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For Eleven Years
VECTOR
The Gay Experience
September 1975
Volume 11. Number 9

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Coming out is painful and perhaps the only common denominator in the spectrum of homosexuality. We offer this as an introduction to a series of "Coming Out" experiences.

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Letters

Repressed drag queen

J. Kerry Kammer's article about the parade was a good indication that he is really a self-hating, repressed drag queen. He should try writing for the Christian Reporter.

Norm Weiner
San Francisco, Calif.

Accused of being intolerant

I would like to compliment J. Kerry Kammer on his parade article. I like being gay. However, I seem to spend a lot of time being embarrassed. Being gay doesn't change your gender (transsexuals aside). Costume royalty, either lame or leather (the only difference is the amount of Max Factor aside) seem to have a whole different view of gay life, I guess. Aside from a little joking around or shock value, which is a bore, I don't see any value in wearing a big F around my neck.

It also seems that those with the biggest F are the ones that are referred to as "spokespersons for the gay community." I've never been able to figure out what constitutes the gay community. My ears turn red when assholes like the Rev. Brothers tells the press what I am thinking. Highly unlikely that he speaks for me. He did, however, get 1,600 votes in the last election.

I also don't think being gay means being a professional homosexual. By that I mean, living, working, vacationing, eating, etc., in a gay ghetto 24 hours a day. Believe it or not, there really is a whole world out there that seems to function without purple eye shadow or hard hats on ribbon clerks. I've been accused of being intolerant. That, of course, is a vicious lie. Again, let me thank you for saying good things and saying them.

Richard Boetger
San Rafael, Calif.

Bourgeois gay writer

Thank you for your preface to the article "The Gang-Greening of Gay Pride" by San Francisco's own alliteration artist, J. Kerry Kammer. And in response to his article...

The parade was a celebration of our pride, of our loving ourselves and our gay brothers and sisters, a love he may not share. We weren't marching to prove we were normal to straight Amerika, although he might have liked that. It was a party, maybe he shouldn't have come.

One thousand marching drag queens is revolutionary. Ten thousand obsequious "normals" begging "Civil Rights, please?" is not. We are fighting for freedom. We want it all for everybody. Our cause is bigger than civil rights. We don't need laws and amendments to tell us what we can and can't do, who we can and can't be. All that bureaucracy is a sham, keeping us from getting at the root of things, keeping us from realizing why we aren't free now, all of us already.

I will express myself openly and not be called a "bejeweled, bored, and bewhiskered powdered pink person puffing by," either by oppressive straights or by a bourgeois gay writer who is trying to pass and who hasn't been on the street long enough.

Wake up and get real, Kammer! There is no time for your bullshit. Try redirecting all of that negativity you have inside away from us drag queens and toward the source of all of our problems.

Bernie Boyle
Drag queen
San Francisco, Calif.

Arkansas razorback

In my August Vector I was delighted to find a poem by Mr. Boylan. I must say I am an acquaintance of his, and upon this basis I must also request that you publish at least another of his poems. I do not consider this work to be representative of his poetry. His pornographic poetry, creating the silken images of the men in my mind with words on paper, is of a style particularly suited to the genre and to himself.

While I'm at it, please permit me to comment on your magazine. Since my introduction to Vector...
five years ago, I've seen you grow not only in stature, but also in a variety of other ways. Primary among these has been and should continue to be your widening scope of interests. In the past, I've seen you to be as narrow-minded as an Arkansas razorback. Thankfully, we've survived all that. So much so, that in recent editions, I've been particularly pleased with the contributions of H. Karp and Damon de Winters and now Robert Boylan.

Boley Carruther
San Francisco, Calif.

All mankind affects me

The article on marching got me thinking. I have marched for several organizations. I have marched in so-called "gay" parades and marches. But there is a difference. The difference stems from a basic feeling concerning things close to me. I have marched for gay parades? (I hadn't thought it over really until I read the article in the current issue.) Because if I don't, who will? This isn't true of parades. I support abortion legislation but don't expect to need one myself. I support ACLU but don't expect to help them actually try a case. But being 'gay' makes the gay parades something else. I don't only support SIR but am part of it whether I do or not. When a gay parade takes place it's part of me there. By this I mean that all mankind affects me as a human being but 'gayness' affects me as a social being as well. My every day life is tied up with being gay. Just as a father's every action affects his family and thus his thinking, so does gayness affect me.

E. Thompson
Boston, Mass.

Stepin Fetchits

Your "The Gang-Greening of Gay Pride" is just downright wonderful. All of it good reporting right here. Your analysis of some of the child- and pathetic actions—"The drag queens... are the Stepin Fetchits of the gay movement..." Right on! And furthermore they are polarizing the conflict that goes on forever between the gays and the heterosexual society that I should be confined, if not destroyed. Send them back to their closets—even if they do weep and whimper a lot. If Vector's editor feels you are speaking with "such contempt" of the drag queens who in earlier days "maimed" the bloody parades, he is expressing his opinion somewhat at odds with the words of the Pre­amble to the S.I.R. Constitution: "...we organize for: the reaffirm­ing of individual pride and dignity... the elimination of the public stigma attached to human self-expression." I do so terribly approve of all your comments. You have said something about the Gay Freedom Day parade that is very important. And so did I. I've never written an editor before today even if the book was nowhere left to go

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Son,

If you must stoop that low to be associated with such a magazine to earn a livelihood—I'm really sorry for you. We are willing to help you finan­cially if you desire to live a respectable life. Your talents should not be wasted on such trash.

Whatever gave you the idea that we might be interested in receiving a copy? No more, please.

Mother

Nowhere left to go

I have always been pleased with your magazine. I looked forward to the new issue every month. But your last couple of issues... well, I'm just astounded. Vector is, without a doubt, the most valuable publication I receive. Wining & Dining, Women Column, the fiction, and poetry—all excellent. A publication such as this makes me feel even more proud to be gay. Oh yes, your

San Francisco, Calif.

From a Vector staff mother

Dear Son,

You must stoop that low to be associated with such a magazine to earn a livelihood—I'm really sorry for you.

We are willing to help you financially if you desire to live a respectable life. Your talents should not be wasted on such trash.

Whatever gave you the idea that we might be interested in receiving a copy? No more, please.

Mother
Because Vector fortunately asked for information which I could give easily. Had the request been much more difficult, I would still try; you see Vector has earned a very high regard in my personal library.

Don't change, unless economically you are forced to. Please do not go the way the Advocate has; we like what you are—YOU!

Stuart W. Anderson, Editor
Morley Manor Monitor
Dearborn, Mich.

I will cancel

Your questionnaire mentioned porno. Please try to keep it to a minimum. That's not what gay life is all about, although lots of gays and straight think so. I think I will cancel a couple of other subscriptions because I should have done it at least ten years sooner.

Eric Zeilmer
Kokomo, Ind.

Breaking my own rule

It has been a practice of mine for over twenty years to write letters to the Editor. Usually they are very dedicated, over-worked individuals. Today, however, I find myself breaking my own rule. Why?

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THEATER
WAITING FOR THE BELL

It was a busy, busy, busy month of theatre going with lots of things reaching the pad but only one real launching. (Frankly, I'm getting a New York feeling with all of this running around waiting for the bell to ring knowing that an average Mary Tyler Moore show has more ringing than the deck that's been staggering around town.)

P. S. YOUR CAT IS DEAD!

James Kirkwood's P.S. Your Cat is Dead! is one of my all-time favor­ite books—hilarious, sexual, strange, and meaningful. The play is a lot of fun but manages to capture but a small percentage of the book's punch. Why? I can't tell. Robert Foxworth, Jeff Druce and Claudette Nevins are fantastic per­formers who romp around the stage with the energies of a cyclotron and often have moments of brilliance but... it's still mediocre television. In the privacy of your bedroom you can more easily overlook author Kirkwood's closet but in a live theatre it becomes almost an embarrassment. When I read John Simon's review of the original New York production (in New York Magazine) which closed shortly after it opened, I felt it was vicious and evil but upon seeing the local production (cast out of LA) I had a rollicking good time but... It appears we've accepted the fact that there are closets while the hip straights are beginning to resent the amount of "gay" theatre dishonest­ly clothed in heterosexuality. (Albee is a perfect example.)

SPECIAL FRIENDS

And then, as the world will turn, there was Douglas Dean's new comedy, Special Friends which was a decade late in arriving. It concerns the domestic problems of two male gay couples and has enough messages about generation gaps to keep Western Union busy for months. Author Dean (read Director Goodman) hung on to his script like a jealous mother and just wouldn't allow it to take flight so that most of the evening is grounded in platitudes, "necessary items" to be considered hip, forced drama, hopelessly dated dialogue, and an unnecessary amount of amateur acting which exacerbates the flaws in the script/direction. But (and it's a big but) Dean has managed to find Jack Wrangler (who has appeared on more magazine covers than Jackie Kennedy, including ours) and Dean has enough experience in show business to know about better mousetraps and the flock are filling his theatre nightly. The show finished it's run on sched­ule and anticipates an LA produc­tion. As a result of this financial success, some very exciting gay things are on the planning boards for the Showcase Theatre, guided by Dean's shrewdness. Experience will tell and Dean's loaded with it.

HAMLET

Then there was Berkeley Repor­tory's Hamlet about which I will quote John Simon (who was refer­ring to the New York Shakespeare Festival's recent production): Berkeley Rep adds Hamlet's scalp to an already considerable collec­tion of theatrical homicides. This is an amateur company.
IN THE MIDST OF LIFE

Then there was the schlep down to Palo Alto to witness the birth of a new professional company, Triad Production, and their In The Midst of Life, a stunningly unoriginal saga combining every theatrical technique, now tired, that breathed life to Godspell, Story Theater, et al. In this case a fine, fully professional company, beautifully organized with intelligent, sensible backing in solid business sense may flop because of the lack of an original director and an inventive script.

FINOCCHIO’S

One of San Francisco’s best loved female impersonators, Lori Shannon has filmed a segment for a forthcoming All in the Family and since she’s appearing nightly at Finocchio’s we thought it was high time (you’d better believe it) we checked out this landmark forever. On a Friday night there was a three block line waiting for admission to the 10:20 show including quite a few bus tours. Amazing! We heard of Finocchio’s popularity, but with the rest of North Beach/Broadway dying and this place has more than it can handle—somebody must be doing something right!

We entered and Mrs. Finocchio seated us (before the bords) and we watched, stunned, as body after body filled this large cavern of a club to the rafters, at $3.00 a hit. The “boys” in the band struck up the overture (not one under 50) and the show was on! And let me say right off, dollar for dollar there isn’t a place in town that offers the sheer, delightful entertainment that this place dished up that night. (Shows one and three are the same and patrons are invited to remain for a second—different—show.) Yes, there was a chorus line of very pretty drag ladies but the bulk of the evening was the variety spots offered by seasoned performers such as Russell Reed, Jackie Phillips, Lori Shannon, and Laven Cummings. The pace and energy was nothing short of stunning and how wonderful to see an audience convulsed with laughter time and time again. They loved it. They ate up every line. We loved it, stayed for a second show and can’t wait for visiting relatives to share it with. God bless Finocchios. —Richard Piro

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by FRANK FITCH

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION COUNTDOWN

At a recent California Democratic Council Board meeting, I asked Terry Sanford, “As President, would you push for the passage of a bill by Representatives Abzug and Burton, among others, that would add gay people to the coverage afforded by the 1964 and later civil rights acts?” His response was, “No, because it would not be proper to require affirmative action.” He went on to say that he would abolish executive orders responsible for discrimination in the military and civil service. Ex-Governor Sanford is mistaken if he believes the Abzug Bill would require affirmative action, and he would be too late in the case of civil service discrimination, since the Civil Service Commission is ending its past discriminatory practices on its own (spurred by a lawsuit brought by SIR and the NLG and by nearly twenty years’ work on the part of Frank Kameny).

Senator Fred Harris answered a similar question at his California kick-off party in San Francisco. Yes, he would use the power of the Presidency to urge the Congress to pass the Abzug Bill. He repeated that position to multiple standing ovations at a meeting of the National Women’s Political Caucus in Boston, Massachusetts.

The Advocate has published a June 1975 letter from Hubert Humphrey, repeating his three-year-earlier stand: “I see no reason why homosexual Americans should be excluded from equal protection under the law.” But no mention of pushing for passage of Abzug’s bill. Humphrey is thought by some to be a possible fifth or sixth ballot vactor at the next Democratic National Convention to select a presidential nominee.

NATIONAL LEGISLATION

Don Edwards, Member of Congress from San Jose, California has the ball on the Abzug Bill, HR 5452, and the Frazer Bill, HR 23667. They are in his subcommittee on Civil Rights and Constitutional Rights (Committee on the Judiciary House of Representatives, Washington, D.C. 20515), and he has total power to determine whether to hold hearings, to have a vote, or to let them die in committee. Letters to him are desperately needed from people throughout the nation.

51, THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE REFORM ACT OF 1975, is in the Senate Judiciary Committee and scheduled for floor vote in the fall. The bill is a product of the Administration. It would make it a federal criminal offense to disseminate any material describing sexual intercourse or depicting nudity. It puts the burden on the defendant to prove that he or she was subject to “unlawful enticement,” even though undercover agents employed “deception,” provided “a facility or an opportunity,” and used “active inducement” in the crime alleged. It contains severe penalties for using marijuana, allows a policeman to use deadly force to prevent the escape of a person arrested for an allegedly violent crime, without regard to the danger to the lives of others. “The bill is permeated with assumptions, points of view, and objectives, finding expression in numerous overt or subtle provisions,

BELL’S BILL

by FRANK FITCH

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that run counter to the open and free spirit upon which American liberties are based." (National Committee Against Repressive Legislation, 510 C Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.)

CONSCIENCE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

There is a nationwide organization similar to the California Democratic Council, which serves as a conscience of the national Democratic Party and as an advocate of the needs of minorities, such as gay people. This organization has you to bring your Concerns to the CDC that might serve as a place for attention of the Democratic Party.

For information on the New Democratic Coalition, contact GAA, Box 1454 Washington, D.C. 20013.

There will be a Bicentennial Conference on Gays and the Federal Government, to be held in Washington, D.C. during the weekend of October 10-14, 1975. For registration information, contact GAA, Box 2554 Washington, D.C. 20001.

BICENTENNIAL CONFERENCE FOR GAYS

JANUARY 1, 1776

The Coalition of Concerned Christians failed in its efforts to get enough qualified signatures to place a referendum on the June 1976 ballot. So the penal code changes introduced and maneuvered through the Assembly by Willie Brown Jr. and dramatically steered through the Senate by George Moscone will go into effect on January 1, 1976.

The head of the CCC, the Reverend Harvey Chinn said, "I think that the state legislature will pass on other legislation of benefit to gays." He further stated, "If I were a state legislator, I would take the failure of the referendum as an indication of what is the temper of our time." But these are the words of a deominalized fundamentalist fresh from a defeat. Even if all legislators drew the lesson Mr. Chinn anticipates, it would simply mean that they would be amenable to letters, phone calls, and visits from gay constituents urging the passage of AB 633 or SB 513 or...

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talk show opposite an anti-gay fundamentalist minister. Besides the involvement of a number of MCC members in the gay media group, MCC has played a role in the improvement of police attitudes toward gays in the East Bay, and one point it tried to set up a meeting with Oakland's Mayor Reading, who turned it down. (During his election campaign against Bobby Seale he refused to make a public statement of having held the discussion, let alone a commitment to gay rights.)

MCC's strong points are the community building and the communication process that a very diverse group of gay people can accomplish. Their warmth is infectious. I would recommend attending their services and some other program. The new church location has a history of meaningful one for you, you might want to stay and participate in the activities that grow from that, whether it's an attempt to set up an MCC ministry to gays in prison, or

parents and their gay children. Gentleman's Agreement was the only work of fiction by Ms. Hobson that made the big time, and that was nearly thirty years ago. The film version became a household word. Her attempts to explore anti-Semitic prejudice struck me as timid in certain ways as she cautiously circled about the topic. In Consenting Adult Hobson wades into the whole arena of gay rights.

The age of seventeen can be a lonely time if you are incipiently gay, unsure of your destiny, and trapped between the conflicting demands of your parents. I found myself in such a situation tragedy. A gay, unsure of your destiny, and

self-delusion that this is different, an inherent right to make an exception? It was a monstrous mistake, a little too much. Even though Hobson is laying on the self-delusion that is had some vested rights in the sex behavior of others. If ever there was a sexual aberration, here it was, her own.

Tessa's son-in-law, Nate, introduces her to the realities of the current gay scene. He is a standard liberal fixture, a newspaper reporter who is determined to produce the big story on sexual liberation. He and Jeff even become involved in the Stonewall Rebellion. This is all quite chic, but we almost feel at times that Hobson is laying on the liberal conversion of the mother a little too much. Even though Consenting Adult

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Books

LIBERAL'S AGREEMENT

by Laura Z. Hobson

Doubleday, 256 pages, $7.95

The age of seventeen can be a lonely time if you are incipiently gay, unsure of your destiny, and trapped between the conflicting demands of your parents. I found myself in such a situation tragedy. A horde of psychiatrists and other "experts" jumped into the act, and events progressed from frigid to torrid. If you want to know the intrigues encountered in this specialized form of guerrilla warfare, give Consenting Adult a try.

Laura Hobson's characterizations may strike us as old-fashioned Ladies Home Journal gush for the 1940 set, but she does convey the relentless tensions underneath the superficial smiles that are put on by
The novel runs its course to the end of 1973. What about the thousands of mothers and fathers in America who still refuse to come to grips with their gay offspring? Continued progress will come in law, psychiatry, medicine, and the churches, but how long must each of us wait for the sores of decimation and alienation festering in the hearts of homophobic parents and their gay spurned offspring to be healed?

—Frank Howell

by JEFF

SIDEREAL ASTROLOGY

Your Sun is in the final degrees of the constellation Leo. Pride is a primary attribute of all Leos. Your pride is, however, rather stern and demanding of recognition. Middle Leos pride themselves on their practical attitudes toward life. They work at developing qualities of righteousness, too, plays a big part. Taste, discrimination, and a quality consciousness both for people and for life is optimism. Righteousness, too, plays confidence and are a gracious and capable sense of your own self-worth. You radiate constellation Leo. You have a strong passion. But you must be sure. Despite the warmth that Leo can give can be very cold. You need to learn to play a little and to let your hair down occasionally. 1975 offers you a chance to be less serious and to enjoy a little leisure. Remember that being a self-made man can often leave you with a tired hand.

NGHAPPING?

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19 V EC T OR
chosen partner passes muster, you insist your warmth and passionateness. If your on commitment. For you, love is permanent-period. You are ardently romantic and have a flair for showmanship offers fun and games that you might think are beneath you. You might feel year, and all that dignity might not be Watch your temper; it could tarnish your charm this year.

constellation Virgo. Generous to a fault. Your Sun is in the early degrees of the constellation Virgo. Your mind is ceaselessly occupied with the intricate thoughts of a lightning thinker. Languages and mathematics and all forms of higher thought delight you. Your passion is rapid and impulsive, though you are usually distant and cool to intimacy. You would really rather have intellectual intercourse than any other kind. Your approach to romance could leave your partner wondering whether anything really happened. You don't stick around long enough to discuss it. In 1975 you will have to shook your insipid nature. Too many chances based on not enough facts might lead to disaster. "Easy come, easy go" could be your motto this year.

You don't like the task of straightening you don't have time for such foolishness, but the juices will be flowing this

you prefer to mother the world; to be intellectualize rather than emotionalize. Nervous and quick, you find it out just one individual, though you might make a valiant effort. You sometimes gain the reputation of a role freak and a cleanliness nut. It's just that you are meticulous and that detail is very important to you. System and order are among your chief pursuits, and you insist that those about you follow these neatness rules. In fact, you can be a character, but you're only trying to set the world and everyone in it straight. You need to learn to feel as well as to think. Some of you will have spectacular and surprising changes in your life that will be for progress have every chance of success. Most positive. Check your tendency of 1975 is a banner year for you! Your ideas you will have much to share. Take be intellectualize rather than emotionalize. Nervous and quick, you find it out just one individual, though you might make a valiant effort. You sometimes gain the reputation of a role freak and a cleanliness nut. It's just that you are meticulous and that detail is very important to you. System and order are among your chief pursuits, and you insist that those about you follow these neatness rules. In fact, you can be a character, but you're only trying to set the world and everyone in it straight. You need to learn to feel as well as to think. Some of you will have spectacular and surprising changes in your life that will be for progress have every chance of success. Most positive. Check your tendency of 1975 is a banner year for you! Your ideas you will have much to share. Take

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we render our services with the highest reputation of reliability, integrity, friendship, cooperation and skill. We aim for the dining room to announce our late arrival, ready to apologize since at 7:30 on a Friday night, every one of the ten or so tables were occupied. Due to a series of goofs on all sides we had to wait (in the bar) well over an hour and a half and what a blessing! There are real people who frequent this place and the Friendliness and open faces (in a City bar?) threw us for a moment. Guys, total strangers, nodded a hello and let it be quite obviously known that they were receptive to a rap. The "shit kickin' music" is held at a sensible volume during the dining hours to allow the chemistry to happen between humans and this fact, alone, sets Rainbow Cattle Co. far apart from its sister establishments around the Bay. It's a people place, and gorgeous people, at that. Lots of hair, jeans, smiles and—again that word—reality. We got the impression that the patrons really dressed that way as opposed to the "cos-tumes" that the weekend cowboys. from Marin down as they ride into the city in their VW's. Dan, the charming manager, had to pull us into the dining room for the second act of the show. There is no "menu" per se, and every night three specials or so are featured. This night was Barbecue for $3.25, Flat Breast of Chicken $3.75, Joe's Special, $3.00, and Oysters Louisianne for $3.25. Billy opted for the chicken which was a large flattened and pan fried breaded piece of chicken with a sinfully divine small pot of melted butter, surrounded by rice and fresh cauliflower with a cheese sauce. Perfectly seasoned (slightly under, actually), hot, ample and crunchy fresh vegetables and
who could ask for anything more? Almost every table has a full view of the entire establishment making eating/cruising/fantasizing/loving all one experience until you felt yourself taking root and not wanting it all to end.

My Oysters Louisiane was simply a miracle. One dozen (count 'em) fresh oysters cooked to perfection (that, alone, is a miracle with this fiercely difficult seafood), lightly dusted with butter, herbs and subtle cheese sitting over a perfect saffron rice in a red hot boat casserole dish. There was the taste of the sea yet in each oyster and how they do it for $3.25 is anyone's guess. The entre was sheer perfection!

Coffee was average American of Rainbow is ever flowing and they are continually changing to suit the needs of their patrons and every man present.

I was impressed, and excited, and turned on, and consequently felt human, and open, and satisfied at with lots of fine people. What a nice feeling to know that one no — Ambrose

Irish Need Not Apply

by DONALD CAMERON SCOT

"THE HOMOSEXUALS OUGHT TO PIPE DOWN. THEY ARE GETTING UNPOPULAR IN CIRCLES WHERE THEY GAVE SUCH SUPPORT AT ONE TIME BECAUSE THEY WERE SOCIAL UNDERDOGS."

Charles McCabe
San Francisco Chronicle
July 28, 1975

Gay Backlash?

THE WRITER in The Village Voice was talking about what used to be called "the sin that dares not cry its name." The trouble with that sin, nowadays, he said, is that "it can't keep its mouth shut." The "sin" is homosexuality.

The unfortunately named "gay" cause has become a pet of the media. The cause is paying the price all such pets pay. To be fashionable you must become a pet of themedia. The cause is paying the price of becoming unfashionable. What is up must come happening the pressime power of numbers and the ingrained fear of run-of-the-mill politicians in paying the price of becoming unfashionable. The cause is paying the price of becoming unfashionable. The cause is paying the price of becoming unfashionable.

It leaves most gays raging in frustrated anger that the projected image is simply not tangent to our lives at all. For example: Marcia Brandwynne recently created and aired on Channel 2 a three-part series on gays that would have been an excellent and considerably more accurate re-presentation than any ever before presented. Ms. Brandwynne recently created and aired on Channel 2 a three-part series on gays that would have been an excellent and considerably more accurate re-presentation than any ever before presented.

GAY COMMUNITY

The gay community made an elementary political discovery involving the pressure power of numbers and the irate fanatically screaming Left and the Nixon (Nazi) Right. But it, Monday, July 28, 1975, did happen and the sting was felt.

To say that the "gay" cause has become the pet of the media is to be at once accurate and inaccurate. Accurate in that the "gay" cause has received more press coverage in recent months than ever before, Inaccurate in that that very coverage of the "gay" cause is itself inaccurate. All too often that press coverage has carried with it a negative, or, at a minimum, tongue-in-cheek facetiousness, slanted perhaps by what the reporter or editor thinks is gay; or it may even be a deliberate attempt to discredit the "gay" cause by showing only the worst or silliest. Whether reported in good faith or bad, it is either event leaves the vast, vast majority of gays searching for verisimilitude between what is reported as "gay" and what we, in our own experiences, know is gay. It leaves most gays raging in frustrated anger that the projected image is simply not tangent to our lives at all.

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In a particularly abasing surrender to this sort of pressure, the San Francisco school board recently voted unanimously to outlaw "discrimination" against gay teachers.

Charles McCabe
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July 28, 1975

33

Self-Himself

Have You Seen THE CORRAL ROOM?

EVERY WEEK

TUESDAY - 50 cent Well and Beer, 8PM - 10PM
WEDNESDAY - Free Spaghetti Feed
THURSDAY - Jockey Shorts Contest
Cash Prizes - 11PM
BRUNCH - Saturday & Sunday - 11:00 to 4:00
LUNCH - Monday through Friday - 11:00 to 3:00
DINNER - Monday through Thursday - 6:00 to 10:00
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NEW "OLD WEST SALOON"
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conservative, less distinct decorating scheme. And for every one gay who prefers frills and laces, there are 100 others who do not, but the media don't pick up on that. It remains the stereotype. What the media (and the world at large) think is "gay" is what came across the television screen on a Wednesday night not too long ago.

In yet another instance of incorrect, gross misrepresentation of "gay," California Living the Sunday supplement magazine of the newspaper you work for, carried that story of "A Night in a Gay Bath," presenting again the image of the poor, miserable, sniveling homosexual wandering forever through the lonely sex maze of the "Parque Place" of his life. Would they have carried a story of what a good time I've had as a gay there? A story that I do not feel sorry for myself? A story that I am not miserable as a gay, that I do not feel that, if only I were straight, all my problems would be solved?

In still a further instance, neither the San Francisco Chronicle nor the San Francisco Examiner will carry unbiased coverage of a pro-gay story. Both refused to carry much news about the events surrounding the passage of AB 489, the Consensual Sex Bill. While both were quick to print that initial opposition of some 200-1 against Governor Brown's signing AB 489, neither carried a report on the shift in balance that virtually eliminated that apparent vast majority in the opposition camp. And since passage of AB 489 both papers have leaped with alacrity to report a wrathful rising of the opposition, giving the impression, if not making the statement, that Californians are overwhelmingly opposed to AB 489, in a covert attempt to manipulate public opinion through implicit suggestion; neither paper has reported much on the other side.

Still, though, it may be better than the dark horror stories of the past and serves somewhat to offset the mass coverage of the atrocities that are perpetrated by the few sick gays and that are so very well reported in the "media." And I know at least two ex-teachers, one of whom was suspended, not for anything he himself had done, but for his association with a known homosexual, who would disagree with the view that the School Board's anti-gay-discrimination resolution was unnecessary. While we may have legal sympathy in theory, it is practical aspects that affect our everyday lives. It takes time, money, and an enormous intestinal fortitude to get legal theory applied in practice, and all too often it simply never happens.

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where does one draw such a line, and why? For too long that line has been drawn, reflected even in our current (not future, current) law, which says in effect that it is okay (not illegal) to be a homosexual, simply because they are sexually deviant. I personally resent that word, but I realize it is correctly used to describe the condition, and I realize it is semantically correct and my reaction is a conditioning by a society using it as a slur. And I believe it is the word that I believe it is the word that is used to describe the condition, and I realize it is semantically correct and my reaction is a conditioning by a society using it as a slur.

The, inescapable impression of that column was that of "It's okay to be gay, so long as you're not a teacher." By extension, then, a lawyer? A doctor? A businessman? A clerk? A dishwasher? A janitor? Just
ten, twenty years ago, perhaps you are right. But, compared to what others might think, I will venture to doubt. I draw the perhaps presumptuous conclusion that you see AB 489 as the apex of the "gay cause," when in reality AB 489 is not yet law, when we are still in the mold that is held forth as the ultimate in goodliness, and godliness, then I would agree with you. Whether acknowledged by straights or not, it is a fact of life that married men with children are favored for promotions, positions, and jobs in general. "Proselytizing" against whose will and convictions? If forced to choose between proselytizing and arm-twisting, I will take the proselytizing any day, for that does imply a freedom to choose. Arm-twisting, such as we experience, carries no such freedom.

Nor have "the gay folk won their real battle." The battle of life that we, the School Board even needs to pass an anti-discrimination against-gays resolution; so long as columnists like you feel compelled to refer to us in terms of our sexual orientation; so long as there are the H. L. Richarsons, Donald L. Grunksys, and Ronald Regan of this world, then I do not deny us any rights because of our sexual orientation; so long as we have a world, not only "harping on the virtue of your way of life," but of life itself, "I am gay," "I am gay," the image of homosexual remains that of French Provincial frou-frou for days. The world to date has seen nor heard from yet, and until it has been, the rest of that iceberg has been neither comprehended nor believed. It has not been seen nor heard from yet, and until it has been, the image of gay will remain distorted. Not that "the gay folk have not been trying to make their real battle" until "I am gay" carries no more consequence than "I am Irish." When the day comes, if it ever does, that one of your countrymen, one of your employers, that I must get married and raise a family. It is, after all, according to them, the only way, taken so far even as to generate discrimination against singles, of both genders, whether straight or gay, in employment, taxation, promotion, and salaries. We are not allowed to say we are aware of this being, we have to, in addition, fit the mold, bow to the "proselytizing" of the straight world, or face the possibility of being used or being employed at a lower salary, or never being promoted. Whether acknowledged by straights or not, it is a fact of life that married men with children are favored for promotions, positions, and jobs in general. "Proselytizing" against whose will and convictions? If forced to choose between proselytizing and arm-twisting, I will take the proselytizing any day, for that does imply a freedom to choose. Arm-twisting, such as we experience, carries no such freedom.

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In the oppression contest few would dispute that the most oppressed group trying to be heard today (which means the least understood) among the multilevels of subcultures involves the difficult-to-define TRANSSEXUALS. Some consider this group to be in fact the third sex. Unwelcomed and misunderstood as much by the up-front homosexual community as the heterosexual world, transsexuals have been forced into minimal existence levels in the most depressed and depressing sections of major cities; forced to live amid the human and municipal garbage of the universe.

When photographer Jan Maxwell appeared in the VECTOR Editorial Offices with a portfolio of transsexuals as sexual human beings, a gloom descended among the staff. Comments were overheard such as, "It's so sick," and "Sure, they have a right to exist, but it turns my stomach," and "I'm so square even my corners have points."

Some soul-searching was obviously called for, and we all realized it was our lack of understanding on all levels that was the major turnoff. None of us had any idea just what went on after the operation or even during the hormone treatment. It seemed "unnatural" to turn a penis into a vagina, and how much of the real thing were the surgeons actually able to duplicate?

We know it's a risk, but we feel that this is a "voice of the gay community" that has not been heard by VECTOR before. All of the subjects in this photo essay are genital males. Some are pre-operative transsexuals and others post-operative. None are "female impersonators" or "female impressionists" or "drag queens."

We are in the planning stages of producing an issue of VECTOR that will revolve around the changing concepts of "gender." The Queen's English is now inadequate to serve the full spectrum, so we simply show you what is there and what is not there and hope to move from the visual to the verbal in future issues.

—The Editor
There are two sides to JASON FEELDS. On the one hand there is the carefree nine to five job guy and on the other a serious, single-minded actor.

Someday in the middle of an Economics class in the Virginia college, he was attending, the revelation came that it wasn’t a business degree he really wanted, but that it was acting. He did the turn-around and entered the drama department.

In the next two years Jason scored several successes in theatre around Virginia including a role as Mr. Slee in Entertaining Mr. Sloane and Joseph in Moon Children from drama. Jason joined a company called Youth on Stage and toured the state of Virginia in the musical version.

Jason came to San Francisco in 1968, then to New York and, more specifically, American Conservatory Theatre (ACT). He wants to explore every aspect of acting from legit stage to film. “Food and paying will take care of that later. For me, success will be making a living at what I like best—acting.”
During the past twenty-nine months all Vector staffers have been on the lookout for Asians willing to pose for a photo study. We have been long accused of being prejudiced against Asians and have faced subscription cancellations more than once.

The truth of the matter is that the Asian community is still very much tied in with "families," both in the United States and in the "old country." Many of the men who were approached at the baths, at the bars, and on the streets registered shock and horror at the prospect of "letting it all hang out" in an up-front gay publication.

On a beautiful sunny day at Oakland's fabulous gay beach, Lake Temescal, I screwed up my courage and handed my card to Chiny and his friend with the usual, "I know this sounds like a cruise technique, but..." To my surprise, with incredible warmth and dignity, Chiny accepted my suggestion. On the following morning he telephoned the office for details. I hooked him up with a staff photographer, Rick Jarrett, and the rest is here for the ages.

CHINY CHOW GRANSTEDT is a twenty-seven-year-old Virgo of Chinese-Siamese origin, having been born in Thailand. His occupation is purveyor of oriental Chinese antique imports, which he sells through his shop at the intersection of Lombard and Steiner streets in San Francisco—PRINTS OF THE EAST.

His primary interest lies in Sinology, especially Chinese martial arts; he has traveled widely in America, Europe, and Asia. Currently he lives with his sister on Nob Hill surrounded by treasures from the East. Primary characteristics? Dignity and warmth.

— Editor
In my not infrequent encounters with heterosexually functioning men I am constantly amazed when they declare that their primary fantasy of experiencing gay sex is to be fucked. Of equal amazement is the fact that great numbers of men functioning exclusively as homosexuals have little or no comprehension of the experience of being fucked.

My wise friend Joe says that, if God didn’t intend men to fuck each other, He wouldn’t have placed the prostate gland where it is. (For those of you who are afraid to ask: When a doctor is in need of a sperm sample, he inserts his lubricated, rubber-covered finger into the anus and massages the prostate gland which is several inches in beyond the opening. Immediately drops of sperm appear at the tip of the penis without erection or an orgasm. One can imagine this same massage technique for real when, turned on sexually, having an erection, one is entered by an excited partner’s penis, where the source of the orgasm is dealt with directly, giving orgasms that are often deeper, longer, and incredibly more satisfying as they send out rings of fire throughout the body from in-step to scalp.

Lucky indeed is the man/boy who first was fucked at an age when the body’s elasticity was such that it could accept “foreign” bodies with a minimum of discomfort; as cocks got larger so did the reception mechanism. But for an adult male being fucked for the first time (and sometimes even the fiftieth time) the penetration can be a cause of pain that almost defies description. It’s as if the center core of the body is being burned and stretched at the same time, and the man loses a source point (the anus) and consumes the whole body so that passing out is not infrequent when the partner refuses to pull out. Pornographers who describe this pain as suddenly turning into ecstasy have no basis in reality, and a violent first fuck often requires medical attention. On the other hand, I have heard heterosexual men describe a painless first fuck they experienced while in military service, giving further proof that the main key to success lies in how much one wants the experience.

Before we get into some of the spiritual/emotional expressions of male/male fucking, we should get through the technical considerations. The key to a satisfying and enjoyable fuck lies in the ability to relax the sphincter muscles, which nature designed primarily as a one-way control—the wrong way. Here is a case where the mind is incapable of overriding the body’s signals. You may think you want it, but, if there are enough reservations (and it is primarily a head trip), the body is going to rebel. So one needn’t bother even trying. It’s going to hurt.

... MAN IS THE ONLY ANIMAL GIVEN A CHOICE AS TO THE USE OF HIS OWN BODY. THEREFORE, WHAT APPEARS MOST "UNNATURAL" IS, IN EFFECT, MOST HUMAN.

Penis size deserves some consideration. A small, thin penis can be deadly. A large, thick cock can be delightful. Why? The anus is lined with folds of tissue. A large cock pushes these folds as far back against the wall of the canal as possible so that the thrusting motions are not met with resistance, and once through the unwilling reception of the sphincter you’re home free. However, a thin penis may cause these folds to bunch up (pinch up) and with each thrust there will be the pain of displaced tissue, which shifts with each movement. The length of the cock is not a consideration. If pushing too far is a problem, it can easily be controlled by the "fuckee." For sphincter difficulties there are several lubricating gels available, from the common KY (used by surgeons) to Vaseline, with several exotically flavored and scented ones in between that are nontoxic. KY is more wet, does not stain, is water soluble, but dries.
Ir ij GIVING WITH THE ULTIMATE ACT OF TAKING. DOMINATION AND SUBMISSION AND NEITHER.

almost instantly upon contact with air. Vaseline is apt to be sticky and greasy. Many novices prefer a combination of both, with liberal amounts of Vaseline placed inside the anus (and this process does much to relieve the anxieties and g gently begins to break down the sphincter’s resistance) and with KY being smeared all over the entering cock. There are also hand lotions, massage lotions, hair tonics, butter, and saliva. Some couples find that, when the “fuckee” takes care of his own lubrication, he can more gently learn to relax the sphincter and feel that the point of entry (angle of cock and anus) is prime so that, if there is discomfort, they can alter their knowledge that the pain will go away and the couple may continue. But it is difficult to tell someone in pain to “relax and enjoy.” Just to lie still is often more fantasy than reality. When the “fuckee” loses his own erection, it’s time to reasse the situation.

For those still so uninhibited as to consider the “roles” in a male/ male fuck, a quick look at some definitions can clear up some misconceptions. The mouth that bites is hardly passive. The hand that reaches out and grasps, or claws, or strikes, is hardly passive, and the anus that searches for the cock is also hardly passive. Some men pro—claim with pride that “I never feel so totally masculine as when I’m being fucked, and I would be hard pressed to come up with exact definitions of who’s giving and who’s taking—” it’s that total an experience in sensuality/sexuality.” Some believe that, as women catch on to the same points, their macho uniqueness of being fucked while being touched, and many often masturbate themselves or are masturbated by their partner during intercourse. One man described the uniqueness of being fucked while he was engaged with friction against the anus that searches for the cock. Some men are able to claim instant electric shocks to the libido. Not all men are able to “orgasm” while being fucked, and many often masturbate themselves or are masturbated by their partner during intercourse. One man described the uniqueness of being fucked while he was on his stomach: “My cock was engaged with friction against the sheets; my lover covered my entire body with his and he fucked me in the middle of so many sexual experiences that it all converged into a glorious unit. One day I asked if we could change places. And you know what? It’s cold being out there with only my cock engaged. I want more. I feel some sadness that he can’t get into it—being fucked—so that I cannot give the man I love what is the ultimate—“for me. We can’t seem to share this very important thing; but I’m working on it.”

Male/male fucking is often messy. Some men are able to contain the sperm in their rectal canals for a long time (at least till morning), but others have to reject it instantly by leaping out of bed and running to the bathroom. If the “fuckee” has an organ, there’s sperm to deal with between the bodies—all ground into pubic, belly, and chest hairs. What with tubes to cap, towels to wipe, bodies to clean, and cans that must empty—why do we bother? The question isn’t so much: Why do we bother? But, Why don’t we bother enough?
This used to be a wonderful town.
Down around Market
Or at the Black Cat
They'd say — "Hey! —You look just like Elvis!"
really did, too.
I could make ten bucks
Any night then—Easy.
But something's happened
To this town —It's lonely —Cold hearted now.
Today someone called me — "Pop."

Across the Rio Grande
By night.
Up from the barrios
Of old L.A.
Dishwasher,
Waiter,
Bus boy —
But last night
At the drag ball —
Beautiful,
Elegant,
An aristocratic
Princess.

I can't understand
The young ones today —
Moustaches!
Beards!
In my day
That sort of thing
Wasn't ladylike.
And marching in parades
For all the world to see—Heavens!

They're so serious, too —
Politics! Human rights?
Don't they scream
Mad, bitchy things,
And give each other
Nellie names.
The way we did?

In my day
Our sin just didn't
Dare to speak its name,
And God did mine—
(He wasn't dead then.)
We were dirty, dear,
And we knew it too.
Everyone reminded us.

I don't understand
The young ones today —
But, of course,
I've always lived
In a closet.

I was seduced yesterday
On the Presidio bus
Late in the afternoon.
By day
The park
Drowses peacefully.
Its trees are tame;
Paths and flowerbeds
Precise.
A gentle place.

By night
The park
Becomes a jungle.
Lust prowls the bushes;
Beasts of prey lurk in
Its shadows.
A deadly place.

Yes —
If you must know —
This is the latest issue
Of Ladies' Household.
I buy it every month.

Why? —
Because I like to
Keep up on the dress styles
And how to do the hair
And apply makeup.

Drag? —
Of course not! I just happen
To like such things.Any objections?
For example —
In the magazine
Is a story about a woman
Trying to adjust to life
After a divorce.

Believe me —
That story is so true.
I read it twice.
It could very well be
About me.

Did I tell you? —
My roommate just left me
For a young blond,
Leaving me with
Heartache, two dogs,
And a mynah bird.

Don't cry
Pretty boy —
You're despairing,
Heart broken —
But there's nothing
You can do about it.
It's an old story.

Books can't tell you,
Churches damn you,
Doctors don't know,
Shrinks waste time,
So dry your eyes,
Pretty boy.

Just accept love
Where you find it,
And give love back.
You'll be in good
Company, my boy—
And there'll be
Plenty of it.

What? —
No, I don't have a light.
Yes —You can sit here if you want.

Am I looking? —
Yes, I am looking.
I'm looking for a certain
Young man.

Why? —
Because I want to tell him
I'm sorry for what I said.
I just didn't understand —
But somehow I'll adjust
To a new view of things.
I only know that I love him
And want him back.

What does he look like? —
Well, he looks a lot like me.
You see —
He's my son.
Michael Young

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN COLLIER

There is a lot to know about MICHAEL YOUNG but unspoken ground rules say that it must be done at his own pace.

The space around him is his own and abrupt intruders are met with a shyness that may seem like cold indifference. It is in the comfort and trust of a growing friendship that you can feel yourself enveloped by this space as the soft brown eyes begin to reveal a whole and complex person.

Michael, at age twenty-three has a firm vision of his future: entertainment. To date, his accomplishments would not overwhelm you, but whether he's amazing crowds at the Folk Street Fair with his juggling act or as a member of a Renaissance Faire acting troupe, he marks his success by mastering the craft at hand.

Giving up a much sought after scholarship to a San Francisco ballet school because it left him no room to explore, Michael plans to return to college to study acting, modern dance, voice, and gymnastics.

Michael is a natural person without the pretensions of the times. The common thread running through all his activities is the knowledge of and confidence in his body and physical abilities. To the photographer, he has the priceless talent of being able to transform complex ideas into the physical grace of a pose. He does not take his physical abilities lightly; they are gifts to be used wisely. They will be his ultimate reward.

There is no doubt that someday we will all know Michael Young to some degree. In whatever form it comes to you, treasure it; he is a nice guy to know.

—Stephen Collier
Society for Individual Rights' Annual

Fall Fair Carnival

Sunday, September 14th
Noon to Eight pm
Admission $2.00

Meet the New Emperor

Movies
Dancing
Booths
No Host Bar
Food

S.I.R. Community Center
83 Sixth Street, San Francisco

COMING OUT!

The Struggle to Be Gay

Dear Richard:
The enclosed article is an essay
left for me by an unidentified
junior college student in response
to my plea for "Out on Campus"
materials. I was going to edit out
the quotations, but I decided in­
stead to send the entire thing to
you and to let you do what you
wish with it.
The paper actually was sub­
mitted as a term paper for a junior
college sociology course. Either by
choice or by oversight, the person
neglected to leave his name. In any
event, although it's not an especial­
ly profound article, it does seem to
me to be a gutsy thing for a young
person coming out in the very im­
personal environment of a state jun­
or college, to have done.

In the gay world the process by which
one comes to terms with and accepts his
homosexuality is referred to as "coming
out." For most homosexuals, coming out
is a slow and often perplexing process.
The problem of "coming out" is a very
real one for most homosexuals. It's some­
times very difficult to face parents or
friends and tell them openly something
that you have kept hidden for a long time.

For too long it has been an unques­tion­
able assumption that every American
boy or girl does, or should, grow up to be
heterosexual. Such an expectation has
contributed to much of the suffering of
those whose sexual development is
otherwise. People tend to assume either
that one is a homosexual or that one is
not and knows it. The homosexual is a
person without a culture. He is born into
a society that regards him at worst as a
criminal and at best not at all. Being gay
is no easy thing. There are many obstacl­
es we must overcome in order to be
happy with ourselves.

The person who suspects he might be
rejection, especially from those you feel
close to.

enger for the next six years, I went
through hell trying to convince my­
self that I was straight like the rest of the
people around me.

The person who suspects he might be

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homosexual is not likely at first to greet the idea with great happiness. He knows that our Western society detests homosexuals; he may feel guilt about himself; and he can assume that life will be more difficult for him as a homosexual than as a heterosexual. Someone may really like homosexual affairs and have lots of experience, but he will hold off admitting that he is gay. It may be years before he will even call himself a homosexual.

At this time in a homosexual's life he might attempt to go straight, thinking that with time he can lead an "acceptable" straight life. The whole notion that, if a homosexual forces himself to engage in heterosexual relations, he will eventually come to prefer them through sheer force of habit is sadly erroneous. Habit may lead a homosexual to follow one particular type of homosexual lifestyle rather than another, but it cannot make him something he is not. This myth is largely responsible for the bad treatment that we as homosexuals receive from society. When sexual orientation is believed to be a matter of choice, it becomes easy to see the homosexual as a criminal or sinner, refusing to comply with the standards of his society. Parents and friends do not really comprehend homosexuality's nature when they think it is chosen as an alternative. A homosexual does not choose to be homosexual; he merely accepts it, if he can.

I was in high school when I first felt really strong sexual feelings toward guys. The desire to have a male close to me was there, and I had to deny it. I was the only gay in the whole place. There was no one to talk to about my feelings, no contacts, nothing. My high school days were very frustrating for me. With all that frustration, I felt a desperate need to tell someone about my feelings. I ended up telling some of my really close friends that I had a sexual identity crisis between being gay and straight. I could not tell them that I was gay because I could not accept my own gayness. I was trying to get them to tell me that I was straight. Many hours I spent crying by myself and with my friends because I knew I was gay and so desperately wanted to be straight. My friends were very encouraging and told me not to worry and said that I would find out in time. More time was the last thing that I needed. All that meant to me was more time to cry and feel sorry for myself.

"I want to know if I am gay. I want to know right now."

With that thought in mind, I went to the Gay People's Union at Stanford, hoping that someone would tell me that I was gay. That was not how it went. I ended up talking about myself to a really honest gay person for the first time in my life. I was around gay people just like me, and it felt great. That day I finally accepted myself as a homosexual, and I felt higher than I had ever felt before. It is wonderful to be gay; I am normal; I am okay. I am finally happy! Thank Stanford GPU for this self-awareness.

The happy feeling lasted only a short while because I knew I had to tell those I am close to the good news. There was one slight problem here: to whom else would it be good news? Determined to be happy, I chose to tell my mother, of all people. Two weeks later, and with a lot of courage, I decided to tell her that I was indeed genuinely a gay person. Of course, I was scared shitless of being rejected by my very own mother. Anyway, being gay and proud of it, I had to tell her the good news.

Earlier in the morning of that big day, I had gone out to Stanford. I went to see whether I could find any information to help me write this paper that you are reading. I did not find much there and went home to tell my mother.

When I got home, she asked me where I had been with her car. My reply was, I went out to Stanford GPU. The conversation went somewhat like this:

MOM: GPU? What does that stand for?

ME: Gay People's Union.

MOM: What?

ME: Gay People's Union.

MOM: Why were you there?

ME: I'm gay!

MOM: You are what?

ME: Gay!

MOM: I will not have any queers in my house.

ME: Well, I guess that includes me.

The conversation ended shortly after it had started. The two of us did not talk about it till that night, when she got home from work.

Then we had a long talk, which gave us a good understanding of each other. We had come to terms on my being gay. She just does not want me to get hurt; she wants me to be happy. My mother has accepted me for what I am. I love her more and more as time goes on.

Some problems arose in my attempt to tell my friends that I am gay. Few people want to know that a friend is gay, because it puts them on the spot. What do you say to a close friend you have just discovered is gay? How do you re-evaluate your past relationship? What can you expect from your friend in the future? Can things go on as they always had, or will the relationship need to be altered, or terminated?

Fear plays a major part in people's reactions. Many people believe that everything a gay person does has a sexual motivation, that every act and every word is part of a plan to get someone else to bed.

Why is homosexuality such a dramatic issue? Some of the answers can be found in the roles men and women are supposed to play in our society. Both masculine and feminine roles are maintained by the dread of homosexuality—the role to which all behavior inappropriate to each role is ascribed—but a larger issue is made over the matter with regard to men, for the masculine role determines the social structure more directly and must be closely guarded. This is why anti-homosexuality is institutionalized in our society.

We gay people—like all other minority groups—have been taught since childhood that we are inferior to other human beings. Priests denounce us as sinners, and Communists see us as people who are decadent. Ordinary people call us dykes, lessies, fairies, faggots, and queers.

Society has taught us to hate ourselves. We have been socialized in a thousand ways to want to be straight. Many gay people have fallen for all the anti-gay propaganda and have drowned under the lie. They have been guided to wish that they were not gay (that is, that they were not themselves). When gays fall victim to this mind assault, life can be hell on earth, an emotional desert of loneliness and guilt. For some the pain has been so great that they could find solace only in alcohol, drugs, or suicide.

Were ours a more tolerant society, individuals who felt homosexual inclinations would not have to be afraid to act on them. There would be no need to hide, no need to attempt to develop a heterosexual orientation, if it did not come naturally.

I have gone through an immense struggle, and the outcome of it is a happy gay person who is like you and me.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

There are few universes among gay people but one of them, certainly, is the fact that each of us, at one dramatic point in our lives, "came out." We feel that this is important enough an act to share with those millions struggling for interior/exterior harmony—as we did.

Therefore, VECTOR invites submissions of individual coming-out stories in the hope of establishing a regular series titled: COMING OUT.

- 48 VECTOR
IT WAS JUST A LITTLE BOX
ad in one of those offbeat gay magazines:

BOY FOR SALE
17 Years Old.
Nice build, genuine article,
Available In blond or brunet,
Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed.
Write Box 4778M.

There had to be a gimmick, of course. Probably one of those stupid inflatable
Dolls, I thought, or maybe a come-on for
movies or photo sets. I just laughed and
went on browsing through the other ads,
but for some reason I kept going back to
that one. There was something about it
that intrigued me, and I finally cut the ad
out, pasted it on a piece of paper, and
scribbled a note asking for more informa-
tion.

But the answer, when it came a few
weeks later, gave no more information. In
fact, it was such a brief formal business
letter that it look a couple of readings be-
fore I realized it was the answer to that little ad:

Dear Mr. Hansen:

Thank you for your letter of the 16th,
your Interest is most appreciated.
I have forwarded your name to our East
Coast representative who will be happy
to show you one of our display models
and answer any questions you may have.
Again, thank you for your Interest.
C. V. Varick, Ph.D.
President
Buddy Boy Corporation

The letter a few days later from a Mr.
Goodrich was equally vague and suggest-
ed an appointment the following week-
end over in Orlando. There was a phone
number to call to confirm the appoint-
ment, but I never did. I couldn't see driv-
ing way over to Orlando on a wild goose
chase over some crazy advertisement. But by Saturday afternoon I'd talked
myself into going over there anyway. I'd
wanted to do some shopping, and, after all,
it had been a while since I'd checked
out the Orlando bar scene. So I thought,
if there was nothing better to do, I might
go talk to the guy and see what this mys-
terious scheme was all about.
The appointment was at one of the big
new hotels out near Disney World. It was
an impressive place, and the suite I was
directed to was even more impressive.
Whatever this is all about, I thought, it's
no two-bit operation.

"Mr. Hansen?"

"Yes."

"Good evening, I'm Lyle Goodrich.
Won't you come in?"

He was a tall, impeccably dressed
businessman, middle-aged, pleasant-look-
ing, obviously a salesman.

"We received your inquiry," he went
on, smiling smoothly, "and we appreciate
your taking the time to look over our
offer..."

"I'm really not sure I know what this
is all about," I interrupted, laughing
nervously.

"Oh, it's quite as represented in the
advertisement," he smiled.

"You mean you have a boy for sale?"

"Yes."

"A real live boy?"

"Of course."

"I don't..." I mean, you can't expect
me to believe that.

"Come with me," he nodded, still
smiling as he led me to an adjoining room.
And seated on the edge of the bed was
the most gorgeous blond I've ever seen.
"Buddy, meet Mr. Hansen."

"Uh... Hi," I gasped, but the boy just
looked up at me with big brown puppy
eyes and smiled shyly.

Oh God, he was beautiful! Long soft
blond curls, a fantastically little muscular
body—he was sitting there totally naked—
and the most angelic boyish face.

"But the ad said seventeen," I blurted;
"he doesn't look..."

"This particular Buddy Boy is almost
seventeen," Goodrich pursed smoothly,
"but we can supply models in most any
age range, race, body type, hair color—
whatever your personal preference re-
quires."

I was speechless. I stood there staring
at the boy, and he just sat there looking
back at me with those big sexy eyes. I
couldn't believe it; I just couldn't believe
it.

"Come over here, Buddy," and Mr.
Hansen bold you.

And the boy rose slowly and walked
over to me and cupped up in my arms. Oh
Jesus, he just smiled against me, his warm
naked body pressing against me, his curvy
head on my shoulder, purring like a small
kitten. And without even thinking about
it, my hands went down and gripped his
sweet little behind. Oh God! Instant ar-
ousal. And my head was swimming, my
whole body electrified.

The salesman said something—I don't
know what—and the boy gently disengag-
ed himself and sat back down on the bed.
But his boyish face beamed back up at me
with a look of sheer adoration, and I
couldn't help notice that he was aroused,
too.

"Perhaps we can talk better if we're
not so distracted," Goodrich laughed as
he guided me back into the other room.
He poured some drinks while I calmed
down a little. I really needed that drink,
but I managed to slug it down without
taking my eyes off the closed door to the
bedroom.

"You seem quite fascinated by our
little display model."

"Oh, he's beautiful," I grinned self-

Illustration: R. W. Berg

Boy for Sale
by HAROLD HANSEN

51
"The kind of love our arrangement can give you is totally unlike anything you have ever experienced before... or likely ever will again."

"Yes," he smiled, "this particular Buddy Boy is rather charming, he was raised on a farm in Minnesota... Swedish heritage and, of course, that you had the financial resources to enter into such a contract if you so choose."

"Financial resources? My financial resources are practically negative."

"But my father...""Don't be so modest," he smiled; "Your family is one of the wealthiest in Florida."

"Carefully selected?""Yes, we took the liberty of running a computer check on you before we answered your letter. We had to assure ourselves that you were the caliber of person with whom we would be willing to do business."

"I'm afraid that's a little steep," I said, grinning at my own understatement."

"Really, Mr. Hansen," he smiled, "we... our arrangement can give you is totally unlike anything you have ever experienced before... or likely ever will again."

"But that's...""Really," he answered, still smiling, "and I don't want you to make up your mind too precipitously. Please accept our hospitality and spend the night here with that charming little blond boy and see for yourself that he is absolutely no obligation, and, if in the morning you are still undecided, then you can let us know later. We don't have to use high-pressure sales tactics; so whatever decision you arrive at can be made entirely at your leisure."

"Well, what could I say—that I had only three hundred and some odd dollars in the bank, and that I couldn't buy their blond Buddy Boy for a month, much less for two and a half years— but what the hell, I thought, why pass up a chance to sleep with that sexy blond chicken?"

"Your family is very well known," he went on, "and there is some considerable promotional value in having someone with your connections and social standing being associated with us... yes," he thoughtfully, "yes, and you're quite young and attractive yourself, which would be an advantage... Uh, most of our clients are, of course, somewhat older usually... Uh, yes, Mr. Hansen, we might be able to work out a special arrangement in your case if I can get Dr. Varick's permission."

I signed all the papers. There were pages and pages of them, and I didn't care what they said, I just signed my name. All I cared was that Buddy and I would be together. There was a lot of talk about being a company representative, working for them, demonstrations or something, I don't know. Buddy and I would be together; that's all I cared about—Buddy, my beautiful little Buddy.

Goodrich took me into another room with a lot of expensive-looking electronic equipment, and he strapped some electrodes on my head. It was an electroencephalograph, he said, to help them make the final programing adjustments that would make me and Buddy even more compatible. Oh God, how could we be more compatible? Then he gave me an injection. A sedative, he said, to make me relax while he recorded my brain waves— brain waves... and then some. Unbelievable. Absolutely unbelievable. He was everything the man had promised, had implied, had even hinted at, and much— much more. Insatiable, totally unconditionally devoted, and yet so tender, infinitely tender. Warm, warm, happy—so happy. I'd never known the feeling of being wanted by someone else so happy, of bringing someone so much joy that his joy and his happiness flowed back into me, flooding me..."

"But my father...""But that's slavery!"

"Not at all," he laughed. "I assure you, Mr. Hansen, the arrangement is absolutely legitimate. We have perfectly legal contracts with the boy and his parents. No one has ever been deceived..." And, of course, includes programing alterations to suit the Buddy Boy to the client's personal preferences and any remedial or corrective programing that might be necessary. We can provide special programing changes from time to time, if desired, for an occasional fee, but the cost of that would depend on the nature of the program requested... and, of course, he needs to be absolutely compatible with the other requirements of the contract for the first half of the year. We're talking about a minimum commitment in the amount of fifty thousand."

"I never said I was rich... I mean, I didn't mean to mislead you, but..."
They were both pretty high. Ronnie pulled his shirt over his head, but the movement was clum-
ness, and when he leaned back against the bed again, his hair was tousled. He was laughing
hysterically. His pants were unzipped, but he seemed to have lost the ability to go any further.
And then Sean leaned against him, falling across his body, and after that it was all a tangle of brown skin
and pale white flesh. No one paid any attention to them, and that was how Ronnie lost his virginity.

It was almost dawn when he woke up. Sean was still asleep at his side. He could hear voices in the
next room, but there was no one else in sight. He sat up stiffly, his hip sore where it had been pressed
against the hard floor. He sorted through the clothes that they had thrown aside and found his shirt,
extracting a cigarette from the pocket. It tasted foul, and his head was beginning to ache, but he didn't feel
ready to move just yet.

Look at him: His ribs are visible, even in the dim light, and his sole hip is flushed pink. His body is
pallid and almost hairless, except for the soft down between his legs. One would suppose him to be very
young, and in fact, he is. But how young, he has never said.

Next to him, Sean is a complete contrast. He is so
young, and in fact, he is. But how young, he has
never said.

Next to him, Sean is a complete contrast. He is so
dark that his nipples could not be seen even if they
were not covered by a thick mat of brown hair. Only
his abdomen and his buttocks are pale, and even they
are several shades darker than the skin of the boy be-
side him.

He is lying on his side, his legs drawn up and one
arm thrown over his head. He twitches in his sleep, as
scratch, hard and rasping, and then rest there, knuck-
les just barely grazing a nocturnal erection. 

Tentatively Ronnie touches him in the same place,
watching, his free hand coils itself in pubic hair to

If plagued by bad dreams. And once, while Ronnie
watches, his free hand coils itself in pubic hair to
scratch, hard and rasping, and then rest there, knuck-
les just barely grazing a nocturnal erection.

Tentatively Ronnie touches him in the same place,
but Sean does not wake. Ronnie's fingers, moments
later, still tingle with wetness and heat.

When he stands, looking out the window, it is
even more apparent that he is not merely slender but,
in fact, unusually thin. His buttocks are flat and his
hips are narrow—a large man could encircle them with
his hands. He is beginning to feel restless but at the
same time indecisive. He glances back at Sean, who
hasn't moved. He listens to the voices in the kitchen,
but they are not familiar. At last, with a sigh, he stubs
out his cigarette in an ashtray that is already overfull
from the party the night before and leans forward
slightly so that his body is caught by the curtains,
which press against him, buoyed by the breeze from
the open window. Outside it is still dark, and there is
nothing to be seen except for the silhouettes of the
trees.

He touches himself, his fingers remembering the
dampness and warmth of Sean's body. He turns and
gingerly lies back down next to the sleeping man. As
the light grows brighter, his body will turn opalescent,
almost blue for a moment; the veins in his penis throb,
slick with sweat and smegma, as he makes love to
himself in the only way that he had known before
last night. His hips jerk silently, and he almost moans
as the final spasm overtakes his body.

Dressed again, he leaves quietly, the soiled under-
pants that he had used to clean himself with clutched
in one hand. Still Sean has not stirred. But soon the
sun will awaken him, seeking out his burnished body
until it will glow like copper. And then, discovered,
he will be left with only himself to hold, and that
will not be enough.

In the misery of a morning after, he will begin to
remember all of the things that he has not said, and
they will remain with him, like a throbbing ache,
throughout the rest of the endless day ahead.

HELLO."

There is a moment, while he strives to recall
the particular timbre of that voice.

"Hello Ronnie?"

Again the pause.

"It's me, Sean."

"Oh, how are you?"

The voice is flat, interrupted by scarcely audible
clicks.

"I'm sorry. This connection isn't very good. Can
you hear me all right?"

"Yes."

Now he is not sure what to say. He begins rapidly.
"I tried to call you earlier. I was... a little worried
that you might not have gotten home all right. I... 
missed you, this morning."

Send me VECTOR for one year. I endorse $10 for 12 issues.
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
VECTOR MAGAZINE, 83 Sixth Street, San Francisco, California 94103
er, more of an affirmation. "I'm sorry. But I'd promised to meet a friend. I only just got home a few minutes ago."

"Well, how are you?"

He didn't mean to ask it like that. But it was so difficult over the phone.

"Fine. A little hung over, but it's not too bad."

"I mean..."

What did he mean?

"... how do you feel about last night? I..." He is searching for words. "I wanted you to know that it wasn't... it wasn't just what it might have seemed. It was... important to me."

"Oh God, how lame! But would he understand?"

The voice that answers is softer, less carefully modulated than it has been too. But I wasn't sure...

"Oh God, Ronnie, I... I want to see you again, soon. Tonight? Ronnie, there's so much I have to say..."

And now it is all smoother.

"Over here? I have to go out again today."

This last sounds rather perfunctory. He had meant it to be firm, and puts the receiver back in the cradle. He is trying to remember exactly what Ronnie looks like. He was thin and seemed so fragile, and his armpits held an odor of musk. But water has trickled down, catching in hair that is so fine that it is invisible except when it is wet. He leans down to scratch one thin, awkward ankle and realizes that the floor is soaked where he has been standing. He loosens the towel that is around his waist and uses it to mop up.

But he is not thinking of the wet floor or of the shower that he had just stepped out of when the phone started to ring. His mind is suffused with a glow that is partly physical and partly something else. It is a feeling of elation, and it has been present just underneath the surface of his mind ever since he masturbated while lying next to the nude body of his lover of the night before. His first lover... The knowledge that Sean had desired him, and desired him still, gave him a sense of fulfillment such as he had never known before.

He dressed carefully and hurried out to finish the errands that had to be done. He looks at himself in the mirror, and sees himself as he had never known before.

The murrm of voices, close, and yet so careful and slow that they sound almost distant.

When they make love again, it will not be in a cloud of alcohol and marijuana. They will be seeking something that they did not have the night before; a sense of importance, of commitment. The night before had been so casual, and they will not want that again. They will touch each other firmly, yet tremulously, each trying to guess what the other's most secret need is. It will all be new for Ronnie, and for Sean, who has had so much experience, it will be like the first time, too. And afterwards, on their own, will they be able to really talk?

It will be in the early hours of the morning when they finally fall asleep, lying naked side by side. They will not pull the sheet back up, and their bodies will touch lightly; Sean on his back, one hand against the top of Ronnie's head; Ronnie on his side, one hand upon Sean's belly; at the foot of the bed their legs cross. It is hot, and they are sweating, but they will not relinquish the contact, however slight.

**3.**

**CONSIDER HOW THEY APPEAR:** It is the next morning, Sunday, and they are having a late breakfast at the coffee shop on the corner.

An old woman sits alone in the booth opposite theirs; she is watching them, as she watches everyone who comes in, sharply but without excessive curiosity. Her life is often overwhelming. When she sees them, she is aware otherwise the loneliness would be so overwhelming.

When she sees them, she is aware that they are lovers, though without consciously knowing this. There is a term from her youth that she would probably use to describe Ronnie. He is a "sissy-boy," she would say, and she would know that this means homosexual. But she has never really comprehended what homosexuality is— she religion does tell her that all sissy-boys will go to hell, but rather because it has never seemed important enough for her to spend any time thinking about it.

Therefore, what she is noticing is the animation of the two boys and the fact that they seem to be talking about something of great importance. They are both gesticulating wildly, and they pause frequently to laugh; they go through a whole spectrum of emotions, but without ceasing, the whole time, from showing a great deal of reassurance toward
They both enjoy opera. They are listening to the Mad Scene from Lucia, but it is turned down low so that they can talk.

"I want you to trust me."

The contrast; they are on the sofa, their shirts off, and Ronnie is snuggled against Sean's chest. His skin appears to be even more pale when he is nestled against the other's deep tan. "I do." He touches the arm that is around the shoulder, the hairs pricky against his lips. "I'm afraid I might hurt you. I..."

There is just a hint of mockery in the voice, just enough to say that, "See? I've been good to you already."

"Oh, baby. I'm so glad that I was the one." And later. The lights have been dimmed; they are lying on the sofa now, naked.

And once more they make love. "I want to hold you like this forever." The words of romance, trite, and yet once again growing into new meanings, private meanings, not ready yet for that. But it will come, in the weeks, in the months ahead. And if it lasts, or if it does not, it does not matter, not for this moment at least.

They touch each other with hands that say more than their words will ever be able to convey.

Consider this, then: The way they appear to themselves, and the world that they have just created. And consider how unimportant all the rest of it is.
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