OPERA TOUR TO NEW YORK
FOR: $599.00
DEPARTURE: APRIL 14, 1974
ESCORTED BY - PETER BESSOL

ITINERARY:
Sunday, April 14
Depart San Francisco via United Air Lines at 12:00 Noon. Luncheon served aloft.
Arrive New York at 8:05 P.M. Transfer provided by motorcoach to the MAYFLOWER HOTEL.

Monday, April 15
8:00 P.M. performance of DER ROSENKAVALIER by Strauss at the Metropolitan Opera House with Lippert, Fassbaender and Graz.

Tuesday, April 16
A three hour circle island cruise around Manhattan Island will be provided in the morning.
8:00 P.M. performance of Donizetti's LUCIA at the New York City Opera with Beverly Sills.

Wednesday, April 17
Today you will be provided with a ticket to the matinee performance of a Broadway musical.
7:30 P.M. performance of PARSIFAL by Wagner at the Metropolitan Opera House with Martin, Thomas and Berry.

Thursday, April 18
8:00 P.M. performance of Verdi's I VESPRi SICILIANI at the Metropolitan Opera House with Deutekam and MacNeil.

Friday, April 19
8:00 P.M. performance of DON GIOVANNI by Mozart at the Metropolitan Opera House with Moser, Zylis-Gara, Burros and Milnes.

Saturday, April 20
8:00 P.M. performance of Puccini's MADAMA BUTTERFLY at the Metropolitan Opera House with Cruz-Romo and Konya.

Sunday, April 21
Motorcoach transfer provided to the airport in time to depart New York via United Air Lines at 11:30 A.M. Luncheon served aloft. Arrive San Francisco at 2:35 P.M.

INCLUDED IN PRICE:
• ROUND-TRIP JET TRANSPORTATION SAN FRANCISCO/NEW YORK/SAN FRANCISCO
• MOTORCOACH TRANSFERS BETWEEN AIRPORT/HOTEL/AIRPORT
• ACCOMMODATIONS FOR SEVEN NIGHTS AT THE MAYFLOWER HOTEL
• TOUR OF METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
• CIRCLE ISLAND CRUISE AND BROADWAY MUSICAL
• ORCHESTRA SEATS FOR ALL OPERA PERFORMANCES

PAYMENTS: Rate of $599.00 per person is based on double occupancy. Single room supplement is $75.00. Deposit of $50.00 per person with application for reservation. Final payment will be due on March 22nd. Full refund if cancellation is prior to April 1.

RESPONSIBILITY: This tour is operated by Jackson Travel Service acting only as agents for transportation companies, hotels and other public services and are not liable for delays, losses or accidents incurred by said persons to passengers and baggage from whatever cause.

ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER OF SPACES AVAILABLE

For further information Contact: PETER BESSOL – 928-2501 or 861-1330

In the past year the Society for Individual Rights has gone through several crises, mostly stemming from financial problems.

In the past six months the financial picture has improved greatly. We have instituted a better accounting system and a policy of "pay as you go." We have erased our accounts payable except for a small loan which will be paid off by June. Our accounts receivable and billing for Vector are now computerized. This will encourage a more disciplined method of billing and payments.

With financial stability will come the credibility we need to serve our community.

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SOCIETY FOR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS
Avoid trouble with the law. Do not cruise public parks or mens' rooms.
JOHN DAVIE HUMPHREY began his life as a poet in 1919, precisely 20 years after the death of the poet, and 19 years before the birth of the poet. Humphrey, the son of a Welsh coal miner, was born in a small village in South Wales. He was educated in the local school and later attended the University of London, where he studied law. After graduating, he worked as a lawyer for several years before turning to poetry.

Humphrey's poetry is characterized by its use of language and its exploration of the human condition. His work often deals with themes of love, loss, and the passage of time. Humphrey's poetry has been published in several anthologies and has been translated into several languages.

In this poem, Humphrey writes about the nature of time and its effect on the human experience. The poem begins with a description of the speaker's feelings as he stands at the edge of a river, looking out at the flowing water. The speaker reflects on the passage of time and the way it has shaped his life. He wonders if time is an illusion or if it has a real existence.

The poem goes on to explore the idea of the afterlife, and the speaker wonders if there is any truth to the concept of an afterlife. He acknowledges that he doesn't know the answer, but he continues to explore the idea, trying to make sense of the concept.

Humphrey's poetry is often characterized by its use of the natural world as a metaphor for the human experience. In this poem, the river serves as a symbol of the passage of time, and the speaker's observations about the river serve as a metaphor for his thoughts about the afterlife.

Overall, Humphrey's poetry is a reflection on the human condition and the way we experience it. His work is characterized by its use of language and its exploration of the nature of time.

(Letter to the Editor: For and Against)

--

R. C. Waters, New York City.

Mr. Editor:

I have always been a fan of your magazine, and I enjoy reading your reviews and articles. However, I was disappointed to see the recent issue featuring an article on the controversy surrounding the sale of the New York Times to a private equity firm.

While I understand the concerns many people have about the company's new ownership, I believe it is important to remember that the New York Times has a long history of providing high-quality journalism. The company has a strong tradition of independent reporting and has been a leader in the industry for many years.

I hope that the new owners will continue to support and invest in the newspaper's mission, and that they will work to ensure that the Times remains a trusted source of news and information.

Sincerely,

R. C. Waters

--

(The Gay Insider, New York City)

Village Voice, New York City.

Mr. Editor:

I read with interest your recent article on the growing number of gay bars in New York City. It was refreshing to see the diversity of the city's gay community, and I was particularly pleased to see the inclusion of the neighborhood bar, the Gay & Lesbian Community Center.

I have visited this bar several times, and I have always been impressed by the warm and welcoming atmosphere. The center provides a space for the gay community to come together and socialize, and it is an important resource for those seeking support and community.

I hope that the city will continue to support and invest in the center, and that it will continue to be a vital part of the city's gay community.

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Village Voice

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s-wok­

and salaried personed staffing clinics,

docs, and sale-filoous are different mat­

I personally don't want to have a 

ployed made for me, nor to subsidize that.

But it is too soon to be able to appraise the 

NEGIF's value to New York Gays and those across the nation yet. Just now a 

world be a activist can satisfiy get involved with the several Gay Activists Alliance,

MSNY, the Gay Men's Health Project,

and the Gay Democrats, for openers. I'll be more specific about these organiza-

ions' projects and those of the West Side

Division Group and the gay churches in the area.

On the super-organizational level, maybe via CSLD '74 already in the works but plagued by personality clashes, we shall pull off another triumph of working together more analytically than in dispute, on the whole, as we did with CSLD '73. If so, it will have been proved again that 

we are the uses of adversity. No one is 

laying any bets that the ego-trippers are 

going to work instead of carry, yet most of us 

expect '74 to eclipse '73 in size and spirit.

We do muddle through here, and with a new regime in City Hall led by a police chief who has "qualities" about the gay civil rights bill which is due to be reintroduced after three previous defeats, we may be forced to mend our intramural fences.

This first report from New York and the East has been perhaps too heavy on opinions, but one has to establish one's position with a new readership. It may be clear that I am interested in the Gay Lib aspect of life here while not wishing to 

denigrate any facet of our lifestyle except 

extent it slanders the gay community. I think most of us unwittingly conduct our lives according to straight values and are

visit or move to the Isle our white straight 

forefathers served from the Indian, Ameri-

ca's most oppressed — though probably not repressed — ethnic group. Compared to the plight of the aborigines out West, the plight of Gays of the Ultimate Island is not dire at all. Why, we are trusted with

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published! Over 700 items of scarce and 

text, biographies and non-

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gram. Write Dignity National Office, Box 668, Los Angeles, Calif. 90055.

Fred's is the place to kum on the San 

Francisco Peninsula — low rates, free 

snacks, private rooms, group relaxation 

areas, hot saunas,Scope, color TV 

lounge, friendly young attendants, lots of 

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Dear Don

The younger your children are when you let yourself be Gay in their presence, the less likely you'll face questions trying to ask, "Are you Gay, Daddy?" It will be taken in stride. The older your youngsters are when you permit yourself to be Gay in their presence, the more they will circle around this central question. As it comes into view, then, you must answer it. A possible unasked question just behind it is, "How come you didn't tell us before?" "How come you hid it from us?"

When you start hearing tones of this question it must be answered as truthfully as all other questions. It may take a while but you can help children understand how oppression of any minority group person contributes to added self-doubt which can lead to self-hate. They can group into persons who contribute to a kind of self-thumbing that you have probably already learned how to do. Expression of any minority while but you can help children understand that people are free to make choices. A Gay person can love a straight person and vice versa. I would not want my kids thinking that they had to grow up Gay in order to get my love any more than I would want them to think they had to grow up straight to get my love.

I want my youngsters to learn that being Gay does mean being different. The Gay man or woman has not sold out his or her inner truth in order to conform to the dictates of various Big Brothers. I want them to know that differences can be appreciated.

Because of the way our language is structured, I repeatedly say "my kids" or "my children" and carried the subtle implication that they belong to me. I believe that the greatest gift my Gayness gives them is the gift of valued self-definition. They are not their property. They do not belong to me. They are each an individual who is shaping a personally satisfying life. By the time they are grown up they will have had ample opportunity to see how I handled being Gay in the face of messages from my culture telling me that I should be straight. I hope that it helps them to learn that they must develop their own values, and forge their own truth. I hope that they learn to be open to hearing values of others, including their mother and vice versa. I hope that they will carefully evaluate the suggestions and opinions of people whom they respect. But finally, I hope that the gift of my Gayness will help them to see that each of them must follow his and her own path.

Because the measurements needed for a true "second skin" look are quite complicated, please write for complete details. Refer to V/C/P-2 when writing, and please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Anne Frank

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.


Mike Newton

**FIRE!**

Sometimes past my home in the early hours of the morning woke me up. Usually I never even noticed them. This time though, it seemed like they just kept on passing, one after the other. Probably a false alarm as usual, I thought to myself, turned over and fell asleep once again, my head buried in the pillow to try and drown out their screams.

The next morning a friend called me at work and asked if I'd heard about the big fire at Tiffin's. It was then I remembered the sirens from the night before, and realized now where the fire engines had been destined.

**Early that same evening I walked over to the building where the bar-restaurant had been located and stood there, stunned, as I surveyed the damage.**

Seeing the seven-story apartment building with its gutted windows, the walls charred and blackened from the smoke and fire damage, boarded up windows where once hung live plants, reminded me of an article I'd spent many angry hours writing and re-writing back in June last year, I'd never submitted the story but now I was suddenly sorry that I'd not done so. In much the same complacency as I'd in June last year. I'd never submitted the story many angry hours writing and re-writing back in the pillows of my mind to file and forget. I put the sounds of the sirens out of my mind, I didn't need to be reminded of theアット，where the flames had been fled and the pictures of the flames had been taken to that photo graph again, and wondered -

*Will it happen again - and if it does, how many of my gay brothers and sisters will sacrifice their lives?*

**No different than other cities in the United States, San Francisco's gay meeting places - the bars, baths, and restaurants - are very one from the other only by their decor and clientele - elegant to grand funk. Saturday nights, the most sociable night of the week, some of these places are filled wall to wall with bodies, the atmosphere friendly, the hum of voices drowned out by an often over-loud juke box.**

"Fire!" someone shouts. The extent, the panic - the panic!... the panic! to no avail, as the customers begin to push their way past the bodies surrounding the restaurant one could watch the busy stream of traffic passing by on Market Street.

"Don't panic!" to no avail, as the customers shout, "Don't panic!"... the panic!... the panic!

"Don't panic!" to no avail, as the customers panic, they own, are to blame as much as the customers who support them. The managers are all too often more concerned with the sound of the cash register than the potential sound of sirens.

But it isn't my intention to point fingers - I could probably do that all day. In San Francisco, at least one bath, one church, and several bars had fires in 1973. (One of these bars had not one, but three fires each on a separate occasion!) Fortunately, in none of these instances, was anyone injured.

**Whether it's arson, or accident, we cannot afford tragedies of this sort. The economic loss (even though the businesses are insured) and the potential loss of life is a situation we must prevent.**

I've thought often about many of the places I myself patronize, and how unsafe some of them appear to be. Fire doors, both of which are unlocked and within easy reach by patrons, fire extinguishers or an overhead sprinkler system, unblocked passage through the bar, (unattended by any lighting partitions), pool tables, walls and ceilings uncovered with flammable materials, decorations or bric-a-brac, well indicated exits - all things I've been looking out for, but on this occasion I was unprepared. For the bar I know of has almost all of these safety requirements. For the most part it takes a little common sense on the part of management to acquire them. In some cases, simply cleaning up the bar would do the job. Would you believe that in one bath I saw an exit door nailed shut? In a restaurant, enough candles and wood and fabric hanging all over the place to create a human oven in just a few seconds. In a bar, a lock and chain prevent egress through a fire exit. It doesn't require an inspection by the fire department to clean our own houses. Simply common sense. Even more necessary these days though because of the numbers of not-too-well-balanced sick cokies roaming about playing God with matches and gasoline.

And tomorrow, after they've read this, the managers and owners of those unsafe bars, baths and restaurants will hate me for bringing something like this out into the open. Whether they do anything about it remains to be seen.

The day after that, everyone will have forgotten this article.

And me - standing there looking at the boarded up windows of what was once Tiffin's and thinking about that photograph in the Advocate - I'm afraid, for all of us.
WHERE ELSE BUT AT BIG TOWN?

Try —Big Town— for a marvelously bizarre bazaar for bachelors and other bon vivants. Browse to the beguiling beat of bawdy rhythms. Find baskets of bananas and baubles from bygone eras. Buy your buns in re-cycled levis—or bugle beads for your next burlesque. If bravado is your ballwick, there's a boutique of manly leather to beguile your billfold. There are bunches of books and bits of bric-a-brac.

There are herbs and oils to bathe your body—or to brew. Then, when you're beat and need a breather, there's a bountiful buffet. Browse to the beguiling beat and need a breather, there's a bountiful buffet. Go in, take a deep breath. He'll turn you on to his magic.

JACQUES SAN FRANCISCO is next door. Here you'll find provocative art and posters as well as a wallful of produce labels from your childhood era. Ben has a substantial collection of led-lit—substantial collection of lead-cut crystal from Germany. The only thing counter—counterary in the shop is Ben's handsome young lover, Ric. The other ornaments are unusual gifts — some particularly attractive works by local artists. An amusing item is a ten dollar poster of Michaelangelo's David wearing levi cut-offs. For $35 you get it in a nice frame. Some time before Christmas Ben plans an extravagant art show in the patio.

LEATHER 'N THINGS is not for the manly. He offered an aphrodisiac Mexican tea with barely a leer. (Since I already have a Mexican aphrodisiac lover, I'll never be interested—as much as you have their namesakes. You'll lose your head over the Jayne Mansfield "blond turkey breast" ($1.15). The imported Swedish cheese sandwich is, of course, "The Greta Garbo." ($90) The "Sophia Loren" is Italian dry salami at $1.00. These are sandwiches of distinction and character. Even if you can't hope to have one named for yourself, you may at least win one. Check out the big spinning wheel near the door. "Pick a number/ spin the wheel/Have a chance/To win a meal." Eat hearty.

BEYOND FUNK, next door, has the largest selection of used levis in town. (Doesn't anybody ever have the "small-est" anything?) Re-cycled levis—choice of hundreds — are available for $4.00 the pair. Levi jackets are $5.00 and $7.00. Custom vests from this same precious fabric sell for $14.95. This is also a head shop—an emporium of pipes, clips, papers and other paraphernalia. Or you can ask Bill to whip up absolutely anything for you that you would like made from old levis. And we've all seen something in old levis we'd like to make. The mind reels.

RUFF & READY is an interesting name for a store that offers a dazzling array of junk jewelry, shoes, and ruffled things for our brothers who would like to be sisters. But this is only an amusing side-line. Ernie's theme is actually anti-ques and funk—with particular focus on the 30's and 40's and the movie queens of that era. The most enchanting remnant is also completely edible in case you feel a bit peckish: just $1.00. Butterfly roach-clips are $6.00. (Who would give a pet roach such a big piece of jewelry?)

If you don't spend a dime, you'll have a good time and meet some nice people. They'd like to meet you.

OLIVER'S LONDON

CORONATION BALL '74

PRESENTED BY
The Greater Vancouver Business Guild

Commodore Ballroom
572 Granville Street
6:00 p.m., Sat., Mar.16,1974.
I have this thing about Prometheus.

Oh, I don't mean the muscular, well-hung old Greek, moustachiosed perched on a rock, although I like him too. There's another Prometheus in Palo Alto, California: a place where they do something called Psychodrama - for gay men.*

I first learned about Prometheus from the Gay People's Union at Stanford University. I used to go there whenever I got tired of the bars. GPU was really pushing this psychodrama stuff. They said it was like a play, only the scenes were about real people. You could play in the scene yourself or just watch.

My first reaction was why should I pay money to watch gay games? That's what I do at bars anyway.

Still, when the big GPU/Psychodrama night came along, I found myself in attendance. Actually, the opportunity to meet some new faces kind of thrilled me, at least enough to overcome my initial uncertainty and fearfulness. Besides, the price was only $3.00, it still is.

We gathered in a large, comfortable room, replete with pillows, coffee, ashtrays, flashing lights, and background music. The director was an intense young man; I was attracted to him. I learned a lot about the human capacity to express emotions. He felt lonely, sexually inept; he was uncomfortable about meeting new people, about being gay. The scene ended with the rejected suitor acknowledging that something which he thinks is important.

I learned something that night, too. Another man moved into the center. He said he had problems relating to people; I observed that he had a dumb-shit grin on his face. The leader asked him to choose a person he would like to meet. After some difficulty, he finally made his selection and the scene was set. The leader suggested they communicate without words. The individual with the grinning expression changed considerably; he was really losing his edge. Still when the scene was over, he went back to that facile grin. I noticed that it was his only technique. I too probably repeat useless patterns of my own all the time; maybe, that's why few things were changing for me.

At the end of the session, the leader freaked me out when he said that the whole evening had given him a sense of “community.” Do gay people really have a community?

I left feeling a little unsure of myself. Maybe, something important was going on at Psychodrama, but those heavy public numbers were not for me. I still preferred to muddle through in private.

Hence, I rejected Prometheus.

Two months later, I returned. I'd rather not say why.

Again, we gathered in the big room. The lights were lowered. There was a sense of anticipation in the group that made me feel anxious, yet excited. The leader began to direct:

You should not be here unless you can be responsible for yourself. You should not be here if you are drunk, under the influence of drugs, feeling suicidal or psychotic. If you are here, you are committed for the night (about 3 hours). If you get involved in a scene, take off your watch, rings, glasses.

The scenario which followed taught me a lot about the human capacity to express emotions.

In the first scene, the player defined his problem by saying that his father was like a Jewish mother, smothering him with over-protectiveness. The shagazet, selected to play father, amazed me with his adept Yiddish mannerisms. The scene proceeded in all seriousness, until "father" offered a drink to his son’s lover: "I’ll take a Shirley Temple," he said.

From that point on, it was uproarious. A gavel was introduced, he turned out to be gay, too. A lot of serious feelings were expressed, but through comedy. The actor (the compere/proctor said ultimately came to feel that his situation was not so serious after all.

In a later scene, the person who had played the Jewish father returned to the center as the sexually provocative straight young roommate of an older man who desperately wanted him as a lover. The scene ended with the rejected suitor almost in tears, he saw his last chance slipping away. The tension broke as the young player comforted him and supported him through his crisis. I wanted that kind of support too.

Finally, the young player - the Jewish father - straight innovator, whose ability to get into these different roles had totally wiped me out, told me that he was not really gay. Although he didn't want to be, he wouldn't let this fact stop him from loving them either. He spent the last part of the evening cuddling up with another member of the group.

After attending several psychodramas, I began to get a feel for some of the techniques. The typical scene starts with a rap, kind of an introduction into the life of the actor or protagonist. Generally, he feels bothered, upset, or unable to express something which he thinks is important. The rap repeats his emotional space, it focuses on unresolved feelings. The leader then creates a scene. It is set up in a way that loaded feelings can be re-experienced and perceived in new ways.
Sometimes, the protagonist takes a part in the drama, or the leader may select one of them to give his perspective on the situation. After all, he's not just a passive observer; if he were, he'd be able to handle it on his own. So somehow we must speak for someone who's in trouble. In the Psychodrama, the drama can be played by others who have rule-related problems.

At the end of a session, the leader will summarize the parts that were played and the new insights that were gained by the group. He may also give suggestions for further work on the problem, or he may decide to schedule another session.

The next step is to think about the meaning of the drama. Did the scene help you to understand your own situation better? Were you able to learn something from it? Are you ready to take the next step in your development? The leader will discuss these questions with you and help you to come up with a plan for action.

Finally, the leader will close the session by reminding the group of the importance of keeping the work going and of sharing experiences and insights with each other.

- Photograph by Eddie Van

*401 Florence

Thursday nights at 8:00 o'clock.
THE CONSPIRACY OF SCIENCE: HOPALONG CASSIDY & A FEW OTHERS

...we hundred years, grade-

student in American Letters and Culture are going to be knollings thres-

demonstrates over a very sticky problem and

through the remotest, distant ditches of literature, have come the first strictly American novel dealing with homosexuality on a nation-

scale, Cow: Vidal's "City and the Pillar," didn't appear until 1948! Already in that book we have the picture of a com-

pletely developed, cross-country society of its finest, most articulate, most

moons - its roots must have stretched back into the 19th century and even further yet - for all the literary his-

torians can determine, gay culture was born full grown like Pallas Athene, in 1948 or shortly prior thereto. What was happening in 1930? 1910? 1870? We don't know, or at least we don't know from reading novels.

There are some partly valid answers to this question revolving vaguely around the facts of Countee Cullen and orsonwello, but on the whole the they are intellectually unsatisfying, too naive and simplistic. Now when I talk as a dictum the concept that literature reflects society, letting in a large extent I believe this to be true, sooner or later some ingenious student is going to have a shot at this phenomenon with a highly visible wave of homosexuality in the late 60's and early 70's had its begin-

ning in the relaxed morality of World War II and it trace to America's decline as a world power under Johnson and Nixon, the (decease decade), and leave it at that. The inevitable conclusion will be that homosexuality scarcely existed in America prior to 1941, if at all.

Under the circumstances Hoppy and the Kid agree to learn a trinity about the Kid. Did you see his pop eyes, an' open mouth? Damn it all..."

"The execution turns out to be an accomplished theft and almost suc-

ceeds in lifting the Kids bankroll, but Hoppy is as watchful as a lynx however and puts a stop to her machinations. The inevitable breezy ensuing during which Mes-

quite takes a terrible beating, but Hoppy saves the day and probably the Kid's life.

Kid: I thought she was pure gold.

Hoppy: Many a tenderfoot has been fooled by iron py-

rites.

Kid: Hell, I ain't no tenderfoot!

Hoppy: A man's a tenderfoot where wimmyn are con-

scious.

Thus goes lesson number one. Stay away from wimmyn, Kid, and stick to Hoppy. You'll have fewer disappoint-

ments.

Lesson number two in human na-

ture revolves around a "Parson" and his sweet gray-haired wive, whom they en-

countered in an area with a broken wagon wheel close to the ford of the Republican River. One thing leads to another, Hoppy and the Kid ride off to do some shopping around, and the "Parson" relieves the Kid of a considerable amount of cash at poker. The Kid, however, accidently discovers that the "Parson" has been using a marked poker deck, and in the following melee gets cracked over the skull by the little wife wielding an axe handle; more wrestling around with another derringer, but Mes-

quite much prefers in handling the situation by himself. It develops that the "Parson" is none other than the notorious tin-horn Helen Joe, and as "Pee-ew!" the Angel Face Nannie, both chased out of even Ogalalla, the sink hole of the West.

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old buddy, Red Connors. I know there's a solution here, and Red Cleparts with rails—I hid's wife and daughter are very on with a Montana-lion trail herd (duty nut to our many rufled leathers.

ai:|uaint elle tartied Tix. On their ride determined loavenije therlealh otarasu;il piare w hiih I  retid and reread many Kid all he can leach, and remarks to him: 

Hoppy: So am I. Well, it's a Texas tune. And we'll be doing th' dancin'.

Kid: I don't know. Sombody like you? 

Hoppy: What's the tune? 

Kid: Don't know. But it'll shore be a Texas tune. And we'll be playing' fifdlies. I'm fiddlin' on them 'n't dance'.

Hoppy: So am I. Well, if it's a Texas tune I reckon I'll get 'ri'l hang of it with its first note. I'll tune up my fiddle and rosin my bow, though I don't reckon on we'll need two fiddles.

Lesson number three: Stick with Hoppy. You know now that even if you find a nice girl and marry her, she'll likely jilt you.

Someday prior to this event occurs for which I'm the most illuminating episode of the book in which the true nature of the man's feelings for each other can be incredibly close to the surface. During a brief respite from the tangled mix-ups in Ogallala, Hopalong and Mesquite decide to go swimming in the North Platte. They retire to an isolated spot, cache their guns, and strip naked. Hopalong has evidently seen one and naked before, but is not loath to take a long, second (or third, or twentieth) look. The youth is observed by Mulford in loving detail—he is a "magnificent specimen of young manhood," "hard, well muscled," broad shoulders, deep chest, tapering from the shoulders to a "small, narrow waist," and his "flats stomach" is "ridged with muscle;" "wale bone and spring steel," "long, smooth muscle," etc., etc., etc.

They make jokes about each other's legs (Hopalong's are bowed while the Kid's are not) and then the Kid dives into the water to cavort about like a playful, syncopated, wading his feet in the air, "every movement full of grace and power." Finally Hopalong toes the water too and they frolic around, "enjoy­
ing themselves thoroughly; they go up stream a ways and are swimming with the current, side by side," when a "sneering laugh" rings out from the bank—

"Ain't that a sight, I'm breaking up the old system, precisely the kind that our two had vowed to keep on the outside, the "everybody else" that could go screw off. Considerable gunplay fol­

lowes, resulting in some wounds for Hoppy and three bad guys, and it is the Kid who saves Cassidy's life this time, as Hop­

along had saved his before.

The episode works on two levels. First all that gunplay is symbolic screw­

ing, regardless of who is getting shot at. It happens here that the shooting/screwing is deflected into a trio of third parties for realistically Mulford can't have his heroes shooting at each other. Thus the metaphor is removed several times from its original referent (screwing) but, in fact, one gets the peculiar effect while reading the passage of seeing Mesquite shooting in the air, not at the bad guys, who almost don't exist. They might as well be trees.

Serdi, I have always been struck by the game aspects (in Eric Berne's sense of games) of literary episodes in which one person saves another's life without any consideration of the lover, no matter what the first person is doing at the time.

So, the lover's wishes them well for they are fairly decent people.

Though Mesquite and Hopalong are bound together in endless reciprocity for realistically Mulford can't have his heroes shooting at each other. Thus the metaphor is removed several times from its original referent (screwing) but, in fact, one gets the peculiar effect while reading the passage of seeing Mesquite shooting in the air, not at the bad guys, who almost don't exist. They might as well be trees.

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Thus, Mesquite and Hopalong are bound together in endless reciprocity for having saved each other's lives, and one wishes them well for they are fairly decent guys.

After Ogallala the novel begins to lose cohesion— the two ride to Laramie,
Maurice's ideal of friendship — amicitia — has been used as a necessary umbrella by homosexuals since the Trojan War at least, through Cicero, Montaigne, and D. H. Lawrence, and was finally brought down like a house of cards, so to speak, by F. M. Fester in his masterfully written Maurice. This ideal was particularly useful during the second half of the nineteenth century when sexual feelings were typically either repressed or sublimated into such abstractions as an admiration for beauty or strength, patriotism, loyalty, Christian charity, or, again, friendship. For a homosexual, the script read: "What, me, a panorama? Why, he's my best friend; consummately amoral/Apollo's poor lad! I'm giving a helping hand to a new waltz saddle mate & youngster who used my life once, etc., etc.

Looking For A New Face?
TRY COCKTAILS AND DINNER AT THE
CAMP GRAND
2329 SAN PABLO AVENUE
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA 94702
484-9252

"Friendship," my eye-boothe — these two youngsters were lovers and Parkman knows it, yet he doesn't want to come out and say so in print. The institution-allowed homosexuality among certain tribes has been noted by many 20th century anthropologists, including the distinguished Ruth Benedict; Parkman observed it, at first hand in the 1840's, yet chose to gloss over it with Victorian bullshit.

Fie!

Given this pervasive habit among 19th and early 20th century writers of abstracting reality into an "acceptable" but illusory picture of affairs, we will probably never know the full truth as far as homosexuals then were concerned. Some fine writers and historians who were close to the scene don't even mention the possibility of sex between two men, not even two bad men. Harry Sinclair Drago, Andy Adams, Andrew Garcia, Mark Twain— all are thunderously silent on the subject. Parkman hides what he knows and Whitman is fairly straightforward but in the end we will have to rely heavily on close readings of books like Hoptalong Cassidy Returns in order to reconstruct our history.

Muford is only a beginning. I have a strong feeling that somewhere out there in libraries, county archives, old trunks, police dockets, court records and the like is the information we are looking for. It's going to take a lot of nosing around, but it will certainly be worth the effort. We have a long and honorable history stretching back quite a few years before The City and the Pillar, and it's really about time we started putting it together before the current Double Think of the Nixon era does us in.

—Richard Amary
Find a parking place turned out to be difficult. I had to go around the other side of the street and park in front of the house with the brunette Christmas lights, which Rusty made a point of riding from his picture window when he had guests, the house was outlined like a child’s drawing (rectangle on the bottom, triangle over it) with lines of red, green, and blue lights. I could hear the party noises, clearly transmitted by the cold air, from where I stood. I waited for a heavy truck to slide by, then dashed across the street and up the freshly-shoveled path to the door.

It was opened by neither Rusty nor Arline for me (strange thing the proctite abstract), but by Arthur Barson. A woman I knew slightly, Polly, I believe, in the line of silos and the cradles, cried, “Where, close that door!” Several people I knew and liked were there, and I was suddenly very hard to have come, and to have come late enough to just float into the stream. Hope found me soon: she was dressed all in red, and gave a charming, tactful gesture introducing us formally; I was delighted. The atmosphere was so good, and the party was so full of fun, I said, “If you’ll excuse me, I’d like to introduce everyone to my friend, Ellen.” The atmosphere was so good, and the party was so full of fun, I said, “If you’ll excuse me, I’d like to introduce everyone to my friend, Ellen.”

Ellen, who had made most of the conversation, introduced me as the lady who had been her classmate, and the rest of the introductions followed. We talked briefly (a letter from one of her students that day, a new job, a new home, a new baby). She turned out to have news of some mutual friends in whom I was quite interested, one of whom was coming to town soon and was planning to stay with her. I suggested giving a dinner for them, and we promptly discussed what we should have on the menu. The meal that ensued was a perfect balance of interesting, horrid-sounding meals in which every dish would be the same color. A half an hour later I found myself with a drink in my hand, talking to a young woman with “frosted” hair, a yellow dress, and too much turquoise eye shadow. She was very pleasant and skillful. Rusty sailed over, carrying a pair of drinks (one drink was about to be delivered to someone and took the trouble to introduce us formally; I was talking to Mrs. Willis. Willy. Ellen Willy was temporarily out of sight. Ellen was telling me a craved story about a baby’s-sitter’s boyfriend; I couldn’t keep from laughing, and there was no reason to try. Possibly, a slight thinness, dark-haired man came up beside her. “Jeff, this is Paul Lindahl, I’ve been having the most fascinating conversation with him about . . .”

Jeff Willis, I stared at his face. Actually, I glanced up at the basketball ring of Keith’s carport (the family was out of town). Freddy dashed over the concrete surface, using his feet as brooms to sweep away the brown leaves. Jeff was quieter than usual, seemed a little tired. The rest of us made plenty of noise, maybe to compensate for the fact that there seemed to be no one else outside that afternoon in that neighborhood. I was teamed with Jeff, against Billy (who was much better than the rest of us), and Freddy, who had a maddening way of dribbling with his back to all attackers, not going anywhere, just being difficult. I played rather well, I thought, that afternoon. And then Billy and Freddy ran away. I didn’t care why. But there were Jeff and I, playing, half as loud as a moment before; it was like one speaker suddenly going silent on a stereo system. Then the basketball was thrown back into the patio, and he was off somewhere, telling me more.

We were on one of the parkways, a stretch of trees and bushes and grass between two directions of traffic on one of the highways. It was dark, and gave a chance for us to head home at this hour, but the smell in the air would have been enough to keep me outside even if I had been blind. Jeff was explaining to me, condescendingly, something about the pine cones and the seeds of the tree that he had learned from his father, who was a botanist of sorts. Few cars went by. My expectations were raised when Fred, like a foreman, tried to push me aside as I tagged along beside him, listening to his informative lecture. I started another run, we crossed two streets, still on the parkway, and Jeff threw himself down next to an evergreen bush. We were surrounded by shrubbery, and we continued down the street. My feelings were quite the opposite of playful; there was no question of jumping on him to wrestle, or throwing sand into his eyes. I sat down beside him. The orange sunlight was slanting down to us. I summoned up my courage and took it, and said, very flirtly, “Pull down your pants.”

I had never told him to do anything before, and by merely issuing the order and playing up to him in every way possible. He seemed to consider for a moment, while I stared at him (I obviously, in my hipster form!), then, charmingly and uncharacteristically and yet exactly him, he said “I’m not sure if I can do that.” I glanced back at me once or twice, without much interest in what I was doing below. I pre­ served a story expression. He twitched his hips slightly to disloge a twig that was poking his underarm, and I was a gone interest. This itself was said in an expression, disapproving proportions; but my con­ viction of the supreme beauty of young Mr. Willis, and the smell of the dirt, had held fasted hand unconsciously resting near my flannel muffer which was lying on the ground, a car suddenly stopping outside, crushing leaves . . .

“May I talk to your husband alone for a moment, please?” I put my drink down on a coffee table.

Ellen shrugged. “No objections from this quarter. You can keep him all month if you like.”

“You’re name is Lindahl, you say?”

“Your name is Lindahl, you say?”

“Just for a moment. If you will.”

“Well, evidently I’m the same Willis you think I am. How do you know me?”

“Your name is Lindahl, you say?”

“Your name is Lindahl, you say?”

“I’m not sure if I can do that.”


“Remember Billy Potashnik?”

“Remember Billy Potashnik?”

“Remember Billy Potashnik?”

“I’m not sure if I can do that.”


“Remember Billy Potashnik?”

“I’m not sure if I can do that.”


“Remember Billy Potashnik?”

“I’m not sure if I can do that.”


“I’m not sure if I can do that.”

At one time the number of trade books on gay life could easily be counted on one hand. Since the literary dam has burst, the discriminating reader finds it necessary to choose with care. "Coming out" titles are no longer breathless news. It has been twenty-three years since Donald Webster Cory pried open our closet doors with *The Homosexual in America.*

In light of this fact, *Best Little Boy in the World* ranks as nothing special. John Reid leaves little uncovered, from childhood traumas to endless tricking and loving. His style rates as aggressive New Yorker that reaches out to convince the straight reader that he is daring and revealing. But he is not. The initial sentence in chapter one shouts at us, "I was eighteen years old when I learned to fart." The message progresses downward from there as Reid fumbles around with an awkward, overwritten account of his childhood and teenage years.

About halfway through the book Reid abruptly clears his head and settles down to a detailing of his recent memories. Our interest quickens. But then we sigh with disappointment at his middle class, unabashed hangups. He informs us that, "A gay guy should not have the least bit more revolting to you than a girl sucking a guy. Both should, in fact, be beautiful to you, and perhaps are. The way my head developed both are ugly, dirty, bah-bah bad." 

A queer sort of does he seek with a lover? Is Reid any better off than the cheap, one-night stand he describes? Observe. "Then there is the other side of me, probably the larger half. I am aggressive, egotistical, competitive, and dominating. As I hold my stick down in a half nelson ... I know that, frankly, he will struggle while I ram into him and feel my muscles flexing and tensing, in complete control of him, and then, finally, sweating, punit- 

ing, shoot into his helpless body."

This man has an urgent message buried somewhere in his rambling, uneven account of growing up in America, but finding it can be agonizing. If you plan to introduce straight friends to lavender living in any coherent, striking fashion steer them onto Martin Hoffman's *The Gay Mystique* (Stein and Day, 1972).

—Frank Howell

**GAY CHURCH**

by Ronald Enroth & Gerald Jamison

William B. Eerdmans Pub. Co.  $2.95—1974

Much ink and tears are spilled each year over the value or harm brought about by gay churches. But few writers have ever attacked the guts of the quandary. What ethics are to be followed here? That of the straight or gay churchman? Should we develop a gay value system of our own or goos- 

step to the sound of the same tired old drummers?

Enroth and Jamison, two research sociologists working in Santa Barbara, zero in closer toward the meaty parts of the problem than other writers have. In the past. Don't bore us, brothers and sisters, with the b.s. about "Have you been saved or washed in the blood of the lamb?" Such a question may be crucial in another context, but if God cares (or she) will provide us with a working set of guidelines that will cause gay life style to be more or less per- 

If this course of events does not follow, perhaps we had better pray for further insight. The whole adventure will be tricky. Who will decide or in- 

interpret God's will? Which version of the Bible will be acceptable? The Rev. John Hose (Metropolitan Community Church, San Francisco) offers a trench- 

ant observation:

"Paul talks about the freedom of the man who lives in the Spirit. I can't tell you what is right. I don't care if you go to the baths. You decide that. If you have the Spirit you are liberated, but you can go to the baths, because you don't have to. If you have to go to the baths, then you are a slave. That is wrong, that is sin."

The author concludes that perhaps a new homosexual ethic, not slavish to traditional values, can be formulated. Douglas Dean, well known gay novel- 

ist, builds on Sandmire's concept.

**Sculplures**

by j. hillman

**The Littlest Boy in the World**

by John Reid

Putnam, 1973 - $7.95

**Sculptures**

by J. Hillman

SEND $1.00 FOR CATALOGUE ON SCULPTURES AND CONTEMPORARY SCULPTURES

by J. HILLMAN

32 VECTOR, March, 1974

33 VECTOR, March, 1974
anyway . . . Why can't we establish ethics of our own, which are not based on lies and hypocrisy, but on the truth as we know it. Some ministerial critics point the finger at allowing drag queens and S&M members the right to appear in their native attire. Other observers claim there is too much sexually oriented material in the religious publications. Others protest the attempts at bar ministry. For many gay ministers, taking a stand in these arguments is not easily done. Enroth and Jamison both exhibit compassion and objectivity as they analyze MCC without sensationalism or flashy sides. But heterosexual bias is not completely absent. They bear down hard when discussing the core issues of gay religious dogma and see theology twisted for homoerotic ends. Troy Perry has provided the ultimate proof that God is not blinded by class, color or other surface considerations. On paper, integration is desirable and a beautiful vision. But the reality of the fundamentalist churches has proven to be a hard taskmaster. They will probably never accept us without some quibbling, and to this day I still feel damn uncomfortable sitting in such a church. Yet we can not fault those who yearn for a genuinely ecumenical dawn to light up the darkening sky.

The investigators wind up their survey of Gay Christianity by predicting that gay churches will continue to expand, but that individual congregations will not be as large as a central rule. They conclude that: heterosexuality is probably the best way of life extension of the total homosexual thrust for freedom and dignity. Troy Perry has provided the ultimate proof that God is not blinded by class, color or other surface considerations. On paper, integration is desirable and a beautiful vision. But the reality of the fundamentalist churches has proven to be a hard taskmaster. They will probably never accept us without some quibbling, and to this day I still feel damn uncomfortable sitting in such a church. Yet we can not fault those who yearn for a genuinely ecumenical dawn to light up the darkening sky.

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Love Needs No Care

The San Francisco VD Clinic gave a cocktail party to announce the origin of a new mechanized filing system. The "Big M" random access system will provide faster access and more accuracy for those sensitive case histories. Indeed, it was for the latter reason that a cocktail party was requested as announcement and demonstration of the clinic's new addition.

In this day of "Watergate" and other unfortunate invasions of privacy, we must assure our clients that this machine is nothing more than an electronically controlled filing cabinet," said a clinic spokesman. Vector would like to remind its readers that medical histories are protected by law. If you think you might have a VD problem, go to your local clinic. It's free, safe and wise.

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We knew if we held on long enough and maintained a steady approach we might find a dining "experience" where everything (everything) would be all together from parking to desert. The source of this miracle is Pier 54 and it should be written on the brain of anyone searching for total and seamy for an evening out.

If you don't have their map, call Ron or Doug for directions because you're headed for the docks—not the tiniest of fisherman's Wharf docks where you unload huge ships and trucks. Below China Basin, if you're sure you're hopelessly lost, you'll encounter a tiny establishment right out of a 30's movie with Bogart sitting smirking in a sailor's cap about to do something terribly noble but illegal, And, joy of joys, parking is unlimited—you have miles and miles of empty warf. Once inside, check out the walls—original lieder song sheets (some autographed) to exquisite pieces of lit- tle art. You'll find on several nostalgia trips. On every table (about 7 of them) you'll be enchanted with a fresh read of the Human Condition as you sail through the ocean, the hugeness of the city skyline and a mysterious lowering of where we've been. Time seems gets all confused. There are only water-shipping sounds. No traffic.

The menu goes from Filet of Sole Flambe with Shrimp Sauce ($3.08) to Pier 54's Special Sea and Shore (Stink and Prawns for $6.98). The adventure begins with a French Onion Soup in a ceramic dish totally covered and encrusted with a delicious baked cheese topping. Taking your time—the portions are large enough to require much wine sipping (their wine list is the best I have ever tasted, I was delighted with the experience. At the suggestion of the charming waiter (Michael?) I chose the Jumbo Prawns Sautee on Mandala which is a delightful Sicilian sauce of giant prawns sauteed in Marsala wine and sprinkled with something that could have easily turned into a sharp flavor sensation. How Charlie Dean managed to keep the Swiss Chard vegetable side dish hot and crusty remains their mystery. There was a controlled order to the textures and tastes of the complete meal that must be experienced to be fully comprehended. Charlotte had the Prawns and Steak House Special ($6.98). Take all the comments about the Manta Prawns and think of it as a masterful piece of culinary sculpture which, like the real thing, lasted of almost forgotten boulevards in Paris and Rome. Coffee was very good but, happily, by that time who could care? Pier 54 is another world yet it is just a few minutes drive back into the traffic nightmare of downtown San Francisco so whatever you plan for the rest of your evening (if you can still manage) is tender-tips away. It was an experience in mealtiness and excellence, and courtesy and perfection that will long be remembered for a long, long time.

Ordinarily when one thinks of shops and stores that arededicated to the sale of chrome and plastic efficiency and of stainless steel and profits, or of all those things that give cream itself, the product that has become the standout phenomenon one finds in busy downtown areas along with hot dog waggons and pawn shops and at intersections where heavily travelled secondary roads cross one another. Ice cream, the plastic product is a dainty delight in a rush and eaten at a dead run.

The first time I saw Old Uncle Gay­

Old Uncle Gay's Ice Cream Parlour, on Polk Street, I didn't know what to think. The damned thing was made of wood and there were tables with people sitting around them and smiling and enjoying themselves. Behind them at the coun­

ter eating an ice cream cone stood a gen­

meral who had the look of being very much in charge. As it turned out he was, it was Old Uncle Gaylord himself. I introduced myself and ordered ice cream—something with honey in it, I believe. We sat at a vacant table and as I prepared to shovel it down he stopped me with a look that could have easily turned into a sharp blow had I continued, "Ice cream," he said, "real ice cream, made with all the things that grandparents used to be not should be bolted down. In the first place this has no additives so it must be stored at lower temperatures than are ordinarily used by ordinary manufactur­

ers whose product is held together with gelatin. You, must, therefore, wait until it has warmed to the temperature at which it was scraped from the paddle of the freezer when it was made. You'll be surprised at the texture, it will subside to the taste. And in the second place very few things can be enjoyed in a hurry; this includes itself which is why we have provided both comfortable tables and prohibited smoking on the premises." He was right on all counts, the ice cream was perhaps the best I have ever tasted, I relished the opportunity to relax and I was disaffiliated from having my cigarette until leaving the shop. I was delighted with the experience. The ice cream is actually cranked in large tubs like the old-fashioned back home. What's more it tastes like it!

Several days later, I discovered that Warner's, Gaylord's next-door neighbor, mostly all gays for the stores. This Iced the cake for me and I decided at that time Old Uncle Gaylord's had not only quality but class as well.

Ambrose II
The House of Bernarda Alba
by Garcia Lorca
A.C.T., San Francisco

It was all there; a cast of ten brilliant women; a grey, white and black set that was constantly visually stimulating (a single bowl of yellow lemons in the first scene was dazzling); absolutely exquisite black Spanish costumes, all tied together with a Lorca-aura.

But—somehow with the exception of one spine chilling moment the evening never soared as we have learned to expect from A.C.T. Bernarda Alba is as much a mood piece as a plot one. (Bernarda Alba decides upon the death of her husband to force her five daughters to remain in mourning for eight years—a plan devised to keep them virgins and unsullied by what she considers to be male village trash.) The lighting was subtle enough to be nonexistent. Since the program listed no specific locals or changes of time, we hoped the lighting would indicate and sub-plot the plot. It didn't, leaving the play overlighted and in a netherland of obscurity.

We suspect that no amount of theatrical know-how would have been sufficient to overcome the awkwardness of Tom Stoppard's translation which is far away enough from acceptable dialogue as to be somewhere between Shakespeare and LeRoy Jones. It didn't ring yet it didn't clunk. Time and time again the particular arrangement of words jarred and left us painfully aware that we were "watching" a play and thus not "experiencing" a tremendous moment in the lives of ten fascinating, pulsating women.

Joy Carlin's direction was uneven and relied mainly upon the considerable talents of her cast. The rest was choreographed traffic control with some pretty tableaux, but more awkward moments which, like the language, pulled us back into our theatre seats.

Elizabeth Huddle's Bernarda was just brilliant, and tight, and multi-dimensional so that her scenes with Ruth Kobart were the highlights of the evening. Ms. Kobart is a treasure in whatever company she graces, most recently of One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest, Comedienne, Judith Knaiz (Martirio) demonstrated a facility with tragedy that left more than one person in tears more than once. As a showcase for the female strengths of America's finest repertory resident theatre company Bernarda Alba should be seen.

-Richard Piro
Congratulations on the most beautiful, most interesting, and most informative, and consequently, most important issue of any gay publication I have ever seen.

It succeeded as a magazine in areas in which many straight publications, which have an infinity of resources of almost every kind, never reach and which have only rarely been approached in gay publications.

Each issue has been an improvement on the one before, and that steady progress had not made me anticipate that within a year you could have accomplished what you did with the December issue. I have heard more people say more good things about this issue, and say them excitedly, than I ever would have believed possible. Thank you!

K. N.
San Francisco, California

Financial Irresponsibilities?

When Mr. David Goodstein (Between Rocks & Hard Places, Jan., 1974) said "The moderate board has well established Gay organization decided to use the opportunity in financial difficulties presented to remove itself from a dreary headquarters on skid-row to a more pleasant and convenient location in a neighborhood where Gay people live," he did not say that the financial difficulties were caused by the financial irresponsibilities of the same board and their friends, or that the board tried to break the lease without the knowledge or consent of the membership. When one person or one group of people try to run the whole show and leave out the membership, then the membership either will leave or force out the dictatorship, as they did. Noman Ament
San Francisco, California

Alert

Thompson, Gay Methodist

The District Superintendent of the Golden Gate Church, United Methodist Church, has expressed approval of the formation of a Gay Methodist Caucus within his district. He has further agreed to support such a group verbally in writing to other bodies in his denomination, and by seeking financial support from his denomination for such a group. This is an opportunity that should not be missed. It's an opportunity to explore and influence the Methodist Church towards a more humane approach to homosexual men and women. Let's take up this good man's offer.

Reference your December '73 issue:

Congratulations on the most beautiful, example of fine journalism and a good point...perceptive, literate, a striking of Marc Singer from Taming of the Shrew.

John David Hough— and the '74 Poster of Marc Singer from Taming of the Shrew.

Goldman! BOTH outstanding artists! I enjoyed ink improves the looks. Happy New Year!


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Attention, Gay Methodists

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Those who think the film industry has finally relinquished control of societal behavior had best take a closer look at the
news media. Men, not content to accept the filmed fantasy
or reality. Soon after the release of
The Godfather, New York experienced an almost comical rash of
mafia killings. The re-issue of
into their own tragic reality. And
The Exorcist.

We're sure this new cancer will be arrested

And why should our men in blue be any different?
through the acid

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A re-issue of Mary Renault's timeless study of male love,

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a blossoming local theatre scene offers one ripoff fiasco presumably for "the liberated woman" called, THE MALE SYM-

DON'T LEAVE ME! 35

by TOM SEVERING

When a brilliant pathologist decided, after a shattered marriage,

DEAR DON 11

by DON CLARK, Ph.D

Clinical psychologist, Dr. Clark, responds to reader inquiries

A WOMAN'S VIEW OF MALE GAY LIFE STYLE 28

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a short story about loneliness.

FASHION 12

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MARK TWAIN! 16

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is published monthly (with combined

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VECTOR 5

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S A N F R A N C I S C O , C A L I F O R N I A  98108
Gorf
Magic Theatre
San Francisco

Try imagining a giant flying purple phallus in drag and a bike-riding blind dyke in black leather... Such is part of what’s in the genuinely madcap offering during the Magic Theatre’s world premiere production of Michael (The Beard) McClure’s new dada musical, Gorf, at the Firehouse, California and Polk streets in SF. This isn’t a gay theatrical piece, as such, and some uptight liberationists might even take offense at the heavy-handed references to lesbitinism in the work; but, all-in-all, it is entertaining theatre, excellently performed.

There’s no point in trying to explain the nonsensical going-on in a “slada musical”—suffice it to say that Gorf is a ghouliah of early Elizabethan low comedy. Lewis Carroll’s Jabberwocky and something the Angels of Light might try to pull off, all to the tingle-boom-foot accompaniment of a musical score cribbed from Spike Jones’ College of Musical Knowledge. There’s non-stop nudity in the show—four females and one male spend the entire performance thusly but it’s totally non-erotic in intent or consequence; a perfect case for nakedness work—forming a perfect case for nakedness work.

THE BEARD

Gorf is a rare example of contemporary theatre employing elements of the formerly taboo subject of gayness in a manner that is neither uncritically sympathetic nor maliciously cruel. A gay woman/man can do more than simply appear on stage to set the audience hooting. But her lines, laugh along with the straights in the audience taboo subject of gayness in a manner that is neither uncritically sympathetic nor maliciously cruel. A gay woman/man can do more than simply appear on stage to set the audience hooting. But her lines,

For all her pseudo-macho violence the Blind Dyke becomes a guilty romantic as she pathetically tries to woo the horrified Gorf-in-drag, thinking he is a “tender young virgin of fourteen” named Gorfetta. Those few moments being home hard the gay condition, whether female or male, or at least that part of it which is the universal quest for love and loving, no matter what external self-image manifestations or superficial role-playing by which one who is gay chooses to face the indifferent, even hostile world. Gorf is a rare example of contemporary theatre employing elements of the formerly taboo subject of gayness in a manner that is neither uncritically sympathetic nor maliciously cruel. A gay woman/man can laugh along with the straights in the audience at the dyke and drag antics because they recognize the not-so-painful truths which often only broad caricatures reveal.

THE MALE SYMBOL

El Cid Club
San Francisco

Howard Greenberg, what’s a nice Jew­ish boy like you doing in that silly diaper and chains!? Prostituting himself six nights a week at the supposed Altar of Female Liberation, is what—a long with four other quite attractive and semi-talented, mildly entertaining males who make up the entire cast of a new “revue with music” which opened early last month at the El Cid Club on SF’s recently chastized black strip, Polk Street.

Billed as an on-stage interpretation of the “crotchtopics” in Cosmopolitan, Playgirl, and Viva, the-harlequinc premiere audience was heavily male-gay, in fact. One got the impression that many at the several tables of youngish “fashion gays” had been invited as clackers for the show. The women present were pretty much either young professional type singles or pint-sized, bubble-haired aging showgirls. Neither expectant gays nor skeptical sisters probably got what­ever it was they’d come to experience.

The music, as such, was taped and the skits, as such, trite. The female whiskey voice emceeing sounded like Charles Pierce taking himself seriously. The semi-reality, minimal in the extreme, was of the cotey, Burt Reynolds, now-you-see-it, no-you-don’t variety. Like the lavender ambience of Play­girl, the male image projected at El Cid was more of the lame gay-male concept of what turns women on than any reality honest attempt at portraying straight female sexual fantasies toward hetero-men. Germaine Greer wouldn’t’ve walked out.

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One of the difficulties that comes up most frequently in letters and in conversation has to do with “limited attraction.” Everyone has heard the symptomatic statements, “I like you but you’re not my type.” “You’re neat but you’re too old for me.” It is bound to fill his life with satisfying, nourishing relationships.

But how to undo the programming that has so limited the population to whom you can be attracted? Make a list of all the “types” who turn you off. Then pick a category to begin with. Let’s say you pick fat people.

In this age of computers, probably everyone you consider within the range of attractive. You want to broaden the population to whom you are interested in undoing your programming be clear first as to the objectives. It takes a lot of work along the way and you will need to look back to the objectives now and again to retain perspective. What you are trying to accomplish is the widest possible portion of the population whom you consider within the range of attractive. Your aim is not to promiscuously have sexual contact or even appreciation/joy body contact with everyone in the world. You want to broaden the population to whom you are attracted so that you can become increasingly selective about the individuals with whom you choose to involve yourself.

We all know the familiar story of limited attraction. The person who is attracted to blonde surfers between 22 and 28. When this limited specialty appears he must drop the average person and is also different in many other ways—some of which you like and some you do not. Think about it. With some effort, you might be lucky enough one day to not be able to say you have a “type.” You might also be lucky enough to live in a world where people appreciate/enjoy you and communicate it in body contact, not because you are the category and started to relate person to whom you are attracted so that you can become increasingly selective about the individuals with whom you choose to involve yourself.

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FASHION

PHINLEY PREFERENCES INTERPRETATION TO FASHION DICTATION

Mid-60's

"It was the only place they couldnt
stop me from doing what I wanted -
Recording as "Gary Pinley" in cities
throughout the south. We lived in
New Orleans, St. Louis, Dallas, and
San Francisco. We played in
nightclubs and arenas, and the
audience was usually made up of
college students.

In 1970, I decided to

Gary Pinley

leave the music business and

study fashion design at

San Francisco State University.

I had always been interested

in fashion, but I never thought

I would

stay in the business. I

had been working as a

dancer and singer, but I

wanted to pursue fashion

design. I enrolled in the

fashion design program at

San Francisco State University,

and I never looked back.

My love for fashion

led me to design my own

clothing line, and I

opened a boutique in

San Francisco. My

designs were

well-received, and

I

quickly gained a

following.

Throughout my career,

I have continued to

pursue fashion design,

and I have

never been

satisfied with

just design. I

always

look for

new ways to

express my

vision through

fashion.

I believe that

fashion has the

power to

transform lives,

and I

hope to

continue to

create garments that

inspire and

empower

those who

wear them.

By STARRA JEAN SMITH
Breno sprawled glumly in his apartment, legs wide apart, and talked to the well-rounded crotch of the red gym and he'd just finished his regular after-work aced. It was Monday evening around 7:30 — and for what? OK, it kept his six feet in good shape, but, hi mused, his eight inches. Cruising at a local bar that would be nine — the least he could do was pick up the pictures, stupid, they'll only make him floundered about trying to figure who George was. "I'm out here for this Science Teachers Convention," Bruno suddenly caught on, "I would have written in advance except I didn't know if I'd have the time to contact you." Oh sure, Bruno thought, and maybe you were a bit busy at the baths too. "But I've got these extra two days now, so I wondered... " Bruno was wary and irritated, but felt, here was a chance to take it easy on a Monday and get it delivered right to his door, so he invited George down the Peninsula and spent a nervous two hours cleaning up both himself and the apartment. And then the doorbell buzzed, his stomach turned giddily, and he ran to answer. The first glimpse was not encouraging. George looked a lot shorter than 6’9” and older than 27. He had a bushy straw-colored beard and thick Granny glasses and wore a raucy flannel shirt and jeans. But of course Bruno had to invite him in and fetch him a drink — just a beer," George said. Bruno mixed himself a double scotch and then as George received his glass noticed how pleasingly brown and strong his hands looked. George reached one of them over. It's worth a try," he smiled, touching Bruno's forearm and startling him with the whiteness of his teeth, with the pale mauve-pink of his delicate lips. Well, he had to kiss him now, hippie or not, George responded, and Bruno grabbed him, hard, and realized that he seemed short because his shoulders were very broad. Then George put down his beer and warned the free hand between Bruno's legs... "Sorry I didn't answer your letter..." Bruno laughed out loud. Those last words matched his own mood perfectly, and the warmth of an impulse suddenly flooded his face and made his arms tremble. The handsome son-of-a-bitch deserves an answer, he thought, even if he's in Colorado and I'm in California, and grabbing a pen from his desk coat he sat down at the kitchen table and wrote: "I'm not big on foreign films but I have skied (not very much, I'll promise to practice) and Bruno Kozlodou, Kt, do I like to get it on... You ad filled the emptiest hour of any Monday I've ever spent.

In that final dashing stab at honesty he added his address, hunted up a photo of himself that Jimmy, his last attempt at a lover, had smeared at the beach two years ago, sealed and stamped the envelope, and ran downstairs to post the letter when he was getting married. He survived a week-long bout of flu just as trees were tentatively turning green, and a week-long affair with a graduate student that began just after the flu ended and ended as the flu had begun — with minor aches and pains. He flexed his dumbbells and fixed atrocious dinners and survived much as usual, so much so that after three weeks he couldn't even remember he'd once...
I N THE AUGUST 1973 ISSUE OF VECTOR I SET OUT some observations and deductions concerning Mark Twain's sexuality based on a close, intuitive reading of Tom Sawyer, seeing that he was basically a homosexual with pervasive misogyny, father hatred, and preference for exclusively male company of his own age all pointed in that direction. An equally close reading of Twain's other works confirms this analysis. Every single indicator of that direction. An equally close reading of Twain's other or journals, in addition to some further vignettes, themes, remarks, and episodes of startling significance. (Tom's father and Sid's father before the novel begins, and Injun Joe, and symbolic patriarchy abounds in his other works. In Pudd'nhead Wilson (PW) he also kills off three father figures, and in a more obvious fashion (one with a knife); at least two in Huckleberry Finn (HF) —Col. Grangerford, such an ass, and Huck's Pap—In Connecticut Yankee (CY) and Prince and Pauper (P&P) I simply lost count, there were so many. In Twain's eye all of these deaths are justified, as with Injun Joe, and there is only one instance that I know of—Henry VIII's death in P&P—where Twain exhibits any kind of sorrow, and even here the tears seem forced, as if the didn't dare not to feel sorry. Elsewhere he never misses an opportunity to ridicule older men, as the Duke and King in HF, who eventually get tarred and feathered, much to Twain's delight. Other equally obvious examples can be found in CY and P&P. Twain's deep ambivalence concerning Mother crops up again and again in his writings, and his attitudes here are confusing and contradictory, and can be expected. On the one hand we have a number of surrogate mothers such as Aunt Polly in TS, the Widow Douglas in TS and HF, and Aunt Sally in HF, to whom only a conditional love is given (You're not my real mother), and a few true, biological mothers such as Miss Folk in TS. Almost without exception he makes them out to be either weak-headed or plain stupid (Alisande in CY). Of course, he does occasionally marry off a major character to one or another of these women, but it is always done as an afterthought, with a stroke of the pen and out of plot necessity; even so, the Yankee gets out from under the marriage bonds by coming back into the nineteenth century. Another tack is to bring his protagonist to a safe, unmarried end (Tom Canty in P&P), or simply to withdraw and keep his distance throughout: (Willy), which relates a seven or eight year period in Twain's life, there isn't a single reference to an eligible, approachable, interesting young lady (which must have been the reason why he came West in the first place—there weren't many girls, just a lot of rough men), and where he does allow himself to flirt with a girl, he makes sure that she speaks Greek and Armenian, but not English. Men are something else. Although in his journalistic exercises Twain makes dutiful comments as to the comeliness of the girls in this or that city, the comments that come into the sharpest focus throughout all his works are those regarding men. Examples: "One of our favorite youths, Twain, a splendid young fellow with a .. pair of legs that were a wonder to look upon in the way of length and strength and sinuosity..." (IA I, Chapt. IV)

"They were tall, muscular, and very dark-skinned Bedouins, with very dark skins. They had long, unquailing eyes, and a kingly state of bearing." (IA II, Chapt. XIX)

"Arab men are often fine looking, but Arab women are not." (IA II, Chapt. XXIII)

"The [Clarences] were an airy slim boy in shrimp-colored tights that made male laces, but it had never been the case of green blue silk and dainty laces and ruffles; and he had long yellow curls,... He was pretty enough to frame. (CY, Chapt. II)

And so on and so on. Twain's fairly open admiration of Masculine handsomeness strikes me as odd for a supposedly homosexual man, but the case doesn't stop there. Throughout his writings the strongest warmths are generated between males, as between Tom and Huck, Huck and Jim. It is probably unfair to cite the passage in Rl (I, X) where the young Clemens meets a notorious badman named Slade and

MARK TWAIN'S SUPPRESSED GAYNESS AS SEEN THROUGH HIS NOVELS

by RICHARD AMORY

MARK TWAIN'S NEW WORK

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sighs "Here was romance, and I was sitting face to face with it!" But the fact remains that Twain worked out such attractions in almost equally bald terms in not only TS and HF, but in P&P and CY as well. Taking Yankee as a case in point, it turns out that Hank's strongest, most long lasting affections, despite Alisande, are for Clarence, the boy in shrimp-colored tights whose name turns out to be Amys le Poulet, or Amys "the Chicken" in French. My suspicions are that the modern connotation of "chicken" pre-dated Twain by many centuries. And much of the same can be said for the relationship between Edward VI and Miles Hendon in Prince and Pauper.

Clarence wears ruffles, and so do Huck Finn and a surprising number of other male characters in his novels. Today we call this "drag" and I suppose Twain might have called it "Pony" or some such, but the fact remains that a whole lot of his male characters dress up as girls or women, for whatever purposes. I don't know of another author from whatever century who builds in so many drag scenes in his novels. There is the famous one in HF where Huck dresses as a girl in order to do some spying and later on even Jim gets into drag. There is drag, a lot of it, in PW: Merlin is forced into drag in CY and the Yankee himself wishes at one point that he had a reticule for carrying a badly needed handkerchief. "...let it look how it might, and people say what they would." Elsewhere, throughout, Twain has a strong admiration for colorful uniforms, epaulets, tights, doublets, and similar male gaudiness. While Huck is in his drag, he makes an interesting "mistake." Nervously fumbling around for something to do he picks up a needle and threads it, at which the lady he is trying to con smiles knowingly. Later she psyches him out and says, "Bless you, child, when you set out to thread a needle don't hold the thread still and fetch the needle up to hold it; hold the needle still and poke the thread at it; that's the way a woman most always does, but a man always does t'other way." This curious observation is reversed in P&P where "He (Miles Hendon) did as men have always done, and probably always will do, to the end of time—held the needle still, and tried to thrust the thread through the eye, which is the opposite of a woman's way."

In my experience, neither observation is true. Both men and women poke the thread through the needle's eye so I suspect that the answer lies in a consideration of who was getting sexually penetrated by whom in the novels, for the phallic/vagina symbol here is quite obvious. Huck, in drag, wants to bring whatever office
has been activated by Jim down over the great phallus, and is told with subtle mendacity that this is a mistake, he should be more male and poke-y. (Why, all us girls do it that way—why don't you?) while Miles, a handsome young man with the young Edward VI asleep in the same room with him, in his own bed, badly wants to do some grownup phallic poking.

Twain himself had undoubtedly gotten poked at one time or another, and evidently felt pretty smug and powerful about it, much as did Wonder Woman of the 1940's comic books with her magic, invincible lasso. In a simply amazing episode from CY (Chapt. XXXVIII), he has the Yankee unchosing one knight after another in a tournament, including Sir Lancelot, by means of a vaginal (or anal) Western lariat, and then, when the whole of English chivalry is massed against him, he drills them all with a very cocky dragoon postols, meaning that Twain could perform either way in bed as the occasion demanded.

Yankee gets back into his own century and becomes "himself," but Twain evidently regrets this, for he consistently plays on the idea of being not one but two "selves." He has a veritable thing about double identity—twinning (PW), switched babies (PW), disguise and mistaken identity (TS, HF, P&P, PW), being an orphan with a fantasy but "real" parent (TS, HF, PW, P&P), a real person living in another century (CY)—and this, combined with his persistent reiteration of the saint/sinner, worker/drone themes leads me to believe that Twain saw himself as primarily two persons, a "me" and a "mask," and that the "me" was strongly if not totally gay, while the "mask," was what he presented to the straight world around him.

This "me" was, I suspect, very much at war with the "mask." In terms of Transactional Analysis, the "me" was his Adaptive Child sneaking out through his Adult; its content is his mother's secret, demonic script message: "Be bad, screw up, but never leave Mama," while the "mask" is Twain living in his counterscript, which was Mama telling him out of the other side of her mouth, "Be good, never tell lies, go to church, and work hard."

Whatever the games Twain might have been playing, the mainspring of his psyche seems to have been a deep fear of castration. The episode with the hermit in Chaps. XX-XXI of P&P is surely playing on this fear, but the most revealing example occurs in IA, when Twain visits the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, a pair of ill-fated French lovers of the Middle Ages. Twain has the story correctly—Abelard got his balls cut off by Heloise's kinsmen for having seduced her—but the unique thing here is that Twain considers this revenge to be completely justified, contrary, as was his custom, to all the centuries of romantic tradition.

In Chapt. XV of IA he says thinks like "this unmanly Abelard" (before castration) and "abandoned villain" (after). Although he regards Heloise as a simple fool, he heaps his most Twainish invective upon Abelard, merely for having seduced her and engendered a child in her womb, and I know of no Victorian writer who approved of such a harsh penalty for such a simple act. In explanation, my best guess is that somewhere in the deepest recesses of his mind Twain equated heterosexual intercourse with castration, but since ordinary observation refutes this notion at every turn, he is saying that even so, that's the way it ought to be, and offering Abelard as a case in point. He probably felt pretty safe about his own balls at this point, so he directs his message to other men who are a little less careful about women—it is "steer clear boys, or your crotch will end up looking like an armpit."

"Me" and "mask," private affections and public morals, and what, mark ye, is the real meaning of "twain?"
Hallway visiting around mirrors which create rather than reflect light

The old swimmin' hole was never like this. Or was it?

Mirror mirror on the wall... above: an amazing assortment of delicious health foods to keep spirits soaring.

Left: relaxing amid snowflakes of light in one of the ballrooms.
Mirrors mirror on the wall...

Above: An amazing assortment of delicious health foods to keep spirits soaring

Left: Relaxing amid snowflakes of light in one of the ballrooms
President's Corner

The society's annual meeting was held on January 14, 1983. The purpose of the dinner was to nominate the officers of the Society for the coming year. The President, Chuck Ritter, and the new President of 1983, Steven Kaplan, presented several names to Congress. The community's need for personal help to the president in performing his duties and work for the benefit of the Society in 1983 was the new President's address to the students and expressed a positive feeling for the future of the Society.

The President said that the Society had come out of its financial crisis and was now ready to continue its work for all of the community. "We will continue to seek in the political arena where legislation can further our goals for the future of the Society.

We will continue to hold the local action up-front. We are proud of the fact that while in the back along with the local community there, the local leaders and our board of advisors, we have both central and local offices.

We will continue to work towards bettering the quality of our local community leaders, because those leaders are the most influential in determining what will be local action in our country.

We will continue to expand our educational program.

"We will continue to have our annual, educational and social activities that are enjoyable and beneficial for the Gay Community, as well as a benefit to the Society.

"Most of all, we will continue to be the Society for Individual Rights!"

The new officers of the Society were introduced. President: Robin Kaplan, Vice President: Dayton Sullivan, Secretary: Bond Street, Treasurer: Dan Young New Trustees: James Sandkist, Dana Colman, Mike Robinson, Jeff and Mike Mow, Hal Levi, Norman Aronson. Auditory Board: and Max Dreyer. The officers were also introduced to the new Board members, led by Joe Santa and the students and the press, with speeches by Kevin Lee, Raymond Joy and Joe Santa.

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The second annual presentation banquet was held on February 9, 1974, to introduce the new officers of the Society to the Community. The outgoing President, Mr. Don Scott, and the new President, Mr. Hector Navarro, presented some awards to various people in the community who were of personal help to the president in performing his duties and were of great help to the Society in 1973. The new President, Hector, addressed the guests and expressed a positive feeling for the future of the Society.

He stated that the Society had come out of its financial crisis and is now ready to resume its services to all of the community. "We will continue to work in the political arena where legislation concerning our lifestyle is at hand. We will continue to fight by legal action oppressive laws that are still on the books along with helping our gay brothers and sisters with our panel of attorneys in both criminal and civil matters. We will continue to work toward changing the attitudes of our religious leaders...because these religious leaders are most influential in determining political and legal action concerning our lifestyle. We will continue to expand our job referral program. We will continue to have social, theatrical and educational activities that are enjoyable and beneficial to the Gay Community as well as financially beneficial to the Society. Most of all...we will continue to be—The Society for Individual Rights!"

The new officers of the Society were introduced. President Hector Navarro, Vice President, David Stahiman, Secretary, Bond Shand, Treasurer, Doug Young, and new Trustees, James Sandmire, Charlotte Coleman, Robie Robillard, Ways and Means, Herb Levy, Norman Armentrout, Aubrey Bailey, and Max Clemens.

The dinner itself was beautifully executed by Jose Saria and the staff, and the entertainment by Kimo, Lee Raymond, Jacky and Lynn Jasmen.
GIVEN THE THOUSANDS OF YEARS OF stoke-burning, stoning, exorcism, beatings, jailings, and "therapy" that straight society has inflicted on us, one would expect that the mere existence of Gay Liberation groups would have the entire Stonewall Nation lining up to join, but it isn't the case.

On first reflection, this seems totally unreasonable. Surely, the millions of gays in the United States are aware that there is only hope for equal rights through collective action. Surely, history teaches them that labor had no power before trade-unionism; that blacks had no power as individuals, and that even the strength of those august bodies, the churches, is measured in terms of membership. Why then, don't gays join the revolution in greater numbers?

An informal survey has provided at least some of the answers, and I'd like to report to them for the help it may provide gay groups to broaden their bases and strengthen the movement.

IGNORANCE—"What goes on at those meetings?" I've been asked this with earnest interest as well as a gleam in the eye, and it is no easy matter to convince people that there are regular business meetings followed by discussion topics. There are relatively few groups, no orgies, nor did we auction anyone's ess. To tell them we functioned much like the Rotary Club in Homestown, U.S.A. was met with everything from disbelief to disappointment. Sometimes, I could talk them into coming to a meeting to see for themselves. Just as often, I couldn't even do that.

FEAR—Fear is always irrational, and it is totally so in the case of Gay Liberation. Typical comments were, "What if I should see someone I know?" or "I couldn't be seen in a place like that," or "I just can't risk it," to which I have replied to the first, "So what if you see someone you know? They will be there for the same reason you are, and if you can both be there together it gives you an additional common bond, which is good." To the second, "Is a place like what? A place where you hope to help yourself to be totally free? What's wrong with that?" and to the third, "Can't risk what? You can't risk taking a step towards being a complete human being? You like living a double life?"

Worst of all are the ones who doubt the legality of a gay group. I know of no law anywhere in the country that says it is illegal to be homosexual. What the laws are concerned with is having homosexual sex, which is another matter. Under the First Amendment of the Bill of Rights, any group has the right to peaceably to assemble. Period.

Thirdly, getting to something more subtle.

ISOLATION—Gays have been oppressed for so long, and have lived with self-oppression for so long, that (let's face it honestly) many of us have very serious problems in forming warm, close relationships with other people. We will not risk a break in the wall we have built around our private selves. We see aspects of this in Tea-room queenery, where sex takes place between total strangers, often without even a single word, or single affectionate touch, taking place beyond the hard core sex. Thus there is the very real fact that some people don't join anything; they just don't dig organizations.

SKEPTICISM—Many doubt that Gay Liberation has or will produce anything more than an amused tolerance on the part of straight society. And it is true that there are few solid long-term gains we can point to, yet. Here again, the argument that power derives from collective numbers often fails to convince. Skeptical gays take a wait-and-see attitude, and want to let George do all the contradicting and bleating. If something good comes out of it, they'll be happy to partake of the spoils, but the skeptics aren't about to stand up and be counted until they are 102% sure it's safe to do so.

THANKS BUT NO THANKS—These Gays are saying, "I don't feel oppressed," or "I have too much to lose," or, "It would kill my mother," or, "I'd lose my job," or, "My family is too well known; I couldn't do that to them." These are the masochists who seem to enjoy being miserable, to the extent they don't even realize how bad it really can be, because they've never had the little bit of courage it takes to say, "Hey, world, this is me; I'm gay and I'm not ashamed of it!" In fact, friends, most of the straight world isn't out to get us... they don't really give a shit about us, ... and that's the problem. They don't realize what they're doing to us as a people, because it's being done to us at a time.

All of this has important bearing on gay groups and their hope for progress. As an advocate of totally open membership, I have often stressed that the person who wants to join by mail and never see a meeting should be able to do so. If a membership card has meaning for that person, great! It's a small step towards self-liberation. Gay groups have a tough organizational problem to deal with, and it is one which has ultimately destroyed more than one group; we are groups of people from all levels of society with little or nothing in common but our gayness. Other groups have the advantage of elements of common interest, which tends to draw them together. Gay liberation may turn inward as in CR groups. Or they may focus sharply on a topic of interest to a small part of the group, losing the interest of the remainder such as prison reform or cross-dressing.

The truth is, I think, that Gay Liberation is not one movement at all, but many, and the schisms and internal hostility that surface in large groups are symptoms of that truth. Gay Liberation must be an umbrella that can cover conservatives and radicals, all genders, all ages, and must be prepared to move in many directions at once. To be political, social and educational simultaneously requires some fancy footwork, and it is a dance the movement is not learning very well or fast. Too few gays are willing to join, for whatever reasons, and those who do, too few are willing to work. Regional values take their tolls, too. New York is heavy on politics, while Detroit seems very worried about drag. Boston seems to me to be self-oppressive, while San Francisco seems to need a lot of fun along with the work. Each area, each group, and each individual is expressing a different aspect of the state of their own liberation. The comments of those outside of the groups are therefore just as valid as those of the people inside it, insofar as they are all facets of the individuals' own understanding of where they are, who they are, and where they are going. And in that sense at the very least, those of us within the movement would seem to have a lot of self-liberating to do, before we can really expect the masses of gays to join us in confidence that we know what we are doing.△
"don't leave me!"

by ROGER VENTURA

I was sitting in the corner of the room, my knees pulled up to my chest, my head bowed. The dim light from the street窗外的街灯 cast a hazy glow in the room, creating an air of melancholy.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, "I'll come back. I promise," but the words were lost in the swirling fog of my tears.

Suddenly, a gentle hand reached out to me, "It's going to be okay," it said, "it's going to be okay."

I looked up, my eyes meeting the kind eyes of my friend, "Thank you," I replied, "thank you for being there for me."
Having the near-standard sets of desires women have for a complete relationship with one person, with a good dash of old-fashioned morality thrown in, my lover and I are constantly in search for understanding about male homosexuality.

We, through personal contacts and by working in East Bay Gay, Oakland, have attempted to bring the two main factions (men and women) of the gay community together; not through loud voices, worn rhetoric, threats, or cájoling — just plain hard work. Endless raps, meetings, cups of coffee, gut-twisting revelations, soul searches, questions and answers. The quest by us has been long.

Two new women friends, and about thirty men we had met previously, we have been introduced to the nether world few women are allowed, or attempt, to see.

Be it caused psychologically or physically, the life styles of women and men in the gay world are as different as our objective view, most men would not agree.

Andy visits the bars at every opportunity, looking for "him". In the process, he exchanges small talk with a handsome, intelligent, understanding man. He brushes aside a warm smile from a witty, average-looking guy. He glances at the fellow who buys him a beer, who may or may not be the one — charming, delightful, sexy.

He looks at every face — searchingly. Wonderingly. Carelessly. Every night that he is out searching, he is joined by thousands of others, searching.

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(Continued from Page 7) homosexuality. What, Vidal wondered, do middle-class matrons from Dubuque make of a novel that celebrates the love affair between Alexander the Great and a handsome young eunuch? Another good question is—why of all current novelists is Mary Renault the most qualified to deal sensitively and successfully with such a subject? She's done it before, of course. The Persian Boy was only the latest of a series of homoerotic romances all set in ancient Greece that began in 1956 with The Last of the Wine, proceeded through Fire from Heaven and The Mask of Apollo and, the gods willing, will continue for decades to come. If Burr is the best historical novel by an American about America, Mary Renault is arguably the finest living historical novelist anywhere. Thus it is well worth noting that The Charioteer, a novel she first published in 1959, has just been released, probably to capitalize on her ascent to best-sellerdom. Like the books mentioned above, it is about homosexuality. Unlike them, however, its setting is contemporary—specifically, a military hospital in Britain during World War II where the central character, Laurie Odell, is recuperating from a serious leg injury received at Dunkirk. His sufferings there are both physical and mental; he must resign himself to being lame for the rest of his life, and he must now, once and for all, accept the fact that he is "queer." Laurie's acceptance of his sexual identity is doubly painful because he is intimately involved with two very different men. One is Andrew, a naive young Conscientious Objector sent to work at the hospital; he is trusting, affectionate, and so deeply ensconced in the closet that Laurie is afraid opening the door would destroy him. The other is Ralph, older than Laurie, an idol of his at school, an ex-navy commander with half of his left hand shot away; he is a clear-headed, experienced man of the world who has known what he wants for years. As the story progresses, Laurie becomes the charioteer of the title, desperately trying to balance the white horse of idealism against the black horse of pragmatism. The image is from Plato's Phaedrus—it would seem that Renault can never stray far from her roots in the Classical past. This is not to say that she can't depict the more recent "gay scene" convincingly; an extended party sequence in Chapter 6 is sufficient and astounding evidence to the contrary. But it is certainly fair to say that the ancient world is nearly as alive for her 20th century Britons as it is for the author herself. The slaving reader should be warned that there is no explicit sex in The Charioteer. As is Renault's other novels, the erotic atmosphere is so intensely rendered that details about who's on top aren't much missed. No one else I know of writes as arubly, poignantly, and enthrallingly about love between men. Instead of sweating under a warisome load of porno fantasy, you emerge from one of her books cleaned and refreshed.

And yet, through beautifully written and absorbing from beginning to end, The Charioteer is ultimately not the equal of Renault's historical novels. The contemporary setting limits her even as it limits her characters, and one senses that she really isn't interested in homosexuality as a limitation, as something that diminishes the individual in his own estimation and in that of society at large. What most concerns her is homosexuality as a way of life, as the accepted way. "The pagans did recognize our existence, at least," Ralph comments at one point. "They even allowed us a few standards and a bit of human dignity, just like real people." "Just like real people," How much we lost, Mary Renault suggests, when we let Christianity take us over and twist our noble instincts into crimes. This insistence on measuring the present against the past makes her novels more than escapism, temporary setting limits her even as it limits her characters, and one senses that she really isn't interested in homosexuality as a limitation, as something that diminishes the individual in his own estimation and in that of society at large. What most concerns her is homosexuality as a way of life, as the accepted way. "The pagans did recognize our existence, at least," Ralph comments at one point. "They even allowed us a few standards and a bit of human dignity, just like real people." CALIFORNIA
rocks that rolled and jounced, loosening other rocks in their movement till gradually the whole mountainside was giving way, sliding and grinding down on him and he woke with a lurch.

Next morning he met the secretary with a smile on his face. Nothing must show. All was in order till order was untenable and then—think about that later.

Carefully he culled the reports, carefully the microscopic slides. Each he had diagnosed "mole, benign." Now on re-study, all were clearly benign, all save one. May again. This one was a little strange under the scope, the cells not wild but dark, irregular. A girl, age eighteen, location thigh. A thrill of panic went over him. He must show Blair and get his opinion right away. And explain yesterday’s situation.

He felt the moisture slicken the palms of his hands.

"Dr. Blair's in with the chief tech. Is something wrong?" She must have read it in his face.

"No, Kay. Nothing. I'll just wait."

Five minutes seemed like days. At last—"Tom, you want to see me?"

"Yes, Jim. I wonder if you would take a look at this slide." He closed the door behind him so she could hear more. "I missed a malignant mole on a patient of Chu's and went back over some other cases. What would you say about this?"

Blair took the slide gingerly between two fingers, his face impassive, registering nothing. He slipped it under his scope and studied it slowly, painstakingly.

"Difficult. At least very suspicious. Safer to call it malignant and remove more tissue."

"A young girl. Last May."

Silence. "Better call the surgeon, Tom. He'll have to get her back in."

"She'll be frightened."

God, he thought, the tears welling in him, I'm going to cry. I'm going to sit here and cry and this WASP won't know what to do.

He crumpled into a chair and put his hands over his face, sobbing.

"Tom, Tom, don't. Look, it happens to all of us. Everybody makes mistakes sometimes. Don't."

I will, he thought. I must. Stan, Stan, I love you. O God, Stan, don't leave me, I love you, don't leave me alone.

"Tom, don't. Kay." (She was standing in the door, reflex tears glistening in her eyes) "Get a glass of water, get him a glass of water—"

Christ, he thought, water — like a scene in a goddamn movie. But his tears drowned that small flicker of amusement.

Stan, Stan, don't hurt me and the pain was unbearable, was crashing down on him wave upon wave upon wave.
"Where's your plane leave?" he asked, and George told him tomorrow at eleven in the evening. "Well look, stick around here till then," Bruno spoke rapidly, "I'll drive you to the airport and return your car. I'll cook dinner for us if you can stand it, and while I'm at work... you can use my dumbbells!" he finished, inspired again. George agreed, and the next morning he was still sleeping when Bruno slipped away to the office, where he worked all day with dreamy efficiency. On the way home, however, he started coming down and "Oh God," he pitied himself, "George'll be gone by eleven, I'll have to go out cruising."

As soon as he opened the door he knew that George had used the dumbbells, for there was a faint pungent odor of male sweat in the air and the shower was running: he stood rigid in stone, listening to the water, and it hit him that he was missing the Kolorado Kid already. Seconds later George emerged from the bathroom dripping wet with a semi-hard on and all the more nude for the white towel draped over one shoulder, and before he could even spread his arms in greeting Bruno tasted something that sure as hell was his own cooking, and gulped gratefully at the perfect martini after a difficult day.

They made love again after dinner, which George insisted wasn't all that bad and showered together, and then George announced it was time to go, burst into tears, and said, "Hey, you'll get your suit wet," George interested without moving away, while in fact pressing forward.

"Don't care," Bruno gasped.

"Oh baby, it's such a nice... such a nice... SUIT," George moaned, and Bruno tasted something that sure as hell beat his own cooking, and gulped gratefully at the perfect martini after a difficult day.

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