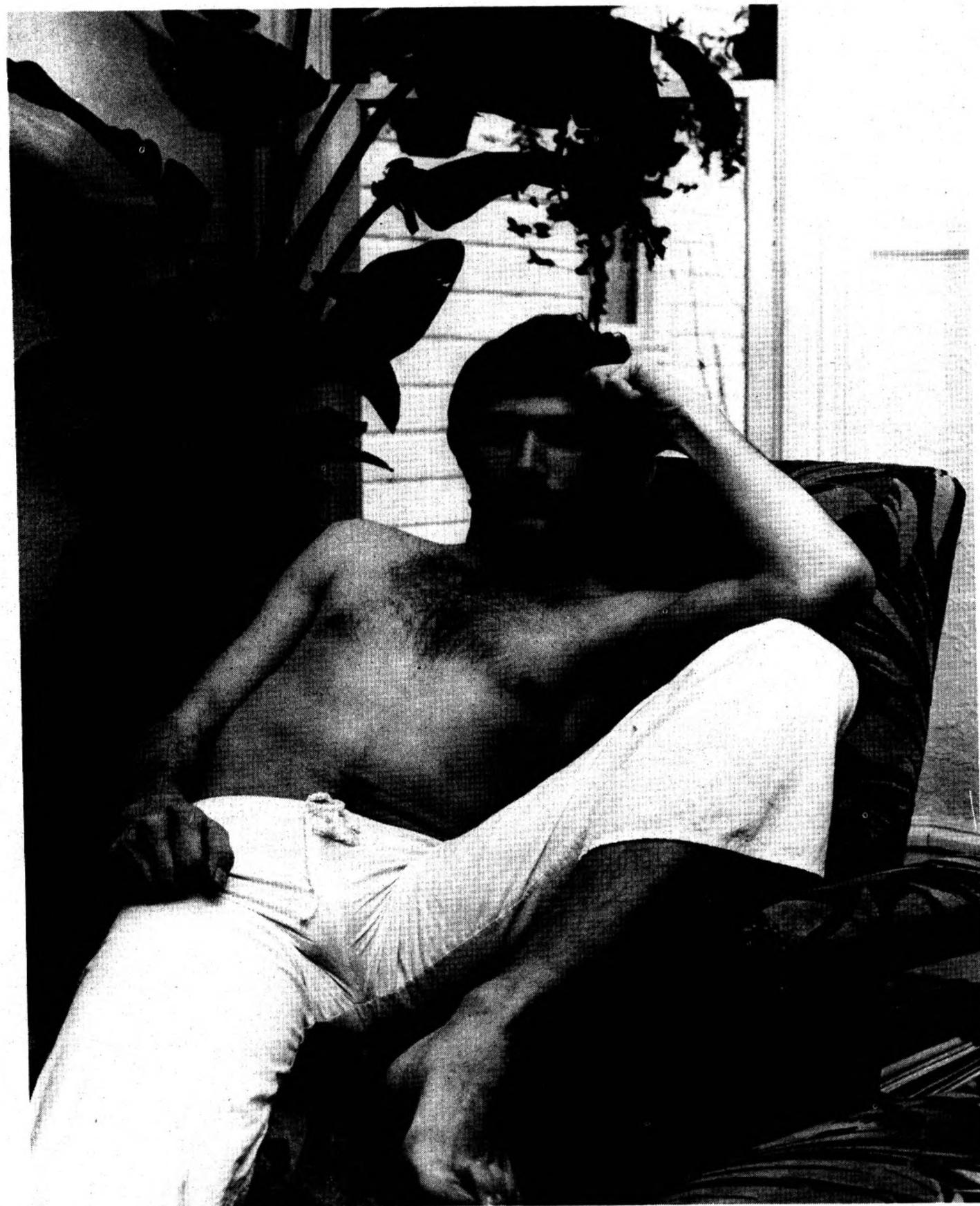
We offer the story of the Methodist Caucus only as an example; for several other denominations have spawned Gay Caucus movements.

We must each ask ourselves, "How can we successfully challenge Harvey 'Oliver Cromwell' Chinn and his influential soldiers of intolerance? Of course, a number of gays will donate money and write letters to public officials. These tasks have their place, but we in the Methodist Caucus feel that fighting Bible-belters on their own ground merits significant consideration. The Council on Religion and the Homosexual and the Metropolitan Community Church have hacked a rugged path through the wilderness, but we think many gays can discover a whole new challenge by returning to the faiths they were raised in or simply to any church that appeals to them and, after that, by joining the appropriate Gay Caucus.

When we've fully examined the whole question of anti-gay bias, we discover the core issue is a religious one. It is rooted in the exhausted antisexual stance of a twisted version of the love of Christ. Whenever conservative legislators in Sacramento denounce us, they do not reach for a psychiatric textbook or the law codes, but for the Bible (usually a fundamentalist version). If we can pull the scriptural rug out from under them, the Coalition of Concerned Christians would find itself mired in quicksand and all its other arguments would fall like a house of cards.

Our particular group has attacked the problem in several ways. We arrange public forums at Methodist churches; we recently sponsored a booth at an annual church conference in Stockton, where we put up a sign saying, "Homophobic Treatment Center." (Sometimes we need to put straights on the defensive for a change!) We have told our story by offering such literature as the scholarly discussion guide by Boyce Hinman, *The Bible and Homosexuality* (published by S.I.R.). On other occasions we have attended church services wearing badges that proclaim, "United Methodist Gay Caucus." We talk with people after the service during the coffee hour.

Remember, while we are resting on our apathy, Harvey Chinn and company will be working around the clock. As usual we seem to lie in the position of the underdog. But let us recall recent political history in the Golden state e.g., a group known as the Clean Amendment crowd (anti-pornography). They thought the cat was in the bag. All concerned predicted an easy victory. The California Library Association was standing by with a court suit. The big money was on the side of the rednecks. We all recall the outcome of that election. Now the Clean Amendment Mob is back again for another try. Let us adopt a new battle cry. "Out of the Closets and into the Pews!" ●



# BYRON

## a nice guy to know

Photography by GUY CORRY

Byron is possibly one of the nicest people I've run into in a long while. He is a curious (and it seems a rare) blend of good looks, good head, good attitude and good/great outlook.

This combination makes him one of those "nice to know" guys that most of us are turned on to.

By profession he's a hair dresser. "Some hairdressers like to be called hair 'stylists' cause it sounds better, but it really doesn't make a difference to me. It's what you do and how you do it that counts."

One of his greatest pleasures is in "helping people make as much of themselves as they can. When you look good, you feel good. That's what I try to convey to my customers."

At twenty-seven, after being raised in the Bay Area and spending the last five years in the City, Byron feels that he knows himself well, what he wants, where he's been and where he's going.

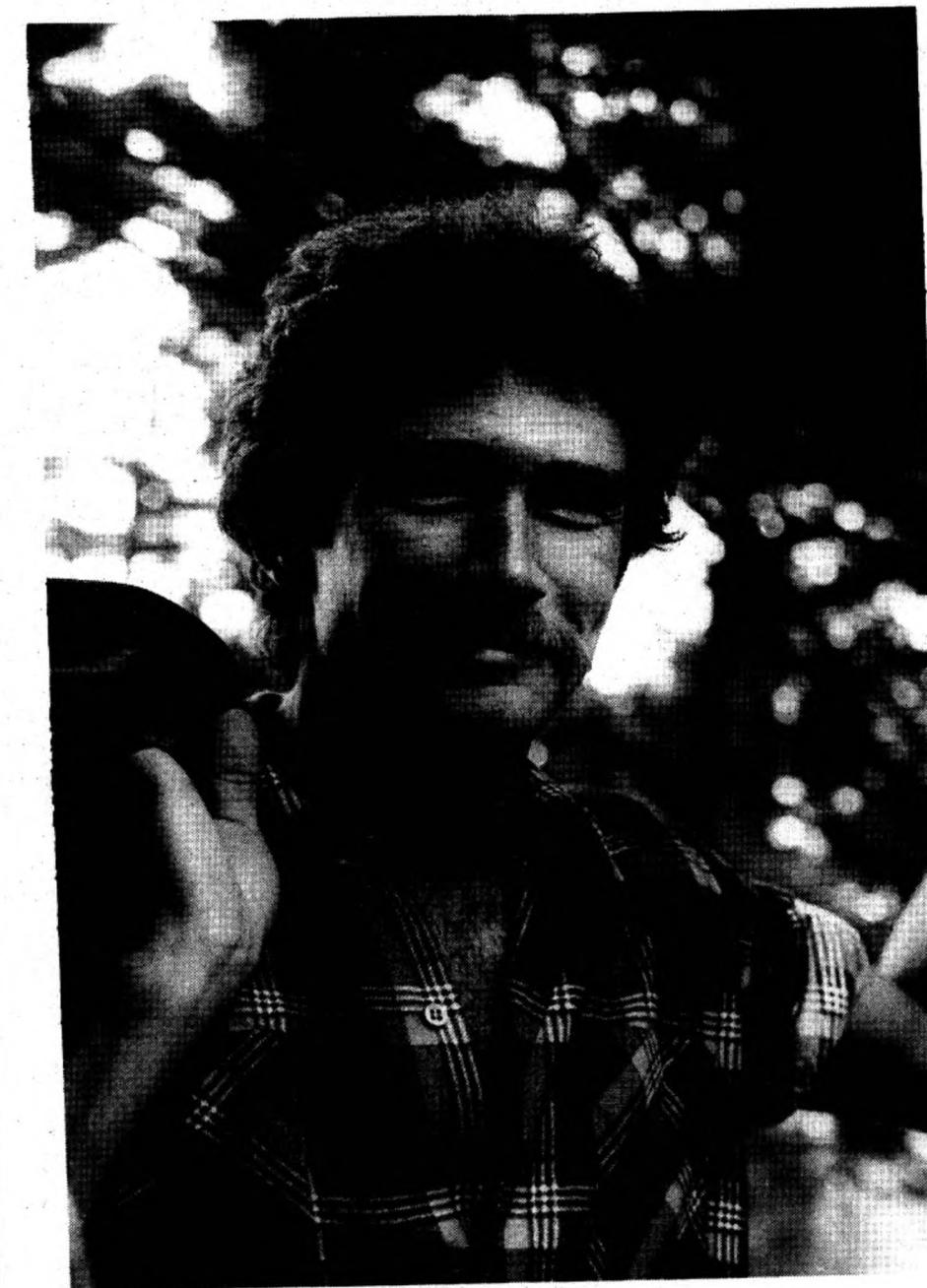
He looks at his work as more than just a job. "It's like an art; you have to know what you're doing, and what will 'work' for the customer. I like to take time to get to know my people and then try to suggest ways to improve their appearance."

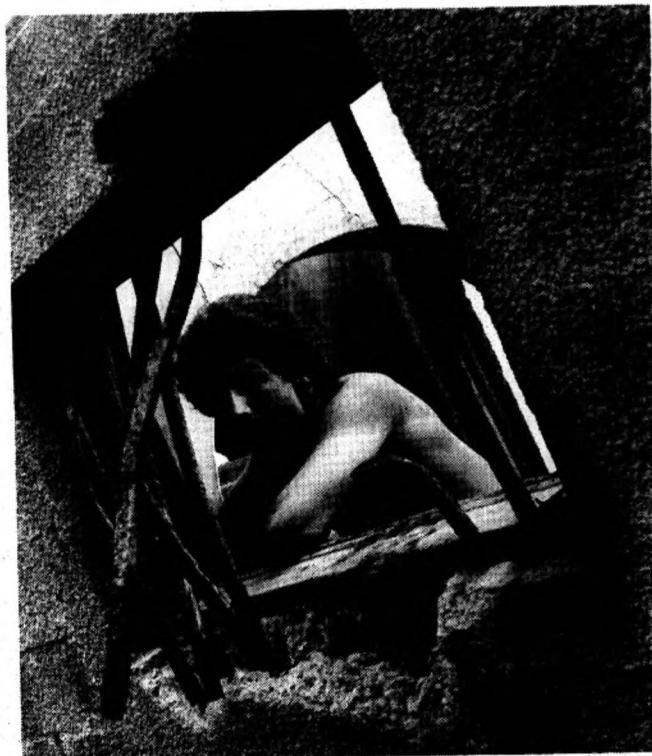
Looking into the future, "there are lots of fields to branch off into; make-up and teaching are two that come to mind, off hand."

This Scorpio, Leo, Aquarian loves the out of doors; swims a lot every chance he gets. "I love to go hiking up around Mt. Tam by myself. It gives me time to get into my own head. It's very comfortable."

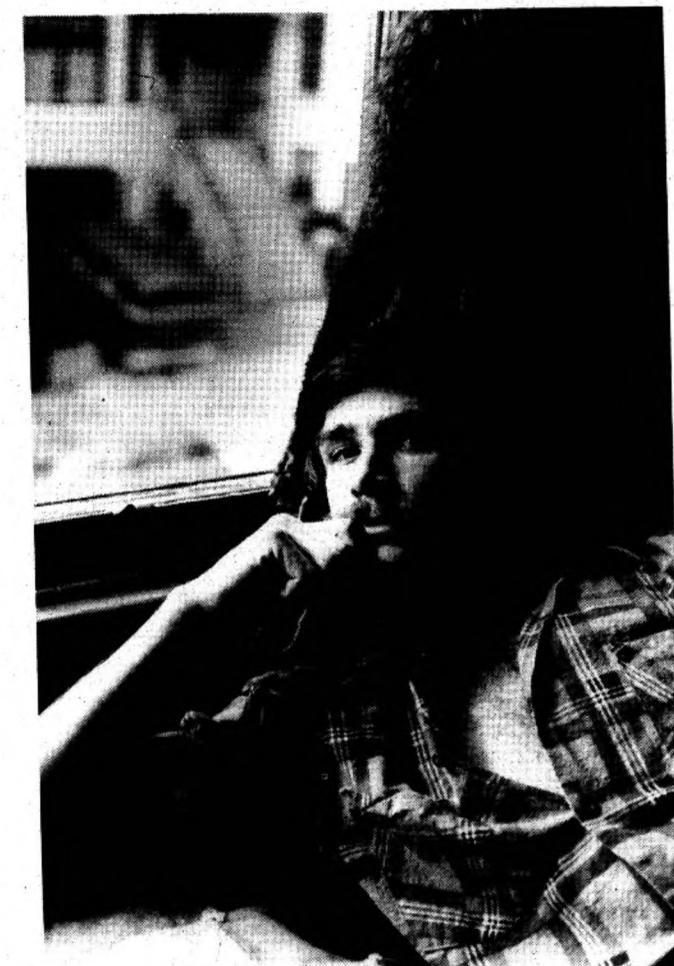
Spending time with Byron, rapping, shooting at Lands End, getting a haircut, whatever, is super comfortable.

Everyone should know a Byron. ●





"When you look good,  
you feel good."



# Gay Teachers

COMING OUT IN THE CLASSROOM  
Photos and Interview by ROSE SKYTТА

Four people were instrumental in organizing Bay Area Gay Liberation's (BAGL) massive political action on behalf of the anti-discrimination legislation. Two teachers, Ron Lanza and Hank Wilson express some of their views.



*Hank Wilson has been teaching and coaching swimming since the age of sixteen. He's been teaching in public school since 1968, for the last two years in San Francisco. He works now at St. John's Educational Threshold Center, a federally funded tutoring project in the Mission District.*

**HANK:** I recently taught a high school class in which I told them I was a faggot. They were making gay put-down jokes, so one day, quite spontaneously, I said I'd had enough. Since racist comments weren't acceptable neither were anti-gay comments because I was—quote—a faggot. They were shocked. Their initial reaction was they hadn't intended to offend me or gay people with their comments. For the next three classes they would hardly speak to me. The students I'd had the best rapport with were very uptight. I figured there was peer pressure against them if they kept relating to me. Gradually it worked back to normal.

We've gone through a lot of trauma in our lives and because of that we have a lot of empathy.

There will still be many barriers to gay teachers coming out. We feel it would be "suicidal" for a gay teacher anywhere but in San Francisco to come out. But the message must go out to every gay teacher in the state that if they're harrassed they'll get support. Anybody that has employment problems, no matter what field, if they're gay, come to BAGL and they will take up their cause, just as they took up the teachers' cause.



*Ron Lanza has been teaching for nine years at Ignatio Valley High School in Concord, an upper middle-class suburb in the East Bay. A year ago Ron came out at school. He wasn't fired. He says he was "ready to take some time off then," but, on the recommendation of his lawyer, stayed another year to set a precedent. A week before this interview he turned in his resignation.*

**RON:** The last weekend before I came out I went up to the Presidio with my dog and I thought about running away to Canada. I really did! I told all my friends I was going to do it.

I thought it would take the whole hour to tell the kids what was happening. Twelve minutes flat! And it was all over! I walked out the door and I burst into tears—tye release of tension, the feeling that what I was doing was right.

After class I was surrounded by this ring of students—thanking me and saying, "What can we do? Anything?" It was super! It was well worth it. You never forget it.

Many kids came out to me this year in writing, saying, "I'm a lesbian woman," or, "I'm a gay man." Others formed a gay support group with gay and non-gay students. In high school! One of the leading lights of that was a fifteen year-old lesbian woman who announced, when we had some gay speakers at school, that she was gay.

It was a little awkward with my gay colleagues. They seemed to think I was making value judgements of them. I wasn't.

Some of the gay people I know, because of their sensitivity to the kids and their real dedication to their work, are the best teachers, the most successful teachers. It's a shame they shouldn't be positive role models to gay teenagers.

All that bullshit students have heard about gay people and suddenly someone they deal with every day, know, and respect, is gay. It's no longer just the stereotype swishy queen on Market Street. They see the diversity of our community quite clearly.

In social studies discussing Third World oppression, I'd talk about Blacks, Indians, Chicanos and wouldn't put in anything about gays. The students might get wise.

I one thing I wouldn't do. I would not change pronouns—put in she for he, for the benefit of Monday morning bullshit in the department. There was a man I deeply loved with whom I lived most of the time I was teaching. The idea of changing it to, "She and I had a good time," was out of the question. ●

# Running Free

LAVENDER U'S ANNUAL GOLDEN GATE RACE  
by DAN TROMP  
Photographed by JAMES MOSS

One of my most meaningful and satisfying achievements occurred on June 29, 1975, during Gay Pride Week. I competed in the annual Golden Gate Run. Participating in the three-mile race sponsored by Lavender U. were gay men and women. I turned out along with the other contestants to take part and to take pride in being gay. Placing third, I still felt like a winner! By running, I was publicly announcing and celebrating my gay sexuality. But it wasn't always that way. . .

From my earliest recollections of childhood up until the time I was five years old, I had the unusual, overpowering urge for other males—to work with them, to play with them, to make love to them. I never really appeared different, though, from any of the other boys my age, who in an effort to discover their masculine roles were also strongly identifying with older men. My motives, however, were somewhat different from those of the other boys. It wasn't long before I found out that these motives were completely unacceptable within American society. Unless I was willing to be labeled a "queer" or a "faggot," and willing to deal with all of the injustice that went along with that, I realized that I had to keep my feelings hidden in the back of the closet.

Today, thirteen years later, gay people are standing up for their rights, not only as citizens but also as human beings. The old labels are being discarded and replaced by the term "gay." Homosexuals have chosen this word for themselves, to represent the type of lifestyle they enjoy. I am one of these people. Now I am standing up, too! Hurray for gay; it lets me run free. Hurray for gay; it lets me be me.

For years I was a victim of the values and norms of my family and those of society. Mine was a classic case of the young male who secretly suspected he had homosexual tendencies but just couldn't fess up to them. The problem was worsened by the fact that no one was willing to accept me as gay, either. And so the tendencies remained just



that—a secret. In the school locker room or the bathhouse at the beach, I would inconspicuously "cruise" all the naked men and boys. All the while I would fantasize wild erotic scenes. But not once did I dare try anything, and this always left me steaming with frustration.

It was only in the bathroom at home or in my bed at night that I could even begin to realize some release from this tension that was mounting. I would spend great time and effort translating my sexual fantasies into words and pictures. Then I would act them out alone and masturbate to them. Usually I came up with some of the hottest pornography that anyone could devise; but after a while I became bored with fantasy and my frustration multiplied. I needed a way out. It was then that I took to heart the title of a song I had heard many times before, "Ain't Nothing Like the Real Thing, Baby." So, in the spirit of Marvin Gaye and Tammy Terrell, I took the plunge.

After eleven years of hiding my true feelings and playing the false masculine role that society doled out to me, I

decided I could fool myself no longer. I was prepared to accept one of those degrading labels given to people like myself, along with the discrimination I thought inevitable. I soon found, much to my surprise, that discrimination and name-calling are not the case, necessarily, at least not in San Francisco where I live. The homosexuals have renamed themselves gay and are proud of it.

Increasingly it seems that everywhere I go, everyone I speak with, and everything I observe indicates that gay people are finally being accepted for themselves. For once I feel I can express my true feelings and desires toward other men without the fear of being scorned or punished. For once I can be publicly affectionate with other men and not worry about what other people might do or say. Here in San Francisco we are known as the neighborhood gay boys just out doing our thing: parading, rallying, running in races across the Golden Gate Bridge.

Hurray for gay; it makes me proud.  
Hurray for gay, I shout out loud. ●

# Threnody for an Old Queen

by H. KARP

I MET DAN IN THE SUBWAY. It was spring, and the subways were doing their in-between trip, slowly losing the clamminess of winter, not yet into the heavy, oppressive heat of New York summer. They were somewhere in between. As I was. Between jobs, between lovers, between friends, I seemed to exist in the spaces between minutes, in the cracks between days.

I ranged the city, mostly at night, mostly in the Village, staring at attractive people, hoping the people I stared at would stare back, terrified at the same time that they would.

I was unequipped that spring to deal with love or with hate. I was suited only to indifference.

And getting plenty of it.

Standing at bars, stoned, I would melt into the music and the beer, closed into myself, walled in self-pity and self-hatred until, finally, unable even to bear myself, I would leave for other bars or the streets.

I lived then in Brooklyn Heights, and I liked, as much as I was capable of liking anything, to walk along the long dark promenade above the river, a walk that stretched from one end of the Heights almost to the other. A walk that was much used by predators,

whose sizzling looks heated the air around them and their victims.

Lower Manhattan shone in front of that walk, like a giant MGM backdrop of NEW YORK!, a cluster of jeweled hypnotic lights, and the people who walked along the promenade glimmered in the dark, the light colors of their spring clothes reflecting the glow of the buildings.

It was a good place for me that spring to feel alone, lost, sad, yearning, stupid.

One night after a hitch in the bars, more stoned than usual (I always had money for grass and beer, but I spent hours in the A&P or Bohack's, searching for the cheapest possible things to eat, sometimes stealing unappetizing ham steaks or dried-out-looking chicken breasts), I went into the strangeness of the subways to go home to Brooklyn Heights and the walk along the promenade. It was late and the train was very empty; there were only three or four of us in the car, sitting uncomfortably under the harsh lights.

One of them I noticed.

He was a little man (not much more than five feet five inches tall), dressed bizarrely in a denim cowboy suit outlined in rhinestones—an incredibly tight

suit that hugged every curve and ripple of his body.

He wore a black Beatles' cap, and his face was like an apple that has been left in the sun too long; red and covered with wrinkles so deep they are almost puckers.

He sat opposite me, humming.

I sat in my vacantly withdrawn way, ready to travel in silence to my dark walk.

Suddenly he crossed the aisle and sat beside me.

"Goodness," he said, "you look unhappy." He laughed.

"Goodness had nothing to do with it, right?" he said. "You're just coming home from an orgy, right? And you met this divine number, and you exchanged names, and now you've got to wait until Tuesday to call him, and you're desperate, right?"

I stared at him. The rush of words and assumptions shocked me.

"My name's Dan," he said. "That means valiant. Ballsy. Good name for me, don't you think? What's yours?"

I told him.

"Well," he said, "aren't you lucky? That name happens, just happens, to be based on Harold, and Harold happens to mean conqueror. And have you got the right name, my dear, because you have conquered me entirely. Completely. I am yours, *tout*. What do you think of that?"

There was a pause while he looked at me expectantly.

"Stoned, aren't you?" he said. "Can't open your mouth to express your pleasure. Boy, are you stoned. Have I surprised you? You didn't think I, old as the hills, ancient, fat little me, would know a stoned person when he saw one, did you? Well, what do you think this suit is? Think I go to the office like this? Huh-uh. I am the Midnight Cowboy, my dear, up to date, with it, even if I am a hundred and fifty-five years old."

We sat in silence. We'd passed Fulton Street; there was only the long tunnel to Brooklyn to endure.

"Want to come home with me?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"Well, I certainly am insulted," he said. "Don't you find me attractive?"

I was silent.

He shook his head. "My God," he said, "you haven't even got the energy to lie. You could have said all sorts of things. I am very easy to lie to. You could have pretended to be straight. I would have bought that. You know, you could have said something about having to get home to the wife and kids. Now, don't get me wrong, you wouldn't have fooled me, not me, but I would have been graceful about it."

We were silent again.

"What stop do you get off?"

"Clark Street," I said.

"Well! That's good luck. That's my stop, too." He looked at me. "We can get off together."

We did, and we walked together on the promenade.

He was different during our walk. Quieter, softer. The roving cruisers stared at us in disbelief.

"Look at them," he said. "You're over forty, they think you should die. Or disappear. Just do anything so you don't intrude on them." He smiled. "It's really amazing to me," he said, "how unkind gay people are to each other. I mean you'd think we'd be bound to each other, wouldn't you? That we'd be even kinder to each other? Let me tell you a story. I come from a little town in Oregon, not more than a thousand people. So you know what my life would be like in a town like that, right? I was always what they called a sissy. Well, that's what I was. I wasn't any good at the things the other kids were good at. So I was pretty lonely. Oh, my mother was good about it; she said, 'Never mind' and shit like that, and my father really didn't give a good goddamn about me or anything else. When I was in high school, I met a boy called Tom, and it was like a gift from God. He was my friend. My friend. I'd never had anything like that before. I guess—I know—what it really was, was that I was in love with him. But I didn't know that then. Innocent. My god, I was innocent."

"That's strange," I said. "Strange. Strange. You don't know how strange. And you know what I felt? I felt all the old love. Just as strong as ever. Longing. Oh. Strange." "What happened?" "I left. Quickly. I just went home and went to bed, my dear. Just went home and went to bed. He was gay. That's what astounded me. He was gay, and yet he did that thing to me. He set me up. Who knows why? Maybe because he was scared of himself and what he was. Maybe he had to prove something. I don't know." "And you still loved him?" "That's not strange. I don't give up

Anyway, we were friends for about six months and I lived for him. I really did. I didn't think about anything else. Just Tom. Then one day he said he had something special to show me. Anything he had to show me, I wanted to see. He took me to an old barn that had been deserted. And you know what, there were three other guys there. They said—all of them, Tom, too—that I had to blow them. I didn't even know what they were talking about. I mean, specifically, I just knew that Tom had done this to me. I just stood there. So shocked. I couldn't believe this. I couldn't believe that Tom, my friend, was doing this. Well, they beat the shit out of me, and then they fucked me. All of them. It hurt like hell."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Sounds like a dirty book, doesn't it? The only thing was I hated it. Not only because it hurt. Because of him. That he could do such a thing to me. Well, anyway, wait. There's an end to this story. As soon as I got out of high school, really only three days after, I got on a bus and I came to New York.

Of course, I'd been doing some thinking. And I knew, sort of, what I was. I mean, attracted to men. But it took a long time before I did anything. With a first experience like mine, could you blame me? A couple of years later I was in Bob's—oh, a marvelous bar, you would have loved it, full of marvelous people—and who walks in? Tom, you know, my friend from Oregon."

"That's strange," I said.

"Strange. Strange. You don't know how strange. And you know what I felt? I felt all the old love. Just as strong as ever. Longing. Oh. Strange."

"What happened?"

"I left. Quickly. I just went home and went to bed, my dear. Just went home and went to bed. He was gay. That's what astounded me. He was gay, and yet he did that thing to me. He set me up. Who knows why? Maybe because he was scared of himself and what he was. Maybe he had to prove something. I don't know."

"And you still loved him?"

"That's not strange. I don't give up

love. God knows, nobody should. And I never seem to learn."

We stood for a moment at the railing, looking out over the black water, listening to the fog horns cut through the night.

"You are a sad case, aren't you?" he said.

I said nothing.

"Come home with me," he said.

"I can't," I said.

"I am not offering to suck your cock," he said. "I am offering you friendship."

His house was on a quiet, black street. We could hear our footsteps as we approached it. There was a dogwood tree in front, almost ready to bloom.

I slept really well that night for the first time in months. After that, I saw Dan often. He had me to dinner, introduced me to friends of his. Slowly I built up a circle of people again. I stopped wandering the streets and went to people's houses again. I made love again, hesitantly.

When my money had almost run out, he got me a part-time job helping in his office. We sat often at night on the promenade in the still, soft air and talked.

Spring ripened and became summer.

The day of my birthday, he called me.

"I want you to come by tonight, and I want you to be prompt for once," he said. "Do you understand? Well, say something."

"What's so special about tonight?" I said.

"You will see, my dear. Dress in something sexy, too, please; no baggy jeans if you don't mind."

When I arrived, he had another guest.

"This is Joseph," he said. "That," he said, pointing to the table, "is your dinner. There is champagne in the refrigerator. There is a cake there, too."

"What is this?" I asked. "What in God's name is going on?"

"It's all right," Joseph said.

"Of course, it's all right," Dan said.

"I'm going out. I will be back tomorrow."

"This is incredible," I said.

"You are incredible," Dan said. "Be happy, my dear," He left.

"I can't believe this," I said to Joseph.

"I don't know what's got into him."

"Happy birthday," Joseph said.

We made love later. He was incredibly voluptuous; I sank into his body with the kind of sharp delight I had thought I would never feel again.

*W*hen we awoke in the morning, Dan was standing by the bed.

"Breakfast is ready," he said.

He leaned down to kiss me. "Happy birthday," he said.

I cried.

"Do you good," he said.

My life changed after that.

I got a job, a rather good one, began to dress better, eat better.

I made friends. Somehow I saw Dan less often, although we still spoke on the telephone.

I met someone I thought I loved and brought him to see Dan.

They were stiff together, and Dan became a little malicious. Afterward my new friend and I had an argument about Dan.

"What can you see in that old queen?" my friend asked me.

"He's been wonderful to me," I said.

I was weak, of course, and afraid I would lose him if I didn't do everything he wanted, mirror all his attitudes. While we were together, I didn't see or call Dan, and when Dan called me, I was evasive about seeing him.

Six months later my friend was gone. And I had grown a little afraid of seeing Dan again. Guilty, I was ashamed of myself. I didn't call him.

We met again on the subway.

"Well," he said. "Well."

"Hello, Dan," I said.

"Have you eaten dinner?" he asked.

"No," I said.

"Come and eat with me," he said.

"Or do you have to be somewhere?"

Dan had changed, too.

"I'm getting tired," he said. "I've been living so long, it seems. And nothing ever changes."

"What do you mean?" I said. But I thought about the story he had told me

the first night on the promenade. And

because I felt guilty, I was enraged.

"We are all flyspecks, my dear," he said. "Insignificant. We mean nothing to one another. There's no way to get through to each other. We're insignificant."

"That's ridiculous," I said.

"I've spent my life trying to believe in the power of love," he said, "and it's all bullshit."

We were uncomfortable with each other, and I left as soon as I could.

My life got better.

I got a lover, but I didn't take him to see Dan.

I saw Dan once on the street, but he was hurrying in the other direction and I didn't hurry to catch up with him.

I left New York and went to live in California.

On Polk Street one night I saw Joseph. We talked for a while, and Dan's name came up.

"Didn't you hear about him?" Joseph said.

"No," I said, afraid.

"He killed himself. Jesus, it was awful. They didn't find him for a couple of days."

## *L'Envoi*

Well, now, Dan, you have your revenge, although you would never have wanted it.

I think of you a lot.

I wish I hadn't been what I was. I wish, for you at least, that I could have been a better person.

I wish I could have reached beyond the bizarreness, beyond the rhinestone-studded suits, beyond the clumsiness of your body, and touched you just once.

I wish I hadn't been one more disappointment, one more proof that there was no power in love.

I apologize.

I miss you, Dan. ●

# You never forget the first.



Photo/James Armstrong

by WALTER FEBICK

**I** WAS NINE WHEN MY PARENTS got divorced. It wasn't until I was fourteen that my mother remarried and I was packed off to prep school. I got along well there, but I never had any real close friends. Any commitment beyond the casual conversations and play of everyday life was unknown to me. Only the feeling existed, growing inside me, that something was wanting, something was crying—waiting to be discovered.

One thing is certain. I didn't pick him. He picked me. Maybe I revealed more about myself than I was aware existed. I was sixteen by then, when John came after

me. I'd known him for two years as a familiar face at the school, a handsome casual acquaintance who sometimes figured in my dreams in often disturbing ways.

It almost seemed as if I were waiting for him that warm spring day when he walked into my room, sat on the bed, smiled at me, and asked me what's new. We talked for a while about the school, how we hated it and couldn't wait to graduate.

"Sometimes I go into the city," he confided.

"Really?" I said, truly impressed.

"I have a motorcycle."

"The school doesn't allow motorcycles!"

"I have one," he said proudly. "I keep it in a friend's garage a few blocks from here. Want to go for a ride?"

"Sure!"

That was the beginning.

Pembroke Prep School and Junior College was situated at the top of the hill overlooking the small township of Pembroke, a quiet suburban village nestled in the mountains of upper New York State. From the top of this hill we zoomed down the twisting, winding curves of Pembroke Road, past the small shops and buildings in the center of the town, over the railroad tracks, out onto the highway.

## I knew my dark secret could never be discussed with anyone...

The wind blew through my hair (who cared if I got killed without a helmet?), and it felt good to be alive and free as the changing countryside flashed by. I looked down at the ground flying beneath me. There is something very liberating about traveling very speedily over the earth on a motorcycle on a clear spring day. Especially when it's your first time and all your senses are alive and your mind tells you you can go anywhere, do anything, because you're free. It's this illusion of action and potency that makes all the danger and even the possibility of death worthwhile. In fact, that's almost an essential element of the excitement.

"You don't have to be afraid to hold me tight," John said. "There's nothing sissy about it. I don't want to lose you."

**My** arms closed tighter around his small waist as we curved the top of a marvelously steep hill and descended swiftly down toward an old wooden bridge, John's motorcycle moving like a sleek black panther over the ancient rickety boards, shining as it caught the light of the late afternoon sun on its well-polished chrome. I looked down again to see the twisted waters of the creek below us as it bubbled its way into the distance.

Trees and weeds seemed to run into a greenish blur as we flew ahead, past clusters of suburban cottages, toward the twinkling lights of Brockton, where we skidded to a halt in front of Jimmy's Pizza Palace on Walnut Street.

"Let's get something to eat," John said matter-of-factly, descending from the bike and walking toward the smell of the pizza.

My first flush of delirium now translated itself into a kind of nervous energy, which I recognized instantly: Lust. John was a handsome male animal—a mix of beautiful muscle and sinew that made me burn with the shame of desire.

I'd known I was gay since I was fourteen and began masturbating to fantasies of men and boys I'd seen on the street, in movies, on television, in photo-

graphs—anywhere I could find the visual images of male magnificence that ignited my imagination. The trouble was I didn't know there was a word for what I was. I had the peculiar notion I was totally unique, that no other person in the world shared my strange tastes. Men were supposed to like women, and I was a man.

Later words like "faggot, queer, and cocksucker" crept into the vocabulary of the boys at school. Learning what the words meant made me more shamed than ever. I knew my dark secret could never be discussed with anyone, not without the risk of ridicule and condemnation. I prayed that time would change me, that someday I would have a girlfriend, and that I would love and desire her, finally proving to the world and to myself that I really was a man. But I had no real interest in girls. Their femininity held no sexual allure.

I held fantasies in my head about three boys at the school. John was one of them. This difference in myself was a part of my nature I perceived as something base and degenerate, something to hide from people. The beauty of my masturbatory dreams was always erased by the enormous rush of humiliation and self-hatred that overwhelmed me after every secret orgasm. Each time I vowed never to repeat the shameful practice, only later to give in to a rising tide of sexuality within me.

My self-consciousness about my homosexuality was manifested in various uncomfortable ways. I found it difficult to share company at a urinal in the men's room. I hated to get undressed while my roommate, a quiet, dull sort of fellow, was in the room. Most of all I hated the dormitory showers. This led me to take showers extremely late at night, when I supposed everyone else was asleep. The combination of privacy and the sensual feeling that a good hot shower can sometimes provide—that plus hormones that were now raging all out of control—often led to a state of excited arousal that only masturbation could cure, at least temporarily.

For a period of several nights I had attempted to fight the temptation. I believed that if I continued masturbating I would go to hell. But, if my soul was whispering a message of its immortal danger, my body was screaming an altogether different sort of message.

I finally gave in to that call late one night. I closed my eyes, recalled the sparkling visions of male beauty I loved, and touched my rigid swollen sex, aching for release. Within seconds I was coming, shooting forth a rich cream onto the blue tiled floor.

"That was quite a performance."

I opened my eyes to see a muscular, towel-draped body standing in the steamy mist. It was John. He cast me a wry grin. I felt my face flush crimson. I didn't know what to say.

"No need to get embarrassed. We all do it. Only some of us don't admit it." He unfastened his towel, and it fell from his waist, revealing the shocking white skin beneath the border of his dark tan. Again I felt my breath go out of me as I caught sight of the thick pubic hairs that crept around the base of the proud unashamed phallus.

He walked toward me. I quickly averted my eyes and reached for a towel. I began drying myself as fast as I could, heavy with guilt and wanting only to leave the scene of my exposed embarrassment.

I heard the water from the shower nozzle splash behind me. Desperately I fought the mad desire to turn around and take another look. I imagined his eyes were upon me. What if he were the same way? No, I couldn't take the risk. It was too... And how could I even think of such a thing? It was a perversion I had to conquer. Otherwise it would ruin me. My soul belonged to God. God would never forgive me if I gave it to the Devil.

And yet, back in the dark stillness of my room, in the warm comfort of my bed, the yearning would rise up again, and I would remember the athletic symmetry of his body, the bright good-looking face, grinning at me, with

those eyes, those knowing gray eyes, catching me at my most naked moment. Again I replayed those sweet seconds of eternity in slow motion when the towel dropped away and I viewed him in all his natural perfection. Desire was like a fever racing through my body, feeding itself on the vision that stunned, appalled, and ultimately hypnotized me with its beauty.

**By** now I knew I was fighting a losing battle. There was no more denying what I was. Only the period of adjustment remained, a time I didn't doubt would most likely take the rest of my life. The possibility of facing eternity in hell alarmed me greatly. But if my suffering took the form of love was it really so sinful? Was God really the swift and vengeful author of damnation I'd always pictured Him to be? Suddenly the world around me began to crumble and then take shape again, as I began to question everything that had ever been taught to me. Gradually an awareness crept into me—a knowledge that my outlook on life had been terribly adolescent and my sophistication rather primitive.

New thoughts and emotions flooded my mind, all keyed into the same perspective: acceptance of myself as a homosexual. Intellectually the thought of being gay the rest of my life was easier to handle than those times when certain passions of self-pity were aroused. Visions of the years ahead would haunt me—lonely years as a separate man, divided from society by my secret life.

Yet, if I was to be honest with myself, there was no denying my nature. If conflict and frustration were to be a part of my life, I vowed they would have no place in the sexual arena. I knew what I wanted. All that remained was for someone to bring me out. So, when John walked into my room that day, I was ready for him.

Still, there was some fear. Fear of commitment, of making a decision that meant no turning back. John represented some area of the unknown, which mystified me while it held me in terror. More than anything, I think, I was afraid of myself.

Seeing him sitting on the bed, listening to him talk, I shivered at the secret meaning behind the seemingly casual

words, and my pulse quickened as I felt his eyes study me—those eyes that knew so much and that I didn't dare look at, dreading what my own eyes would reveal.

"What do you think of the school?" John asked me, taking a large bite out of the pizza.

"It's okay, I guess."

"I think it stinks."

"I really like Mr. Barrett, the English professor."

"Everybody at that school is third-rate. It really sucks."

"You're lucky, though. You have a bike. But you'd better be careful they don't find out at school."

"The only other person that knows about it besides you is Raymond, my roommate, and Howard, the guy whose garage I keep it in. —He would never tell."

"Who's Howard?"

"You never met Howard? He hangs around different places around town. He's pretty old. I mean he must be in his thirties. And he's queer."

"How do you know him?"

"Through some of the older guys at school. I think some of them let him blow them. I would never do that, though, I just know him as a friend. He's really not a bad type of guy, for a queer."

"I've never known any queers."

"Really? Maybe I'll introduce you to Howard."

We finished eating the pizza, stood up, and walked outside again. Hopping onto the bike and adjusting his helmet and glasses, he turned to me and said, "I really like you, Michael. From now on we're really going to be good friends." We're going to be better than friends, I thought to myself, feeling the warmth of his closeness as we raced back to the school. The bike surged forward, and, feeling its power, I felt dizzy as the potency of its life took me with it.

It was late when we got back. John told me Raymond, his roommate, had gone home to see his family for the weekend, and he invited me to his room to talk. I sat down on the chair by his desk while he went to search his closet for something.

"Do you like wine?" he asked.

"Sometimes."

"I have some here. You want to share a bottle with me?"

"Okay."

The bottle found, he poured some of the wine into paper cups and handed me one. "You like to read a lot, don't you?" he said, noticing my interest in his books. "Yes."

"I like that. I like quiet, thoughtful kinds of people. I don't know about you, but most of the guys around this place strike me as real assholes."

"I think I know what you mean."

"And the worst part is there aren't any girls here. And the girls in town are such dogs. Doesn't that bother you?"

"I don't think about it very much really. I just study mostly."

"And read books?" He grinned.

"Yes."

"Did you ever read *Peyton Place*?"

"No," I lied.

"You can borrow it if you want to. It's really good. Parts of it got me so hot I had to go down to the john and beat myself off a couple of times before I could go back to it."

**I** nodded. We drank some more, talked about books we'd read, and finally he suggested that since it was so late I could stay and sleep in Raymond's empty bed. The lateness of the hour was really a sorry pretext, since my room was only on the next floor, but the wine seemed to put a charming haze over everything. I realized that the next move was mine, that I had to give him some kind of go-ahead signal if we were ever to make it together.

"Did you ever sleep with your brother?" I asked.

"Only when we were very young."

"Me and my brother used to sleep together all the time," I lied. I didn't even have a brother. But that was really beside the point. "Can I sleep with you as if you were my brother?"

"Okay," he said, and from the way he said it I knew it really would be okay.

The lights went out, and we undressed down to our briefs. I caught the sight of the bare outline of his body made luminous by the moonlight from the large window. Trembling, I crawled underneath the warm quilted blanket with him, almost ecstatic and yet trying to keep my breathing in check. For a few moments I lay perfectly still, afraid to make any move, still afraid of any rejection or heated accusation even the most

accidental of touching might cause. As much as I wanted to, I couldn't make the first move. I had gone this far, and now I couldn't go any further. I looked up at the dark purple sky through the window and saw a round silvery moon emerge through thin, wispy clouds. For a moment I thought it smiled at me.

John turned around and said, "You're awake, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"I think I know why."

Gently he placed his lips on mine and kissed me. I was shocked, amazed, confused, and very excited. My heart was beating out of my chest as he embraced me. I felt love for the first time in my life coming close to me, so that I could touch the velvety fingers of its beauty, and feel its breathing upon mine, murmuring a rich and heavenly message.

"I love you," I heard myself say.

"I love you, too," he answered.

The next morning I awoke with a smile on my face, intoxicated by a life holding the promise of something far more bright and beautiful than I'd ever before dreamed. Sunlight was streaming through the window, and I blinked my eyes as its brilliance washed over me. Outside nature seemed blanketed in a sea of iridescent grandeur. I looked at John, peacefully asleep, his darkly tanned body against the white sheet, looking like some kind of magnificent, incredible animal caught frozen forever in a photograph.

In a few moments he awoke, coming to life, rubbing his dark, thickly lashed eyes, and blinking at me.

"Are you sorry?" I asked him.

"No. Are you?"

"No."

He smiled and came at me, pulling me down to the bed, laughing. "Let's do it again!"

"Okay!"

**The** pattern of our lives changed very much after that night. Raymond and I switched roommates, and I moved in with John. For a time we were inseparable. When summer came and he had to return to Boston and I had to go to New Jersey, we wrote each other almost daily. He found a job in a restaurant in Provincetown, and I got a job in a supermarket. We both worked with the idea of saving up enough money to go to

Europe together the following year when we graduated.

Toward the end of the summer I went up to Provincetown and stayed with him for a week. He looked healthier and more tan and handsome than ever, and I remember walking down the streets among all the tourists and feeling very proud of him.

"Is it my imagination or are a lot of guys around here looking at you?" I asked him.

"It's your imagination. They're really looking at you."

"Are they gay?"

"Yes, they're gay all right. They swarm around here from all over."

"You must get a lot of offers."



"I've had my share. But I'd never go with any of them. They're not like Michael. They're loud and feminine and promiscuous."

"Really?" You seem to be well acquainted."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing."

Later that night, walking along the beach, he said, "Do you love me enough to stay with me forever?"

"Yes, of course! Do you?"

"Sometimes I think so, and then I'm not so sure."

"Maybe you shouldn't think about it that way."

"How should I think about it?"

"Just don't think about it at all. Let's just try to be happy and have a good time."

"I know. But we're so young, Michael. Sometimes I feel like I don't know anything."

I smiled. "There's still plenty of time to learn."

His words troubled me, but I refused to let him see how deeply they had hurt. I looked up as a flock of seagulls circled

over us, then flew out toward a flaming orange horizon. How nice to be like them, I thought. To have the freedom that flying brings, without any real care or worry for the future.

**In** September we shared a room again in the dormitory. I was happier than I'd ever been before, and yet sad, too, sensing subtle changes in John. It was nothing I could be sure of—sometimes I wondered whether it was only my paranoid illusions—but I simply couldn't lose the feeling something wasn't right anymore.

In small ways we grew distant from each other, and, lacking the knowledge or experience to bridge the silence with words, I left my fears unvoiced. Most of the day we attended different classes. It was only at night, together in the room, when he came to me, that we became close in love-making.

Lying next to him after it was over, I watched him look away, light a cigarette, and stare distractedly out the window. "You're very far away. What are you thinking?" I asked.

"I've been seeing this girl," he said slowly. "I like her very much. I'd like to ask her out."

"I don't know why, but I'm not surprised. Maybe I can find someone who'll want to change rooms with me. Then I'll be out of your way."

"I don't want you to leave, Michael! I love you."

"I don't understand. How could you love me when you're interested in girls?"

"Don't you see? It has to be this way. We have to break away from each other eventually. In a few more months we'll be graduating."

"What about our plans for after graduation?"

He shook his head. "Michael, we'll always be friends. At least I hope we will. But we just can't keep going the way we've been going."

"Why not?"

"Because we're men, damn it! We're not faggots!"

"Really? What do you call the stuff we do in bed together every night?"

"It's just messing around, that's all. It's just a stage we're going through. It doesn't mean anything."

"It meant something to me."

"I'm sorry, Michael. I know this is

hurting you, and it's hurting me to say it, but it's better like this. I'm thinking of your happiness, too. After all, you don't want to end up a miserable old faggot someday, do you?"

"I'd never be miserable as long as I could be with you."

"No, Michael. It's no good. It would never work out. It wouldn't be normal. It's a perverse life. Believe me, I saw plenty of old broken-down faggots up in Provincetown. And plenty of young ones, too. But they're all the same. They all drink too much and parade up and down the streets like prostitutes. And the way some of them acted! Just like women! It turned my stomach. I don't want ever to see you becoming like that. It's not normal for a man to act that way."

"Normal? What's normal? Sometimes I don't think anything is normal."

"It's normal for a guy to act like a man and date girls and maybe someday fall in love with one and get married and raise a family. That's the way nature meant it to be."

"If nature meant us never to have sex, then how come we can do it?"

"There's a lot of things in nature that are possible. That doesn't mean they're right."

"How could it be wrong when we love each other?"

"There are different types of love. Men love each other as friends. The other love—the love that goes deeper—that was meant for a man with a woman. That's why God created Adam and Eve. And that's why he destroyed the Sodomites."

"Christ, you sound like a candidate for the ministry!"

"I know all this must be kind of hard for you to take. But someday you'll thank me for this. I just hope we can still be friends."

"I don't want to be your friend! I want to be your lover!"

"I'm sorry."

"Tell me, did you ever really love me?"

"Yes, of course. As a friend loves a friend."

"What about the love we make in bed every night? You can't tell me you don't enjoy it. In fact, you're the one who usually initiates it. You can't tell me that doesn't count for anything."

"That's not love. That's just sex."

"Oh, I see. I never knew you felt that way."

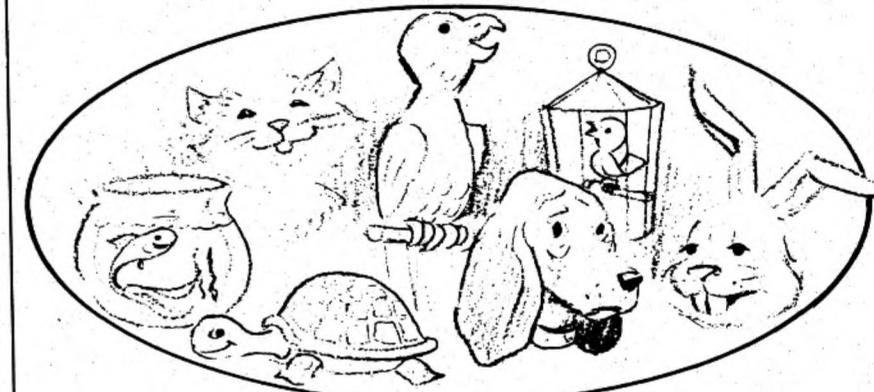
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"I'm sorry if this is hurting you, Michael."

"I know. I understand. You're doing what you feel is right. But do you know what hurts most of all? It's knowing how messed up you are. You talk about love, but you don't even know what love is. If you knew any better, you'd know you loved me! But you can't face that. You're really ashamed of what you feel for me because you can see how prejudiced other people are against it and you're not willing to handle that pressure. So don't feel sorry for me. Feel sorry

for yourself, John. At least I know what I am. You don't even know that much!"

"I might have expected you to react like this. Do you still want to be friends?"

"No, John. We'll never be friends. Lovers, yes. But never friends!"

That was the end of it. I still loved him, of course, but there didn't seem to be much I could do about it. Soon after that he acquired a girlfriend and began spending a lot of time with her. There were times when I felt him wanting to come back to me, when he seemed to be hinting that he might be partial to enjoying my body. But always I got the feeling he thought of what we did together as a weakness, and that a part of him hated himself for it.

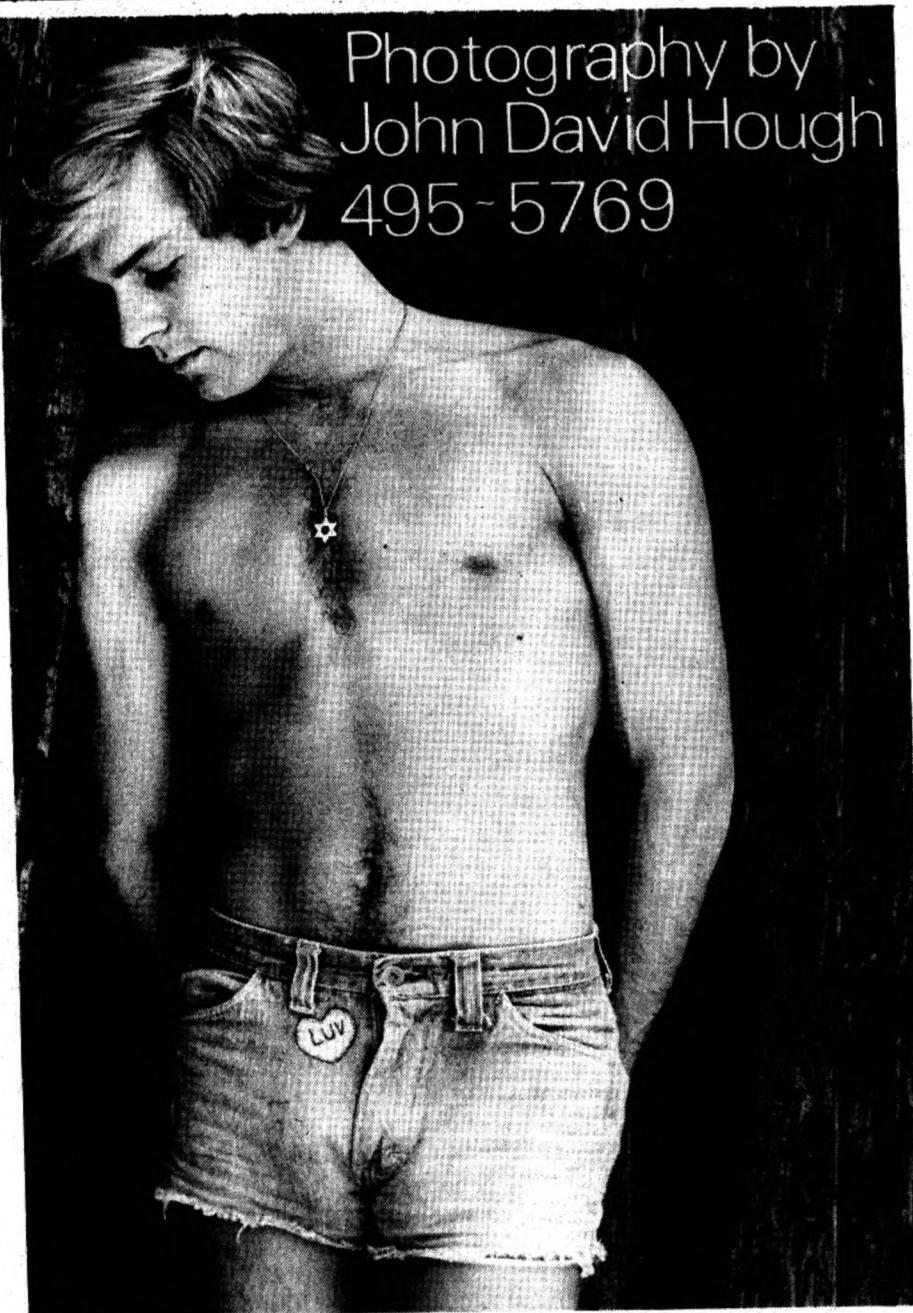
In January I found another roommate and moved out. It was difficult leaving him. I kept hoping he'd ask me to change my mind, ask me to stay, but he never did. For a while I thought that he'd begin to miss me, that eventually he'd realize how much love there had been between us. I thought of all kinds of speeches I could make, telling him how I thought he was really the one who was ruining his life, how he was really just lying to himself, telling himself he was straight, and how it didn't matter how anybody else felt about it. But something stopped me every time I tried to gather up the nerve to go see him.

Now a terrible thing happened between us. Whenever we ran into each other around the school, we'd say Hi, sometimes even talk for a few moments, but there remained a great tension beneath the words. Sometimes when he saw me and he thought I hadn't seen him he'd walk away, trying to avoid me.

Occasionally I caught sight of him with his girlfriend. They seemed happy enough, but it appeared to me it wasn't a completely spontaneous type of happiness. More like the appearance of strained good cheer when people are trying too hard to please each other. Of course, that could be just a jealous ex-lover's impression.

If I thought that time was going to change him, that eventually he'd grow up, I was wrong. There was no question in my mind that he was gay. Someday he will have to face that. I hope when he does it won't be too difficult. I still love him, and I know I probably always will. He was the first, and they say you never forget the first. ●

Photography by  
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**INTEGRITY, Inc.,** the national organization of Gay Episcopalians and our friends. Membership (\$5) includes cost of 10 annual issues of INTEGRITY: GAY EPISCOPAL FORUM, edited by Louie Crew, 701 Orange Street, Fort Valley, GA 31030.

**THE NEW S. I. R. OFFICE HOURS**  
Mon., Tue., Thurs., Fri., 9AM - 5PM  
Wed. 9AM - 8PM, Sat. 9AM - 1PM  
Sundays the Office is Closed

**FAMOUS UNKNOWN PHOTOGRAPHER:** (After Dark, Vector, Advocate, Dance Magazine, Pacific Sun, etc.) seeking to share dark room facilities (yours) for nominal fee. Call: (mornings best) James: 658-9998.

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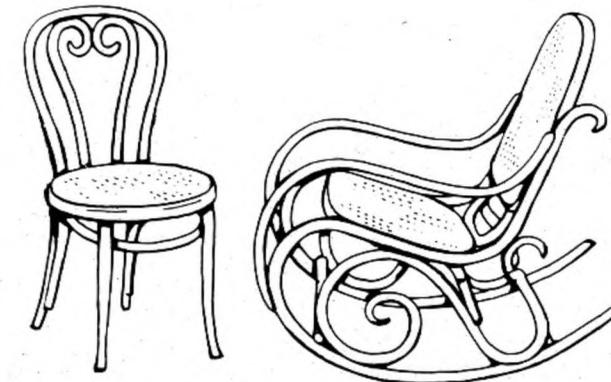
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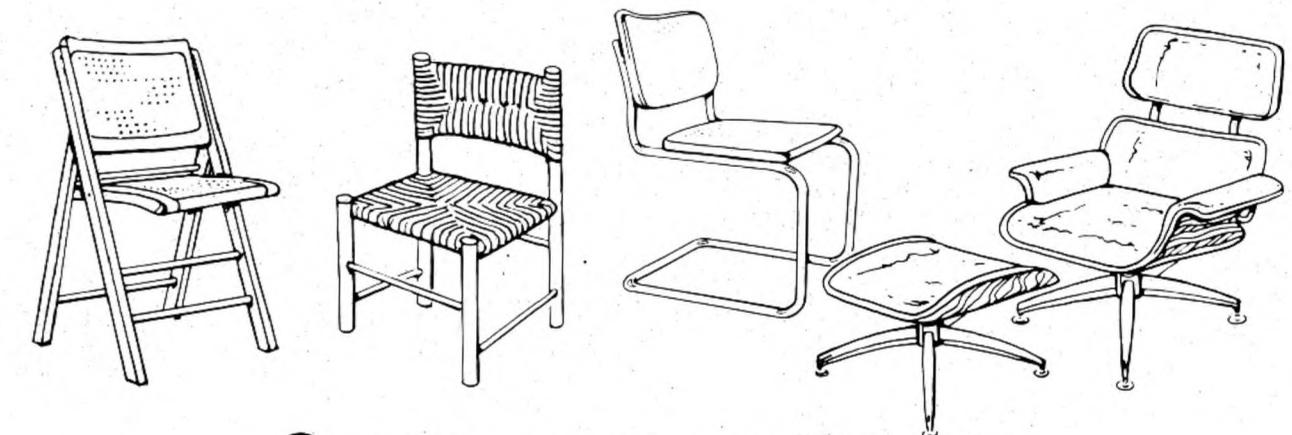
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Photo of July Cover Man, "John" by JOHN DAVID HOUGH

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