How to Get the Establishment

A STRAIGHT WOMAN REFLECTS ON HER FRIENDSHIPS WITH GAYS
SPECIAL BONUS: MALE COUPLES PHOTO PORTFOLIO
Oriental/India/Round the World

JAPAN HOLIDAY
15 DAYS from $779 to $879
TOKYO, NAGOYA, TOKA, KYOTO, NARA, KOST, TAKA-MATSU, INLAND SEA CRUISE, KURASHIKI, HAKONE.
First Class Hotels. All Meals Throughout except breakfast only in Tokyo and Kyoto.
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21 DAYS from $1145 to $1245
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ORIENT CRUISE HOLIDAY — 26 DAYS...$1695
TOKYO, HAKONE, KYOTO, NARA, TAPEI, BANGKOK, SINGAPORE plus 2-week cruise on the totally refurbished 18,000 ton "Rasa Sayang" (formerly "De Grasse"); visiting: PENANG and KUALA LUMPUR in Malaysia, DJAKARTA, SEMERANG on Java and the island of BALI, First class/deluxe hotels. Almost all meals and cruise accommodations in OUTFIT, TWIN BEDDED STATEROOMS with private facilities. Departures every two weeks from November 19.
The "Rasa Sayang" (registered in Singapore) is fully air conditioned and stabilized, with an indoor and an outdoor swimming pool, casino and staffed by Norwegian officers, European executives and chefs.

ISLANDS OF THE ORIENT — 32 DAYS...$2295 and $2445
featuring A 14 DAY DELUXE CRUISE
on Holland America Lines' brand new (1973) luxury cruise liner MS PRISENDAM (otherwise operating in the Mediterranean), visiting: PENANG and the Indonesian islands of SUMATRA — NIAS — JAVA and BALI, Prices include deluxe hotels, more than two thirds of all meals, cruise accommodations in outside, twin-bedded staterooms with private facilities, all taxes and tips including shipboard personnel gratuities. Departures: Every two weeks thru November 7.

DELUXE ROUND THE WORLD AIR CRUISE — 45 DAYS...$3495
featuring NEPAL—INDIA with KASHMIR and EAST AFRICA with WILD LIFE SAFARI.
Visit TOKYO — HONG KONG — BANGKOK — MANILA, the island of HONG KONG — VICTORIA, SINGAPORE and LUCON — CEBU — MINDANAO in the Philippines plus a 14 day cruise on Holland America Lines' brand new 18,000 ton "Rasa Sayang" (registered in Singapore) is fully air conditioned and stabilized, with an indoor and an outdoor swimming pool, casino and staffed by Norwegian officers, European executives and chefs.
From LONDON

I recently received a copy of your magazine and felt compelled to write and say how impressed I was. It is always difficult in any magazine to strike the right balance and I feel that the main fault with so much of the gay media is that it is far too introspective. Naturally enough, I'm referring to publications in my own country, but feel that this is a problem you have successfully overcome with VECTOR: the quality of presentation and editorial content make it both interesting to read and a pleasure just to look at.

May I presume, as an outsider, to congratulate you and your staff and with pride wish you every success for the future.

Charles M. London, England

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU?

For the past few years I have eagerly looked forward to my monthly issue of VECTOR, my only connection with gay life in an otherwise dreary existence out here in middle America. And, though I have never in my life written a letter-to-the-editor before I feel I must express my profound displeasure at the direction your magazine has been headed in the past few years. What has happened to beautiful, nude, uncircumsized photographs of boys and men? Why is there so much wasted space and dull art and illustrations? Why is there so much blank and white space? Where is the color? Why is there so much to READ and so little to look at and get excited about? VECTOR just isn't exciting anymore and I seriously doubt if I will continue to subscribe unless, of course, you return to your original goals and give us out here something to get it up over.

G. L. Peoria, Illinois

KEEP IT UP!

You deserve a real compliment for the exceptional quality of the April VECTOR which I just got. I'm sure there is nothing like it anywhere in the country. The illustrative art work is top grade and creates the effect of a real and original new type of avant garde journal. The article on personhood and the humanity within the sex role persona excellently sums up the critical humanistic issue of our time. Keep it up!

E. V. Oakland, California

VECTOR AS PORNO

A friend of mine showed me your magazine and I was very interested in it. Really enjoyed reading it and the various views presented in it. Sure good to know that we're making headway. Would actually like a subscription but our postal department here is still quite a way behind times so until the law gets changed they might consider VECTOR as porno so better leave that alone.

B.B. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

SELLING YOUR PRINCIPLES

While I am not anti-straight, I would like to know what a heterosexual ad was doing on Page 4 in the February issue of VECTOR. Don't we get enough of this in all of the magazines and newspapers of America? Isn't VECTOR supposed to be a part of the alternative gay press? Or are you selling your principles for the monetary rewards of a full page ad?

Whatever the reason, we don't need this type of ad in a gay publication. Thank you.

John Edmonton, Alberta

AND THAT'S THE NAME OF THE GAME

The announcement of the forthcoming Kimo Production of Applause, with Charles Pierce in the famous Lauren Bacall role—they are not (the ads) placed along with porny flics in the back but are included in The Chronicle's legitimate theatre listings. And that's the name of the game and a plus point many gays overlook when evaluating our legitimate gay theatre in San Francisco is on all levels considered legitimate theatre. (Kimo's first Sunday day ad in the straight press resulted in a sold out opening plus two healthy weeks of ticket sales.)

—Richard Piro

Fast upon the heels of Applause's May 2nd opening at California Hall, we anticipate Yonkers Production of Hello Dolly and the Boy Friend! Neil Simon's hilarious musical, Little Me, at the Village Theatre on May 18th with most of the town's renowned stars. Thus from May 2nd on, we will be hosts to a Gay Theatre feast (following a famine). In addition to the continually exciting fare being offered at A.C.T., after shaky openings (to mixed reviews) we at least have a thrilling alternative theatre available. Artist Enterprise Theatre's production of The Ballad of Dangerous George is a hard hitting, often moving prison piece concerning the radicalization of a character frequently resembling George Jackson of the Sodledd brothers. Racism, homosexuality, violence, brotherhood, tenderness, and "the system" are given brutally realistic treatments from a talented large cast leaving more than one person in the audience in sometimes in rage, sometimes in empathy.

—Charles Pierce

WHILE I AM NOT ANTI-Straight, I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT A HETEROSexual AD WAS DOING ON PAGE 4 IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF VECTOR. DON'T WE GET ENOUGH OF THIS IN ALL OF THE MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS OF AMERICA? ISN'T VECTOR SUPPOSED TO BE A PART OF THE ALTERNATIVE GAY PRESS? OR ARE YOU SELLING YOUR PRINCIPLES FOR THE MONETARY REWARDS OF A FULL PAGE AD?

WHATEVER THE REASON, WE DON'T NEED THIS TYPE OF AD IN A GAY PUBLICATION. THANK YOU.

B.B. PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

BE MORE AT EASE

REMOVE UNWANTED HAIR PERMANENTLY!

FACE, ARMS, LEGS... GUARANTEED NO CASE TOO DIFFICULT

IRENE DE FORGE ELECTROLYSIS SPECIALIST

1440 BROADWAY, SUITE 208, OAKLAND 452-4331

— Phone or Write for Information —

DOWNTOWN BOARD

Vector, May 1974
Loyal to the People

"Boyle has forced our attention to what San Francisco must become if it is to remain a great and just city."
— Ralph Lane, Jr.

"Fr. Eugene Boyle does not seek power or money, only the chance to serve the people."
— John Kordian

Eugene Boyle for Human Rights...

"Boyle is the kind of man we need in office to restore integrity to the democratic process. I don't believe politicians are any more, but I believe Boyle."
— Aileen Hernandez

"I have been fighting for the past fifteen years for the civil rights of all citizens. I have stood for Blacks, farmersworkers, the poor, and for all citizens whenever I felt their rights as Americans were unjustly infringed or threatened. I believe that gay rights and women's rights are equal rights for all people of this country."

"Boyle has forced what San Francisco must become if it is to remain a great and just city."

— John Kordian

and Gay Rights...

Boyle's opponent, John Faxon, voted against the Woman's Equal Rights Amendment and was absent for the vote on Willie Brown's bill for sex law reform.

Father Boyle's support for gay rights and human rights is solid and long established. We support him and his vision of a world where all people are equal and can live their lives according to their own desires. We need your help. We deserve your support.

Father Eugene Boyle,
Former Police Community Relations head
and Shariff Richard Hongisto

CITIZENS LOYAL TO BOYLE

MILLIE BADGER  W. E. BEARDSMITH
RON BENTLEY  RICHARD BOYLE
HALL CALL  CHARLOTTE COLEMAN
JOEL COLEMAN  BOB CHAMER
CHARLIE CROSS  JO DALLY
BETTY DOUGALL  LIANE EISTELL
FRANK FITCH  JIM FOSTER
SAM FRANZELLA  TOM FRY
JIM GARVER  DAVID GOODSTEIN
DAVID HANSEN  REV. BILL JOHNSON
DOUG JOHNSON  LEONARD JORDAN
ARLINE KEMP  RON LEE
MICHAEL LIPP  LARRY LITTLEJOHN
PHILLY LYON  DEL MARTIN
HILARY MARTINELLI  HARVEY MILK
LES MORGAN  NAOI MURDACH
HECTOR NAVARRO  JOHN NEMEWY
JOHN PLATANIA  BILL PLATH
SALLY REILAND  TERE ANN RODERICK
REV. JAMES SANDMIR  CHARLENE "SCOTTY" SCOTT
LIZ SCOTT  RON SHANDS, JR
HAROLD "DUKE" SMITH  DAVID STALHANN
EARL "RICK" STOKES  MARTIN STOW
JAMES THOMASON-BERGNER  GARY TITUS
VICTOR VILLAVICENCIO  MICHAEL WAGGNER

PORTRAIT OF A MARRIAGE

by Nigel Nicolson
Anthemion, 1973, 233 pages, $10

The English, as we are sometimes told, have a tendency toward odd domestic habits. Nicholson's parents, Harold Nicholson and Vita Sackville-West, were quite a dashing pair. Vita adored other women and loved to scamper around with them. Harold liked his men friends as well. But they loved and trusted each other and succeeded, for the most part, in combining the best of both worlds. This was strong stuff for the British in the Golden Era of World War I and the 1920's.

Nicholson came across some secret letters written by his mother, which detailed her attractions for both men and women. He has adroitly interwoven her passionate letters and daydreams with his own personal commentary.

The result may strike some of us as a mixed bag. At times the information provided is rather dull and ponderous. Some of the material tends to repeat itself and many readers will find themselves put off at first. But once past the introductory phase, the persistent reader is amply rewarded.

Harold and Vita found themselves frequently separated due to his position with the British Embassy, but their closeness can be demonstrated via their vivid correspondence and many of these deeply personal letters are shared with us.

Vita carried on at least two or three affairs with other women and Harold always took such developments in his patient stride. Vita never exhibited any doubts about their life style. Her philosophy sounds years ahead of the Victorian period of her day. As she wrote to her husband, "We are sure of each other, in this odd, strange, detached, intimate, mystical relationship which we could never explain to any outside person." Nicholson, (the son) further clarifies the moral philosophy, "What mattered most was that each should trust the other absolutely... The basis of their marriage was mutual respect, enduring love and a common sense of values."

To Vita, both homo and hetero love were equally valid. Harold conducted his affairs accordingly and she knew.

Nicholson traces the family history and his parents' relationship to their deaths in the 1960's. The heart of the memoirs center around the period 1919-1922.

Recent fascination with the idea of "open marriage" has boiled to the surface so it is not surprising that Portrait of a Marriage stubbornly refuses to budge from the current best seller list. The saga of the Nicholsons begs for a film treatment. One is reminded of the dialogue about flexible human encounters in the screen version of D.H. Lawrence's Woman in Love. The lives of Vita and Harold could easily match any modern attitude.

(Continued on Page 32)
My lover and I have lived together for eleven years. As a matter of fact we don’t refer to one another as lovers but as roommates. We’re both in our thirties and have lived a pretty “straight” life. Most people don’t know we’re Gay. Last month a friend of his brother’s came through on a visit and stayed with us for a weekend. Little hints in the conversation let us know he was attracted to him but spent the whole weekend pretend­­ing we didn’t notice his hints about being Gay. After he left I felt depressed or sort of let down. I guess I wanted to have sex with him but was afraid of what my lover would think. I’m mixed up about it but still feel sad—like I’d like to know what you think about the incident.

By L. O.

St. Paul, Minn.

It sounds as if part of the sadness is related to your having a chance to be honest in expressing your feelings and your identity. Perhaps you and your lover have a spoken or assumed assump­­tion that your relationship deals for exclusive sex between the two of you and a taboo on relating sexually to anyone else. But whether or not that is true, there are bound to be situations in which you are tempted to openly express your feelings of sexual attraction to another person. There are situations in which it is safe to express your identity. Gay people have been trained to hide all sorts of feelings—especially sexual ones. It is important to remember that you have a right to whatever feelings you have. You may be tempted to act on your feelings with outright sexual behavior, but then behavior and feelings are not the same thing. You might talk it over with your lover and see if you can agree that the next time you are with a Gay person in your home, you can feel free to share the information that you are Gay. It’s a good feeling to show some pride in being the person you are. You might agree also that it is alright to express sexual feelings toward another person out loud in words. Again, it can give a sense of pride that it is fine to be the person you are and have the feelings you have. From there on, it will take more careful talk and agreement with your lover to decide if you are each.

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 are answered. Other letters that contain a self­­addressed stamped envelope will receive a list of this publication’s available information and psychotherapy resources in the community. Brief letters with questions of general interest are solicited.

By DON CLARK, Ph.D.

free to express sexual feelings in behavior. Whatever you decide, you can learn to present yourself more honestly and not be left with a residue of sad feeling that comes with hiding feelings and thereby telling yourself that you are bad.

I recently told my parents that I am Gay. I hardly fit the stereotypes so they were not too surprised. But they were cool and told me that who I sleep with is up to me as I am an adult now. I pressured them to tell me what they really think about it. I want them to think you are that you are going to be open about being Gay. It is true that the more you hide the more you hurt yourself. By hiding you tend to tell your­SELF that you are agreeing with the oppres­sor in his poor opinion of you. Perhaps the best rule to follow is to reveal yourself slowly—at a rate of speed that is more comfortable for you and to pay attention to how much energy you are putting into hiding. It is not necessary to advertise that you are Gay but it is a shame to waste energy in hiding. In particular, you may not be permitting your parents enough time to do their own growing at this pace. Your parents did not have the same preparation for your news, appar­ently, and they have been conditioned by the same anti-Gay attitudes you grow up in. It might be well to remember that they have been subjected to the conditioning of this culture for many more years than you have. Perhaps someday they will want to try Gay experiences for them­SELVES—perhaps they will not. After many years of heterosexual conditioning, origi­nal desires to relate more intimately with people of the same gender may have faded a point of near non-existence. What­ever your parents decide to do with their own desires and behavior, they are giving you a message that they care for you and respect your identity and intimacy. They are not throwing blocks in the path of your own growth and development. If you try your hardest to understand them and respect their identity it will facilitate their growth. It will also add depth to your communication with them and that can’t be bad.

I think my boss has been giving me hints that he knows I’m Gay. He seems relaxed about it and I’d feel better if it was out in the open. A lot of my friends who have been into Gay Lib have been telling me that I’m doing myself harm by not telling everyone I’m Gay but some­how I’m still nervous about saying the words out loud to my boss.

J.R.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

No one can give you advice about when, where, and with whom to reveal your Gay identity. There are still very real forces of oppression operating in our world and people do still lose jobs for being open about being Gay. It is true that the more you hide the more you hurt yourself. By hiding you tend to tell your­SELF that you are agreeing with the oppres­sor in his poor opinion of you. Perhaps the best rule to follow is to reveal yourself slowly—at a rate of speed that is more comfortable for you and to pay attention to how much energy you are putting into hiding. It is not necessary to advertise that you are Gay but it is a shame to waste energy in hiding. In particular, you may not be permitting your parents enough time to do their own growing at this pace. Your parents did not have the same preparation for your news, appar­ently, and they have been conditioned by the same anti-Gay attitudes you grow up in. It might be well to remember that they have been subjected to the conditioning of this culture for many more years than you have. Perhaps someday they will want to try Gay experiences for them­SELVES—perhaps they will not. After many years of heterosexual conditioning, origi­nal desires to relate more intimately with people of the same gender may have faded a point of near non-existence. What­ever your parents decide to do with their own desires and behavior, they are giving you a message that they care for you and respect your identity and intimacy. They are not throwing blocks in the path of your own growth and development. If you try your hardest to understand them and respect their identity it will facilitate their growth. It will also add depth to your communication with them and that can’t be bad.

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Our task is to awaken other people to our existence as human beings.

David Goodstein on a time-tested method of getting the establishment

Many of us see zaps as naive and wasteful at best: in most situations they are counterproductive.

Lying before us is a trap into which some of our well-intentioned brothers have already fallen. We have to face the fact that the practice of homosexuality is a phenomenon that is not only isolated by the bigotry in American Society, but also supported by many, and that we are at a disadvantage for the simple reason that our numbers are small. We do not have the luxury of hiding our approach, nor do we have the luxury of being unorganized and unmethodical with our limited resources. Methodical planning, coordinated action, and strong leadership are the key to our survival.

We must cease to regard every heterosexual as an enemy.
**...on the side of Gay Liberation**

We must not perceive the establishment as altruistic...they behave as human beings.

Surface conformity helps prevent doors being slammed shut before discussion starts.

In order to influence members of the establishment, we must understand their humanity.

---

We must make it immoral to 'bait queers'.

On a personal level, establishment members are sensitive to the treatment they receive. They are not immune to being affected by the ways they are treated and how their names and images are used in the press. If people treat them with reverence and respect, they respond in kind; if they are used as bookends or ciphers in political dialogue, they are likely to react harshly.

If they can perceive accommodation within the existing bureaucratic framework, it can offer the homosexuals--unrecognized and humiliated by the government--the opportunity to participate in the workings of the state. They can thus become part of society, not just objects of society, if they join the civil service. But, they--and we--must first persuade the Establishment of the moral validity of homosexuality.

---

It is not enough to say, "They are human beings just like you and me." If they are human beings, then they are entitled to the same social rights as you and me. If they are entitled to the same social rights as you and me, then they are entitled to the same social benefits as you and me. If they are entitled to the same social benefits as you and me, then they are entitled to the same social justice as you and me.

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helping to turn the car, half crumbling on.

After a minute of push and squeeze the Powell-Hyde was jammed with the usual human cargo, ready to creak them laughing, pointing, exclaiming or just bored into the heart of downtown San Francisco.

I found myself inside the car wedged among an impassive Chinese family. Looking around I discovered in the midst of humanity on the back ramp of the car the head, girl, fish, helping to turn the car, half crumbling on.

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Surely Man must be, at the heart of his nature, at one with that Creative Urge of the universe, which is achieving here, upon this lesser planet, His own human self awareness. Through parenthood, that same Creative Urge renews the varied generations — struggling, failing, achieving — finding ever more and more completely through each added one, the overarching, human richness of His cosmic over-soul. But then, through gymsnas, He unlocks, to all those passing, individual men, their very own, personal experience of Himself, that surging and exulting Creative Urge each gay may touch within himself and also call out from within the sexual depth of his gay lover, giving and receiving.

At the moment of orgasm, deep melds with deep, the tides of the seven seas surge as one.

In no other deed does a man combine such passionate surrender with such passionate demanding as in this sharing of sex with another male who is also a friend. It is then he knows in his guts he is a son of God...

by Louis I. Wilson

Photo: James Armstrong

"Young man, 24, well endowed, seeks same for wholesome, meaningful relationship. No fats, foms, dopers, longhairs, over 30, or S&M."

We've all seen ads in the gay media which have lines such as these in them. Have you ever wondered what the person who wrote those lines might be like, and what must have prompted him to word his ad in such a manner?

The straight American ethic promoted by the advertising industry, that beauty is far more important than brains, has found a perfect home in the homosexual lifestyle; go one step further and add youth to the criterion of what is considered to be a desirable or important quality among homosexuals (I won't even begin to discuss the seeming importance of size of genitalia, I think it's so ludicrous!).

As if our lives weren't difficult enough being discriminated against by heterosexuals, we add fantasy to our own, and discriminate against our own brothers.

Trying to be what we are not becomes a day-to-day, night-to-night fantasy of many gays. The "Knight in Shining Armor" of yesterday, becomes the bodybuilder, policeman, football player, telephone lineman, cowboy, motorcyclist, ad nauseum of today. We delude ourselves into thinking that by wearing the attire of any of these role-playing super-macho types when we cruise, that we can continue to play these roles, much less sustain a relationship of any longstanding with another person.

How many of us could fulfill the expectations or fantasies we seek in others, much less those fantasies others seek in us?

A film released throughout the nation's gay porn houses, "Brothers", was to me, a welcome relief from the usual pap served up at ripoff prices to the gay community. Not only was the film well-photographed, the plot was reasonably palpable and the actors spoke their lines convincingly. They were attractive people, but nothing so super-wonderful that one couldn't relate to them. The plot concerned two brothers, one in his late teens and the other in his late twenties, who, following a long separation, are reunited.

Their coming together again after being separated, is to be for a brief time only. The younger brother is on furlough and must return to Vietnam. During this short time together they fall in love with each other. As a counterpoint to their relation-
A few of many...

reflections by a straight woman on her friendships with gay men

I met Corley, James and Honey Bun. They were both soused; that's the only word to describe our conditions accurately. But Corley would kid me out of hugging me to dinner and escorting me everywhere. We saw the latest films, art shows, theatre, musical concerts and dance. They were equally intellectual and sensitive and offered literary tidbits, quotes from the classics, and critical insights on the arts. Their sensitivity was not limited to the arts however. Always aware of my downers, big or small, Corley would kid me out of my mood. James would give me an extra hug. Skip would take me dancing in the streets and Honey Bun would take me riding in his MG while we blew bubbles out of the windows. When I dressed well, none of them failed to notice. They were so aware of fashion, always up to date, always "Vogue." And their capacity for tolerance of individual lifestyles was amazing.

Corley and Skip and James and Honey Bun were both intellectuals. They were very close friends. They were all very close friends. They had a lot in common was kindness. Honey Bun had a hairdresser and kept his hair "done". Men who weren't afraid to be affectionate. Men who hugged and kissed, held hands with, be what I really was—a warm front. I could identify. I was still there. I was exposed. Luck, call it what you will, but it was real, better than books, better than movies, honest, open.

One evening, when I had decided that being alone forever was my destiny and I had better teach myself inner strength and independence, I met a young student named Skip. Skip who was crazy, who talked with his hands, who dressed more flamboyantly than theatre, who dressed with more flair than the artists, who dressed as a movie and book title: Our Hearts Were Young and Gay. I had seen two men kiss when I first returned to the university. But the image of it left in my mind was only the large beautiful maple tree they were under.

"Gay, you know—I like men." "So do I."

"No, I mean—I like to sleep with men." Suddenly I was enlightened and embarrassed at the same time. "What do I do now?" I said to myself. Nothing. And that's just what I did. Nothing... but go have breakfast at Skip's apartment the next day.

Theo began a beautiful new friendship, the kind I had never had before. A man for a friend who didn't want to make love to me. A man who merely wanted to love me.

We laughed, we danced through the streets drunk on life, singing, skipping, living fun-filled moments.

I met more gays. We had long talks. I became good friends with a few of them and we shared our frustrations. They expressed their fears of coming out. I listened... because I had not yet come out as a woman.

I met Corley, James and Honey Bun. (That's what I called him). And they all talked of their transitions—the pain and fear of people knowing and not accepting, wondering who really knew, wondering what their families would think.

Talking of their first gay party, talking of their timidity, laughing at themselves, they remembered past years. I could identity. I was still there. I was still afraid.

And it always seemed so tragic to me when Corley talked of straight men, "You know, Starla, they think like me, really like me. And his name, he knows..." As his voice trailed off, I guess a few tears rolled down inside of me.

For me the one thing of many things that Corley and Skip and James and Honey Bun had in common was kindness. Honey Bun was a hairdresser and kept my hair "done" when I was broke. When I was ill in the hospital, James, a teacher at the university, carried me home in his car to convalesce, cooked all my meals and checked on me regularly. And I'll never forget one night when Corley and Honey Bun, James and Corley were overloaded with these qualities. And they taught them to me by giving, not by lecturing nor by criticizing.

I met all kinds of gays, from nellie to butch. Men who weren't afraid to be affectionate. Men who would hug and kiss, hold hands with, be what I really was—a warm front who didn't want to make love to me. A man who merely wanted to love me. A man who didn't want to make love to me. A man who merely wanted to love me.

I scoff those ideas.

In Protagoras, Socrates said: "Youth is most charming when the beard appears." And rumor has it that Aristotle went both ways. And rumor has it that Aristotle went both ways. And rumor has it that Aristotle went both ways. And rumor has it that Aristotle went both ways.

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Montage: Forrest
ON LIVED IN THE WOODS
because he didn't like crowds. Still, he spent much of his income giving little parties for friends, and spending many hours in bars, because he didn't like to be alone.

Considering this contradiction, his cabin was perfectly located—five minutes off the highway in Marin County, only a few miles to San Francisco. The illusion of pastoral privacy was his without the necessity of driving many miles to attain it.

Which was well, since he rarely spent an evening in his tidy, carefully "rustic" cabin (complete with dishwasher, color TV, air conditioning). He was having friends to dinner. Otherwise, he ate and drank out most nights, driving home late to bed, often a little the worse for wear.

Sometimes, when he'd sit drinking alone at the P.S. or Jackson's, his tie choking him and even his skin feeling too tight, he'd think how comfortable the cabin was, and how nice it would be to just snap his fingers and BE there. Then he'd sigh, discouraged by the prospect of the drive, and order another drink.

Tonight, Jon told himself sternly, would be just like that. Here he was, after facing the committer struggle, home. Why not just stay; relax and enjoy the evening?

The last shafts of afternoon sun splashed into the picture window, bringing a glow to a group of healthy Philodendrons. Mrs. Baker and her son had just passed muster... and pushed from his mind the knowledge that, later in the bars of the drive, and order another drink.

Then he tossed a Levi jacket into the back of his open MG, gunned the engine, and headed back toward San Francisco, anticipating with some pleasure a solitary dinner at Brighton Express. It was getting late, and Jon had the advantage.

Dinner at Brighton had been good, as always, but his favorite waiter was absent—not until now did he realize how much, in the past, he'd depended on that touch of friendly company to complete his evening.

Not since early afternoon had he spoken to think that, just maybe, Jon had plans for the night. Well, he shrugged, he didn't know. Jon opened his mouth to call after Bill's retreating back; then thought better of it. Damnit. Just like Bill not even to consider that he might be imposing; not until now did he realize how much, in the past, he'd depended on that touch of friendly company to complete his evening.

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"Yes, I'll wait for you.

After Bill's departure, Jon began to feel the midnight loneliness closing in. Almost as though everyone in the crowded bar knew and understood another one; were members of the same club, and only he an alien. The sadness, not only of too many nights alone on the waterbed, but of too many dinners for-one, and too many just one-please tickets to theatre, was all naked in his eyes—but his face was very grim and set. He looked, as many people had observed—and he would have been amazed if anyone had ever told him—utterly unspeakable. But, thought Jon, was pudgy and balding, half an hour in a bar and he rarely failed to walk out with someone. (Always assuming Perry wasn't with him.) Now why couldn't he, Jon, manage that, he asked himself. Not, perhaps, that he would ever want to, of course... but there were certainly moments. And it would be damned nice to at least have confidence in the ability. He pondered it, and found no answers. He was secure in his intelligence, knew himself to be a good conversationalist and, perhaps most important, was aware of his own passably good looks. But this could hardly be called complacency when he was at the same time fundamentally certain that not a single young man in the bar would care to go home with him; or to go to bed with him. Stiff from not moving, and increasingly aware of an uncomfortable pressure of the bladder, he took a quick trip to the rearoom. He had to lead it into a casual stroll, checking out all the shadowy, solitary figures lounging in the corners, but didn't: he knew he'd feel awkward and conspicuous. So it was that he made it back to his bar-stool in less than three minutes. And so it was that he was there when the young man came in and settled himself at a stool triangularly opposite, next to the service bar. Jon glanced up and drew a ragged breath. Had he ever seen anyone quite so handsome in just the way that this boy was handsome? A subjective reaction. Jon decided, since no one in the bar had stopped what they were doing to give the boy the flattery attention Jon felt he deserved. Even the boy himself seemed to have little confidence in his own appeal; he fidgeted, was nervous. Jon continued to stare, quite boldly, unaware he was staring. A swimmer's body, and a swimmer's grace (or perhaps tennis?) Towns that moulded every line of his body without seeming to be deliberately provocative; the shoulders that appeared almost twice the span of the waist. Very big, ice-blue eyes—Jon gazed at them in bemused wonder—and short, dark hair that curled slightly over one eyebrow. The bartender brought the boy a beer, while he fished in his pocket for money. "Hi," the bartender volunteered affably. " Haven't seen you in here; my name's Paul." Blishing at the unexpected address, the boy awkwardly extricated hand from pocket and offered it to shake.

"I'm Jimmy," he volunteered in a well-modulated, if barely audible, baritone voice. He tried again, both pockets, for money; then reached for the flight bag on the counter, feeling that the boy was handsonte? A subjective reaction, but his face was very grim and set. He looked, as many people had observed—and he would have been amazed if anyone had ever told him—utterly unspeakable. But, thought Jon, was pudgy and balding, half an hour in a bar and he rarely failed to walk out with someone. (Always assuming Perry wasn't with him.) Now why couldn't he, Jon, manage that, he asked himself. Not, perhaps, that he would ever want to, of course... but there were certainly moments. And it would be damned nice to at least have confidence in the ability. He pondered it, and found no answers. He was secure in his intelligence, knew himself to be a good conversationalist and, perhaps most important, was aware of his own passably good looks. But this could hardly be called complacency when he was at the same time fundamentally certain that not a single young man in the bar would care to go home with him; or to go to bed with him. Stiff from not moving, and increasingly aware of an uncomfortable pressure of the bladder, he took a quick trip to the rearoom. He had to lead it into a casual stroll, checking out all the shadowy, solitary figures lounging in the corners, but didn't: he knew he'd feel awkward and conspicuous. So it was that he made it back to his bar-stool in less than three minutes. And so it was that he was there when the young man came in and settled himself at a stool triangularly opposite, next to the service bar. Jon glanced up and drew a ragged breath. Had he ever seen anyone quite so handsome in just the way that this boy was handsome? A subjective reaction. Jon decided, since no one in the bar had stopped what they were doing to give the boy the flattery attention Jon felt he deserved. Even the boy himself seemed to have little confidence in his own appeal; he fidgeted, was nervous. Jon continued to stare, quite boldly, unaware he was staring. A swimmer's body, and a swimmer's grace (or perhaps tennis?) Towns that moulded every line of his body without seeming to be deliberately provocative; the shoulders that appeared almost twice the span of the waist. Very big, ice-blue eyes—Jon gazed at them in bemused wonder—and short, dark hair that curled slightly over one eyebrow. The bartender brought the boy a beer, while he fished in his pocket for money. "Hi," the bartender volunteered affably. " Haven't seen you in here; my name's Paul." Blishing at the unexpected address, the boy awkwardly extricated hand from pocket and offered it to shake.

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selves aren’t “pretty enough”, goes home crying his heart out, and advertises something like: Bodybuilder seeks others, etc., letters only with photos answered.

We reject others before they can reject us. Kind of like a friend of mine who’s small dog attacks larger dogs before they will attack him. “No smokers, dopers, drinkers, beards, moustaches, no fats, no-fem, over-forties, no blacks, no orients, no whites, no this, no that — no nothing!”

And while it’s true that many fetishes and fantasies that exist in the gay world also exist in the straight world, I don’t mean to imply that if the straights do it, then it must be o.k. for us. They’ve raped and plundered, pillaged and made holy wars in the name of what they like to think of as Christianity for so long that we have turned over to them the inventions of what Christianity is, much less what homosexuality is.

The straight world’s fantasies about homosexuals are based on their images of homosexuals they see who are momentarily living out their fantasies by dressing in attire completely incongruous to the environment. So long as the straight world needs to build itself up by putting us down and as long as we continue to do the same to our own, there seems to be little chance of ever being able to leave our fantasies behind and accepting ourselves as we really are: human beings with real feelings about our own and each other’s worth. The sorry factor in all of this, and I am being pessimistic I am afraid, is that too many of us prefer our fantasies and too few of us recognize our personal worth enough to want to do anything about it.

Beneath the leather jacket, the fluffy sweater, the drag, the funky levi’s, the suit, the beard, the moustache, the Black skin, the longhair, the fem, the butch, the fat, the thin, the surfer, the jock, the Chicano, the head, the over-20, the over-30, the Oriental, etc., is a human being with real feelings and wants. If we could but begin to meet each other on that level, I think we’ll discover that the need for fantasies is going to diminish. The need to put ourselves or others down in order to build up our own lack of personal worth will vanish.

We won’t feel a need to hide, because we won’t be ashamed of what we are. Let the straight world think what it chooses. Perhaps then we can get on with the business of attaining equal rights as a community mobilized. It won’t be done overnight — that’s fantasy! But it can be a start. And that’s a reality worth accepting. Shall we go on with it then?

Treat yourself to a tempting avocado & tomato sandwich, served on natural wheatberry bread and alfalfa sprouts and your favorite tea, coffee or fruit beverage.

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caters to the student crowd at
Ritch Street Health Club

Next to Godliness Company

Frank Howell
and the boy seemed a little bewildered and Jimmy a beer. Not only that; he would introduce himself and say hello. Jimmy would rush out after Jimmy, catch up with him; he would explain— what? They'd nothing to explain. There was nothing, not met, not exchanged so much as a gesture Jon had made with his hand to door, not even seeing the involuntary stop him. 'thought, like a beautiful bird that had let

Would n't believe how inviting an entirely
ted holiday menus to pour over, and you followed by two dozen promising, even titilla-
tage menus for the discriminating vegetarian

Vegetable thinking, I was at least ready to
deal with a vegetarian cookbook.

Tomas' book serves as a complete basal
text for that cuisine: range, order, taste and

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That's why I don't eat

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Tomato Casserole might easily be one

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