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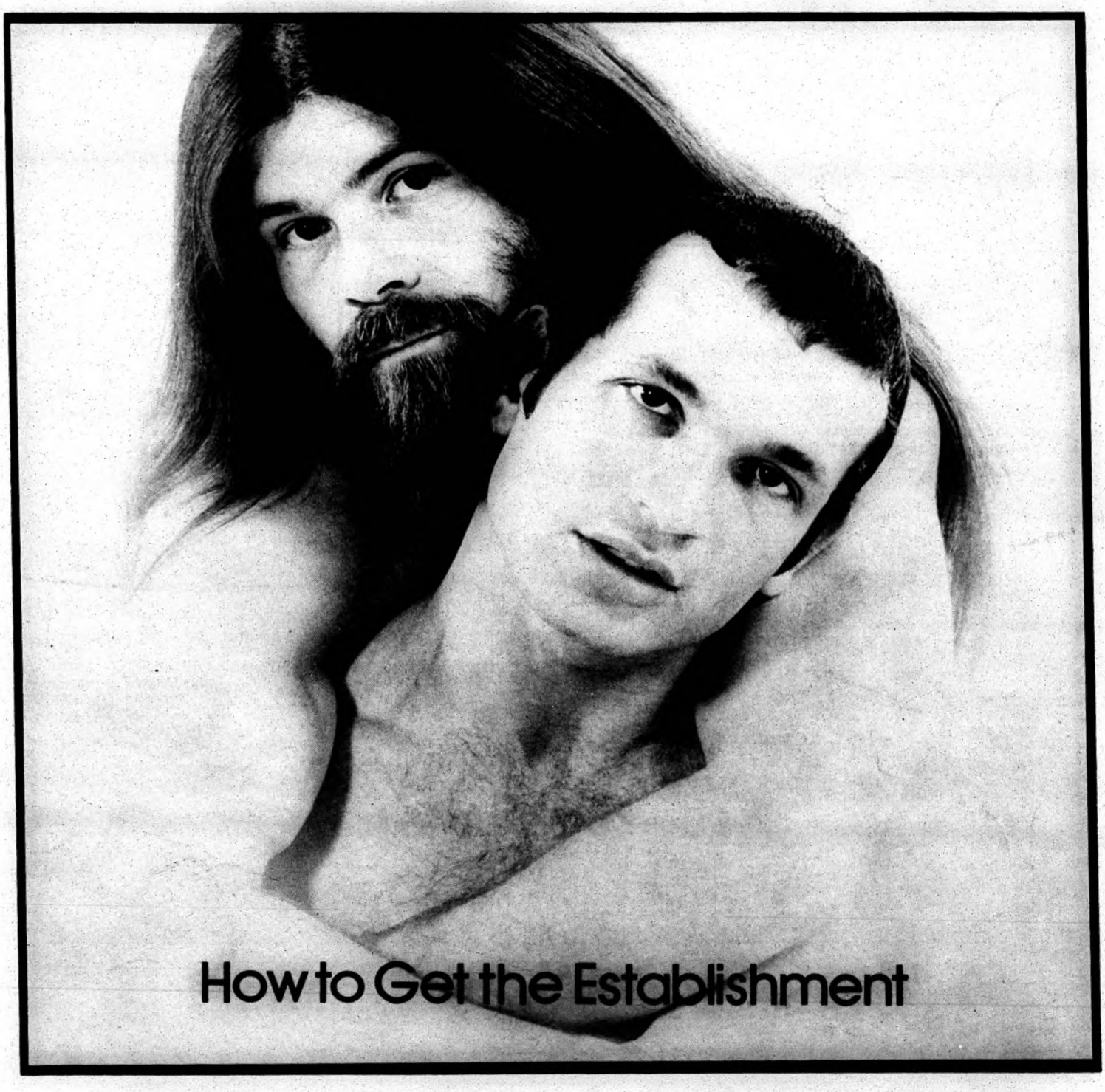

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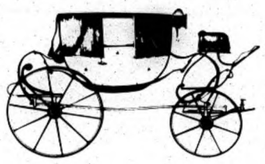

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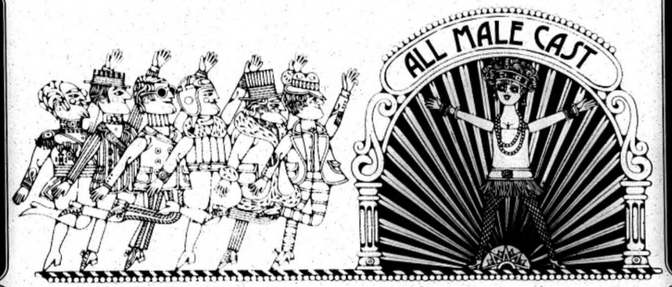

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COVER MAN—Your face on the cover of VECTOR? Could be. VECTOR is seeking suitable subjects for cover portraits. If yours is the face for such a space, send a photo of yourself, plus name/address/phone, to Art Director, VECTOR, 83 6th St., San Francisco, California 94103. If selected, you will be contacted for a shooting session with one of VECTOR's talented staff photographers.

SOUNDING BOARD

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 ballance 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. Its 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? 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 illustrational 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 human-erotic issues 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 for a while yet. They will fine people for using the mails for porno and other objects or literature they consider bad.

The best of success to you all.

John
Edmonton, Alberta

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 Amerika? 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

ON STAGE

Whereas San Francisco has always been known as an internationally recognized gourmet capitol, theatrically we shine in one area only – gay theatre.

Many of America's major cities sport one or two clubs featuring "drag" shows which are supported by middle Americans for a fun night out much the same as burlesque enjoyed towards the end of its era when strippers filled most of the bill.

But Gay Theatre in San Francisco is very much a unique thing which goes vastly beyond the concept of "drag." There is a theatrical community consisting of tremendously talented individuals who perform in both genders depending upon the role and the techniques required. A large segment of the theatre-going public, including critics from the straight press, are into evaluating productions on their own merits with "male actresses" only incidental to the total gestalt of a theatre experience.

Witness the placement of ads from the forthcoming Kimo Production of **Applause** staring **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 Chronical's*** legitimate theatre listings. And that's the name of the game and a plus point many gays overlook when evaluating our liberation. Gay theatre in San Francisco is on all levels considered ***legitimate theatre.*** (Kimo's first Sunday ad in the straight press resulted in a sold out opening plus two healthy weeks of ticket sales.)

Fast upon the heels of **Applause's** May 2nd opening at California Hall, we anticipate Yonkers Production (**Hello Dolly** and **The Boy Friend**) of 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 shakey openings (to mixed reviews) we at last have a thriving 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 Soledad brothers. Racism, homosexuality, violence, brotherhood, tenderness, and "the system" are given brutally realistic treatment from a talented large cast leaving more than one person in the audience in tears, sometimes in rage, sometimes in empathy.

For several months now the On Broadway theatre has been packing them in for **The Trial of James McNeil Whistler.** If words and wit is your bag you are in for a treat! A cast of 12 men and one women recreate the famous trial wherein painter, Whistler, takes England's reigning art critic to trial for slander. On trial is Whistler's life style (including his wearing of yellow gloves to court), his open living arrangements with his woman and, most importantly, his style of painting and the role of the critic in the arts.

As a combination of ***Trial by Jury*** and ***Inherit the Wind***, the play is constantly shifting from high, sophisticated comedy to gut tearing personal philosophical concepts which need dealing. Every role has its cameo moments of brilliance and the cast rise magnificantly to the occasion.

Theatrically San Francisco is in an excellent space right now with a spectrum unrivaled by any city in the land.△

—Richard Piro

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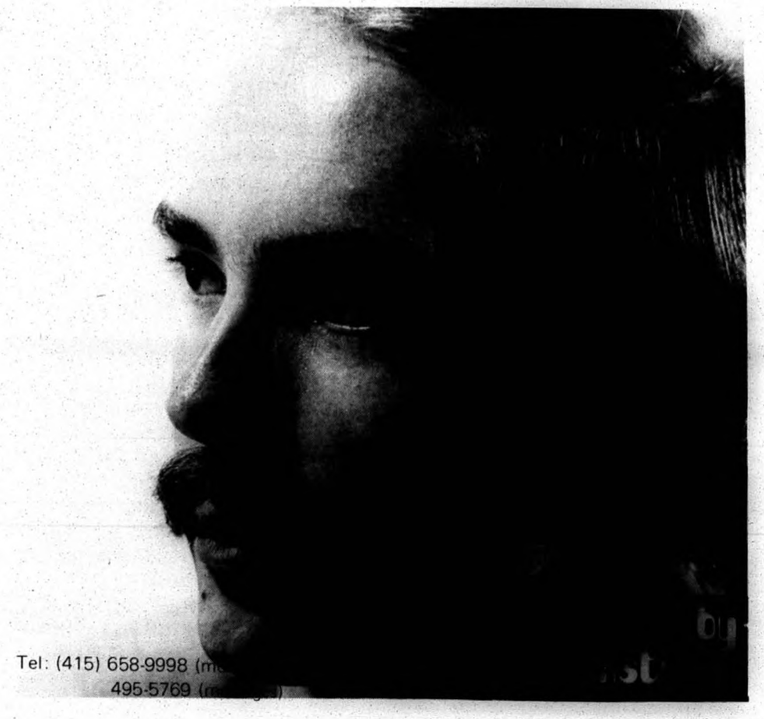

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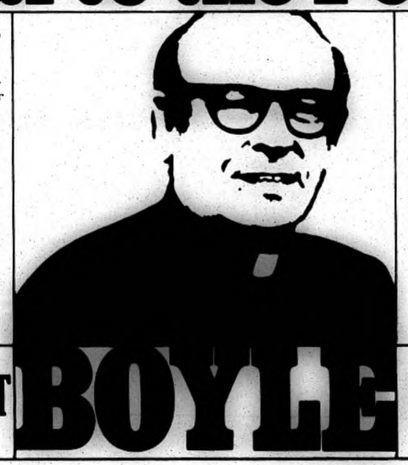
—John Riordan



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

DEMOCRAT BOYLE – ASSEMBLY

Eugene Boyle for Human Rights...

"I have been fighting for the past fifteen years for the civil rights of all citizens. I have stood for Blacks, farmworkers, the poor, and for all citizens whenever I felt their rights as Americans were unjustly infringed or unfairly curtailed.

"I believe that Gay rights and women's rights are the last frontiers of the civil rights struggle.

"I have strongly and publically supported gay rights and sex law reform, and opposed waste of police money and effort against victimless crime for many years. In 1971 as Chairman of the San Francisco Archdiocesan Commission on Social Justice, I won that body's support for Willie Brown's bill for sex law reform and for the protection of women's and gay employment rights under the San Francisco City Charter. Since 1971 I have served on the Priests Support Committee for Tom Fry's Catholic Gay Ministry.

"I seek the support of gay citizens, of women and of all oppressed people openly and with pride and confidence. I need your help. I want to know your priorities on issues – before and after the election. To volunteer or to request more information, call my Headquarters at 988 Valencia St., SF 94110, 826-0275."

Eugene J. Boyle

and Gay Rights...

Boyle's opponent, John Foran, voted against the Women'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 with enthusiasm. His victory will be our victory. His money and support will not come from the giant corporations. He will not win without the support of many ordinary citizens. He needs your help. He deserves your support.

**Father Eugene Boyle,
Former Police Community Relations head
Dante Andreotti,
and Sheriff Richard Hongisto**

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(A PAID POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT)

RELEVANT READING

PORTRAIT OF A MARRIAGE
by Nigel Nicolson
Antheneum, 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 memoirs written by his mother, which detailed her attractions for both men and women. He has adroitly interwoven her passionate letters and day dreams 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 avid 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 hers.

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 ***Women in Love.*** The lives of Vita and Harold could easily match any modern attitude

(Continued on Page 33)

Would you like to bask in the hot summer sun while sipping a tall iced tea or drinking your favorite fruit juice?
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BILL JONES is opening a steam bath at 14th and Valencia today that he calls the Sutro Bath House, in honor of old Sutro's at the Beach, and I'll bet the next zinger he gets is from Pillsbury Madison & Sutro. Sutro is a holy name around here, Jonesie . . .

The zingers are HERE, Mr. Caen!
This ad plus a $1.00 charge welcomes you to
THE SUTRO BATH HOUSE, 312 Valencia St.
during the month of May, 1974. 861-9111

"DEAR DON"

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.

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 Gay. We were both 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 missed something. I'd like to know what you think about the incident.

L. O.
St. Paul, Minn.

It sounds as if part of the sadness is related to your having missed 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 provides 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 also 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 decide not 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 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 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 homosexuality and they kept saying that they thought it was fine if that's what I really want. I think they're being hypocrites. If they really thought it was fine they'd try it themselves which they admit they have no desire to do so.

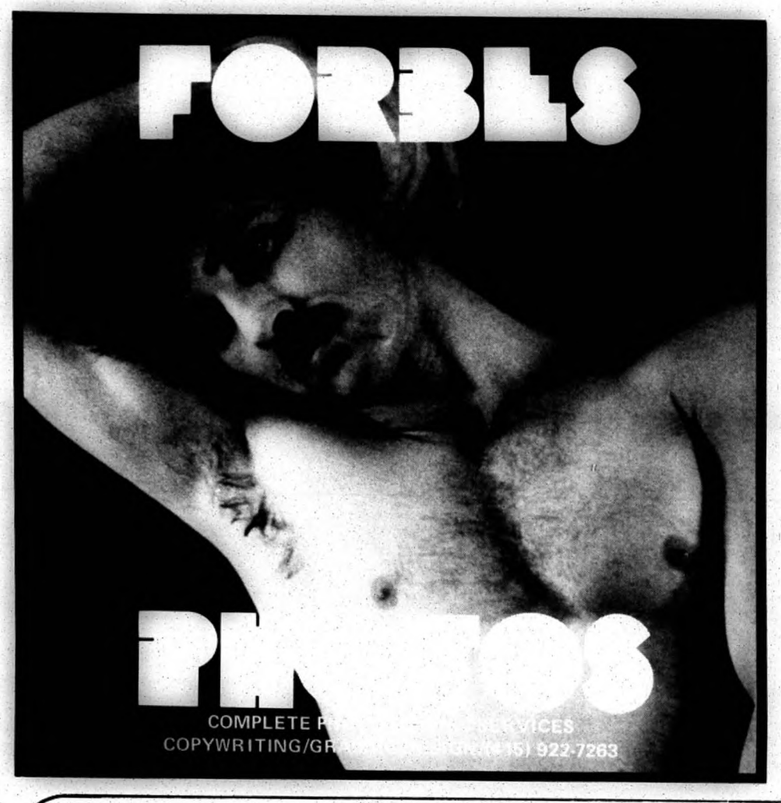
R. A.
Boston, Massachusetts

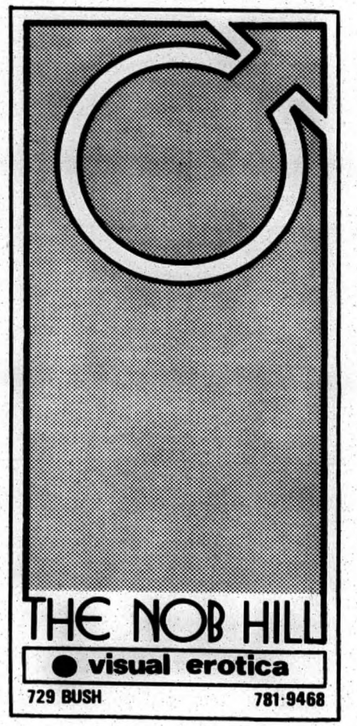
It sounds as if you are unwilling to settle for acceptance and are demanding appreciation for your Gayness. That's usually a growthful path to follow but you may not be permitting your parents enough time to do their own growing at their own pace. Your parents did not have much preparation for your news, apparently, and they have been conditioned by the same anti-Gay culture you live 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 to a point of near non-existance. 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 integrity and identity. 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 integrity 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 two rules 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 it. In practice this means that with a boss or anyone else you are tempted to "tell" it often works better to simply be yourself and not pretend. When you are talking about a friend you went away for the weekend with you can simply refer to "him" by name and not bother to disguise the gender. You can mention the name of a Gay bar where you had a drink and you can refer to the Gay magazine in which you read something by name. If you go on about yourself in this honest way, assuming that people know you are Gay, they will often join your casual assumption and act as if it is natural, too. After all it *IS* natural! △





DINING IN

If you're looking for an adventurous and effective way of dealing with the soaring costs of eating and feeding friends, you can't do better then to lay your hands on a copy of Anna Thomas' **The Vegetarian Epicure** (Vantage Press, $2.95). Prop it up on your recipe holder, and get set to leave it there for a long, exciting, rewarding time. Then go out and shop contentedly along the rows of splendid-looking, fresh, succulent and still relatively cheap vegetables and fruits and other produce delights available here. You might enhance the trip by going to your produce market early in the morning when everything is newly laid out and watered, looking as though it was just that minute brought in from the farm out back. Then you can go home to your **Anna Thomas** and check out what brilliant and inviting ways she has for transmogrifying what's in your shopping basket into culinary triumphs. You can't lose.

Make no mistake: Ms. Thomas, while solidly vegetarian, is indeed an epicure, and her book offers far more in the way of challenge and distinction than do the earthy/funky types you are likely to find in the vegetarian corner of a cook book display and it's all presented with wit, sensibility, and class. "Good food," she begins, "is a celebration of life." She never uses the word "gourmet," but any one placing themselves in that category of cooks and tasters will feel comfortable in her company.

I'm not vegetarian, and I stand among those least likely to be talked into becoming

(Continued on Page 35)

The usual arrangements of dinner, theatre and THEN the Baths seems to be slowly evolving to dinner AT the Baths. Christopher has been maintaining a food facility at **The Ritch Street Health Club** for some time and while most of us know it only as an instant pickup via coffee or a coke, there are those who swear it's one of the best eating experiences around. $1.45 brings you a toasted tuna melt not to be believed and a bacon-avocado sandwich with wheat sprouts and 9 grain bread sitting in a basket of chips is enough to turn anyone on to hours and more hours of energizing. Their Mark Spitz Special protein egg thing for $1.25 more than returns the sap into the vine and it's also delicious. One can sit for hours over one of the 9 offered exotic, and pungent teas, the regular or espresso coffee or the 75 cent made-to-order fresh carrot juice in comfortable chairs warmed by the hum of conversations, the sounds of the hot Jacuzzi pool and the always excellent sound system be it KSAN or their own tapes.

Be ye vegetarian, "normal" or health food freak, Christopher has prepared any number of fascinating and delicious things to make dining at Ritch Street even yet another trip in this trippiest of places in the trip town of America–San Francisco. △

–Ambrose

David Goodstein on a time-tested method of

Getting the Establishment

ONE OF THE GREAT FRUSTRATIONS OF THOSE OF us who work to improve the life of homosexuals is the enormous differences between the accumulated talent and wealth within our community and the poverty from which our activists are expected to achieve results. One explanation is that the majority of our people are not visibly gay; therefore, it is easy to avoid involvement. While we recognize the important achievements of our "up front" brothers and sisters, we question how much farther our cause can progress without greater support from our hidden majority. In addition, we foresee and wish to avoid possible pitfalls which have plagued other movements. Therefore, we propose a time-tested strategy which, because it is discreet and friendly, permits more of our closeted brothers and sisters to join our efforts.

In appraising our assets, we find two in particular which we have and which several other movements have lacked: Gay people will vote for candidates who favor gay rights; and gay people are already in the establishment. Basing our strategy on these assets, we start with a two-pronged program:
Accelerated efforts by organizations created for that purpose to increase gay registered voting strength, and a public information campaign aimed not only at our own people to advise them of their right to be proud human beings, but also at straight society to educate and persuade it to support us. This latter effort is the major thrust of the Whitman-Radclyffe Foundation programs and the main subject of this article.

> "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-motivated brethren already have fallen. We have a tendency to feel so isolated by the bigots in American Society, or so disappointed by setbacks, that we rely on hostility and confrontation to the exclusion of reason. We note a readiness to rush into zaps, picketing, boycotts, or street demonstrations whenever things fail to go as gay people might wish. We recognize that these tactics have met with some success in the past, more substantially for other minorities than for us. We also realize that such activities are emotionally gratifying for the participants, and here often solidifies feelings of group identity. In 1974, we question such methods. Many of us see them as naive and wasteful at best; in most situations they are counterproductive.

Our reasons for eschewing confrontation politics are not based on any fear of victimization by the establishment. Rather, our concern is based on the adverse effects which such activities have upon attitudes both within our own community and in the minds of society at large. When our closeted brothers and sisters see these angry often futile outbursts, they retreat further into their closets. They feel embarrassed. They do not wish to be identified with an angry "radical" image.

By and large, the establishment turns a deaf ear. While we are one of the largest minorities in the United States, we are still small. With the major portion of our people unwilling or unable to identify with us, it is all but impossible to organize an event with as many as 5000 participants—let alone the 50,000 or more which it takes to *force* a favorable response. We believe there is an easier way.

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

A recurring conflict of the Twentieth Century arises from the struggle of one group after another—racial, ethnic, or religious—for the right to liberty, dignity, and the "pursuit of happiness." It is a world-wide phenomenon. Our minority manifests differences from as well as similarities to these other groups. We are similar in our goals: The right to live in freedom and dignity, a recognition of our humanity, abolition of discriminatory strictures against us. However, we are not a racial, religious, or ethnic minority. Gay people exist within every creed, and every nationality. Therefore, we demand respect for our humanity from every segment of society.

Our task is to awaken other people to our existence as human beings. We must convince a majority of the heterosexual population that our manner of loving is as natural to us as the the color of their skin is to them. Homosexual people are the children of heterosexual people. We insist that these children have a right to live with respect and dignity. We must persuade society to remove the institutionalized discriminations and sanctions against us: the laws which criminalize our way of loving must be repealed; our rights to employment, advancement, housing, credit, insurance, etc., must be secured and protected rather than proscribed by law; our same-sex households must be taxed on an equal basis with any other. These human rights are identical to those enjoyed, at least in principal, by all other minorities in America. Therefore, in this context, we are and must perceive ourselves as another civil rights movement. These rights are obtainable within the next few years. Achieving them requires perseverance, patience, money and full-time involvement by experienced professional people.

> "We must cease to regard every heterosexual as an enemy."

...on the side of Gay Liberation

establishment. Such a strategy is not new or unique. In fact, it has a long historical precedent or rationale. To some extent, we have already begun to do it. Witness the terrific job done by our colleagues and friends of San Francisco's Board of Supervisors, or the cooperation we are now receiving from several officials within the Los Angeles City government. People as diverse as Oscar Saxton and Thurgood Marshall have used this familiar path to their goals. While establishments vary in time and place, they tend to be basically similar.

In order to influence the members of the establishment to [illegible] we must understand their humanity. We must, necessarily, in some way, feel that the reverse should be true. It will become increasingly difficult for them to sustain their prejudices as they come to know and understand us better; the reverse should also be true. What, then, are some of the salient human features of the American establishment in the mid-1970's?

Establishments are never composed of very many people. Ours is probably the largest in history, yet it still numbers less than a million. For the most part it is still white, male, and nominally Christian. Because each individual believes they have achieved their present elevated status on their own merits and accomplishments, often at enormous effort, it is not a position easily to be given up. In this belief, the individual tends to ignore heredity, education, and inherited wealth.

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

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

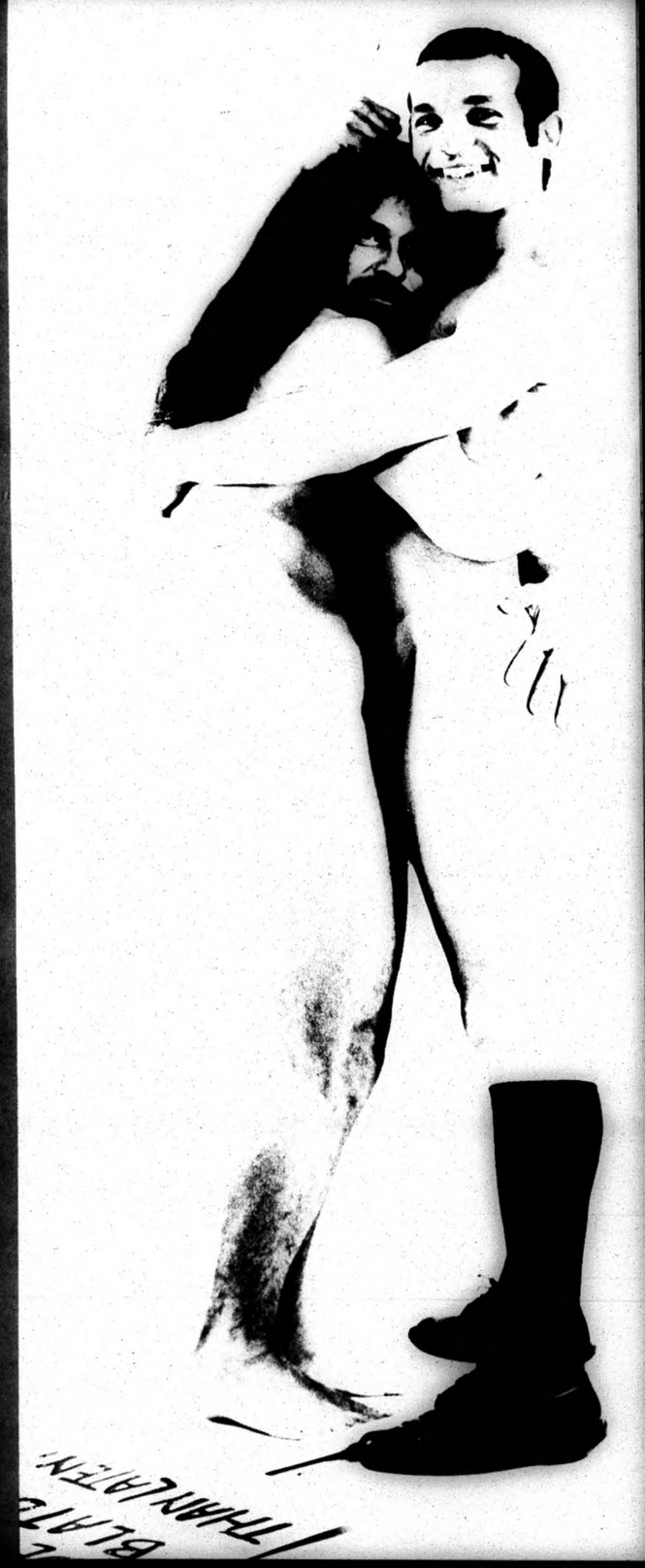
"In order to influence members of the establishment, we must understand their humanity."

If they can perceive accomodation within the existing bureaucratic framework. If we can offer the incentive of increasing their own "empires" at the same time—by providing more and/or better qualified colleagues and employees or expanded markets—they will be even more likely to cooperate with us. Because their success depends on their bureaus' success, they favor causes that help, rather than hurt, their bureaus. As members of power structure, when attacked from without, their human reaction is to defend rather than surrender it, especially when they perceive their bureaucracy as stronger than the attacking force.

"We must make it immoral to 'bait queers'."

On a personal level, establishment members are sensitive to the opinions of their peers. They are dedicated conformists and are frightened by non-conformity. Thus, appearance and demeanor are very important in any confrontation, regardless of how hypocritical or irksome this may be to the activist. Such surface conformity helps to prevent the doors being slammed shut before the discussion starts. Fortunately, the [illegible] this herd hypothesis is overwhelming. American suburbs are ghettos of conformity. One has only to turn on a television set for an endless stream of examples. Fortunately, in the larger cities—areas which we find our greatest support—there is a significant number within the establishment for variation who also protect variety. However, even this group admires eccentricity below the surface more than upon its forum, as any sales situation, we must appeal on the "customer's" own way which does not insist upon their essentially irrelevant those about status symbols.

There are many people in the world. There always have been and probably always will be. One of man's favorite is that one person has more value than another. We are society. Despite [illegible] ing taboo. For most [illegible] Black people it wasn't [illegible] to "bait queers." In most [illegible] this and [illegible] as well as any [illegible] them we [illegible] our [illegible] Such [illegible] Gays can [illegible]



A SHORT STORY

FLOWERS

by TOM SEVERING

THE LATE AFTERNOON SUN WAS mellowing over the city and Aquatic Park was beginning to fill with the usual crowd of visitors to Ghirardelli Square, all intent on catching the cable car for a jaunty finale to a lovely Sunday. Scanning the sundry faces and types, many obviously tourists heavy laden with cameras and shopping bags, others probably natives and a few not readily classified, I was attracted to the sight of a fellow in maybe his early twenties sitting on a nearby bench, his head flung back and his arms outstretched along the back of the bench, apparently lost in contemplation of the gulls or the rare clouds hovering over the Bay. He was wearing faded Levis and a wrinkled olive-green Army fatigue jacket devoid of any stripes or insignias but with his name still emblazoned over the right upper pocket—FLOWERS. Periodically he would check out the crowd without any particular interest and go back to his half-smiling preoccupation with the sky. He seemed to me quite good looking—long face, light drooping moustache, hair and sideburns that were beginning to lengthen and were at the moment somewhere between military and hippie. He was clearly in full retreat from his Vietnam period, or wherever he had served—I rather liked the Vietnam idea. It had been for me a pleasant day but a lonely one—sunny days are always lonelier. My glances, however, were eliciting no response whatever from him.

Suddenly something did draw his attention. A girl appeared out of nowhere and took up a position just beside his bench, pretty, about his age, long hair, granny glasses, granny dress, unaccompanied, also waiting for the cable car. Whether or not she noticed his sudden interest, she gave no sign of it. An attractive San Francisco belle, used to being looked at but not hassled, minding her own business.

With a clang and a clatter the cable car swung into the Park and descended on the turntable nearly maiming some overeager tourists who were standing on the tracks. The crowd surged around it, half helping to turn the car, half clambering on.

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

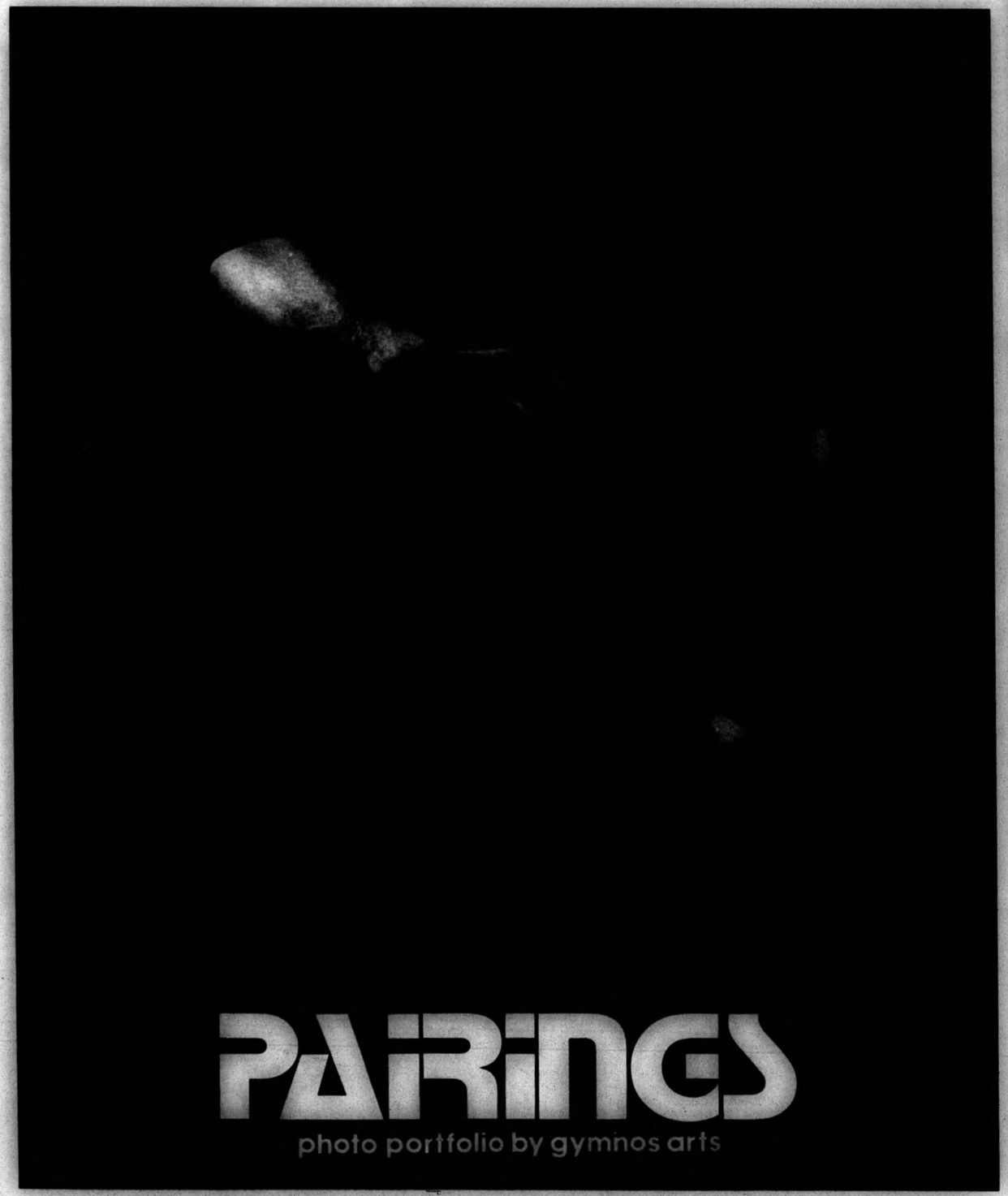
I found myself inside the car wedged among an impassive Chinese family. Looking around I discovered in the mass of humanity on the back ramp of the car Flowers and the granny girl, he just behind and hovering above her tall and lean. I had not realized how tall he was when he was sitting on the bench. He seemed to be saying something to her by way of igniting a conversation and the venture succeeded. She twisted round to face him and soon they were exchanging remarks politely, apparently pleasantly—there was no overhearing them in the hubbub of the crowd, the roar of the street traffic and the grind and clang of the car as it negotiated hills, scolded impeding automobiles and lurched in its periodic stops and starts. No doubt of it—Flowers was taken with this new lady-friend and he'd have to do some pretty quick talking before he—or she—reached their destination and the City and the clamor of fate separated them.

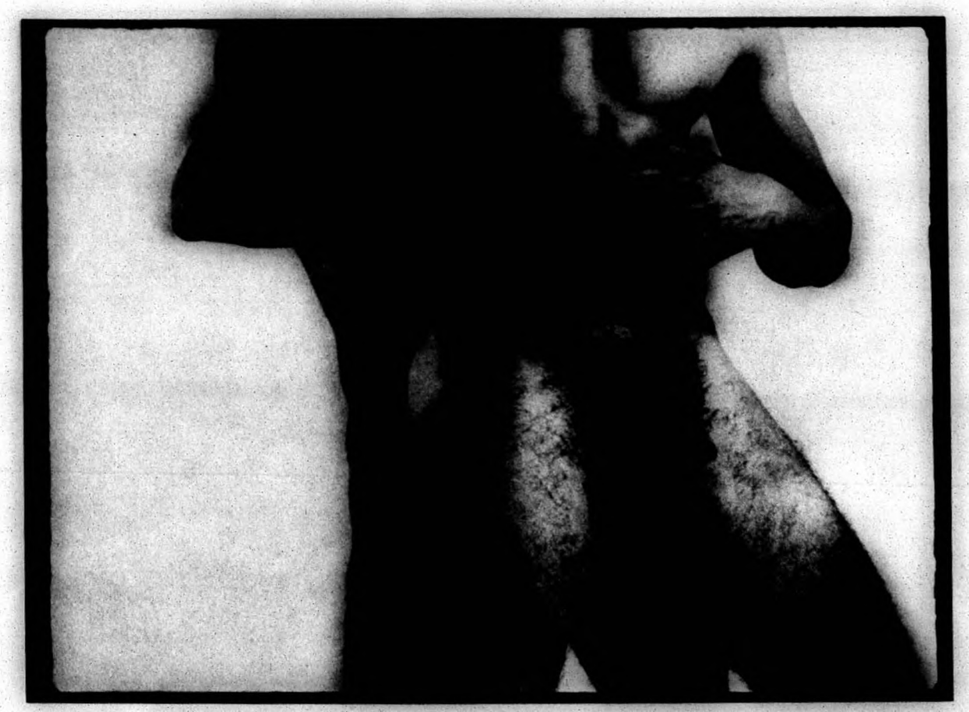
Chatter he did, nodding and smiling, and she continued to respond but with some reserve, rather ruin-encrusted in her looks and the few gestures the crush allowed her. As the car passed the cable car barn and swooped onto Powell St. I began to feel a bit anxious for Flowers, sensing his need and his attraction to her, the loneliness beneath the pleasantries. If he lost her, I said to myself, he'd probably find some other girl—fellows like him always did. And yet today, on this lovely blue and gold day, it would be a shame.

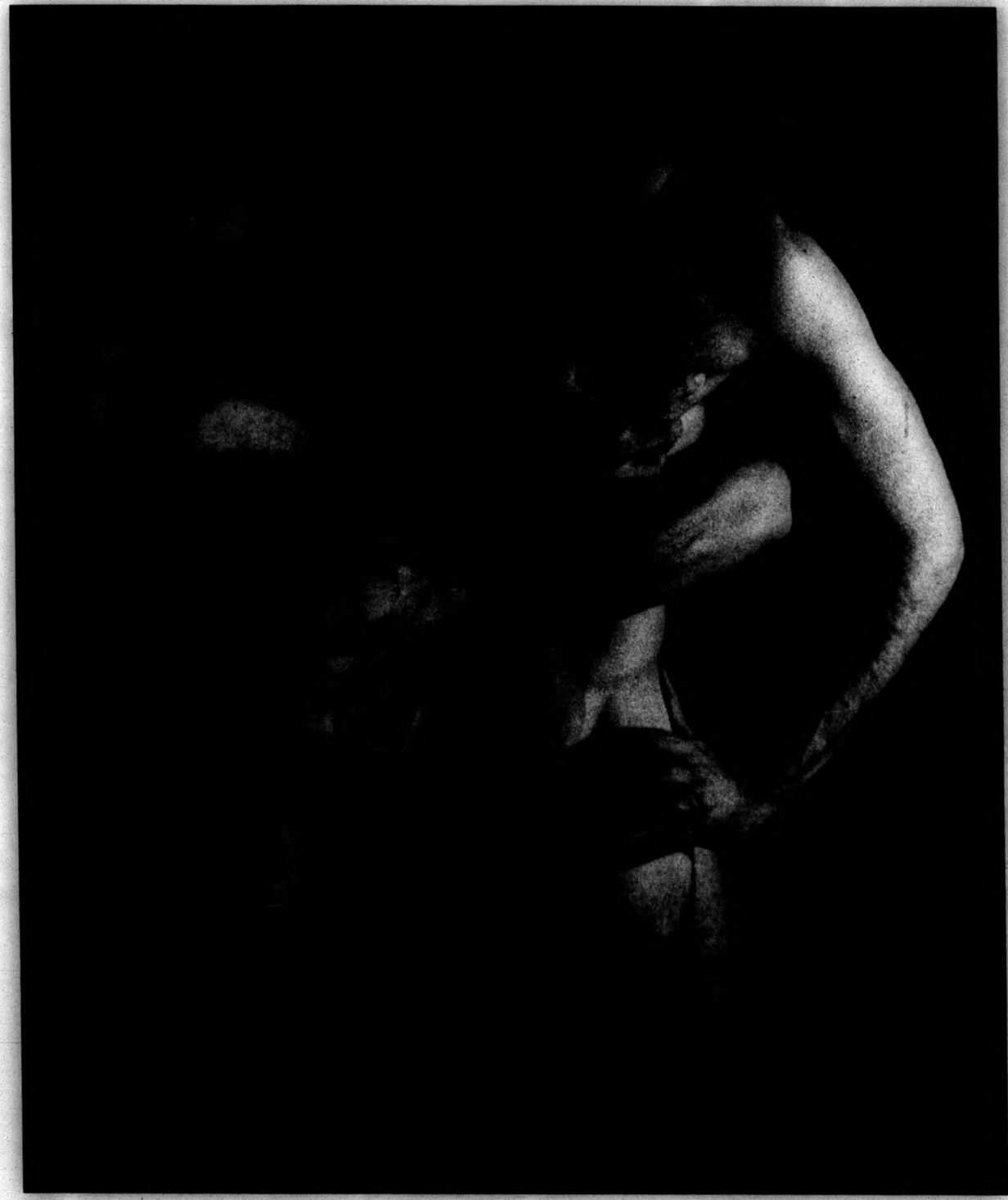
He leaned closer to her, taking every advantage of the pressure of the crowd and the sway of the car, and just above Sutter St. he began to point, seeming to tell her that this was where he was to get off. Then he said something that made her laugh, flush slightly, nod a quick little no and half turn away. He flushed in return and with the shrug of a small boy made an embarrassed remark. She smiled up at him, not really annoyed, and again—hesitating ever so slightly—a nod—no. The car jerked to a stop and off he jumped with a wistful glance back. "Fool" I thought—"you little simpering dummy, how could you let him go like that?" Oh if I had been in her place. . .

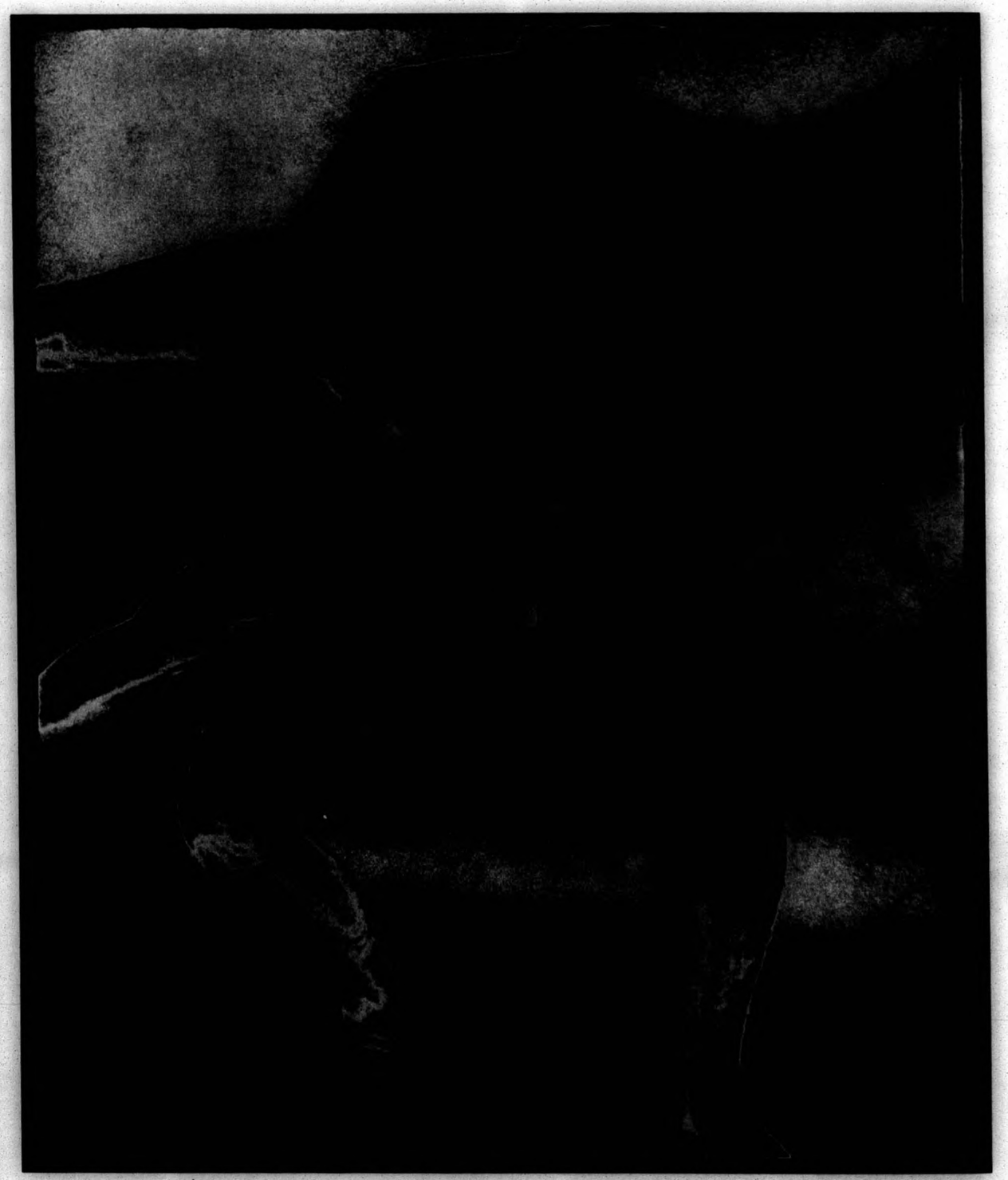
The car, oblivious to this mini-tragedy, leapt to a start, lurched onward a block or two, then into Union Square where a swarm of anxious tourists, choking the exits and getting in each others' way, spilled out onto the street in front of the St. Francis Hotel. Suddenly at the edge of that milling herd my eye caught the wrinkled Army jacket—FLOWERS. How he had reached there so fast I don't know—he must have charged after the car those several blocks dodging among people and traffic. And there he stood, half-smiling, looking up at the back ramp, at her, not calling, not gesticulating, just standing there hands dangling at his sides in an immobile plea. He looked like a refugee in a railway station, like Oliver Twist about to appeal for more. Relentless, the car started up again. Not having the heart to share in the defeat of his hopes, I turned my eyes away and tried to concentrate on some store front or other on the opposite side of the street—but a moment later I couldn't resist one last sympathetic glance in his direction. She had stepped down! She was beside him. Before I could relish the scene—his pantomime of delight, his lead for the two of them were out of view.

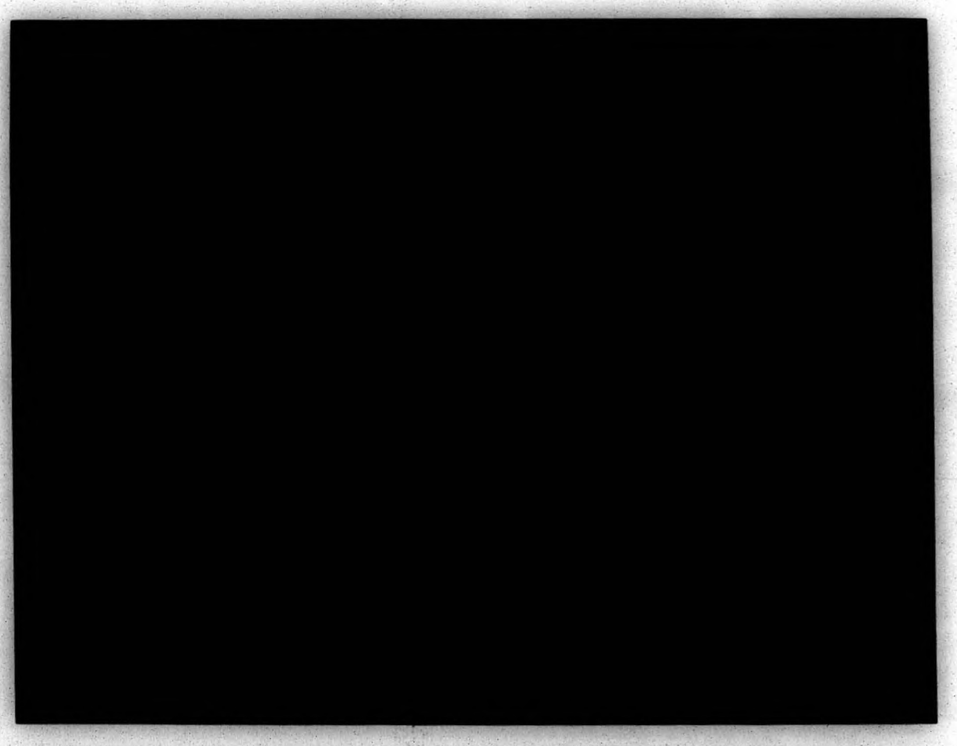
As the cable car touched Market St. driving its most exhuberant cargo back from the tracks, it seemed as if the sunlight and the shining city were party to a celebration as if loneliness had taken leave on this day because a man had found a friend.

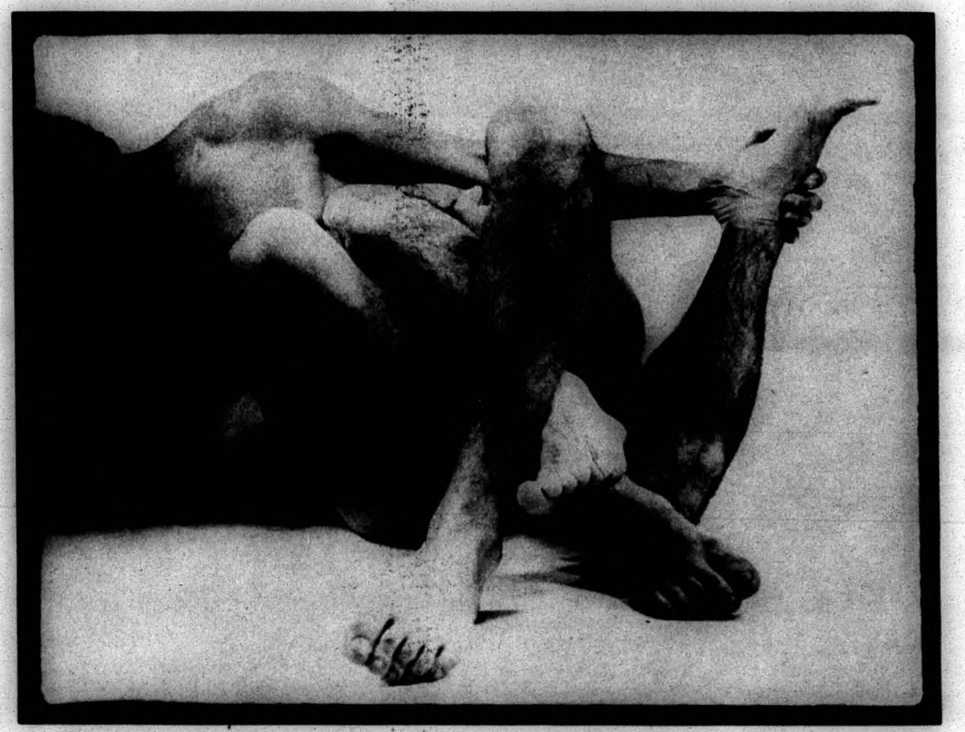












NOTEBOOK FRAGMENTS

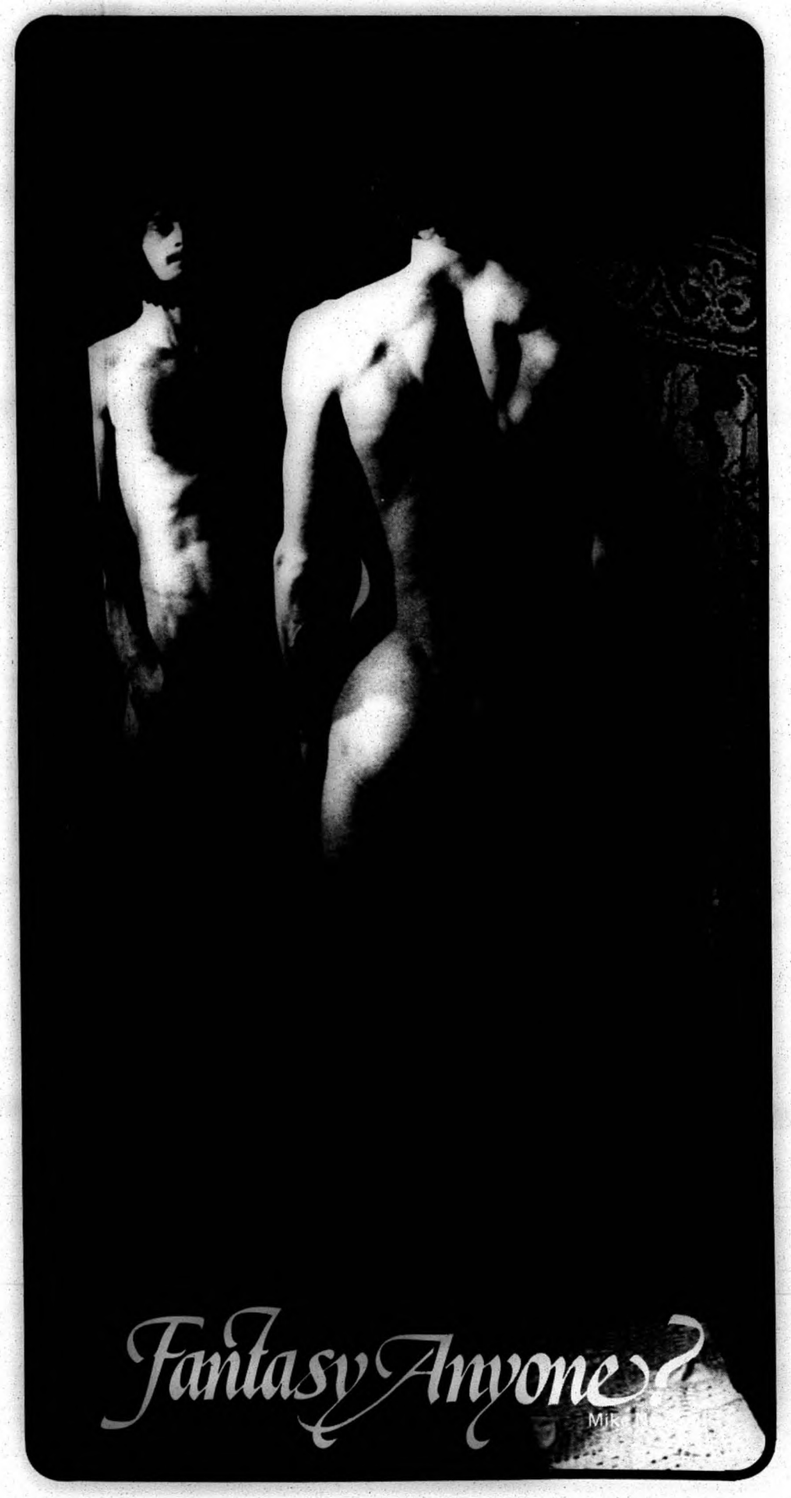
Surely Man must be, at the heart of his nature, at one with that Creative Urge of the universe, which is achieving here, upon this lesser planet, His own human self awareness. Through parenthood, that same Creative Urge renews the varied generations — struggling, failing, achieving — finding ever more and more completely through each added one, the overarching, human richness of His cosmic over-soul. But then, through gayness, 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 l. wilson

Photo: James Armstrong



"Young man, 24, well endowed, seeks same for wholesome, meaningful relationship. No fats, fems, 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 body-builder, 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-

(Continued on Page 32)

STARLA JEAN SMITH

A few of many...

reflections by a straight woman on her friendships with gay men

THEY TAUGHT ME THE BEGINNINGS of love, they taught me not to be afraid of loving myself, not to be afraid to share myself with a man, not to be uptight and tense, but to run free in the wind, into life with the world blowing around me full of spirit and motion.

Not a psychologist, not a social worker, not a minister, nor a thrill-seeking fag hag, not even having a desire to "save the poor dears"... but divorced and returning to college after eight and one-half years of being a housewife and mother only, my ego was almost shattered; I could not relate to men. I was bashful, afraid to even take a good look at my own charms for fear I might have to start using them.

So I prefered to live within myself, dreaming, hoping that some gallant man would fly into my life, take one look at me and whisk me away into a euphora of bliss forever.

It didn't happen. I waited and waited and waited, too frightened to even step out for myself.

Until...

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, more theatre than theatre, who dressed with more flair than many women and who was handsome, charming and delightful company.

"You know I'm gay."

"Umm hmm," I said, "I like to have fun, too." To me gay was something from 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.

Thereby I 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 all-gay party, talking of their timidity, laughing at themselves, they remembered past years.

I could identify. 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, I think he likes me, really likes me. And he knows, he knows..." As his voice trailed off, I guess a few tears rolled down inside of me.

For 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, a businessman, and I went drinking. We were both soused; that's the only word to describe our conditions accurately. But Corley, always gallant and dear, insisted on walking me home. "A lady like you shouldn't walk home alone, Starla." He fell down three times on the sidewalk and twice on my steps. But he never let go of my arm.

One summer when I was flat broke, they all kept me going by paying my rent, inviting 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 downs, 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 life-styles was amazing.

Sense of humor, intelligence, sensitivity, kindness, understanding—Skip, 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 I would hug and kiss, hold hands with, be what I really was—a warm woman who liked people, who was tender and afraid of being hurt, who wanted to have a heterosexual relationship, but who was scared—just scared of being rejected. That big bad word that hurts so much—REJECTION.

Months passed and the friendships continued, the laughter remained. Life was fuller, though not complete; but I had stopped looking wistfully for my hero. Instead, I took life as it was, found joy in small warm moments with my new friends.

And it was good.

Then one day it happened. It, the real stuff—love—Walt—a man—friendship—sex—sweetness. I was still scared; but I had learned enough about myself that now I wasn't running away—backing up maybe two steps, going forward one. But going forward with my heart just barely exposed. Luck, call it what you will, but it was real, better than books, better than movies, honest, open.

I still have that love. That same one. And it is just as sweet as that first day.

Because.

Because of a few dear friends who taught me.

Because of Skip and Corley and Honey Bun and James.

Sexual deviates? No. Sick? No. Insane? Ridiculous!

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.

No, not sick, but real. Walking down the road of their own choice, maybe alone at times, maybe afraid, like many. Maybe unsure at times.

What else is new? Who never fears, who is never alone except those who are most frightened?

But I?

I was a bud along side of an obscure road and a few beautiful butterflies touched down and taught me how to be a lovely, open blossom.△

Montage: Forbes

JIMMY

by GARY MENGER

Illustration: Forbes

JON 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, stereo and waterbed) unless 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 commuter 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 been in for their one afternoon a week, she housecleaning and he gardening, so the yard was at its best, and the cabin was perfectly ordered and smelling fresh. The worn, brown leather chair looked inviting; and there was plenty of beer, and a good film on television. Why not build a fire, settle in, and just rest?

Moist from the shower and toweling his hair while he stood at his open closet, Jon wavered. And knew he'd be restless; antsy—would not be able to endure an evening of quiet solitude. He reached for the jeans that were two sizes too small, with the hole worn in the right thigh near the crotch.

The pink-tinted bathroom lights were flattering, but Jon, giving a final, artful twist with the hairdryer, was immodestly honest enough to concede that he could still pass inspection under much brighter lights. He wore his thirty-eight years well; they only showed in his eyes.

He squeezed a tiny blackhead under his cheekbone, used Aramis sparingly and Right Guard lavishly, sucked in his stomach and examined his torso in semi profile; he was pleased. Alone, with only a mirror trained not to contradict, he passed muster. . . and pushed from his mind the knowledge that, later in the bars where the young men would be strutting, posing; darting bold glances at one another, he would feel lumpish and awkward and exceedingly plain.

He whistled away the nagging aftertaste of that unbidden thought while selecting an expensive, flimsy sportshirt, cut low enough in the neck to display the hair that ended just below his throat to advantage.

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 beginnings of a headache.

The film he'd decided against watching on TV would unquestionably have been superior to the one that had just been shown over the bar at the Roundup; the best thing one could say for it was that it was finally over.

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 at all, except to order dinner. He fought an absurd impluse to speak loudly; say anything, just to be assured his throat was still in working order.

And regretted having thought of early afternoon. He'd sold a poor etching and two inexpensive prints; nothing else, rounding out his second worst week in the eight months he'd worked for the gallery. His personal expenses were up and his costs were down and, he reminded himself as he drained his third bourbon-soda, to have another drink now would mean writing a check. Better not.

The decision was taken away from him with a slap on the shoulder.

"Jon! Howarya?"

Jon smiled and greeted Bill Martin, his neighbor, who ordered a drink for both of them.

"Saw your yard when I passed your place this afternoon," Bill said. "That Baker kid is doing a fine job with the grounds; I think I'll have him do ours, too. Perry keeps saying he likes to work outdoors, but have you seen our place lately?"

Jon nodded. Perry, Bill's friend of long standing, had avid enthusiasm for many things he never really got around to doing. Still, if Bill were to make other arrangements to have their grounds taken care of, Perry would no doubt be offended.

"How's Perry?"

"Hm?" Bill's eyes had been wandering busily over the crowd, and had locked with those of a young Latin number in a tight T-shirt standing by the cigarette machine. It was obviously not the moment to chat about Perry.

"Oh, fine, fine," he said as he stood up, his eyes never leaving the young man.

"Listen, Jon, give a shout when you leave, will you? Came in today on the bus; I'd like to catch a ride home with you."

Jon opened his mouth to call after Bill's retreating back; then thought better of it. Dammit. Just like Bill not even to consider that he might be imposing; not to think that, just maybe, Jon had plans for the night. Well, he shrugged, he didn't have any plans for the night. Resignedly, he ordered another bourbon and reached for his checkbook.

In a matter of minutes, Bill was back at the bar with the young man in tow. Olive skin, small bones; all eyes, with very long lashes. Pretty, Jon decided, objectively. Bill introduced Carlos as an "old friend."

"Jon, Carlos wants me to go over to the

(Continued on Page 34)

parking lot and check out some stuff he's got in his car. Might take a little while. You gonna be here bout half an hour?"

Some stuff in the car indeed! Jon glanced again at Carlos, and knew Bill would likely be longer away than promised. Well, what the hell.

"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 one another; 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 unapproachable.

Bill, thought Jon, was pudgy and balding, but 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 tearoom. He would have liked to turn 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 barstool 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 flattering attention Jon felt he deserved. Even the boy himself seemed to have little confidence in his own appeal; he fidgeted, was nervous.

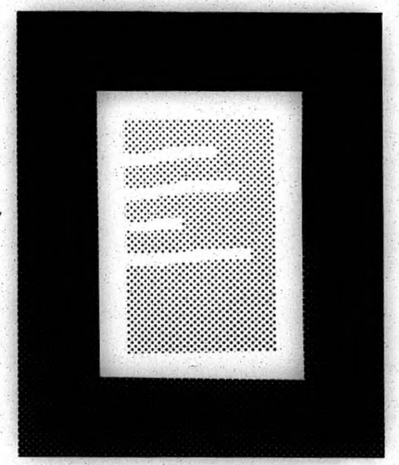
Jon continued to stare, quite boldly, unaware he was staring. A swimmer's body, and a swimmer's grace (or perhaps tennis?). Jeans that molded every line of his body without seeming to be deliberately provocative; the shoulders that appeared almost twice the span of the waist. Very big, ice-blue eyes—Jon 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."

Blushing 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, baritoned voice.

He tried again, both pockets, for money; then reached for the flight bag on the floor beside him and rummaged through it, finally retrieving his wallet, from which he carefully counted out the price of the beer.

The bartender wandered off, leaving the boy staring straight ahead till he seemed to become aware of the intensity of Jon's scrutiny. He glanced over, and Jon felt almost as if he'd been burned by those eyes; he quickly looked away.

"Another bourbon, Paul." He fiddled with the glass, feeling that the boy was watching him; badly wanting to know, but not quite daring to look up.

Jimmy. Nice name. Nice looking boy. C'mon asshole!, he chided himself angrily. At least look at him, he's not going to hurt you!

He looked up, to find Jimmy gravely watching him, and this time it was the boy who looked away.
Too old for him, probably, Jon hastily told himself. And anyway, he's not going to break the ice with YOU, and you haven't the guts.

Instead of responding to the challenge of this attack on himself, he accepted the judgment and merely sat miserably, brooding over his drink. But he was aware that Jimmy—funny how the name gave him identity; he wasn't merely an attractive stranger, he was "Jimmy"—was still watching him rather attentively, and with what seemed to be a positive interest.

He also observed, without seeming to look, that the boy had checked his wallet again, seemingly counting coins, and was ruefully eyeing a beer bottle that was already two-thirds empty.

Not much money, Jon decided. And there's the flight bag; maybe the kid doesn't even have a place to stay. The thought excited him; at the same time, the possibility of some action on his own part frightened him.

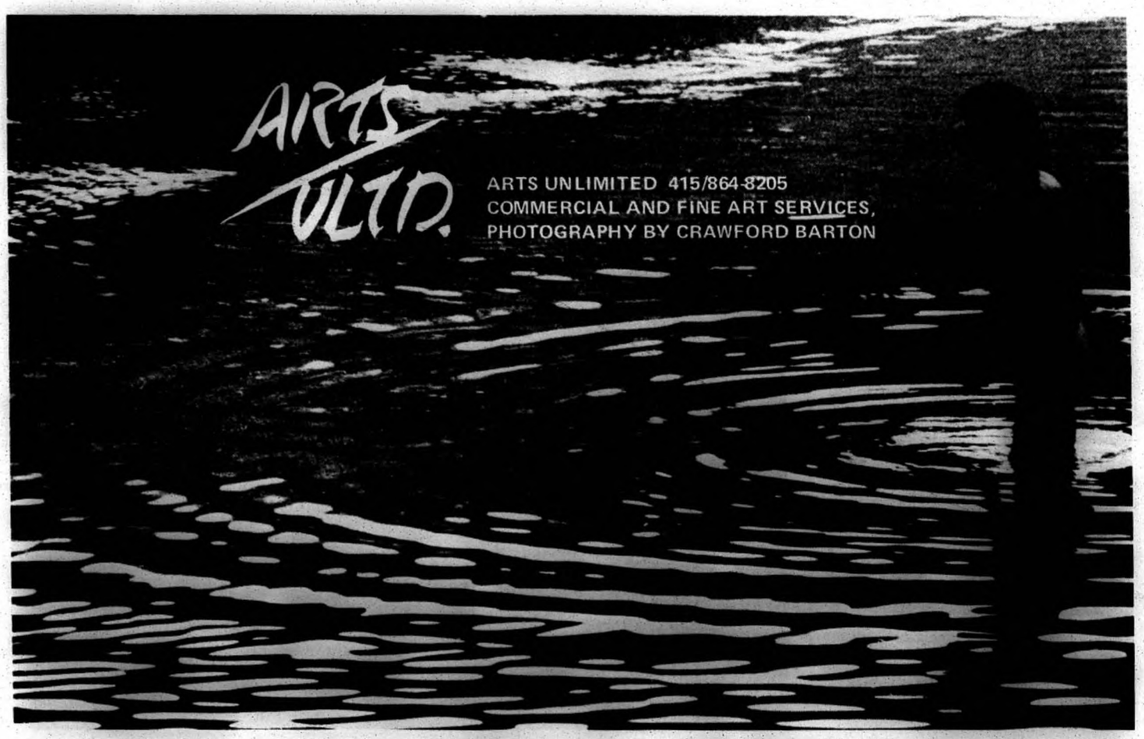
Jimmy seemed to have given up on him; now he was sipping his beer and looking around the bar with a sense of nervous energy—almost urgency.

Jon, free to study him again, felt that, months from now, he'd still be able to sketch the face from memory.

His longing was so intense it stifled his throad, but he didn't think: "God, how I'd love to suck his cock or wouldn't it be incredible to fuck". . . but rather: "there's been no one who mattered since Kerry, and too much time has pssed since. I think this is the boy who could matter and what would he be like to hold, and be held by; to taste, to touch? Would he like the cabin? Does he like fish and chips? Skiing? Morgana King?"

All this was not because Jon lacked interest in Jimmy's cock, or in his seemingly well-rounded ass; speculative images were burning, in fact, just below his conscious level. But he'd been alone a few years now, and all the beauty of sharing; being very close with someone, was fading in his memory. He'd tried, often enough, to feed his hunger by spending an hour or so with a stranger, to know that the hunger would still be there afterward; he wasn't scratching where it itched.

Jon caught Jimmy looking at him again,



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(Continued from Page 25)

ship, we witness, along with the younger brother, an S&M relationship, thrown in no doubt to tittilate and excite those who are unable to relate to the central plot because it is too realistic. The viewer is able to escape back to the fantasy of super-macho men, since it's far easier to believe in make believe than to hope that love could actually exist between two men.

The film didn't do well at the box-office I fear, and I think it was for that reason alone. The film demonstrated a relationship based on love. Not a hate-relationship. That is to say, neither lover had to put the other down, was rejected, or had to demean the other to raise himself up. The saddest aspect of the film and of the relationship between the two men was that at first the older brother tried to hide his gayness from his supposedly straight younger brother for fear he would alienate and thereby lose the young man.

For far too many of us, our lives have been filled with the need to hide our real selves from others. Until just recently the psychiatric profession believed we were sick. Those who would police our morals, the police and the clergy, think of as criminals and sinners. Along with such thinking some of us can add our parents and the friends we grew up with. The fact that American society is very hung-up on sexual matters does not help any.

So there we are – too many of us in hiding – afraid to be our real selves. To avoid confronting this fact, we create fantasies which take us even farther from being the people we really are.

There are the brothers striving to hold on to their youth because they think it's so important (*"40 year-old who doesn't look it, seeks trim, hairless youth 18-20 for good times"*). What the hell kind of *good times* can a man of 40 offer a kid of 20 – other than to use his body to try to pretend he isn't growing older?

The brother who is trying to punish himself because society is "right". He *is* sick (*S seeks M for complete domination and debasement.*) The brother who has gone beyond the point of simply maintaining a healthy body, has worked his ass off in a gym to become the epitome of what he thinks is handsome, and then when he can't make out in a bar because people are afraid to talk to him for fear he will reject them because they themselves aren't "pretty enough", goes home cries 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 fems, over-forties, no blacks, no orientals, no whites, no this, no that – no nothing!"

In other words, the writer appears to be saying, "My world is limited. I have no desire to broaden my self either mentally or emotionally. I only wish to use you by feeding my fantasies and then drop you like a hot potatoe (*all photographs returned*)".

The gay who indulges in fantasy and recognizes such as being a "role" for the moment, while he thinks he is not really "hurting" anyone, still continues to play a role nevertheless. A role that for all intents and purposes I still believe, is based on demeaning the worth of his own self or those he comes into contact with as the image of something illusory, be it super-macho or drag.

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 one wonders where they got their notions of what Christianity is, much less what homosexuality is.

The straight worlds' 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 others' 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 get on with it then?△

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READING *(Continued from Page 9)*

about marital bliss. As Vita expresses herself, "It never struck me as wrong that I should be more or less engaged to Harold and at the same time very much in love with Rosamund. The fact is that I regarded Harold far more as a playfellow than in any other light."

The Nicolsons held no romantic illusions about their life and times and neither should we.△

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JIMMY *(Continued from Page 30)*

and the boy seemed a little bewildered and terribly vulnerable. His bottle was empty, and Jon reached a decision. He would send Jimmy a beer. Not only that; he would introduce himself and say hello.

Very trifling gestures for any accustomed to making them, but in Jon's mind he was making HIMSELF vulnerable, laying himself open for rejection and dreading it; the courage did not come easily.

He raised a hand to signal the bartender, and was interrupted by Bill's familiar shoulder-slap.

"Let me buy you one."

Jimmy's face was dismayed, almost, Jon thought, like a beautiful bird that had let a cat get too near. In a moment he had retrieved his flight bag and was out the door, not even seeing the involuntary gesture Jon had made with his hand to stop him.

Bill laughed with high good humor.

"Very cute. Nice ass. Probably thought I was your lover. Hope I didn't get in the way of anything serious."

It was perfunctory; he obviously was sure he had not, in fact, gotten in the way of anything at all.

For a wild moment, Jon rebelled. He would rush out after Jimmy, catch up with him; he would explain—what? They'd not met, not exchanged so much as a word. The boy was a stranger; there was nothing to explain. There was nothing, nothing at all, to say.

The impulse died, and Jon arranged his face into a careful smile.

"You didn't interrupt anything. How was the parking lot?"

Bill winked. "Fantastic."

"Good."

All the way to the Corte Madera cut-off, Bill played back the high points of his evening, sparing Jon the necessity for conversation.

"Turned out he was eighteen, only. Real smooth skin; you know—hardly any hair, just a little on his stomach. And ya wouldn't believe his prick! Big, man. Real long and, ya know, kinda FAT."

Jon shuddered slightly.

"How does Perry feel about these little flights?"

Bill shrugged.

"Shit, that stuff ain't important. Hell, sometimes we even go to the tubs together. Perry and me are real happy."

Jon tried to understand and failed. Perhaps, if he'd been more like Bill; less—well, 'smothering,' Kerry would still be with him, and not in Ohio, comfortably settled with a mining engineer he'd met in a bar.

Who could say? It had taken a very long time for him to realize he'd never understood Kerry at all. Which brought with it the realization that he must not ever have made Kerry very happy. If he'd only know how, perhaps there would never have been those occasional disappearances; those rumors of how "wild" Kerry had been at Land's End, at Devil's Slide. Even at Macy's tearoom!

Jon winced. Memories fade, but they still have power to hurt.

"Pull up, old buddy; you're going right by our house."

Jon apologized and, obediently, stopped the car.

Bill climbed sportily over the door of the open car rather than turning the door handle, putting another small scratch in the leather upholstery.

"C'mon in for a drink; say hello to Perry."

Jon declined. "Too many already. Another time."

"Okay. Say," Bill looked at him shrewdly, "you oughta find yourself another lover. You're alone too much."

Jon laughed, very lightly. "But I like being alone too much. It's nice to come home to no struggles; no fights and tensiona—just the cats, and the fireplace, and the TV. I can always find a trick when I want one."

Bill agreed affably. ' Yeah man, you got the life. I envy you."

Jon drove on up the road, alone, to his tidy, rustic cabin in the woods. △

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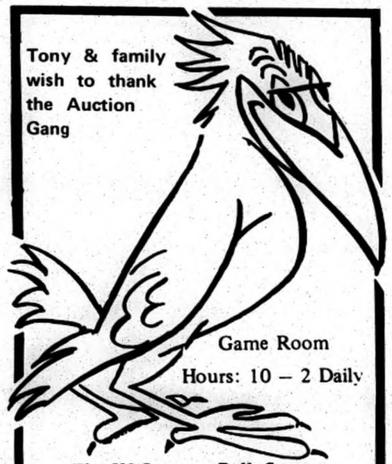

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DINING IN *(Continued from Page 11)*

one. I once shared the idea that vegetarians were eccentrics if not outright kinkies, even though G. B. Shaw's commitment pursuation did a lot to make it all sound socially admissable at least. Then last year a friend, a newly converted vegetarian placed on our table one incredible dish after another, and I underwent a change of heart and taste. I remember sitting down one time to a mock crab meat salad and a mushroom and black olive concoction that left me inarticulate with surprise and satisfaction. If I hadn't come into the way of vegetarian thinking, I was at least ready to deal with a vegetarian cookbook.

Thomas' book serves as a complete basal text for that cuisine: range, order, taste and suggestions for variations. She deals with kitchen tools, breads, soups, salads, egg things, cheese dishes, rice, pasta-based dishes, sweets, crepes, and some oriental exotica. Each section is prefaced by a thoughtful and always nicely written approach to whatever is coming up; and a lot of Anna Thomas seems to emerge in these intermittant talks—a personna that is warm, inventive, informal, sometimes exacting, but always the measure of elegance is there.

Nearly all the recipes would be just fine fo everyday but the book was written with a view to entertaining—serving distinctive and classy meals to delight and satisfy even one's unconverted, carnivore guests. She launches her study with a pithy essay on entertaining, followed by two dozen promising, even titillating menus for the discriminating vegetarian dinner giver. She even describes the genesis of what she calls the "two-hours-later-course," what you serve some time after dinner if you've passed around a few joints and the "blind munchies" have seized the company.

Then there are her elaborate and sophisticated holiday menus to pour over, and you wouldn't believe how inviting an entirely vegetarian Christmas Day dinner can sound until you hear her's.

I happen to like the let's-see-what's-at-the-market mode of operation—how better to deal with "specials?"—and it works nicely with Ms. Thomas' book. So far she hasn't failed me. Long ago she solved one chronic vegie problem that I'll bet I hadn't suffered alone with. For who hasn't at one time gone and brought home a magnificent glove of an eggplant, having fallen for its suductive color and shape, only to store it away till the silky purple skin slowly erupts with soft brown spots, then fuzz, and the nasty thing has to be thrown out, because how many ways can you do an eggplant, especially if frying is out for weight reasons? Well, Ms. Thomas knows several fine ways, of which her Eggplant Tomato Casserole might easily be one of the nicest. A blend of mashed eggplant, tomato, eggs, herbs, Cheddar and Parmesan cheeses; it comes out somewhere between a light casserole and a hearty textured souffle: a good mingling of flavors, and there's nothing wrong with it served cold the next day either.

Wait for the large red tomatoes to get down to an inviting price and then prepare her Hot Tomatoes a la Provencale—large fruits scooped out and with a filling of self pulp, garlic, thyme, lots of parseley, and special bread crumbs, served with lemon wedges. And while the tomato sale is still on, try her "dal and dill" treatment which has the fruits filled with an exotically spiced lentil mixture and baked. A more than ample main course.

Some, a very few of Thomas' offerings seem to bomb out but these occasional not-so-goods are lost among her many winners, and in the flavor of the whole book, its neat drawings, the anecdotes, the sensibility and finesse of her approach. There are a few cool and considered remarks about vegetarianism: "It seems absurd to me that in celebrating life, we should take life. That's why I don't eat flesh. I see no need for killing." Convinced or not, you'll enjoy Anna Thomas, rejoice in her handling of the ordinary as well as the arcane, and get a boot out of transforming good, fresh, cheap food into epicuriana.

—Joan Lavin

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Blue & Gold, 136 Turk 673-2040
Body Shop 98 Eddy 986-0561
Frolic Room 141 Mason 775-3898 E
Gangway, 841 Larkin 885-4441
Horney Owl 741 O'Farrell 885-9511
Kokpit, 301 Turk 775-3260
La Cave 1469 Sutter 775-2060 D,W
Landmark, 45 Turk 474-4331 D
Phoenix 1035 Post 441-8418
Red Lantern 180 Golden Gate 775-4959
ResErection, 567 Sutter 781-3949 D
Road Runner Club 499 O'Farrell 441-9623
Sanctuary, 1601 Market 861-9462
Score II, 147 Mason, E
Sutter's Mill, 315 Bush 397-0121 L,R
1001 Nights, 335 Jones 474-1067 R,B,W
Totie's 743 Larkin 673-6820
Trapp, 72 Eddy 362-3838
Turf Club, 76 6th, 863-4615
Wilde Oscar, 59 2nd, 392-4455
Windjammer, 645 Geary 441-8814 D,B
The Haven, 7th & Mission 626-1776
The Mushroom, 142 Mason 362-9961

VALENCIA—CASTRO—MARKET

Bistro, 456B Castro 861-9495 LR
Connie's Why Not? 878 Valencia 647-6949
Corner Grocery Bar 4049 18th 863-9463
Castro Cafe 484 Castro 621-2125 R
Dogpatch Saloon 3481 18th St. 863-5199 B,R
Fanny's 4230 18th St. 621-5570 R
Fickle Fox 842 Valencia 826-3373 R,B
J.B's House 1884 Market 863-3323
Kelly's Saloon 3489 20th St 285-0066 R,B
Midnight Sun, 506 Castro 861-4186
Mind Shaft, 2150 Market 626-2543 D
The Mint 1942 Market 861-9373 R,B,L
Missouri Mule 2348 Market 626-1163 R,B
Mistake 3988 18th St. 861-1310
Naked Grape 2087 Market 863-7226
Neon Chicken 4063 18th St. 863-0484 R,B
Nothing Special 469 Castro 926-5876
Pendulum 4146 18th St. 863-4441
Phone Booth 1398 S. Van Ness 648-4683
Purple Pickle 2223 Market 621-0441
Rainbow Cattle Co. 199 Valencia 864-9652 DE
Rear End, 14th & Market 621-9393
Scott's 10 Sanchez 626-9534 W
Toad Hall 482 Castro 864-9797 D
Truck Stop, Church & Market 626-0472 R
Twin Peaks, 17th & Castro 864-9470
Watergate West, 4121 18th 626-9320
Coffee Don's, 22nd & Valencia, 824-4770 R

FOLSOM STREET AREA

A Little More 15th & Portero 864-9123
Ambush 1351 Harrison 864-9349
Boot Camp 1010 Bryant 626-0444
Cissy's Saloon 1590 Folsom 626-5767
End Up 401 6th St 495-9550 D
Febe's 1501 Folsom 621-9450
527 Club 527 Bryant 397-2452 R
Folsom Prison 1898 Folsom 647-9134
Hamburger Mary's 1582 Folsom 861-9223 L,R
No Name 1347 Folsom Street
Ramrod 1225 Folsom 621-9196
Red Star Saloon 1145 Folsom 863-5268
Round Up 6th & Folsom 863-9628
Stud, 1535 Folsom 863-2980
The Quarry, 17th & Florida 626-3095

HAIGHT AREA

Bradley's Corner 900 Cole 664-7766 B
Lucky Club 1801 Haight 387-4644
Maude's Study 937 Cole 731-6119 W

POLK STREET

Buzzby's, 1436 Polk 474-4246 D
Sh' Boom 2360 Polk 474-9696
Early Bird 1723 Polk 776-4162
Gordon's Saloon 1750 Polk 775-4152
Grub Stake II 1525 Pine 673-8268 R
Havoc House 1548 Polk 441-8413 D,E
House of Harmony 1312 Polk 885-5300 D,E
Male Box 990 Post 673-7406
New Bell, 1203 Polk 775-6905 E
On the QT, Polk & Clay 885-1114 R,B
Polk Gulch, Polk & Post 885-2991
P.S. 1121 Polk 441-7798 R,B
Wild Goose 1448 Pine 775-8880
Yacht Club 2155 Polk 441-8381 R,B

NORTH BEACH

Brighton Express 580 Pacific 781-9947 R
Baj, 131 Bay 421-1872 R,B
Cabaret/After Dark 936 Montgomery 788-3365 D,E,R
Gold Street 56 Gold St 397-5626 E
Jackson's 2237 Powell 362-2696 R,B
Katie's Opera Bar 1441 Grant 986-9551
Savoy Tivoli 1438 Grant 362-7023 R
Barbary Coast 312 Columbus 982-0968 D

AROUND TOWN

Club Dori 427 Presidio 931-5896 R,B
Lion, Divisadero & Sacto. 567-6565
Peg's Place 4737 Geary 668-5050 D,B,W
Petri's Caboara's 161 California 421-9154 B,R
Pier 54, China Basin Rd 398-7846 L,B,R

AFTER HOURS

Covered Wagon 278 11th 626-7220 R
Shed, 2275 Market 861-4444 D
Truck Stop Market & Church 626-0472 R

EAST BAY

BERKELEY

Camp Grounds 2329 San Pablo 848-9292 R,B

OAKLAND

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

HAYWARD

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

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FAIRFAX

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The Two Turtles, 688 Bridgeway 332-4938 R

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Monkey Pod 616 Mendocino Ave 546-5070

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PALO ALTO

Cameo Club 4120 El Camino Real 493-5215 E
Kona Kai 3740 El Camino Real 493-2777 B,D
Locker Room 1951 E. University 322-8005
The Garden 1960 University no phone
The Shack 1972 University, 342-1131

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The Hive 3201 Middleford Rd 365-9568

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Fay's 7436 Fairoaks Blvd 481-9610 W
Topper, 1218 K St. Mall 444-2815
Atticus 5121 El Camino 481-5595
Charlie's Place 371-9768
Underpass, 1946 Broadway 457-5867 R,D
Hawaiian Hut 2400 W Capitol Ave 371-6232 D

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Club Yolo Baths 1531 Sacramento 371-9949

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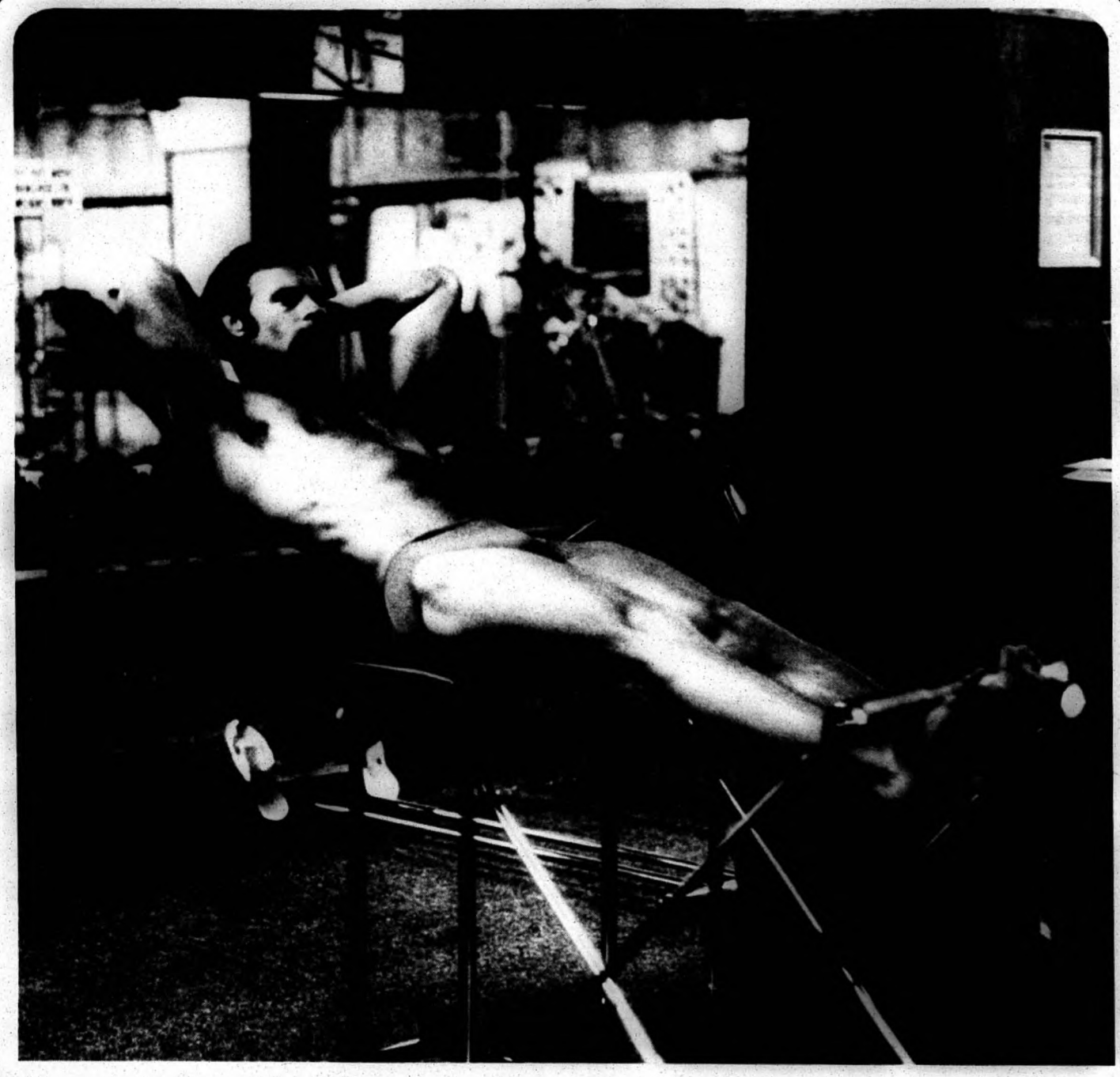

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