VECTOR
THE GAY EXPERIENCE
OCTOBER 1975
$1.25

High Pickup
Threeway Sex
Reader Survey
I Have a Secret
Operetta to Los Angeles
ESCORTED BY PETER BESSOL

DEPARTURE: DECEMBER 5, 1975
FOR: $219.00

ITINERARY:

Friday, December 5
Depart San Francisco via Trans World Airlines at 12:15 pm. Arrive in Los Angeles at 1:25 pm. Transfer provided by motorcoach to the Biltmore Hotel.

7:00 pm performance of Die Meistersinger by Wagner sung in English.

Saturday, December 6
Depart Los Angeles by motorcoach at 11:00 am for Long Beach and a visit to the Queen Mary. Three hours of leisure to browse and shop. Return to your hotel at approximately 4:00 pm.

8:00 pm performance of Salome by R. Strauss sung in German.

Sunday, December 7
Morning at leisure.

2:00 pm performance of Turn of the Screw by Britten in English.

8:00 pm performance of Die Tote Stadt by Korngold sung in German.

Monday, December 8
Motorcoach transfer provided to the airport in time to depart Los Angeles via Trans World Airlines at 10:40 am. Arrive San Francisco at 11:47 am. An earlier return flight may be arranged for those who desire.

INCLUDED IN PRICE:
Round-trip air transportation San Francisco/Los Angeles/San Francisco, motorcoach transfers between Airport/Hotel/Airport, accommodations for three nights at the Biltmore Hotel, Tour of the Queen Mary, Orchestra seats for all operas.

PAYMENTS:
Rate of $219.00 per person is based on double occupancy. Single room supplement is $50.00. Deposit of $50.00 per person with application for reservation. Final payment will be due on November 7th. Full refund if cancellation is made thirty days prior to departure date.

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For further information, contact: Peter Bessol at 928-2500 or 861-1330.

Coming Attractions for 1976:
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- Santa Fe Opera Tour — August 18 - August 22

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A high school senior carefully calculates his public image — from the way he carries his books to his responses in Spanish class. We all went through it. Fearing that a single act of fellatio would be immediately detected by all, he gland to adorn the walls of Andy's Donut Shop which, in addition to freshly baked goodies, will also serve as a people's photo gallery. As a promo, photographer David Greene shot an array of "Castro Street Spec­cials" to adorn the walls of Andy's Donut Shop which, in addition to freshly baked goodies, will also serve as a people's photo gallery.

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In Vector, the type of politician/gay activist who leaves most people either enraged or enamored. Nature, in her infinite wisdom, often leads us down paths we are unwilling to explore. But true nature will be served. Gently and . . .

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Three original surrealistic reflections.

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Harvey Milk is the type of politician/gay activist who leaves most people either enraged or enamored.

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METAMORPHOSIS OF A SHITHEAD, a short story by G. K. Ward 63

Into every life a little rain must fall. Nature, in her infinite wisdom, often leads us down paths we are unwilling to explore. But true nature will be served. Gently and . . .

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Three original surrealistic reflections.

S.I.R. is now eleven years old and the largest active homosexual organization in the United States. S.I.R. is dedicated to giving freedom to the homosex­ual male and female, freedom from guilt, harassment, and social injustice.

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THE S.I.R. WEEK!

THURSDAY
6-8 pm General Membership Meet, 2nd Floor, House Members only.
7:30 PM WBC & Mens Club meets back Board of Trustees on 1st floor.
West, of course, Members only.
8 pm Board of Trustees MEETING
Members may attend.

FRIDAY
9 pm Complete Cover Show, Tunes & SING.
Open to all.

SATURDAY
8 pm Staten Island Cover Party: Program vary. Open to all.
7:30 PM Staten Cover Society, 1st Fri, each month - in sign language.
7 pm Staten Cover Society: Program vary. Open to all.
5:30 PM Staten Cover Society: Program vary. Open to all.

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Professional
Whatever emotional downers you're coping with at the moment, you must be very pleased and proud of the genuine progress you're making with the appearance and contents of the magazine. The June issue was the first one that I was able to take seriously as a journalistic effort, and the July issue is even better. It really looks and reads professional. Congratulations! And don't think I'm going to stop being critical either.

Helene MacLean
Brooklyn, New York

Still in the closet
Congratulations on the July centerspread. John is the most consistent rudeness
Thank you for giving credit to my experience in your review of my play, Special Friends.
Your own lack of experience (as critic, editor, and general observer of the human condition) is matched only by your consistent rudeness and ill manners in personal contacts.
Douglas Dean
San Francisco, Ca.

That can see beyond
I just wanted to thank J. Kerry Kammer for his article on the Gay Freedom Day Parade.
It's nice to see that there are those writing in Gay publications that can see beyond the stereotypes and speak for those of us who feel that being gay is more than the role playing that goes with all of the elitist pseudo glamour that America seems to swoon so much of in the gay and straight world.
I think the disagreement that his article will cause is related to political than drag-anti drag philosophy. So much of the drag that goes on, seems to me, to be an example of the American dream gone sour. The idea that fancy clothes, makeup and pseudo female role playing can bring happiness, is an idea that capitalism has instilled in both male and female, gay and straight alike. Until the system that teaches us that plastic is better than real is gone, the split that is occurring in all aspects of American society will continue.

Stephen Sonowski
Hartford, Conn.

Cover Boy
I was most impressed with the layout that you did on Jack Wrangler. Please give us more on the handsome, exciting young man. I, for one, would be willing to join his fan club, does he have one? Let's have more of him.
Boyd A. White
Palm Desert, Ca.

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Boyd A. White
Palm Desert, Ca.
beautiful boy I have ever seen. (What wouldn't I give to see him in the flesh!) Although he is wearing a wedding ring, and therefore is presumably not gay, it is okay for Vector to celebrate male beauty even if it is not the Gay Experience.

Your magazine fills an important need for me. I am still in the closet, terrified of the seamiest side of the gay scene. Porno books don't help. Too little material exists that shows the dignity of homosexual love and has good photographs. I, for one, want male nudes with good taste and not ones that taste good.

Strictly personal

In reference to your recent letter, my reason for cancelling so abruptly is as follows. My husband is gay (and in the service) and I am bisexual. I have become very disappointed and disillusioned in the gay life and what it has to offer and do not feel that publications such as Vector offer any solution to problems of gay life. So prior to my first letter requesting cancellation I had already decided to divorce my husband—I want no reminders of him in my house. Now, does that satisfy your curiosity? I hope so! In the future I hope you do not go sticking your nose where it does not belong, as you can see my reasons are strictly personal.

Name withheld
Seattle, Wa.

It works!

Thank you very much for your quick response to my letter and manuscript. I am, needless to say, very pleased by your decision to run my story; the format of Vector is one of my favorites—especially the inclusion of a fascinating mixture of poetry, fiction, photography and "current events." I am honored to be a part of that.

D.G. Moore
Los Angeles, Ca.
Permission granted
You have my permission to publish the enclosed self portrait taken in Dublin, Ireland.
Thomas D. Grumpier
Portsmouth, Va.

Counter attack
A cooperative effort is being made to curb the large number of assaults, on streets and in other public places, against gay people. I'd like to talk to you if you have been assaulted or harassed during the last four or five months in or around San Francisco. If you can describe your assailants I can construct a composite drawing from your description. Some composite drawings of recent assailants are already completed and more are being prepared. Anyone who has been attacked may see if his assailants resemble those who have attacked others. The same people may be responsible for a number of attacks and they may have a common source. We also need to know how, where, when and why the attacks have occurred, so that others may know the types of situations for which to look and to avoid.

If you have any information you feel would be helpful please contact me at (415) 285-4696. Your privacy will be assured.
Damon De Winters
San Francisco, Ca.

A DIFFERENT DRUMMER:
Metaphysics and the Homosexual
by Brian Quinn

This booklet first appeared at the Sixth Annual Conference of the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches which was held in Dallas, Texas, July 28th. The importance of this booklet appearing at the general conference of MCC is to key-note the fact that the author would feel comfortable sharing his book with a church which has been called too evangelical and too pentecostal in its outlook and out-reach.

This is the first booklet written for students and followers of Metaphysical religions by a person who is both a former Religious Science Practitioner, and who is presently a member of the board of directors of MCC of San Francisco. A Different Drummer is intended for students and adherents of New Thought, Christian Science, Divine Science, Theosophy, Spiritualism, Rosicrucianism, and independent students of Christian and neo-Christian Metaphysics.

The format of this booklet is a composite record of conversations; both written and spoken, between a Metaphysical minister, Brian Quinn, and homosexual men and women, their parents and friends. It's offered as a channel of healing of discord, misunderstanding and guilt—towards the fulfillment of our Oneness in the Love that is God. Quinn answers questions which are particular to the teachings of the various Metaphysical religions mentioned above in a way that those of the readers who are not members of such a group would at least be able to understand and possibly support a friend or lover who might have such a religious background. Among the topics of conversation are such things as whether being Gay is a type of Karmic punishment from a previous life, where reincarnation fits into the life of a person whose beliefs lie within the Metaphysical religions, and for the first time S&M is discussed within the realm of sexual expression and how this fits in with a person's religious beliefs and practices. Here for the first time a minister talks about S&M in a way which can be interpreted in a positive light. If for no other reason, I would suggest this book to any and all who would like an honest and positive discussion of this area of sexual expression.

Of great interest to me as an MCC minister was Mr. Quinn's reference to the presence of Metaphysics Nights.
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Over the course of the month of July a split finally crystallized at the Berkeley Men's Center, one of the oldest institutions of what sometimes is referred to as the “men's movement.” The majority of the men involved, almost entirely non-gay, have constituted themselves as the Berkeley Men's Resource Center. The minority, composed of gay and bisexual men involved with the Monday night drop-in rap group, call themselves the Original Berkeley Men's Center.

The split seems to have developed from a combination of heavy personal mistrust, lack of communication, political divisions, and clique-ishness over the course of a year. No one involved seems clear as to why things happened as they did, whether the split could or should have been avoided, and what can be learned from the experience.

The gay-identified men feel strongly that they are isolated, categorized, and oppressed by the others. They say that what mainly came down was a power trip. The non-gay men have been publicly and privately self-critical of the separation they experienced from the gays, and of the way in which they could never break down the mutual mistrust to work effectively with each other. They say they're interested in working with other gay men with whom they'd have more in common, but they're also interested in closing the book on the split with the gay-identified faction, and in moving ahead on the plans that are being developed.

There does seem to be substantial energy for outreach and for new projects as well as for internal development of a more activist Men's Center, oriented toward a perspective of feminism and socialism as the way to understand and deal with the oppression that both gay and non-gay men experience.
of gays produces, or with the mistrust gay men justifiably have of straights because of it. This is as much the fault of the gays as of the straights involved. We cannot afford indiscriminately to identify with the human-growth or men's liberation movements without figuring out where those movements really stand on gay oppression, or how they would deal with the suppression of women, the exploitative economic relations that seek to maintain divisions between gay and other oppressed people, and patriarchal institutions like the church or the father-dominated family.

Gay men might test out the commitments being expressed in theory by involving themselves in programs, policies, and methods of organizing that really meet our needs. The centers are at 2500 Bancroft Way (in the Mission District). She needs your help: a check.

THE PLANETS' TRIPS AMONG THE FIXED STARS OF THE CLASSICAL

SIDEREAL ZODIAC

by JEFF

The first priority of the District Attorney should be the high fear crimes such as rape, robbery, residential burglary and muggings; the last priority, non-victim 'crimes' such as sexual behavior between consenting adults, marijuana and prostitution." — Carol Silver

Carol Silver's outstanding human rights career: Freedom Rider in Mississippi, California Rural Legal Assistance (Delano), Neighborhood Legal Assistance, Sheriff Henggina's counsel. She is a member of: ACLU, NLG, National Legal Aid and Defenders Association, Equal Rights Committee of the ABA, Coyote Advisory Committee, Friends of Deputies and Inmates. Queen's Bench.

Carol lives with her adopted son in the Mission District. She needs your help: display a house sign, volunteer, send a check.

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we accept them, frequently to our bene-

fit. Currently Pluto is affecting most

most strongly those whose birthdays fall

around October 1 to 9.

BIRTHDAY PEOPLE

October 1 — October 9

Your sun is in the middle degrees of the constellation Virgo. You exist in a highly electric, mental world. Your lightninglike thought patterns give you little rest and make it very difficult for you to descend to such earthy matters as human intercourse. You have the reputation of a rather cold, calculating, and somewhat selfish person. You are combat-prone and can hold your own in a good fight, indeed you feel that any-

thing gained without a fight is worth-

less. Forever young and active, you can be devastatingly attractive to others, but you must guard against your natural re-

lence in human relationships. You could easily devastate most people right out of your life.

Carol Ruth Silver

for District Attorney

PLUTO IS OFTEN PROFUNDLY DISRUPTIVE

Pluto completes the list of planets that can be said to have astrological significance. Pluto's position as the outer
Pluto's transit to your Sun. You can expect many rapid and unplanned changes to occur in your life this year. You will feel overstimulated at times, and you will long for an end to unsettled, uncertain conditions. Just remember that these are mostly changes you have been putting off for a long time and that the bill must now be paid. The outcome can be filled with new opportunity if you waste little time on regrets.

The remainder of 1975, and 1976 to your next birthday, is dominated by changes to occur in your life this year. You will long for an end to unsettled, uncertain conditions. Just remember that these are mostly changes you have been putting off for a long time and that the bill must now be paid. The outcome can be filled with new opportunity if you waste little time on regrets.

Lloyd Taylor
FOR SUPERVISOR

October 10 – October 18

Your Sun is in the final degrees of the constellation Virgo. Pure and noble reasoning colors your basic personality. You are the creative scholar who thirsts for knowledge and who excels in collecting and, unless you allow yourself to become bored, you could suffer from an acute case of ivory towerism. You are a good speaker and you are the supreme romantic lover. The unusual will come to meet you. Life to you is one beautiful person or something or someone different. The unusual will come to meet you. So be ready.

October 23 – October 31

Your Sun is in the middle degrees of the constellation Libra. It is difficult for you to leave the blissful contemplation of your world of glamour, color and sensuality to come down to the practical plane. Life to you is one beautiful person or thing after another. You could be absorbed totally in the pastel world of beauty to the exclusion of worldly reality. It's not that you can't be bothered with being practical. You could appear stupid but loveable to many. Sort of abashedly but sweet. You must guard against a tendency to self-pity. You are often morose, though you put up a good gay front. You can be a slave to overindulgence. In early life you were denied nothing, for your charm was irresistible. You could learn this lesson too well. Then, later, when the charm inevitably fades, you might swing up with little self-restraint. 1975/1976 offers a chance to break away from routine and to get out and do something or someone different. The unconvventional will have great appeal. Beware of a tendency to "trip" too strenuously. You might get carried away this year.

Sai Yon
3444 Jackson St. S.F.

It's lesson time. Never, never go to Chinatown and just drop in on one of the many little nice places that someone a long time ago recommended. (I finally found out why so few people have a favorite Chinese restaurant: because all of them cater to tourists, and so many fine Oriental places exist throughout the Bay Area that it is necessary to delve into the City when you could remain in your own neighborhood and dine like a mandarin.)

So we went to Sai Yon on Jackson Street in the heart of Chinatown and are still feeling the effects of turista. The enormous place has three rooms and our group was hardened to the back, where there was a table of Berkeleyish freaks flanked by two tables of Mexican-American families.

John and I ordered (typically) from the "Chinese" menu, being heavy into Oriental cooking and always up for a surprise, but our tourist guests insisted on a safe sweet and sour pork from the other menu. By the time a lounging waiter had translated our frantic gesticulating because we had a tureen of soup on the table but nothing under it, it was obviously clear that the fluid was greasy, cold, and tasteless (which it could just as easily have been when it was hot). We should have fled when we saw him place dip dishes of Del Monte ketchup at each setting. The pork was mostly fat and unedible. The Chinese menu stuff consisted of a gun-metal grey, cardboard-tex­
ed glops of fresh(?) lotus root and sow's udder, and a dish of tepid and dry sardines minus the mandatorily required dipped chips for this entre, a few pieces of cold chicken underdo­
do to a point of blood pouring out, and a rice that would make one ashamed—cold and reconstituted. All this for about $7.00. Someone asked for vegetables, any kind. Out came steamed broccoli, for which we were charged an extra $1.25. (P. D. what's a pound of broccoli? 50 cents a pound that morning in the markets.) Then we asked for some sweet and sour pork from the "Chinese" menu. We were told that it is sold out. We might have made one more request—on the supposition that morning and suspect those stoned Wining & Dining
FROM RAGS TO RICHES FROM CHINESE TO FRENCH RIPOFFS

Tourist guests insisted on a safe sweet and sour pork from the other menu. By the time a lounging waiter had translated our frantic gesticulating because we had a tureen of soup on the table but nothing under it, it was obviously clear that the fluid was greasy, cold, and tasteless (which it could just as easily have been when it was hot). We should have fled when we saw him place dip dishes of Del Monte ketchup at each setting. The pork was mostly fat and unedible. The Chinese menu stuff consisted of a gun-metal grey, cardboard-textured glops of fresh (?) lotus root and sow's udder, and a dish of tepid and dry sardines minus the mandatory dipping sauce for this entrée, a few pieces of cold chicken undercooked to a point of blood pouring out, and a rice that would make one ashamed—cold and reconstituted. All this for about $7.00. Someone asked for vegetables, any kind. Out came steamed broccoli, for which we were charged an extra $1.25. (P. D. what's a pound of broccoli? 50 cents a pound that morning in the markets.) Then we asked for some sweet and sour pork from the "Chinese" menu. We were told that it is sold out. We might have made one more request—on the supposition that morning and suspect those stoned
brothers and sisters who crave anything at that hour may look with favor upon Sai Yon.

ONDINE’S Sausalito

When a visiting relative arrives in town, it’s almost a given that he or she will be taken to the finest seafood restaurant in the Bay Area, ONDINE’S would certainly be high on everyone’s recommended list for convention. Given the opportunity for a trip over the Golden Gate Bridge and a fast look at Sausalito’s charm at sunset—it was Saturday night twilight dinner.

Vodkaloo’s: Drink a cocktail, rap and get off on the dinner table. We tried to decline when we were "ordered" to our table dead center of kitchen traffic. Things were whipped out and placed in front of us without style, pace or leisure. The service was extremely "pushy". When we said that the souffle was undercooked and wet, the waiter insisted that we order a fresh pouched salmon. It was overdone. It was hardly called for in a so-called first class restaurant.

Breakfast in Sausalito was packed. And it was mid-August but the kind of rushed, frantic, pushy service and ambience created a sense of inner anxiety that was hardly called for in a so-called first class restaurant.

Dinner for three came to $67.00, including a good California wine.

---Ambrose

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Join us in re-electing one of the best sheriffs in America

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Rev. Chuck Laram

Ron Lee

Farris Lehman

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Dick Quaken

Phyllis Lyon

Kevin Moore

George Care

Don Martin

Del Martin

Charlie Miller

F. E. Mitchell

The Sonoma Valley, a magazine? for a Saturday night twilight dinner.

We catch up on, we chose to arrive a little early to "catch up on, we chose to arrive a little early to reserve if we did not sit down immediately!"

The rest is a blur. An incredible pushy waiter insisted that we order the special (we didn’t!) and with a table dead center of kitchen traffic there was energy all over the place scooting here and there. This past was whipped out and placed in front of us without style, pace or leisure. The food was good—not outstanding, the vegetables consisting of one small egg-sized boiled potato surrounded by 7 green peas. Joan’s fresh pouched salmon was overdone to a plastic consistency, the desert souffle was undercooked and wet. So it was Saturday night and Sausalito was packed. And it was mid-August but the kind of rushed, frantic, pushy service and ambience created a sense of inner anxiety that was hardly called for in a so-called first class restaurant.

Dinner for three came to $67.00, including a good California wine.

---Ambrose

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So the decorator promised you House Beautiful. And gave you Queen’s Quarterly instead.

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Homosexuality is a part of the life of many people. It's a viable alternative. And we can look at the pros and cons if you would like to. Instead, she said I needed a tune-up.

She also made a few practical suggestions and offered me analysis with another psychiatrist. That was the best she could do. There was no peer counseling available from gay people, no gay organizations to check out, no therapeutic experience groups for learning about oneself. In 1961 there were any good books she could have told me to read? (When I finally did come out, I relied heavily on all these supports.)

I didn't need nor want analysis. The practical suggestions that she made helped me to cope, and I continued as before.

Part of this sophomore crisis resolution included a trip to the M.D. to have my equipment checked. He assured me that he knew several football players who were no more generously endowed than I. I wonder whether they still use football players as the standard for masculine genital development.

I spent most of my junior year getting over my heterosexual incompetence. It was simply a matter of conditioning (or de-conditioning), and the process was probably easier in the '60's than it is at present. Boys and girls weren't expected to fuck anyway, and one was free to explore the messier, but less anxiety-prone, alternatives.

My senior year I went back to seek counseling. This time at my father's urging. The issue was different now. Sure, I could be heterosexual, but I still liked guys. Would marriage help? He declared dryly, and referred me to an off-campus therapist. I assume he got a commission for the referral.

Thus, I spent a fruitless year talking to a wall and getting no response. No one ever said: Go home.

Opened audition for parts, including Fanny, in the forthcoming Chuck Largent all male production of "Funny Girl" to be presented weekends in April and May at the Kabuki Theatre in San Francisco.

Actors, Singers, Dancers, Stars and Technicians are invited to audition on the following schedule:

SUNDAY—NOVEMBER 8th 1 pm to 5 pm
SATURDAY—NOVEMBER 9th 1 pm to 6 pm
Auditions will be held at the Kabuki Theatre 1881 Post Street, San Francisco

Open audition for all parts, including Fanny, in the forthcoming Chuck Largent all male production of "Funny Girl" to be presented weekends in April and May at the Kabuki Theatre in San Francisco.

Actors, Singers, Dancers, Stars and Technicians are invited to audition on the following schedule:

SATURDAY—NOVEMBER 8th 1 pm to 5 pm
SUNDAY—NOVEMBER 9th 1 pm to 6 pm
Auditions will be held at the Kabuki Theatre 1881 Post Street, San Francisco
girl? It's impossible to tell, 'cuz it's all a riddle that even Perry Mason couldn't solve. But your ultimate cool's got to be preserved for when they start asking for physical proof of your girl friends. 'Cause she's all yours, 'cuz she's al-ways got games on Friday and Saturday nights."

Or, "A girl, yeah, I got it really smooth with a girl I met at my cousin's over Christmas. I don't see her, 'cuz she's all grown up and lives so far away, you know, but 'bout once a month, 'cuz she has a vasectomy."

Mr. Marquette will excuse you then and you can relax. You did it, you're just like them. No one believes you, and who wouldn't with a story like that? For all the acting you've done, you deserve an Oscar. Damn, you got to hand it to yourself. It's really well hidden, I think. Far out. But you know something, I think I'm beginning to go crazy—lose my mind in this mess. I'm so thankful, hardly anyone can suspect or guess. If they would, I'd just die. I can't turn out like Buckshot now. What would they all do if they knew about me? If they didn't make a lot of noise about me. I talked about it. Well, not really talk about it. 'Cuz I've never even told anyone. Just knowing I'd had it, and knew what it was, was bad enough. I'd like to bury it in one of those haunts of sand where it happened—where I did it, and now there's nothing on it to tell you. And I know. Before, I could pretend in a half-way convincing fashion, or ignore it, but just now it's singing a screeching sound in my ears and I can't escape it no matter where I go or what I do. But how could I have done it?"
The world of the all night donut shop includes hustlers, students, housewives, artists, drag queens, poets, pushers, old people, poor people, nuns, working class people, communists, families, gay people, and a photographer. Many of the stars of San Francisco underground life "hang out" at Andy's Donut Shop, 460 Castro (between 17th and 18th), in San Francisco, and may be viewed in David Greene's newest photographic exhibition, *ANDY'S DONUTS-CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE*, showing from September 20th to November 15th, 1975, at the donut shop.

Andy's Donuts is a small greasy spoon in the heart of San Francisco's gay community. With formica tables, fluorescent lights, a standard hamburger grill, and fifteen cent donuts, Andy's has little to distinguish itself except for its outrageous and fiercely devoted clientele. In Andy's unpretentious atmosphere, amidst the sizzle of the grill, poems are written, film scripts conceived, clothes designed, and vast amounts of information exchanged.

David Greene has photographed an array of personalities at the Donut Shop in a series of collaborative portraits destined to adorn the peeling panelled walls.

This exhibit is being displayed at the Donut Shop, which is open 24 hours, in an effort to encourage gallery goers to leave the detached and pristine walls of the posh photo galleries and venture courageously into the very world from which counter culture art springs.

David Greene is also a filmmaker. In 1971 he completed a feature length film called *Pamela and Ian*, a film essay about cinematic reality, and is currently directing a new feature scheduled for completion in 1976 called *Eat the Rich*.

In 1974 Greene had a one man exhibit called *Shameless*, a gay photo essay, at the Darkroom Workshop Gallery in Berkeley.

All of the photographs in the Andy's exhibit were taken at Andy's Donuts during the summer of 1975. This exhibit will be on display 24 hours a day. A gala opening took place on September 20th with champagne and donuts.
MET GIL ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO, back when cruising around the park downtown at night was the gay scene in San Jose, back before the T.D. and all the other new bars, back when we all had strong legs from all that walking and down on Second and Third and through the park. However, that night I was walking on Third, surveying the scene, when this group of four or five guys went by—teenagers, maybe seventeen and eighteen, and I nodded, more country politeness than from anything else. It was late in the evening, and nothing much seemed to be happening. So I was sitting listening to the radio and trying to decide whether to give another fifteen minutes or go home. Anyhow, they went on about half a block, stopped, and did a little huddle, then turned around and came back to my car. One of them tapped on the window. I made a note of the time, shaped my regrets that I didn’t have a light, reminded myself that under eighteen was a felony, and rolled the window down.

The kid who had tapped on the window was attractive, no doubt about that—strong, dark Latin features, black wavy hair, medium height, well-built—and a fantasy started to form even though under eighteen was a felony.

“Hey, man, we were wanderin’... or, if you knew where there was some action around here.”

“If I did, I probably wouldn’t be sitting here. What kind of action?”

“Chicks, man. My friends and me come up from Gilroy to have some fun, but it’s real deal, seems like.”

To myself, I’m thinking that this is really too, too much: Larry the Push procuring “chicks” for a bunch of high school kids from Gilroy! Wait till that gets around Folsom Street! And aloud, “Sorry I can’t help you, friend.” And then out of some perverse impulse (under eighteen really is a felony) I add, sort of like an afterthought apology, “Chicks just really aren’t my line.”

That took too short or two long to sink in. They had all been listening to the conversation; there was a dead silence, and then a couple of them started to walk away, and I caught a muttered “queer”; but the one who had started the conversation and who seemed to be the leader of the group was willing to pursue some other alternatives if there were no chicks to be had.

Or I can give it to you the other way if you want that. My friends are pretty hot, too, and we could show you a good time, all five of us. Me, I got seven inches.”

“Sounds great. You changed yours?”

“Hell, no. Man. Not me... and not my friends neither.”

“Well, I guess I’ve got a headache; so not tonight.”

That brought a snicker from one of the others, and I kept on walking. It went on that way for a couple of months or more, all through the summer. Apparently they came up to San Jose every weekend; I’d see them prowling First or Second; there’d be the same invitation, the same response, the same backing and after a while a kind of friendly game developed. I didn’t mind too much, though I was starting to wonder why they kept it up. Then it occurred to me that they weren’t making out too well otherwise. At least I was a familiar and friendly face to talk to by now, and maybe an in-group joke to share with the kids back home.

Then one day in November that year I was driving down Monterey Road with a load of frozen food and had to stop for a light. It was cloudbursting up, and I wanted to get home before it started to come down, because unloading the car in the rain would be no fun, but maybe my punishment for not getting the garage cleaned out so I could get the car into it. A hitchhiker on the curb caught my eye—a big kid with a vaguely familiar look I couldn’t quite place. He was wearing a denim jacket, open over a T-shirt underneath, which showed off the pectorals nicely, but which didn’t promise much protection if he was still trying to get a ride when the rain would start.

The Good Samaritan (and a flash fantasy about what did favors a fairy by lying back and letting them suck their cocks, and I wasn’t about to get into that kind of a trip with a high school kid.

“Sounds like a great idea,” I said, “but I’m waiting for somebody tonight. Maybe we can get together another time. What do you like to do?”

“Hey, man. I’m not queer. I don’t do nothin’. You can blow me, or I’ll screw you, and that’s all.”

“Well, I don’t usually go for these one-way deals; so maybe we can’t get together after all. But I’ll be around in case somebody changes his mind. And let me give you some free advice: Don’t be so quick to tell guys in parked cars what’s on your mind. I could be a vice cop. Maybe they don’t have them in Gilroy, but they do in San Jose.”

He looked startled, and then apparently decided that I was okay if I took the trouble to warn him.

“I know you were okay,” he said, “You don’t look like vice... not in San Jose.”

They moved off then, and I went back to watch­ ing the scenery, but finally gave it up as a bad job and went home. About a week later our paths crossed downtown again. This time I was on foot, and they were coming down Second from the other direction. The Latin kid (his name was Manuel, I found out later) saw me as they came abreast.

“Hey, man, you change your mind? It’s real hot and hard tonight.”

“Sounds great. You changed yours?”

“Hell, no. Man. Not me... and not my friends neither.”

“Well, I guess I’ve got a headache; so not tonight.”

That brought a snicker from one of the others, and I kept on walking. It went on that way for a couple of months or more, all through the summer. Apparently they came up to San Jose every weekend; I’d see them prowling First or Second; there’d be the same invitation, the same response, the same backing and after a while a kind of friendly game developed. I didn’t mind too much, though I was starting to wonder why they kept it up. Then it occurred to me that they weren’t making out too well otherwise. At least I was a familiar and friendly face to talk to by now, and maybe an in-group joke to share with the kids back home.

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The Good Samaritan (and a flash fantasy about what
might be under that T-shirt) won out over my impatience, and I signaled him over.

"Hi, Larry. I'm on my way home."

"Home?"

"Yeah. Gilroy." And then realized why he looked familiar. He was one of the group from the summer, a husky-blonde kid with a round, open peasantry face who gave a first impression of not being too bright, but a good guy to have on your side in a dark alley brawl. He had always seemed to me to be the edge, following the lead of others, accepted and acquiescent, but somehow a little different from the rest of them.

"Turn off in about two miles," I said, "just before IBM. I can drop you there if you want to take your time."

"A couple. Come on in, and I'll show you." He seemed to be thinking about something, but was still holding a bit of this. He turned suddenly (showing a beautiful base strain of not being seduced) and said that he had to go."

"It was a nice surprise having you stop by," I said. "Come again sometimes, if you want to look at any of those other books."

"Okay. You're queer... uh, gay, but you're different. You want me to beg for a blow-job?"

"Well, now, I wouldn't go so far," I said, "but you're different. You're cool.

"Are you? You're really cool."

"I'm real hot today. You want me to?"

"You don't need to get off."

"When you turn queer, I shut back, "as if you know you're going to go."

"Not beg," I corrected him, "but you're different. You're cool."

"I want it. That's what I really want."

"I stopped and looked at him about something."

"I'm real hot today. You want me to?"

"That's what I really want."

"Okay. You're queer.... uh, gay, but you're different. You're cool.

"Turn me on, just for the Surprise."

"Sure. I mean, I don't know. I like girls. I want to turn queer."

"The only way you can turn queer, I shot back, "is if you keep yourself."

"I'm interested in cars, especially old cars. He had a '56 Chevy, but he had to get a new part for it as soon as he had the money, and that's why he was thumbing rides. He had an older sister who was about to get married and two younger brothers. Gilroy had been a dumb place to live; nothing ever happened there, and it was dead. He'd been up to San Francisco a couple of times, and that was enough."

"If you're not sure, it's not if you don't know."

"Yeah. Gilroy."

"And then realized why he looked familiar. He was one of the group from the summer, a husky-blonde kid with a round, open peasantry face who gave a first impression of not being too bright, but a good guy to have on your side in a dark alley brawl. He had always seemed to me to be the edge, following the lead of others, accepted and acquiescent, but somehow a little different from the rest of them."
Cocktail Party
By Scott Faversham

Heaven."
This room is full.
Of my past.

Him in the plaid coat
The park, I'm sure.
That tall blond.

A mouse back row.
The lucky number.

Wasn't it the baths?
The moustache - oh course.

Wacey's test room.

What a busy week.
I've had.

There are heroes
In this room.

That one spoke
Out of Gt. Y.B. Hall.

That one took.
His name in vain.

That one told
His family all.

That one signed
His name to a list.

That one wore sequins
In a parade.

Before you display
The treasures
Of your mind.

Before you cast
Pearls of wisdom
About the place.

Before you reveal
Knowledge of art
And literary gossip.

You should understand
That it's bare skin
I'm really after.

Don't kill yourself.
My friend.
There's no liberation
In this room.

If you're over forty
Don't bother to stay.
If you're not pretty
Set by the wall.

Be witty, not kind.
Talk: cradle and phallic.
Remember the importance
Of dimensions.
And organs is all.

Freedom in this room?
My friend.
That's a laugh.

Champagne makes me chatty.
And I just might
Give the game away.

Yes, I received.
An invitation.
I sent silver.
Candlesticks.
But I'll not go.
To the wedding.

Why did we break up?
He was too tall.
Untrustworthy.
Underhanded.

Poor darling.
Roses won't stay.
In thinning hair.
Eight years can
Reveal a spot.

Pants' mad capture.
Looks odd at forty.
What he didn't die then
He shouldn't try now.

Poor darling.
HARVEY MILK For Supervisor

Had enough...

★ TAXES?
★ STRIKES?
★ POOR CITY SERVICES?

HARVEY MILK answers YES to all the above.
THAT'S WHY he's running for

SUPERVISOR

"The current mess in San Francisco didn't 'just happen.' The buck stops at City Hall and the current Board of Supervisors. We'll be getting a new mayor this Fall. What we desperately need is a new Board of Supervisors to work with the new mayor."

—Harvey Milk

As a private citizen, Harvey has been involved - and he is not afraid to work:

• S.I.R.: Education Chairperson for the past two years.
• Castro Village Association: President for the past two years.
• Mission Mental Health: Member of the Advisory Board.
• Friends of S.F. Deputies & Inmates: Trustee.
• Committee of 100: Founding Member.
• Castro Street Fair: Originator & Producer.
• Eureka Valley Promotion Association: Member.

As a private citizen, Harvey has been involved - and he is not afraid to fight:

• Sued the Grand Jury and won!
• Sued the Mayor for not protecting the citizens during the police strike.
• Embarrassed the Assessor time and time again by asking questions the Assessor would not or could not answer - thereby directing public enquiry at those questions.
• When BART recently voted to raise its fares, Harvey was the only person to argue for lower fares within the city - and he won.

As an elected official Harvey will be able to do much more.

Endorsed by: Partial Listing

The Democratic League
Citizens for Justice
Homes of Western Addition Assoc.
The Associated Democratic Club
The Associated Democratic Club
Frank K. Haverstock Democratic Club
Peebles Democratic Club

Doug DeYoung
John Wahl
Bob Ross
Ray Brozans
Jim Foster
Larry Long
Al Harken
Les Morgan
B.J. Beckwith

S.F. Building & Construction Trade Council
Elmer Cooper - BART Director
John Ronan - VP Community College Board
Jack Morrison
Bob Corner
Mike Carign
Hector Navarro
Paul Hardman
Bil Pich

CHUCK comes to Vector via a stunning new calendar for 1976 featuring the design/photo talents of James Moss. For sale also in gift shops, the VIP SUPER GUYS 1976 CALENDAR will be available in November at 1800 Market Street, San Francisco, Ca. 94102 for $5 plus 50 cents handling. CHUCK is featured in January.
## Vector Survey Results

**Survey Tabulated by Space Whitman**

### Response by Age:

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### How Many People Read Your Copy of Vector?

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### Do You Patronize Our Advertisers?

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<td>15%</td>
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<tr>
<td>No answer</td>
<td>6%</td>
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</tbody>
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### Vector Cover Should Be:

- Fine as it is
- More art
- More nude
- More nude
- More nude
- More nude

### One Thing Wrong with Vector is:

- Needs more pictures
- Less nudity
- Fewer trashy ads
- It's too short

### Centerfolds Should Be More:

- Natural
- Erotic
- In color
- Artistic
- Masculine
- Humorous
- Varied (older men, ethnic types, etc.)

### Centerfolds Should Be Less:

- Posed
- Pretty
- Perfect
- Youths-oriented
- Muscles-oriented
- Skinny kids

### Should Centerfolds Be Discontinued?

- 2% yes, 79% no, 7% occasionally, 2% no answer

### The Reason I Don't Subscribe:

- Move too often
- Live with parents
- In the closet

### Vector Photo Comments:

- 16% Not enough
- 2% Too much
- 5% Too art
- 60% Just fine
- 17% No answer
FEATURE MATERIAL (STORIES) ARE:
2% Too intellectual
20% Not intellectual enough
63% Just fine
15% No answer

METHOD OF READING VECTOR:
25% In one sitting
33% In several sittings
25% Varies
15% No answer

UPON RECEIVING VECTOR, 1:
46% Thumb through it all
12% Turn to look at photos
22% Start on page one
20% No answer

REPRINTS OF MATERIAL FROM OTHER SOURCES:
86% Like
10% Resent
3% No answer

LENGTH OF THE MAGAZINE IS:
45% Too short
5% Too long
52% Just fine
3% No answer

LENGTH OF THE DEPARTMENTS (Books, Theatre, etc.)
25% Too short
5% Too long
65% Just fine
2% No answer

LENGTH OF FEATURES (Fiction, articles, etc.): 31% Too short
1% Too long
46% Just fine
2% No answer

WANT TO SEE PHOTOS OF MEN OVER THIRTY?
78% Yes 15% No 7% No answer

WANT TO SEE PHOTOS OF ETHNIC MINORITIES?
71% Yes 19% No 10% No answer

CONTINUATION OF ARTICLES TO ANOTHER PAGE:
48% Annoyed
44% Don't care
8% No answer

VECTOR IS:
76% Getting better
1% Getting worse
8% Holding the line
10% Varies
5% No answer

CONCERNING THE GRAPHIC (ART) STYLE:
51% Pleased
31% Sometimes pleased
22% Turned off
2% Don't notice
14% No answer

WHAT MAIN THING INDUCES YOU TO BUY VECTOR? (in order of most common answers)
Whole issue
Photos
Coverage of Bay Area
Interviews
Centerfolds
Cover
Fiction

WHAT IS NOT FOUND IN VECTOR BUT WOULD LIKE TO SEE INCLUDED: (in order of most frequent)
Cinema reviews
Cartoons
Music reviews
Gossip about VIPs
Porn
Sports
Hardcore want ads
Puzzles
WRITE-INS:
Interview of models
Gay theater
How to start a gay business
Successful gay marriages
More politics
Gay prisoner news
Alternatives to bars

R. W. BORG

BY ALLEN DOOLEY

T HE SUN TOUCHED ALL AT ONE TIME round him, lingering on his awkward clothing, resting on the book in his hands. He walked with the vague look of a newcomer, searching and hoping, but not quite knowing for what. He paused now and again, pretending interest in something, trying to cover his indecisiveness about what to do next.

The air seemed to weave lazy patterns in front of him, causing his mind to drift and waver, now here, now there. This was his first week alone, away from family, and the smothering security of a small town. It frightened him, this rush, the cars, the subtle noises leafing through his head. And yet this only heightened the excitement tensed in him, the feeling that somehow he could only now start to live, to be released from the watchfulness of too many eyes.

Looking up he saw another car approaching, slowing as it came closer. He felt the low throb of its motor folding over him. The car stopped as Paul reached the curb. His head turned hesitantly as a voice called to him from the interior. He raised his thin hand to shade his eyes, silently looking at a young black man smiling and motioning to him. Paul saw his feet move, drawn by the voice sounding cool and friendly within the car. He stopped a few feet away from the window. Smiling, he bent forward and said, "Hello."

Paul felt rather than saw the black man glance over him, over his legs. Something stirred in his mind, some need, gone too quickly to recognize.
"Hey, don't I know you?" The stranger smiled, bright, wide. "Yeah, I'm sure I've seen your face. Maybe about a year ago?" He leaned forward, looking, only now confused or mistaken.

"No," Paul replied, pulling closer. "I've only just moved here, a week ago actually. I'm sure we couldn't have met." The sun flashed from the mirror, stunning his eyes as he glanced into the stranger's face, waiting for something to move. It seemed to Paul that everything of the man he knew had quieted down with the heat. The car's intrinsic throb flexed out below them, looking small and sharp in the distance. Light jumped from many glassed faces of the buildings, which made them stand out with an erect nakedness, over all of it the waves of heat throbbing.

Paul sipped his beer, occasionally looking at Frank who seemed to be dancing over to the other door. He sensed Frank smiling and said, casually again. Paul continued to look out his window, but he felt the muscles of his legs tense. He sensed Frank glancing over to him questioningly. His head pounded slightly with fear, but he sat completely still, hoping Frank would say something.

"I'm gay, too," Frank continued softly at last. "Just thought I should tell you. You're not uptight about it, are you?" he finished, looking blankly at Paul.

"No, not at all," Paul replied, pulling closer, "I've only just moved here, a week ago actually. I'm sure we couldn't have met." The sun flashed from the mirror, stunning his eyes as he glanced into the stranger's face, waiting for something to move. It seemed to Paul that everything of the man he knew had quieted down with the heat. The car's intrinsic throb flexed out below them, looking small and sharp in the distance. Light jumped from many glassed faces of the buildings, which made them stand out with an erect nakedness, over all of it the waves of heat throbbing.

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"Harvey, are there many positive straight people?"

they can't alienate the hard-hats had better to some rethinking.
You get the feeling from being around Harvey that he's a real person. Sure, he's a fighter, and he's deeply committed, but, as important, he's a human being who shares our lifestyle and knows what it's like to be gay and to be a member of an oppressed minority group.

Recently, at a meeting, one person who's running for mayor and professes to be "pro-gay" said flipantly that gays are too sensitive and too unstable. The benign smile was still there when Harvey pointed out the difference between sympathetically reading about being in a minority group and being in a minority group. "Do you realize that as a straight person you've had a mother and father and family to give you love and support; you have children to give you love and support; you've had your Church to give you love and support; and you've had most of society. But as gay persons—in most cases—we've had none of these, and in order to survive we've had to be a lot more secure and stronger than you've realized."

Harvey is out to smash the stereotypes. I get the feeling that it's more important to him to give gay people dignity and self-respect than it is for him to be elected to any office. He's hoping that by being upfront about being gay and by being in the public eye he can show young homosexuals that we've got a viable alternative lifestyle and that we can be happy, well adjusted, successful people even as gays, and even more so because we are gay.

But there's still a hard-core anti-gay element to contend with—people who are afraid of something they don't understand, people who hate blindly because their own lives are so miserable. Harvey still finds subtle bigotry around, less so than two years ago, but still there. "I've been called a "faggot" all my life. It doesn't bother me. And if every time I was called a faggot I turned around I'd be walking backwards. So I just keep walkin' on. The answer is to build a bridge with the positive people and not worry about the negative."
by TOM KAPPIN

"It's not everyone who gets to name a gym after his lover. It's a real high," says Bill Bear, talking about Jeff's Gym, the newest business on San Francisco's Castro Street.

Between the Elephant Walk and Midnight Sun, the window of what used to be an Indonesian restaurant has been painted over with a rustic scene. If you walk through the door you'll find yourself in an entryway. Looking through a small, small inner window, you'll see bodies reflected in mirrors around a large room. Most of the bodies are pulling on ropes connected to what appear to be small blue dials. Why? What are they doing? Well, it's called isokinetics. It's a form of bodybuilding or exercising that doesn't require weights.

Jeff's Gym is the only place on the West Coast that has this system. The super mini-gyms that fill Jeff's place "give maximum resistance at any angle of the range of motion," according to Fred Williams. The meter at the end of the rope tells how much you've exerted at the maximum effort so you can see your progress.

Your speed, rather than a great amount of weights, is what does the trick. A dial enables you to make the thing go more slowly, which makes it more difficult. Finally, isokinetics needs no warmup, builds more strength, and helps the heart and circulatory system.

If you don't believe it, the gym has dumbbells up to forty pounds, a chinning bar, and a sit-up bench for those... who prefer to sweat. Some members just wander in to sit in the meditation room and look at those exercising.

Jeff says that films are being planned for showing in the evening. Yoga and massage will also be available. A free class every Thursday allows you to check the place out. It costs $2 to get a membership card, plus $2.50 per visit. Or you can join for $15 a month, a little less than a physical membership at the YMCA.

Jeff's Gym wants you to "relax and enjoy your brothers." Since the opening on Castro Street Fair Day, about nine persons have been joining each day for a cultural center.

It sounds a bit grandiose, but the part about high is nice, anyway. The atmosphere is easygoing.

Nobody wears much. Steve Edwards, whose body is familiar to readers of Vector, is on duty as an instructor quite often, and usually he doesn't wear anything except ear and nose jewelry.

There are plans for a steamroom, a sauna, and more rooms on a second-floor balcony. So far Bill and Jeff have expended about $8,000. They have a three-year lease with options for another six years.

What persuaded them to provide "a really legitimate gym and club in Castro Village?"

It started about thirteen years ago in Indianapolis, when Bill met Jeff, his "soul mate." Three years ago they moved to California and established the Little Red Dog Motel in San Rafael. This is not a refuge for ugly Indians; it's a place for dogs and cats.

Jeff is mellowness personified. Blond, bearded, and tan, he admits to being thirty-four; he looks much younger. He says he's always been interested in his body, but he decided, at age twenty-five, that too many big steaks had laid unenviable excess weight on his "temple" and that he should do some sort of exercise.

Thus isokinetics is the result. The super mini-gyms that fill Jeff's place "give maximum resistance at any angle of the range of motion," according to Fred Williams. The meter at the end of the rope tells how much you've exerted at the maximum effort so you can see your progress.

The main room is carpeted, mirrored, and high-ceilinged. The atmosphere is easygoing.

Jeff says he wants a mellow mood where "we are together." That's the motto of the gym. He believes that "the physical body is a temple."

"If we maintain the strength and health and improve the appearance of the temple, it is indeed high. If we carry about an attractive temple, whatever is inside will also be high. To these ideals Jeff's Gym is dedicated."
Gay Ghetto, where the kids say, "Stop shitting on me, daddy because you big Miss America never turn off the engine to see our bodies in the sun," and the trashy flower children keep eating donuts, bodies in the sun,” and the trashy

One: Gay Ghetto

Fresh Castro! San Francisco's Gay Ghetto, where the kids say, "Stop shitting on me, daddy because you big Miss America never turn off the engine to see our bodies in the sun," and the trashy flower children keep eating donuts, bodies in the sun,” and the trashy

Two: Steamed Love

I was watching the zombie parade where brightness hides and inferior man rules. Lords from the past confront themselves in a tiny room with a narrow bed and a mirror. A joint is puffed looking at the erotic pictures drawn and painted on the walls by an unknown artist who spent his time snorting crystal all through the night.

And through the exposed flesh with ripped Levi's I feel the primal answer, the gay parade in the right, keeping their hopes at night. "Well, everybody should have the right to be decadent if they want," any queer can say.

And the scene indoors becomes a bit more refined. The political queen lives on welfare, surrounded by a chaotic postcard of tacky things fighting for Third World rights, while some other, more aware boys use their third eye living the proletarian fantasy of tuxedos and smoke where sweet and tender moments of physical completion are revealed. Oh the lovers! And when the actor is gone, the photographer got to go to the Folsom Street Barracks.

"Shameless," the androgynes ripped the face of social reality with their exuberant madness of junk, bought in an antique store, and their ambition for release while the fayre ladies got tired of waiting, painting their life with tropical fruits, looking a bit like whores.

Three: Dance Spectrum

Flowing wines cheered by Dance Spectrum and the audience, with a blend of Victorian taste and dynamic devotion. That was the way to start the home season, four weekends of performances at the Palace of Fine Arts. It was the middle of the summer, and then Carlos Carvajal's next choreography was green, the tree's song, followed by a heated-up mandarin kung-fu parody, and the company ended up social mirror. We could clearly see through this amazing and pleasant spectrum and the audience, with a.

People from the underworld jerking off with the erotic shadowy flesh of an unknown brother while the sucking is lullabied by soul and rock 'n' roll music. While the painter turns to be a dealer in his room while throwing pill and coke thrills to the dynamic attendants who hang out after hours by the corridor, anxious to rape a nice ripe customer.

Outside, the elegant downtown architecture welcomes the salesman who leaves Dave's wearing suit and tie prepared for the solid value of the capital reflected in the buildings. I keep still under the trees with the reality of the infinite love, energy breath and breeze, sunshine light moving atoms in molecular universal joy. Love doesn't stop, and I know I feel the power behind the ordinary reality that rips people's lives off, hiding our god-born being and whores.

The savages boys snorting crystal all through the night.

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to mean a love triangle; a sexual entente for three. Mutual attraction is the key to distinguishing this trinitarian from the type of open-ended trios that have figured so centrally in some of history's great crimes of passion. The mutual attraction found in these family affairs has taken on a new significance for gay couples who like to kiss-and-tell, as well as for gay singles who prefer the challenge of uneven numbers. Families such as these are no accident. Their formation can often require the skill of a diplomat and the cunning determination of a jungle cat, if the outsider third partner is to succeed in his efforts. However, a basic overview of the construction can save the novice from blunders and falseпечат that might end an affair on the orphaned steps.

THE GROUND RULES
Perhaps the cardinal rule of three-ways is to remember that the couple involved determines the ground rules under which the "family" will function. This is more easily understood if the third partner remembers the fine difference between joining and being accepted. Since the couple are already relating to each other within a complex structure of levels, an outsider should not expect equality, because sex and perhaps friendship is not only two levels out of many. The outsider is being invited to share in the relationship and should never think that he is joining of his own accord. Keeping this important distinction in mind will make the difference between being treated as a welcomed guest or being rejected as a threatening intruder.

As an intimate partner and not an objective observer, the joiner may become involved involuntarily in a jealous power-play, at which time it is best to bow out gracefully. If the joiner's domain at the outset, however, there are a number of overtures that can be made if the difficulty appears temporary or situationally permissive.

First, an attempt should be made to remove all three persons to a neutral level, preferably a social one. Going to a movie together, deciding on a favorite restaurant, or throwing a joint party, or similar activity could serve as a good prelude. Such a diversion might appear secondary and inconclusive, but it will buy time for the afflicted partner, since jealousy often indicates a fear of change, an uncertainty about personal worth and position in the relationship. This tactic may be employed in conjunction with, or following an other, which is to devote additional attention to the jealous partner. If the jealous partner is the less desirable of the couple, this latter approach will require exceptional devotion to duty and/or hetero sex practiced, and as a result may tire quickly of a familiar face.

Less visible, yet almost as common, is the couple, of whom one does the hunting while both partners are sharing in the feast. Couples of this kind employ a wide assortment of tactics and are more permanent in maintaining family unity. Some of these couples will appear similar to the "team couple" mentioned first, but they may take turns giving into each other's personal desires. Should the joiner be fortunate enough to attract both lovers equally, the chances for a durable relationship can increase to a point of near certainty. On the same order, a joiner may find himself walking into a den of uncertainty since a lone lover may conceal his intent until he has his prize safely home, at which time the joiner finds the bedroom scene written for trio, not duo. Imagine the pleasant surprise! (Imagine the unexpected disappointment!) Since one of the lovers (not always the hunter) may have a deeper personal attraction for the joiner, chances for a durable relationship are good. If both lovers separately bring home the "goodies," the chances are even better, because emotional intrusion is less feared in this more flexible situation.

Less common and more involved is the adoption of a joiner (in the nearest literal sense of the word) by a long-established couple. Age plays a key role since "parental" motives often rank close to sexual motives, with age differences between joiner and couple averaging several years. These relationships are perhaps the most durable and well rounded, if the joiner is not robbed of his individuality and sexual identity by his new commitments.

True equality as an individual is lowest of all cases, but emotional involvement is often the highest of any type mentioned so far. Calling this trio a family would not be an
exaggeration, except by the strictest definition.

A MUTUAL EX-LOVER

Trios that evolve over a long period and out of a nonsexual association are rare. A classical example exists when a couple attach themselves to a mutual ex-lover, with very satisfying results. In some cases a trio of close friends will transcend the temporary isolation when two friends turn lovers and then reunite with the third comrade in a renewed, yet modified, relationship. This is typical of couples of long standing who are sexually estranged, but are still devoted companions. This can offer the best of both individual and group relationships, with the joiner having the responsibility to see to it that things don't get out of hand. Rivalry can emmesh a joiner in embarrassing situations. Here again sexual sensitivity is important to remember, for, without knowing it, a joiner may violate an exclusive sexual privilege (not to mention the lover). Trespassing on sexual sensitivities should not become a preoccupation, because most couples who swing have long since lost the symbolic sexual associations found in more exclusive and restricted relationships. If a transgression is made, it is better to act as if it had no particular significance other than general sexual enjoyment instead of letting one of the lovers make an issue of a joiner's overzealousness. In this way a joiner's motives will be less suspect.

CO-MARITAL BEDMANSHIP

Because there are several different types of couples seeking joiners, and vice versa, it's nearly impossible to write a winner's guide to co marital bedmanship. Individual personalities complicate the task even further. An entire book might be devoted to the menage a trois as it functions at different levels of the S & M scene, for example. In addition, there are a number of excellent sexuality books that describe sexual techniques to a degree for one, two, ten, or twenty partners; some dating from ancient India, B.C. But even as well since a few good guidelines may stand a joiner in better service than the numerous works on some detailed sex patterns. The right technique in the wrong place (who ever heard of a sexual taboo? Regardless, the menage a trois is the way in which it reawakens a sense of belonging; a feeling of deep human closeness strangely absent in our crowded urban society. Perhaps it goes deeper, to tribal rites and all the wonderful mysteries of sexual attraction. Might there even be Freudian undertones of incest taboo? Regardless, the menage a trois is not just a form of group sex, as a fascinating expression of sexual fulfillment, and provides numerous possibilities for personal discovery for both couples and singles.

those who like just the sampling of life's sexual delights, divorce is simply the time between families. For others, it's an end to dreams of greater personal fulfillment. In the latter case, if the joiner is suddenly kicked out of the family tree, the rejection can smart and leave a slightly bitter aftertaste. Remembering that deep emotional involvement is a principal no-no is of little comfort to a joiner who naturally associates good times with good people. Families in which a joiner does reach that ultimate glory and becomes a third lover are more plentiful in song and story than in real life. But who can really blame a guy for trying?

GOAL IN INTIMACY

Does this mean that all good deeds will come to naught? On the contrary. A joiner may find good friends in these relationships, although he may never reach his ultimate goal in intimacy. As often as not, a family will dissolve because the couple has parted and not because the joiner has been rejected in favor of some other desirable individual. Joiners have often become not only primary sex partners, but chief confidants to both lovers, making them very valuable companions for all occasions.

Another nice thing about the menage a trois is the way in which it reawakens a sense of belonging; a feeling of deep human closeness strangely absent in our crowded urban society. Perhaps it goes deeper, to tribal rites and all the wonderful mysteries of sexual attraction. Might there even be Freudian undertones of incest taboo? Regardless, the menage a trois is not just a form of group sex, as a fascinating expression of sexual fulfillment, and provides numerous possibilities for personal discovery for both couples and singles.

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SUPERVISOR JOHN MOLINARI

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Next month in VECTOR:

WHOSE LAWS ARE LOVE

PAST TENSE by Walter Febick:

THE HETEROSEXUAL WORLD

by SATYA KLEIN

An Anthropological Study

Writing a paper on heterosexual-ity hasn’t been easy. Though this sexual practice seems to be widespread, the subject is still taboo in most places. Libraries keep their books that treat this subject on special shelves. Orthodox religionists won’t permit this topic to be discussed openly in the schools.

Yes, the task was arduous. Our re-searchers traveled the earth, talking to people of the heterosexual persuasion and combing the libraries for books on the subject. It was difficult at first to get these "hets" (also called "breeders") to talk freely with us, but we assured them that all we wanted to do was help them. So, eventually, many opened up. Though we couldn’t fully eradicate our fears of the hets, we tried to maintain open minds, and, to our surprise, many of them turned out to be warm and loving human beings. Here are the results of years of research on this most controversial subject: The heterosexual.

THE MEN

Though they share a common sexual orientation, heterosexual men are varied. Most enjoy their status as masters to "their women," but a few have at times shown sensitivity. Lack of sensitivity seems, however, to be a common characteristic of the het male. Het males rarely smile or allow their bodies to show grace. Such things are called "feminine" and are not tolerated in their culture. Because these men are not permitted to show emotions, their feelings often manifest themselves physically in ailments, such as ulcers. Though we attempted to open up such men to the beauty of emotions and tenderness, they usually would only snarl and call us fags.

It is strange indeed to see the way these het men relate to their partners, the "females." Men are seen prowling the streets, asking for some "cut" or "pussy." "I need a hole," is a common lament. I know some of our readers may be offended by such language, but this is a scientific study, and we must portray the hets as they really are. Men treat women as their possessions, a receptacle for their semen. If a woman can’t respond to a man’s insensitivity, the problem is seen, not in the man, but in the woman. "She is frigid," their witch doctors (euphemistically called psychiatrists) say. These het men have actually been known to "rape" (forced insertion of a penis into a vagina) women after having beaten them into submission. This lack of sensitivity is well documented by the women of these heterosexual tribes, though the women were fearful that their "husbands" would beat them even more for bringing the truth out into the open.

Heterosexual men are very insecure. Their obsession with sex is due to a liberal need to get back to the womb. This is substantiated by how much they love to suck on a woman’s nipples, re-creating their infantile weaning period. They have actually not matured past the first year of out-of-womb life (some are still in the fetal stage).

All of this lack of maturity is due to an overidentification with the father. There is a common saying in het culture: "The man wears the pants in the family." This means that he is aggressive and undemocratic in his relations with other members of the family. A son is required to identify with such a person, and, when the son is aggressive enough, he is ironically called "mature." Thus the heterosexual culture perpetuates men’s dominance over women by requiring the sons to identify with their fathers. It is surprising that so many healthy guys have managed to come from sick het parents.

Heterosexuality, as practiced today, is clearly pathological. Unfortunately, it can rarely be cured. It is too ingrained in these people. As the years go by, the father spends most of his free time growing a "beer belly," which is an unconscious need to experience pregnancy. The heterosexual turns to alcohol, trying to drown the loneliness in his life. He rarely communicates with others in his family, except to scowl or grunt. Reports from some of our re-searchers indicate that the male enjoys killing animals in a bizarre ritual known as "hunting." His other uncanny customs range from the disgusting to the grotesque. In the Western Hemisphere there is a "game" known as football. Seemingly copied from the reindeer fights in Lapland, this sport requires grown men to hang force-fuilly against one another. Many persons are hurt, but this seems to be an acceptable concomitant of their violent behavior.

For last, I have saved something that is so wretched that I fear that members of the Anthropological Conference will try to take my degree away. They’ll think I made it up. But what I have to say now is all true. The heterosexuals quite...
often conduct worldwide rites called "wars." The subject is too involved for a short paper, but suffice it to say that millions of humans are said to have died as a result of this ritual. The women usually don't do any "fighting," but they actively support the men both by creating war goods and by entertaining the troops in the field by singing and removing their garments.

THE WOMEN

The female of the heterosexual union is forced to become a retarded form of adult. Dependent on the men, women are rarely allowed to use their minds. Their whole lives are devoted to supporting and nurturing the men. Their main cultural outlets are cooking, talking on the telephone, and spraying Sani-flush into toilet bowls. The male/female relationship is what we can incontrovertibly term "sick." Women are forced to fake orgasms so as to gratify the dominant males' egos.

The external adornment of heterosexual women in the 20th century rivals that worn by women living in the most primitive tribes. The entire face is often covered with a pore-clogging material known as "make-up." The result is that the woman's natural beauty is masked by a layer of "powder." (Our researchers report, ghastly as it may seem, that some women are not allowed even to show their faces in public. This occurs primarily in Moslem countries.)

In putting on "make-up," the woman is trying to look "beautiful," a heterosexual word that can best be translated as "racist." Women are required to compete with one another in an attempt to attain a certain standard of beauty. The West, having been the most imperialistic culture of late, has imposed a "white" beauty standard on all women. Actually, it's a pallid or creamy look. For example, a woman of Semitic extraction is told that she is not "beautiful" (not white enough); so she must have her nose surgically repaired and her hair straightened and/or dyed blond. African women have been taught to bleach their skin and either to straighten their hair or to wear a wig. All women are required to shave their underarms and their legs and to bleach the hair on their arms and mustaches. Since Nordic (white) women generally have little hair in these areas, all women are required to seek to resemble them.

In Asia some women even deform their feet in order to match the beauty ideal of their own culture. Such primitive and debased values seem to permeate the furthest reaches of heterosexual society. Only through massive educational programs can we begin to give these afflicted people a degree of normalcy.

THE CHILDREN

Children in heterosexual society are rarely allowed self-actualization. They are meticulously channeled into a role that depends on the sex of the child. The child's intellectual capacities or inclinations are not considered. If you have a vagina, you are instructed in sewing and housecleaning. If you have a penis, you are thrust into sports, "war" games, and the sciences. If the boy child enjoys playing with a doll, it reveals a future tenderness toward real children. The society terms him "maladjusted" or "queer." If the girl child wants to play rough-and-tumble games or study to be a doctor, she is termed a "tomboy" or a "dyke."

Again I apologize to my readers, since it is scarcely possible that societies like these exist in the 20th Century, but it is difficult for civilized humans to understand "the ways of the het." One theory rapidly gaining acceptance is that the heterosexual brain has been softened by an overidentification with the parent of the same sex.

HETEROSEXUAL SEX

The sexual habits of the "breeders" are such that even a scientist must call them perverted. Children are not allowed to masturbate or enjoy their bodies. They are told that, if they do, they will grow warts on their hands and go blind, not to mention the lunatic warning given them that they'll go to hell.

Puberty rites are still more bizarre. The young boys are encouraged by their peers to take part in a ceremony known as a "gang bang." This consists of many young boys introducing their penises into one woman's vagina, each in turn, and afterward laughing about her to their friends and generally treating her like a disgusting animal.

Happily, times are changing. Whereas we used to think of all heterosexuals as sick, we now realize that some of them can be happy if they can learn to modify their roles. Our scholars have even set up a new category called "sexual orientation disturbance" for those who are unhappy in their sexual orientation. These people with proper lobotomies and shock therapy can become well-adjusted homosexuals. Those who wish to retain their breeder orientation are welcome to. Heterosexuality in itself is no longer considered a sickness. With love, patience, and understanding on our part, heterosexuals can become productive members of society.

CONCLUSION

Photograph of Fredi Olster & Anthony S. Teague for A.C.T. by Wm. Ganslen

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Young women, besides providing a receptacle in the "gang bang" ceremony, are not permitted to engage in any sexual activity until the institution of "marriage," at which time the woman gives up her name and identity and is then considered to be a legal and lifelong receptacle for her husband's outpourings. In het culture, persons of the same sex are not permitted to show affection or love for each other. If they do, it is considered "queer." The het culture responds with a ritual called "beating the shit out of the fags." It is a widespread and a bloody one. Sometimes the one beating (the fags) is permitted to walk out of the institution of "marriage," at which time the woman gives up her name and identity and is then considered to be a legal and lifelong receptacle.
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On Bush Street, not quite a half block off of internationally known Polk Street, in San Francisco, there is a whimsical jungle of plants and macramé in a shop called THE BRUNDAGE COLLECTION. The curator is Michael Brundage, a twenty-nine year old triple Virgo who might glare at you if you mention green thumbs. Michael believes in caring and a little knowledge rather than luck in growing plants. When Michael was first queried about being Vector’s “Nice Guy to Know,” he felt he might not fit the image. “Do you have a bitch feature?” But Michael has nothing to worry about. As a businessperson, crafts-person, model and person-person, he is a nice guy to know.

—Stephen Collier
ahead and explore your "gay" side. It's a natural part of you. Make up your own mind.

Ironically, the reticence of my counselors had one unexpected benefit. In 1963 the campus police discovered homosexuality, and, from what I could tell, they came down hard. At the UGLI they removed every other stall door. There was one very obvious stall room in the undergraduate lecture hall. The walls were decorated with lovely pictures of men together. All the men had large eyes, long eyelashes, and full lips; I had great fantasies about the artist. It was the only place where someone tried to pick me up. I left in a hurry; I was scared to death. The campus police found this men's room also. They removed one of the two stall doors.

The best places for liaisons, I imagine, must have been the graduate library restrooms. They had enormous old marble stalls with door sills so you couldn't see underneath. I don't remember whether they took the doors off of those.

Anyway, it was an ugly scene. They used plainclothes decoys. There were a few arrests, and there was one suicide.

Yet, assuredly, the U. of M. was not a Brigham Young, not even in those days. That same year the Dean of Women was forced out of office. The final straw had been her letter sent to the father of a white girl, advising him that his daughter was dating a black student. (There were probably only thirty American blacks out of 24,000 students on the campus.) Tom Hayden was editor of the Michigan Daily. We were boycotting Woolworth's because of its policies in the South. Civil rights, women's rights, student's rights were all beginning to emerge in the university consciousness, but the day of the gay in Ann Arbor was far, far away.

I trust that things have changed.
I rolled the overstuffed chair toward the TV. From behind me he whimpered, "You'll break my TV." I looked around for something else to destroy, something that would make up for my inability to express myself. In the back of my mind I knew I didn't really want to break his TV; so I just stood there in a rage—my mind whirling, my arms flailing about, my eyes searching for something I could break. I thought of the big blue chair against the wall, but rolling a chair over didn't seem immediate or satisfying enough.

I turned and moved toward him, unaware of what I was doing. He was still standing against the wall, crying, shaking. I drew back my fist; he flinched. All I could do was let things right back in a while."

"I made a semiconscious decision to go to the store. I always had a compulsion to replace things right away. So I needed juice, milk, and another pot for my plant. It was lying grotesquely on the stairs, like Bette Davis in Hush, Hush, Sweet Charlotte. As I left, it was beginning to rain. In a little while a heavy spring shower started in earnest, and I had to pull up my hood to protect my head. The rain turned to hail, performing an amplified Staircase on my hood. I had to stop under a second-story bay window for the storm to let up. I stood and watched the geyser of water on the wet, glistening street. When the shower turned into a drizzle, I stepped out from the shelter of the bay window and went down on the street. The fragrance of the wet spring air filled my lungs.

I had to pick up more food stamps before going to the store, and the Food Stamp Office wouldn't be open until 10 o'clock. So I had to kill time. I went across the street to have a cup of coffee in the little shop that serves as an anteroom for a bar. A fat pale man served me a 27-cent cup of coffee and a 10-cent refill. He was wearing a pink hat made out of imitation felt. I finished and still had half an hour to kill so I walked toward the park.

The sky had cleared, and to the west, over the ocean, a bank of gray clouds hovered, carrying the next shower.

As I entered the park, I passed a robin standing on a small stump. It eyed me warily as I passed, but it took to the air. At least he hadn't attacked his stereo.

My mind was swirling like the fog through the streets of the city. My actions seemed predetermined by the anger flowing in my blood. I picked up the clay pot and hurled it against the wall. An explosion of dirt, clay flowing in my blood. I picked up the clay pot and hurled it against the wall. An explosion of dirt, clay shards, and green stems spilled down the stairs. I retreated to my bedroom and slammed the door behind me. I wiped my armpits with a deodorant stick and threw it at the dresser drawers, I knocked over my"
rain. Even the fragrance of newly bloomed bushes in bloom, I stopped to inhale each one’s tangy odors. I break on the path to my favorite pond I bent down to look into the eyes of a friendly squirrel. The pond was still dirty, but the green scum that used to cover the surface was gone and the water lilies looked like moons pinned down to their green pads. The pond seemed to be returning to its natural state, as it was when I used to go there to think and to write letters.

I sat down there again and contemplated what had happened to and I couldn’t understand why people keep burying their heads in the compost heap of self-inflicted wounds.
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