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If Your Lover is an Alcoholic

Theatre Reviews

Coming Out

VECTOR Bar, Bath, and Restaurant Guide
OPERA TOUR TO NEW YORK

For $599.00 Departure - June 17, 1973

ESCORTED BY - PETER BESSOL

ITINERARY:

Sunday, June 17: Depart San Francisco via United Airlines at 12:00 Noon. Arrive New York at 8:05 p.m. Transfer provided by motorcoach to the EMPIRE HOTEL.

Monday, June 18: 8:00 p.m. performance of CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA at the Metropolitan Opera House with Ross, Corelli and Serabia. Also PAGLIACCI with Stratas, Tucker, MacNeil and Cossa.

Tuesday, June 19: 8:00 p.m. performance of FAUST at the Metropolitan Opera House with Maliponte, Alexander, Sereni and Ghiaurov.

Wednesday, June 20: 8:00 p.m. performance of OTHELLO at the Metropolitan Opera House with Lorenz and Vickers.

Thursday, June 21: 8:00 p.m. performance of CARMEN at the Metropolitan Opera House with Horne, Maliponte, McCracken and Reardon.

Friday, June 22: 8:00 p.m. performance of OTHELLO at the Metropolitan Opera House with Lorenz and Vickers.

Saturday, June 23: 8:00 p.m. performance of LA BOHEME at the Metropolitan Opera House with Lorengar, Boky, Pavarotti, Sereni and Hines.

Sunday, June 24: Motorcoach transfer provided to the airport in time to depart New York via United Airlines at 12:00 Noon. Arrive San Francisco at 3:05 p.m.

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Writers who wish to remain anonymous should so indicate as of 1973 with the pride of more than ten years of continuous publication serving the needs and interests of the gay community.

To do this properly we need feedback from our readers whom we respectfully ask to write us a note telling what they don't like about the magazine, what they do like about the magazine and what they would like to see more or less of.

Any organization that does not periodically evaluate itself is apt to find itself in an irreversible state of decay. VECTOR is in the light of present effectiveness and original projection not likely to find itself in an irreversible state of decay. Nothing kills love faster than dishonesty of which the self-deceiving alcoholic is a master. J., a former alcoholic, wherefore of the label and lays the blame at the feet of the world capitals oblivious to homosexuality. She describes her feelings upon recently encountering a new male friend who turns her on physically and intellectually but who happens to be gay.

As a desperate need for money Ms. Collier agreed to care for a 75 year old woman made into a vegetable by a stroke and unwilling to live. Surprisingly a deep meaning and a magic past have been found in those somber 24-hour days that Ms. Collier spends with her patient.

As the widow of an internationally known German businessman/diplomat, Ms. Luder managed to grace the actions of the world capitals oblivious to homosexuality. She describes her feelings upon recently encountering a new mate who turns her on physically and intellectually but who happens to be gay.

The differences between growing older and growing up are nowhere as dramatic as in the gay life. Social scientist Jerry Disque digs into the historical background of youth worship and reveals in his two part article some stunning facts including the possibility that the Judeo-Christian ethics on sexuality had much to do with St. Paul being a closet queen.

The Theatre Review; Small Craft Warnings and The Crucible our critic who claims it as her second (and better) home.

If VECTOR is to gays what PLAYBOY is to straights, as the magazine is known, so are the gay young men of today's world the equivalent of the Playboy Bunny. As the author of several novels dealing with gay themes, Douglas Dean is consistently furious when people refer to gay novels as "fag books." He discusses the whys and wherefores of the label and lays the blame at the feet of the gay community.

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Mike Silverstein contends, some fast and dramatic changes are in order. Printing his article with the magazine's in-printments is the first step.

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A founding member and chairman of the first Publications Committee of the Society for Individual Rights, Mike Newton will be completing his second year as editor of The Insider, the Society's newsletter, published solely for the membership, in June of this year.

Since the organization's inception, Mike has most often participated with other committees on projects that involve graphics. Most memorable are his "Check 33" and "Come Clean" slogans and graphics for S.I.R.'s V.D. campaign under the Committee in cooperation with the San Francisco City Clinic.

Some of the "Sirlebrity Capades" programs, as well as the first issues of Vector and brochures, posters, and flyers for the Political and Legal Committees projects were also of his devising.

"I am not so concerned," he says, "that I should receive awards or recognition for anything I give in the way of talent or ability to S.I.R. or the Gay Movement, but that as part of an entire movement my efforts will have helped to bring us closer towards our goals of equal rights and respect for all Gay people."

Mike will continue to contribute to Vector's graphics as well as writing a monthly column about happenings in the Society.

A Sagittarius, Mike's interests include portraiture, figure drawing, music, theatre, bodybuilding, fogbathing (yes, San Francisco has more than sun), conversation, making people laugh, and balling.

Mike also makes a mean chicken soup.
articles in
of AA groups, referral services, and
community, and SIR, through its sponsorship
given to alcoholism in the gay com-
llem. I am an alcoholic who blew a solid
leadership in airing a major social prob-
tations. Little attention has been given
'that other' partner in the marital rela-
to the non-alcoholic who is consciously
and ultimately the mutual love for his
lessly watching his lover destroy himself
trying to save our marriage. I say I
am sure you have already recog-
ned the danger signals of alcoholism in
your lover but fail to find it hard to place your-
self in his position or understand what he is
doing to himself. I say I am an alco-
olic; this means not just that I have quit
drinking but that I cannot drink . . .
ever again. Alcoholism is a disease, as so well
pointed out by Kevin Norton (Vector, March, '73), and neither you nor
those of us who are afflicted with it
should be called alcoholics. Like dia-
betics, we cannot tolerate alcohol
any more than the diabetic can tolerate
sweets. In most cases, furthermore, this
is the only disease most commonly takes the form of
progressive alcoholism, that is the alco-
holic becomes a unrecoverable drinking
addict only after he has been at it for
a long time. I am stressing this for non-alco-
holics in the marital scene because it
is important for you to recognize the
signs of alcoholism in your partner's case. But
because it is almost impossible for a gay or straight person to avoid situations
in which alcohol is part of the scene,
you have had to deal with.
In the first place you can be sure your alcoholic lover will read this article.
He will probably not mention it, but if he
does any comment should come from him
first rather than from finally. Also, be-
cause part of the alcoholic's disease is
a progressive lowering of his tolerance
threshold for the stuff, he most likely
knows that you have already noticed that
he is beginning to drink faster and in
greater quantities to get the same
high. He also develops the capacity to outdrink you
without getting outwardly smashed, thus
falsely convincing himself, as well as
others, that he 'can handle it.' The one
ting he cannot do at this stage of the
game is to sip a martini or nurse a high-
ball for very long without getting up for a
refill. This sort of fast drinking becomes a
consistent pattern for him because
his body demands a drink, and he will
begin to meet this need in a variety of ways.
You will readily recognize his "late night
'light drinking'" by suspecting the number of
martinis he downs at lunch while away at
work or the increasingly lower level of
the scotch bottle in the liquor closet at
home. At this time, your lover is developing a deep guilt feeling that is
quickly followed by the realization that
he knows you have guessed what is going
on.

... who is consciously trying
your lover and you can unobtrusively get
friendly with an alcoholic and his lover,
including inviting him to your home when
your partner is with you; you can trust
them who will know what to say or what
not to say or do in the situation. You
know your lover is shy about his problem
and will respect his sensitivity about it.
If your lover is trying to quit, let him
know privately how proud you are for his
effort with a special show of affection the
next time he does it. Don't be hurt by his occa-
sional backsliding or expect miracles at
first. If he can finally bring himself to do
so without embarrassment, tentatively try
the bar scene with him. Any gay barman
knows what a Virgin Mary is (or many other non-alcoholic drinks for
that matter) and you can share your partner's
attempt to quit while still making the
game. The only caution you need to
keep in mind is that he must tell you that
he is ready for such an experience; don't
force it upon him. As alcoholics who did not
survive our marriage, we all know that the end was
approaching. You can make this point in
several ways that might help as a final
sounding if you are really worried about your
partner might be in order; if your partner
still loves you, it will give him time to
think about what he is doing to himself
why you are reaching the end of your
tether. Setting a time limit on how much
more you can take openly with your
lover may be a painful last step, but
reminding him from time to time that the
moment is drawing closer when you
will have to leave. This hurts both of you but it
is sometimes effective. As alcoholics we
hated ourselves for what we were doing;
that's what makes facing up to the problem so hard. Most of us had too much
sympathy, scoldings, or other attempts by
well meaning people to get help. Aside from
getting that help, the other
airing of the problem in your marriage. If
thing we never did was to tell our
lovers that we knew in our hearts what
we were doing to them. Because we could
not bring ourselves to say so ourselves
might be part of your job. For as the saying
goes among us alcoholics, our love and
marriage might have to be solved
. . . only if we had known it sooner.

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MAY 1973
VECTOR
PAGE 10

PAGE 11
Dear Richard,

I am a Sophomore in a New York City high school. I have long awaited my coming out, and was at a G.P.U. meeting this week and came across a page from Vector wherein David Baker, Jr., that month's centerfold model, discussed "the objectification of sex that only serves to make our lives seem a little more dreary." I am writing to you because I think of what he has said and hope that you will maybe pass it on to him. You, brother, have helped me by making me to stop and look at myself and now that I see myself I realize I am no dixie peach but a person -- with all the wonderfulness that can be in all of us if we just let it happen. Perhaps one day we shall meet but until such time as that may happen, a most humble thank you . . . for BEING . . . and helping me to see it to "am." And to you beautiful people at Vector, thank you . . . for BEING. . . . Thankyou!! Love, Cal

Editor:
I just got a copy of the February Vector, read it through and then read the article by Richard Piro, "Bar Review -- The White Horse." I was sickened by this article, as we were countless people that I know from Berkeley.

If there are 2 sides to every story, this then is the other side, the TRUE side of the White Horse.

1. Does Richard Piro work for the White Horse?
   2. Vector has not covered bars in depth before; and why now, and why of all places the White Horse?
   3. Is this free advertising for the White Horse?
   4. I have lived in Berkeley and have many friends who have lived there, still do, and some live in SF now; we have all been there a number of times, unfortunately. Many people go there as it is the closest bar to Berkeley, the other Oakland bars are a bummer, as is this place.
   5. Do you know that the White Horse does NOT, and never has belonged to the Tavern Guild? Why?
   6. The White Horse is owned by Joe & Ruth, both straight.
   7. The White Horse does not sell any of the gay newspapers, and when it does, they must specifically be asked for or they are hidden behind the bar.
   8. Drink prices are a rip-off and watered down. 60 cents for beer, usually the small bottle. $1.25 for liquor drinks, usually watered down.
   9. If the juke box goes dead, and no customer puts in money, Ruth & Joe will NEVER put in any money, the place may be quiet for 15-20 minutes before a customer puts in money.
   10. It may be mellow and quiet, not frantic like other places, but it sure is a ripoff and turn-off place.
   11. Berkeley Gay Lib picketed the White Horse 2 years ago for most of the reasons above.
   12. Of all the dozens of bars that support the gay community via the Tavern Guild, sales of gay newspapers, non ripoff drink prices, why did Piro choose this place? This place should be picketed and closed permanently, and let Joe & Ruth retire to their $100,000 home and 2 cadillacs in Montclair, paid for by the gay community.

Steve Ginsburg
San Francisco

Editor's Note: Cal is referring to the November, 1972 Vector wherein David Baker, Jr., that month's centerfold model, discussed "the objectification of sex that only serves to make our lives seem a little more dreary."

Editor:
Hello dear ones,

I have long awaited my coming out, now that I am 23 and at least have found a crack in the door, I feel able to write you.

I was at a G.P.U. meeting this week and came across a page from Vector with a small statement by David Baker. I want very much to tell David Baker what I think of what he has said and hope that you will maybe pass it on to him. You, brother, have helped me by making me to stop and look at myself and now that I see myself I realize I am no dixie peach but a person -- with all the wonderfulness that can be in all of us if we just let it happen. Perhaps one day we shall meet but until such time as that may happen, a most humble thank you . . . for BEING . . . and helping me to see it to "am."

And to you beautiful people at Vector, thank you . . . for BEING . . . Thankyou!! Love, Cal

---

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Barbara Collier

Elise is an elderly woman of 75 who suffered a major stroke a year ago. Her daughter hired me to try and get her to eat or respond, since Elsie would no longer eat or respond, since Elsie would no longer eat or respond, since Elsie would no longer eat or respond, since Elsie would no longer eat or respond, since Elsie would no longer eat or respond. She was unconscious, where she was, when I was first offered the job of feeding Elise, I turned in two ways, Going to a convalescent hospital seven weeks a week, rain, shine, whatever, seven weeks a week for the rest of her life, didn't sound pleasing. On the other hand, there weren't many jobs at good money, funky conditions and short hours! I tried it and even though for the first three weeks she didn't say anything — just shook her head, looked sad — the overwhelming feeling I got was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-was-wa
The City and The Pillar, The Fall of Valverde, The Sing and The Arrow — yes, even City of Night and The Lord Won't Love Me When I Die — still provoke script which treated the subject of homosexuality with intelligence and compassion, rather than being reduced to simplistic morality or sensationalism. Everett Waldo is one gay writer whose work is a happy oasis in the wasteland of modern gay literature. His A Single Man is a true classic of its ilk. Why is it, though, that we do not have more non-traditional gay novels and stories? One reason is that there are very few gay writers who try to elevate the tone of the gay paperback novel to a distinguished hardcover house. Most gay readers do not want pornography, but I'm sure there are more guys who are interested in experiences which are strictly sexual. As a consequence, this genre did not respond enough to the young man's remark. We drifted apart at the party, and a friendship or a deeper relationship was simply impossible. The man simply visits with his old friends and schoolmates, tells a few episodes of his youth, has a tender but brief encounter with a good-looking young man, then leaves — with a sense of relief. They have laid it on too heavy this time. The treatment of the theme, which was simply incidental, was severely criticized. The program was likewise ignored by the critical public. An experience like this is not uncommon among those who make a half-hearted effort to raise the level of gay paperbacks to something approximating a degree of respectability. The truth is that relatively few of us are discovered and separated from the herd of writers who really do write without being called "dirty." Return Engagement was published in a separate hardcover edition by Windows and Mirrors. This collection received fine reviews, the publishers were so happy with it that they printed "Publishers' Pick" on the cover, and many readers wrote complimentary letters to me. The book was to be another book by another writer which the publishers brought out about the same time as A Single Man — a writer of high quality, a veteran of the gay pulp fiction — without any story line or concern for the moral and sexual exploits of a high school athlete.

You now may ask, "What does all this mean?" I'll tell you what it indicates to me.

The majority of gay men who buy paperback novels are one-handed writers. Some may enjoy the publications which — without any story line or concern for the moral and sexual exploits of a high school athlete.
A First Encounter With Gay Friendship

...and it had become fashionable to have a gay man as a friend."

Nobody told me that I could meet a gay man at a church! He sat at my left side and instead of a simple yes or no to a question, he gave me two hands full of "puzzle-parts" of which the picture of our lives consist. I was fascinated by this man. He looked to be intellectual, knew a lot of music, had seen so much of Europe, I had to see him again. To put his picture together I needed many more parts, I hid my surprise politely when he told me that he was gay. I had found what I was looking for, which I had wanted without even looking for it — I was delighted. And surely enough he is the most delightful person I have ever met in a year; lively and alive, his stories, his words, his having a gay man as a friend.

I

set in Adelphia, New Jersey, for the Society for Individual Rights was all about, it's aims and goals, and some of the activities it provides to the Gay Community and the projects it is involved in, working towards those aims and goals.

The Society believes that through political and legal activities we can achieve equal rights for homosexuals. Realizing that no matter how many politicians we can get on our side to create legislation that will give us those rights, there will still exist a great deal of misunderstanding and misinformation about the homosexual.

There is only one way to combat such misunderstanding and misinformation: education.

The S.I.R. Speakers Bureau, established several years ago, attempts in a small way, to provide some of this education. By answering invitations to speak in a variety of environments such as school, colleges, universities and fraternal organizations, the bureau and speaks to people about the homosexual, answering questions hoping to change some of the myths about us. A small group of volunteers gleaned from the membership and others from the Gay community answered the call to speak on any number of occasions.

I had not until very recently, personally participated in this program. Prior to this time I had only heard from others who had it, that it was a fascinating, sometimes exciting, and rewarding experience. During March I had the pleasure of joining with John Callahan, the Director of the S.I.R. Speakers Bureau, and several other Gay brothers and sisters, to speak at Berkeley High School, De Anza College in Cupertino, and Laney College in Oakland.

After speaking to one class at De Anza, John and I discovered there was a group of Gay and straight students who had formed, for credit, a course in cross-discussion between the students and the atmosphere here was so relaxed that he "came out" after repressing his feelings for 37 years, gave them a small idea of what Gay oppression has meant for many of us. Charlie is probably one of S.I.R.'s staunchest supporters and most active members.

Of the many students we spoke to at Berkeley High I think I remember most, a young lady named Brenda. At first she was unsure of just what a homosexual was or did, but after explaining, she laughed and joked with us, her attitude seemed to be "So what's the fuss all about?" Her manner was almost a portrait of the reception from students in the remainder of the classes I spoke in.

John and I left Berkeley High at noon to speak to a class in Ethics at Laney College. We really didn't speak so much as conversed. For the hours ours questions, and answers flowed back and forth in what was the most relaxed atmosphere yet. At break-time John wrote his blackboard "Homosexuals are: A. Sick; B. Immoral; C. Criminals; D. All of the above; E. None of the above," to which I added: "F. Fun people." When we left the students at Laney it looked like the concensus of the class was a combination of E. and F.

On Saturday, March 24th, a group of some 35 or more students at the University of California at Davis, in a class in Behavior and Applied Sciences, gathered for a two-hour orientation of what the Society and the Gay Movement was all about. Breaking up into groups of four, each group with a representative from the Gay community answers the call to speak on any number of occasions.

Unfortunately our time ran out and while I don't think I could have discussed the record as much as I would have liked to.

Berkeley High School was the scene of an all-day speakeathon. John, George and John and myself about S.I.R. and Gay organizations in the Bay Area and then we listened briefly to part of a record brought to class by one of the students, "God Save the Queens."

Mendenhall, Charlie Davis, Richard Piro, Larry Littlejohn, Nancy of Alice B.

Tokas Memorial Democratic Club, Steve of what I believe was a Gay People's Collective in Berkeley, and myself, alternated speaking in small groups to classes throughout the day, running from one building to another to make schedules.

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Ann Fairbairn’s monumental novel, FIVE SMOOTH STONES, could have been the success novel of the last decade were it not for the final showing after several hundred pages of brilliant writing. That last showing brought an immediate block to the reading experience making conversation concerning the book’s merits (the stuff of which success is made) painful and reluctant. I felt the same way after the play which was light years away from the book. I felt the same way after reading experience making conversation and reluctant. I felt the same way after THE CRUCIBLE success novel of the last decade reading experience making conversation and reluctant. I felt the same way after THE CRUCIBLE playing experience making conversation and reluctant. I felt the same way after THE CRUCIBLE been the success novel of the last decade reading experience making conversation and reluctant. 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A recent viewing of four sex education films for school age youngsters made me think that we humanistically inclined mental health professionals ought to pay more attention to what is being taught in this area. I would like to share my thoughts and feelings with other members of A.H.P. in the hope of stirring concern. I hope also that our new Committee on Human Policies may take an interest.

The films vary in production quality and approach to the theme of sexual molestation but they uniformly carry two clear messages:

1) Sex is dangerous;
2) Strangers are dangerous.

I am a parent of two young children, a boy and a girl. I do not want them abused sexually or otherwise, but there is more than one way to abuse a growing child. If we are producing a society in which people increasingly fear other people and are afraid to enjoy their own sexuality, we are robbing our growing children of very basic human rights and pleasures. I call that abuse. It is a molestation of mind, spirit and body.

It is about time for our adult generation to try to cure ourselves of our phobia about sex and our paranoid fear of strangers (people who are different in language, custom, costume, experience, belief, or desire.)

We can help children to protect themselves from coercion (sexual, intellectual, emotional or any other kind) while at the same time helping them to develop personally satisfying, self-enhancing values (sexual and other) that enable them to enjoy self and reach out to others in a manner that will cause civilization to prosper.

There is no reason why we cannot contribute the time, energy, and money that is now spent on frightening children away from sex and strangers on helping children learn to distinguish between destructive human interaction and constructive human interaction. They could learn means of protecting themselves from exploitation, coercion, and persecution whether in ghetto or suburb.

If we were creating sex education films for our own children to view, there are some basic messages I would like to communicate. The style of communication would depend, of course, on age and background but the basic points would be the same.

1) Sex is usually a friendly or loving interaction between people.
2) We growups are only beginning to be less confused about it ourselves because it’s something our own parents’ generation didn’t talk about much. Because so many grownups are still confused about it, children must be wary of grownups who want to interact with them sexually.
3) Each individual needs to develop his own code of sexual behavior. As a youngster is growing up, she or he will want to pay attention to the sexual values of family, church and other guiding influences in life, even though as a grown-up she or he may want to develop a code that is quite different. It helps to think through why one’s chosen code is different and more personally suitable.
4) Most strangers are friendly and it’s perfectly all right to interact with them in a friendly manner. It’s usually better to keep the interaction in a public place where other growups are around to protect you if a seemingly friendly stranger turns out to be a confused person who might harm you. Try to remember, therefore, to stay in public, not to go for rides with strangers, not to let strangers into your home when your parents are not there, not to take candy or money without checking with your parents first, and not to get into any kind of interaction that seems strange or unusual without talking about it to another adult you trust. If it begins to
In February, Richard Piro expressed an interpretation of the White Horse, which ignited a spark in the minds of Bay Area "Old timers." If one has been around the East Bay for any length of time, I'm certain many people would scoff at his interpretation, hence, a challenge to Mr. Piro would ensue, a series of claims and counter-claims about the Horse. In a more or less indelible analysis, and perhaps some critical empirical evidence, it would seem to suggest that the Horse has been the object of a succession of controversies running as far back as 1968 when the Horse changed management. A brief historiographical analysis of the White Horse will, I hope, reflect an accurate and detailed analysis of a more complex -- as opposed to a cursory -- development of interpersonal relationships commonly displayed at the Horse.

"It is not uncommon to see women, men, Blacks, Anglos, and other ethnicities. However, upon closer scrutiny, a variety of lifestyles exist. For example, there are doctors, lawyers, teachers, students, businessmen, and other working and professional people. Some are employed, and some are not; some are gay, but I would assume that few are not. Some are college-trained and some are not. Some are happy and some are in misery.

In 1968, Ruth and Joe Johansen became proprietors of the White Horse. The previous co-owners, Larry Fong and Godfrey Williams had operated the establishment as a family restaurant and bar. Single gays and gay couples ate their meals between sporadic intervals of soft conversations and an occasional glance or stare in the direction of a nicely dressed handsome man seated around the hearth, but "that man," but "that man." If some one happened to be straight, it was quite likely he might miss that preening process. For some others, it probably wouldn't have mattered; and, still, for others it was presumably an open invitation for the "hunting season" and may the best "man" win. All of this seemed harmless enough.

Between the years 1968 and 1969, it was not uncommon to see some serious competition for the affections, attention and an occasional one night love-making experience of "that man" and similar men who, by some wavying of the magic wand by a "fairy" godmother or father, PRESTO, INSTANT LUST, managed to elicit responses from their many suitors. These suitors came in all forms. There were whites who pursued blacks and vice versa; there were blacks who pursued only blacks and whites who pursued only whites. About this time a curious phenomenon seemed to appear. There was an observable pattern of black/white gay pairings rising in the bay area. (This is not to suggest that similar patterns were not developing or continuing elsewhere at any degree of recognition or sameness or diminution.) While these patterns were presumably old in nature, they now surfaced themselves more prominently. This may possibly be due to the result of the "Third World Movement," and the assumed fact that Blacks were now "Beautiful." After all, if "Black is Beautiful," then "White is Beautiful" or more near the mark between sporadic intervals of soft conversations and an occasional glance or stare in the direction of a nicely dressed handsome man seated around the hearth, sipping on a mixed drink or a glass of the many imported and/or domestic beers. One could only guess what the nature of the conversation between singles, couples or groups of gays might have been at that moment. (Few gay women were in evidence in the Horse during the period 1968 to 1971.) And, I hasten to add that one could be certain that that conversation was not entirely on the level, nor "Intellectual masturbation." While that conversation might have reflected an accurate and detailed analysis of a more complex -- as opposed to a cursory -- development of interpersonal relationships commonly displayed at the Horse.

A CLOSER LOOK AT THE WHITE HORSE

MYTH OR MATERIALITY?

Abraham Black, Ph.D.

BAR REVIEW

Deno Thomas

SCOTT'S PIT

Kicking off this time I have chosen a bar that I have lectured out that all of the women. SCOTT'S PIT, its right off the corner of Broadway and Market. From its outward appearance it looks like any other bar you would find in neighborhoods in and around SF. It's if your first trip there you have to stand back and ask yourself, "Like, hey, what is going on here? How come I haven't checked this place out before?"

To give you a little insight of what reality is like, see this I feel that you would have to understand that people will make you people. Scott has been around the bar scene for a long time. When she had Fin Alley out on the Avenues, the striking things there were the real sharp fish tanks that you could trip out on. At the Hybranch it was the good food, the bar room with the two large pool tables, and the creation of drinks that were enjoyable, even though just beer and wine.

So now we come to Scott's Pit. The bar has had a length of time of the pool table. On the other side of the room there are tables, chairs, pinball machines, and a stage. The stage with a mirror behind it where one can sit, drink, and still check out where the action is.

During the week there is always something happening. Once a month there is a pool tournament that really can be a mind bender. Informal jam sessions are a trip also. The other night I sat in on a very nice session. Just me playing with guitar and voice and she did it really well. Linda Diamond has done a couple of sets out there also with guitar and songs.

Saint Patricks weekend was a ball. Irish music was the going thing at 50 cents a pop. Midnight Saturday night Irish Stew arrived -- compliments of Scott and Kate -- the way, Scott put together. Sunday afternoon at 4:00 p.m. the jam session took under way and by 6:00 p.m. the place was really into it. Then to round out the weekend, at midnight, the swing dancers did their thing. A trip out before?

Wendy and Gail, behind the bar, looked sharp in their ties, hat, and vests. Kati, the gal that delivered you your drinks, even if you were tripping out somewhere else, made you take notice, with far out Italian smile.

What I really like about Scott's, is that if you are a loner, when you arrive on the scene you don't leave that way. The people in there are down to earth, just being themselves. Men and women trip on in and everyone grasps it together.

Walking? Friendly cops on the beat check us out and have good rapport with us.

Scott has been in bar business since 1966 and has seen a lot of changes in the bar business through those years. Scott's is at this point a well put together couples and singles bar. Here you can find something for one and all. Friendship is the clue.

The people in there are down to earth, just being themselves. Men and women trip on in and everyone grasps it together.

The calendar that goes out once a month tells you what the other people like and want to see on there. The third birthday celebration that went on from April 3 to the 5th was highlighted by prizes given at the most unexpected times.

So, folks out there, if you want to see something happen in this friendly bar.

(Continued on Page 42)
My name is Robert Burke. I'm eighteen years of age, a student of history, and I'm gay. The fact that I'm gay isn't new to me, although I have, at various times, given my orientation several different labels. I have "been" bisexual, a confused heterosexual, and once even went so far as to assume the arrogant intellectual stance of somehow being "above" all of that sexual "nonsense." Anything and everything, providing that it wasn't gay. It has taken several frustrating, aggravating years, but I am, finally, "coming out."

When I first heard that phrase, "coming out," I took it to mean that I was expected to engage in all of the things that the prominent psychologists and sociologists told me that gay people engage in when they "come out." In other words I felt that I was expected to cruise bars and haunt the baths.

But that was two years ago and I've since found that not only do the activities mentioned above reinforce the worst possible aspects of gay life but they have little to do with "coming out."

For myself I have found "coming out" to be a very rich, very rewarding experience. It has meant not only accepting the fact that I'm gay, but accepting it in such a way that it has become a positive and integral facet of my personality. But it has also meant realizing what gay is not.

For me this has meant discarding notions that I am sick, that I suffer from a hormonal imbalance, or that mother just didn't read Dr. Spock carefully. And it has most importantly meant the acceptance of my orientation as a legitimate variation of human experience, nothing less.

The following is a relation of some of the thoughts and experiences I've had while "coming out."

**Images**

One of the most basic reasons that I was reluctant to "come out" was the fact that, until recently, the only image of "healthy" human sexuality that I knew was that of a young, white, heterosexual couple having intercourse, missionary position. And even that was frowned upon. Given the images presented by the popular, mass media, human beings don't exist below the navel. And gay love and sexuality (when it was admitted that such a thing was possible) has always been shown as a miserably bleak affair. Depending upon the view taken, gay lovers are shown either as an abomination in the eyes of God or as a couple of hopelessly neurotic individuals. I have yet to see an image that even hinted at the possibility of happy, well-adjusted gay couples. Throughout every facet of the popular media I see myself stereotyped as an extreme. According to the popular media I am viewed as a grotesque cross between the "effeminate" hairdresser and the sexual gargantua of erotic mythology. I am shown as a member of a community populated not by human beings capable of love and anger, but by sub-human
caricatures whose entire lives are focused on each other's genitals. I find such images to be not just stupidly stereotypic, but personally insulting. For they are saying that I am not capable of loving just as freely and just as openly as the heterosexual community. But I am not the only one that they are telling isn't human. They are telling it to over ten million of my gay brothers and sisters.

My anger is a recent phenomenon. I had, in the past, accepted these images of myself. It didn't even require a conscious effort on my part. I would sit and most importantly, viewer. I know concerned and tell them that I find it an offensive, send off a letter to the parties ignorable, insulting presentation. Not only does this let them know where I stand personally, but it tells them that I am not willing to quietly sit back and watch as they vilify the gay community, my community, before the public.

The second part of my solution was to become consciously aware of the images presented by the media. In effect, to become a more discerning listener, reader, and most importantly, viewer. I know that much of my own acquiescence to these images was based in my own intellectual laziness. It was, and is, always much easier to accept the majority opinion than to voice one's dissent and attempt to find the truth.

I now find myself turning off the television or putting the book aside if I find that the presents the popular stereotypes mentioned above as the definitive word on gay culture. I won't learn anything by subjecting myself to such nonsense. Or if the material is particularly offensive, I send off a letter to the parties concerned and tell them that I find it an ignorant, insulting presentation. Not only does this let them know where I stand personally, but it tells them that I am not willing to quietly sit back and watch as they vilify the gay community, my community, before the public.

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When I first decided to "come out" I was afraid of what my friends might think and of how deeply they might react. It was only after indulging myself in two weeks of masochistic fantasies that it occurred to me that perhaps it wasn't their feelings that I should be considering, but my own. The fear I had of being rejected and shunned had, I found, little to do with my friends, but was a projection of my own negative feelings about being gay. It was a denigrating experience for me, wandering about thinking of how they might react to the "horrible secret" of my homosexuality. But the worst of it was that these fears were, in my case, utterly groundless.

I am not suggesting that everyone go about the streets proclaiming their sexual orientation. The folly of such a tack is obvious to anyone who is gay. But I do feel that by concealing this facet of my personality to a friend (and by a "friend" I mean someone with whom I have shared my most intimate hopes and aspirations and who has reciprocated) is to deny both of us the opportunity to explore our relationship to its fullest potential. In my case I found not only the satisfaction of sharing a very vital part of myself with someone whom I care about but, additionally, found a renewed sense of confidence in myself.

Shortly after I told my friends, I found that I was no longer afraid to challenge the psychology instructors who termed homosexuality "an abortion of life." It's a good feeling to stand up, and proudly, against those who would slander you. I can't honestly say that I'll always be able to walk away from a threatening situation knowing that I've defused someone's hostility, but just by standing up to such a situation I feel that I'm making an important statement.

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"Coming out" to one's family is, perhaps, the most difficult part of being gay. For the gay person it means risking the withdrawal of the family's support and acceptance and for the family it often means a radical re-evaluation of attitudes towards homosexuality. For example:

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fore able to approach the situation from a development of my own consciousness to should be or how I should be it. Regard­­less of the time I choose to "come out" To do so would mean that I was no longer living my own life but a reluctant orientation to my parents. The stakes will be high. I fear that they may find out that I'm gay. I am, as I indicated above, financially precarious economic position. Not only but my future as well. For I have come to considered should I (or anyone else for community's derision and persecution, or at best, its tolerance, sans support. But "coming out" has meant an end to boxing my experiences with inapplic­able labels. It has meant the freedom to enjoy my life more fully by opening myself up to a broad range of human experience that was previously closed to me. And, most importantly, it has engen­dered within me a respect for myself and my abilities which will never be known by those who can't or won't dare to make the leap.

And "coming out" is, by and large, a materially thankless effort. I know that I can't count on the community at large to support, much less respect, my decision. I do know however that by making this decision for myself I am inviting the com­munity's derision and persecution, or at best, its tolerance, sans support. But "coming out" means that I was no longer living my own life but a reluctant orientation to my parents. The stakes will be high. I fear that they may find out that I'm gay. I am, as I indicated above, financially precarious economic position. Not only but my future as well. For I have come to considered should I (or anyone else for community's derision and persecution, or at best, its tolerance, sans support. But "coming out" has meant an end to boxing my experiences with inapplic­able labels. It has meant the freedom to enjoy my life more fully by opening myself up to a broad range of human experience that was previously closed to me. And, most importantly, it has engen­dered within me a respect for myself and my abilities which will never be known by those who can't or won't dare to make the leap.

Conclusions

"Coming out" for me has been an attempt to establish my identity. And it has been a difficult thing for me to accomplish. But I have not really done it alone or just within the context of the gay community. It has been done with the knowledge that "coming out" is not a singularly gay experience. It is the exper­ience of every black man and woman who is satis­fied by the roles of wife and mother, it is the experience of every black man and woman who has found that the Bible is not to be summed up in Leviticus. "Coming out" means that you're no longer willing to accept the white, male, heterosexual view as the only word on anything.

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make you uncomfortable, stop and check with your parents and other trusted adults before getting into that kind of interaction again.

5) If someone in your family or a friend of the family behaves in ways that seem strange or makes you uncomfortable you have a right as a person to talk it over with a couple of grownups that you trust and they will help you to figure out what to do about it.

6) If you think that you like another kind of human interaction can be nice or nasty. Homo­­sexual and heterosexual are not, by nature, sick or wrong (though some people may choose to exclude it from their personal sexual codes). The same holds true of sexual interaction between two people when one is much younger than the other. The matter of taste or preference and each individual's right to that out for himself as he grows to adulthood.

Now for a quick description of the actual four films that I saw. The first was the worst. It was produced in 1960 for a junior high school audience by the Ingle­wood California Police Department and the Inglewood Unified Schools. It is called, Boys Beware. In the first scene a boy is hitchhiking and is picked up by an older man who is friendly. They meet many times after that. They fishing, the older man shows him some pornogra­phic pictures, takes him out for ham­burger and coke treats, and finally takes him to a chamber of seduction to "demand payment in return." The narra­tor's reassuring voice says that there is no way to know by looking at this friendly man that he has a sickness of the mind, but must sickness contagious and that it is called, "homosexuality." It goes on to say that not all homosexuals are passive, that some are violent and that it may cost you your life if you get into a stranger's car. And then reminds you to write down the license plate number if a stranger gets into a stranger's car. The film ends with a policeman ends the narration with a summary in which he reminds you again: (1) Never accept gifts from strangers, not even candy, (2) never go anywhere with a stranger, (3) never get into a stranger's car. And then reminds everyone that "strangers can be danger­ous.

If my own children were watching this film I would feel somewhat comforted that they had been alerted to specific behavior that could get them into trouble, like accepting candy from a stranger or getting into a stranger's car. I would not like the instruction to never let a stranger touch them. I wouldn't want them growing into adulthood leaping away from skin contact. In general this film was more acceptable, however, than the first two because it never quite got to the heart of the matter. It describes "little Debbie Denson" who goes for a ride with a stranger who offers ice cream and is never seen again. Her doll is left lying on the grass.

The second film, also produced by the Inglewood Police Department and Inglewood Unified Schools, was made in 1961 and aimed at a junior high school audience. It is entitled, Girls Beware.

"... not to be told that they are "sick" or "deranged" for having enjoyed sex.

The third film was produced a few years later, again by the Inglewood Unified School District and the Inglewood Police Department, aimed at elementary school children. It first describes "little Debbie Denson" who goes for a ride with a stranger who offers ice cream and is never seen again. Her doll is left lying on the grass.

The second sketch warns about playing in lonely places. It shows two boys playing in what seems to be a parking lot. They are hitchhiking, a common trick among younger or older than the other. It is a matter of taste or preference and each individual's right to that out for himself as he grows to adulthood.

The fourth film was made by BFA Educational Media (Bailey Films) in 1969. It's called, Meeting Strangers: Red Light, Green Light, and aimed at an elementary school audience. It is a more upbeat film. The characters are an ethno­logically mixed group. They are a sort of modern day education film version of "Our Gang." They almost get into scrapes but always escape laughing.

You can tell the tone is going to be less heavy when the narrator, near the beginning of the film says, "Most strangers like you, but a few are danger­ous." At least, film makers apparently...
You asked about the possibility of my writing for Vector. In the past I wouldn't have been willing, because I felt alienated from the magazine. Now, hopefully, it's changed, and I feel more comfortable. In writing about my experience making the transition from not knowing I was Gay to being Gay, there are a lot of things I want to get off my chest. So here we go.

I want to off the beaten track say that some of the things I'm going to talk about in this essay may be a little difficult to read. Please bear in mind that I'm not trying to make anyone feel bad about themselves, and that I'm not writing this to be critical. I'm simply trying to express my own feelings and experiences in a way that may resonate with others.

Now, to get back to Vector. Before I came out, I was reading all the gay magazines I could get my hands on. I was particularly interested in the stories of men who had successfully made the transition to being Gay, and who were happy and fulfilled in their lives. I wanted to know how they managed to do it, and what it was like for them. I was also interested in the idea of being able to be open about my sexuality, and to be accepted for who I was, without any fear of judgment or discrimination.

I was twelve when I first came out. I was living in New York City, and I was a shy, introverted kid. I didn't have many friends, and I was always scared of being bullied or teased. I was also afraid of my parents finding out about my sexuality, and of being kicked out of the house.

But then something happened. I read a story in a gay magazine about a boy who had come out and was happy and fulfilled. I was fascinated by the story, and I decided to try to do the same thing. I started talking to other kids who were Gay, and I started hanging out with them. I also started reading more gay literature, and I was inspired by the stories of men who had successfully made the transition to being Gay.

I was twenty-nine when I came out anyway. I was living in San Francisco, and I was a part of a small, tight-knit community of Gay men. I was finally able to be open about my sexuality, and I was happy and fulfilled in my life. But then something happened. I read a story in a gay magazine about a boy who had come out and was happy and fulfilled. I was fascinated by the story, and I decided to try to do the same thing. I started talking to other kids who were Gay, and I started hanging out with them. I also started reading more gay literature, and I was inspired by the stories of men who had successfully made the transition to being Gay.

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leaves us trapped in the middle. To straight men we're still failures where it really counts. To women, we're trying our best, given our limitations, to be as good as other men. I see women as my best possible allies in becoming a whole person, since we share the goal of redefining sex roles. But no woman I know has seen Vector as representing an ally. Instead they see it as proclaiming itself "A voice of the homosexual community" while it is written and controlled almost exclusively by men. They see the "homosexual community" that it (and S.I.R.) represents, as trying to be just like every other "community" in this country – a place where men speak for women, where men are assumed to generally represent women, and where men's interests are assumed to be shared by women. In Vector, Gay women are represented as just another Ladies Auxiliary. I understand this is changing, in Vector and S.I.R. I hope so, but I haven't seen much of it yet. So far it seems part of the same trip as "The Gay Freedom Day Committee" which claims to represent a cross-section of the Gay community, all of whom are men.

Moreover, at the same time that Vector claims to speak for "The Gay Community" women are almost entirely invisible in it, in most of the fiction, poetry, sexually-oriented articles, and pictures, women are banished from sight. No wonder women reading Vector often suspect that what Gay men really want is a world (like Richard Armoué's) from which females have been totally eliminated.

In all of this Vector is hurting me personally. It continues to depict as "natural" a kind of relationship between men and women, that by definition makes me "unnatural" and together with women, "Less than a man." And in doing this it tells the people who could be my closest allies in changing things – women that Gay men are their enemy because they want to keep things the way they are, keep women down.

Well, there's more I could talk about, such as the way Vector helps along the myth that most Gay people are rich, and helps keep poor people in their closets, by joining in the general assumption that working-class Gay people don't exist. It's important to me that you understand that even though I really do believe that Vector has done me far more real harm than good as a Gay man, I don't regard the people who read it, or even the people who write it, as my enemies. I can say this because all the problems I've had with Vector are also problems in my own head. This lets me believe that all the things about it that hurt me as a Gay man also hurt the Gay men who read it and put it out. At least I can hope you'll find it worth examining your own lives and seeing if what Vector tells you about how to live is really a help. Things are changing. A new kind of Gay men's community is creating itself. I hope you choose to be part of it.

Respectfully,
Mike Silverstein

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"Just a step off the Miracle Mile"
father was gay. (Please note that this book came out a full eight months before they started to film That Certain Summer for television.) In my book the straight son reacted violently when he found out the truth about his father, but the father defended himself. With patience he taught the boy a few facts of life. The young man left his father after the summer vacation, not accepting homosexuality as a life style for himself but no longer condemning it for others. Patrick Doyle, in THE ADVOCATE, called this novel "a real throat catcher."

In the latest book of mine which Greenleaf published, a collection titled An Exceptional Young Man, there is a short story called Five Alarm Fire. It created nary a ripple in the literary world, but I think it's one of the best things I've written.

Five Alarm Fire is the story of two lovers, together for several years, who are on the verge of separation. They are far from perfect people, either of them. Neither of them is particularly successful nor especially handsome. They are not what anybody would call ideally mated. They are, in short, just ordinary guys—like the men who are your neighbors or who live in the next block.

In the middle of one night, after they have quarreled, they awaken to discover that the building next door to them is on fire. This imminent danger, their concern for each other in a moment of crisis, makes them realize that there is a bond between them which they haven't been aware of, that in spite of their differences and all of the troubles they've been through they do care about each other, quite deeply.

World shaking! No, of course not. There's nothing sensational about such a simple tale. It does present, however, a more honest picture of what everyday life is like with two gay lovers than do most books or stories about homosexuality. It may also say something meaningful about human nature.

At the moment many gay writers are at the crossroads in their careers as writers of fiction. Should we continue, when there are so few publishers willing to take a chance on a quiet style of writing in this field, when the reading public which cares for it is so limited? We probably will. The chances are, too, that some of us will try to crash the hardcover houses, and one or two of us may even try our hands with a straight novel.

In any case, it will be the public, those people who put their cash on the line who will be responsible for the kind of fiction which the publishers distribute to bookstores in the future. Hopefully, gay readers will someday wake up to this fact and support (by purchasing) the kind of gay writing which presents the homosexual's best image, and his most honest image, to the world at large. D

Douglas Dean is the pseudonym for a man who was well known for many years in New York and Hollywood theatrical circles. As an actor and director he has worked with some of the most prominent stars of stage and screen. At one time he was a drama critic for the Hollywood Citizen News. Recently he has been a columnist and reviewer for THE ADVOCATE. He is an associate editor of CALIFORNIA SCENE, and the managing editor of the MCC quarterly CROSS CURRENTS. He has published over a dozen novels and short story collections. He currently resides in San Francisco, where, at the moment, he is enjoying the rewards of his successful publication, GAY MEXICO '73-'74, which, he tells us, is selling very well through the United States and in Mexico itself.
Craft Warnings (Continued from Page 20)

The performances are uneven because the writer has locked himself into some impossible acting situations. Perhaps if I didn't know the vocal involvement of the director from A.C.T., I would have been less aware that the overall level of projection was several times what the room requires to be heard. There was an annoying stridency. Having suffered the results for so long, I failed to see that it was a mixed blessing. And there was the my-turn,your-turn when each character had their moment. Judging from a particular spot on stage under a particular spotlight to verbalize inner thoughts. It worked best with Quentin who was allowed his moment in a chair rather than going front and center to address the audience. Not having seen Williams' directions I would have preferred these moments of inner conflicts and justifications too. The cast made to the people on stage, thus turning a tired device into something novel, Leona, rather than looking to me for her meaning should have looked to Bill, her lover, Directors? Playright? Who knows? Since it was impossible to simply act or read the lines as they were written, each performer had to make a choice and this made considerations of other possibilities much more often interesting than the lines being heard. So fascination with Richard Rekow that I watched and appreciated his reading and mixed listening to what I suspect was the best speech in the show. If I had known Williams was writing him out of the play so soon I would have paid closer attention. Myra Hughes' Leona was best when her scenes and if you don't think so you and I joined Quentin and Bobby, I was moved to tears both by the character and the performance. I hope, I expect he will be as fine as that talented woman's art. Vera Stough's Violet was so watchful to watch and so pathetically real that I was simply too uncomfortable with her and urged her scenes to move on. I submit that Williams was most intimate with his space although he claims total identity with the character of Quentin. Since some of Williams' best writing was given to Quentin and Bobby both of whose performances reached the highest levels of the evening, I felt cheated at their too early final exits. Their story was as interesting, if not more so than the others, and was the least developed. No performance was weak and the pace and energy remained at an almost too tense level. I wonder if the only alternative was a concert reading. Winter and Chapline kept the picture as fluid and possible and the whole cast microscopically involved through long stretches of physical uniovlemment which properly softened the my-turn your-turn weaknesses of Ten­nese Williams' script. Williams admits to being unable to control structure.

SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS will be playing Friday through Sunday for the next several weeks and deserves to be seen, TENNESSEE WILLIAMS is a long way from earth but if you are a former STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE you'll find a fascinating trip available with SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS.

- Richard Piro
go to most bars and pay fifty cents for the same beer that Joe sells for sixty-five cents, or eighty-five cents." Another reaction expressed is, "I don't mind paying the sixty-five cents, but I detest the idea of having to drive all the way to San Francisco because it is an inconvenience to me, so, naturally I pay the price. But, at the same time, I feel it is exploiting." Incidentally, I might add that this is a typical reaction from Blacks, Anglos, etc. Now let's assume you are Anglo or whatever, and you have frequented the Horse for some time. Let's also assume that you know what Joe's prices are, and that you have resolved within yourself your rationale for coming. What are some typical reactions?

"... it is the legal right of a bar owner to set his own prices." to this kind of question. Typical interviewees generally assert the following: "Although I know Joe is exploiting the gay community, I don't mind coming because I like some of the men who do come, so, I keep going back hoping to meet some interesting people with whom I can communicate." Others have expressed that, "under no circumstances will I come here because I can't "stomach" the idea of being exploited when I know that there are other places to go." It becomes clear that people who justify this rationale have a deeper sense of reasoning for this contradiction and its unexpressed assertions appear to have a hidden meaning which does not surface itself when these same persons are pressed for a clearer interpretation. One might add that not all persons interviewed feel exploited and some people feel that it is the "legal right" of a bar owner to set his prices as he sees fit, just so long as he is reasonable and fair in his judgment. When these interviewees were asked if the White Horse was "tired" and " elitist" in character, many replied with an emphatic yes. Yet many more replied no to the same question. Of course the terms "tired" and " elite" were undefined and no attempt was made to establish an operational definition. However, when these interviewees were pressed for a definition, many interesting verbal observations surfaced. Such assertions in telegraphic form were: "snobbery," "pseudo-hip," "dizzy queens," "dingy queens," "too many niggers," etc. Are Blacks, gay women and other minorities singled out as trouble makers, thus a probable source of harassment? This is a tricky question and it deserves considerable and careful interpretation. Historically, Blacks have come to the White Horse. Moreover, they have come with many reasons in mind as evidenced by their presence. It appeared to this writer that on the surface the Blacks were welcomed and no visible evidence of discontent either from the Blacks or the owners surfaced in any obvious manner before 1969. Of course we have absolutely no way of knowing what Blacks, gay women and other minorities actually thought of the place, for no one seriously sought to tap their sentiment regarding the Horse. But by 1969 things quickly changed. While the reasons for the initiation of the change are unclear, a noticeable difference in the behavior of Blacks and the owners was evidenced. For years, "tired" Blacks who have generally reserved their comment about the bar now openly expressed this writer and perhaps among themselves that the bar was a "racist" institution. Many Blacks declared that "this bar is "racist" because there are few records on the juke-box by Black artists. It is uncertain whether this deletion was deliberate, but a scan of the juke-box produced little or no musical artists of black origin. This of course has recently changed. Blacks frequently declared that the owners discouraged Blacks from coming to the Horse because "they don't want to make this a Black bar." It is clear to this writer that never have the owners expressed this sentiment nor have they openly suggested, to my knowledge, any policy statement to that effect. However, I have received reports from some reliable sources that sometimes bartenders who work for the Johansens do occasionally "hassle" some of the Blacks for such things as I.D.'s, etc. (This while not hassling Anglos.) On one interview it was expressed that "the Bar was fearful that if too many Blacks did come there too many customers might, real or imagined, feel uneasy about the Horse "getting to be a Black bar."

With the "gay women" the scene is of a different kind. As previously stated, women were, as a rule, unseen at the Horse unless escorted or with their Family. By 1971, gay women appeared much more frequently. Sporadically, and more of whom are driving over the bridge from the city to experience a less factional, less alien, more communicative bar environment. The White Horse will probably continue to rub some people the wrong way as it will probably continue to be a landmark in the East Bay serving its many satisfied customers. That's the nature of the game. Until it is determined why the city of Berkeley hasn't a single gay bar (The Campground is primarily a restaurant) the White Horse will continue to thrive without competition.

In 1967 the horse, but gradually a number of the mules began to complain to this writer, and perhaps questioning themselves that the "dykes" or ladies were "taking over the bar." From all indications this writer sees no signs of any claims. And, if those claims are indeed accurate, then what objections should there be to their presence since one night out of seven is a small inconvenience for such a "humanistic" environment. At the moment, the White Horse appears solidly based. A lot of different kinds of people frequented the Horse, more and more of whom are driving over the bridge from the city to experience a less factional, less alien, more communicative bar environment. The White Horse will probably continue to rub some people the wrong way as it will probably continue to be a landmark in the East Bay serving its many satisfied customers. That's the nature of the game. Until it is determined why the city of Berkeley hasn't a single gay bar (The Campground is primarily a restaurant) the White Horse will continue to thrive without competition.

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Continued

man pulls up in a van and offers Jimmy a ride. She asks if she can gel in to do the electrical work. Jimmy spots him as a possible red light person and runs away.

Finally in the last scene the whole gang goes to the movies together under the idea that a girl decides to go off and sit by herself on the aisle. An older woman who looks as if she could easily be a mother from the neighborhood, moves over next to her, offers to share her popcorn, and puts her arm around her saying, "what a pretty blouse," The girl spots her as a red light person and goes back to the section of the theatre where her friends are.

The film concludes that there are also green light people. The green light people are teachers, parents, policemen, the sheriff, and your friends.

I had my own children watching this film I wouldn't feel too badly about what they had learned. I hope that if they are suspicious about someone, the easy way to handle it is just to run away, and it's done with light laughter so that the child doesn't have to worry about being impulsive and thereby get caught in a nasty situation with no apparent way out. The oversimplification is troublesome, though, since obviously not all of those red light people depicted are necessarily red light people. The friendly young man in the park indeed may have been just offering an ice cream cone and the woman in the movie theatre conceivably have been a neighborhood mother who was being friendly. Likewise there may have been a special teacher, family member, policeman, sheriff or friend who was a red light person. But compared with the others, this one was so much better that the latter points are nit-picking.

"Some film makers are red light people."

I wish that the people who make these films were aware of the care the child who participates unwillingly in a sexual experience does with so a member of his own family or friends. The child and that most sexual molestation of children is committed by heterossexuals. They should realize also that the child is not all unwilling. Sex is, after all, interesting. They should realize that there are children in their audience who have participated in sexual activity and need to hear some reassuring messages, not be

"It is a molestation of mind, spirit and body."

told that they are "scared" or "deranged" for having enjoyed it.

If the film makers are really concerned about protecting the child from unwanted advances and from possibility of physical harm, these complex and subtle facets of situations should be used in the films. They need the courage to face up to the fact that family members and family friends can be just as dangerous to a child as a stranger.

I was cheered to see that the more recent the vintage of the film, the more I felt with its content. I hope that in this year of 1973 there are some much more films being made. But not, if it might be well to warn children, parents and gay organizations that films can be dangerous because they can plant misinformation - some film makers are red light people.

And we might search our souls as parents, teachers, and human beings and ask what we can do to promote good feelings about sex and good feelings about people who are "different." Or do we truly believe it is better to make love than to face up to the fact that family members or friends may be red light people.

"ZODIAC ANALYSIS"

TAURUS

Jon Comines

The sign Taurus extends from April 20th to May 21st. Its symbol is Apis, the bull, and the planet Venus rules it. Originally Taurans are very handsome people with pleasing manners and physical charm. They appreciate beauty in all forms but are egotistical and enjoy displays of social and performing arts. Form and beauty influence their concept of beauty and since they are practical, interior decorating or landscape architecture would appeal to many of the more creative types.

The chief outstanding traits are loyalty, perseverance, and stability. As workers they are stubborn, self-reliant, and dependable. They like order, are practical, and efficient, and will plod along with tacit but relentless determination until they have accomplished their goal. They are acquisitive, quiet ambitious, thrifty and patient. Because of these traits, and because of their ability to capitalize upon the work that has been done by others, they are usually successful in life.

Taurans will initially appear shy or introverted. They don’t trust easily, and only after they have been convinced of another’s sincerity will they themselves become accessible. For the traditional facade of aloofness, they are the most loyal and compassionate people in the zodiac.

Loyalty, Stability, Perseverance

As lovers they are gentle, kind, and demonstrative. In fact, love is a very essential factor in their lives. The mate and the home symbolize the happiness they seek so desperately. Consequently, disharmony in love and family life is very harmful to them. They will do anything to keep peace. But Taurus is also the most stubborn sign in the zodiac and if they feel they are right they can become obstinate and unyielding. Some Taurans may become so torn or taunted they become enraged to the point of physical destruction. At times they are capable of sustaining a gudge or seeking revenge if they feel they have been slighted or betrayed by someone they love. But usually their intense emotional nature finds expression in sexual outlets, for generally speaking they are non deplorable, weak people.

In expressing their love nature there basically three Taurus types, depending on the year and month of birth, for the groups arbi­trarily change from year to year. Every Tauran will therefore fall into one or the other of these types, and it is their attitude towards these segments which tends to distinguish them from each other.

The first type is the true Tauran lover, he is more loyal and devoted than the other types. Sensually, sexually, he is always loyal to his partner. And since he is so demonstrative and does not distinguish between sex and love, he has the capacity to remain loyal only when he has found a compatible sex partner. But his practical nature, strong emotions, and intense sexual drive make him a very compatible and desirable partner for many signs, especially Scorpio and Capricorn. (Examples May 1936, May 1941, April and May 1945.)

The second type of Taurus is much more volatile than the first. He is a veritable storm center when it comes to his emotions. He is the most dynamic and sensuality sex partner of the group. But he is restless, always on the move in search of new relationships. Emotionally he is lily white and changeable, and consequently it is common for him to be inclined to commit adultery more than the other types. But since Tauran tendency to remain loyal to his mates, he will take every precaution to keep from placing himself or her in an embarrassing situation. Since his type is so restless and energetic, it is better to build a relationship with him on something other than love or sex. And since he is not necessarily consistent in love, you would have to appeal to his mind and ideals, or share some other of his interests in order for him to remain interested in you. For he is looking for uniqueness and mental compatibility in the partner more.

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attracted to people who are a challenge to him. He will be dcvastatingly seductive, for he is the most passionate lover, that is, when he wants to be, his emotions are concerned he is almost impossible to please. Emotionally he is frivolous and often times has an innocent attitude towards sex. But when he's on the make he can be devastatingly seductive, for he is the most comesti of the three types. In love he is an idealist, and wants to feel that he has helplessly

The third Taurean lover is the most fickle, and unstable of all the types. As a lover he is not as intense or sensual as the first type, nor as aggressive as the second, but rather, he expresses his love nature through nervous energy. He is more refined and ethereal than the other types. He is what one would call a masterful lover, that is, when he wants to be, for he too is restless and inconsistent. This type of Taurean is deceptive, for externally he appears to be stable and dependable, but where his emotions are concerned he is almost impossible to please. Emotionally he is frivolous and often times has an innocent attitude towards sex. But when he's on the make he can be devastatingly seductive, for he is the most comesti of the three types. In love he is an idealist, and wants to feel that he has helplessly fallen under someone's spell; he likes to be desired and overwhelmed by his partner. He is attracted to people who are a challenge to him. He'll remain loyal only as long as you keep him interested, and at the same time let him keep his freedom; for he is the least possessive Taurean and the most impressionable of all the types. He is unconsciously attracted to Gemini and especially Sagittarius.

GOLDEN AWARD
The S.F. Academy of Performing Arts properly loaded and recognized 1972's considerable theatrical achievements from the Gay Community, on Saturday, March 24, 1973. It was a glittering, glamorous, starstruck evening, full of excitement and anticipation. The spacious, beautiful Kabuki Theater was electrically abuzz, with over a thousand people involved, either as part of the audience or participating in the show. The show itself was a smart, elegant, mellifluous recreation of 1972's theatrical highlights. Don Berry was a congenial, mellow Master of Ceremonies, and the Carl Berry set was attractive and sharp. It was a long staircase set stage center, which swirled backwards to afford backdrops of the various musical production numbers. Highlights of these numbers were Mame's The Man in the Moon (which won), the Light Up the Sky, and Wonderful Town's / Can Cook Too. Popular winners of the evening were Faye as Best Actress for Mame, Malcolm Smith as Best Actor for Dolly (musicals), Chuck Waltz, Best Dramatic Actor for Light Up the Sky, Chuck Zinn for Best Director of a Musical (Dolly), Nancy Vern Becker, and Jim Richey also won in various male actress categories, and Carl Berry won for Set Design and Pat Campano as Costume for a series of shows. Special awards were given to Cliff Reynolds and Naomi Murdoch "for significant contributions," and the Humaniens Award was given to Bill May. May was one of S.I.R.'s founding fathers, and kept Vector afloat in its early, trying days. Since the competition was especially keen this year, and the major awards were more-or-less evenly distributed, there was little disgruntlement at the end of the evening.

—Noel Hernandez
YOUTH CULTISM AND THE GAY LIFE STYLE

By Jerry Disque

"...fear and anxiety of gradually growing older prevents us from growing up as well."

Page 48

YOUTH CULTISM AND THE GAY LIFE STYLE

(Continued on Page 50)
people who have experienced homosexual love in this way usually become happily settled in the marriage scene. They are people who have experienced homosexual settled in the marriage scene. They are people who arc neither possessed by or sex and love but who can live inter-dependently with someone else in a deeply meaningful way. Some homosexuals experience this type of marriage for many years and then break up for one reason or another, but if the marriage was a true one in every sense of the word, they are often content to assume the role of gay bachelorhood in homosexual society. As an aide, one of the most productive (and often surprising) effects of a gay marriage is that both partners discover new relationships to the straight world that they never had before in being accepted by straight people as lovers and included by straight people without question as a gay couple. Strengthening and widening their gay roles in a broader society, too, is also achieved by joining together such homophobic organizations as SIR, attending church if they are of a religious bent, or just for the fun and hell- haunts they had enjoyed singly or to-course, there is always that wonderful date they think they first fell in love. One's lover at that special place on the

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San Francisco: The Baths of 1st Street opens Tuesday, April 30th, 1974. The baths are open from 4 PM to 2 AM daily.

NEWS BRIEFS

CUBA: Homosexuals are officially classiﬁed as "antisocial" and ipso facto hostile to the Revolution, barred from the mass political organizations, and relegated to a second-class citizenship. Since everybody's life depends on his status as a good revolutionary, it is a prerequisite for a good job and for entering the university, and even the opportunity to buy certain goods. For homosexuals, many of these things are impossible. No one knows for sure why this is. But such discrimination is popular among machoistic Cubans who have always despised homosexuals. Fidel undoubtedly draws support from this campaign in the same way George Wallace generates support among racist whites by attacking blacks; a cowardly but effective tactic. (Harper’s)

The American Civil Liberties Union of Southern California announced the activation of the Rights of Homosexuals Committee, first at the affiliate level nationwide, as approved by the Board of Directors on March 18, 1973. Jay Murley was named Chairman. The Rights of Homosexuals Committee recognizes that the gay minority is the largest minority being freely discriminated against and is dedicated to assisting our legal docket has grown from one gay case two years ago to nine currently underway. (Harper’s)

Detroit: An Acosting and Soliciting charge has been brought against Robert Holter of Detroit. The arrest was made at the Woodward Bar at approximately 1:00 a.m. A friendly conversation was held between Holmes and the vice officer for about 1½ hours, and a ride home was ordered for the cop. Drinks were bought by the officer and he mentioned that he had been arrested before and therefore was not surprised about the first move. There was very little talk of sex, and then only when it was brought up by the officer. Upon leaving, the officer asked Holmes if he had any particular preference in bed. When the cop was asked if he liked to suck or be sucked, he replied, "I like to be fucked and you're under arrest," then flashed his badge and his two assisting officers appeared from behind. (Gay Liberator)
NUDE BEACHES: Nudity at beaches has become accepted in certain "privately-owned" beaches in San Mateo County, Santa Cruz County, and elsewhere. Typically the "owner" charges $1 or $2 admission fee. (Technically the beach is public domain, while the land access is private property; in practice, an isolated beach is controlled by the adjacent landowner.) Local sheriffs and public officials approve of such private nude beaches, on a way to minimize nuisance use of public areas. Landowners are expected to maintain toilets and trash collection. Maps of free beach locations are sold mail-order and advertised in California underground publications. Besides, there are many nudist hot-spots near Cloverdale.

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