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The Society for Individual Rights presents its Third Annual Presentation of Officers BANQUET Saturday, February 22, 1975, 7:30 P.M. at S.I.R.'s Gay Community Center 83 Sixth Street, San Francisco, California

No Host Cocktails, Dinner, Entertainment, Awards Donation: $10 (S.I.R. Members $7.50) Reservations by February 20, 1975

THE REVISED CALENDAR OF ACTIVITIES FOR S.I.R. (all taking place at the S.I.R. Center, 83 6th St., San Francisco).

JAN. 1 2:00 PM Royal Hang-Over Brunch Party, sponsored by the Emperor and Empress of San Francisco
JAN. 8 8:00 PM Membership Meeting—Annual nominations of officers and trustees
JAN. 15 8:00 PM Board of Trustees Regular Meeting (Members Only)
JAN. 22 8:00 PM Open Meeting for S.I.R. Candidates to present their campaign programs to both the membership and the general public
FEB. 1 8:00 PM "Acme Beer Man" Contest Finals
FEB. 5 8:00 PM Board of Trustees Regular Meeting (Members Only)
FEB. 12 Noon—8 PM Annual Elections of Officers and Board of Trustees, Regular meeting begins at 8 PM
FEB. 19 8:00 PM Board of Trustees Regular Meeting/Newly Elected Officers and Trustees Begin their Terms of Office (Members Only)
FEB. 22 7:30 PM Annual Awards and Installation Banquet
FEB. 26 8:00 PM Open Meeting Program for Members and the General Public

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Society for Individual Rights
83 Sixth St., San Francisco, Ca. 94103
Phallic Imperialism

After spending a totally satisfying (and, in a way, inspir­
ing) Thanksgiving Dinner at the S.I.R. Center with 400 gay
brothers and sisters who had come to share the (free) ban­
quet in gay fellowship, I set my direction towards Berkeley
for the evening with my surrogate "family." During the
drive I tried to frame an outline for doing an article
about the S.I.R. function but because of the outrageous
variety of the guests (old, young, Folsom Street, Castro
Street, long hairs, 50's, closet queens married couples,
the beaming S.I.R. Board of Trustees serving and cleaning,
Senator and Mrs. Milton Marks serving my terrible no-sugar
doing-the-bit-for-inflation cranberry/orange relish), a viable
article simply wouldn't gel. Where I had expected a downer
the whole Thanksgiving Dinner was a terrific up and writ­
ing about ups always brings downs so I simply joined the
post-dining traffic flow over the Bay Bridge.

The party guests were 100% heterosexual with mostly
free (married) couples heavily into people being themselves.
The children of these couples are as used to seeing men kiss­
ing as their parents (in fact, more familiar since they seem
to see it more often).

After completing the greetings of a party-in-progress, I
spied Jebb. He was gorgeous—dressed in soft leather pants
with lots of cock showing, a transparentish shirt/blouse un­
buttoned to the navel showing an exciting tight, hairy chest
with much jewelry; long blond hair, granny glasses and a
warm, interesting and interested personality.

The only times I had been with this man (and his wife)
had been in groupings and we never had much chance to
dig into any heavy personal conversation. Thus, I did a
once around the room letting people know that I was going
to "zero in" and got the "right on" signal from all, inclu­
ding Jebb's wife who assured me that her husband's skinny
body was not so skinny where it counted (under the leather
pants) and if I could get at it (which she doubted) I was
more than welcomed.

Jebb and I found a corner, filled paper-plates with post­
dinner treasures and rapped. He was excited because all of
the negative things he'd learned about gay styles he was in
the process of unlearning. He dug his body—all of it—and
dug showing it off. He was turned on to the way people-
men and women—kept glancing at his cock. I told him I
was wildly turned on to him and...

"Do you really mean that?" he asked. "Would you like
to be with me?"

"Absolutely. Why else would I say it?"

"Well—I really like you—as a person. I mean, I could get
behind touching you and holding you but there is a line. I
can't get behind the idea of kissing or sucking or fucking."

(Continued on Page 16)
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STAR CRUISE 11
by JEFF

Some words of caution concerning the stars and your compatibility with lovers/friends plus forecasts for Jan.

EAST OF THE BAY 13
by MICHAEL NOVICK

The Coors Beer Boycott is the specific, the conceptual in the power to affect change when backed by strength of purpose and the will to light small candles.

WOMEN .15
by BARBARA COLLIER

Perhaps, suggests Ms. Collier—President of D.O.B.—I became a lesbian in order to be a real woman rather than becoming a drag queen like my mother. Reprinted from SISTERS MAGAZINE.

BOOKS .17
by FRANK HOWELL

Perhaps, suggests Ms. Collier—President of D.O.B.—I became a lesbian in order to be a real woman rather than becoming a drag queen like my mother. Reprinted from SISTERS MAGAZINE.

DINING OUT 19
by FRANK FITCH

It's time we ceased searching for homosexuality among animals to prove it's propriety among humans.

POLITICAL SAVVY 21
by WILLIAM BARBER

An illuminating glimpse inside the head of one of the most important poets of our time.

NEW BATH IN TOWN 44
by TEX SHULANSKI

A portrait of one of San Francisco's newest and most exciting bath experiences beautifully photographed by talented Ruben.

COUNTERPONIT, A Short Story 48
by TOM SEVERING

Breaking up with a lover is never easy and often the spectre of "friendship" adds more pain to the process.

STRAIGHT INVASION OF GAY SPACES 50
by MICHAEL NOVICK

As heterosexuals discover the uniqueness of gay spaces some gays feel displaced with phallic imperialism—namely the "taking over" of our turf for their "kicks,"

VARIOUS CONVERSATION GROUPS

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House 4th Wed. every month.

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Married Men's Group, 3rd Fri. of each month.

Some conversations reference the Victorian censor's expurgation of gay specifics from Plato's Symposium.

The closing production of Daughter of the Regiment is an exciting bath experiences beautifully photographed by talented Ruben.

THE PASSIONS OF MAN: JAPANESE PERSPECTIVES ON HOMOSEXUALITY. 26
by BERTA KALIB TATBAT

An indepth investigation of the place of homosexuality in both contemporary and ancient Japan.

GARY AND RANDY, A Relationship 36
by JACK ANDERSEN

An illuminating glimpse inside the head of one of the most important poets of our time.

OUT ON CAMPUS 22
by FRANK FITCH

It's not too early to start checking out the candidates for San Francisco's mayoralty race soon to be upon us.

THE FRIGHT SYNDROME OF THE STRAIGHT SINGLE MAN 42
by MARGARET STARK

An portrait of one of San Francisco's newest and most exciting bath experiences beautifully photographed by talented Ruben.

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From a potential writer

"Thank you for your thoughtful criticism of my story AMBROSE. I appreciate your interest in my work and the fact that you are willing to take time to evaluate it.

I like your frankness, and I think your comments will help me make my future stories a little better.

The December Issue arrived yesteday and I am standing in awe of you, Standing in awe time to evaluate it. 

I have not been able to complete the bit of hassel S.I.R. and I had over the play. But the milk was split... Plays that sit in drawers are of no use to anyone. I wrote the plays about

Syrchills—For the week, 42
Year to date: 1,643
Hepatitis—For the week, 11
Year to date: 590

The author of KISS THE SKY

Your kind letter to VECTOR just came to my attention. I do appreciate your kind words about KISS THE SKY.
You are, by now, probably aware of the bit of hassel S.I.R. and I had over the play. But the milk was split... Plays that sit in drawers are of no use to anyone. I wrote the plays about

gays for gays primarily because I was sick unto death of seeing the lies that were being staged to tell about homoosexuals. New York has had several beauts lately. To say they are sad is an understatement. Most have died fast. Good, say I.

Lane Bateman
New York City
About PLAYGIRL and VIVA
I am (or at least I think I am) a fully functioning heterosexual woman but I have a problem "getting off" on those magazines which claim to be written by and for my kind of person—a woman who digs male bodies. I don't know why the formula just doesn't click for me when I buy Playgirl and Viva but I really get off when a gay male friend of mine brings over the latest VECTOR. After talking it over with some of his gay friends (all of whom rush to buy Viva and Playgirl) they insist that it's a case of heavy dishonesty that stops my genital response since these magazines are produced by and for gay men, I guess I'm writing to you to check it out and see if there's anything wrong with me. I dig guys but not the kind of guys they seem to want me to dig.

Gina Carley
Chicago, Ill.
From Malaysia with love

Got your address from a gay guy who was in Malaysia and told me to send in my name to you. I hope the gay liberation goes on strong, say I. I wanted to commend you on the general quality of the December Issue. It was very fitting as a 10th anniversary. I felt that one article required some further comment—"Gay Report from Israel" by Jack Bernstein. As a gay Jew who has some interest in conditions in the state of Israel, I felt that your readers are entitled to know about some things the article failed to mention. Homosexuality is illegal in Israel, punishable by seven years in prison. What's more, Israel will deny citizenship under the law of return (for Jews who desire to emigrate there) to any known or acknowledged homosexual. Over a year ago, at a demonstration at the Israeli Consulate in S.F., they admits that Israeli policy is to consider such a person criminal and undesirable to Israeli society, and they have announced no change in that policy since then. There is a tradition of gay "garden spots" that somehow seems to ignore the political and social realities of other countries, whether it was Greek fascism, crime and exploitation in Battista's Cuba, or now Puerto Rico or Israel. We have a responsibility to ourselves and to gay sisters and brothers in other countries to educate ourselves to the true social picture and struggle in the world today.

Michael Novick
Oakland, California

How many citizens realize that S.I.R. can be legally mentioned in any person's last will. You may be interested in the formula below: The Society for Individual Rights is now in its second decade of service to homoexuals. Since its foundation in 1964 the Society has always worked to build solidly for the future of homosexual rights. The best guarantee of that future and to gay sisters and brothers in other countries to educate ourselves to the true social picture and struggle in the world today.

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thank you for the letter of Mr. Norman Armentrout where he asks: What ever, isn't the time long past for us to stop the "bitch fighting" among ourselves. It is time that drag courts are seen as a part of our liberation. They scream and shout about "charity" and "building funds," and "rehabilitation" but a careful study of the situation indicates that the major expenses go to supporting the royal court. I read somewhere once that of a $10 gift to CARE, only $1 went to the needy and $9 went to sustaining the organization. I believe in my guts that this is the fundamental raison d'être of our drag royalty. Does anyone really care if the "Queen" of Seattle shows up at the "Queen" of Dubuque's coronation? Does anyone care enough to give money to support it? According to the report from Seattle, those up there DO care and while we hoped the drag courts were fading away as the contestants retired, we are shocked to hear of the new perpetuation of a tired joke.

Joel Hastings
San Francisco, Ca.

Drag Courts are a Drag

Congratulations to Norman Armentrout who asks: What good is the Royalty anyway? To be sure, we are all entitled to our opinions and should fight for the continued right to express those opinions. However, isn't the time long past for us to stop the "bitch fighting" among ourselves over petty issues and to get on with the real work: acceptance for all without regard to his or her particular style. Until we can demonstrate loyalty and acceptance among ourselves, how can we hope for acceptance from others.

Where is our loyalty?
Harry Leidure
Kenneth Rice
San Francisco, Ca.

picture of your individual love nature can be gotten only from a total knowl-
edgable reading of your personal natal horoscope.

San Francisco is comparable to an engine, the
energizing force of the chart. It is the origin of vitality, drive and ambition.
The Sun stands for the basic sex energy.

STAR CRUISE will be devoted to the needs of the Gay Community. It is our hope that through Sexual Astrology you can better understand yourselves and your lovers, and better cope with the everyday joys or problems of life. Send in those cards and letters, folks. We want to hear from you. Astrology applies to EVERYTHING (or anything). If you have a question about yourself please send your complete birth data -- that is, date, year, time and place of birth, along with your question, of course. If you have a question about someone else we need all that information about him or her, too. We cannot make personal replies and letters cannot be returned. But watch the columns. We will try to print and answer all letters received. Of course you'll remain anonymous by JEFF

COMPATIBILITY PROBLEMS

As an astrologer I am frequently asked how one "sign" gets along with another. In modern Astrology most ideas in this field are based on the concept of aspects between signs. With earth as center two constellations form an angle of so many degrees to one another. Aries is opposite to Libra, that is, they are 180 degrees apart. The opposition is considered to be a difficult aspect. Therefore, it is supposed that those born under Aries cannot get along with those born under Libra. On the other hand, it is said Aries gets on well with Leo because they form a trine aspect of 120 degrees which is considered harmonious. It's a nice neat scheme, if simplistic. Unfortunately it doesn't work.

Aries and Libra get on quite well -- if they try. After all, we are talking about people. A relationship is as good as two people make it (or bad). Astrology can help us to gain self knowledge. It can indicate the positive personality traits which each of us have to contribute to a more harmonious relationship with another person. Astrology can also point out those elements of negative personality which when properly recognized, and worked out, will no longer stand in our way to a more satisfying and fulfilling "coupling" with a loved one.

What follows is "Sun Constellation" Astrology and, as such, suffers in accuracy and specific applicability to individuals as much as "Sun Sign" Astrology. Its major defect is that it considers only one of the ten planets--the Sun. Of course, the Sun is important. But it is not all important. A truly accurate

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Look for your birthday below to see how the Zodiacal position of your Sun affects your love nature:

December 26 to January 6—Your Sun is in the middle of the constellation of Sagittarius. Your emotionally close attachments are characterized by ardor. You are known as a swinger. You go after what you want without hesitancy. Of course, what you wanted a moment ago, but what you want now may be different from the new goal with as much passion as the first. You are the sexual athlete. Your tastes run to the old and the unusual. When intimates get close, you know they learn to admire your sense of adventure. Association with a faint hearted partner is not for you. You could worry them to death. Last month I referred to you as latter day Sagitarians. I was in error. You are the middle Sagitarian. But last month's admonitions hold true nonetheless. 1975 holds promise of adventure for you, for sure. Beware of accident or injury. This is a year of extra caution for you.

January 7 to January 19—Your Sun is in the final degrees of the constellation of Sagittarius. Your ego concept is lordly and prideful. You were born to be admired and you expect to be. Your sense of adventure is tempered with wisdom, and, unlike your middle Sagitarian kin, you take few chances unnecessarily. However, you far escape the label "dull." Your concept of friendship and love tends to be more wholesome relationships, but true to the Sagitarian image, you're not above exciting experimentation. 1975 may have a tendency to tarnish your image somewhat, you will find success more difficult to grasp. But don't give up. This is a year of extra caution for you. You are fairly closely matched about your self. You share the satyr-like sexual prowess of other Capricorns but seem to trust that others will make the advances. You are drawn to the very young but don't have the flair needed to "keep up" with them. 1975 offers little in a general way for middle Capricorns. It's a year of coothing for you. Keep up your health watch, health always seems to be a problem for Capricorn. Work on that depression cycle. This year you can rate the time to get to know yourself. No new problems threaten, so this is a year you can tie up many loose ends.

January 19 to January 31—Your Sun is in the middle of the constellation of Capricorn. Music, poetry, perhaps a romantic sadness are your stock in trade. The Capricorn practicality is still there, but softened somewhat. You can be in love with love but take a perverse pleasure being among the unrequited. Your moments of depression can get others down, too. Your best partner is one who doesn't take you too seriously, at least as seriously as you take yourself. It is hard to get to know the real you. You are fairly closely matched about your self. You share the satyr-like sexual prowess of other Capricorns but seem to trust that others will make the advances. You are drawn to the very young but don't have the flair needed to "keep up" with them. 1975 offers little in a general way for middle Capricorns. It's a year of coothing for you. Keep up your health watch, health always seems to be a problem for Capricorn. Work on that depression cycle. This year you can rate the time to get to know yourself. No new problems threaten, so this is a year you can tie up many loose ends.

COORS BEER BOYCOTT

by Michael Novick

The Coors Beer boycott is the current project of the Oakland Gay Men's Political Action Group. Coors distributors in Oakland, Alameda, and Hayward are on strike; and Coors national organization requires local distributors to hire scabs and maintain distribution in case of labor disputes. We were approached some months ago by the Beerdrivers union, Teamster Local 888 for the support of the East Bay gay community for their struggle and boycott. The members of the Teamsters Coors Boycott committee had worked with Harvey Milk, while the strike was underway in San Francisco, to spread the word of the boycott to gay people and to the gay bars in the City; they had in return worked on his electoral campaign. The issue has now branched out from the original labor question. A Community Coalition for Affirmative Action Hiring has formed, including gay participation, that is demanding that Coors adopt a hiring policy put forward by the Teamsters Local for jobs for blacks, Chicanos, and women at all levels in the Coors distributorship. Picket lines and the boycott are being used as a tool in that struggle throughout the Bay Area. Ackin Thibeaux, the black coordinator of the coalition has expressed interest in working with the Gay Men's Political Action in the East Bay, where a picket is being planned at the law offices of the Coors attorney. Howard Wallace, a gay Teamster who was recently elected shop steward of his plant, intends to raise the issue of gay rights within the Coalition. "We have to put an end to discrimination against gays in hiring, job security, and promotions. Gays are a major part of the work force in the Bay Area, and these struggles must recognize us and our needs," Harvey Milk is also a member of the coalition, as well as representatives from the Oakland group and other gay male radical organizations. They saw the development of some real solidarity between the various oppressed communities. This Teamsters local, for instance, supports the United Farmworkers Gallo Wine boycott, and has, in turn, received support from Chicano organizations, such as the Oakland Gay Men's Political Action Group, along with Gus Cardis, a member of the Beerdrivers, to plan joint publicity of the gay role in the boycott. He'll be circulating a letter to union members about our participation, and letting gay people know how they can get in touch with us. The Western Teamsters newspaper will also be listing gay groups among the community sponsors of the Coors Boycott. Coors is a notoriously reactionary company, family controlled. They have always had very discriminatory hiring policies, especially in Chicanos and blacks, in the areas of Colorado where they are located. They are trying to monopolize the beer industry, The Coors-family repre- sentative on the Board of the University of Colorado has always played a regressive role at that school, and in Boulder recently a gay rights ordinance was defeated because the vote was held while the University of Colorado was not in session. So Coors is no friend of gays; and in this struggle, the Teamsters local and other community groups of blacks, Chicanos, and women are. This is a historic opportunity for the, development of unity between our community and other oppressed working people around a concrete issue in our common interest. Coors Beer does not deserve our patronage; this struggle needs our support. Boycott Coors Beer, The Boycott IS having an effect. The Bay Guardian recently reported that a number of batches of Coors in the East Bay and Sacramento (struck) areas are old and home (Coors isn't pasturized). Coors' share of the market is down, and the Oakland distributor is averaging only 126 cases a day compared to 350. This is the kind of power we can have in unity to achieve our ends of gay liberation and an equitable, just society. For more information, please call us at (415) 654-1578. □

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There is a rumor going around that the next bar/restaurant that is going to be opened in Castro Village will be on the top floor of the building on the North East corner of 18th and Castro streets—Top of the Village—complete with a four story outside glass enclosed elevator, floor to ceiling windows, telescopes and a revolving floor that will purposely not run smoothly. Strictly a rumor.

But, that is about all that remains to be done right now. And if you were sitting there at the Top of the Village looking down onto beautiful downtown Castro Village what would you see besides people going in and out of bars and restaurants? Well, that depends upon what you like to look at since there is a lot to see.

To more and more people it is fast becoming a place to shop. Not too long ago there was no jewelry only is part of the body whereas not too long ago there was no place to buy anything, there now are five mens' shops and two for women. All are on street level except for G.G. Finey located right about the elephant walk. Second floor shops are slowly becoming the thing in Castro. The Obelisk recently opened up above Aquarius Records and has already been expanded.

The other major group of shops are antiques. A few years ago there was a drive not to allow antique shops from opening up in the Village! Nevertheless the attempt failed and there now are seven shops full of goodies and expanded. Obelisk recently opened up above Aquarius Records and has already been expanded.

There are a series of shops under construction right next to Los Gatos restaurant—two shops and one large building that will house small boutiques. While the nation's economy seems headed for hard times things seem to be doing well in Beautiful Downtown Castro Village from the next time you are in the area and picture yourself riding up in the glass enclosed outside elevator... fasten your seat belts and...

—Harvy Milk

Castro is fast becoming a mixture that seems to be blending well. The latest members to join the once gay Castro Village Association are the Hibernia Bank and the Bank of America. The C.V.A. has made a bridge between the gay and straight communities and it looks like it is a bridge with some strong foundations.

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MY MOTHER—A DRAG QUEEN
by BARBARA COLLIER
(Reprinted from SISTERS)

ROUND 1969, I WAS REALLY IN the closet—afraid that if I saw the movie THE FOX or THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE everyone in the audience would know I was a homosexual, a lesbian, a dyke. Afraid to wear pants, afraid my friends would find out, afraid afraid afraid; but wanting desperately to know what GAY was, to meet other people, to get out of that cellar/closet/darkness before I would scream or die of fright.

My friend/lover and I attended an evening on Gay Life Styles at Glide Memorial Church. We thought it was a lecture course on how homosexuals lived and I guess we thought we'd be able to find out first hand if we were doing it right. We were scared, trying so hard to look straight and pretend that we were sociology students on assignment. Much to our chagrin when the show started, it was to be a night of entertainment: men dressed up as women and mouthing words to female vocalists—A DRAG SHOW!

As I sat there, I realized with shock, that any one of these four or five men, these queens could have been my own mother, with her dyed hair or numerous wigs, her constant lessons, her painted face, her bridge of teeth, her push up bra and pull in girdle, her high heels and sexy clothes, her facial expressions from little girl pout to Marilyn Monroe wet lips. My mother mouthing songs on a stage to my mother making her grand entrance at some Las Vegas Hotel. Her fear of her roots showing when she needed a dye job, her yelling at me to keep them (boyfriend, husband, milk-man) busy while she put on her face, her feet always aching when she took off her three-inch heels. So small and vulnerable when she was barefooted, white ghastly white face and lips, shaved eyebrows and thick glasses. When her sweat finally poured through her layers of Esther Lauder sickeningly sweet, to hide the fact that she was real, that she smelled, reeked sometimes of fear... Fear she would be found out, not beautiful, not tall, not a blonde, not sexy, not beautiful, not tall, not the drag queen from the first minute in the morning when she pulled herself out of bed and took out the clips and toilet paper from her hair. A drag queen a fucking drag queen! And she didn't even know why... why she did all these things... WHY?

And there I was again, three female impersonators later, wondering why I am gay, where did I go wrong, how and why do I have this "homosexual sickness"? And it started to come to me slowly, slowly to light that perhaps I could be a real woman by becoming a lesbian, instead of being a real woman by becoming a drag queen like my own mother.

PRESERVATION HALL
A RANGE OF COLLECTIBLES AND FINE FUNK
1064 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO 94103
(415) 626-6600

RANT 1969, I WAS REALLY IN the closet—afraid that if I saw the movie THE FOX or THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE everyone in the audience would know I was a homosexual, a lesbian, a dyke. Afraid to wear pants, afraid my friends would find out, MOTHER—A DRAG QUEEN

Barbara Collier

—Harvy Milk
EDITORIAL

"Why must there be any line?"

"Well, one time my buddy and I were tripping and we got into a whole touch thing with our bodies and then we both pulled back at the same time because we weren't ready to deal with those realities which would have occurred in the event we had gone on into a--into a--huh--sex thing."

"Well, if you knew you were about to pull back, unless on a conscious level, you must have considered the path, experienced a gut reaction to what was at the end of that path and then chickened out. If you're so free why are you setting these ridiculous limits? Be cool. I can wait just a little longer, no?"

From as far north as Vancouver, B. C. to as far south as San Diego Imperial Courts are expected. Empress X, Frieda, is given credit for the large number of parties at the 3rd of January at the Grand Ball Room of the Historical Sheraton Palace Hotel at Market Streets and New Montgomery. The title of the Empress De San Francisco is sponsored by Tavern Guild Foundation with all proceeds of this year's coronation ball going to the Community Building Fund. The 1975 Coronation Ball promises to be an exciting event.

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WHAT DO YOU KNOW,
varied than in SF but as you would ex­door charge that includes a drink is exac­ted only on Friday and Saturday. Loca­ted just off Sunset in that vast gay area
out any potentially attractive partner
with the bartender before becoming
Outcast prides itself on its prim and pro­
per atmosphere so, dear visitor, check
anyone into that scene is careful so. ..
called Gino's, West of the Outcast that
is very busy on weekends. Of course,
spotted it was ten years ago. Here it's
Hollywood Hills, to The Hayloft, still
the same movie-cruise-beer and after­
hours spot it was ten years ago. Here it's
worked in France at a four star Miche­
one is that each item retained its indi­
vidual (from the garden fresh) flavor yet
meant that the exact moment of medak
it could almost be inhaled it was so per­
fected!
rained to sit down and sep­
ate all the elements for discussion and
“review,”’’ We had an absolutely perfect
and delicate.
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be pleasantly surprising at any time.
As for the gay porno theatres—they
are many and attractive. But watch the
movie and don’t get involved in the
action in the back row or the balcony.
LA is still all you heard it was so don’t
cruise Selina without a guide, or even
Hollywood Boulevard. For the daring
Griffith Park is still a possibility. For
the magnificent MCC Mother Church
should be an experience on any Sunday,
about those buses at the CMG Carnival
that came all the way from Mike’s Corral
in North Long Beach, go there and see
why it is the most talked about bike bar
in Southern California (and while in that
general area try the Traffic Jam, The
Stuck in Hollywood and waiting for a
bus to the airport? Try stopping off
at The Haven, Aldo’s, The Study, The
Spotlight. Caution is always a good word
hereabouts but Los Angeles—Hollywood
weekly guide restaurant) has provided a
gem of a menu ranging from Supreme
de Poitrine de Volaille Gismondi
(Breast of Chicken) for $3.95 to Steak
au Poivre for $7.00. Because there are
only six regular items plus a daily special,
each entrée has a guaranteed freshness
of materials and approach. The key
word for his kitchen (and Gunther and
Lukas’ management) is right in the middle
of “subtle” and “delicate.”
The meal began with a light cream of
asparagus (in December)’ soup with
fresh, (of the flown in from Paris type)
broth, followed by a salad that was a
love song on the tongue—fresh, crisp
butter lettuce dusted (not drowned in)
a light, light dressing of oil, vinegar, mus­
tard powder and probably a dozen sec­
rrets that only Jean Paul knows. One felt
it could almost be inhaled it was so per­
fected!
my entre was Enino de Beauf (that
day’s special for $5.65), Small, tender,
pieces of beef cooked with shallots, tiny
and delicate.
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ILLUSTRATION: Doug Smith
EMPEROR—from pass the Phoenix, 1035 Post St. Emperor Bob Cramer and the Cable Car Court will be the sponsors of this tribute. Dress is casual, entertainment fun and light which adds up to another fun evening at the "Play Room of the Stars."

Saturday, January 4th starts off with a brunch from 11 to 2pm at Jackson's, 2237 Powell St. The Cable Car Court will provide a motorized cable car tour of San Francisco for our out-of-town guests. The tour is scheduled from 1:30 and will return to Jackson's by 4pm. Plenty of time to be ready for the ball later that evening.

The Coronation Ball will start at 8pm. Empress X De San Francisco will be crowned at midnight in the Grand Ball Room. Sunday, January 5th, from 11am to 3pm a brunch in honor of the new Empress will be held at the P.S. Restaurant, 1121 Polk Street with funds going to the Community Building Fund. Sunday evening the Cable Car Court in conjunction with David Weber will produce the 2nd annual Feather & Follies, 1025 Columbus Avenue. At 7pm the evening begins and is only $5.00. This year’s talent will include not only local but also talent from the Pacific Northwest. Don’t miss this event!

Emperor Bob Cramer, the Cable Car Court and friends are busy at the drawing boards preparing for the 1st Cable Car Court tour of San Francisco for our out-of-town guests. The tour is scheduled to leave from 1:30 and will return to Jackson’s by 4pm. Plenty of time to be ready for the ball later that evening.

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"I agree with you, and I think that the current attitude is ridiculous," exclaimed Maria with a toss of her hair, "If you look at the social and economic structure of ancient Greece, you can see how important male homosexuality must have been to their system of education. Women occupied a terribly low and subservient position in ancient Greece; the only educated and encultured people were men. If you were going to have a physical relationship for the sake of physical offspring, homosexuality was fine. But if you wanted a relationship where emotional feelings were tied in with intellectual pursuits—to produce intellectual offspring—the relationship would have to be a male homosexual one, at least from the attitude and evidence that we see in Plato. Plato doesn't seem to have only one character's makeup change to match their inner dissolution: from act to act, Otello got blacker and more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call
SIGMUND FREUD, A PSYCHOANALYST, NOT A Psychiatrist, can in a very real sense nevertheless be considered the parent of psychiatry. Certainly many of the psychiatric turn of mind quote Freud as an authority, not that reference to an authority is a valid argument, but authoritarian thinkers recognize him as an element of the psychiatric cosmogeny. It does no good, however, for gay liberationists to quote and requote Freud’s letter to the mother of the gay man, in which he declines to try to “cure” the man. There is a whole camp of today’s psychiatrists (who, by the way, can be campy psychiatrists as well) who insist that they know how to “cure” gays, if only the gays had the sense to want to be “cured.”

We all know one of these men, who has been trying to sociocede it to us for his entire professional life. Of course, he’s going to be angry when the American Psychiatric Association begins to implement their recent declaration that we are not sick. Of course he’s going to try to overturn their decision; his whole reputation, such as it is, and his livelihood depend on insisting gays need his treatment. This man’s chief claim to fame is that he has spent his entire career screwing up the entire profession, and his livelihood, depending on insisting gays need his treatment. Full of his career screwing up the entire profession, and his livelihood, depending on insisting gays need his treatment.

The principal ethic I have retained from formal religion is the ultimate and fundamental notion of individuality. This notion stems from the concept of free will, and in religion, concerns itself with the soul. For me, the notion concerns itself with the ineradicability of the individual’s freedom in self-determination. Existentialist in reasoning, I maintain that there are no values or goals which are nature-bound, which are inherent in humanity, or which are universal and apply to all humans. Each person must determine these for him or herself. Further, there is no inherent meaning in one’s life unless the individual has committed himself to those goals and/or principles. It is one’s commitment which endows one’s life with meaning. So I’m not impressed with what cats and dogs may or may not do—they’re mindless in a human sense. They do not know love as we do. They do not feel extended human affection as we do, for their species. Amongst animals, males are rivals for females, and sure enough, a lot of straight human males are still playing that game. Liberated gays know better. Amongst humans, who have reasoning power in a sense no animal does, one may choose to sublimate one’s love of humanity entirely or may put a monetary premium on their bodies. It’s all human; it’s all a matter of values and goals and self-commitment to them. It’s got nothing to do with rats in a Skinner maze, or with what Gerbels may do in the wood ships, when the chips are down.

We, as gay people, have suffered the whims of society for as long as there has been history. Under the agrarian patriarchal family structure, we were outcasts. Under early Judaism we were stoned to death. Under the Roman Church we suffered horrors of mind and body totally at odds with even the most meagre and puny application of the principle of brotherly love. With the development of 19th and 20th century science, we have continued to suffer oppression, control, incarceration, restriction and destruction as we always have. But with this difference; they have better, more subtle tools. They have attacked us in our spirit, in our pride as humans, in our will to live and be happy. These are the most unkind cuts of all, for they are made from a position of supposed enlightenment, and theoretically are devoid of judgement, in the name of science.

We must not let up the pressure. The churches are losing their homophobic little by little, and the reactionaries are slowly dying off from decrepitude. The law is eating, city by city, state by state. Psychiatry is yielding to good sense. They are beginning to realize we are people. But in the meantime, we must push and shove and be heard. We must be the oecumenon throm under the saddle. We must never let science, the law, and the church get the idea ever again, that we are any thing less than equal human beings. We don’t need their pity, their therapy, their houses of “correction” their abductions, novenas and penances. We need life, liberty, and our own personal pursuit of happiness which was promised two hundred years ago and we’re still waiting for the delivery.

DOG AND CAT PSYCHIATRISTS or Being Dogmatic About Catamites

by NORMAN DAVIS

The birds who are supposedly in “our” camp turn me off, too. They tell us gay is OK because every mammalian species has exhibited homosexual behavior. But if you read the studies done which claim to show this, it turns out that they are talking about males assuming the lordotic posture, presenting their rears for intromission, or female males mounting males or other females and pumping away as if they were going to get them off. That’s not homosexual behavior; that’s just confusion. I’ve yet to see a study on a mongoose, for example, which describes one male going down on another for up, or across to—however mongeese do it—although a smart chimp might get the idea.

I’ve seen two male dogs mounted, and I’ve read where some simians perform sodomy, but I’ve yet to read of a true case of deliberatefellatio amongst the animal kingdom, I’ve seen dogs (male and female) lap females, but that is a prelude to mounting for them, anyway, and does not constitute a separate deliberate sex act.

I cast out, therefore, the entire house of apologists who say we’re OK because we occur among the animal world.

The principal ethic I have retained from formal religion is the ultimate and fundamental notion of individuality. This notion stems from the concept of free will, and in religion, concerns itself with the soul. For me, the notion concerns itself with the ineradicability of the individual’s freedom in self-determination. Existentialist in reasoning, I maintain that there are no values or goals which are nature-bound, which are inherent in humanity, or which are universal and apply to all humans. Each person must determine these for himself or herself. Further, there is no inherent meaning in one’s life unless the individual has committed himself to those goals and/or principles. It is one’s commitment which endows one’s life with meaning. So I’m not impressed with what cats and dogs may or may not do—they’re mindless in a human sense. They do not know love as we do. They do not feel extended human affection as we do, for their species. Amongst animals, males are rivals for females, and sure enough, a lot of straight human males are still playing that game. Liberated gays know better. Amongst humans, who have reasoning power in a sense no animal does, one may choose to sublimate one’s love of humanity entirely or may put a monetary premium on their bodies. It’s all human; it’s all a matter of values and goals and self-commitment to them. It’s got nothing to do with rats in a Skinner maze, or with what Gerbels may do in the wood ships, when the chips are down.

We, as gay people, have suffered the whims of society for as long as there has been history. Under the agrarian patriarchal family structure, we were outcasts. Under early Judaism we were stoned to death. Under the Roman Church we suffered horrors of mind and body totally at odds with even the most meagre and puny application of the principle of brotherly love. With the development of 19th and 20th century science, we have continued to suffer oppression, control, incarceration, restriction and destruction as we always have. But with this difference; they have better, more subtle tools. They have attacked us in our spirit, in our pride as humans, in our will to live and be happy. These are the most unkind cuts of all, for they are made from a position of supposed enlightenment, and theoretically are devoid of judgement, in the name of science.

We must not let up the pressure. The churches are losing their homophobic little by little, and the reactionaries are slowly dying off from decrepitude. The law is eating, city by city, state by state. Psychiatry is yielding to good sense. They are beginning to realize we are people. But in the meantime, we must push and shove and be heard. We must be the oecumenon throm under the saddle. We must never let science, the law, and the church get the idea ever again, that we are anything less than equal human beings. We don’t need their pity, their therapy, their houses of “correction” their abductions, novenas and penances. We need life, liberty, and our own personal pursuit of happiness which was promised two hundred years ago and we’re still waiting for the delivery.
THE PASSIONS OF MAN

SOME JAPANESE PERSPECTIVES ON HOMOSEXUALITY

By BERTA KALIF TABBAT

"... My love became so violent that it seemed to me that my soul was breaking into a thousand pieces. I am a priest but alas! I have also the passions of a man, and I confess that I love you with all my being..."

This passage is from a story of the Japanese writer, Ihara Saikaku. For us the notable thing about these words is that they are addressed to a young man.

Another of Saikaku’s stories is about a court page who had long been admired by an older man: "... Inosuke was as graceful and delicate as the cherry flower, but his soul was as fearless as the god of war..." The years pass and Inosuke, now a Samurai, and his admirer are finally united: "... Inosuke put on his old page’s dress with long sleeves, although it was not suitable for a grown man, for he wished to recall past days. They spent the night together in his room, and in his love murmurings Inosuke said, ‘I am only twenty-one years old’ although he was really twenty-two. A Samurai ought never to dissemble but Inosuke must be excused for his lie, for he was truly in love. Even a brave and valiant Samurai grows weak when he loves..."

These stories were not printed secretly, covered with plain brown rice paper, or read by candlelight under the futon. They were produced and distributed like any other popular stories. Saikaku was not the first Japanese author to write about homosexual love, and neither he nor his predecessors aroused either individual indignation or official censure. Prudery had not yet been imported from the Western world.

The atmosphere of homosexuality in today’s Japan has changed from that of Saikaku’s time, the late 17th Century, but it is still closer to its past than the outsider imagines; and it is a world apart from the Western predicament. To bring the modern scene into focus we must look back in time, behind the Western facade.

Old Japan had a highly structured class society. At the top were the privileged classes, the nobles, priests, and Samurai, who were trained warriors in the service of various nobles. The lower orders were the farmers, the artisans and, at the bottom, the merchants.

In the Samurai-court society homosexual alliances were quite conventional. Some Samurai, defying convention, were solely heterosexual; others were exclusively homosexual; and some chose to have everything: they married and had families without relinquishing their homosexual lives. A Western reader would expect to find some record of secrecy, guilt, or emotional anguish about such plural loves, but, as yet, I have found none.

The sons of Samurai, in their turn hoped and vied to be apprenticed to their heroes, older Samurai distinguished for their courage and swordsmanship. The esteem of the young apprentice for his paladin master, combined with the intense loyalty that has always been characteristic of Japanese affiliations, often developed into lifelong partnerships. The nature of these alliances ranged from loyal friendship to passionate love, from sexual comradeship-in-arms to sensual pederasty. Like the homosexual warriors of classical Greece, many Samurai believed that loving women alone could make men cowardly and effeminate. Women, in general, were for family life and children, but boys were for pleasure.

In love as in war, the Samurai was ruled by a rigid code of honor. This was a traditional class-code of behavior, followed by wives and daughters as well as men of Samurai rank. In the story, The Tragic Love of Two Enemies, a Samurai unknowingly becomes the lover of the son of a man he had slain on his lord’s order. By chance the widow learns that it was he who had committed the deed. The code of filial duty supersedes all others: a father’s murder must be avenged. "In compassion for their love and their noble natures the mother says, ‘Each of you is a man of honor. Love each other for this one night, but tomorrow...’ Shinosuke brought dishes and cups of wine and the two rejoiced.

The next morning the mother entered the room and saw that her son had pierced Sempō’s heart with his sword.
passed through his own breast and out at his back. ... Saikaku's time was one of peace after centuries of devastating clan wars. The lower classes were for the first time passed through his own breast and out at his back. 

envied pleasures of their betters. If their masters looked centuries. Saikaku wrote about the life of the newly proscribed by feudal custom. So after a look at the goings-on answered. It closed the theatres entirely.

SINCE JAPAN HAS BEEN OPENED TO THE Western world, over a century ago, various laws have been passed according to the spirit of foreign influence. Later, under the American occupation, laws requiring conformity to American standards in several spheres of Japanese life were mandated by the occupation authorities under General MacArthur. (This period was known as the MacArthur Shogunate.) Tucked among the internationally significant mandates was the almost whimsical prohibition of mixed bathing and sodomy. But venerable customs leap over upstart decrees. Proprietors of bath houses separated the sexes by stretching a strong rope across the center of the communal bathing pool and expressions of homosexuality became more discreet. Like mass production and trusses, such decrees were imports from the West. They were viewed as legal problems, not, as through Western eyes, as psychiatric or moral concerns.

IN GENERAL, THE JAPANESE HAVE A strong sense of continuity and feel it is their duty to continue the family line. One of the basic tenets of Shintoism, the indigenous Japanese creed, is the honoring of ancestors. No matter what additions of belief and custom have been made by Buddhism, which co-exists with Shintoism, and despite the importations of Christianity, the Shinto "way of the gods" lies deep in Japanese hearts. One must have descendants to do homage to one's spirit and one's place in the pantheon. For their good memory.

NEVETALY, THERE ARISES THE QUESTION of what causes some of us to become homosexuals. Explanations have been biological, psychiatric, cultural, circumstantial. The most frequently cited pattern of origin is the extreme closeness of the boy to his mother during early childhood, with the result that when he reaches the age of normal interest in girls he finds it impossible to sever his psychological and emotional bonds to his mother. He evolves an identity in Western psychological jargon, he identifies with her—and, like Narcissus, comes to love others who reflect his own image. There are other people who are satisfied never to deal with girls. They were viewed as legal problems, not, as through Western eyes, as psychiatric or moral concerns.

men wore western clothing and short hair the custom of shaving the front of the head was an almost necessary symbol of maleness. The facial features of many Japanese men are as dainty as the women's. They have sparse body hair so that arms and other visible parts are smooth as women's. Both men and women wore their hair long. Japanese women, in general, are small breasted and as narrow hipped as their brothers, and the kimono worn by both sexes effectively conceals the body contours.

Japanese women as well as men can be extremely adept at switching sex roles. I recently attended a performance of the Takarazuka Review, Japan's all-girl theatrical company, probably the world's most pervasive life programs. Human behavior is not seen as right or wrong, but as acceptable or unacceptable depending on the situation. The extent and severity of the behavioral discipline a Japanese is subject to from childhood is incomprehensible to the Western world. Yet homosexuality, heterosexuality, autoeroticism, getting high on a few snuffers of sake, and all forms of human sexual behavior are forbidden to the Japanese in their proper places. Personal discipline is so complete that absorbed even the insane maintain proper decorum and rarely become violent. Children educated in the West would almost rarely become hostile or contentious, even in sexual roles. But when they rebel at the usual formal postures, sing, lean against each other, and, homosexuals, if not, if the party gets lively, may sit on each other's laps, or, among the gay community clubs where young men go primarily to socialize with girls, they may find themselves having sex with girls.

The more judicious among the rulers knew that rice and Kabuki, like Rome's bread and circuses, were a great source of contentment and diversion. The custom was repeated to open again, with some restrictions. Instead of the usual variety repertoire of acting, singing, and dancing, the content of performances was to take the popular social drama. Offstage, the wakashu were to stop using elaborate hairdresses; they were also to make themselves less conspicuous by confounding the custom of most men at that time and shave off the hair of the front of the head.

Under these requirements there developed the great Japanese theatrical institution of the onnagata, male actors specializing in female roles. Asyme, the actor generally esteemed as the greatest onnagata and acting with an impersonal, androgynous, voice, had been at the center of the earlier Onnagata. Both (the Oxford and Webster dictionaries primly and briefly define caitiff as "a boy kept for unnatural purposes") were still thriving Bakumatsu. During the bakufu period, young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but young men—wakashu, Dramatic talent was desirable, but
and frequently form lifelong ties that survive all others. The Japanese say that *donen* are closer than a wife.

Starting with elementary school excursions with *donen* the Japanese travel, work, and relax in small groups all their lives. In adult life men going on business trips or even business excursions with members of their organization—and almost every Japanese activity is organized—are not normally accompanied by wives and families. In the United States such devoted and continuous male companionship raises suspicions of homosexuality and, worse, plenty of trouble at home.

A REVERSAL OF PERSPECTIVE—THE VIEW from the East—is given to us by Dr. Takeo Doi, an eminent Japanese psychiatrist. He wrote about his "cultural shock" when he came to the United States to study: "... My realization of the importance of homosexual feelings in Japan was related to the cultural shock I described. I was astonished to discover the special emphasis laid in America, unlike traditional Japanese custom, on the ties between the sexes, not only after marriage, but before it as well. In Japan, socializing in couples is not unusual."

Dr. Doi defines homosexuality in a broader, less clinical sense than we generally do. His use of the term "homosexual feelings" refers to situations in which emotional bonds between people of the same sex take precedence over ties with the opposite sex. Among Japanese such bonds are prevalent not only between friends, but extend to many relationships, such as between teacher and pupil, or between senior and junior members of professional or other organizations. Dr. Doi explains that, although these relationships may exist in conjunction with homosexuality of the narrow sense—the sexual attraction and inclination to sexual union between members of the same sex—it does not necessarily develop into this restricted type of homosexuality. In short, Dr. Doi's "Cultural Shock" led him to an awareness of the homosexual (of the wider sense) ambience of Japanese life.

IN HIS PIONEERING WORK OF SEARCHING out and defining the reasons for the vast differences in the psychology of Japanese and Americans, Dr. Doi has singled out an attitude that is an integral part of the psychological and emotional climate of the Japanese. It is defined in the word *amae*, which roughly translates into English as depending upon the good will, indulgence, and even love of other members of one's group, whether it be family, community, schoolmates, organization-mates, or those in any group to which one belongs. Dr. Doi cites this all-pervasive *amae* atmosphere as contributing to the "importance of homosexuality" in his country. It is significant that there is no equivalent of this word in the English language.

Attitudes of the Western world towards homosexuality have run the gamut from the privilege-status of classical Greece to the Puritan hell-and-damnation of early America. No legal, social, or moral consensus has yet been reached.

IT SEEMS HIGHLY UNLIKELY THAT A CON- troversy similar to the American Psychiatrist Association's: first-they're-sick-then-they're-not syndrome would arise in Japan. Being the world's most homogeneous people, the Japanese are less likely to experience the rapid or extreme changes of attitude and definition than Americans, probably the most diverse aggregation of humans ever to constitute a nation. The highly visible aspects of modern Japan, apartment living, subway rush hours, electric kitchens, baseball mania, glass-enclosed office buildings, may lead us to believe that the Japanese are psychologically pretty much like us. We would be mistaken.

In the more subtle categories of human experience, our definitions of well and ill, good and bad, rise the waves of our cultures. An observer of the human condition who seems to have anticipated all our dilemmas wrote: "So our virtues lie in the interpretation of the time."

While Japan is racing toward the material and scientific...
LAND'S END

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RUBEN
I Love You
Not only for what you are,
But for what I am
When I am with you.

I Love you,
Not only for what
You have made of yourself,
But for what
You are making of me.

I Love you
For the part of me
That you bring out,
I love you
For putting your hand
Into my heaped-up heart
And passing over
All the foolish, weak things
That you can't help
Dimly seeing there,
And for drawing out
Into the light
All the beautiful belongings
That no one else had looked
Quite far enough to find.

I love you because you
Are helping me to make
Of the lumber of my life
Not a tavern
But a temple,
Out of the works
Of my every day
Not a reproach
But a song.

I love you
Because you have done
More than any creed
Could have done
To make me good,
And more than any fate
Could have done
To make me happy.
You have done it
Without a touch,
Without a word,
Without a sign,
You have done it
By being yourself.
Perhaps that is what
Being a lover means,
After all.

I LOVE YOU by Dennis Emond
He is rags and snails and puppy dog tails. He fits into my world like the piece that was missing from a jigsaw puzzle. When something is "not right," his face wrinkles like a prune. When everything is "all right," there is sunshine in his smile.

His thoughts are either in a hundred magic places that I forgot years ago, or they are centered only on me.

He's a baby sleeping in my arms and a man cradling my head in his lap. He overwhelm me with his strength and looks to me for protection.

He is unlike every image I have ever had of an ideal lover.

He puts me before all things in his life.

He loves me. . . and I love him—very much.

He says I'm the sunshine of his life and when he goes to work in the morning he leaves me notes to find and read when I get up. They are always tenderly written in the early morning hours and he says over and over how much he loves me.

He tells me a dozen times a day he loves me and I don't always answer him, preferring to save it for the special moments when I'm just overwhelmed with the beauty of our relationship.

We haven't been together very long before I knew I had him figured out. I almost always know what he's thinking. He's strange that I should come into his life at this point and still feel that I know him so well.

I love him. . . and I love him—very much.
THE YOUNG BOYS HAD COME to play again at the beach adjoining my property, upon the very beach-sand where my daughter's dead body lay buried. I peeked at them through the cracks of my shuttered windows. They were unaware of my presence, my eager eyes hungry to perceive any unguarded moments of boyish eroticism.

My house, desolate and shuttered, posed no threat to their privacy. Naked, save for scraps of brightly colored cloth barely concealing their round firm bottoms and bulging genitals, they assaulted the severe blue calm of sea and sky with mirthful shrieks of pleasure in the splashing surf and brilliant sunshine. Watching them, their fine slim bodies, (Continued on Page 54)
When you were released from prison in 1964, how did you feel about your future? I was paranoid as hell when I first got out. I wasn't sure I had a future, although I hoped I had a future. It looked bleak, that's all. Just bleak.

Where did you go? I stayed for a month in Illinois visiting my family and other friends, and then I went to visit my grandmother. Uh, then I went to Utah where the only people I had retained contact with lived. I stayed with them and got a job, and started working. I was sending them money and spending all of that in the little town where I had grown up. He became too involved with a few of my male students for American moral-ities to tolerate. The fact that these relationships developed naturally, without any example of rape could do nothing to save him. Somebody told somebody and Paul was arrested at gunpoint, taken to the police station now as a major young American poet. I'd write a few things at night, but most of the time it would be out of boredom. Most of mine are out of a restless period where I'm trying to understand phenomena, or things about me in the world that I have to live in. And if I write about them I continue to wrestle with my spirit and I am aware that others feel less alienated and more like human beings than a minority segment. As an ex-con there is a trend to forget the hinterlands that go fromSacramento to the Hudson River. So, as a result, we get overly optimistic about how well integrated we are because there's 90,000 gay men in this city, We don't know what the number is. We know they are very verbal in this city. That does not mean that they are in every city across the nation. I do think they are coming. I think there is a time when people get tired of being inhibited. Like the two women who live in Concord and when the lover comes in from work, the one takes her lover into the bedroom, closes the door and then embraces her. That kind of inhibition we all want to get rid of. You can't stiffle it, love. I think we all want to get rid of that. I don't think any of us like the idea of being called a gay poet. That's just another label. Whether its, or protes-tant, democrat or republican, I don't like any of those labels. I always say I'm an agnostic or aethist and let them deal with that. I can't organize the spirit into a religion for me. The spirit can't take that kind of channeling. The spirit needs to be free. Do your jail memories or prison memories ever enter your present sexual fantasies? Rarely. Once in a while when I am in a place, say the bath, and I see somebody fucking standing up. That's a whole jail-house scene I remember. You did it on the go standing up. When you are at home in your own bedroom you don't choose to stand up to fuck. That's not the normal course. Occasionally I will see positions that will trigger a memory. Do you see the future absolutely incorporating gay experience? Not in this society. I think we on the West coast tend to get optimistic and forget the hinterlands that go from Sac-ramento to the Hudson River. So, as a result, we get overly optimistic about how well integrated we are because there's 90,000 gay men in this city, We don't know what the number is. We know they are very verbal in this city. That does not mean that they are in every city across the nation. I do think they are coming. I think there is a time when people get tired of being inhibited. Like the two women who live in Concord and when the lover comes in from work, the one takes her lover into the bedroom, closes the door and then embraces her. That kind of inhibition we all want to get rid of. You can't stiffle it, love. I think we all want to get rid of that. I don't think any of us like the idea of being called a gay poet. That's just another label. Whether its, or protes-tant, democrat or republican, I don't like any of those labels. I always say I'm an agnostic or aethist and let them deal with that. I can't organize the spirit into a religion for me. The spirit can't take that kind of channeling. The spirit needs to be free.
The Fright Syndrome
Of The
Straight Single Man
by MARGARET STARKE

They walk around like shocked peacocks whose tail feathers have been plucked. From time to time they turn and pose as if they still had their imposing spread—especially when they feel the urge to impress some pretty, young peacock chick. "What does this old rooster want?" ask the young beauties and, brokenhearted, the lonely peacocks stalk away.

To lose the baroque beauty of their tail array must be a destroying experience. While the peacock can go and hide under a bush, his human male counterpart—married three times, divorced not only from former wives but rows of try-out girl friends; these ne'er-do-well young bachelors with up to five children in the background, they can only carry out their often self-induced pains at the psychiatrist's couch—if they not long ago learned to drown their sorrows in a bottle or calm it with pills.

They have been hurt badly. They are licking their half-hidden wounds. Their pained attitude is to take fast what is offered. They take. And they take. And they run without ever saying "thank you" or offering something selflessly in return. They run out of fear lest an old determined soup hen with a missionary zeal tries to take one home to put him in her cockpot. My God! A tail-less peacock in a cookpot—what an undigestable affair. If they don't run away they run after the young ones who have long learned how to defend themselves. They accept the cadillac of the sugar-daddies and are well able to refuse the artless, plump advances. It is long common knowledge that most of these men are always willing and rarely able.

Brought up by strong, ambitious mothers, spoiled and bent by childish teachers—three wives taught them to be eternally fearful of all women. Inadequate as husbands, fathers, and providers, they have been kicked out but not before having been plucked. They are looking for healing of their wounded souls, their damaged self-images, destroyed vanities—searching the soothing rays by the shimmering pools under the California sun.

They have few chances ever to become whole again because they are totally unable to give and almost unable to love. All human qualities seem to have been lost—and God only can have mercy upon them.
by TEX SHULANSKI

Sutro Bath House — a name that conjures up memories of that monument to good times that once stood next to the Cliff House—is once again an alive, good-times place in the form of Bill Jones’ Sutro Bath House at 312 Valencia Street in San Francisco.

The new Sutro Baths has succeeded beautifully in combining the old-time atmosphere of its namesake with the modern-day demands of discriminating gentlemen and men.

As you approach the building you are greeted by a beautifully decorated window announcing you are at the new Sutro Baths.

You step inside and are greeted at the sign-in desk by Will, Randy, Bob, Norman or Ray, five of the friendliest, most beautiful boys you'd ever want to meet. They all agree that the most frequently asked question is, “What time do you get off?” I suddenly remembered that is what I asked Ray on my first visit.

They use a system unique to San Francisco of checking you in. Everyone who signs in is assigned to a locker. The private rooms in back, which lock only from the inside, are available to everyone—a much more equitable system than assigning a room to someone who may never use it, as I have been guilty of in other baths, while those who want one do without.

Having received your key and towel, you step inside and see the comfortable, cozy television lounge and snack bar.
Vending machines are at a minimum at Sutro, and most anything you want to eat or drink is available from the snack bar. Coffee and tea are FREE.

Stepping through, you walk past their famous "blue door" containing old-time photographs of men doing everything imaginable, but always keeping their socks on.

Other old time pictures hang on the wall as you journey back to your locker, including some priceless photos of the original palatial Sutro Baths.

Wrapped in your towel, you step into the most flawless "hanging gardens" shower room you have ever seen. With the hot water striking your back, surrounded by hanging plants and the smell of redwood, you can close your eyes and just imagine you are in the great outdoors. I keep waiting for Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler to appear from behind two of the bushes singing "By A Waterfall" in full color.

Your shower finished, you step into the hottest dry heat Finnish sauna in this city. If you are serious about losing weight or just sweating the poisons out of your body, the sauna beats steam or anything else. You can't stay in the very hot room very long, but what time you do is probably the best thing you've done for your body all day.

The game room is your next stop. Looking at the pool table, the pinballs, the ragtime piano, the fireplace, you realize this is what the old-time men's social clubs were all about, and it's too bad they're gone forever.

A tent in a steam bath? Only in this far-out place would you find yourself walking down a bush-lined hall toward an enormous outdoor tent, complete with recorded bird calls.

Who would like a place like this?—Anyone who wants a clean place, for it is the best kept up place in town—someone who wants a friendly bath and meet people rather than just encounter them—and anyone who wants something different than any other bath they have ever been to—that's who. Come on in.

(Tex Shulanski is the author of THE SADDLE BUDDY and CHERRY COP, both published by Hamilton House and available in local book shops—Editor)
"I can't go on like this anymore. We have to settle things."
"With you I have known peace, and now you say you're going crazy?"
"What?"
"The Thurber cartoon. In the book I gave you."
"Oh. Well, peace may be thine, friend, but it isn't mine. I'm in love with you."
"But it isn't mine. I'm in love with you."
"And also I love you, and it's no good."
"Fuck friendships. That's the problem."

"I guess we can blame the ads and hope that when we look at your face he won't shut it again. "Oh. . . sorry. . . I have a friend here at the moment. . . was it tonight?"

"You'll always mean a great deal to me. . . ."

"You always liked everything about you."
"No, not really."
"You said that that day—and blushed..."
"I always had trouble getting an erection."
"Why don't you love me? Why don't we make it together any more?"
"Why? Why?"
"I don't know. How can I answer something like that? Do people ever know why they feel what they feel?"
"You'll never be satisfied with anyone."
"I don't think that's true."
"You won't. We have everything in common. Books, music, ideas, even religion. We both believe— and that's rare in the gay world. . . I remember the first time you came into this room. Something clicked with me. I sensed that you were a mensch, somebody with a personality and thoughts, not just a smile and a pair of brown eyes."
"Brown eyes! You always liked my eyes."
"'I always liked everything about you. You're a beautiful man."
"No, not really."
"You said that that day—and blushed.

"Beautiful. And you don't blush anymore."
"I like the way I look now—I probably won't ever look better. Age creeps up."
"I hate you for it."
"What?"
"I hate it. You can walk into any bar, any bath and get what you want."
"You exaggerate."
"What I want, then. You don't have to use the Barb ads and hope that when the door opens and the guy takes one look at your face he won't shut it again. "Oh. . . sorry. . . I have a friend here at the moment. . . was it tonight?"
"Come on, it's not that bad."
"Look again. Look at the acne scars and the big nose and the beard that won't grow because it's got too many holes in it. Look at the—"
"Stop it. Don't knock yourself that way."
"Why don't you love me? Why don't we make it together any more? Why do you lie there limp?"
"I always had trouble getting an erection."
"You won't. We have everything in common. Books, music, ideas, even religion. We both believe— and that's rare in the gay world. . . I remember the first time you came into this room. Something clicked with me. I sensed that you were a mensch, somebody with a personality and thoughts, not just a smile and a pair of brown eyes."
"Brown eyes! You always liked my eyes."
"'I always liked everything about you. You're a beautiful man."
"No, not really."
"You said that that day—and blushed. You don't give yourself credit."

"Nobody had ever said that to me before. It was terrific to hear but it didn't seem real. Once in a while I would check on the street to see if anybody was admiring. No one was."
"They do. You just don't notice it."
"They do now. Some, anyway. People who like beards. Do you remember the first time I showed you and came up here? You opened the door. . . ."

"It's been great to know that. And you've really made me feel different about being gay. I hated it and hated myself until I realized it could be more than toilets and pricks and a quick moments. For me it had to be more."
"Thanks for your thanks. But it hasn't done me much good, has it—"
"You'll always mean a great deal to me—"

COUNTER
POINT

by Tom Severing

"You'll always mean a great deal to me but. . . ."

I"
A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO, a few friends and I were about to enter the White Horse, which although it is located just over the line in No. Oakland, is generally considered to be Berkeley's only gay bar. Just as we reached the door, a large orange van pulled up to the curb. The side door opened, and in two, if they were dislodging from the air, came a series of heterosexual couples. It seemed amusing at first, as they poured out like clowns in a circus act, eventually set upon and pushed on the sidewalk and then rushed into the bar ahead of us. We glanced at each other and went in, stopping for drinks and to talk to some old friends in front, at the bar, and then went back to the dance floor.

The scene there was little short of appalling to me. The dancing area was packed—w ith straight couples. Besides those who had spilled out of the van and two or three glasses break any weekend night, just sort of swept from the tables by the waves of frustration that occasionally sweep across the room. On this particular Saturday night, as for several weeks before, this tension was heightened by the overwhelming presence of the straights. There had been some pushing and shoving. I had the urge to buy a pitcher of beer and pour it all over someone. Finally, after the third straight Stones song had played, and there was not a break in the dance floor, I yanked the plug on the juke box. I dislike the Rolling Stones in the first place; they exemplify 'cock rock' to me, and Mick Jagger's strutting simply proclaims his power as a straight 'star,' and his mockery of faggots, seeing the dance floor monopolized by his imitators, showing how groovy and hip they were by going to a gay bar, was too much for me to sit still for.

"Listen," I shouted, as the dancing stopped with the music, "this is gay space and you people are invading it. This bar exists because gay people need it as a place to meet each other, and now you're coming in to use it makes it useless for us. You straight men are just phallic imperialists, showing off what cocks you are."

I felt like the center of an on-rushing flood. "Bullshit... Who are you to say I'm not gay... We have just as much right to be here as you do... I'm gay... We're bisexual... Get out of there, shut up, turn the juke box back on, who's asking you...? People advanced on me. Ruthie, the owner, came in.

"What're you doing? Get out of here and turn that back on."

A couple of friends helped me out, and Ruthie came back to the front. We talked with her for a while. She had thought I must be some crazy straight man, she said, because I was making a fuss. (I suppose that means gays are supposed to just take it quietly?) She just wanted a nice quiet gay men's bar, she said; no women and no Third world people, and then everything would be so nice. I tried to explain that that was not what I wanted; I liked it fine that women came to the White Horse, whether they were Lesbians or not; it was the straight white hip men who set the situation on edge.

Nothing was settled, that night or subsequently. I started going to the other bars more—to Lancers and the Revol, further into Oakland and closer to where I live.

But I don't think the issue is restricted to the White Horse. A friend who lives in San Francisco tells me that Hamburger Mary's, for instance, is visited by increasing numbers of straights. Another
INVASION

mutual friend says that at this point, he considers Mary's a straight bar. The Stud has also seen an influx of straight couples.

Straight people I have talked to tell me that they have every right to be there and that they're just going for a good time, that gay bars are good places to dance. If all that is true, as I experience it, they are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, and we are the geese. Plans for gay people are limited in this society where we can share each other's company openly; for all the problems with liquor, racism and sexism, bars are one of those spaces.

"...Listen, this is gay space and you people are invading it..."

There must be reasons for the current influx. There has never been a straight dancing bar in Berkeley, for instance, but it's only in the past few months that straights have been coming in large numbers. The same is true in San Francisco. This seems to be the era of "bisexual chic;" lots of straight people think it's a manifestation of their 'liberation' to come to a gay bar, and toy with us and with their own feelings. The bars are a place that often make us passive: consumers of liquor, potential threats to each others' self esteem, and now spicy attractions for straights out for a night-on-the-town. If we begin to talk to each other about some of the real issues facing us, then that is a step towards changing how we relate to each as gay men in fundamental ways—in a self-determined fashion rather than simply as the products of social forces and environments like the bars, as commodities or competitors or potential conquests. If that happens then the intrusion of straight 'tourists' into gay space may not have been a total loss but a positive gain.

In the interests of honest journalism, we checked out the White Horse on the first Saturday night following the submission of Mr. Novick's intensely personal manuscript.

While we were surprised and pleased at the numbers of Lesbians present (they usually come out only on Tuesday nights in the East Bay) we were hard pressed to identify any obvious heterosexual couples flaunting their bodies. A short conversation with Ruthie (who has to be the most glamorous and charming grandmother on earth) indicated that yes, there had been some minor problems since a straight 'swinger' bar burned down up the street causing some of their crowd to spill into the White Horse, but the situation was well in control—as we could obviously see.

—Editor

COUNTERPOINT—from page 49

"I'm not sure what I want. When we first met I found you attractive and so gentle and understanding..."

"That was before you looked into the mirror."

"You held the mirror up. And made me see that I was... that I really could be attractive myself."

"Yes. And now your standards are higher."

"I do. Look, I don't want to hurt you but... it hurts me."

"We can't be friends?"

"I love you."

"Then... I guess..."

"It's over, it has to be."

"Over. It scares me to hear you say it. I feel alone, I feel lost without your friendship."

"You'll make do, Adonis or no Adonis, you'll find your way. And so will I. I always float to the top."

"Like a cork, I'll miss you."

"And I'll miss you... Listen, you'd better get going before I take it all back and apologize or something."

"OK. So long. Take care."

"So long, Dammit! I forgot! The tickets—the opera next week..."

"Oh! What'll we do?"

"I hate to miss it."

"Me too. Listen, why should either of us miss it? It can be our last get-together. A real bash. We'll go out with a flourish."

"OK. Sure. We'll end with an aria and a flourish. Like Rigoletto. Till then?"

"Till then..."
BOY—from page 29
the sun gliterring on his tanned skin, I took my water jug in hand and squeezed out those few creamy pearls I could still manage, I made elaborate plans to entice them into my house, but lacking energy, never followed through with my fantasies. I hid behind my plans to entice them into my house, but what food my eyes could scrounge. "Certain of those_headered special attention. There was one who stood with all his weight shifted to one hip staring wistfully at the sea. There was another who prowled the sand like a conceited panther, another with skin like warm silk and yet another whose hair was the color of the sunlight. All these boys possessed qualities that if united might form a picture of Carus. I could not, however, for all my peaking, find a boy whose eyes could even approach the troubled blueness that composed Carus' eyes, or a boy whose mouth took the same angry curves as Carus' mouth.

During the best days—so long ago it now seems—Carus and I would spend long hours together, my head resting my self properly seated in a high backed chair, my eyes would be closed, but my lips would move as if I were speaking to myself. I really knew very little about this Carus, and I passed back and forth with my monologue would dam into silence. I would notice what vision was reflected in his eyes, so few broad details. I was jealous of those shoes with--that top, absolutely--I could learn other more subtle tricks from a genuine Buffalo Nickle. Matching Key Ring with Nickle Cover and Wallet, complete with coin pocket and clear plastic Register Pocket; $5.95. Both feature a unique snap closure made--It's a warm evening in August: Caroline wandered restlessly through the stark rooms. Her maiden aunt, with whom she lived, had finished sewing her white dress that day, Caroline was wearing the dress, feeling the fresh--I am really sorry to hear about Maxine. I hope she didn't suffer too much.

A few days earlier, I realized that I was still in love with her. Caroline stood up to her waist in the burning sky, the points of gold--"Oh, oh, oh," my darkening defended me. "We have lots of fun." "You're so good to me. I love you, Carus? He knows I can't eat cherry pie." "You want me to spend the summer with you?""Yes, yes, sure," Carus said. "I mean, you must surely be bored around here with no one your own age. All Father's friends are such old farts, aren't they? Politics and stock market talk and booze, booze, booze. They're all such old farts." "Inez," I said, "aren't you going to--"I certainly should know what an old fart my father is." Inez left her chair to stand behind--Carus, her fingers tightly touching his hair. "But don't worry. All that's going to change," "Inez," I said, "aren't you going to have your pie and ice cream?"

BOY

The ocean breeze in glass holders. "Well, no. I'm home now for the entire summer.

"Oh, really. I thought you might want to travel some. Everyone's going to Africa this year, you know." "No, no, no," she demurred, "I'm going to stay right here all summer long. With you and Carus, Aren't I, Carus? You want me to spend the summer with you, don't you?"

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She glanced at me, "I despise cherry pie. You know I despise cherries. But then, of course, that's why you had it served tonight, isn't it? You really are an old fart, Father." I'm afraid, Carus? He knows I can't eat cherry pie."

"Did you know that, Fletcher?" My poor Carus was embarrassed and confused.

"Of course he knows," Inez insisted. "You really ought to try some, my dear. It's delicious."

Inez moved to the terrace railing where she leaned forward on her hands, her back to us, to stare at the sea. "Be wary of him, Carus," she said. "If you're weak, he'll take every advantage to undermine your self-confidence, Enslave you. And with what cool politeness. God! He's clever. I've seen him operate, or at least seen critical observations: your choice of--"Inez, I said, "aren't you going to--"I certainly should know what an old fart my father is." Inez left her chair to stand behind--Carus, her fingers tightly touching his hair. "But don't worry. All that's going to change," "Inez," I said, "aren't you going to have your pie and ice cream?"

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"Of course he knows," Inez insisted. "You really ought to try some, my dear. It's delicious."
them away, but I could not bare the thought of separation from my love, though we no longer touched. "You're worthless, totally worthless!" Inez stormed down the stairs followed meekly by Carus. It was a hot, unendurable humid night, only a few days after their wedding. Sleepless, I had come down to sit on the terrace, pursuing solace in the immortal rhythm of the murmuring surf and wafting ocean breeze. "You no sooner get it in and you've dropped your watchful load." She flew past me to the terrace railing. "Don't yell, Inez. Flets' up." Carus came up behind her to touch her back but she pulled away. "You disgust me. I've had better sex with high school boys." Even in the darkness, I could see Carus' face was flushed with angry blood. "But you tease me and make me empty my veins." "You're worthless, totally worthless!" She turned on me. "Fuck off. This must mean the honeymoon's over," I said. "I'll see to it. I'll always be there, wherever you go, to pop your perverted little hustler's toes?" "Inez, you like you destroyed my mother!" Carus, his eyes glazed with fury, his muscles contracted in rage, stalked Inez, his twisted claws. "You bitch!" Inez saw his eyes and her arrogance twisted almost instantly dissolved into fear. "Stay away from me, you faggot." He grabbed her around the throat. "You bitch, you bitch," he repeated again and again. She beat away from him and ran off the terrace and across the beach. "You're crazy! Don't touch me!" He caught up with her at the edge of the sea, and dragging her screaming into the water, drowned her. Later, when the wave washed her up on the shore, we buried her deep in the beachsand above the high tide. At first light, I called the police to report my daughter had gone swimming again and again. "Shutup! You hopeless fairy. Did you really think you could be a man?" At last my daughter's revenge was complete.

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No matter how you slice it, $3.50 is simply too much to spend for a Hot Pastrami Sandwich and a Cup of Coffee which was a study in calculated mediocrity. If you included a waiter for desserts, the tab might have been a fair one but as it was I went away hungry, angry, and even more convinced that the Unionization of that area, like the Manhattanization of so much of our city is the real beast we must guard against, eternally. When I ran my number about The Dell ripped off experience, the audiency simply sighed and say, "But it is Union Street. What did you expect? The place looks nice, no?"
CAMPUS-from page 22
group certainly isn't threatened with extinction now. The taboos seem to be a lot longer than its original cause.
Marcia objected, "That's very natural but it really doesn't answer any thing because it too, shows that we and the Greeks look at sexuality in very completely different viewpoints. Like, Plato's really into the physical level of beauty and the Greeks look at sexuality in a more abstract or intellectual level. You have to start somewhere, so why not with sexual beauty? Plato sees sexuality as one positive force for developing all of your sensibilities—at least, that's the way I see it. All the antissexual atti tudes we see today look at sexuality as a force destroying all the other parts of your personal sensitivity. If anyone's going to "come out," we'll all have to take another look at our general attitudes toward sexuality, I think that Plato's attitude is a lot healthier than most people's attitudes today, I think that people today are in a much better position to understand and appreciate Plato than they were, say, twenty years ago."
"At any rate," concluded Gary, I liked reading someone who gives some credit to your physical and emotional beauty without denouncing the concept entirely as negative forces the way that so many later philosophers seemed to do. Most people, me, like me, really want to satisfy their appetites as well as understand things. Lots of the later philosophers who say that if you don't control your appetites then you're not looking very realistically at people. Those guys are crazy."

The conversation continued in a similar vein but, unfortunately, I had to leave, I left, however, feeling as if I had somehow managed to step into a slightly more expanded environment—and that felt good.

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