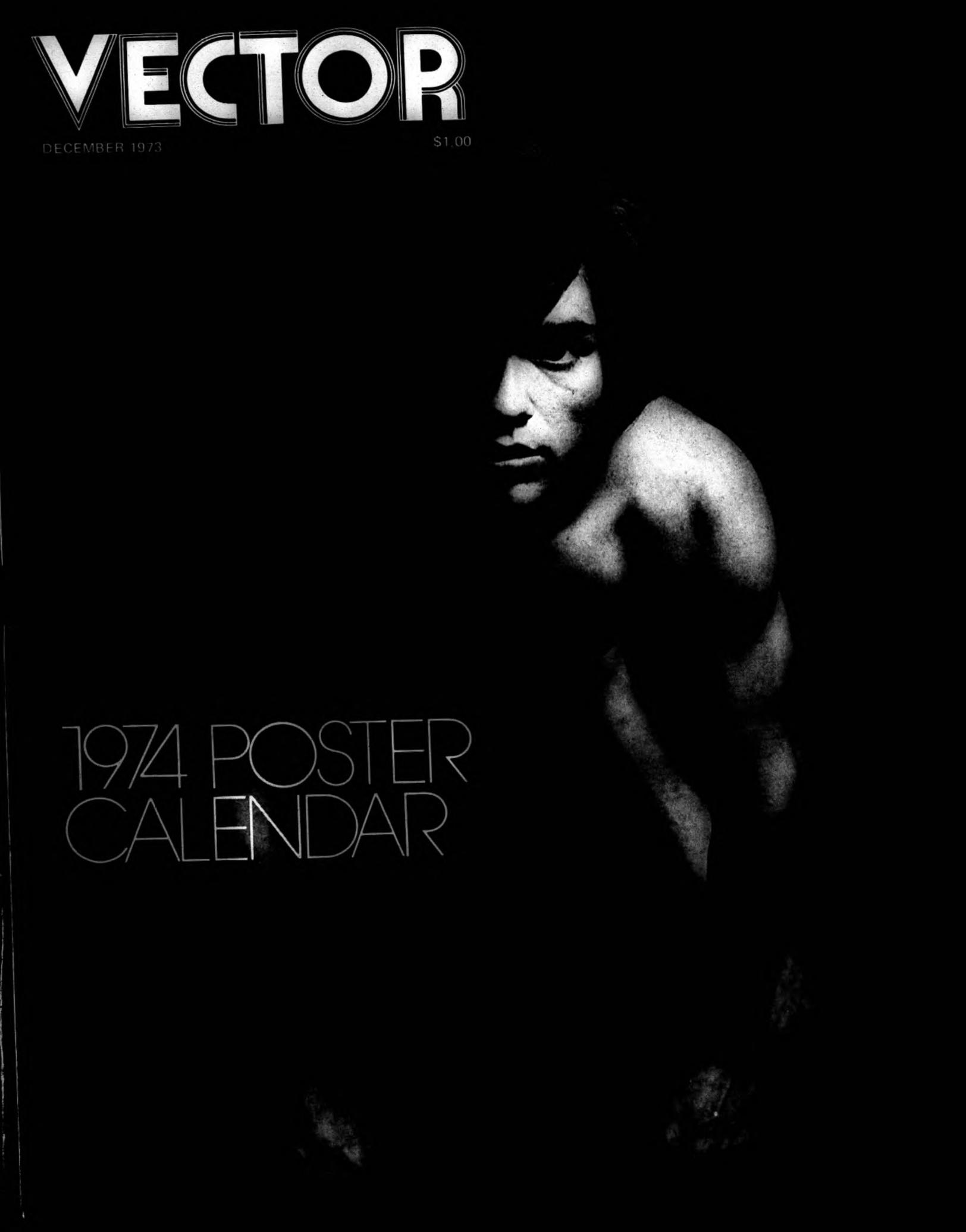


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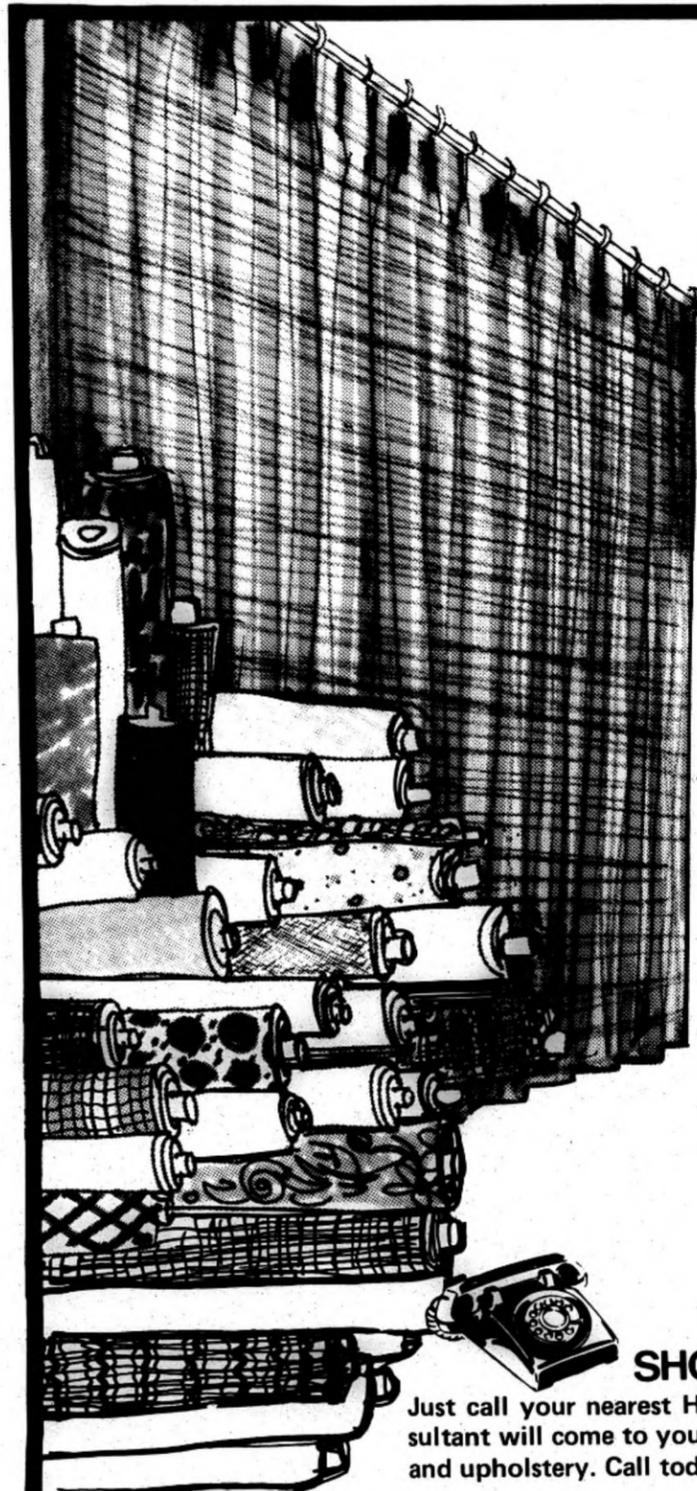
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HOME
Yardage



photo by Sierra Domino

editorial

When my friend suggested we drop in for a short visit with a dude he had tricked with the night before, I could hardly refuse, not being the driver. When he further mentioned that the trick was entertaining some "straight" friends, I was even more hesitant, not having been in California long enough to shake off the New York never-visit-without-a-call syndrome.

We entered the piss-elegant apartment and met three delightfully charming young women and one of their dates; all well under 30 and super-straight, church-going, intelligent people.

As happens, after initial introductions, that ball of silence fell and I grabbed it with a story of the travails of being a magazine editor. My friend rather crudely yanked me into the kitchen and with a voice on the edge of panic said, "They don't know anything about the gay thing so..." I returned to the living room and sat in terror awaiting the inevitable question, "What sort of magazine do you edit?"

Interestingly enough, that question never came up (indicating, I suspect, that the guests were cool to the situation but were willing to play their host's closet game) and conversation ranged from motorcycles to life in the East Bay. When the non-specific feeling of dry rot reached my throat, I signaled

(Continued on Page 40)

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letters

A Personal Letter to the Editor

I want to tell you that I got your magazines and turned first, after glancing at the general format, to the letters to the Editor (since I know him personally) and, firstly, felt a sense of pride, but also an awareness of the desperation in some of the letters. . . the aloneness and how — through VECTOR — some have found comfort and companionship and understanding.

What I most want to say is that, even more in reading through VECTOR, I felt the *burden* that is unjustly placed upon Gay people and spent a great many of my quiet moments reflecting on the injustices that exist because you live a lifestyle that isn't fully accepted because, primarily, it's not *understood*.

Donna Hale
Los Angeles

Every Reason to be Proud

Enclosed is my check to the amount of \$10.00 for renewal of my subscription to VECTOR.

The magazine has improved immeasurably, and you have every reason to be proud of it and the fine work you are doing through the medium of your dedicated and humane organization.

K.W.J.
Seattle, Washington

VECTOR has been a Disappointment

Gaypeoples have natural enemies and they can be clearly defined: the Church, the nuclear family, the mental health industry, statist regimes (be they in Washington, Moscow, Santiago or the Vatican), institutionalized sexism-schools, the universities and internalized oppression.

Thus, radical, from the Latin word "radicale" simply means to go to the root cause of one's oppression and to move on that.

Thus, VECTOR has been a disappointment in that some major space has been given over to repeated attacks on gay liberation. Surely it is subject to criticism, and there is much to criticize, but a fine article at some time which would look at the positives in gaylib, and the international grass roots of that would surely be helpful.

These ideas are meant in the spirit of love, and compassion, and brotherliness.

We make it a firm policy here not to interfere in the internal affairs of other organizations, and VECTOR is surely another entity to which we would only make suggestions, hoping those to be accepted in the spirit of Love.

Morris Kight
Gay Community Services Center
Los Angeles, California

VECTOR has Retrogressed

I want to say that, in general, I think VECTOR has retrogressed in the last year or two. I don't like the new type faces being used and I think the make-up is not as good as it used to be. There are too many "hippy-type" illustrations, too much white space and certainly too many long-haired skinny bodies of teenagers used to accompany your articles.

Then, speaking of articles, there are too many stories and reviews that have absolutely nothing to do with S.I.R. I, for one, get a bit disgusted when I think I am going to read a movie or book review on homosexuality and it turns out to be completely remote.

Being in my 50's I don't think I'm odd in wanting to see pictures of other men in their 50's. Surely not all of your subscribers are in their youthful years. I have heard others among my friends in my age group say they know of no publication printed for them. But every issue of VECTOR indicates that no one ever gets older than 25 or 30. Your staff photographer's do beautiful work, they really do, but can't they find any older models, even if they are a bit chubby or pot-bellied? I wouldn't have sex with your young models if they threw themselves at me because I prefer it with those of my own age. So let's have something in VECTOR for the middle-ager.

In closing, I do enjoy VECTOR in many areas and look forward to its 3,000 mile journey to my home.

T.D.C.
Lieutenant, U.S. Navy (retired)
Portsmouth, Virginia

You are Doing a Great Job

You *could* do a better job of proof-reading. Article research is sometimes wild but you are doing a great job!

Subject joys are real, well balanced in spread, and usually important. Drama and book reviews have zest and insight.

I'd like to send more money in support, but I'm a 74 year-old retired writer-teacher in a wheelchair, and don't have that cash to spare. Maybe next year.

L.L.W.
Alhambra, California

Banned in England

My anthology, *The Gay Liberation Book* has just been banned in England. I am very upset about this, not only because my book will never be distributed over there, but also because it is a sign of the backlash that Gay lib in England is experiencing.

450 copies were seized at British customs and declared obscene and will be destroyed. Authorities did not explain what they found obscene. There have been several anti-pornography campaigns there lately that have been singling out gay liberation as a "corrupter of youth."

Len Richmond
Ramparts Press, Palo Alto, Calif.

Waste of Time, Talent and Ability

I received your magazine today and took time to read several articles, including the one on Jesus. I think you're wasting your time and a great deal of talent or ability that could do a lot more for the human race than your present cause ever will.

Vector, Playboy or Playgirl I find of no real value. I recognize that ours is a time of heavy sexual emphasis and historically that it is just one of many signs of a self indulgent race of humanity who sees the self and the desires and emotions of the self as of supreme value. Such people are too busy playing God to achieve or even inspire the greatest of the human race that their high sounding rhetoric calls for.

Rev. Harold Sprat, Pastor
United Methodist Church
Prospect, Vermont

Out There Appreciating

This will allow me an informal occasion to express my appreciation for S.I.R. and for what it has done for me. I became a member a year ago after being introduced to the organization by a friend.

Please accept my sincere thank you for all the work and effort being put into S.I.R. and let it be known that your efforts are appreciated a great deal by me and I hope by many others.

I am new to Gay life and still need the information and support that S.I.R. gives. Thanks again and while I won't write

often, I am out here appreciating your work and saying a frequent thanks.

Please find enclosed an extra \$30 for S.I.R. activity support.

M. G.
Denver, Colorado

**This is Tevya, the milkman. This is Golde, his wife.
And this is "a love story of the rarest kind."**

—JOSEPH STEIN, author of *Fiddler on the Roof*

Black Fiddler

The poignant story of a white teacher's fight to produce a Jewish musical in a black ghetto school
by Richard Piro

"A rare and remarkable book." —HOWARD FAST

"A uniquely shocking and tender story." —RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

"A warm and touching human story of a dedicated teacher who dared to care." —JIM HASKINS, author of *The Diary of a Harlem School Teacher*

"A desolating microcosm of the American racial tragedy viewed from the inside, painfully." —Publishers' Weekly

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Taming of the Shrew American Conservatory Theatre San Francisco (Geary Theater)

William Ball's commedia-conceived version of *Taming of the Shrew* which opened the 1973 A.C.T. season, resulted in an uneven evening fraught as much with brilliance as flaws. For this critic, little of the show worked but, as in all of Mr. Ball's productions, the night was never less than wildly exciting.

Here is a show in which you come away whistling the costumes; rich, warm ivories going to muted reds and blues and then a final act with white macrame banners and trims which set heads wagging in appreciation of the designs. Indeed, Robert Fletcher's art became the only aspect of this jagged production which was uniformly successful.

The show was played on a platform stage set, we imagine, within a Renaissance town square. After a typical Ball stunning opening, he chose to fill his stage with bodies programmed to react only to the word, "Padua." Thus, the frequent, terribly broad asides lost whatever meaning they might have had had the ensemble reacted visually or vocally rather than simply observe which, even then, was not done convincingly.

Most of the "comedy" was of the Three Stooges variety, constantly physical, constantly slapstick, constantly mugged and directed towards the least common denominator ala a student audience.

Lack of diction was appalling given the professionalism of this company. A full three quarters of the script was sacrificed for the physical gimmicks. The servants, those wonderful speakers of Shakespearian wit were dreadfully broad and overdone as they bored the script with vacant stretches of grins, rubber legs, rolling eyes and wasted energy. The wit went out along with the language, not so much lost as thrown away in favor of Mr. Ball's commedia hangups, not the actors.

And then there was the "problem" of Marc Singer's (Petruccio) constantly exposed body. This is a radiantly beautiful man and throughout the evening he "played" his torso by touching it, caressing it, and with the strength and agility of a Russian Olympic gymnast he literally



Fred Olster as Petruchio get it on

flew around the stage bringing the first night audience to gasps of appreciation. The man was blindingly masculine as he portrayed the full spectrum of all human emotions from softness to strength, fear to courage, wit to insensibility, masculine(?) to feminine(?). Here was not a stereotyped cock-of-the-walk Petruccio but a *total* human being, albeit encased in a body that left you breathless with its perfection. How relieving it was to have, during one small part of the night, this body covered so that we could concentrate on the man as an actor, and a damn fine one he was. (He will appear as Christian later this season in *Cyrano de Bergerac*.)

Fred Olster's Kate was properly shrewish but, due to obvious directorial concepts she was not given equal time to make her physical points (which were not any less than her leading man's). Some of their line readings, especially in the too infrequent soft moments, were breath catching. Ms. Olster's body remained covered from neck to toe which brought uncomfortable thoughts concerning the glorification of the male body at the expense of the female. It was unfair. It was unnecessary and suspiciously gay. And why was Claire Malis' Bianca got up with wigs and attitudes similar to Charles Pierce's portrayal of Jeanette MacDonald? Again, the poor women were given short shrift disguised as commedia.

Two thoughts concerning Mr. Ball, A.C.T. and Shakespeare: If it is true that

Shakespeare's original ideas for the plot of *Shrew* came from a commedia troupe, given the man's genius for refining and developing existing forms into unique contributions (as Bach did to music), why return the newly polished gem back to its discarded roots thus robbing it of its theatrical advancement?

And, I wonder if the power structure of A.C.T. realize that many of us *like* Shakespeare exactly for what it is and resent it being gussied up with fru-frus to satisfy a director's fancy. It comes from a wrong assumption and is demeaning to a sophisticated audience who, in this town, are forced to San Diego or Oregon to feast at a banquet which could as easily be served at the Geary. A good meat and potatoes Shakespeare is immensely more satisfying than the "gourmet" version dished up by ACT. We're *hungry*!

While standing ovations are not so unusual in this town, several people failed in their attempt to get one going on opening night. This indicated audience taste and discrimination for this production—as exciting as it is—relied on gimmicks at the expense of the basic script leaving many unsatisfied at the gut level. But by all means don't miss it. It's a definitive mistake but, that word again, so damned exciting!

by RICHARD PIRO

The Hot L Baltimore by Lanford Wilson

A.C.T.'s second entry into the season is a dreary play by Lanford Wilson which has two things going for it; one good line and one arresting fact. First the line (paraphrased): "They take all that good natural sugar and turn it into shit and fuck up the environment doing it." The fact: If this piece received the Best American Play award by the New York Drama Critics' Circle, the Outer Circle Critics' Award, and the Obie Award for Best Play, what an appalling state of theatre now exist in the waste lands of Broadway.

The play is a fundamental cliché with its inspiration in *Grand Hotel*, *Time of Your Life*, *Small Craft Warnings*, *Waiting for Lefty*, *All Over*, *No Exit* and the countless other dramas dealing with lost locked in people. The Hotel Baltimore is about to be demolished. It is a flop house. The evening concerns the endless conversations among the regulars which include three prostitutes, a suspected lesbian and her retarded brother, the staff, and a few senior citizens. A slice from the lives of the hopeless bogged down in incredibly elementary language, trite situations writers' tools and a glaring absence of "theatre."

It's a muddy bore disguised as by-product profundity as it pontificates endlessly. The production is as shoddy as the script and resembles a budget minded community theatre project in the local high school auditorium. The acting was adequate with the exception of Barbara Dirickson (the lesbian) who managed to transcend the earthbound script and soar with several brilliant moments. She is a major talent and we're fortunate to have her. The evening would have been a bit

less unpleasant had the actors not been locked into monochromatic voice colorations so that we got the weepy voice, the strident voice, and no variations between thus eliminating surprises. But a vote of thanks goes to A.C.T. for making those of us who escaped Broadway trash revel in the fact that we are here rather than there.

The Year Boston Won the Pennant by John Ford Noonan Artist Enterprise Theatre 430 Mason St. S.F. 982-2277

Directly across the street from the Geary Theatre is the new home of Artist Enterprise Theatre. Their season opener packs a wallop that has not been seen since the closing scene of *The Great White Hope*. Comparisons to *Hot L Baltimore* are inevitable since where the one squats the other soars into a theatrical world which both releases and plummets the viewer into another dimension of theatrical reality. This is not an "easy" play. The questions are more elusive than the answers but, unlike the typical enigma (Pinter) play, at no moment is there any confusion as to the *now* happening on stage. And the "moments" never stop—breath catching scene follows breath catching scene—14 of them in all!

Marcus Sykowski is at the peak of success as the star pitcher of the Boston Red Sox when he mysteriously (and violently) has his left arm "chopped off." His fantasy is to make a brilliant comeback with an artificial limb. On the surface a romantic play about heroism, sacrifice, courage, love, marriage, homosexuality, friendship and death, just underneath a very disturbing, sometimes surrealistic microcosm of a society.

John Devine's Marcus just may be one of the finest performances ever to grip a

San Francisco stage. His soliloquy at a Maine grave will, for me, represent a zenith in the art of acting. (Did anyone else think of the marriage of Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio and switch the characters around?)

One can only stand in awe of the pyrotechniques of Robert Chapline and his directing associate, Richard Winter. The play frequently resists the playing of it through overindulgence, excessive length, awkward dialogue and cliché devices. Yet, the evening moved in a monstrous, massive never-flagging vector towards a moment which set spines tingling, eyes burning, heads reeling and an audience almost incapable of recovering enough to applaud. Time and time again Chapline finds gold where a less brilliant director would be content to pass it off as a writer's lag.



John Devine plays Marcus Sykowski

This was very much an ensemble production and a large cast of 14 played multiple roles with an ease which belied the newness of the company—again a tribute to the direction and Producer, R. Stephen Goldstein. It seems unfair to single out Susan Nohr, Pamala Donegan and the giggling girl (programs, like the set, were inadequate) for special citations.

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TALKING MACHINES

**A LESBIAN WAITRESS LISTENS TO
THE NOCTURNAL ENCOUNTERS
AMONG THE LOCAL BITCH-QUEENS**

I am a waitress in a small greasy spoon. Our Customers are our neighbors—people living and working near this street, welfare receivers on credit, men who come for food and coffee after the bars, mainly gay bars, finish for the night.

We talk sometimes about the gay switchboard around the corner where some of them volunteer, or about the street where we shop and work, about mutual friends. But in these evenings when your women are on display, I pour coffee, serve hamburgers or late breakfasts, and attain the semi-visible status accorded a waitress when she is not a friend. At these times the reality of a woman must blur from focus.

The masculine version of the feminine comes to flower around the yellow linoleum counters. Gypsies in feathers and with gilded eyes, little old ladies in their broad straw hats and wicker handbags, and the ephemeral Mary: "Oh, Mary, please!". Bette Davis is here, and Mae West and Bette Midler; their phrases and their music punctuate the soft murmurs and catty exchanges.

Images of women are everywhere, and over my years I must select which to emulate, which to question, and which to ignore.

"... sarcastic, often bitchy and cruel."

The after-hours women I see around this restaurant counter take mincing steps; their gowns are flamboyant and consequently restricting; they worry over their make-up and are excruciatingly conscious of their physical appearance; their remarks are sarcastic, often bitchy and cruel. These are the male women at early morning breakfast.

I wonder how you ladies view me. My clothes are planned to be functional for the work I do. I try to concentrate less on my appearance than my manner when I meet people for that is what I hope they will find of interest. And although I can be sarcastic, I try to be gentle whenever I can.

Where are these concerns among the ladies at my counter? Vanity, cattiness, gossip, tittering sexuality are the qualities most apparent.

What I see is not an emulation but the

harshest of caricatures — a display of hatred against the pushy, manipulating, shallow woman who preens herself in the back of my mind as well as yours. But why take on an identity so negative? That image of woman must have her counterpart in the gentle, supportive, sensitive depth of woman who also has a place in our souls. My friends, do you ever let her show herself?

"... women must be hideous things."

Perhaps that is not your intention. Your desire may be to ridicule, to ape women in order to release a lifetime of anger and frustration. Each exchange confirms the judgement; the conclusion cannot be avoided: Women must be hideous things.

**good
night
ladies**
by VALORY MITCHELL

How comforting that would be! As in the story of the fox and the grapes, it's nice to think that things out of reach are sour and undesirable. If it were true, no man would silently grieve that he is not female. No one desires sour grapes, so heterosexual desires thus become easier to repress. Bisexuality is not encouraged in the straight culture or the gay, and just as the heterosexual cultivates a negative image of the gay man who may be a repressed object of desire, so the homosexual must nurture a view of woman which will prevent him from seeking love and trust or sexual pleasure with her.

Sour grapes may be a satisfying tactic, but a second and more unfortunate result also occurs. The aspiration to liberate positive feminine qualities in yourselves is crippled before it can really begin.

On the surface, camping is a form, a vehicle for glamour and wit. But it is a misplaced and disconnected glamour, and contrasts sharply with reality. Like the poor black with his Cadillac, it is a glaring compensation for a life and a self that seem dull and ugly. Camp humor is an oppressing humor—self-deprecating and bitter. The cruelest remarks are directed inward.

When the show is over, where are you? Left with the reinforced judgement that female is negative, you cannot look forward to the possibility of becoming a balanced individual with both male and

"... monolith of traditional roles..."

female qualities working in your favor. You have chastised yourselves, paraded your inadequacies, viewed yourselves and friends as bitches. Is there not something better?

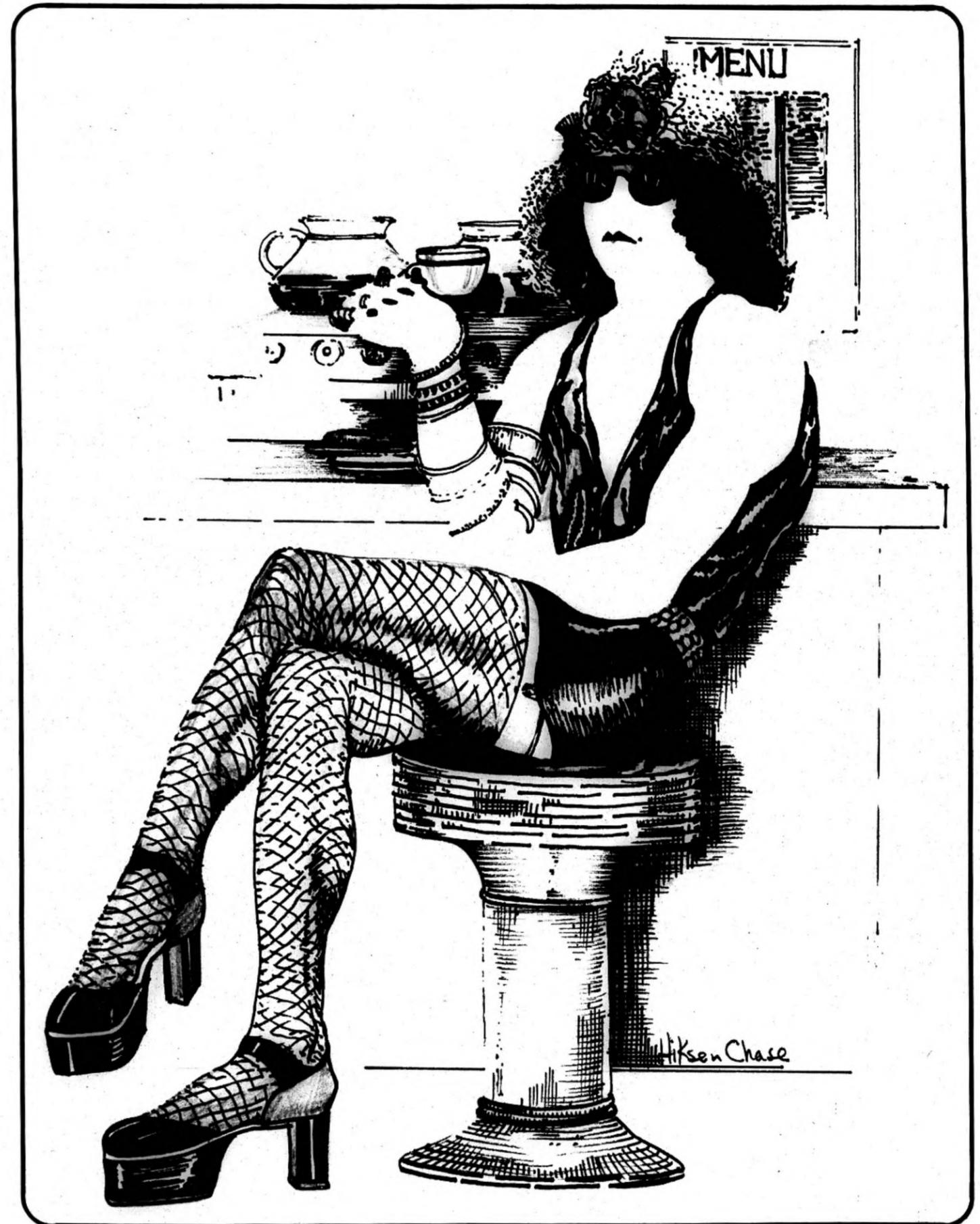
We share a thrilling period in history. As people of today, breaking through the crusty monolith of traditional roles, we have an unlimited choice of qualities that we may integrate into ourselves and exhibit in our daily lives. The desire is present in everyone to have the best qualities of each sex: To be assertive *and* receptive, logical *and* emotional, serious *and* silly, to trust fact *and* intuition, to value useful things *and* pretty ones.

Whichever qualities we select from the endless stream of models who pass before our inner eyes, that selection need not hang in the closet like a gown, but can be worn comfortably, without ostentation or embarrassment but with confidence and pride in that it is ourselves and we have made it with our own labors.

We can use to our richness the yin and yang of human potential, a balanced unity which is not a half-scissors but a complete person. We can bring together each man with his inner woman, each woman with her inner man in a union which will bear a special progeny—a truly complete self. It will not be an easy task, but a nurturing dream to strive for, an exquisite goal to seek. Here stands the liberated woman and man, regardless of sexual orientation.

Coffee cups empty, and cigarettes with their tell-tale lipstick rings, grind themselves out in small glass ashtrays. Napkins are laid on top of plates.

Good night, ladies! Sleep well — and dream.



FOLSOM STREET BARRACKS

by JAMES MOSS

YOU ARE INVITED — NO, ENCOURAGED TO ACT OUT YOUR WILDEST FANTASIES

I WOULD GUESS THAT I HAVE BEEN IN AS MANY baths across the country as anyone. . . I have seen just about all of them from the brassy Continental in New York with its big-name entertainers to the lowest little dive on the Mexican boarder. But never in my travels have I ever encountered anything to compare with the **Folsom Street Barracks** here in San Francisco. The ambiance is easy and free. You are invited —no, *encouraged* — to act out your wildest fantasy. Unlike the Continental or the Ritch Street baths here, the Folsom has a very easy and soft trip that lets you run with it. The Folsom is not a programmed environment; it does not impose it's trip on yours.

As a result, the divergence of types and scenes is manifold. At any given minute of the day or night you are likely to find as many different things going on as there are people on the premises. For purists, all of the bath traditionals are there and modern; sauna, showers, coffee shop, lounge, along with some radical innovations such as complimentary cans of Crisco in every room, a free-wheeling staff out to please in every sense of the word, and generous patrons willing to share whatever they may have brought with them to help you get to where you want to go.

During the week (Sunday through Thursday) rooms are \$4 and lockers are \$2. Friday and Saturday, rooms are \$5 and lockers are \$3. For out-of-town guests, the Folsom offers overnight rooms with in and out privileges at \$8 during the week and \$10 on the weekend—reservations suggested. The Folsom Street Barracks is located at: Number 8 Hallam (the corner of Folsom) and the telephone is (415) 861-1311.



What's your fantasy?
Perhaps it's an off-duty employee of the Folsom Street Barracks
lounging about the coffee shop
in a towel

photos by James Moss



All of the walls of the second and third floor rooms of the Barracks are decorated with mirrors and murals that range from the artistic to hard graffiti. Many customers request a particular room because its graphic matches their fantasy trip



THOMAS BALHAZAR

by TOM SEVERING

It must have been in '45 or '46. I was in the third grade, a shy kid, too shy to keep many friends. In those days the candy stores were selling a kind of photographic plate. If you turned it in a certain way in sunlight, a picture of a horse or some such object would develop in about five minutes.

One day, before school, I invested in one of these and sat on the Church steps, across from the school, fumbling with it. I was never much good at things mechanical and still am not. Suddenly a shadow fell across me. I looked up—a big kid, eighth grade big, is standing watching me. "That's not the way," (with the exasperation of a pro). "Here," squatting beside me, "ya gotta turn it to the glawssy side, see? the glawssy side." And it was turned (by him) and we hung over it the five minutes and lo! the picture. "Gotta go." He was gone, fleeing from what — my gratitude? — or maybe just late for class.

Later that day, describing the thick glasses and the precise twist of the nose to another kid, I found out his name — Thomas Balthazar or maybe Balthasar — I never saw it written down.

If we ever met again, Thomas Balthazar, you didn't know me and who was I to go up to an eighth grade kid and say, "I love you."

But I did. I still do. You were the first Bill, the first Duane, the first Rod — the first of those gentle men who have shown me and are still showing me the "glawssy" side.



OF LOVE AND LUST AND POETRY: COMMUNICATION

*I used to think I wanted
All the Fine Young Men to be mine.
But now I think I want them to be me.
If I could change with that one,
The Blue-eyed, Muscled Blond,
I guess I'd lust for someone else,
Like he does.
I'd maybe even see me,
The one I'd left behind,
And want to be the Fine Young Man that I was.*

*There are no important thinkers,
Only important thoughts,
(And very few of those.)
And of those very few,
Very few agreed upon
By the "important thinkers."
Think about it.
(Importantly.)*

*Does the rhyme make the poem
Or the poem make the rhyme?
Or is it the reason that makes the poem rhyme?
And if he's right,
What difference does it make?*

*But how would he answer if someone asked,
"What is that poem?"
Instead of,
"What does it mean?"
Archibald MacLeish, have you Maclead me?*

*My soul's not
Male or Female,
Black or White,
Old or New.
So why should I be?
Unless they're wrong.
Then,
Even more,
Why should I be?*

*Nobody claims there's something WRONG with liking
Opera and Rock,
Meat and Fish,
Red and Blue.
So how come there's something WRONG with liking
Men and women?
Or only some of the above.*

*Adjectives add
Beauty to our imagery
And
Clutter to our thought
At best.*

— Kevin P. Norton



twelve days of Christmas

December 14

Dearest John,

I went to the door today and the postman delivered a partridge in a pear tree. What a thoroughly delightful gift!! I couldn't have been more surprised.

*With deepest love and devotion,
David*

December 15

Dearest John,

Today the postman brought your sweet gift. Just imagine—Two turtle doves! I'm just delighted at your most thoughtful gift. They are just adorable. . .

*All my love,
David*

December 16

Dear John,

Oh, aren't you the extravagant one! Now, I really must protest. I don't deserve such generosity—three French hens! They are just darling, but I must insist, you've been too kind.

*Love,
David*

December 17

Dear John,

Today the postman delivered four colley birds. Now really! They are beautiful, but don't you think enough is enough? You are being too romantic.

*Affectionately,
David*

December 18

Dearest John,

What a surprise. . . Today the postman delivered five golden rings—one for every finger. You are just impossible, but I love it. Frankly, all those birds squaking were beginning to get on my nerves.

*All my love,
David*

December 19

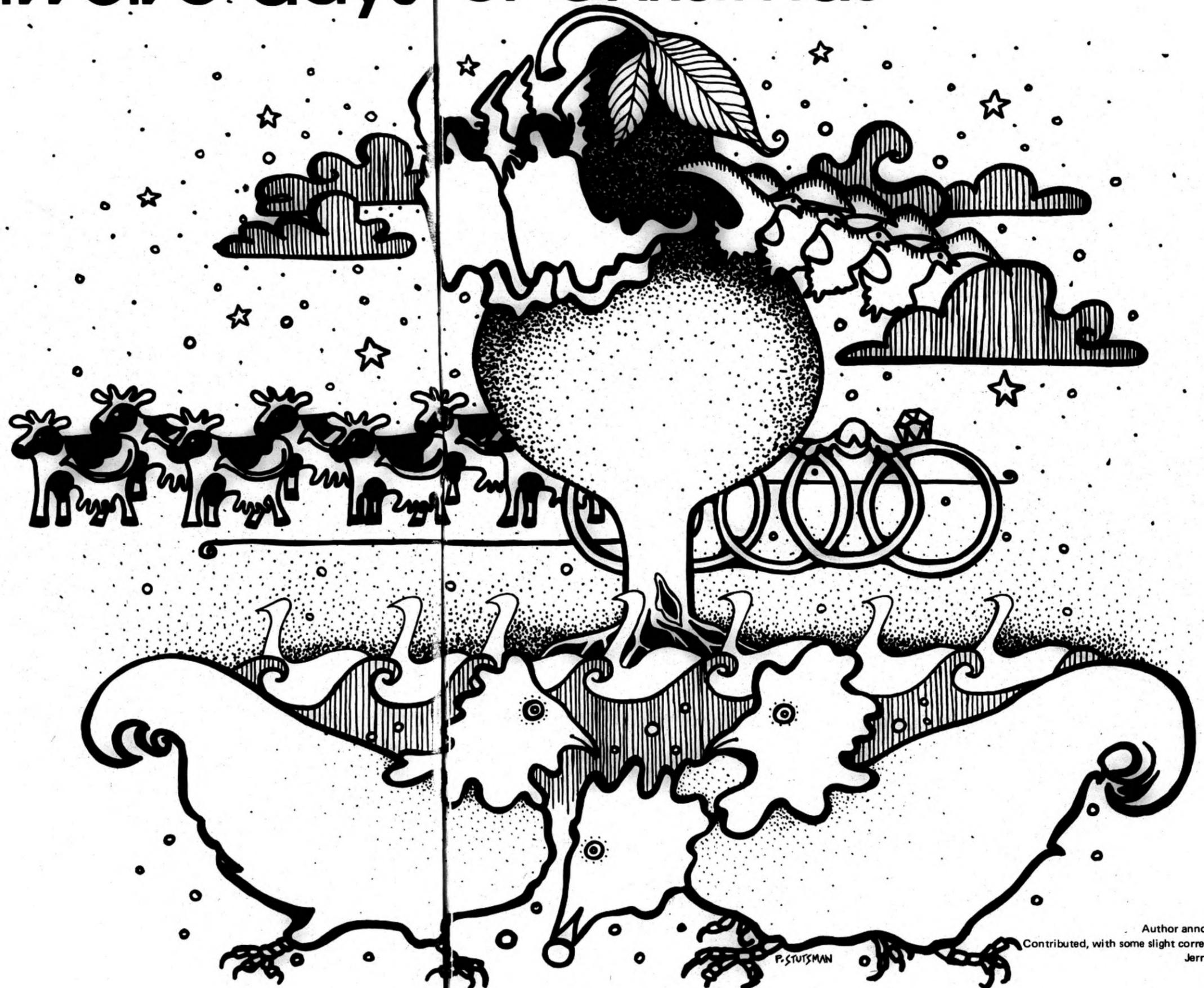
Dear John,

When I opened the door there were actually six geese—laying on my front steps. So you're back to the birds again, huh? Those geese are huge. Where will I ever keep them? The neighbors are complaining and I can't sleep thru the racket.

Please stop. . .

*Cordially,
David*

(Continued on Page 43)



Author anonymous.
Contributed, with some slight corrections by
Jerry Disque.

CHARLIE'S IMPERDIE!



Charles Pierce and VECTOR have at least one thing in common: they are both "voices for the gay community". While VECTOR'S is a voice heard by relatively few members outside this community, Charles Pierce, during his 19 years in show business, has been a voice heard, appreciated, cherished and accepted both within and outside the gay world.

As a matter of fact, Charles Pierce, as an entertainer, has probably done as much for the gay "cause" as has any other vehicle. He has brought a slice of gay life and gay humor to the straight community in a way which has undoubtedly led to a wider and easier acceptance of gays by straights.

When his six-year engagement at San Francisco's Gilded Cage ended in June, 1969, Charles had, in addition to his immense gay following, built up an admittedly underground, yet sizeable straight audience. Indeed, by then, some fifteen years of comedy, impressions and antics, he had been seen and regaled by multitudes of members from the press, political, business and entertainment fields, including such glitterati as Rudolf Nureyev, Margot Fonteyn, Hermione Gingold, Chita Rivera, Angela Lansbury, Paul Lynde, Joan Blondell, Jane Withers, Franklin Pangborn and the late Mike Connolly. In fact, it was Mr. Connolly who gave Charles his first mention in the press in a Hollywood Reporter article: "Charles Pierce has a new routine--Bette Davis singing 'Why, Oh Why, Oh Why Oh Did Roz Russell ever leave Ohio?' ". That was in 1952.

Word of Charles' brilliant performances spread rapidly among the "communities": straight, gay, luminary, et al. By the time Charles left "the Cage", he had become as popular a San Francisco tradition as reading Herb Caen. Perhaps the latter had some effect on the former: Mr. Caen so admires Mr. Pierce that he has mentioned him in his daily column no less than fifty times in the past ten years!

Charles took a giant leap in bringing his unique entertainment to an even more widely diversified audience



when he performed an overwhelmingly successful run at Bimbo's 365 Club in the summer of 1971. The many voices and faces of Charles Pierce were heard and seen by standing-room-only audiences, the majority of which were made up of "straight" members. People who thought that gay meant frivolous, and that female impersonations were done only by Milton Berle, had their eyes opened and their sides split. Indeed, they went away from Charles Pierce's performance with a better understanding and greater tolerance of the gay community with which they had just shared a delightful experience.

Shortly after Bimbo's, Charles opened a six-month stint at Ciro's in Hollywood. Again, straights, opened eyes, split sides, understanding, tolerance and acceptance. The "cause" had been advanced another step.

The Bimbo's and Ciro's engagements brought a whole new audience into the growing world of Charles Pierce followers. And more luminaries: John Gielgud, Richard Chamberlain, Diana Rigg, Eugenia Bankhead (Tallulah's sister), Martha Raye — they all became instant fans.

Now at Gold Street, where he is in his tenth engagement in three years, Charles Pierce continues to bring together the gay and the straight, the boys and the girls, the long-haired and the short, the young and the old. Again, the entertainment greats keep coming: last month Charles played to Bette Midler, the Pointer Sisters and Carol Channing — all new but now life-long fans. People of every description have left Gold Street night after night with great grins of enjoyment and satisfaction on their faces; they have all become just a little more knowledgeable, understanding, open and accepting of the gay world.

Charles Pierce has never considered himself a spokesman for the gay community nor has he ever consciously tried to be one. But in his own special, entertaining and endearing way, he continues to bring the straight community to a greater acceptance of the gay: a voice for the gay community.

At the close of each of his performances, Charles quotes one of John Gielgud's lines (from a Broadway show *Home*) which summarizes the Charles Pierce philosophy, a philosophy which contributes immensely to straight audiences' acceptance of the gays, as well as the gays of themselves. He says, "If a person can't be what they are, then what's the point of being anything at all?"



Article and Photo Essay by Kirk Frederick, MEDIA/ARTS, San Francisco

MAIL-ORDER LOVER

HOW I ADVERTISED FOR A MATE IN THE BERKELEY BARB

WANTED: A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS. W/M, 34, ATTRACTIVE AND PROFESSIONAL, LIBERAL, CHRISTIAN ORIENTATION, SEEKS COMPATIBLE MAN FOR STABLE PERMANENT RELATIONSHIP. . . PREFER 24-39 AND MATURE, EDUCATED, RESPONSIBLE GUY WITH CULTURAL INTERESTS AND A NEED TO SHARE A BEAUTIFUL WORLD. . .

by TOM SEVERING

SO I COMPOSED IT AND SO IT appeared in the *Berkeley Barb*, reasonable, succinct, honest, and calculated to stand out from the "suck me-fuck me in every orifice" ads that it would sit among. (I visualized a flower gently unfurling on a dung heap).

No need to analyze this at length. You, my gay brothers and sisters all know what I mean, whether by having or by the long dull ache of not having.

The ad remained in the *Barb* for a month and 26 men responded to it, from a sailor on a base in the Aleutian Islands (looking for a pen pal) to an inmate in a federal penitentiary in Minnesota. Most responses were local and of these I met 14 people, some quite memorable.

Dan was a professor in his late 30's, a member of the faculty of a small nearby college. His letter was long and detailed and he frankly noted the fact that his sexual role was primarily passive.

It was a wonderfully literate letter, written by a man who promised to be sensitive, soft-spoken and gentle, and who fulfilled the promise perfectly when we met at a local atmospheric Greek restaurant. Not long before, Dan and a lover of several years had separated amicably and he found that he was no longer able or willing to live alone. I saw in him a profound need for another person, not just for a good lay—precisely the kind of seeker I wanted to attract by my ad. He seemed much taken with me but unfortunately I could not relate him to the lover I was carrying around in my head. The fellow I was looking for would be virile, rather more active than passive, not obviously gay. Dan, though not swishy, was soft, ever so slightly feminine.

We were urged out of our seats by a waiter and joined a line of somewhat reluctant patrons in one of those dipping, gliding Conga line dances that Greek cafes use as a finale to an exuberant evening. Dan had repeatedly remarked that he found my company enjoyable and finally asked if I would care to go to Chico with him on the coming weekend to visit some close friends of his, gays. Taking one of my hands in both of his he said, "If you want to be friends—fine; lovers, we can work on it. How do you feel about it?" I declined the Chico trip and remarked, with sincerity, that I had only just put the ad in the *Barb* and was arranging to meet

several more correspondents in the next few days. I remember thinking with a touch of self-parody, "How can I go to Chico this weekend when the Golden Prince may be waiting for me in Oak-

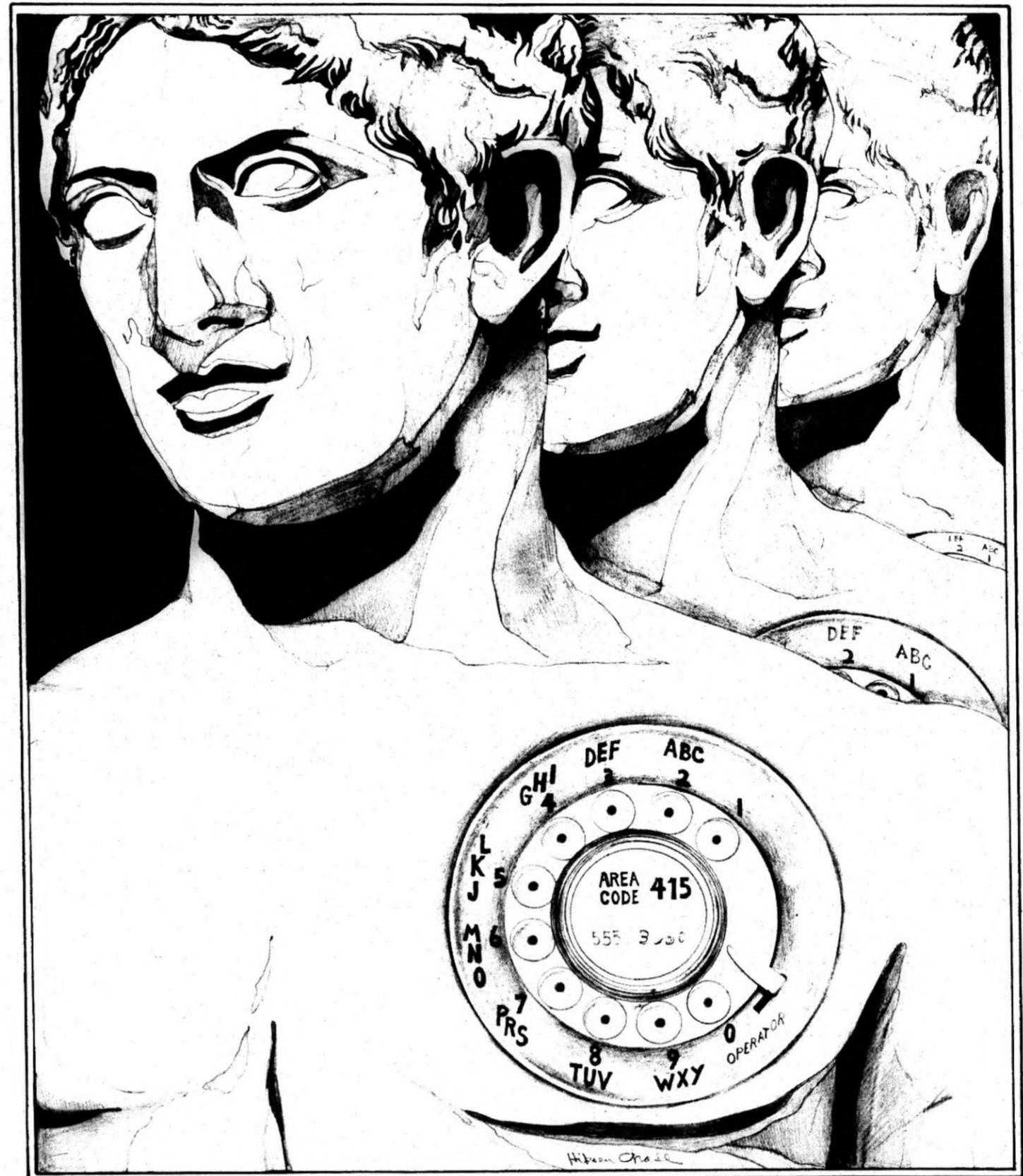
land or Berkeley or San Francisco?"

I left Dan with a feeling not so much of guilt as of deep regret that I could not be for this fine and lonely man what he needed.

A psychologist friend of mine had observed, "The guy who puts the ad in the *Barb* is really in the dominant position, whatever his sexual preferences may be. It is he who is picking and choosing, interviewing people as if for a job. The guy who answers the ad has only one chance that you will fulfill his dream, you have more than one chance that your dream will be fulfilled. You're in the catbird seat."

I remember Ed because he was good looking, intellectual, a musician, and because he admitted immediately that he was not looking for a lover. He was moving on to a new job in Oregon in a few months but in the interim he would like a good sexual relationship cum friendship with an attractive person who would share his cultural interests. He asked whether I had been "out of the closet" long and what the extent of my experience had been, and I admitted that no I had not been out for long and that I felt rather a bit self-conscious especially in the gay bars. My few relationships had been totally sincere, not casual, and my experience might be considered limited in comparison to some. Sitting down beside me on the sofa (we were in his apartment; a Saturday night) he breathed into my ear a line that was old when Delilah used it on Samson: "You seem shy. I'd like to give you tonight an experience you'll never forget." It was enticing. I had not come there for that, but what the hell.

(Continued on Page 33)



We hear the word "revolution" quite a lot nowadays. It has never been a word that people could sit comfortably with, since it has been used to describe scenes of mob uprisings and bloodshed. The word implies violence. So, to hear of someone seriously talking about *The Revolution* in the context of our present society risks calling up images of the frenzied malcontent, or of a seedy anarchist making bombs in his cellar. This is due to our familiarity with only one particular kind of revolution — the political revolution. What we mean today when we use the word are the very rapid, almost violent, changes that are taking place on a social and cultural level. Social and cultural battles are not like political battles, they occur *within* and *beneath* our conscious awareness.

For example, the power of present human technology makes it impractical to continue such long treasured beliefs as, "war is human nature." The crisis of our time is that there are a great many even more destructive myths which we cannot afford to wait to die out over the course of even one generation. Where man had had centuries to absorb change we, in the age of instantaneous electronic communication, must adjust in a few years. Not everyone sees the same necessity in breaking with the past in the same way, and, indeed, some do not see any necessity at all. The radical is the person in the unfortunate position of having to inform others that some of their most treasured and comforting beliefs are a destructive myth.

By being Gay, we are very much in the position of the radical, because we are at once in conflict with the centuries-old myth that a man, by definition, is necessarily heterosexual; and that the homosexual is the enemy of manhood. Who knows how many men might have "come out" (acknowledge their homosexuality) or would come out now, if they were not imprisoned by their belief in this cultural propaganda about manhood. The process of coming out is needlessly traumatic for a great many people, because one has to struggle with one's own loyalties to a culture which arbitrarily defines, and unquestioningly indoctrinates, the belief that being Gay is unnatural, and unmanly. Until the person coming out is really convinced that he has been duped by what is nothing but a destructive myth, he is very susceptible to self doubt and questioning of his masculinity. He is frequently caught in a psychological double bind: If he tries to remain loyal to the cultural myth he experiences guilt and self hatred, and if he tries to reject the myth, he may reject a great deal more of society than is really warranted. His enemy, a myth, is embedded in his own consciousness.

From the stand point of the gay community, we, like the individual who is just coming out, are embroiled in a confusion over what is social myth and what is real. As a group, we are faced with the same problems of self doubt, self hatred, and a tendency toward wholesale rejection of the dominant straight society. But only because we have not "come out" in terms of being a community. We do not truly admit or recognize ourselves as a community. We are not alone, our whole society is being broken up into emerging minority groups who are protesting the social myths about themselves. Consequently, existing society is being polarized into two groups, the complacent dominant culture; and the critical counter-culture.



Revolution

by JON SCHILLER

The criticism is mainly one of values, or *preferences*, which makes argument or logical discussion more complicated than a merely factual issue. What one is really defending is one's opinion, which is determined by personal experience. The values a person has will determine what he sees as threats to his values, and those will be what he sees as problems. Both within and outside of our community, we are faced with differing frames of reference for evaluating social problems which are based on differing values, which are, in turn, based on differing experiences. The way out is not to argue positions, but to *compare* experiences so that the people involved draw their values from a broader base of experience than what they themselves have personally undergone. This is very necessary within the gay community, because we are just as much divided on the culture vs. counter-culture issue as is the rest of society at large. It is how these two orientations see themselves in relation to each other that causes gays to include other gays in their perception of the problem.

The "Old" Culture gays, those who maintain some loyalties to the complacent dominant culture, see the radical element as holding back the cause of gay liberation, in as much as the radicals are dedicated to confrontation methods. The zaps, the outrageous drags, the pickets, and generally, the highly visible spectacle of the whole sub-group is seen as a source of alienation between the straight society and the gay community. The Old Culture protests that these methods are damaging to the image of gay people. Behind this perspective are several assumptions, which more or less run as follows: If gays could only subscribe to the traditional standards of behavior which are considered respectable in the straight (business) world, the people in power would see that we are alright, and repeal the repressive legislation, which is the source of our oppression. Our problem, therefore, is our image.

On the other side of the generation gap, the "New" Culture gays see the Old Culture as taking unfair advantage of their positions as establishment owners, managers, and editors in the community to push what appears to be their standards on the rest. The counter-culture views the whole idea of appearing straight and trying to live up to some employers' or politicians' image of respectability as being an instrument of repression in itself. Respectability is seen as a destructive myth, and there is quite a valid point behind this view. The reasons employers attempt to avoid hiring drag queens ornelly men is that they are afraid it will destroy their company's reputable image. Essentially they are afraid of alienating the public by violating the public's expectations of how a person should be. So, in their attempt to find the least objectionable people, they begin excluding people who manifest some "flaw." The result of making a social policy out of this over a long period of time is that the public becomes educated to expect a certain type, and it becomes increasingly more critical of the least departure from it. This, in turn, begets even more stringent requirements, more exclusion, and ultimately, higher expectations on the part of the public. The flawless image of respectability becomes a sort of straight jacket on the individual, and the least quirk of personality or visible distinction, becomes grounds for denial of a means of a livelihood.

(Continued on Page 31)

The close of 1973 finds the Society for Individual Rights still very much alive and still very active in participating with others in the fight for Gay Liberation. We continue to offer at our Center at 83 Sixth Street, here in San Francisco, a variety of social activities throughout the week and on weekends. Our various active members continue to do the work that is so necessary to help us achieve the goals to which we are dedicated — and that often means working in association with other groups in the city in a united effort.

Though I write this copy to make the deadline of our December issue, I know that Thanksgiving Day will be a lot brighter for many lonely Gay sisters and brothers who might otherwise be alone with nowhere to spend the day, because the S.I.R. Center will be the scene of the combined efforts of G.A.A., M.C.C., Emmaus House, the Tavern Guild and S.I.R.'s Thanksgiving Day Dinner. Last year the Center was filled to overflowing with guests participating in this annual event. Food and beverages donated by members of the local community and shared with others is one of the most meaningful ways we can demonstrate our love for one another. Following this year's Dinner the Society will hold its Annual Thanksgiving Day Auction in order to raise funds to keep the Society going strong.

And speaking of funds to keep the Society going . . . no, this isn't the part where the pitch comes in . . . the Roundup Bar was the scene of a very successful auction of all sorts of goodies to raise funds for the theatrical equipment lost in S.I.R.'s fire last year. We are grateful to the Roundup for letting us hold the auction in their establishment, and we are grateful to the many people who purchased the goodies offered at that auction as well as the many celebrities who helped us auction them off.

One of San Francisco's better-known personalities, Kish Hayworth, will be presenting a Christmas Review at the S.I.R. Center on December 7-8-9. It's going to be called "Mary Kish Mess" (that's reaching some just a little, doncha think?). Yes, it's another way of raising funds for the organization, and it's another one of those events that promises to be a lot of fun because of all the people who will be donating their talents to help S.I.R. If

you saw the Gary Poole Dance Review and Fashion Show at the Center, you will remember Kish as the campiest male fashion model ever to trod the boards. Afficionados of the Black Cat will remember Kish as one of their ever popular waiters who mixed words with Jose during those super-camp Sunday afternoon operas. Tickets for "Mary Kish Mess" will be on sale at the Kokpit, the Ramrod, Big Town, the P.S., Dog Patch and the Waterhole, for \$3.50. The posters say cast of 1000s. So this show has *got* to be good!

The Insider

Mike Newton

Following the performance on Sunday, December 9, S.I.R. will hold its annual Christmas Party beginning at 4 p.m. For those who are not present at the matinee performance, admission to the party will be by donation of \$1.50. Since there will be a bar at all performances of "Mary Kish Mess" it stands to reason that beverages of all sorts will be served at the party as well.

Naturally the holiday season wouldn't be the same without the Annual New Year's Eve Ball at the S.I.R. Center. It starts at 9 p.m. December 31 and will go into the wee small hours. Costumes, prizes of all sorts, food, drink, fun and games will all be offered as usual. I haven't been told yet what the cost is or where you can buy tickets for this function, but remember, it's only November as I write this. By the time the New Year rolls around you should have seen posters advertising this event just about everywhere around town.

One almost gets the idea that all S.I.R. does is throw fund-raising events. Don't be fooled. You'll read elsewhere in this issue of *Vector* of a recent court ruling that S.I.R. has been fighting for for some time, and the victory of that fight is a feather in the cap of the many active and hardworking members who participated in that effort. Our Community Services committee, our Political committee, our Religious committee (and next issue I have a great deal to say about *that* one), our Legal committee, all actively continue working for equal rights for homosexuals.

Last month I told you about some of the activities of the Political committee, the Stamps of Approval that the Society gave to various candidates for local political office, and the names of the new members voted to the S.I.R. Board of Trustees. I neglected to inform you that Don Scott has moved up into the position of President (Frank Fitch resigned), that Hector Navarro has been elected Vice President, and the ever-popular David Stahlmann (two n's, right David?) is S.I.R.'s newly elected Secretary.

Closing. Another year has passed and we've seen people come and go. Along with S.I.R.'s officers and directors and committee members, a lot of good people have graciously donated their time volunteering to help us in a great variety of ways. I am sure that if the President had any idea that I was saying this, he would join me in telling you how much we have appreciated your being around when we need you, and that we hope you'll continue to help S.I.R. in the future.

Here's wishing all of you a very Merry Christmas, a Happy Hannukah, and a New Year filled with Peace and Love. And don't forget, *Gay is Good!*

Photography by
James Armstrong



S.I.R. WINS AN HISTORIC DECISION

by FRANK FITCH

On October 31st, the US District Court ordered the US Civil Service Commission to stop firing Gays for reasons detailed in their Personnel Manual. Judge Zirpoli ordered that Donald Hickerson be reinstated with back pay -- "Plainly, Mr. Hickerson was improperly discharged from his position."

Hickerson was fired because a routine investigation determined that his discharge from the Army indicated that he was homosexual. After he confirmed this information, he was discharged on the grounds that employment of a homosexual would bring government service into "public contempt."

S. I. R. entered the suit seeking to represent the class of all homosexuals who work for the government. This is the first time any court has sustained a class action suit for homosexuals. No longer can Gays be dismissed for homosexual conduct in circumstances when all is involved is the Commission's "unparticularized and unsubstantiated conclusion that possible embarrassment about employee's homosexual conduct threatens the quality of the government's performance."

Judge Zirpoli went on to say that a homosexual "may be deemed immoral by the majority of our society, but this alone does not justify denying (that person) government employment. The notion that it could be an appropriate function of the federal bureaucracy to enforce the majority's conventional moral code of conduct in the private lives of its employees is at war with elementary concepts of liberty, privacy, and diversity. Therefore, the Commission can discharge a person for immoral behavior only if that behavior actually impairs the efficiency of the service."

KALENDAR interviewed Attorney Rick Stokes who represented S. I. R. in the class action portion of the suit. He said that he had Gay employees of the government testify before the judge in his chambers to demonstrate the fear which we have had for loss of employment. "This decision should force a halt to this kind of discriminatory dismissal." We should be thankful to Neighborhood Legal Assistance for representing Donald Hickerson and allowing us to make it a class action.

This decision may also have repercussions in the area of security clearances. Allen Rock, who was facing loss of his clearance for being Gay, maintained that since his co-



S I R
presents

Mary Kish Mess
A Christmas Review

starring
KISH HAYWORTH
and cast of 1000s

S.I.R. Center
83 6th St.

DEC. 7-8 9:00 PM
DEC. 9 2:30 PM

DONATION
\$3.50

Tickets
available at
Kokpit, Ramrod, Big Town,
P.S., Dog Patch, Waterhole.

S.I.R. CHRISTMAS PARTY
to follow Sunday 2.30 Performance.

JANUARY
5 1961
11:00 AM
27 28 29 30 31



JANUARY							FEBRUARY							MARCH						
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VECTOR

JULY							AUGUST							SEPTEMBER						
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Retake of Preceding Frame

S.I.R. WINS AN HISTORIC DECISION

by FRANK FITCH

On October 31st, the US District Court ordered the US Civil Service Commission to stop firing Gays for reasons detailed in their Personnel Manual. Judge Zirpoli ordered that Donald Hickerson be reinstated with back pay -- "Plainly, Mr. Hickerson was improperly discharged from his position."

Hickerson was fired because a routine investigation determined that his discharge from the Army indicated that he was homosexual. After he confirmed this information, he was discharged on the grounds that employment of a homosexual would bring government service into "public contempt."

S. I. R. entered the suit seeking to represent the class of all homosexuals who work for the government. This is the first time any court has sustained a class action suit for homosexuals. No longer can Gays be dismissed for homosexual conduct in circumstances when all is involved is the Commission's "unparticularized and unsubstantiated conclusion that possible embarrassment about employee's homosexual conduct threatens the quality of the government's performance."

Judge Zirpoli went on to say that a homosexual "may be deemed immoral by the majority of our society, but this alone does not justify denying (that person) government employment. The notion that it could be an appropriate function of the federal bureaucracy to enforce the majority's conventional moral code of conduct in the private lives of its employees is at war with elementary concepts of liberty, privacy, and diversity. Therefore, the Commission can discharge a person for immoral behavior only if that behavior actually impairs the efficiency of the service."

CALENDAR interviewed Attorney Rick Stokes who represented S. I. R. in the class action portion of the suit. He said that he had Gay employees of the government testify before the judge in his chambers to demonstrate the fear which we have had for loss of employment. "This decision should force a halt to this kind of discriminatory dismissal." We should be thankful to Neighborhood Legal Assistance for representing Donald Hickerson and allowing us to make it a class action.

This decision may also have repercussions in the area of security clearances. Allen Rock, who was facing loss of his clearance for being Gay, maintained that since his co-



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workers and family knew he was Gay, thereby eliminating the chance of blackmail, that removing his clearance would be an action to enforce society's moral code upon clearance holders.

Perhaps the Department of Defense is changing. Attorney Stokes revealed that a Gay employee of a major defense contractor with a security clearance was reported to security officials by a fellow employee for making advances. The DOD investigated, sent a form asking why his clearance should not be revoked. Stokes and his client filled it out and sent it back. By return mail came a form stating that "it is the National Interest for employee to retain his clearance."

The order extends to both applicants and current job holders, but not to those who have been fired in the past. It also applies nationwide, but may be enforceable only in the Northern District of California, where Zirpoli's court has contempt power. But in other areas of the country, a discharged Gay can go to the US District court and simply ask that this court's order be applied. No longer will the government be able to get away with its long-standing policy of rejecting gays simply because of homosexuality, or imagined governmental embarrassment.

dear don

Dear Don:

I have been living in California for several years. All of my friends and most of the people at work know that I'm gay but I had never told the folks back home. I am 31 years old now and felt it was time to be grown up enough not to keep secrets. So I wrote them and "came out." Their reaction is a disaster. They want me to get on my knees and pray, get well, come home, or else drop dead. I'm feeling bad and would like to hear any ideas you might have.

M. R.
Bakersfield, California

Fortunately most families react more positively than yours when someone shares this important information about himself. But you are not alone. It is a very sad reflection of the powerful programming to which your parents and all the rest of us have been exposed. Different people have different ability to resist the programming. Some people have almost none. Your parents have been unable to resist and that now represents a tragedy for them. The message "conformity is good—deviation is bad," is reinforced everywhere. They have ingested the program in their laudable attempt to be "good people" but the tragedy is that they have lost a son. Your open sharing with them could have been a moment of great joy when the three of you moved closer in the intimacy of family love. You must now seek that love and support elsewhere.

Perhaps, when the shock wears off, they will come around to the realization

Note: I am a clinical psychologist who, by choice, specializes in work with gay people. Gay is not sick. But I believe, as do a growing number of humanistic psychologists, that you do not have to be sick to get better. The purpose of this column is helpful commentary rather than advice or psychotherapy. Only those letters selected for this column will be answered. Other letters that contain a self-addressed stamped envelope will receive a list from this publication of available counseling and psychotherapy resources in the community. Brief letters with questions of general interest are solicited.

by Don Clark, Ph.D.

Dear Don:

I thought you might like to pass this along. I told my family that I was gay last week. My folks said that they had kind of suspected it but didn't know much about it and didn't think much about it because they hoped it wasn't true. I introduced them to a variety of my gay friends, gave them some things to read and told them that I would answer questions when they felt ready to ask them.

My Dad called me this morning and said he just wanted me to know that he and Mom consider themselves very lucky to have such a special son. I'm not sure why I'm writing this to you, Don, except that I want to share it.

R. L.
New York, N.Y.

that you are more important to them than the opinions of their neighbors. Sending them some pro-gay literature might help them. Leaving the door open is a recognition that it is they, more than you, who need help at this time.

Keeping one's gayness secret from loved ones never works out very well in the long run. The loved ones are forced to love a fictional person and you are left with the nagging feeling that the real you is unloved. When anyone, including family rejects you for being the person you are, it is time to get in touch with self respect and turn to others who appreciate you because you are the person you are.

Active membership in a gay organization, gay rap groups, and reading can also be helpful at a time like this.



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The Club Dori, on top of San Francisco, is a neighborhood establishment and, in its way, rather special. At about 7:30 on a Monday night, every seat at the bar was taken and within the hour the dining area was filled. Over the mellow sounds of pre-60's music was the hum of animated conversation indicating that most of the clientele were familiar to each other making this what local bars and restaurants are supposed to be all about. While very good looking over 30's prevailed, there was a fine sprinkling of having-made-it younger men.

The menu ranged from a special cut New York Steak (\$5.50) to Ground Sirloin (\$3.25). At the recommendation of Chef Bill, we opted for the Chicken du Jour (Chicken Tetrizini at an amazing \$2.95). The meal got off to a splendid beginning with hot extra-sour rolls that bring out the evil in bread lovers. Then a cream of celery soup which was plentiful and superbly concocted. A large dinner plate of common salad followed with blue cheese dressing that was on a too thick side glueing rather than dressing the fresh, crisp greens. An enormous amount of chicken arrived in a red hot casserole dish laying on a bed of fresh (tasting) noodles done up Fettucini style with much cheese and mushrooms and absolutely delicious! The vegetable was fresh summer squash which, after the momentary down of lack of seasoning, presented a whole new natural trip.

After the size of the meal, desert was out of the question and we settled for several cups of coffee which, again, was the nonliberated type and placed perhaps at 2 on our scale of one to ten.

Service was lightening fast, too much so for our taste but a plus considering the opposite hurry-up-and-wait variety.

The meal was immensely satisfying without being adventuresome and given the size of the clientele, this is obviously a place where many people dine frequently in lieu of cooking at home and the food reflects sense, nourishment, excellent preparation and style. And, while

nothing was in the wow category, nothing was disappointing, either. (We're resigned to inferior coffee and our lack of choice.) Club Dori is obviously doing the job and pleasing their people and, if you're in the neighborhood, it's a fine place to have your supper. You'll enjoy lots of well prepared food, a mellow, un-pushy atmosphere, extremely pleasant audio-environment, many, many attractive people and maybe an invitation for more.

La Bouillabaisse
 24 Lincoln Avenue
 Alameda, California

The atmosphere was properly dark and "French" with sputtering candles, wooden pilings, gauche posters and Greek music(!) as we were led to our tiny table for two and presented with an enormous menu. One item seemed to leap off the page. It read (exactly), "**Real Bouillabaisse from Marsailles**" and cost a ridiculous \$4.50. Having read all the looks praising this dish as *it is made only in Marsailles* and, knowing that there are food establishments that fly items in daily from abroad from bread to snails, it seemed logical that some brilliant restaurateur was managing to slip on to the plane lovely pots of Bouillabaisse stock and finished the operation here in humble Alameda.

After a superb shrimps Roland with Aioli Sauce (\$1.00 extra) consisting of tiny fresh shrimps still in the chewy stage, sitting on a bed of greens with a heavy garlic-mayonnaise on the side, it was with high anticipation that we waited for the star—Bouillabaisse (from Marsailles).

Finally, it arrived and it was not so much disappointing as tragically so!!! Perhaps there was saffron (the very expensive spice which makes this dish what it is) somewhere—it certainly wasn't in what we were served. And there was most carefully placed *one* shrimp, *one* clam and lots of plain white hunks of (boned) nameless fish. A big bowl of Aioli sauce again came next to it and the mystery was what to do with a soup item (Bouillabaisse) and a sauce. Does one sauce the soup?

Upon questioning the waitress we then learned that "Real Bouillabaisse from Marsailles" meant "cooked in the style of." Ripoff!!! When the owner, a chunky, threatening Frenchman came by the table for his compliments I happened to mention that in *our* language things often aren't what they are in *his* and...

We received a most impassioned lecture boarding on the violent of the in-Chinatown-one-doesn't-expect-the-food-to-be-cooked-in-Honkong ilk. "But, sir, if the menu reads, 'Real egg rolls from Peking...' " Another burst of temper and we simply placated him his fantasies and paid the check and left for all time. The coffee was French roast, filtered, and placed 9 on our scale. I expect it came from France like the Bouillabaisse didn't. Service was excellent.

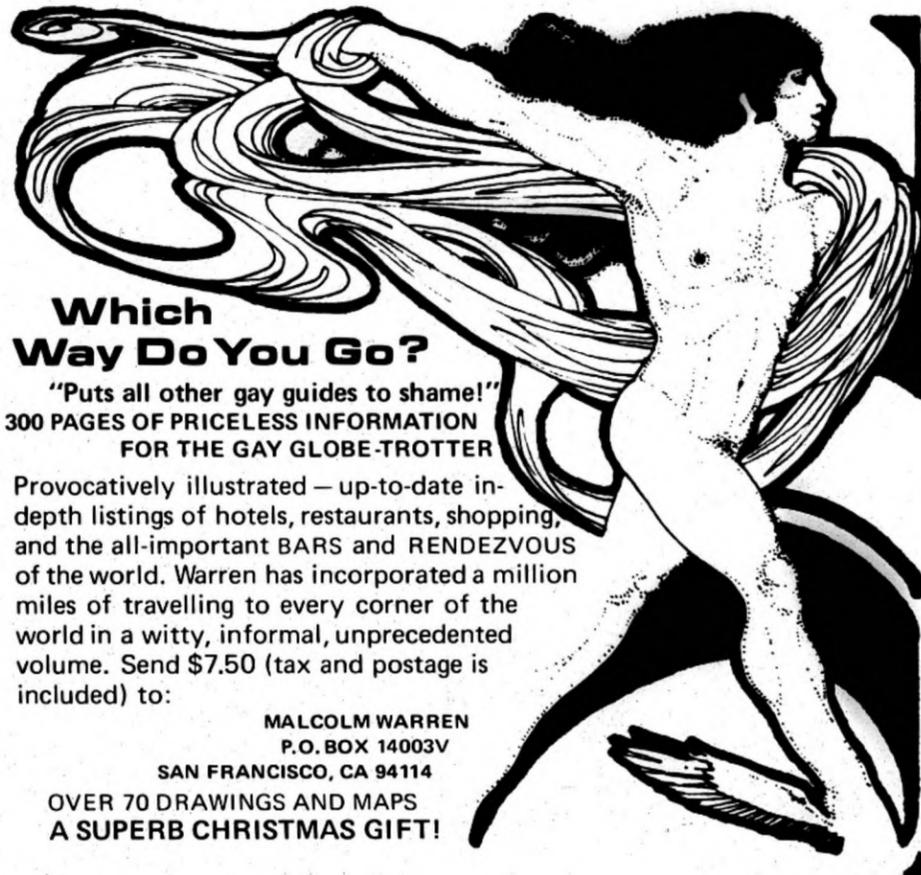
We returned to SF and in an effort to neutralize the sour taste of the Gallic experience across the Bay; succumbed to the demands of a part-time sweet tooth that was very much on-duty.

Old Uncle Gaylord's—zip! For those of you who don't know of **Old Uncle Gaylord's**; let us tell you—it's quite an experience. They make their own ice cream, right in the window, really; you can watch them do it. Now, I defy any ice cream lover to watch ice cream being made and not want some. Fresh ice cream somehow tastes different; it tastes better certainly, but it tastes like home, too, and like summers of good memories.

I think any of the many flavors would have done the trick, but it's amazing what a hot fudge sundae will do for a bad taste in your mouy. Wow! Two million calories and 50 pounds later we left, finally satisfied with the evening and with promises to ourselves to return soon to to Old Uncle Gaylord's and the unique frozen sensation that is home-made ice cream.

Incidentally, Jack at **The Last Call Sandwich Shop** has covered over and partially enclosed part of the Big Town Patio. He is offering what we consider to be the best sandwich around both for the lunch and dinner hour hungries.

—Ambrose



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(Continued from Page 23)

The counter-culture is largely a revolt against this syndrome, and the method it sees to accomplish this is a simple reversal of the cycle. By selectively violating peoples' expectations again and again, people become deconditioned as to what to expect, and are opened up to accepting a wider range of behaviors. The tradition of this method is rather strong in San Francisco, dating back to the Beatnik era of the 50's, and continuing through the hippy invasions of the mid 60's. Faced with the prospect of years of costly rioting the city officials have had to come to accept these "awful" people into the community. Now, people whose appearance would get them run out of any present mid-western town pass almost unnoticed on our streets. New latitudes of dress and manners have opened up so that now long haired people are employable and sometimes considered even fashionable, when before they were considered outcasts, and just too, too bizarre. The nature of this method is like an epidemic, it spreads almost irresistibly from person to person. Ultimately, it liberalizes the political atmosphere.

Unlike the Old Culture Gays, the New Culture does not see the source of the problem in the law *per se*, but rather, in the fuddy-duddy mentality which the politicians represent, and which the law is designed to hold in place. The target, therefore, is not the law, but the *complacent frame of mind* which prevents people from examining their own beliefs, since it is the system of beliefs which determines and supports the law. A law can not be held in place by police alone, it must be supported by popular belief and custom, otherwise the law operates as a total tyranny, or it is unenforceable. The "revolution" is essentially a revolt against belief and custom, and only incidentally against law.

One of the major sources of friction in the gay community is in deciding which method to use, political campaigning to change the laws, or social campaigning to change belief and custom. Those who put their money on working within the system to achieve legislative reform see the counter-culture element as holding them back. As David Goodstein put it:

"The second group holding us back is radicals who affect bizarre costumes. They insist that they are spokespersons representative of all Gay people. Their behavior, their zaps, their picket lines reinforce bigotry where it exists, and frightens already timid legislators away from our cause."

On the other hand, those who are putting themselves on the line to change custom and belief feel that the money and effort spent on these political campaigns could be better used dollar for dollar, on community outreach programs, and programs, and providing social services in a setting that pulls the community together. They view all political campaigning as a stern dissipation of community resources.

There is basic truth and also basic fallacy in both of these points of view. The counter-culture gays are relatively poor, being estranged from the establishment economic system. Their means of social change is adapted to a shortage of money, namely, personal commitment. But unless there is a center where these people can get together and agree on goals, a great deal of this personal commitment goes uncommitted, to the loss of the community. They are an untapped reservoir of volunteer personnel. The pro-cultural gays generally have more money, more commitments, and consequently, less time. Their organizations are understaffed, so it would seem, that these two groups are of great potential benefit to each other, if only they could get over the false idea that there is only one

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path to liberation. The fact is that we need both, since either alone is not enough. We need people who are willing to dress up in the suit and tie costume and play the respectability game for what ever they can get from the politicians; and we also need people to dress up in their own costumes to keep the movement from falling into the trap of becoming exclusive and narrow.

What we are fighting for is *the right of our subculture to exist independently*, and not subject to the pressures of the dominant society to conform to it. In a sense we are fighting for the rights of *all* subcultures, so we should become aware and respectful of the rights of the subcultures within our own community. It is unfortunate that the sometimes bizarre spectacle of the radical element frightens away timid legislators, but it is a necessary evil because "bizarre radicals" have rights too and these are too easily forgotten by people who would only seek to represent the rights of "respectable gays." We must realize that the Gay community is itself composed of diverse orientations such as the various drags, ie. cross-dressing, or leather-rough types, and nelly ones; hustlers; heads; and more. When we all get together in something like a gay parade, we *do* look very much like a circus, complete with clowns, musclemen, and bearded ladies. It would be pure myth to think we could subscribe to any single standard of behavior, let alone one which the straight community would find available. The radical element and such functions as the gay parade are indispensable because they remind us of what we are as a community, and because they force our political representatives, by refusing to be hidden under the rug, to represent the gay community in *all* its diversity—the freaks

and drag queens along with the so-called respectable gays. Indeed, the parade may well be an indication of the true composure of the gay community, since, after all, it was not a totally radical demonstration.

Hopefully we can resolve this issue, since one of our biggest problems as a community is our reluctance to accept each other. A gay person who has a prejudice against drag queens is no better than a straight person who has a prejudice against gays. If we cannot accept each other, we can hardly expect anyone to accept us. We could never be sincere in the face of such a hypocrisy. It seems that everyone wants to be accepted and understood, but no one wants to accept or understand. Part of this is our ignorance, but in order to overcome ignorance it is necessary to *want* to overcome it. Acceptance is easier when we understand.

There are a couple of programs around town which can help gays find out what they need to know about other gays. One of them is through the Society for Individual Rights and another is through the San Francisco Gay Rap which meets every Thursday at 8:00 PM at 1268 Sanchez (near Clipper).

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John David Hough, Photography

(Continued from Page 20)

Why not?

It was a disaster. I couldn't get it up and the more I wanted to the more impossible it became. He had a fine body. What I wanted to do was lie beside him, hold on to him, relax, talk, maybe even sleep there and who knows what might happen when I was less tense and the situation more comfortable. But no, after a few frustrated up he jumped and said, "Let's go to a bar." We did. It was crowded with students from a nearby college, beautiful boys who only had eyes for each other while an outer ring of older men (including us) looked on wantingly. A depressing scene. Ed seemed listless, perhaps hoping to get rid of me and find some more promising companionship but no one appeared to be interested. Finally we left and he put a hand on my shoulder - "Call me sometime." Tired and sickeningly lonely all of a sudden, I put my arms around him, wanting, so much wanting to say, "Can I hold you, can I sleep with you?" but not able to, afraid to face his indifference. I went home alone, sad, and with an aching feeling of impotence.

"The next week was "Games Week."

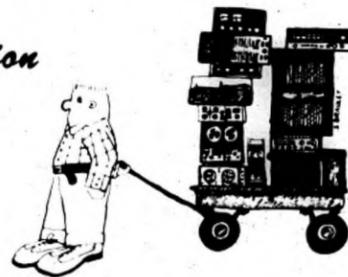
The next week was "Games Week." Several of the letters that arrived stood out for the way they were written and what they seemed to promise. One was rather lengthy, from a fellow who had just gotten out of the Army and expressed great interest in meeting over dinner. I sent him my phone number and received a surprisingly nervous call. Yes, he wanted to get together but he wasn't sure what night. "How about Monday?" say I. "No, maybe Tuesday." Fine, what time?" "Six—no, I won't get out of work til six." "How about eight?" "O.K. Wait a minute—let me think. Listen. I'm not sure of my schedule. Can I call you back?" He never did.

Another letter was from a fellow in Kensington. It was stamped RUSH and FIRST CLASS MAIL which I found peculiar since he had only used an 8 cent stamp anyway. It was a rather breathless epistle, he describing himself as 6'2", 175 pounds, good looking, blue eyes, blond hair, seeking exactly the kind of person my ad revealed me to be. We must definitely get together. "I'm at home daily (underlined) be-

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tween 6 and 11 p.m."

It took me a week to find him in, and only well after 11 p.m. He spoke softly, sounded intelligent and eager to meet. Where? "Well, I don't know any restaurants in Oakland or Berkeley. How about my place?" "Fine," say I, "how do I get there and when?" "Next Tuesday night. I'll call you at 6:30 and give you instructions." Came Tuesday night. No call. I call him. "Oh. . . gee I'm really sorry. I've got a problem here at the apartment. Can I call you back in half an hour and explain?" An hour passed. No call. I call him, thoroughly vexed by now but determined to find out what the hell's going on. "Here's my problem. I have 2 relatives here that I have to get on a plane back to the Midwest and I'm having trouble getting them a flight." "Well, why didn't you tell me that before? It's too late to meet tonight." "Gee, I really want to meet you." "Listen, if you're playing some kind of game, let's not waste each-other's time any more." "No, no, how about Thursday night? We'll call each other Thursday night." "No, you call me Thursday night before 6." "Great. Listen, I really want to meet you!" Thursday night. No call.

Rob was an engineer from Burlingame, who wrote describing himself as part athlete, part gourmet, part music lover. We spoke on the phone for almost half an hour—many common interests, some significant differences, but as he remarked, "It's the differences that make a relationship interesting." We were to meet the following Saturday night. On the previous Wednesday at 7 a.m. he phoned to ask if he can meet me that same day for lunch. He has to be in my neighborhood on business and why not? He arrives at my office a half-hour late, a tall lean man vaguely resembling Van Cliburn. We talk for a while and the same apparent compatibility as on the phone. Finally, "Listen, about Saturday night, I can't say for sure. Some relatives may be visiting." "Do you want to? - if not, tell me now. I won't be offended." And in detail I to him my experience with the man from Kensington. "Isn't it a shame how gay people play games with one another" says he—"I'm not that way. Can I call you Friday night and let you know for sure?" squeezing my hand with a look of real caring and interest. "Fine."

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Friday night. No call. I call him. "Oh, gee. . . can I call you back in a few minutes, I've got a problem here at the apartment." Deja vu. He could at least have tried a line a little more original. The phone maintained its silence for the remainder of the evening.

There are gimmicks and there are gimmicks. One fellow described himself on the phone as fat - this after a letter saying the opposite. "You don't want to meet me, I'm fat" were the words. "Let's meet anyway," I answered. He turned out to be lean and quite handsome. "I'm an ex-mainliner. I want to go straight but life is really boring now that I'm off the stuff." Maybe he was, maybe he wasn't. Bye, bye, kiddo. I didn't stick around to find out. But why, I asked myself, did he write in the first place?

Another fellow protested that he was longing for a lover, that he almost never answered ads but mine really stood out. As we were conversing in his den, my eye fell upon a pile of about 30 white envelopes beside his phone together with the ad page from the *Barb*, much encircled. The topmost envelope was covered with a neatly handwritten list:

Bill (a phone number), 7 inches, loves to be sucked (directions to his apartment)

Joe (phone number) hairy, ? inches, easily turned off (directions);

Tom (phone number), 9 inches, not interested now, call next week.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

After a not memorable conversation we parted. Never did give him my inches.

"An older man, maybe late 40's"

But it wasn't all games. There were men sincere as Dan, my first contact—gentle men, but the lack of common interests sometimes made conversation drag and finally die. Bert was like that. An older man, maybe late 40's. I invited him to my place for dinner and he came with gifts—wine, cookbooks—eager, so eager to be liked, to be wanted. But where my interests are theatre, movies, books, his were TV. We met a second time—more cookbooks, a parchment inscribed with "Desiderata." But no conversation. Only halting, bland comments and uncomfortable silence in which I tried to think of something to say next. Lonely Bert, as capable of

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pain and loneliness as any man in the world but—I couldn't. I couldn't.

I had my comeuppance shortly after. Jim came to dinner after we had spoken on the phone. An engineering student looking for a job in the Bay Area. I opened the door to find a blond-bearded blond-maned fellow, lean and manly, and my heart went pitty-pat. After dinner, marked by comparisons of books we had read, philosophies we had evolved, he insisted on helping me with the dishes (visions of future domesticity) and then sniffed all my tea canisters, finally selecting a brew of lapsang sou-chong. My own favorite. I had never known anyone else who liked it. I considered it an omen. We curled up on the sofa, close, almost touching, and chatted for more hours. But we were not coming to the main point, the why of our meeting, and finally with a wave of anxiety I blurted it out—"Well, what do you think? What are the possibilities of...us?" "Do you find me attractive?" he asked. "Yes." "Sorry, but you're not my type." My jaw must have dropped and I could not help my eyes from watering. So much effort, so many guys, so many meetings, finally, I had made it to home plate and—struck out. He apologized explaining that though I was a great guy he was looking for a more virile, a more dominant type. And departed shortly thereafter.

Why the long talk, why the buildup, the closeness on the sofa? Had I deceived myself from the start, or was he leading me on? Maybe a bit of both. Maybe I had it coming to me after Dan. After Bert.

There's no point in going on at vast length. I met quite a few others through the ad and didn't answer twice as many letters, mostly out of sheer tiredness. Of the men I met, one or two have become friends, good friends, and at this point several months after our initial contact we are still getting together, deepening our mutual awareness in a relaxed, un-spastic, un-desperate way—the only way that is truthful—and looking forward to the possibility of a compromise. I suspect that in the of my ad experiences, I rejected certain possibilities too quickly, especially at first when my Golden Prince was waiting in the wings, licking the stamp that would bring him to my doorstep the next day. Conversely, I may have

been rejected in the same way for the same reasons.

I have learned in the past few months that people have exotic ways of punishing others (and themselves) for being gay. How else explain the elaborate letters followed by the phone games—making specific dates and times for phoning or meeting and then, when confronted, not saying, "I'm not interested" but "call you back in a few minutes." "Milking the situation for all the petty sadism that can be gotten out of it. I imagine some of these guys do it as a matter of routine with each new edition of the *Barb*. Do they enjoy it or is it just another form of self-loathing, projecting itself onto someone who is really seeking and is willing, for a moment, to trust?

In the artificial "job interview" setting of the ad, it is very difficult to be oneself at first. As the cliché goes, it takes a while to know people. What makes the situation even more difficult is that each of us who is searching for a relationship has some very specific expectations—a mental image of precisely what we think we need. Chances are that nobody is going to fit that image just right. It's a mistake to look for a missing piece in a jigsaw puzzle, no compromises allowed.

"... Their softness and their cruelty..."

A gay acquaintance of mine once remarked, "When I see how I treat myself how can I expect anyone else to love me?" One way of dealing with this is by making sure no one will. By raising your own expectations so high that they can't be fulfilled by any ordinary mortal, by answering an appeal for love and then at the last minute taking fright — "I'm fat, I'm ugly, maybe tomorrow night - anytime but not now, for God's sake, not now. I need you but leave me alone, please, get lost."

I look at myself in the mirror and I see, in myself, all the guys who answered my ad. I scan in my own eyes their fears, their feelings of unworthiness, their longings, their softness and their cruelty - and I realize I have learned a lot from this experience, maybe because of it I am a better human being, a little more understanding now, a little more realistic, still hopeful about loving and being loved. ◀

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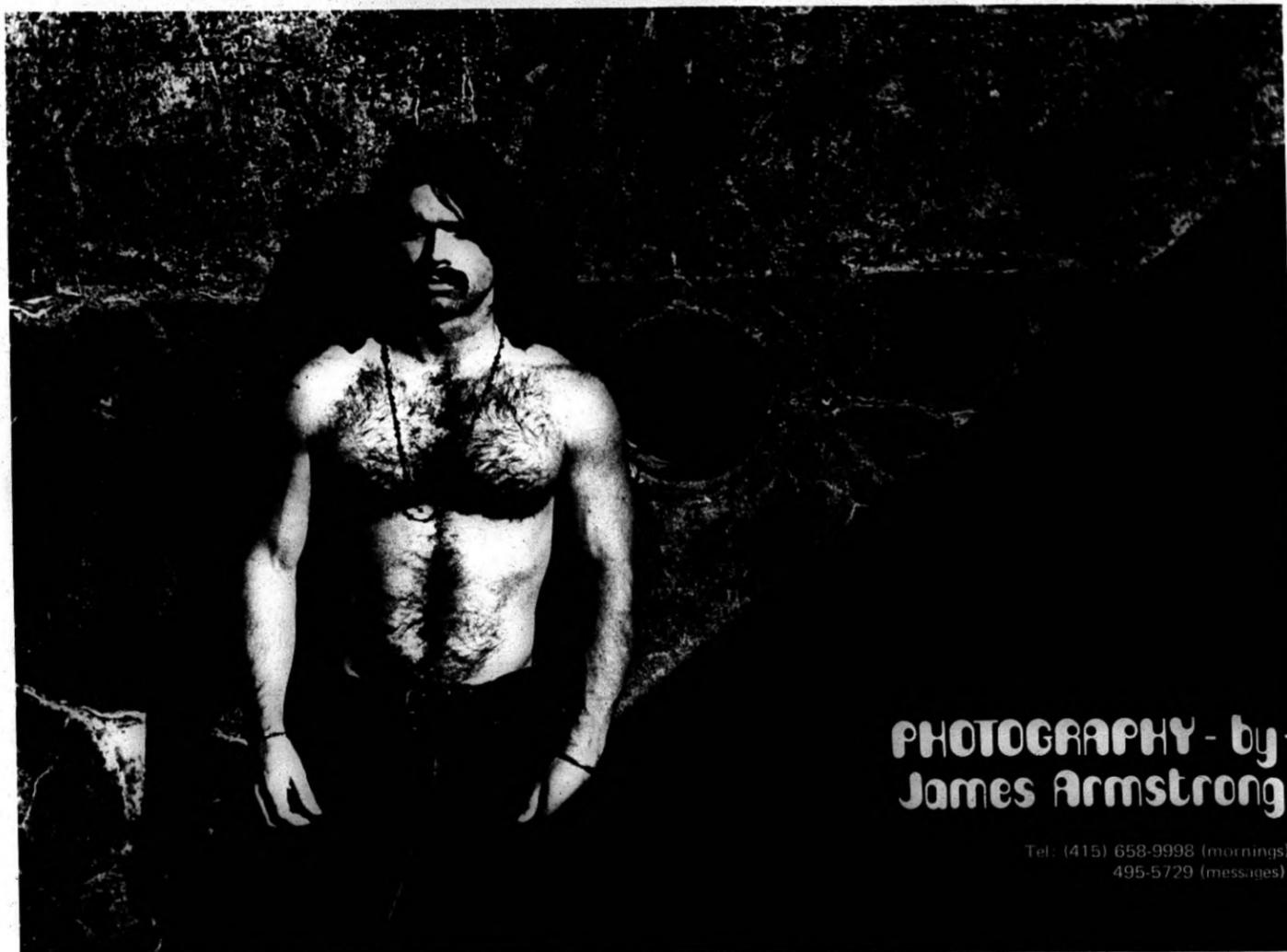
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books

The Altar of Eros
By Frazer Ross
Abelard-Schuman, 1973, \$7.95

by Michael Austen

Frazer Ross, a British novelist who has spent much of the past 14 years in Greece, has written a historical novel of adventure and intrigue which essentially has two things to say: (1) gay love can be elevating and triumphant and (2) the early Christians were a bunch of punks.

The first point is illustrated by a sort of Greek pastoral love between Mithologos, a middle-aged Athenian storyteller, and the younger Voskos, a handsome, muscular shepherd, whose life he saves. The setting is just after the death of Christ on the island of Crete, where enemies to this love are numerous. There are the menacing animalistic Roman soldiers, who know nothing at all of the glorious Greek ideals that Mithologos continues to try to live by. There are wicked characters such as the beautiful but bitchy Andoni and the treacherous Dholos, who combines the worst excesses of homosexuality and the new spirit of the Christos. And, finally, there are the other dreadful Christians who are depicted so that they resemble those ranting haranguers that hold forth daily in front of Woolworths on Market Street.

The second point seems to me to be the more engaging, as Ross clearly turns the tables on the Christians by showing their restrictive concept of love to be the real perversion. He does it so well that one is tempted to sigh and wonder what might have happened if Hellenism had

triumphed over Christianity rather than vice versa.

There are a few flaws. The action of the first three-fourths of the novel is very slow, and even though it is appropriate that Mithologos recount lengthy legends and sagas for pages and pages, this recounting does not move the plot at a very brisk pace. The characters are also sentimentalized so that a black-and-white dichotomy emerges: everyone is either so melodramatically good or evil that you feel like you're reading a gay *Spartacus*, especially when you come to the crucifixion scenes.

To illustrate, for instance, how unbelievably good the sexy young Voskos is, here is an excerpt of the night-time conversation around the fire between him and Mithologos:

"I am young and inexperienced. I have so little to bring you, who have so much."

"You--so little! You--to whom the gods have given all their gifts! You who can have any lover for the asking."

"You have so much knowledge, so much wisdom, so much beauty in your possession! Things I can never have. You have so much more to give me than I can ever bring to you."

"But I am a great deal older!"

"Age is unimportant."

This conversation might well be in keeping with the Greek ideal of revering the older man but, excluding a rare case of gerontophilia, it is hardly one you'll be likely to hear nowadays at the Cabaret.

Occasionally, though, Ross gives his characters some trenchant comments to make on the satisfaction of loving men as opposed to women (we win, 9-1, according to Tiresias), and one bit of dialogue is strikingly universal in its elemental timelessness.

At the end of the novel, the Roman governor asks Mithologos and Voskos, who have just risked crucifixion for the sake of their love, a question that is still being asked today.

"What have some men got that they can be loved--and love? It is not beauty."

"That," Mithologos replies, "you must ask the gods."

The answer stands.



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(Continued from Page 4)

my friend that we were leaving forthwith.

While I respect any man's desire to expose only as much of himself as he chooses, who was this person to demand (and succeed) that I deny my nature?

Forget his voluntary oppression. At his hands I became oppressed and it reminded me that the *only* times I have felt acutely oppressed was at the hands of other gay men (such as having had to leave town one Thanksgiving weekend on a pretext since my ex-lover's young sister and brother-in-law were to visit from St. Louis and he feared their ability to accept our relationship.)

We yell and scream and zap because Pacific Telephone discriminates against homosexuals yet we glide into accepting a more vicious, gut level form of *personal* discrimination from our gay friends and associates. We accept their "truth" of guilt by association and to protect these closet-queen tactics we put on their mantle of guilt and deny our natures one more time. And all in the name of love.

It's time we thought of ourselves instead of concentrating on the sensitivities of the closet-queens, smug in their delusions; comfortable because they think no-

body knows of their terrible stigma as they carefully remove piece after piece of *our* souls to pay for *their* fantasies. It's time to start making equal demands and those gays who can't take it like it is deserve the same position in our lives as their straight counterparts — a position where they are no longer close enough to inflict real hurt.

We are what we are because we *are*. Let no person, under any circumstances—especially a "friend" remove ever again the tiniest piece from your beautiful, beautiful gay soul. ◀

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NEWS BRIEFS

Toronto—The City Council adopted a resolution directing that city employees "are to be in no way discriminated against with regards to hiring, assignments promotions, or dismissals because of sexual orientation." It was the first time any Canadian legislative body had, in effect, given Gays the same official minority status granted to any other group specifically protected from civil service job discrimination.

San Francisco—Jo Daly, a lesbian activist, has been elected president of the Cablevision Task Force—a city commission appointed by the Board of Supervisors. When Daly was appointed it was well-known that she was a lesbian and a leader in the gay-oriented Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club.

U.S.A.—Leaders of the newly formed National Gay Task Force (NGTF) flew to Los Angeles for week-long meetings with the Association of Motion Picture and Television Producers and network executives over program policies affecting the public's image of homosexuality and gay liberation.

New York City—The governing board of the National Council of Churches of Christ has recognized a task force of six gay women and men, and urged its staff to work with them.

The milestone decision was made Oct. 15. Of 150 to 200 board members, only Armenian Orthodox and scattered others predominantly Orthodox, representatives were heard to vote no.

Little Rock, Arkansas—With an earlier appeal already before the U.S. Supreme Court, the Arkansas Supreme Court refused again Oct. 8 to throw out the state's 135-year-old sodomy law.



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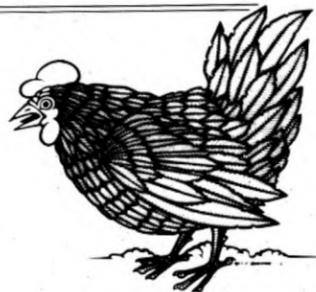
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(Continued from Page 16)

December 20

John,

What's with you and those fucking birds? Seven swans-a-swimming! What kind of a goddamn joke is this? There's bird shit all over the house and they never stop with the racket. I can't sleep at night and I'm a nervous wreck. It's not funny so stop with those fucking birds. Okay?

Sincerely,
David

December 21

OK Buster,

I think I prefer the birds. . . What the hell am I going to do with eight maids-a-milking? It's not enough with all those birds and eight dizzy milking queens, but they had to bring their goddamn cows! There's shit all over the lawn and I can't move in my own house. Just lay off, smartass. . .

David

December 22

Hey Shithead,

What are you some kind of a sadist? Now there's nine pipers playing and Christ do they play! They've never stopped chasing those maids since they got here yesterday morning. The cows are getting upset and they're stomping all over those screeching birds. What am I going to do? The neighbors are starting a petition to evict me.

You'll get yours. . .

David



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December 23

You Rotten Prick,

Now there's ten ladies dancing! I don't know why I call those sluts "ladies." They've been balling those pipers all night long. Now the cows can't sleep and furthermore, they have diarrhea! My living room is a river of shit. The city commissioner of buildings has subpoenaed me to "give cause" why the building shouldn't be condemned. I'm putting the police on you.

One who means it,
David

December 24

Listen, Fuckhead,

What's with the eleven Lords-a-leaping on those maids and ladies? Some of those broads will never walk again. Those pipers ran through all the maids and have been committing sodomy with the cows. All 23 birds are dead. They were trampled to death in the orgy. I hope you are satisfied, you rotten, louse moth-eating, pig-fucking moron! You are a vicious bitch. . .

Your sworn enemy,
David

December 25

Dearest John,

I can't tell you how thrilled and surprised I was when those twelve tall and gorgeous drummer boys showed up today. Together, all thirteen of us have thrown out all the people and animals, cleaned up the house and lawn, and—guess what? They've all promised to stay with me until I am completely recovered which may take quite a while. All is forgiven and . . . oh, yes, MERRY CHRISTMAS!!!!!!

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*Mint, 1942 Market, 861-9373, R, B, L
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Naked Grape, 2087 Market, 863-7226
*Neon Chicken, 4063 18th St. 863-0484 B, R.
Nothing Special, 469 Castro, 626-5876
Pendulum, 4146 - 18th St, 863-4441
Purple Pickle, 2223 Market St. 621-0441
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The No. 3, 18th & Valencia, E, D
*Fanny's 4230 18th, 621-5570, R
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House of Harmony, 1312 Polk, 885-5300 E, D
New Bell, 1203 Polk, 775-6905, E
On The Q.T., Polk & Clay 885-1114, R, B
Polk Gulch, Polk & Post, 885-2991
Havoc House, 1548 Polk, 441-8413, E, D
P.S., 1121 Polk, 441-7798, R, B
Wild Goose, 1488 Pine, 775-8880
Yacht Club, 2155 Polk, 441-8381, B, R

FOLSOM STREET AREA

Big Town, 115 Harriet, 626-1250 R, B, D, L
Boot Camp, 1010 Bryant, 626-0444
Country Club, 2742 17th, 864-1949 R, B
Febe's, 1501 Folsom, 621-9450
527 Club, 527 Bryant, 397-2452
Folsom Prison, 1898 Folsom 647-9134
The Lumber Yard, 979 Folsom
The No Name, 1347 Folsom
Ramrod, 1225 Folsom 621-9196
The Red Star Saloon, 1145 Folsom
Round Up, 6th & Folsom, 863-9628
Stud, 1535 Folsom, 863-2980

AFTER HOURS

Big Basket, 966 Market St.
Covered Wagon 278 - 11th St. 626-7220, R
Hamburger Mary's, 1582 Folsom
861-9223, L, R
The Lumber Yard, 979 Folsom St.
The Shed, 2275 Market, 861-4444 D
Tiffany's, 1900 Market, 626-1308

MARIN

Fairfax:

Vi's Club Drake, 1625 Sir Francis Drake,
453-8247, D, B.

Sausalito:

Sausalito Inn, 12 El Portal, 332-0577, R.

Santa Rosa:

Bunk House, 9117 River Rd. 887-9905
Monkey Pod, 616 Mendocino Ave. 546-5070

SACRAMENTO

Topper, 1218 "K" St. Mall, 444-2815
Atticus, 5121 El Camino, 481-5595
Charlie's Place, 371-9768
Cruz-In, 2026 I St. 447-1300
Ernie's, 3480 W. Capitol Ave. 371-9901
Off-Key, 1040 Soule, 371-9725
Purple Stallion, Folsom & 65th 383-9958
Underpass, 1946 Broadway 457-5867 R, D
Other End, 3480 W. Capital, 371-9901, D

Bryte:

Hide & Seek, 825 Sunset, 371-9817, D, E
Club Yolo Baths, 1531 Sacramento, 371-9949

RENO

Club Baths, 1030 W. 2nd St.
Dave's Westside Motel, 3001 W. 4th St
(702) 786-0525
The Jade Room, 214 W. Commercial Row,
(702) 786-9841
Reno Bar, 424 E. 4th St.
V.I.P. Club (behind Dave's at 3001 W. 4th St.)

EAST BAY

Berkeley:

**Camp Grounds, 2329 San Pablo, 848-9292, R, B
Mitch's Hideaway, Telegraph & Durant

Oakland:

Berry's, 352 14th, 832-9116
Chalet, 414 E. 12th, 444-8556, W
Club Carnation, 1200 13th Ave, 532-9425 B, W
Exit, 333 Lakeshore Ave, 451-2329, E, D
Grandma's House, 135 12th, 444-9966 R, B, D, L
Han's, 316 14th, 893-6280 R, B, D
Lancer's 3255 Lakeshore, 832-3242, R, B
Waikiki, 1451 Harrison, 832-9549 D, E
White Horse, 6547 Telegraph, 652-3820, D

Hayward:

Aloha Club, 58 A St, 581-9856, D
Chances R, Manyon & Tennyson, 783-4426, D, E
Chandelier Lounge, 22615 Mission, 581-9310 D, L
Queen's Palace, 799 B St. 582-9881, D, E
Turf Club, 22517 Mission, 581-9877

PENINSULA

Palo Alto:

Krona Kai 3740 El Camino Real, 493-0204 B, D
Locker Room, 1951 E. University 322-8005
The Garden, 1960 University, no phone
The Shack, 1972 University Ave. 342-1131

Redwood City:

Bayou, 1640 Main, 365-9444, D, B, R
Cruiser, 2651 El Camino, 366-4955, B, R
The Hive, 3201 Middleford Rd. 365-9568

San Jose:

The Harbor, 1035 Sunnyvale-Saratoga Rd.
(Hwy 9), 252-9443, D

Santa Clara:

The Tinker's Damn, 46 Saratoga,
246-4595, D, B

Cupertino:

The Savoy, 29469 Silverado Ave. 255-0195
W, R, D, B

BATHS SAN FRANCISCO

Baths, 3244 21st (at Mission) 285-3000
Castro Rock, 582 Castro, 863-9963
Club, 132 Turk, 775-5511
Dave's, 100 Broadway, 362-6669
Finnish, 1834 Divisadero, 921-0306
Folsom Street Barracks, 1145 Folsom
Jack's, 1143 Post, 673-1919
Ritch St., 330 Ritch, 392-3582
San Francisco, 229 Ellis, 775-8013

PENINSULA

Palo Alto:

Bachelor's Quarters, 1934 University 325-7575
Golden Door Sauna, 1205 Bayshore, 325-9121

Redwood City:

Fred's Health Club, 1718 Broadway, 365-939
365-9303

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