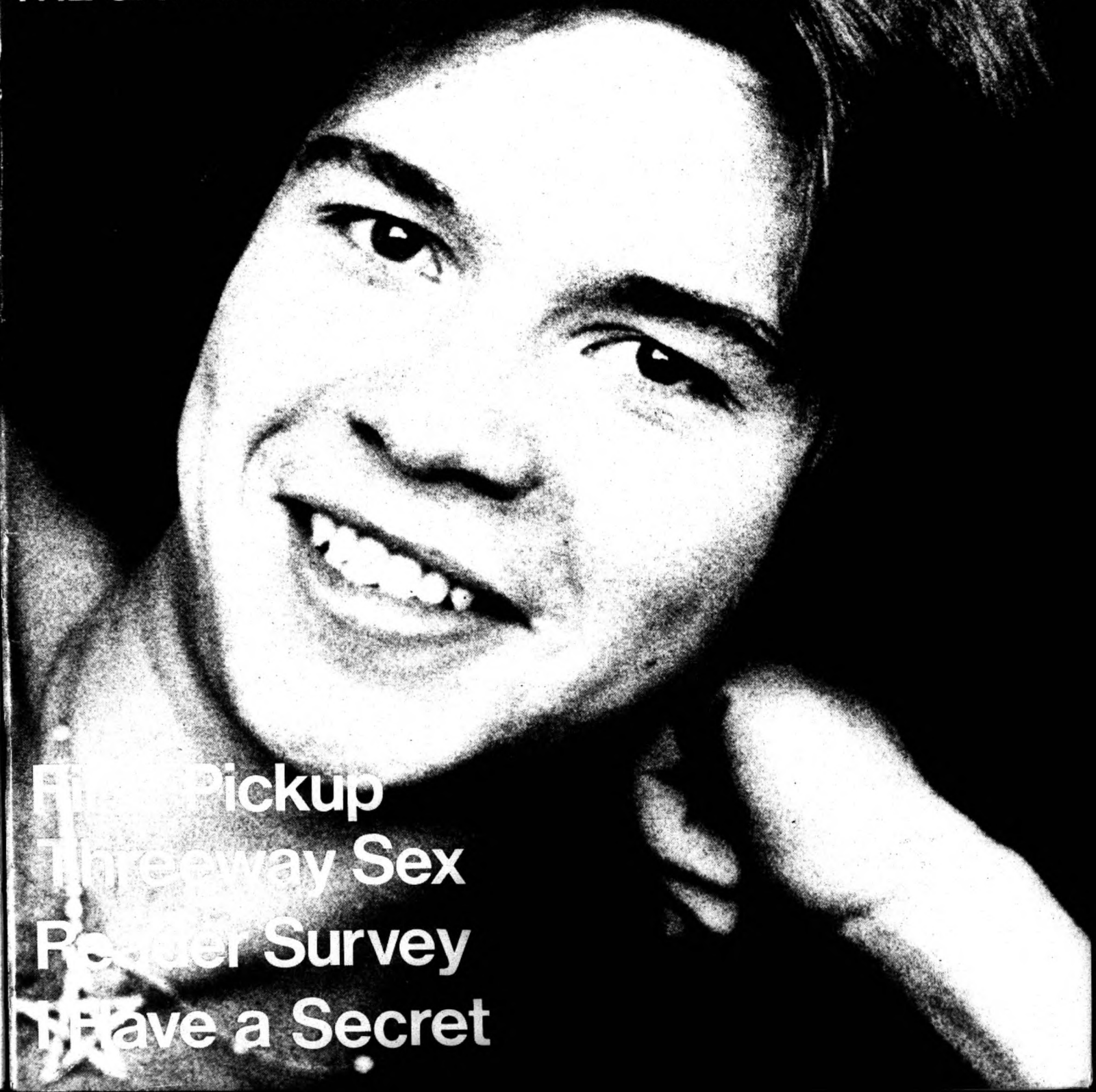


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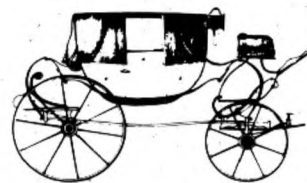
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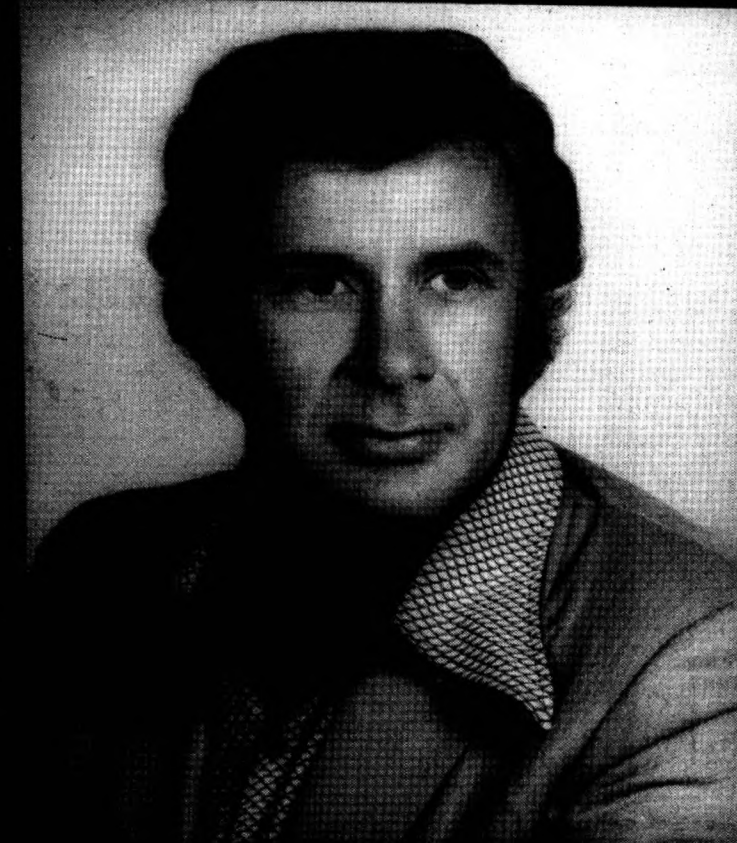
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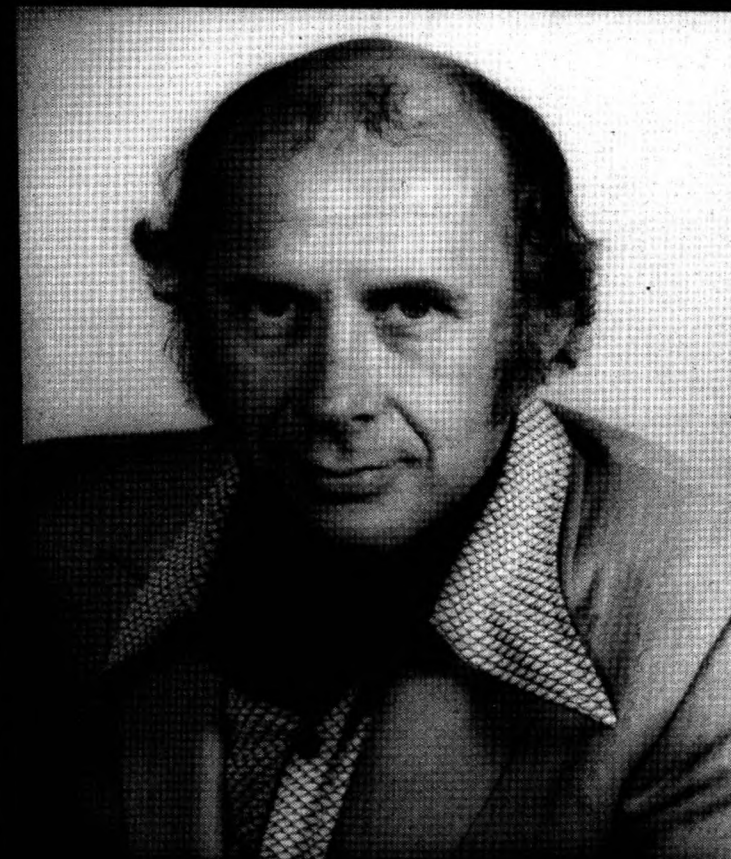
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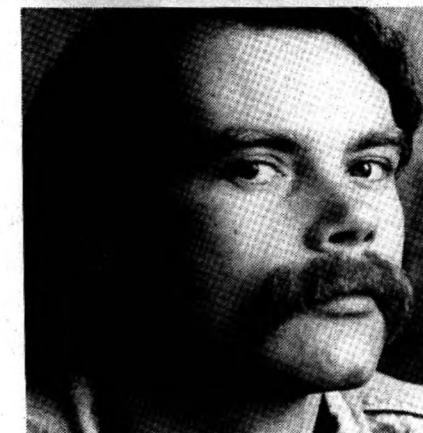
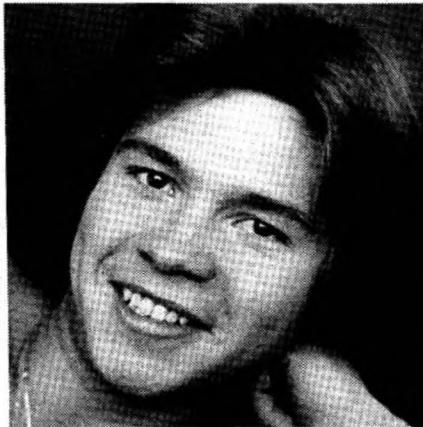
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For Eleven Years

VECTOR

The Gay Experience

October 1975

Volume II, Number 10

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Letters

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 spawn 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 Sosnowski
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.

Boyde A. White
Palm Desert, Ca.

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

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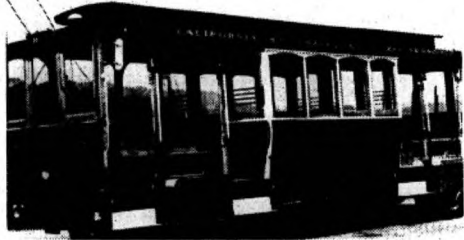
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beautiful boy I have ever seen. (What wouldn't I give to see him in the flesh!) Although he is wearing a wedding ring, and therefore is presumably not gay, it is okay for *Vector* to celebrate male beauty even if it is not the Gay Experience.

Your magazine fills an important need for me. I am still in the closet, terrified of the seamier 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.

*Name withheld
Boston, Mass.*

Strictly personal

In reference to your recent letter, my reason for canceling 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.*



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This is a man

Today I picked up my first copy of *Vector* due to the picture of Jack Wrangler. He is great. Give us more of him. Now this is a man! Please, more pictures of Jack Wrangler.

*Bob Meyer
Beverly Hills, Ca.*

East Bay

Thanks for your writeup on Pacific Center in the August issue. Although we did sponsor the East Bay Gay Day, we did it as East Bay Gay because of IRS hassles. As I doubt the IRS reads *Vector*, we should be okay. You may be interested to know that the Campgrounds has closed, and that the Pacific Center has its own bisexual rap and has no official connection with Berkeley Men's Center. Thanks again.

*Alice
Berkeley, Ca.*

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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.

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Books

A MINISTER TALKS ABOUT S&M IN A POSITIVE LIGHT

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 Meta-

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physical students in MCC. While this presence may not appear that evident on the West coast, the presence of Metaphysical Consciousness on the East coast, especially in Florida, is very real and is appreciated as a compliment to the work and witness of MCC.

In the final chapter the author refers to sources all the way from an Episcopal theologian to Albert Einstein as he draws new reactions to the parts of the Old and New Testaments which have been twisted and turned by the "Bible-Believing" people who would condemn homosexuality as a sin rather than as a gift of God. Brian Quinn's reference to the message of the bible is believable and offers new insight to all students of the bible.

—Rev. Chuck Larsen
San Francisco MCC

A *Different Drummer* can be ordered from Metaphysical Book Store, 420 Sutter St., San Francisco Ca. The cost is \$2.00 per copy with an additional 30 cents for mail orders.

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The author was listed as a Religious Science Practitioner in *Science of Mind* Magazine for two years. He holds a Doctoral Degree from the Denver College of Mental Science and an academic Masters Degree in Psychiatric Social Work.

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Politics

WHEN A TEACHER IS DE-CREDENTIALLED IT IS FOR LIFE!

by ALAN SMITH

Last fortnight I talked with Mr. Robert Smith of the credentials section of the California Department of Public Instruction.

I inquired as to whether a convicted "sex offender" (by that I mean anyone registered under Penal Code No. 290, whether it be solicitation in the park or forcible rape), an ex-schoolteacher, could have his teaching credentials reinstated.

The answer—plain and simple—NO!

The legislature has removed all discretion from the credentials section on this issue. Anyone convicted of, or pleading guilty to, a sex-registrable crime shall have all teaching credentials revoked—for life!

But, I inquired, what about after

you've "paid your debt to society" and have completed all the conditions of your probation? The answer is still the same: NO!

Well, I probed, what about when you have been permitted to withdraw your plea of guilty under Penal Code 1203.4 and "shall thereafter be released of all penalties and disabilities"? It doesn't matter, came back the answer. Then an interesting speculation from the other Mr. Smith: "Seems like it's easier to rehabilitate a convicted murderer than someone who doesn't conform to..."

I queried as to how the intent of Penal Code 1203.4 could be subverted by this very obvious "penal penalty and disability" of denying one's livelihood forever. Answer: The Legislature regards licensing to be a civil matter and not affected

by criminal rehabilitation statutes.

Then Mr. Smith volunteered that the Willie Brown Bill would not retroactively help "de-credentialed" former schoolteachers. But I interjected that this bill referred to consenting adults in private and, since loss of credentials resulted from public sexual indiscretions, it wouldn't be curative anyway. The other Mr. Smith replied, "Oh, no, I mean cases where we have revoked credentials for convictions for private sexual conduct." I gulped!

And, he continued, even these revocations won't be cured by the Brown Bill. Further, I note that a biased and totally illogical argument of those lobbying against the Brown Law is that, if this law remains on the books, it will not be possible to identify homosexuals



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GAY/STRAIGHT SHOWDOWN IN BERKELEY MEN'S CENTER

by MICHAEL NOVICK

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.

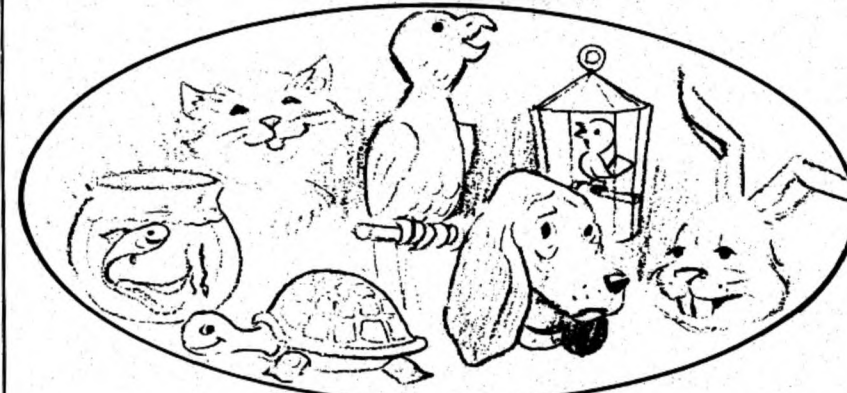
The gay-identified men feel strongly that they are isolated, categorized, and oppressed by the others. They say that what mainly came down was a power trip. The non-gay men have been publicly and privately self-critical of the separation they experienced from the gays, and of the way in which they could 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.

The situation developed as it did at the Men's Center because of the failures on the parts of both the gay and the straight men to identify and deal with the real issues and differences involved. The limits of an orientation toward human growth, getting in touch with one's feelings, and interpersonal struggle,

when carried on in isolation from a consideration of the oppressive forces of society at large, become clear in the history of relations at the Men's Center. There never was an identification of what were the differences between gay and non-gay men, how to deal with the power differences that oppression

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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 roots of gay oppression in the sexist suppression of women, the exploitive 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 the Berkeley Men's Center(s) and by pushing for the kinds of programs, policies, and methods of working and relating that will really meet our needs. The centers are at 2500 Bancroft Way (in the basement of Unitas House). The phone number is 845-4823.

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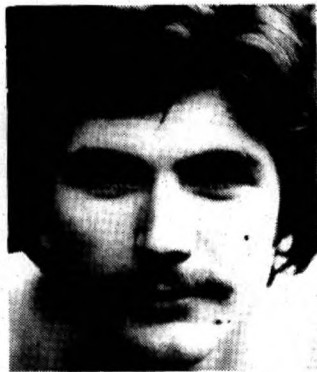


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PLUTO IS OFTEN PROFOUNDLY DISRUPTIVE

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

SIDEREAL ZODIAC

by JEFF

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

Pluto completes the list of planets that can be shown to have astrological significance. Pluto's position as the outer-

most member of the solar family is most appropriate for its implications in the birth chart. It is known as the Isolator and the Rebellious One. When strong in the natal map, Pluto makes the native deeply shy and sensitive to the hurts others inflict. The Plutonian seems ill-equipped for the social give-and-take of nice, polite society. He becomes so much the rebel, so much the disturber, that society can't wait to isolate him. Consequently, many Plutonians live very private, very separate lives. You Scorpio natives are well aware of this isolative function of Pluto, for it is the ruler of your constellation.

Pluto's transit to the natal sun is often profoundly disruptive. It creates sweeping and devastating change in one's life, the benefits of which are seen only later, after the pieces have fallen. The native is forced to give up much that is cherished. Just as surely as Pluto seems to slam doors in our faces, it also opens new doors of opportunity. We are often fearful of the changes Pluto brings, but

we accept them, frequently to our benefit. Currently Pluto is affecting 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 earthly matters as human intercourse. You can 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 anything gained without a fight is worthless. Forever young and active, you can be devastatingly attractive to others, but you must guard against your natural reticence in human relationships. You could easily devastate most people right out of your life.

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— Carol Silver

Carol Silver's outstanding human rights career: Freedom Rider in Mississippi, California Rural Legal Assistance (Delano), Neighborhood Legal Assistance, Sheriff Hongisto'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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The remainder of 1975, and 1976 to your next birthday, is dominated by Pluto's transit to your Sun. You can expect many rapid and unplanned changes to occur in your life this year. You will feel overwhelmed 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.

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 communicating it to others. Human relationships are in danger of being relegated to just another collection of interesting facts, and, unless you allow yourself to feel more and think less where others are concerned, you could suffer from an acute case of ivory towerism. You are convinced of the "rightness" of things, and you can be very persistent with advice. You do not lack charisma, but your attractiveness is tarnished by your egocentric aloofness and your cool lack of emotional response. Very passionate with ideas, you appear to lack the necessary passion for warm, emotional exchange.

1975/1976 promises to be a most productive year, with elements of good fortune based on heightened status. Are you planning to publish? Go to it! Your words will be well received this year. You can make some important and lucrative steps up the ladder to success.

October 19 - October 22

Your Sun is in the early degrees of the constellation Libra. The world should be full of "lovable Libras"! What a pretty place it would be. Your artistic nature and gentle charm give constant delight to

all around you. The world full of Libras would be even more crowded than it is, for you are the supreme romantic lover. Sexual contact is meat and drink to you. Your personal magnetism flashes constantly, and people love to look at you, touch you, cuddle you, *ad nauseam*. Your pretty face belies a startling executive ability. You are a capable organizer and a creative, tough, undemanding boss. But you have to fight to be taken for the capable person you are, rather than as a sex object. You can be lazy, preferring to bask in adulation and let others do things. But you are a good director. The worlds of art, music, poetry, drama, and charm are your worlds, and you excel in them all when you put your will to it.

1975/1976 is a year of positive change for you. Thrills and excitement are in store and especially new personal contacts. 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 sordid reality. It's not that you can't be bothered with being practical. You could appear stupid but lovable to many. Sort of absentminded 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 wind up with little self-reliance.

1975/1976 offers a chance to break away from routine and to get out and do something or someone different. The unconventional will have great appeal. Beware of a tendency to "trip" too strenuously. You might get carried away this year.

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Wining & Dining

FROM RAGS TO RICHES FROM CHINESE TO FRENCH RIPOFFS

SAI YON
 3444 Jackson St. S.F.

It's lesson time. Never, never go to Chinatown and just drop in on what looks like a nice place that someone a long time ago recom-

mended. (I finally found out why so few people have a favorite Chinatown restaurant: because all of them cater to tourists, and so many fine Oriental places exist throughout the Bay Area that it's seldom necessary to schlep 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 hastened 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 deigned to notice our frantic gesticulating because we had a tureen of soup on the table but nothing to eat it out of or with, 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 gray, cornstarch-separated glops of fresh(?) lotus root and sow's udder, and a dish of tepid deep-fried sardines minus the mandatory dips required for this entre, a few pieces of cold chicken underdone to a point of blood pouring off, and a rice that would make one ashamed—cold and reconstituted. All this for only \$7.00.

Someone asked for vegetables, any kind. Out came steamed bok choy, for which we were charged an extra \$1.25. (Bok choy was 19 cents a pound that morning in the markets.) Then we asked for some sweet and sour sauce and received ketchup, cornstarch and two flecks of green pepper for color. Dismal food, dismally prepared. We noticed it is opened until 5 a.m. every morning and suspect those stoned

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brothers and sisters who crave *anything* at that hour may look with favor upon Sai Yon.

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Sausalito

When a visiting relative arrives in town and asks to be taken to the *finest* seafood restaurant in the Bay Area, Ondine's would certainly be high on everyone's recommended list for consideration. Given the opportunity for a trip over the Golden Gate Bridge and a fast look at Sausalito's charm at sunset—it seemed an excellent choice. Reservations were made well in advance for a Saturday night twilight dinner. Coats and ties are required for the men.

Since there was much news to catch up on, we chose to arrive a good forty-five minutes in advance of our reservations in order to sip cocktails, rap and get off on the incredible view from their lounge.

No sooner had the drinks arrived when we were "ordered" to our dinner table. We tried to decline and were told we would lose the reservation 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. Things were 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 soufflé 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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Campus

GETTING TRASHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

by MIKE ZIMMERMAN

I am sitting in the Stanford Coffee House and smiling at Jack Anderson, the editor of this column. I feel like being helpful. I say that I would like to write a story for his column but that I am out of touch with the campus scene. Jack smiles

and suggests that I write about my own college days. I shrug my shoulders; I wasn't even out then. Thirty minutes later it occurs to me just what Jack really is suggesting.

I came out three years ago, age thirty. One of the reasons why it took me so long to find my way

was the "education" I received at the University of Michigan.

Actually, I began my gay life as a senior in high school. Looking back I realize it was pretty audacious. Everybody thought we were making it, but nobody would say anything since *he* was one of the school jocks. At the end of the year I said to him, "I'm a homosexual."

He said, "No, you're not, and I'm not either."

I decided to believe him and went off to college. Michigan just blew my mind. At Big Ten schools, in the pre-equal-rights days, the ratio of men to women was about 7 to 1. There were men everywhere!

Somehow, I muddled and fantasized my way through.

During the summer between my freshman and sophomore years I had an opportunity to lose my heterosexual virginity; my performance was not exactly up to par.

The event, the sophomore slump, and a general feeling of failure led me to seek counseling during my sophomore year.

Fearfully, I went to see the University Counseling Service. In the center of a large, dimly lit room sat a stern-looking, matronly woman. I sat down and poured out my secret homosexual sadness. When I had finished, she explained that they did not offer that kind of counseling there. They did vocational counseling. I should go to the Student Health Service. During my highly embarrassed exit she gave me a strange look.

The memory of that encounter still causes me to shudder.

At the Student Health Center I got a better reception. Another woman—warm, motherly, and trained in psychiatry—told me that the mind is like an intricate machine. Sometimes it gets a little out of tune.

That made me feel better. But I realize now that she never said:

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This is a paid political announcement.

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 were there any good books she could have told me to read? (When I finally did come out, I relied heavily on all these supports.)

I did not 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 deconditioning), 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? This time I drew a male therapist. He was probably one of the coldest persons I have ever met. Marriage would not help, he declared dryly, and referred me to an off-campus psychotherapist. 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

Continued on Page 62

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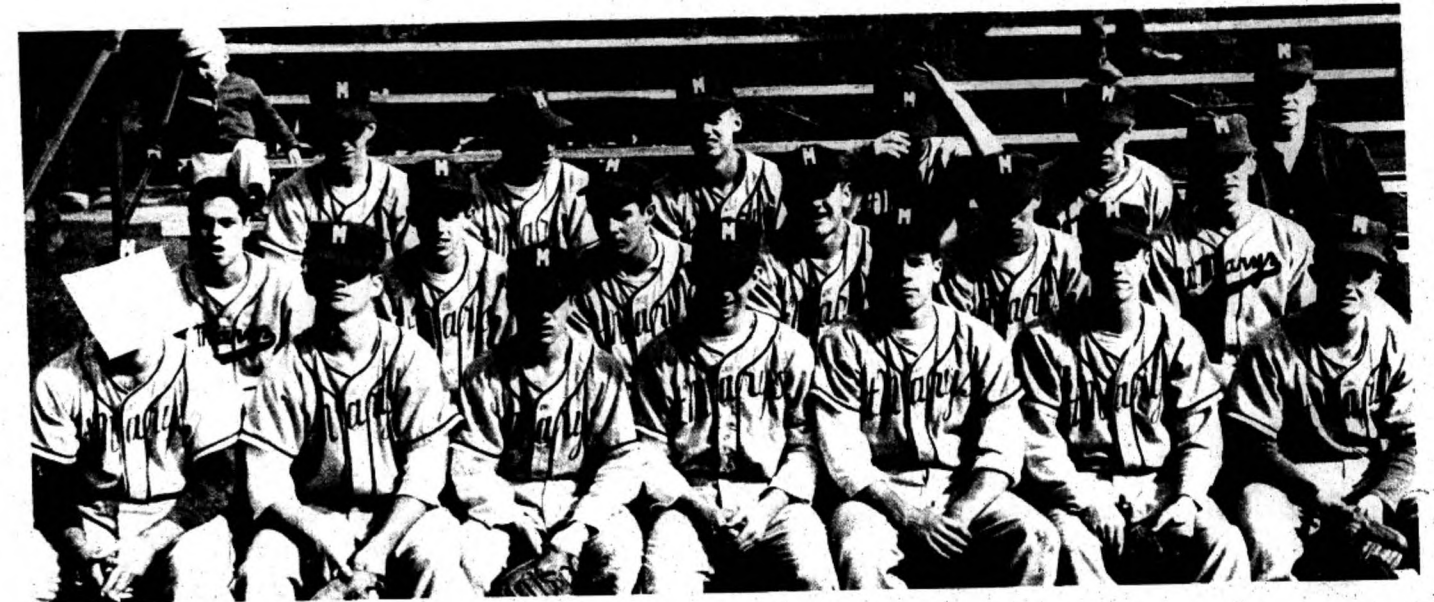
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I have a secret.

by DAVID S. BELL



Only I don't want to have a secret. Not this secret.

I can't ever let anyone know it, or even suspect it. But how can I tell for sure that people aren't looking, searching, suspecting this secret inside me? Oh, I just can't. Quick now, act right, don't let anyone know. Don't give them even the slightest hint so they'll start whispering behind your back first. Silent whispers that grow into a murmur of hushed voices which climactically explode and spread like wild fire in nothing short of a full-fronted assault on the person. Look what happened to Buckshot. There's nothing really left of him; just because he knows what he likes and how to get it. He's been reduced to a hovel of disrespect. You want to turn out like him? A low-life pervert, a sicko, deranged. God, no! And the teachers don't like him. Coach Quinn made him go sit in the back of the auditorium all by himself in study hall last week because he's a . . . No, I can't say it, because that's getting too close for comfort—too close to that raging fire.

So I've got to act right, behave, and not draw any attention. Just be

me. Got to go down the hall mimicking my walk with my legs spread open as if I have a broomstick stuck up my ass. That's right, practice makes perfect, and now I can do it almost as good as Butcher. The girls love it, you're on the right track. Now carry those books at your side, and give those arms a gentle sway, not too much, it's not good to look that much like a gorilla. Make sure you got on a pair of blue jeans 'cuz all the guys wear 'em, and that's what it's all about, being one of the guys. Strut down that hall then, and, when you pass the coaches standing at the hall's far end, deepen that voice to the extreme and enrichen it with your God-given masculinity when you let out, "Just fine," to all their ritualistic inquiries.

And when you talk to the girls, to be on the safe side, flash them half a smile, showing only the tips of your teeth as you look down on them, and see to it that your self-made confidence spurts out of your mouth because they'll eat it up. When with the guys—whether in the

halls, the cafeteria, a class, or the locker room—remember you got to laugh heartily at their jokes and puns about who was the latest and who will be the next to get laid. You've got to use that imagination, even if it hurts to do so, to be able to make up stories about how you fucked so-and-so Saturday night. "Boy, it was really great, I got her good, and she was a virgin, too. And she didn't even try to stop me, I had her begging for it." Yeah, that's a really good defense mechanism to use, you're really a man then.

Be prepared in Spanish class, when pretty, smiling, hair-done-up Mrs. Sevald asks in *Espanol*, "Tienes tu una muchacha?" to respond quickly but with smoothness and authority, "¡Creo que si! Tengo una muchacha. Se llama Dorotea," of course, her name's Dorothy. A feeling of relief floods into your veins after the interrogation is over and the spotlight shines on another guy. He, too, will be ready with a lightening-quick response. How many really do have an honest-to-gosh

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 girlfriend. They never see her, of course, because she don't exist. So you got to put to use all that extra brain energy that never gets used in class. "Oh, I'm goin' with this broad over in East Chicago. Yeah, I think she's pretty fine. She's a cheerleader and all, that's why you never see her around, 'cuz she's always 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 but 'bout once a month, 'cuz she lives so far away, you know, but when I do, I make up for the lost time. You know what I mean. . ."

Or, "Naw, these girls at this school are really ugly. And you know, after a while, and especially since you've grown up with them, you get tired of lookin' at the same old ugly faces. Anyway, these Ham-

mond girls, they all like to date those rich punks from Munster. Myself, I dig Bishop Noll girls, they're really tough, not stuck up, and got some class despite it all."

But watch out. Wait a minute. You're greatest pitfall will come around the time of the Junior-Senior Prom. The halls will just be vibrating with the news of who's going with whom. Worlds will crumble and arise over an expected date that doesn't materialize or one that surprisingly does. Attention of the acutest kind will be given to the sign-up list, which as time goes by makes more and more conspicuous those who aren't going. So, when Mr. Cleveland, class sponsor, beckons you from the library where you are lost in one of your more studious moods, be prepared.

"Well, why don't you want to go now?" he'll push. "It's going to be really fantastic. The nicest prom this school ever put on. The place is going to be decorated beyond imagination. We've put a whole lot of time and energy into it. I'm sure you'll have a memorable time. Why

haven't you asked a girl? Oh, please do. Do you have a girl? Lookee here, I have a whole list of girls who don't have dates yet. Let's see if we can't fix you up. How about Jody Vaughn? She's a really sweet girl, and she'd love to go. Do you know Nancy Ywano? A very attractive girl—smart, too. And Beth Lynch! Surely you know Beth, Homecoming Queen last fall. Wouldn't it be something if you went with her?"

And then you respond in a ready voice, your imagination ready to defend the dam against the boulder that threatens to break wide open your secret, "Gosh, Mr. Marquette, the prom and these girls you've talked about sound really outasight, but, you see, I'm already given to another prom this spring. See, last summer I met this girl, Rosa, on vacation at this resort place up in Michigan. I guess we kinda fell for each other a whole lot, and we made an agreement to go to her prom. So it's not that I got anything against going to the prom; it's just that I'll be at the one in Lansing, Michigan."

Mr. Marquette will excuse you then and you can relax. You did it, you convinced him. He 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—no! What would they all do if they knew about me? If they knew my hidden secret? Oh, I don't like to talk about it. Well, not really talk about it 'cuz I've never even told anyone. Just knowing it myself is bad enough. I'd like to bury it in one of those heaps of sand where it happened—where I did it, and now there's no denying at all what I am. Before, I could pretend in a half-way convincing fashion, or ignore it, but now it's like 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?

I know that it's sick and that it would wreck me. Sort of like the temptation of the forbidden fruit that led to the downfall of Adam and Eve. I didn't like any of it—the taste, feeling, or smell. How could I have done what I did and still live with myself? The worst part about it wasn't having to face my family, although looking them in the eyes after what I'd done was bad—but having to come back here and face all these people again! And I know what they think of queers and people who suck dicks; so I know what they'd think of me if they knew what I did that night last summer up in the dunes. God, I'm terrified to think of what would happen to me. I couldn't stand to be treated like a dog or the spit in a sewer, or like that of a hellish starry-eyed Jew in a concentration camp. So I just numbly, or should I say dumbly, join the crowd and assist in battering out any humanness that Buckshot has left. And look what they did to Wendy Hilsberg; they'll do the same to the girls, just because Jerry Parkinson says she blew him. Merely a deviation from the norm. Now she's ruined. No matter where she goes or what she becomes, there will always be someone to bring up what she did to him that December night in Hansen Park. Sometimes I hate men so damn much because they're so cruel. Maybe their problem is that they just don't have any feelings. And if they knew my secret, I'd be reduced to the gutter that Buckshot is in.

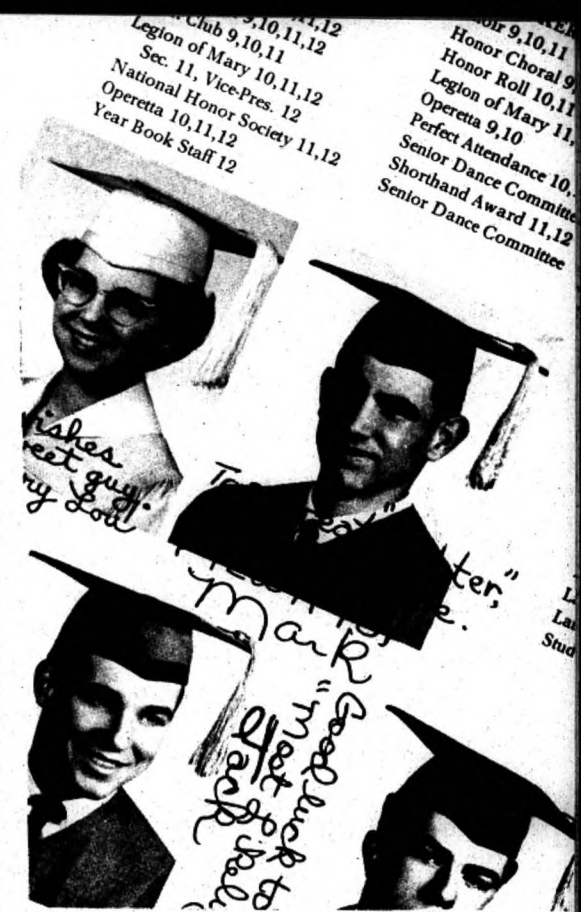
I really did want to do it, though. That's what I like, I know. Sometimes sitting in class, I get urges so strong that I'm ready to cream in my jeans. I'd put Xavier Hollander to shame. I can't stop the feeling, either, and there's no bottle cap big enough to contain it. I had wanted to do it for a long time. Damn, how long? Shit, I can't think of the number of times I jacked off in fantasy. . . well, I still can't talk about it. But, anyway, on this night I was out on the beach, and my mind was on these kinds of thoughts. I was thinkin' that by some far chance I might run into somebody who just

might. . . After all, the summer before I had seen a guy and a girl go at it right there on the beach. Oh, it was something—the grinds and the groans, he on top of her, his ass shining in the moonlight; I was excited by that. But nothing happened, then.

But on this night in late August, just before school, it would be different. I hoped, from the second I laid my hungry eyes on him, that he'd want to do it. And he did. Ha, funny who you'll meet on the Lake Michigan beach and what thoughts they'll be entertaining in their devious minds. Myself, included. So I let him lead me on with hintful little phrases; actually, for the tone of the conversation, we might as well have been in one of those gay bars. "Gee, if we were playing strip poker, I'd have all your clothes," he said to me as we played cards at his place later. So after the formalities were done and over with, I did it. This is my terrible secret locked in Pandora's box. I didn't. . . how could I, but I did what I had only dreamed and fantasized of in the cellars of my mind.

I sucked his dick. Yes, I went down and put the big thing in my mouth and sucked away. So this is what it's like, I thought, as I tried to make up in a few seconds for all those lost moments. Could I actually be doin' what queers do? Am I really a lousy cocksucker? God, yes. After a while I got tired; the lousy bastard couldn't even come. So he had to jack it off and then, before coming, put it in my mouth. The taste and amount hit me like a bomb, but I guzzled it faithfully, anyway; perhaps out of a sense of commitment. And I never saw him again, nor ever wanted to do it again. But of course I have.

Now I've got to live with myself. Before, before I could halfway reassure myself that I really wasn't one; only in theory but not yet in practice. So it really doesn't count. I remember a psychiatrist once saying that you're not a homosexual unless you engage in homosexual acts. I think that's the way he put it.



But now I've sucked a dick and that pseudo-queer is long gone, and I'm left alone to face them, and myself. It's a chamber of horrors when I go to look in the mirror. And I can't escape the feeling, no matter where I go because it's always there to seep into my brain and torment me—"A dirty cocksucker, up-the-ass punk." A thousand times I catch myself waking from a sleep, or escaping a day-dream, where I'm caught in the act. And they're watching, ready for the kill.

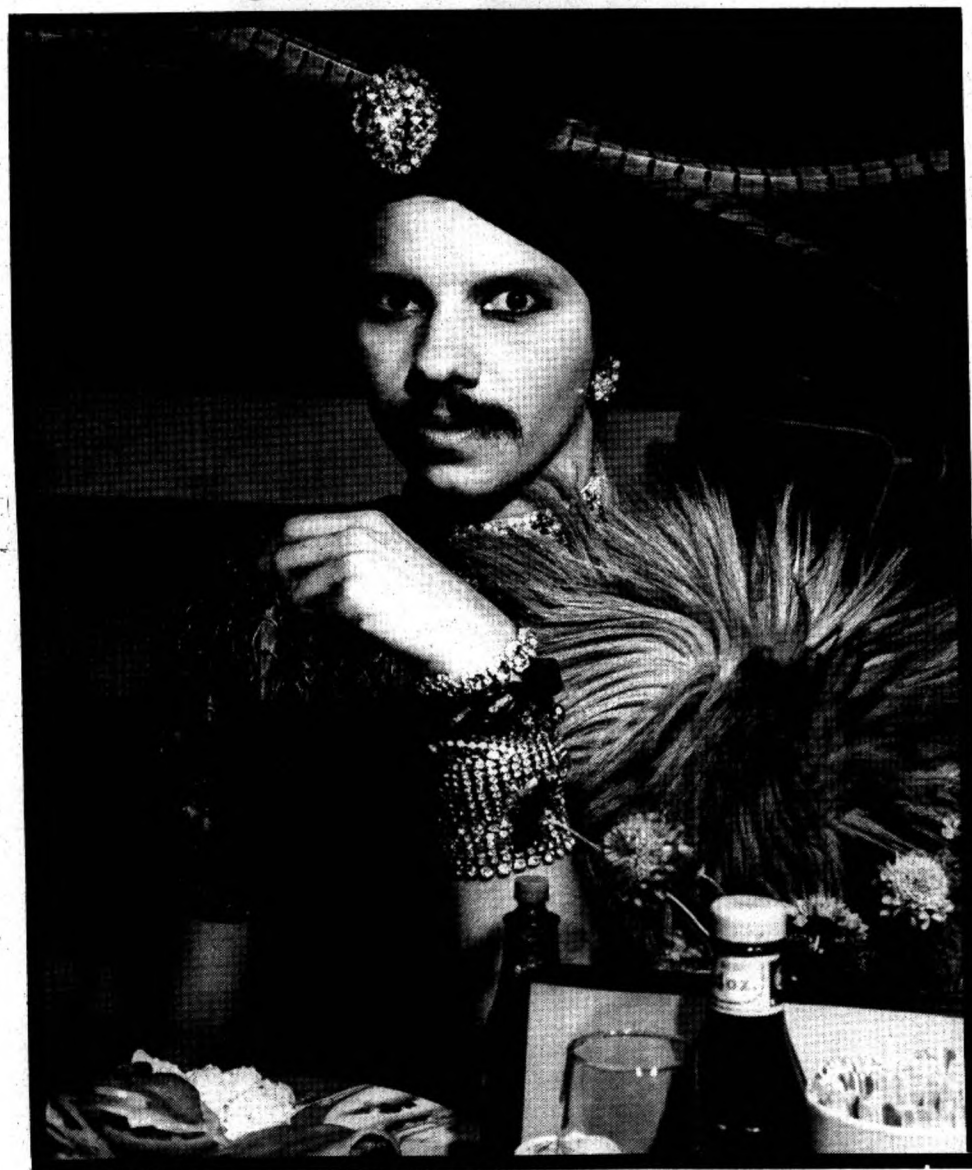
I don't really want to do it, but I can't stop. It's ingrained in me, just a part of me. But what's multitudes times worse is when it becomes my total self, and I walk down the street desiring it, skimming my eyes over the crotch of some fool. Then it's like a fatal knife piercing my heart in nightmarish ecstasy. You see, that summer night when I went down and sucked a two-bit dick, I died. Whatever feelings of compatibility or warmth to other people or myself, which hadn't already been warped, were mutilated in sexual ritual; my secret indeed did destroy me because I couldn't destroy it.



IS



THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE?



by MICHAEL WEST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID GREENE



The world of the all night donut shop includes hustlers, students, housewives, artists, drag queens, poets, pushers, old people, poor people, narcs, 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.

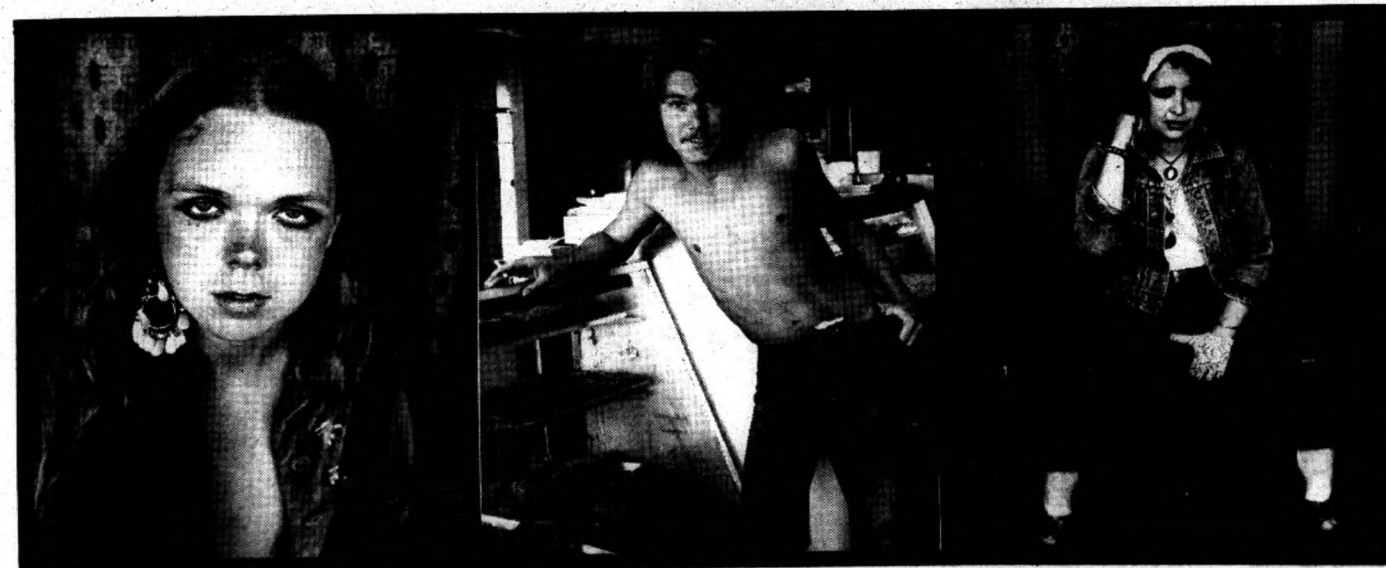
This exhibit is being displayed at the Donut Shop, which is open 24 hours, in an effort to encourage gallery goers to leave the detached and pristine walls of the posh photo galleries and venture courageously

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.





Rites of Passage

by LARRY KIRK

CLEANING OUT MY DESK A COUPLE OF months ago, I ran across an old snapshot of Gil, taken out in the back of the house almost two years ago, before I had to have the old walnut tree cut down, and I realized suddenly that I hadn't seen him in almost a year. On an impulse, I dug out his mother's phone number. ("You can always call me here, or leave a message," he'd once said. "Just tell them you're a friend from in town.") A male voice said hello.

"Gil?"

"No, this ain't Gil. This is Johnny."

His kid brother, I thought to myself; what other similarities, besides the voice? I went through the old-friend-from-in-town routine, and in a while his mother got on the phone.

"Gil got married last summer, moved down to Fresno. You tell me your name, and I'll tell him you called when I write."

For an instant I hesitated; then, "Tell him Larry called. . . Larry Kirk."

"Oh, yes. He used to talk about you. [My God, what did he say!?] Said you had some real good books about old cars and that he liked to read. Since I'm talking to you, Mr. Kirk. . . we've never met, but I want to thank you for what you did for Gil. He never was much on books and reading, and he almost dropped out of school. His dad and me really had to bear down on him. But I think you encouraged him to read things and start thinking about life and growing up, and it sort of changed him. I'll sure tell him you called. Goodbye."

"Goodbye," I said, and realized that I was sweating. Gil married, living in Fresno. . . and he used to talk about me. . . to her. . . maybe his kid brother. Did they suspect. . .? No, she wouldn't have been that friendly, would she. . .?

IMET 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 up and down on Second and Third and through the park. However, that night I wasn't walking; I was parked on Third, surveying the scene, when this group of four or five guys went by—teenagers, maybe seventeen and eighteen and I nodded, more from 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 it 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 wonderin'. . . er, 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 dead, seems like."

To myself, I'm thinking that this is really too, too much: Larry the Pimp 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 a second or two 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.

"I can dig that, man. I could go for a blow job. . . 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."

Well, he was good-looking and well-built, and obviously willing, and for a moment my mind toyed with the notion of a wild teenage orgy on the family room floor (maybe they weren't all under eighteen, so it wouldn't be five felonies), but somehow the way he came on turned me off. Long, long ago I'd decided that I'd had it with super-macho straight men who

did fairies a favor 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 knew you were okay," he said. "You don't look like vice. . . not in San Jose."

They moved off then, and I went back to watching 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.

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 clouding up for rain, 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

might be under that T-shirt) won out over my impatience, and I signaled him over.

"Hi, where you headed for?"

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

"Home?"

"Yeah. Gilroy." And then I realized why he looked familiar. He was one of the group from the summer, a husky big-boned kid with a round, open peasant 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 be on the edge, following the lead of others, accepted and acquiescent, but somehow a little different from the rest of them.

"I turn off in about two miles," I said, "just before IBM. I can drop you there if you want to take your chances on getting another ride before the rain starts. Or I'll take you all the way, if we stop by my house first to unload this stuff into the freezer. It shouldn't take more than ten, fifteen minutes."

He thought about it for a moment, maybe trying to get the two alternatives straight in his head. "I'll come by your place. That's better than waiting for another ride. I was standing here for more 'n a half hour before you came along, and hoping I wouldn't get caught in the rain."

I opened the door, and he climbed into the car. As we rode along, I found out a little about him. His name was Gil. . . "For Gilbert, but nobody calls me that. It's a dumb name." And a little bit about his family. He was still in high school and didn't like it; it was dumb, and he wanted to quit and look for a job, but his folks were hassling him to graduate. He was interested in cars, especially old cars. He had a '56 Chevy, but he had to get a new part for it as soon

**"The only way
you turn queer
is if you keep
lying to
yourself."**

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 was 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 a place where you could probably have lots of fun if you knew your way around, but it was too crowded—no trees and open space except in the big park. Did I know any people in San Francisco?

"A few," I said, and thought to myself, "*but you're not ready for them yet.*" Most of this came in response to direct questions as I tried to make conversation, but after a while I gave up, and we drove the rest of the way in silence. When we finally pulled up into my driveway, I told him he could wait in the car while I got the stuff out, or come inside where it was warm. He hesitated a moment again, thinking over the alternatives.

"Inside? Do you have any beer?"

"Beer? You're not over twenty-one."

"What's the hassle? You want to suck my cock; how come you can't give me a beer?"

"Hold it," I said. I offered you a ride home, but I don't remember throwing in a free blow-job."

"You didn't, exactly. . . but Manny said you were a queer, and I figured. . ."

"Maybe you figured wrong," I said, "and I'm not a queer. I'm gay."

"Gay. . . queer. . . it's all the same thing."

"No, it isn't all the same thing. If I call you a dumb square-head Kraut (he winced), that's not the same as calling you Landsmann. I like to get it on with guys I dig if they dig it, too, and I don't get uptight about it or try to hide it. A queer wants to do it just as bad, but he feels dirty the next morning, or has to pretend

to himself that it was okay because he was just lying there letting some guy suck him off. . . and that proves he's still a real man when it's over. And as for the blow-job, just remember you brought it up, not I."

I must have sounded angrier than I was. After all, what did a seventeen-year-old kid from Gilroy know about gay liberation, and in 1969 yet? He looked a little confused and unsure of just what was going on.

"You mean you don't want to blow me?"

"Well, now, I wouldn't go so far as to say that," I thought to myself. "Let's not go jumping to too hasty conclusions." Aloud, I asked him, "Do you want me to?"

"I don't mind."

"That's not what I asked you. Do you want me to?"

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

"The only way you turn queer," I shot back, "is if you keep lying to yourself about what you want. No, I don't have a beer, but there's Coke in the refrigerator. Take one if you want it, and when you finish we can go."

"Well, okay." I could hear the confusion and disappointment in his voice, but that was tough all around. Maybe it was time he found out that just walking around with his fly open wasn't always enough. Afterwards, in the car on the way down to Gilroy, he was quiet, and I didn't try to make conversation. He had me stop on US 101 a couple of blocks from his home. "You don't need to get off the highway. Just make a U-turn down at the light. I can walk the rest of the way. Thanks for the lift. And I didn't mean to make you mad."

"You didn't," I said. "I just didn't appreciate being put down. I'll see you around."

Two weeks later I came home one day in midafternoon, intending to get some writing done before dinner. About five minutes after I hit the house the bell rang. It was Gil, in blue denims and a leather jacket, open over T-shirt and showing off his pectorals beautifully. . . looking, I flashed, like a hustler out of a cheap gay porno novel.

"Hi," I said. "You're a surprise."

"Yeah. I got my car fixed, and I thought maybe you'd like to see cause you had a book on old cars I saw when I was here before. You got any more like that?"

"A couple. Come on in, and I'll show you where they are." As I thought about his being there, I realized that he must have been parked down the block waiting for me to come home. It all began to fit together; the tight Levi's and T-shirt, the excuse about wanting to see a book on old cars, and thinking I'd like to inspect his old Chevy. It was pretty clear what he had in mind, but if he wanted to play games, I didn't mind. I offer-

ed him a Coke, asked some polite questions about his car and the work he had done on it, showed him where the book was that he wanted to see, and told him to make himself comfortable, since I had a couple of things to do, if he didn't mind. From time to time I checked back on him, pointed out some other books that might be interesting, made conversation about school, sports, an upcoming antique car show, everything except what he obviously wanted to talk about.

After about an hour of this the strain of not being seduced was beginning to tell; finally he got up abruptly (showing a beautiful basket, I noticed) and said that he had to go.

"It was a nice surprise having you stop by," I said. "Come by again sometime, if you want to look at any of those other books. And by the way, that's a really good-looking jacket. I bet it keeps you warm on these cold winter days. I've seen lots of them around San Francisco." He looked pleased that I'd noticed what he was wearing, and with a muttered, "Yeah, thanks," he was gone.

He was back again the next week, again in the afternoon, apparently again having waited till I came home. I wondered out loud at his being out of school so early. He dodged that, helped himself to a Coke, and headed for the den, "to look at the books," and I went back to the kitchen, where there were preliminaries for dinner and company to get under way. I got involved in boning chicken breasts and pretty much forgot he was there until once I turned around to get something, and he was standing in the doorway. I had no idea how long he had been standing there.

"I was watching you," he said. "How'd you learn to do that?"

"Practice," I said, "and wanting to know. Just like everything else."

He was quiet for a minute or and then, "I want to talk to you about something."

"Sure. What?"

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

You don't push—like the others."

"Others? What others?"

"Yeah. . . well, you know. Guys pick me up sometimes when I'm thumbing, and they want to blow me, and if I'm horny. . . well, I let them. And a couple of times I went up to San Francisco with Manny, and we'd hang around Market Street and get picked up. One guy offered me twenty dollars to screw him in the ass. He was an old guy, like thirty or forty, and I didn't want to, but he kept pushing; and finally I said I'd do it for thirty dollars, and he said okay, and it wasn't all that bad for an old guy. But I didn't have to do anything or say anything. . . just get it in and out a couple of times. But you're different. You don't seem to care one way or the other. You want me to beg for a blow-job."

"Not beg," I corrected him, "but ask. I want you to be honest enough and man enough to take responsibility for what you want and what you do, and not get perverted by this straight macho crap that it's okay just so long as you don't let on that you really dig what's going on. As far as I'm concerned, that's queer. You're a good-looking kid, and lots brighter than you let on, but I'm not interested in kids, or queers."

He seemed to be thinking about that, and then just as if it has all gone way over his head, he asked me, "I'm real hot today. You want to suck me off?"

I said nothing and went back to boning chicken as the silence lengthened.

"I want you to. That's what I really want."

I stopped and looked at him and looked him straight in the eyes. He held my look, returned it, didn't look away. . . for that moment a young man who had made a decision, not a teenaged kid hustling a queer. *Welcome to manhood*, I said to myself. . . and pointed to the bedroom.

"Go get comfortable," I said. "I'll be in in a minute, as soon as I finish this chicken. . . and would you like a beer?"

Cocktail Party

By Scott Faversham

Heavens?
This room is full
Of my past.

Him in the plaid coat
The park, I'm sure,
That tall blond
A movie back row,
The husky number
Wasn't it the baths?
The moustache — of course
Macey's rest room.

What a busy week
I've had.

There are heroes
In this room.

That one spoke
Out at City Hall.

That one took
His cause to court.

That one told
His family all.

That one signed
His name to a list.

That one wore sequins
In a parade.

Brave men
All of them

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 grasp.

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

Don't kid 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
Sit by the wall.

Be catty, not kind.
Talk crotch and phallus.
Remember the importance
Of dimensions.
And orgasm is all.

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

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

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

Poor darling

Roses won't stay
In thinning hair.
Tight jeans can
Reveal a pot.
Twenty's mad rapture
Looks odd at forty.
What he didn't do then
He shouldn't try now

Poor darling.

This apartment
Is a dump.
The drinks
Atrocious
I don't know why
I bother to come
To these parties

By the way,
What are you doing
Later tonight?

Why did we break up?
Because he was deceitful,
Untrustworthy,
Underhanded

In that horrible
Underground paper
Is was this ad
"Sensitive, cultured,
Affectionate,
Well-hung gentleman
Looking for sincere
Partner."

I called the number
He answered.

That's why we broke up.

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.

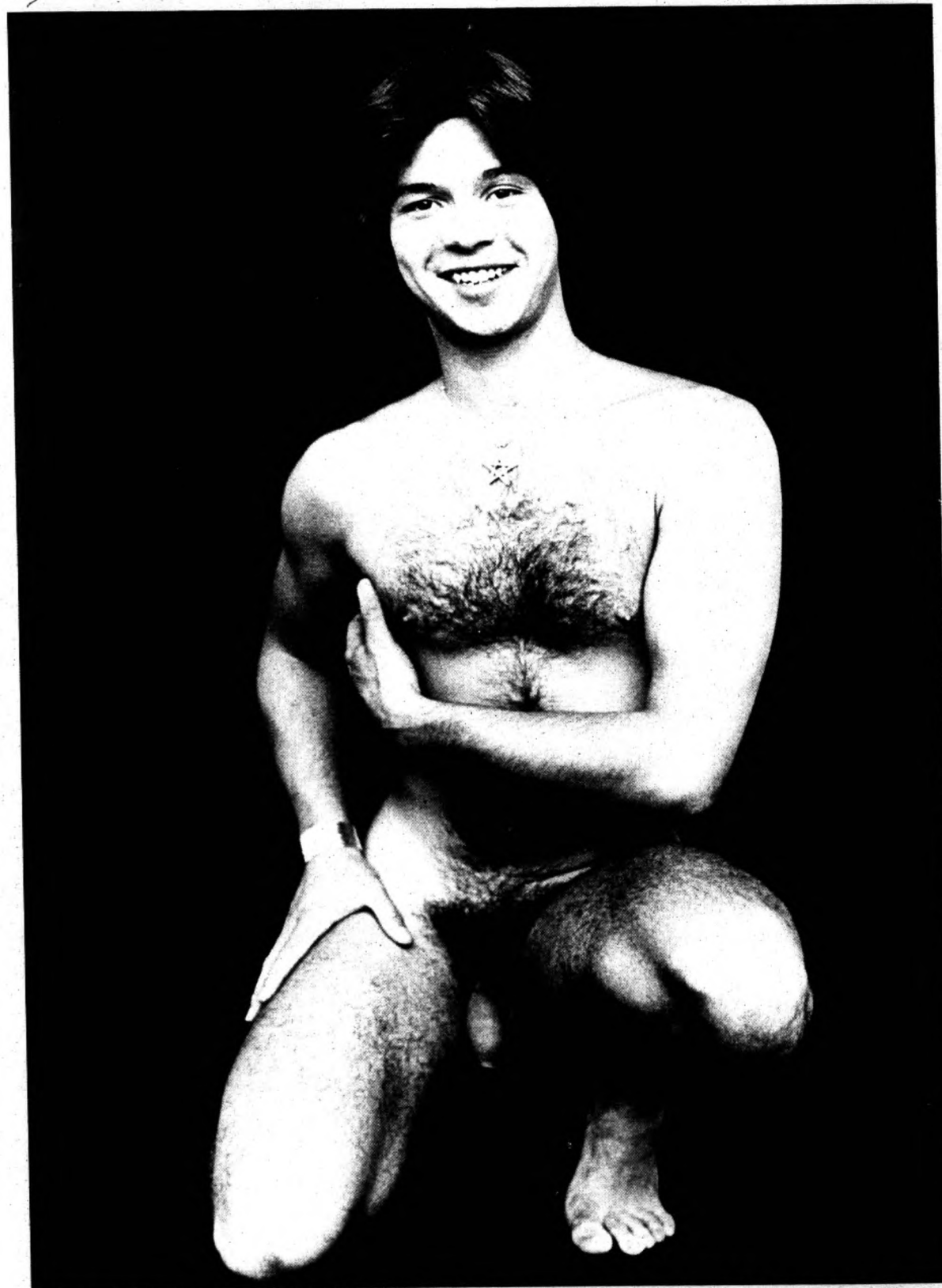
Endorsed by: Partial Listing

The Democratic League
 Citizens For Justice
 Homeowners of Western Addition Assoc.
 The Associated Democratic Club
 Harry S. Truman Democratic Club
 Frank R. Havenner Democratic Club
 People's Democratic Club

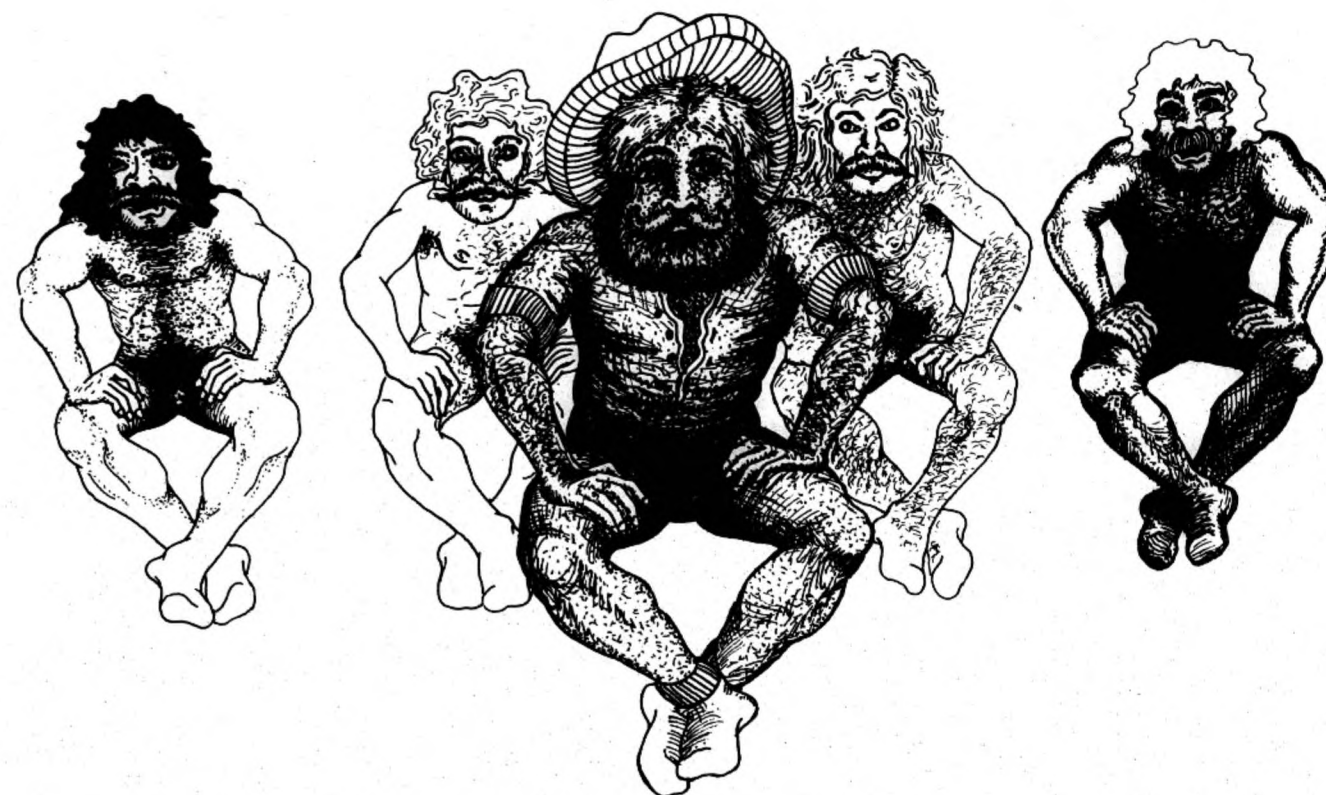
S.F. Building & Construction Trade Council
 Elmer Cooper - BART Director
 John Riordan - VP Community College Board
 Jack Morrison
 Bob Cramer
 Mike Caringi
 Hector Navarro
 Paul Hardman
 Bill Plath

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

chuck



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:

5% 18-21
 22% 21-31
 39% 31-41
 29% 41-51
 3% 51 plus

HOW MANY PEOPLE READ YOUR COPY OF VECTOR?

30% 1
 38% 2
 10% 3
 5% 4
 3% 5
 4% 6 plus
 2% No answer

DO YOU PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS?

8% Always
 71% Sometimes
 15% Never
 6% No answer

VECTOR COVER SHOULD BE:

(most frequent responses)

Fine as it is
 Dignified
 Less sexist
 More nudes

ONE THING WRONG WITH VECTOR IS:

Needs more pictures
 Needs wider U.S. coverage
 (less San Francisco)
 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.)

THE REASON I DON'T SUBSCRIBE:

Move too often
 Live with parents
 In the closet

CENTERFOLDS SHOULD BE LESS:

Posed
 Pretty
 Youth-oriented
 Muscle-oriented
 Skinny kids

SHOULD CENTERFOLDS BE DISCONTINUED?

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

VECTOR PHOTO COMMENTS:

16% Not enough
 2% Too much
 5% Too arty
 60% Just fine
 17% No answer

First Pickup

by ALLEN DOOLEY

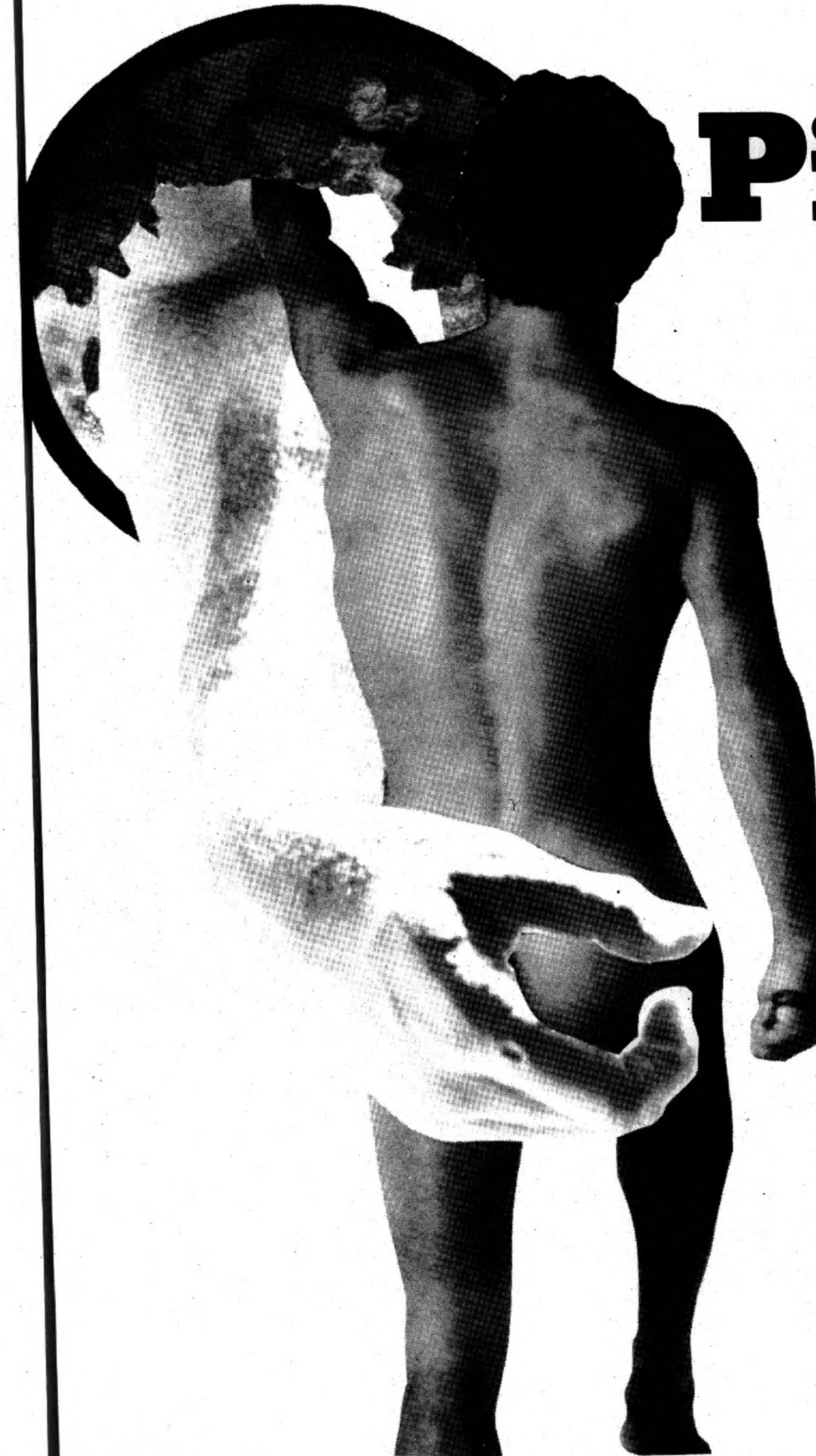
THE SUN TOUCHED ALL around him, lingering on his awkward clothing, resting on the book in his hands. He walked with the vague look of a newcomer, searching and hoping, but not quite knowing for what. He paused now and again, pretending interest in something, trying to cover his indeciveness about what 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.



R. W. BORG

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
- 35% In several sittings
- 25% Varies
- 15% No answer

UPON RECEIVING VECTOR, I:

- 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
- 0% Too long
- 52% Just fine
- 3% No answer

LENGTH OF THE DEPARTMENTS (Books, Theatre, etc.):

- 25% Too short
- 5% Too long
- 68% 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
- Porno
- 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

"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 car, stunning his eyes as he glanced into the stranger's face, waiting for something to move.

It seemed to Paul that everything had quieted down with the heat. The car's intrinsic throb flexed out toward him. The streets for the moment were deserted.

"That's really strange," the voice from the car murmured. "I don't usually mistake people. Your face just seems really familiar to me. Where're you from?"

"Westridge, about a hundred miles from here." A trickle of sweat snaked down his neck.

"I can't remember hearing of it. By the way, my name's Frank." From the shadows inside the car a strong dark hand emerged. Paul felt his own reach out, as he smiled and gave a small laugh. Frank swung himself closer to the window. "Hey look, I'm just driving around drinking a few beers. Why don't you get in and we can go to Washington Park or something."

Paul felt an immediate hesitation from the fear of trusting someone so soon. He looked down at Frank liking the coolness of him, and realized he wanted to go. Laughing, he said, "All right," and went around to the other door.

The heat dropped from him as he slipped into the seat, feeling a kind of pleasant surprise with himself. Frank pointed to the beer by his side, motioning him to keep it low. The car pulled out and rushed forward. Paul glanced back, wondering at himself.

"Have you been to Washington Park, or do you know about it?" Frank asked casually, looking briefly at Paul.

"No. Is it very large?"

"Yeah, it's a really good park, especially in the summer. Did your parents just move to Portland? Why

are you here, if you don't mind my asking?" He looked toward Paul, leaning as if ready to apologize if need be.

"No, not at all," Paul replied good-humoredly. "There's not much to tell, anyway. I just finished high school, and I was ready to leave as soon as I could. Portland seemed big enough. So I'm here. I guess I'll go to school this fall at PSU. It seems the best thing to do." Paul reclined in the corner of his seat, momentarily thinking of people he knew, then wishing he'd worn cutoffs.

Frank turned to look more closely at him. Then he pulled the car into a shaded lane, strung with trees and padded with wealthy people's houses. The sun fired over it all, breaking through the foliage in spotted patterns. Paul looked about as the car slowed, trailing up the curving road surrounding the park. In random spaces, like windows in the trees, he caught sight of the city below them, looking small and sharp in the distance. Light jumped from the many glassed faces of the buildings, which made them stand 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 intently watching the road before them. An uncomfortable pensiveness subtly drifted in the air between them, making Paul stare out his window, wondering whether Frank was going to say something.

"A lot of gay people come here," Frank 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 still, hoping Frank would say something more.

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

"No, not at all. I mean, why should I care?" Paul said, laughing nervously. "Really I think it's interesting. There aren't any gay people around where I lived, you know."

He forced himself to sound easy, embarrassed by the near hard-on he was starting to get. He felt his heart pounding with his head now, and his face hot and flushed. He jerked his head toward Frank smiling, then back to the window. People lay scattered on the grass, half-nude, like mannequins in a store display waiting to be clothed.

"This is my day off," Frank said, nodding his head. "It's real nice riding around the park. Seems so clean after being down there," he said, pointing at the city. Paul agreed, his mind in confusion about what he was feeling. "I don't live far from here," Frank added, as if it were an afterthought. "Would you like to see it? I've got more beer in the refrigerator." He looked over indifferently at Paul.

Paul could almost hear his mind give an instinctual no, but at the same time he realized the freedom he now had to do as he pleased, or live as he wanted. "Sure, sounds good to me," he replied, facing Frank directly. He still sensed his fear, but it only sharpened the heat in his groin.

Paul looked ahead, sheltering his own impatience. Turning toward him, Frank smiled and said, "We're almost there; just a few minutes. It's kind of a nice place really. Been there for about a year now." The car shot free from the park, darting in the heat around another winding road.

Paul hardly noticed when the car had stopped. Everything seemed to have happened in his mind already, scenes smeared with his own aroused fantasies, the ripening knowledge of what he wanted, the smell of sweat. He became aware of Frank waiting outside the car for him. He lifted himself from his seat, his mind as prepared as his body had been much earlier. Frank had entered the house. Paul ran up the stairs to meet him, elation and awareness flowing through him and around him. He stepped inside the door, laughing. "I finally made it," he said.

Inside the house the shades were drawn, leaving the bedroom in a hushed dark green.

Harvey Milk:



Photo/Marker Bloomst

Upfront Runner

by STEPHAN RIXNER

The city of San Francisco has never elected a gay person to public office. In a country in which the proof of freedom's pudding is that "my son can grow up to be President," the only gays to be elected to office have been in the closet, with the recent exception of Elaine Noble's state legislative victory in Massachusetts. This year Harvey Milk is giving us the opportunity to put one of our own on the Board of Supervisors here in San Francisco.

Last time Harvey ran, he started off his campaign knowing a dozen people, yelling at his television set over Watergate, and feeling as if he was filling a vacuum because incumbents were coming down to the gay community saying, "Vote for me 'cause I like ya'll." He had no

money and no political support. He still managed to score 17,000 votes, placing tenth in a field of thirty-two. This time around things look very different at the Milk campaign headquarters (Castro Camera). Of course, he still has no money for his campaign—he spent \$3,000 so far and hopes to raise another \$3,000 by Election Day, while the incumbents are spending as much as \$50,000 each—but the present members of the Board of Supervisors are running scared. And it's beginning to look very much as if Harvey Milk is going to be one of the new supervisors.

For one thing, there are fewer gay people this time around who are saying, "What's the difference? Whoever's in is going to shit on us."

Gays have seen Harvey out in the front of the gay movement in the last few years, fighting, not to be our spokesman, but to help us, as citizens and as gays, to achieve the rights and respect denied us in the past by the big-money interests and the bigots. But it is estimated that only a tenth of the city's registered voters are gay. What's gratifying is that Milk is picking up tremendous support, as an upfront gay man, in the straight community. He was endorsed by four non-gay Democratic clubs. He was endorsed by the San Francisco Building and Construction Trades Union, which means, incidentally, that our "liberal friends" who whisper that they support us but say that they can't be too boisterous about it because

Photo/Bill Acheson



“Harvey, are there many positive straight people?”



“Multitudes,” he said with a big smile.

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 flip-pantly 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 life-

style 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.”



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GUY CORRY

JEFF'S GYM: Muscling in on Castro Village

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.

If you go to a free class, the instructor, who might be Fred Will Williams, gym manager, will explain that isokinetics has no weights to change. The rope coils tighten when you pull them tighter. Your weakest muscles are exercised as well as your strongest.

Fred has known Bill and Jeff, founders of the gym, for several years. He's a gentle Virgo who is anxious to show visitors around.

The main room is carpeted, mirrored, and high-ceilinged. The light is gentle. The mirrors are positioned so that you can admire yourself as you flex in any of six positions. The seated press makes you look especially good. Since you can control the difficulty of the pushing or pulling action, it's easy for you to look around.

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."

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.

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.

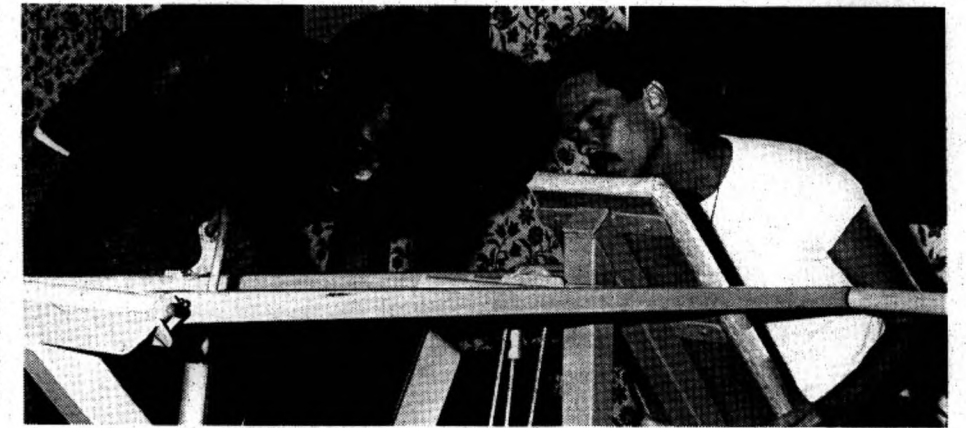
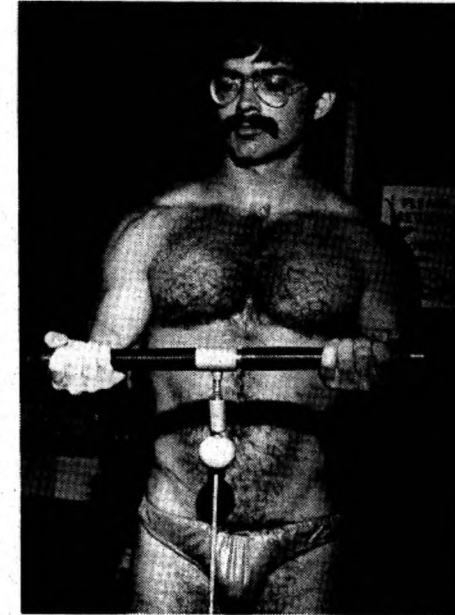
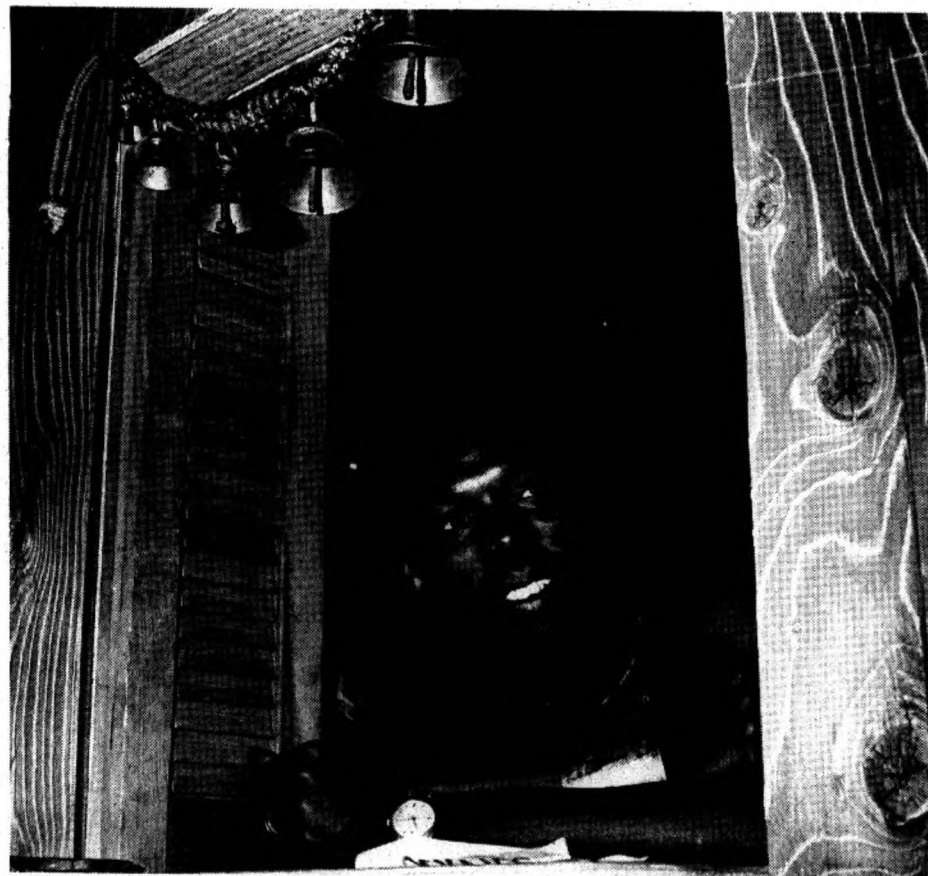
If you don't believe it, the gym has dumbbells up to forty pounds, a chinning bar, and a sit-up bench for those... who prefer to sweat. Some members just wander in to sit in the meditation room and to look at those exercising.

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 up each day.

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

The atmosphere is easygoing. Fred explains that the goal is a complete retreat. Music, a meditation room, a double shower, and Jeff's John complete the scene at present.



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.

Gym facilities in San Francisco are limited—consisting mostly of the Adonis Gym and the YMCAs, neither of which are near fabled Castro Valley. So Bill sees the gym as a service to the community.

The flowering of Castro Street is taking many forms. In addition to the gym, a collective of nine gay men associated with Lavender U. have banded together to organize a nonprofit coffeehouse to serve as the germ for a neighborhood cultural center. It's to be called the Rising Son.

Perhaps the gym and the coffeehouse will make Castro a mellower milieu.

Anyway, the gym adds to the diversity of Castro Street and it's nice that Bill and Jeff made the transition from dogs to dumbbells.

San Francisco One, Two, Three

by FERNAN ORTIZ de ZARATE

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, waiting for their men. And the androgynous brothers and sisters search their mirrors of flesh with feathers, boas, black leather, and chains; topless, butch, screaming macho queens who will never lay sweet teen angel-dusted girls who try to look like Humphrey Bogart, hunting a man for days around the city, ending up making it with another sister. And the savage boys hang out from bar to bar, wearing different butch drags to get laid by bartenders after tarot reading, 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 queen brother can say.

And the scene indoors becomes a bit more refined. The political queen lives on welfare, surrounded by a chaotic potpourri 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.

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 laughing at the sexual scenery of Dave's Baths instead of masturbating as he watched the people pass by his doorway. Pictures of monkeys, bananas, cocks, supermen fucking the world in colors support the transient love of buddies heated by the steamroom.

The searchers manifest their completion finding friends in the heated dark, a minute of pleasure, a released second shakra after the blowjob, no name but a handshake, and the myth of the amphibious

creature is revealed.

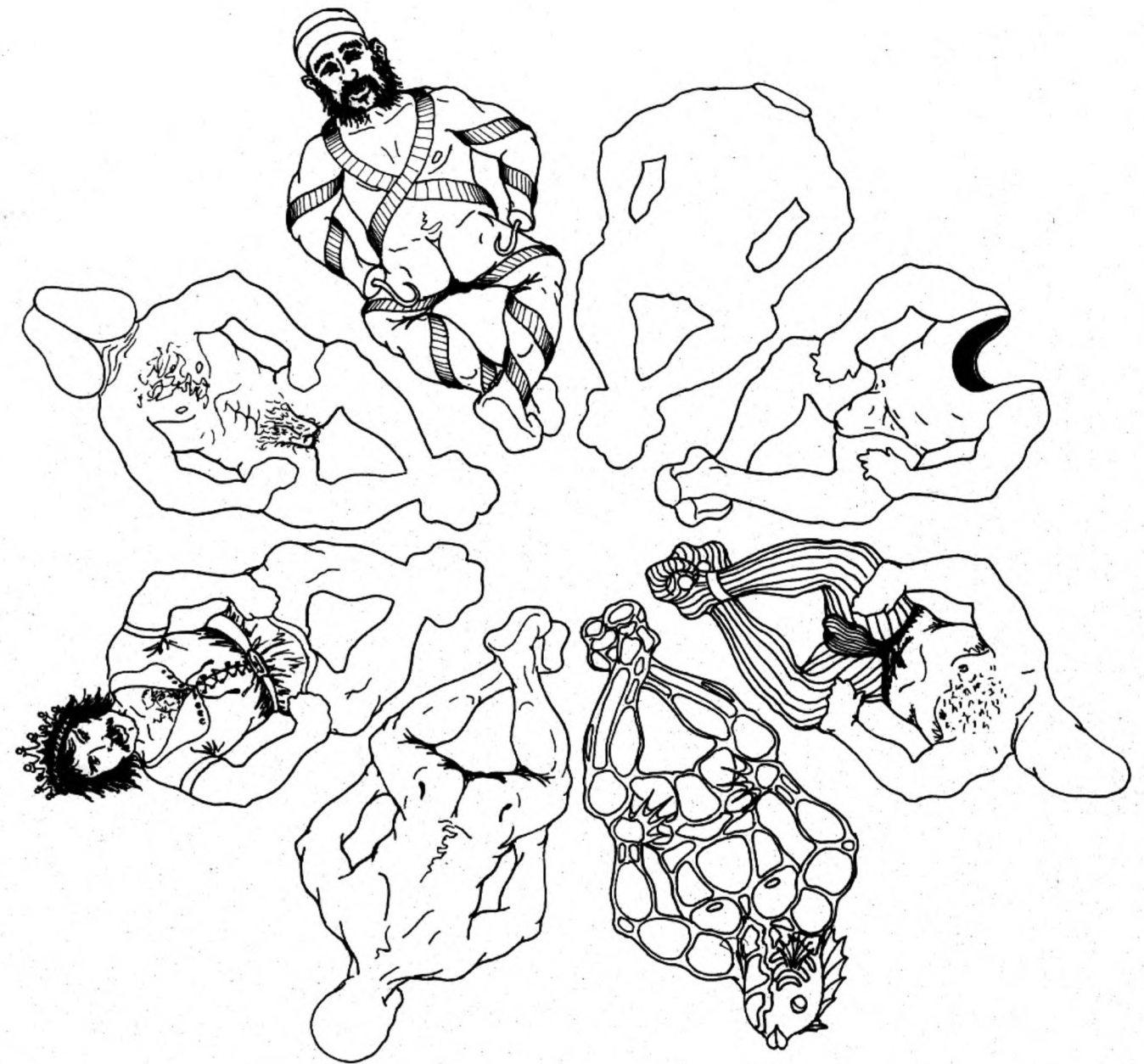
People from the underworld jerking off with the erotic shadowy flesh of an unknown brother while the sucking is lullabied by soul and rock 'n' roll music. While the painter turns to be a dealer in his room while throwing pill and coke thrills to the dynamic attendants who hang out after hours by the 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 gift with cells structured by technology and flesh, slowly turning off the central heat within.

So my gay brothers look and keep looking down at Castro Street after hours to be fully alive.

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



R. W. BORG

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 beaten-up mandarin kung-fu parody, and the company ended up with the heavenly host, with the lights creating oceans, skies, ethereal bodies.

Next weekend Balinese golden rain carrying the company to heights where Debussy unchained the elements in motion. And Carlos was wise enough to let his young

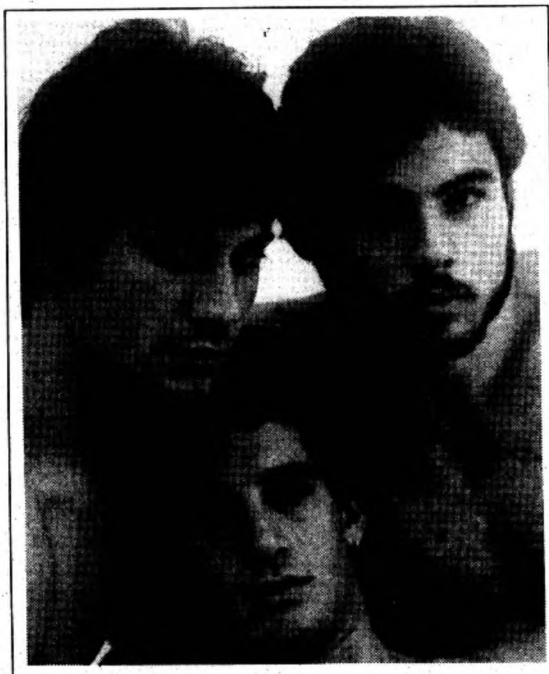
choreographer, Buddy Pearson Smith, play the feelings of Brahms in a *menage-a-trois* with his lady and his male lover.

We saw angels and humans spinning around planets, wanderers through the sounds of life into the arms of the transformer, and mother nature dancing through a body jungle, product of the good discipline of the teacher. Primal revival back into the city with orgies at Folsom Street, butterflies at the park, and the dancing joke of Paci-

fic Heights that the bourgeoisie cheers. We could clearly see through this amazing and pleasant social mirror.

It was easy to forget names in the troupe when the involution was revealed from a simple taste of wine to the opening of a higher center of energy within the human body, because all of the dancers revealed themselves as a totality with strength, professionalism, and brightness delighting a sensitive San Francisco crowd.

A Family Affair



MAKING A CASE FOR THREE-WAY SEX
by Harvey Lawrence

Group sex has recently come into vogue in the United States, along with its "pop" vocabulary of such words as groupie, love-in, sexual encounter group, etc. This rather new innovation in sexual fulfillment can be tried in about as many situations as there are sexual positions. Some are truly as new as the modern trend toward sexual permissiveness, while others date from ancient

times. Group sex can also be categorized according to place, number of participants, relationship of the partners to each other, gender of the participants, amount of homo and/or hetero sex practiced, and the durability of the group as a social unit.

Yet, while it is fascinating to pursue the beautiful possibilities (and volumes have already been written

for both popular and scientific consumption), little attention seems to have been given to sex between married couples and a third partner. Even the "pop" vocabulary has failed to provide a word or phrase that matches the precision of the French, who knowingly call it *menage a trois*.

Litterally translated, "household of three," this has commonly come

to mean a love triangle; a sexual entente for three. Mutual attraction is the key to distinguishing this triumvirate 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 outside third partner is to succeed in his efforts. However, a basic overview of "menagerie" construction can save the novice from blunders and *faux pas* that might end an affair on the orphanage 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 are 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. Before dashing for the nearest exit, however, there are a number of overtures that can be made if the difficulty appears temporary or situational.

First, an attempt should be made

to remove all three persons to a neutral level, preferably a social one. Going to a movie together, dining out at a favorite restaurant, throwing a joint party, or similar activity could serve as a good pressure release. 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 a 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 over sexual preference. The over-favoring of a sexual bias by a joiner often underlies the actions of an envious lover, in which case the burden is squarely on the shoulders of the joiner. Third, a re-evaluation of the relationship will determine whether the joiner has broken the cardinal rule and thereby introduced the element of uncertainty himself. This could range from trying to exceed the sexual context of the affair for a more intimate one to involving the couple in more time-consuming activities than they desire. Playing hard to get often proves far more successful than the hard sell.

This doesn't mean that the joiner has no alternative than to act defensively, because there is a time and a place in which to lay siege to an unattached couple. Knowledge of several different types of adoptable couples is important, however, in winning at sexual subversion.

ONE THAT HUNTS AS A PAIR

Perhaps the most common couple is the one that hunts as a pair. Seldom seen apart, this couple usually can be heard in running dialogue as they evaluate the attractive prospects in their immediate vicinity. Their domain may be strictly limited to parties or may run the range from bars to beaches. This couple is often the hardest kind to attract and hold since the joiner must be almost equally appealing to

both lovers. Too much arousal in one or the other can introduce the intruder syndrome mentioned earlier. Barring this disruption, the joiner may well experience the ultimate in double pleasure. This couple is also the most restless and may tire quickly of a familiar face.

Less visible, yet almost as common, is the couple, of whom one does the hunting but with both sharing in the feast. Couples of this category 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 favorite. 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. Here age plays a key role since "parental" motives often rank close to sexual motives, with age differences between joiner and couple averaging about ten years. These relationships are perhaps the most durable and well rounded, if the joiner is not robbed of his individuality and self-respect by a patronizing couple.

True equality as an individual is lowest of all cases, but emotional involvement is also the greatest 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 *menage a trois* has been a literary favorite of fiction writers since before Hemingway. The sad truth is that real examples are so scarce that it wouldn't be hard to believe they exist only in literature. Even so, it's fun to imagine how the Three Musketeers spent their night off!

Knowledge of the different types of couples will help the joiner organize his tactics beforehand, but this knowledge alone provides a few

clues as to what a joiner can expect when it comes to under-the-covers operations. This author's advice? Go dressed for dinner, but expect anything!

Perhaps the first general rule of thumb in family bedmanship is to remember that, more often than not, the joiner is there to heighten the couple's pleasure of each in much the way a catalyst unites two elements without entering into the final bond. Some couples will make their intentions very obvious and never permit sex between only one lover and a joiner. Others will pair off a lover and the joiner, while the other lover watches nearby or waits his turn. Keeping this rule in mind may help a joiner to prevent a case of overinvolvement which is a very real problem in cases of strong mutual attraction.

Should one lover prove to be particularly fond of a joiner, a certain exclusive intimacy may be allowed. In other cases it may be enjoyed on a catch-as-catch-can

basis. Semiexclusive arrangements may go so far as to provide separate but equal time for *both* lovers. 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 comarital 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 the degree for one, two, ten, or twenty partners; some dating from ancient India, B.C. But perhaps it's all just as well since a few good guidelines may stand a joiner in better service than the memorizing of some detailed sex patterns. The right technique in the wrong place (who ever heard of a *wrong* place?) is as good as no technique at all. There is one point that should not be overlooked.

Be it a one-night stand or a running lifelong affair, it is only sporting to mention the high divorce rate common in the *menage a trois*. For

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 distinct from all other forms 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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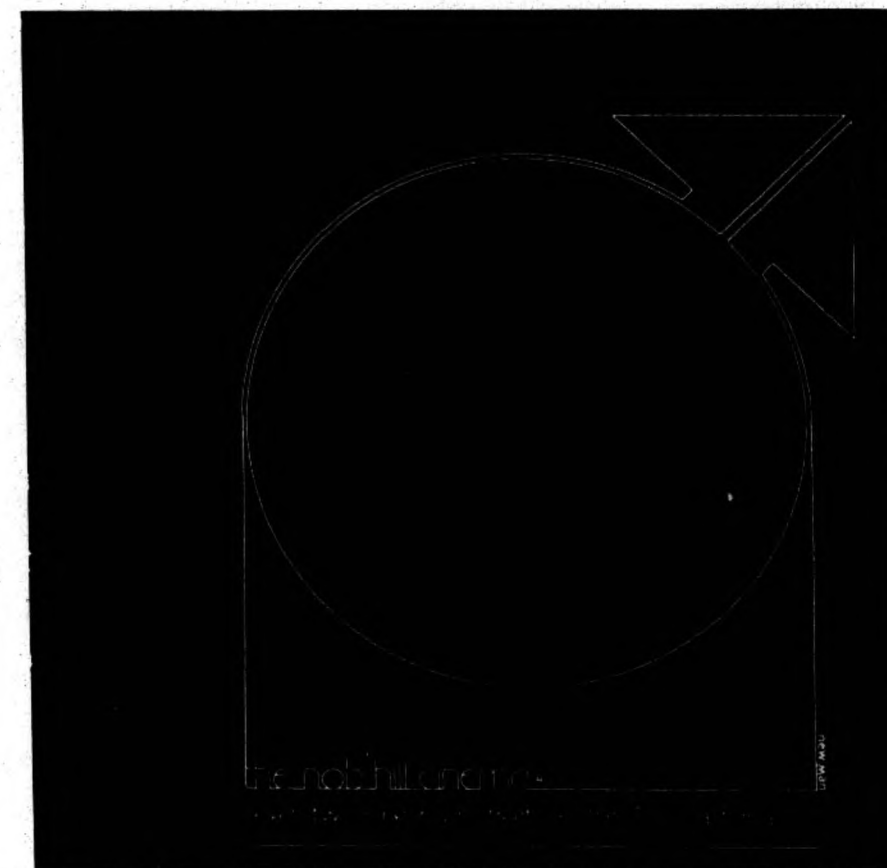


Photo by Stephen Collier



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SODOMY AND CIVIC DOOM by *Thomas Compton*: Pestilence and earthquakes caused by homosexuality.
RECOGNITION by *D.G. Moore*: Without clinical words, without specific sexual acts—he knew what he wanted.
IN DEFENSE OF MARK by *Bob Anthony*: Two lovers in a small town. A crisis. And a possible working it out.
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The Heterosexual World

An Anthropological Study

by SATYA KLEIN

Writing a paper on heterosexuality 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 researchers 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 could not 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 "cunt" 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 literal 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 gays 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 het male commonly 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 researchers 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 bang forcefully 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

“Only through massive educational programs can we begin to give these afflicted people a degree of normalcy.”

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 pink. 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. But the hets actually think they are healthy. Do you know what het culture suggests as therapy for a woman who refuses to play all these games? A good fuck! Such is the degree of sickness with which we must work.

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, revealing 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.

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



For heterosexuals, “courtship” is a time of ritualized violence as is demonstrated in the above scene from *TAMING OF THE SHREW* by the famous gay author, Wm. Shakespeare

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.

Young women, besides providing a receptable 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, if they caress each other, 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 beaten dies of his injuries.

Even within the institution of the family, sex is supposed to exist only for reproductive purposes. An enjoyment of sex for its own sake is forbidden.

CONCLUSION

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 hets 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.

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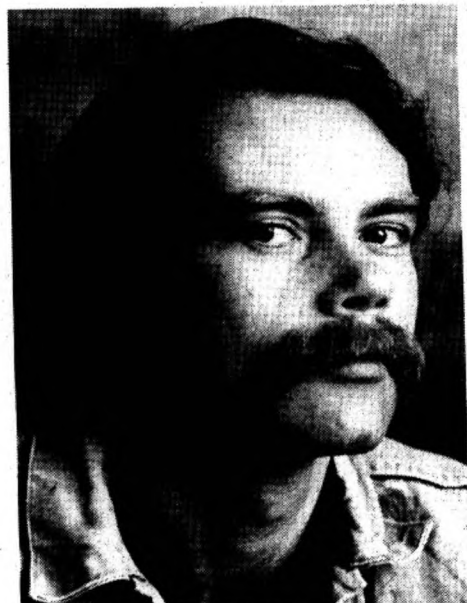
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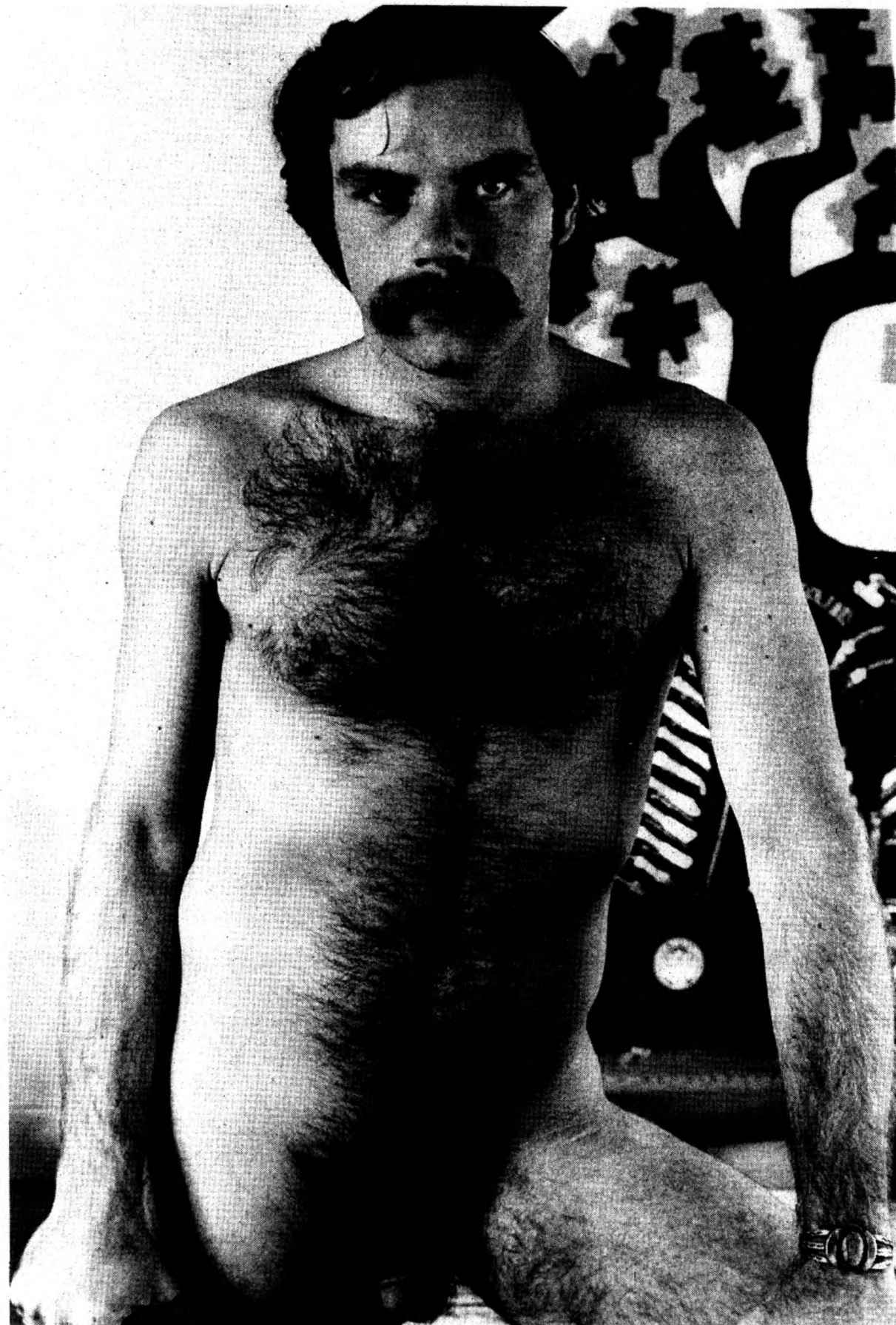
a nice guy to know



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 macrame 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, craftsman, 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 thee UGLI they removed every other stall door. There was one very obvious tea 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.

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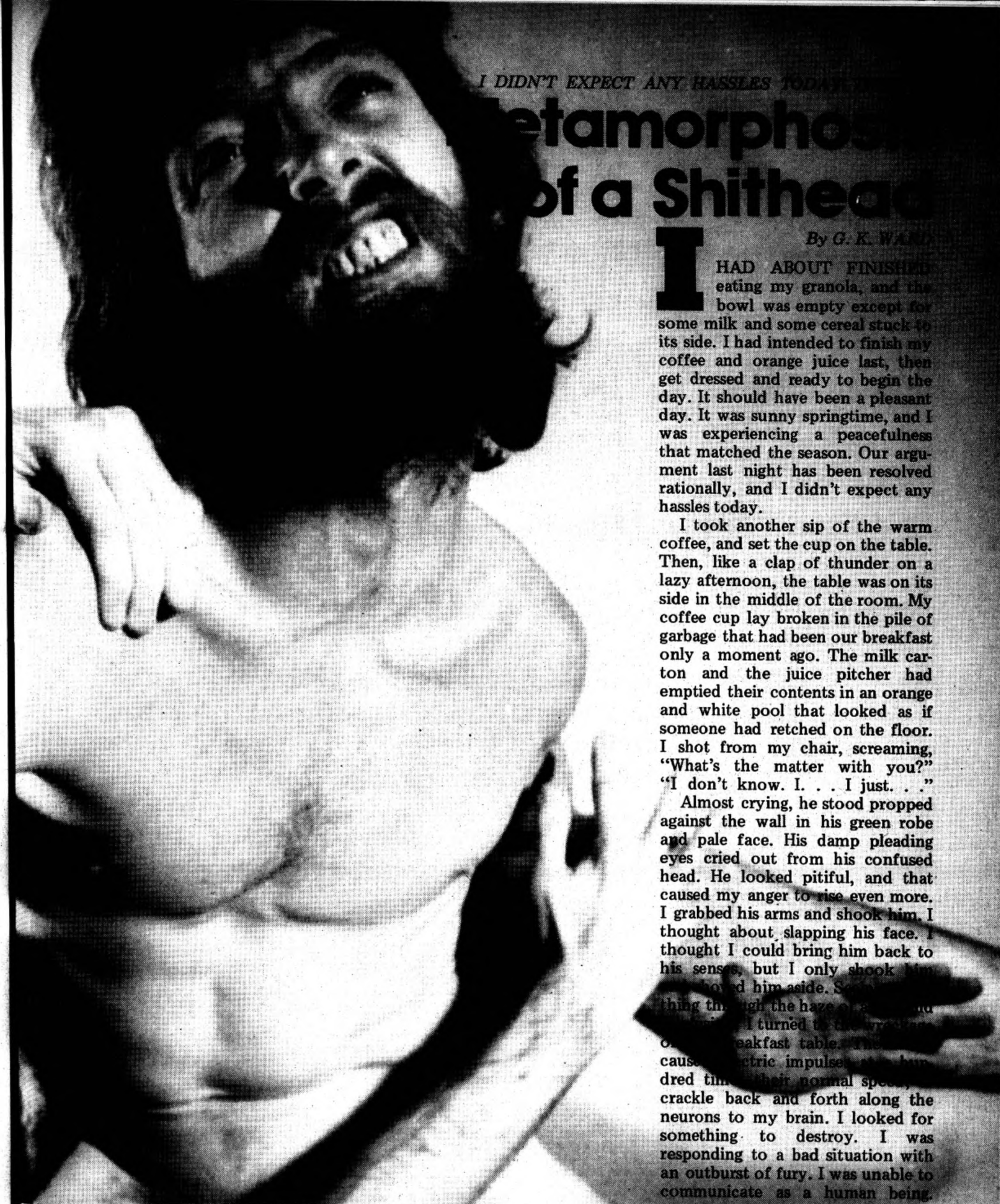
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I DIDN'T EXPECT ANY HASSLES TODAY

Metamorphosis of a Shithead

By G. K. W...

I HAD ABOUT FINISHED eating my granola, and the bowl was empty except for some milk and some cereal stuck to its side. I had intended to finish my coffee and orange juice last, then get dressed and ready to begin the day. It should have been a pleasant day. It was sunny springtime, and I was experiencing a peacefulness that matched the season. Our argument last night has been resolved rationally, and I didn't expect any hassles today.

I took another sip of the warm coffee, and set the cup on the table. Then, like a clap of thunder on a lazy afternoon, the table was on its side in the middle of the room. My coffee cup lay broken in the pile of garbage that had been our breakfast only a moment ago. The milk carton and the juice pitcher had emptied their contents in an orange and white pool that looked as if someone had retched on the floor. I shot from my chair, screaming, "What's the matter with you?" "I don't know. I . . . I just . . ."

Almost crying, he stood propped against the wall in his green robe and pale face. His damp pleading eyes cried out from his confused head. He looked pitiful, and that caused my anger to rise even more. I grabbed his arms and shook him. I thought about slapping his face. I thought I could bring him back to his senses, but I only shook him. I moved him aside. Something was wrong. I turned to the wreckage of the breakfast table. The cause was electric impulses that had traveled a hundred times their normal speed, crackle back and forth along the neurons to my brain. I looked for something to destroy. I was responding to a bad situation with an outburst of fury. I was unable to communicate as a human being.

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 just shake him some more and push him out of the way.

I stormed down the hallway. Everything seemed so fast. It was like seeing a bad movie. The doorway at the end of the hall moved up and down the sideways as I ran. As I reached the table by the stairwell, my movie-camera eyes focused on my favorite plant. 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 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 wall. Angrily I began to pull my clothes on. As I kicked shut the dresser drawers, I knocked over my special champagne bottle, used as a candle holder, breaking the glass of a picture of my sister. As I brushed my teeth, I heard more glass shatter. Then a crash resounded from his room. Appearing at the bathroom door, he said he was sorry. I just stared into the mirror and mechanically brushed my teeth. I didn't want to speak. I didn't know what to say. I still didn't have much control over my actions or thoughts. He wandered away for a few seconds, then reappeared and, in a sad voice, said, "Come and see what

I've done." He drifted away. I cautiously moved out of the bathroom and down the hall and paused in his doorway. I looked at the damage. His shelves, his books, and his clothes were all over the floor. Victimized, all of his plants lay upside down in the middle of the floor with roots groping at the air. At least he hadn't attacked his stereo.

He was in the living room, cleaning up the glass and the pool of juice and milk and coffee. The table

has been righted and moved into place. I walked over and put my arms around him.

"You feel better?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"I don't understand."

"Neither do I."

"I'm going to the store. I'll be back in a while."


I had 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

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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 staccato on my hood. I had to stop under a second-story bay window for the storm to let up. I stood and watched the hailstones bounce on the wet, glistening street. When the

shower turned into a drizzle, I stepped out from the shelter of the bay window and went on down 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 trusted me and didn't fly away. The park was alive with new flowers and spring smells and the after-aroma of

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rain. Even the fragrance of newly mown grass came up from the lawn. As I passed different trees and bushes in bloom, I stopped to inhale each one's tangy odors. I noticed snails still having their breakfast and watched two baby sparrows hop across the walkway. There were pink hydrangeas in bloom, and small purple, pink, and blue wildflowers were scattered over the ground.

As I strayed off the paved walk, I came upon a small redwood grove.

A fine mist began to sprinkle down through the maze of branches and subdued sunlight. Farther down 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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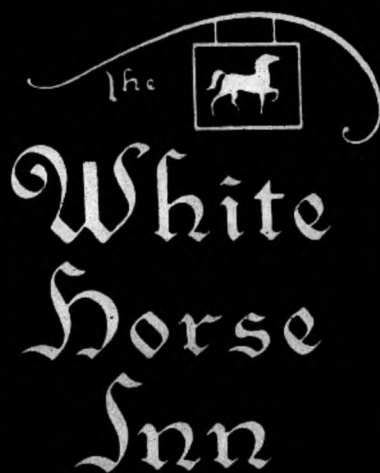
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