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EDITORIAL

The relationship between the Society For Individual Rights and VECTOR causes some people to turn white in rage, others green with envy and still others blue with depression. Several times a month correspondence is received asking clarification of this union. It's so simple.

S.I.R. owns VECTOR. Since S.I.R. is owned by its membership, it follows that VECTOR is owned piece by piece, page by page by a substantial number of supportive individuals who feel the importance of sharing in the joys (and sometimes agonies) of the elusive "Gay Experience."

There is an ongoing struggle between those who feel that VECTOR should be more of a house organ of S.I.R. and concentrate on in-depth coverage of S.I.R. events and personalities (much the way it was in newsletter form eleven years ago) while many others insist VECTOR belongs to the world where it is sent and argue that the dentist in Des Moines and the teacher in El Paso have but limited interest in personalities and events of one particular organization far away in the Bay Area. While the participants in these events come and go it has been the support of the nation that has allowed VECTOR to become the oldest continuously published gay publication in history. Therefore, we consistently try to keep the dirty laundry and very local affairs limited to the S.I.R. Newsletter—the Insider—and cover local events and personalities which we feel have a good amount of national interest/importance. Our financial statements indicate that this is a formula which works.

The recent election of S.I.R. officers will have a dramatic effect on the direction of this magazine and as the winds of change become hard realities the staff are leaping into the liberating freedom of having—for the first time in memory—a slate of decision makers who have backgrounds of technical and philosophical knowledge of the entire process of magazine production—from manuscript through advertising/promotion.

Former Treasurer of S.I.R. (and business manager of VECTOR) is now the President of S.I.R. Doug DeYoung is, first, a businessman who almost single handedly rescued S.I.R. from going under by taking firm control of the money reins and with brilliant, albeit agonizing, decisions guided us out of the red and into solvency. With the same energy drive and zeal he is now able to concentrate on bringing the amazingly diverse factions of San Francisco gay life under one roof, one banner: working together in a way that can't help but benefit all gay people everywhere.

President DeYoung with Vice President Bill Plath (Publications Director) have assembled a veteran staff of workers who have proven their successfullness in various functions from top leaders to fund raisers and he is demanding (and getting) projections, accountability and PERFORMANCE. Chief among his appointments was that of Ken Rice as VECTOR Business Manager—another business man with talent and imagination backed with enough courage to see impossible dreams become daily realities.
I can't think of anything in months that I've agreed with more strongly than Gerald Jones' "How Far Back is Nostalgia Taking Us?" (Vector, Oct.) for several years now that we're all reworking Sisters while Rome burns—just a grittiness in the air about me, a sense of See No Evil, of being pum-pum-drunk, of John Held irresponsibility, Drink the gin, honey, it's a shitty tatum amusing world. I hear it in the music (going it in magazines and the newspapers—Let's all go back to the 30's end 40's, Babe, wasn't it cozy then? decades, and the good old days? BAH!

great layout and design (what a change from the old days), and to Guest Editor, George Mendenhall. George's growth as an editor and writer is outstanding. The article, "Unions and the Tavern Guild," is exemplary for its unbiased reporting.

Your magazine is getting better and better and I want to offer my thanks. I enjoy it from cover to cover and even though I'm far from San Francisco I appreciate the work you are doing, realizing that any progress you make there will eventually be felt here. I am surprised and chagrined that more people do not subscribe—surprise.

There's been a great exclusive for Vector this month, but you spelled his name wrong. It's Ruben, not "Ruben." What happened?

We, at Queens Liberation Front, wish to express our gratitude for your fair reporting. Too often, the news which is pertinent to the transvestite community is ignored by the gay press. Your interest in appealing to the entire gay community is one of the reasons, I'm sure, that your magazine is such a success. Continued good fortune to a good magazine!

It was a great exclusive for Vector this month, but you spelled his name wrong. It's Ruben, not "Ruben." What happened?

My lover and I have taken the liberty of naming S.I.R. beneficiary for a Mutual of Omaha Airline Trip Accident Policy for $30,000. Enjoy!

I don't want to go back ever. Good old days? BAH! I can't think of anything in months that I've agreed with more strongly than Gerald Jones' "How Far Back is Nostalgia Taking Us?" (Vector, Oct.) for several years now that we're all reworking Sisters while Rome burns—just a grittiness in the air about me, a sense of See No Evil, of being pum-pum-drunk, of John Held irresponsibility, Drink the gin, honey, it's a shitty tatum amusing world. I hear it in the music (going it in magazines and the newspapers—Let's all go back to the 30's end 40's, Babe, wasn't it cozy then? decades, and the good old days? BAH!

What an issue! The current Vector (Vol. 11, No. 4) has set new standards for all gay media. My most sincere congratulations to you and your whole crew. Special plaudits to Art Director, Doug Smith, for the

The feeling has been growing in me for several years now that we're all playing Jimmy Dorsey and the Andrews Sisters while Rome burns—just a grittiness in the air about me, a sense of See No Evil, of being pum-pum-drunk, of John Held irresponsibility. Drink the gin, honey, it's a shitty tatum amusing world. I hear it in the music (going it in magazines and the newspapers—Let's all go back to the 30's end 40's, Babe, wasn't it cozy then? decades, and the good old days? BAH!

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ed because it is such a good magazine; chagrined because I think more people might be motivated to get their subscriptions and a Vector subscription. However, my heart will be making much of an appearance at SIR with you in your efforts towards equality and freedom for all Gay people.

I have a strong desire to do volunteer work for the Gay cause though I don’t know of any groups that need help in my area. Do you know of any?

My time and money are limited but I will do what I can to help Gay to understand themselves (my self included) and to help the straight world understand us all.

Norman F. Olaine
San Jose, California

TURNED OFF

You have to be kidding or else on a nostalgia trip with your March Issue. Studs washing cocks with all of soap appearing as sperm is a far cry from where VECTOR was over the past couple of years. If this is a new trend you intend to follow then we must talk because, seriously, we were totally turned off!

Marty Feldman
Newark, New Jersey

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WARNING

I’m glad to see that you have posted a warning in the magazine for persons to be aware of someone breaking into cars near the baths.

My car was broken into and about $85 worth of miscellaneous items were taken. The right vent window was opened and the locked door broken. Items did not appear obvious in the car but were under the seat and in the glove compartment.

I hope you continue to alert the readers of this and other important items.

Nama Withheld
San Francisco, California

ECONOMIC HARD TIMES

ON MARCH 1ST AT LANLEY College in Oakland, a group of about 25 Lesbians and Gay men gathered for a Gay workers and Gay welfare recipients workshop as part of the Hard Times community meeting on the economic crisis. The workshop has been covered by the Oakland Gay Men’s Political Action group (which also co-sponsored the overall coalition calling for the conference) and drew support from the Lesbian Focus group of Berkeley-Oakland Women’s Union, one of the main conference organizers.

About half of the men there had been at the Gay Male Workers Gathering last October, and so to some extent the meeting was a followup to that and able to build off of it. Some of the issues raised at that gathering helped serve as a starting-off point: Gay oppression is purely psychological, something we can deal with in our heads, or does it have an aspect of direct social and material oppression, for instance, in harassment and discrimination on the job?

Related to that was the question of whether or not it was essential to come out at work. One woman noted that it seemed harder for a woman, who already faced hassles at her job, and that it seemed harder at work. One woman noted that it seemed to her more men were “out” at work. One woman noted that it seemed to her more men were “out” at work. As implied by the name, “Hard Times,” the conference, as a whole, was focused on economic crisis being experienced by most of the capitalist industrial nations and by the “underdeveloped” semi-colonies worldwide.

As gays in a tightening job market, we face increasing pressure to stay in line. Like other communities at the conference, we need to figure out how to understand and organize to deal with the situation.

One of the major points made at the conference was that the economy has never “delivered” for Third World People, and that this crisis of unemployment and inflation is hitting Blacks, Latins, and Asians hardest. This is certainly true in the gay community as well. As gays, we aren’t exempt from facing the issues confronting all working people: sexism, exploitation, racism, militarism and the bloated American empire.

A major part of the gay workshop was devoted to considering workplace
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ENJOY THE NEW SOUND SYSTEM
IN THE UPSTAIRS CORRAL FOR DANCING
AND....

A frontal attack! Sec. 647(a) makes
place open to the public or exposed to
use it in any way they want, and they
have chosen to use it in often incredible
time a man goes to a gay bar and talks
whenever the discussion reaches the
with a man to whom he's attracted,
an undercover agent who will arrest
him on a 647(a) charge. We'll seek a
court ruling prohibiting the whole range
of police action under this section.

What is the penalty for a 647(a)
conviction?
The stated maximum penalty is a
fine plus a year in jail. But there are
vicious side effects; anyone convicted
under 647(a) must register as a sex
offender with the sheriff of his home
county, and if he is a teacher or other
state-licensed professional, he stands
great jeopardy of losing his license.
When will ACLU's attack on Penal
Code Sec. 647(a) begin?
Soon—just as soon as ACLU raises
the funds to finance the case. Cases
like this are expensive. The challenge
of 647(a) could cost as much as twenty-
five thousand dollars ($25,000).

Victimless crimes litigation is pur-
sued by the American Civil Liberties
Union Foundation of Northern Cali-
ifornia, contributions to which are tax
deductible. Contributions may be sent
to ACLU Foundation, 532 Market
Street, San Francisco 94105—earmarked
for the Victimless Crimes Project.

Deborah Hinkel, staff attorney of
The American Civil Liberties Union's
San Francisco office, won a major
victory in early March for the Victim-
less Crimes Project. Judge Sourergeon
Avakian of the Alameda County Super-
ior Court ruled that the age-old system
of arresting prostitutes while letting
their intended customers go free was
discriminatory and unconstitutional.

Now that your Victimless Crimes
Project has had a big success with
respect to prostitutes, what do you
intend to do for gay people?
Obviously, since gays are the target
of much of the police action in the
sexual field, they stand to benefit
greatly if we can get the court to
declare a right to sexual privacy.
This will begin to curtail police harass-
ment and the terrible discrimination
against gays.

Our Victimless Crimes Project
philosophy is to bring cases that will
have the greatest positive impact for
the greatest number of people. So our
next case will attack a statute under
which 13,000 arrests of gay people are
made each year in California—Penal
Code Sec. 647(a).

What attack will you make on
Section 647(a)?
A frontal attack! Sec. 647(a) makes
it a crime to solicit anyone to engage
in "lewd or lewd act conduct in
any place open to the public or exposed to
public view." This language is so broad
that it gives the police wide license
to use it any way they want, and they
have chosen to use it in numerous
circumstances to deny freedom of
association among gay people. So every
time a man goes to a gay bar and talks
with a man to whom he's attracted,
whenever the discussion reaches
the possibility of sexual expression he
is taking the chance that the stranger
is an undercover agent who will arrest
VENUS–THE PLANET OF LOVE, CHARM, AND BEAUTY

Astrologers consider the brilliant planet Venus to be the ruler of all things warm and loving. In the natal horoscope Venus indicates the capacity for coupling, that is getting together with others, either in love or friendship. Venus points to the type of friends we choose. When Venus transits an important point in the horoscope, especially the natal Sun, we can expect luck and good times; for Venus is known as the "party planet" by some. Venus shows that our friends will seem to be walking in walls, but the hurt is not lessened by discovery that the walls weren't really there in the first place. If you learn nothing else in life you will do well to heed the lessons of moderation. 1975 will offer itself as a time of new ways of getting it on (or off) and opportunities that you least expected, even in your far out dream patterns. But you will be forced into a self-awareness that will make your problems of absorption and addiction painfully real, even to you. Reality is not your best suit, but 1975 will tend to force your hand.

Your Sun is in the middle degrees of the constellation of Pisces. When you want, you want! You may forget why you wanted it, but you are still fiercely determined to have it, NOW! Of the Pisceans you are the most determined and the least likely to yield. Of course, you share the rosy, somewhat unreal view of life that characterizes most Pisceans, but your determination often serves to create the keenest disappointment and disillusionment. You always seem to be walking into walls, but the story is not lessened by discovery that the walls weren't really there in the first place. If you learn nothing else in life you will do well to heed the lessons of moderation. 1975 will offer itself as a time of new ways of getting it on (or off) and opportunities that you least expected, even in your far out dream patterns. But you will be forced into a self-awareness that will make your problems of absorption and addiction painfully real, even to you. Reality is not your best suit, but 1975 will tend to force your hand.

April 7 – April 14

Your Sun is in the final degrees of the constellation of Pisces. You are the true creative Pisces. Your religi­ous sense is deeply felt and very real to you. Late degree Pisceans are the most likely candidates for cultism. You are a religious mystic. You are acutely aware of the beauty of life and the harmony of all living things. You possess the very essence of the innate charm and pleasure-giving potential of the Piscean vibration. You are the noble Pisces, the inspired Pisces, and the generous Pisces. And, you bring out such qualities in others. Those close to you are often bewildered by the complexity of your psychic concepts concerning the order of the Cosmos. But they stick around for more, hoping that eventually it will all become clearer. You have much to offer in love or friendship, for you are above all an inspirational partner. Love to you becomes truly a sacrament. You have the ability to make anyone you love feel worshiped. You can be too generous with too many, however. People can take advantage of your inability to see them as they truly are. You tend to see them only in a good light.

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April 15 – April 19

Your Sun is in the early degrees of the constellation of Aries. You do nothing slowly. You have not exactly got the market on passion cornered, but your shares are enormous. Anyone you court, be it friend or lover, is literally swept off their feet by your ardor. Your inclination to do everything yesterday sometimes leaves you breathless and far behind. Dashing and exciting, you give love or friendship with gusto. A partner with good nerves is absolutely necessary, and if they can put up with your sexual athleticism they are in for quite a time. You love magnificently. The worst mistake any partner can make is to criticize you in public. The second and often fatal mistake to any relationship a chosen partner can make is to bore you. You find disloyalty the hardest thing to forgive. 1975 is a year of gaining new and soul-expanding knowledge for you. The unusual and the exciting adventure is, of course, nothing unique for early Ariens, but you will have further opportunities to stretch your horizons in 1975. Most attractive will be the world of ideas. Learning and information will be paramount on your list. But wisdom is also possible. New insights and above all answers are coming your way.

April 20 – April 30

Your Sun is in the middle of the constellation of Aries. The Arien temperament hides a fierce bite. You find disloyalty the hardest thing to face. You don’t give up easily and have talent for fresh and unique approaches in the face of the most obstinate refusal. You can be deeply wounded by rebuff and cannot forget rejection. Once accepted you tend to overwhelm a partner. One thing is sure—they will feel loved! And, they had best forget the old “Not tonight, I’m tired...” routine. Your solar return is very similar to that of early Ariens. 1975 holds much that is new and exciting for you, especially in the area of love and all kinds of friendships.

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Ironically enough, the majority of those who rape are heterosexual and perform their deed for mostly non-sexual reasons. Frustrated cons wish to humiliate and bolster their pent-up masculinity by acts of violence. The folklore of the underworld proclaims that those who get screwed are no longer men, but “punks.” The outnumbered victim has no way out. Once violated he cannot protest for fear of another beating. No one respects him even though he fights to the end.

TERROR IN THE PRISONS: Homosexual Rape and Why Society Condemnes It - $8.95
by Carl Weiss & David James Friar

Rape assaults us from headlines and women’s groups everywhere. Justice must triumph. Consider the plight of the victims. The resulting trauma terrifies the woman for half a lifetime. But we seldom hear of men and youths who are attacked by the same manner in our prisons. Some experts actually claim that males are penetrated more frequently than women.

The subject of homosexual rape is rarely examined at length. Carl Weiss, a psychotherapist and David James Friar, a journalist and radio veteran, have smashed the taboo. By traveling about the country and interviewing wardens, rapists, victims, and state legislators, they’ve unearthed an astonishing scandal. But the average citizen has become inured to violence and brutality. He fails to remind himself that a relative of his may wind up behind bars in the future and encounter more than bad prison food. It may be his son or daughter.

The hardened cons literally run certain aspects of the prison life. At night, in numerous cell blocks they can do as they please. The guards ignore the plight of the young, good looking inmate who is under constant pressure to fight off those who desire to subdue him. Young, fresh looking kids, some as young as sixteen, are mobbed by as many as a dozen older prisoners. In women’s prisons a similar situation exists.

The authors, unfortunately, do not provide any bibliography or detailed index. Much of the material is redundant and the unrelenting style soon settles in.
MOUTH OF THE DRAGON: A Poetry Journal of Male Love
Box 107 Cooper Station, N.Y. 10003

Gay poetry actually goes back centuries to the Greeks. Walt Whitman, we can suppose, represents the emergence of the modern period. Fortunately, this line of poetic expression is getting less dependent on erotic formulas for success. One always received the impression that whenever gays beheld each other sex immediately occurred. That's why such people were referred to as homosexuals. Words were meant to limit as well as to define.

The poetry here has a fine balance. Some non-sexual areas are brought into play. My lover and I were especially amused and touched by a piece titled, "Sunday Services at Smokey Mary's," by Owen Wilson.

I went to church to find God
But God was not there,
I waited and waited
But no God.

I lit a candle,
God did not come.
I whispered, God is waiting.
No God
I ordered God to appear!
Nothing.

Finally I stood up and yelled:
I'M IN PAIN YOU SON OF A BITCH
MY LOVER IS GONE.
Some guy in a black dress asked me to leave,
It is now possible to subscribe to this love journal. In SF Gay Lib Book Service Box 40397, Zip 94140.

GAY MONEY/Straight Causes?
by GEORGE RAYA
MARK FREEMAN

The Softball Team of the Police Department will be going up against the Gay All Stars of San Francisco once again this year. The Police will probably be taking a closer look and organizing their efforts a little better this time after their good-hearted but very decisive defeat of last year. And although there are honest differences of opinion within our communities over the value of a gay/policeman rivalry on the baseball diamond, many of us will certainly be buying admission tickets to root for the team of our choice.

All well and good. And once again, may the best team win. But there is another question about the game that arose last year, never got settled, and is with us again. How many, last year, knew that all the receipts of the benefit game went to a police "charitable organization," the Police Athletic League (PAL)? This year, while there is still plenty of time before the game is to be played, we'd like to take the trouble to decide if this is what we want, and raise the general question of whether the money we donate to charitable causes should go to "our communities" or "straight charities."

There have been a number of gay organizations who, out of very good and noble intentions, raise funds for straight charities or causes. But does our community attain any real benefit from this? The reasons in favor of gay fund raising for straight causes are 1) Good publicity for the gay community, and 2) Doing our social duty as part of the greater good.

But is it possible that the gay liberation movement is actually set back by these monies leaving our community and ending up in the coffers of the United Bay Area Crusade or whatever? And are we really by our actions trying to buy with cold cash our acceptance by raising funds for these charities?

If so, it's a very roundabout way to win acceptance. Even on the level of personal relationships, we all know that this way of going about things is pretty unsatisfying in the long run. Our goal is not acceptance, per se, but a change in the social values and realities that will bring that respect and gain that acceptance.

It's good to remind ourselves that the advances we're making and the increased respect we command are due to the activism and organizing we are accomplishing in our own communities.

Our donations to straight charities have not decontextualized our sexual behavior. Those who accept our money are still not ready to hire us as openly gay teachers in the schools, or fight for...
Politics

our legal tights as gay parents to custody

Politics

by the Police Athletic League for "under­-

privileged youth?"

So-called Gay money can

better serve our needs if it is directed in­

to "charity." Let's carry gay service organizations and some

gay causes. For instance, in the follow­

ing ways:

1) Gay people have problems that

regular straight groups will not or can­

not cope with. Groups such as the Whit­

man Racially/religious, JOIN Hands gay prisoner support, Page Street

Survival House, Pride Foundation's anti­
defamation campaign and the Los Angel­
es Gay Service Center's youth program

are some examples.

2) A continuing statewide effort to

secure passage of legislation that would

change the laws we have to live under

by other gay organizations. Once a

authorization for telephone persons

caused intim idation to those called to

and all persons involved were cleared.

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are some examples.
One of the most interesting findings of current empirical research into homo-sexuality is the growing conclusion that lesbians are more better adjusted than female heterosexuals.

This wasn’t always the conclusion, of course. According to earlier theories such as Freud in 1920 and Durruti in 1944, female homosexuality was believed to be the result of “an unresolved oral conflict” of the pre-Oedipal phase. And the very first close study of a lesbian, by Fromm and Eichen in 1951, argued that lesbians typically deprived men and viewed people in animal-like categories.

But the first study of non-psychiatric lesbians, by Armon in 1968, showed no difference in “orality” between female homosexuals or heterosexuals, and documented that there was no significant “disparagement of men” among lesbians. Neither did Armon discover any noticeable masculine identification among lesbians. He concluded that lesbians were not psychopathological, and that they could not be clased into a clinical entity.

Armon’s conclusion that lesbians aren’t sick has been verified by virtually every study since then. Only one study has asserted that lesbians are more emotionally inhibited than female heteros (this is part of the profile of “the lesbian personality” put forth by Hopkins in 1969—in the space of mere four pages).

But most of the studies have begun to suggest that lesbians are somehow more socially fit than female heteros. Gendrich and Reis in 1968 concluded that lesbians have greater “host independence,” that it is that they are better able to distinguish a figure from its surrounding context, a test which measures self-reliance. Most startling is the conclusion by Freedman in 1967 that lesbians are better adjusted psychologically than heteros, that they have greater candor, greater self-confidence, and greater acceptance and control of aggression, even the hardiest, inner-directed and self-actualized.

This has been supported by Wilson and Green in 1971, who conclude that lesbians have a greater intellectual efficiency and endurance, and that heteros tend to be more neurotics.

The most recent studies have steadily supported the evidence that lesbians are better adjusted. Siegelman in 1972 says that lesbians are more competent, mature and independent than heteros. And Steinmann in work still in progress shows that lesbians score higher than heteros on tests which measure “self-achieving orientation for both self and ideal.” Her statistics draws from a study of several thousand women.

One only study in the series of “modern” researches, that by Kenyon in 1960, suggests that lesbians are more neurotic. Kenyon’s study has been criticized by Siegelman on the basis that his “lesbian” sample included many women who were more bisexual.

The implication is that the more predominantly homosexual a woman is, the more likely she is to be better adjusted. These and related studies— all tending to the same conclusion—are discussed by Reis, Safer, and Youniss in the first issue of the Journal of Homosexuality, 1974.

So what does all this mean? Most of the definitions of “good adjustment” are associated with “oralness” informal and its independence, for example, is regarded as a male attribute. This might suggest that lesbians are stunted men. But all the studies simultaneously indicate that lesbians are NOT male identified (on Draw-a-Person Tests, for example, they don’t typically draw a man before drawing a woman). Lesbians in fact seem to have some of the good mental health characteristics grants to men, not because they imitate men, but because they escape the oppressive roles set out to heteros. “Good mental health” is more universal than sex determined, and lesbians are better adjusted because they are allowed such things as self-awareness, instead of feminine role playing, and can direct themselves to more fulfilling goals than marriage and motherhood. More than gay men, het men, and het women, they are free to become who they are.

Whether or not future studies will continue to reinforce the evidence that lesbians indeed better adjusted than nearly everyone else, virtually all recent studies demonstrate that lesbians do not fall into the category of “psychiatric disorder,” and nearly all responsible students have now accepted this premise as the basis for future research.

The most recent studies have steadily supported the evidence that lesbians are more better adjusted than female heterosexuals.

Hallelujah San Francisco’s done it again! La Cucaracha is the hottest and finest “experiential” to hit town in years and judging by its success in the middle of the Market/Castro area is brilliant.

Continuing in the tradition that makes San Francisco a designer’s paradise, the graphics alone are worth the trip. Lynn West has converted an old candy factory loft into a spooking new/old subliminal Mexico trip with banana palm trees painted on the walls of this large, large room topped by a desert sunset ceiling mural with a three-sided view of the whole Market/Castro area seen through tiny bamboo slats. Add to this Carmen Miranda in extensum, the largest living Boston Fern plant we’ve ever seen and an authentic Mexican kitchen and you just begin the experience.

First out on the table was placed a funny pizza-like thing with no red on it but bits of melted cheese and spices. It’s a quesadillas that is broken into small pieces and dipped into a mild red chili sauce. The fascinating menu (in terms of content and design) runs from Filet Mignon ($6.95) with everything else (and a gigantic everything that is) running an average of $3.50. I had a combination plate ($4.75) that I won’t begin to describe. It was a spectacular plate (the size of a medium pizza), hot, covered with treasures of enchiladas, tacos, refenas, authentic black refried beans, with a mound of divine rice in the center. Just the sight of this feast would have been enough. I had the Chile Rellenos with Arroz and for once, I didn’t envy his choice since it was equally magnificent.

The kitchen crew are Mexican imports and, just having returned from a six week jaunt down South and the reason the food in Mexico stinks is that all the good cooks are in San Francisco! Lynn adds a fascinating sound environment to complement the food, too.

When we thought another grain of rice would burst the bladder, Lynn appeared with their house speciality dessert—Bananarama Verricones ($1.50). Imagine, two whole bananas which have been done with rum and raisens and exotic spices with a mound of (real) whipped cream topped with a brilliant red cherry.

Two very filled, very satisfied, very turned on men walked out of La Cucaracha soaring with the experience of QUALITY wondering how the hell they manage to do it for the ridiculous prices they charge. The place carries a very posh wine list (presented in a padded leather wedding-album kind of affair with labels under plastic) and a full range of superb Mexican beers.

That was the beginning. Zeldas has a discontinue type of operation that staggers the imagination. In a very filled area with almost as many women as being jolly (plus a most respect able amount of cruising—you could feel it). Thus we ate and ran to the other room and stayed and stayed, One begins to feel that everyone looks the same in San Francisco and the only alternative to urban cowboys is in Berkeley but the range of physical types in Marin is even greater. Thus you have suburban cowboys to balance your visuals, and very estab lished “assimilated” Marin guys, plus lots of upfright Lesbians, and all glossed over with sympathetic friends and neddies of gays giving Zeldas a feeling of completeness that is lacking almost everywhere else.

That’s a one stop place where, as we said, if it exists Zeldas has found and named it and is offering it for your plea sure and consideration. Welcome to town!
ANONYMOUS

The Argument from Compassion
by Daniel Curzon
Part 3

Cover you with bearksims and barrenness and other greasy things.

Hank was caught between laughing at my foolishness and disliking because I was blushing.

"You're acting like a heathen," he said, knowing I'm in danger of planting myself in God's barn.

He moved his moccasin down to the kneeler, "A moccasin Leather!" I smiled.

"D. my big-hearted leather brave, come to my wigwam, my tepee, I will never look favorably upon such a situation."

Listening of homosexuality, the Oklahoma Board says that "This is not an accepted practice in Oklahoma. Although these states don't give an absolute "No," most gay professionals do not want to risk being open, and so would have to continue in "the closet living double lives" out of fear for their jobs.

Only one state was open enough to admit that the Middle Ages were alive and well in 1975. I asked, "Would Utah State Dental Board license someone who knew they were a homosexual?" They answered, "No. The individual must show good moral character." They also said that if a licensed dentist were discovered to be gay, "We would hold a hearing to revoke his license." This was especially disconcerting to me since I had several friends in Utah, and had wanted to take the Board there. My seven years of college were down the drain because I could never be open about myself spiritually and physically.

Why is the necessity to be open? Why tell the Board and sexual preference? The reason is that we must not cringe to the ignorant people in positions of power.

My right to practice dentistry should have nothing to do with my likes and dislikes in bed. If I were to neglect telling the Board, and were to be licensed, I would always be afraid of having that license revoked. I could never be open about a beautiful and integral part of me, for fear that my livelihood would be terminated.

I urge all gay dentists to begin opposing the power structure. Please write to me for your share of this effort to change the laws to discuss personal cases of discrimination, or just for support. All information I receive will be kept confidential. Please write to: Donald Klein, D.D.S., 2027 Hearst St. Berkeley, California 94709.

WE MUST NO LONGER CRINGE BEFORE THE POWER STRUCTURE OF OUR INSTITUTIONS by Donald Klein, D.D.S.

lew people realize just how enormous the discrimination against gay people. Until the last few years, only a handful of people were open enough about their gay identities to confront the various institutions and agencies on the issue. But as nurses, teachers, electricians, writers slowly begin to come out, we find that heterosexism is rampant in every area. Having received my D.D.S. (Doctor of Dental Surgery) degree from Northwestern University, Chicago, in 1970, I felt it was up to me to investigate discrimination against gay dentists, since I knew of no other openly gay dental dentists willing to confront the institution in this country.

I began my survey by writing to the Directors of the Dental Boards in each of the fifty states. In order to practice in a specific state, one must pass a series of examinations in that state. My letter asked two questions: 1) Would your Board license someone who they knew was homosexual? 2) Would a homosexual person already licensed in your state have his/her license revoked if their sexual preference was known?

Thirty-two states responded over a period of three months, at which time I re-wrote the remaining 18 states which had not answered.

Another three months passed, and all states responded except Illinois, Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Nevada, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island. It is interesting to note that four of the eight states are in New England, New Hampshire, which is not exactly known for having an enlightened attitude towards anything, replied, but instead of answering my questions they merely passed the buck. The Board told me to contact the Attorney General, and the Attorney General referred me to a private attorney, which I could not afford. So, no answer, from a practical standpoint.

One state's responses ranged from totally positive to totally negative. Typical of the positive responses was South Dakota, which stated that if a person did not feel the Board has to pry into the personal habits of dentists unless they are affecting their ability to perform as competent dentists." California, Oregon, and North Carolina gave similar replies.

The majority of states, however, gave "liberal" replies, not actually telling us anything one way or another. One problem is that my questions were all hypothetical. No openly gay dentist has ever had the courage to apply, Louisiana, for example, points out that, "The Dental Board does not pre-judge any case until specific facts are presented to it."

Sexual preference is not mentioned in any of the state statutes, but one does find vague phrases like "moral turpitude" and "immoral conduct." Such terminology is open to interpretation by each particular state. At least ten states say that a person's dental license can be revoked due to "immoral conduct," and at least twelve more will revoke licenses if one is convicted of a felony or misdemeanor involving "moral turpitude." Since homosexuality is against the law in most states, this means that if the authorities wanted to do you in, they'd have a good legal case.

West Virginia says that "pursuant to our good moral character." They also said that the Wyoming Board would not admit that the Middle Ages were alive and well in 1975. I asked, "Would Utah State Dental Board license someone who knew they were a homosexual?" They answered, "No. The individual must show good moral character." They also said that if a licensed dentist were discovered to be gay, "We would hold a hearing to revoke his license." This was especially disconcerting to me since I had several friends in Utah, and had wanted to take the Board there. My seven years of college were down the drain because I could never be open about myself spiritually and physically.

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SEX BILL PASSES!

THE HARD WORK OF ASSEMBLYPERSON WILLIE Brown Jr. (D-SF) in conjunction with lobbying by gay people, largely focused through George Raya this year, has paid off. AB 489, which will forever remove criminal sanctions against oral copulation and sodomy by repealing sections 288a and 286 of the Penal Code passed the Assembly 45-26. This is the culmination of a six year long effort.

After the bill was first introduced by Willie in 1969, his friends felt called upon to point out, when introducing him at functions, that even though he was carrying gay rights legislation, he was definitely married and the father of three children. Legislators that told the gay community they would support a broad penal code reform bill, balked when asked to support a bill specifically with sodomy and oral copulation. In November of 1971, the first vote on the bill on the floor of the Assembly, there were 27 votes yes—14 short of passage. In part, this was due to the vocal and obstinate denunciation of the bill by former Governor Reagan and his flat decision to veto it, if passed. Nonetheless, quietly and behind the scenes, Willie Brown was using his powerful position as Chairperson of the Ways and Means Committee to educate fellow legislators and gain support and votes for his bill. He also used money given him by his gay and straight supporters to help finance the campaigns of candidates that would be supportive of progressive legislation such as the Consensual Sex Bill. He also impressed upon the gay community the importance of lobbying assemblypeople throughout the State.

The Gay community did not get involved in great numbers in forcefully lobbying the Assembly until the passage in the Senate last year of a Penal Code revision package called SB 39. That bill removed sanctions against heterosexual sodomy and oral copulation, but retained them against homosexuals. Thus homosexuality became illegal for the first time in California. This direct attack upon our community mobilized a tidal wave of opposition to SB 39 in the Assembly Judiciary Committee and the bill was buried. The fact that such an inimicable bill was introduced, came out of committee and passed the Senate largely without our knowledge, brought home the necessity for a lobbyist for our community in Sacramento. Such a person would keep us informed of new legislation, see to the introduction of bills helpful to gay people and educate legislators to vote for such measures. In December of 1974, our community was fortunate enough to discover a person who was willing, without pay, to do this important lobbying in Sacramento—George M. Raya.

George first came to our attention by succeeding in getting a gay employment discrimination ordinance passed by the Berkeley City Council. George came to the Bay Area from Sacramento, where he received a BA in Political Science. In Sacramento he was a founding member of the Society for Homosexual Freedom, a member of the Sacramento County Democratic Central Committee and chaired the Student Senate of Sacramento State University. He first learned about the legislative process while working for the Rules Committee under John Burton. Being on the staff of this powerful committee and a member of the Democratic Central Committee gave George an opportunity to get to know legislators and their staff, to sharpen his political skills and to acquire an expertise in the realities of the legislature.

George moved to the Bay Area in September of 1972 to attend law school at the University of California Berkeley. Immediately his presence was felt. Within one year of his arrival he became overall director of the law school legal assistance programs, a member of the Student Senate, a founding member of a gay law student association and a leading figure in the Chicano student organization. The City Council appointed George to Berkeley's Community Health Advisory Committee where he served as Vice Chairperson. George's activities lead to his initiation into the Order of the Golden Bear, U.C.'s most prestigious social and service organization, as well as membership in the Commonwealth Club. In October of 1973, George became active in the Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club of San Francisco. The next year, Jim Foster, Founding President of that club, asked him to be manager of his campaign.

CALIFORNIA IS THE FIRST STATE TO PASS SEX LAW REFORM WHICH WAS NOT PART OF A PENAL CODE REFORM PACKAGE

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 54
Precipice: A Short Story by J. HUEBENER

I feel I am ugly when I am alone. I dreaded the prospect of returning to my room, my empty room under the roof, There would be no one home when I got there, save myself, and I haven't been my own best company.

The shadowy darkness of the bridge engulfed me and my thoughts stirred a bitter isolation. He doesn't love you anymore, there is nothing simpler nor more complex than that, are you stirring the ashes of a dying fire? Didier doesn't love you anymore, What had he said? "Yes, I will always love you... as long as you do not lose your beautiful balls." I wanted to laugh as I thought of Didier, I clenched my fist and wanted to cry. I took a blue package of Gauloise from my pocket, pulled one out and lit it. From the box of matches a juggling clown grinned up at me.

I stuffed them both into my pocket, and fumbling, took out a cloth handkerchief in which I had wrapped the few coins I had earned and spread it out on the cold stone, counting them again. Twenty-five francs, The Metro had been crowded today, perhaps they had liked my music. Or perhaps they only paid hommage to vanity, I didn't care.

Certainly I had been a fool to have come to France on a one-way ticket, and twenty-five francs seemed a long way from the price of a ticket back. Didier's words raked back sharply in memory: "an act of faith" he had called it. "Damn you!" I muttered to the dark.

The anger in my voice started me. I stared out over the river. "I love you Di­..." I heard myself say. I wanted to hate him, I wanted to love him but I could no longer do either. I rarely saw Didier now that I had moved upstairs and there, isolated, I lived in a frustrat­...ed void, adrift in memories.

I shoved myself to my feet, clapping my hands across each shoulder and muttered to the dark. The cold stone, my empty room under the roof. aerial countryside. I no longer have a home, you see, I am truly, "Ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard."..."

I clapped my hands against the chill of the night air. Drifting fog outlined the dark water of the river and, huddled in the darkness under the cement walls separate the river from the weeping trees by the path. Abruptly, I watch it move toward me under the bridge, I feel I am ugly when I am alone. I

A dull moon, clung with shroud, to vanity, I didn't care. The sun would shimmer along waves of sand, and he will see me running naked, I will meet Didier here for the first time, on this beach. An exhilarating day! A wonderful day; we will not need to speak. Gently, between our eyes, we'll share chocolate and French rolls and wine, we'll build sand castles. Then, later, we will watch as the tide rolls across the walls we've formed together. Gulls will flash through the sun and we'll sparkle in each others' eyes. In a shady glen we will make love by a stream, and your face, your face will be the imagery of angels and de­...mons. We will bear together at the end of a long search and our laughter will wash us away and join us again.

Some memories are nails pounded in to your hands, they rout me with terror and my eyes water in the cold. The empti­...ness of the street is bluish, I walk past tiny, dark shops under skeletal trees, and at this hour it is wholly quiet but for the gentle buzz of beige street lamps. I talk to myself now too, It has become a habit, I have lived alone in my small room at the top of the stairs for two weeks. Too long. He has little to do with me now, his sister Anne is the only one close to him, they could almost be lovers. Love­...ers, the very word is distasteful. What a change from the first few days here? It has been the trip to the South that has brought the change from the first few days here! It has been the trip to the South that had damaged my mind, and died, as he said?..."

"It's not your fault. You took too much acid. You have died. You can no longer leap." I had stumbled over these ideas of his: I could not deny them nor af­...firm them. Was I really dead? Had I damaged my mind, and died, as he said? And when we returned to Paris I had moved upstairs and my confusion took on manifold meaning with this rejec­tion: "You are no longer able to create beauty."

My feet echoed in the street as I crossed Rue Mornil and made my way to the small wooden door that led into the court of a great heawn-stone building that bordered the street. I shut the latch and walked quietly through the first court and stopped by the mailbox anxious for a letter, from anyone. I sorted
through the stack of rejected mail, started through the pile again and shoved it to the back of the box and walked on. My footsteps clattered. I looked up at the faceless windows and the moon alone overhead in a clearing sky. The door was unlocked and I entered, quietly. I started up the stairs and at the top of the first landing I stopped silent before Didier's door. No thin crack of light fit the slit at the bottom. On its front was an envelope thumbtacked there, from Claude Petit. My insides shone full overhead in a clearing sky. I read the note that had levied there with Didier. I read the front. My insides had levied there with Didier. I read the note. My insides felt faintly weak, I thought of aged Claude Petit with his tired, greedy eyes and bourgeois manners with Didier. The thought of the sexual debt sickened me. I thought of Claude's hands caressing Didier's cheeks; of the days we had spent exploring the antiquated to the modern and every-where beauty was being uprooted, everywhere. I rose wearily. My footsteps clattered. I looked up at the faceless windows and the moon alone overhead in a clearing sky. The door was unlocked and I entered, quietly. I started up the stairs and at the top of the first landing I stopped silent before Didier's door. No thin crack of light fit the slit at the bottom. On its front was an envelope thumbtacked there, from Claude Petit. My insides shone full overhead in a clearing sky. I read the note that had levied there with Didier. I read the front. My insides had levied there with Didier. I read the note. My insides felt faintly weak, I thought of aged Claude Petit with his tired, greedy eyes and bourgeois manners with Didier. The thought of the sexual debt sickened me. I thought of Claude's hands caressing Didier's cheeks; of the days we had spent exploring the antiquated to the modern and every-where beauty was being uprooted, everywhere.

**The Everard**

Strangest Flower In The Flower District

by H. Kay

The Everard. Famous! Internationally famous! Renowned everywhere!

In Amsterdam, I am dancing at the DOK and a lonely Indonesian boy, "American, yes?" I nod. "Ah-bah," he says. "You know the Everard? It is my dream, to visit the Everard. It is my ambition.

The Everard. Read about in Ned Rogers' New York Diaries, in Alfed Chester's stories, in the climax of an extra-

(Continued on page 47)
Time: 4am; Place: Market & Mason Street

One hustler who has just arrived in the city and who doesn't have a place to stay, had been talking to another one who has a hotel room. They decide to give up and go home together. They're both hungry but broke and no food in the room, so they go to bed hungry. The guy who has the room has a big hardon and says, "If you're so hungry you can eat me."

The new guy answers, "Oh, man, I have that done to me. I don't do it."

At that, he pushes the other guy's head down, and says, "If you want to sleep here, do it and jack off at the same time."

He then slides down and takes a bite of the cock. The other guy screams and kicks him out of bed, then jumps on him and they start fighting.

(Continued on page 45)
Pick up any gay want-ad column and the same words appear again and again: "Heavy-hung stud, W/M endowed, want to meet with stud with 9" or more, must be well hung," etc.

Whether the sexual interest is active or passive, French or Greek, size seems very important, and the man with more than most would seem to have everything pretty much his own way.

What does it all mean?

It would be easy to say we're all size-queens, and let it go at that, but we know that isn't true. Nor is it true that bigger is always better, because often enough the owners of biggies are totally incapable of 1) getting it up, 2) keeping it up, 3) getting it up enough so it doesn't suffer from the bends, 4) getting off before his partner has either slipped a disc or dislocated his jaw, or gone dry. Nobody comes to the show to enjoy previews.

Biologically, they're all the same: two columns of cavernous tissue which swell up when the blood fills them, causing rigidity of the columns. The urethra lies below and between these columns. At one end of the columns is the body, with the phallus arising from between the legs (a protected position, when we ran on all fours) with supporting muscles going between the legs and back toward the anus. At the other end of the columns lies the head, or glans (however distant that may be from the body), protected at birth by a bit of skin the doctors are fond of removing. The reasons for doing this are complex, but I suspect, chiefly involve the fee for the operation. In any case, the glans is where it's at. That's where the nerve endings come close to the surface—around the edge of the crown, and in the small triangle formed by the intersection of the two bottom lobes of the glans and the urethral column.

Big or small makes no difference, enough friction in the right places, and the damned thing goes off. "It" doesn't differentiate between the various possible sources of friction, whether it be hand, mouth, vagina or ass or a fur glove or some other nice surface. All the differentiation goes on in the mind of the owner.

I think we have to look at our concepts of "male" to understand the fixation with size. As children, we were brought up by straights in a straight world, where all of us (boys and girls both) were taught to regard a whole roster of male ideals highly. These included strength, influence, wealth, aggression, competition, popularity, and the like. Where comparisons between two males could be made, the stronger was esteemed more than the weaker; the more influential more than the less so. The greater number of these male attributes one had, the more made one in some obscure way, more masculine, more male, and therefore better. This concept frequently has led fathers to brag about his 6'4", 240 pound dummy son, at the expense of a less beefy son who might have taught himself Spanish, for example. It has led to guys spending all their waking hours with bar bells, trying to develop the biggest pectorals in Qatar.

So we have a paradigm of male properties, all of which equate more or bigger

by Norman Davis
THE FIRST TIME, I GAVE HIM TOO MUCH MONEY. He smiled at my gauche-ness and stuffed it into the pocket of his levis without counting it; I was aware of his contempt; I am not an undignified man by nature. And yet—he asked for it—I would have given him more, I am not entirely able to explain this. He would have prostituted himself for less. But I think that I knew, even then, that no amount of money could ever buy his soul, and that, in some curious way, he would always remain inviolate. It was this, I suppose, that made him so overwhelmingly attractive to me.

Though I do not mean to suggest that he was insensitive. I think, rather, that he must have recognized that I was beyond the point where I could be hurt, And that all that he could offer me was contempt. Contempt and humiliation. (Yes: I remember the time, much later, when he insisted that I fuck him—I who had never wanted to bear down on his slender form, fearing that it would be too suffocating.

And yet, he revelled in it. He mocked my tears and laughed at the rage that grew within me until, frenzied, I was able to accomplish his desire. And then it was I who felt violated, the bulk of my stomach and hips pressing him to the bed. He once said to me that he was indifferent to events. And to some extent, I think that this must have applied to people as well.)

HAT DAY AT THE BEACH WAS SO POIGNANT because it was the longest time we had ever spent alone together without sex as our immediate object, (though it was there, as always: it was what I was seeking, what I anticipated, knowing it to be the only thing that he could offer in return for... what? Well yes, for money, but by that time too, for a kind of ponderous affection as well, an obsession that bordered on love but without binding him as love might have done, Something that made it possible—

and, in a sense, inevitable—for me to give him not only money, but also a kind of tenderness. And this was something. I think, that he had never known before and which he coveted, not lustfully, but rather with an almost inarticulate yearning. This was no disgust, as later there would be in acknowledgement of his weaknesses for accepting my love, though it was never quite that—the slight tincture of feeling that would make it impossible for us to ever be alone in this way again—alone without the rigorous protection of sex.

And on that day, perhaps he felt a sense of freedom that he had never known before. The beach was deserted and there was only I, I, who would wait patiently, I, who had made all this possible and yet, who would never insinuate myself beyond the limits that he had set. (The limits that he delighted in changing daily, without warning, as if to torment me, to keep me dangling like the most wretched of fools. And I—was aware, even more so than he, of the utter depths of foolishness to which I had fallen, or rather, of the depths to which I had sought.)

There was only I. He was alone with the sea and unampered by the necessity of using his body (as, under any ordinary circumstances, he must use it: to attract, to seduce, and always, to compete,) He shed his clothes and ran into the water, splashing with his arms and yelling and laughing at the salt sting upon his naked body. I could have loved him then. Perhaps he did. Perhaps he will return to me now.

LEANED DOWN TO SET MY LIPS AGAINST THE flesh of his belly. (This was the first time.) I was almost afraid to touch him—tormented by the fear that to do so would disrupt the stillness. And then I remained that way for as long as I dared, my lips dry against his skin.

He did not move. It was a kind of acquiescence, perhaps even indifference— as if he has been trained never to assert himself, but always to follow, follow. I inhaled the odors of his youth, the musky, sweaty smell of his sex, I touched, with my lips, the dry, crinkly hairs that nestled about his penis. And then, when I could stand it no longer, I felt the touch of his hands on my head pulling me down between his legs. My lips glided over cock and balls into the crevice of his buttocks; I was no longer restrained. When he came, it was in a high arc that splashed hot and wet onto his chest, his hands still clasping my head: he did not make a sound.

In the silence, there was sweetness, I pressed my face against his wet skin and wept.

And now he has gone. To San Francisco, I suppose, or to New Orleans, or New York. To some place where his youth will be renewed.

My poor golden boy. Did I drive you from me? Did I press too hard for your love, because I could not love you enough?

There was an infinity of desire. I knew that you could not love me at all.

And that is what I remember: that day at the beach, And the pure, glorious nakedness of the boy who has gone.

That is all that remains. |
YOU'RE GOING TO BE A supernumeral!

What's a supernumeral? It's a $2.00 a night, spear-carrying extra for an opera. In this case it's Aida.

"What would we have to do?"

"Be a soldier in the first army of Pharaoh, carry a spear, wear a gold skirt and march on and off stage once."

"Well, it sounds like fun. None of us have ever been in an Opera before."

The above conversation happened on Thanksgiving Day, and resulted in about three hours of intriguing, anxious, riot-out fun.

Reporting time, six pm. Going in the stage door didn't have the grandeur that the front door on Opening Night at the San Francisco Opera has. No glitter or enthusiasm, just the normal walk and the conversation of people reporting for work. Most of the "supers" had been through make-up, wardrobe, and on stage before. You could tell the veterans from the amateurs by their attitude. Walking through the door, making a quick left turn, stopping at the table manned by two men, signing their name and collecting the $2 paid for their services without the quickest break in their conversation or relaxed pose.

"Follow that passageway," were the only instructions that were given for us to find our way to the dressing area. Down about two flights was a prime location. It didn't have the opulence, the numbers of the opera house. Being a potential soldier at this point, I automatically fell in. Inspection in front of hot light was in order. Each armpit was checked, back, chest, face, leg pits and arm pits. Touch ups were done painstakingly by the inspector. It was an event that should have been done as quickly as possible. Especially since the inspector was one of the very young and well built ballet dancers who was dressed in his own thin tights. Having your body examined that closely, created for the novices, a slight but pleasant uneasiness. (Theatre!) But after we all passed the inspection station, our anxiety quickly passed. The inspected soldiers filed up the stairs as soon as they had been examined. Being good soldiers, we followed.

"Pick up a pair of sandals, try to get them to fit." These orders resulted in an outbreak of laughter. It looked like a $1.00 sale at Macy's and everyone trying to find a mate to one shoe they found that fit. Hardly anyone had a matching pair. The only one consistency we were all the same color, body makeup stained brown clay.

"Down those spiral stairs and put on body make-up," said a very bald and fat high priest of Amon. We proceeded unquestioningly. Who was going to doubt a high priest? Thankful for some, any, positive directions we descended into the House of the Dead. There your ancestry was wiped out by a sponge and a large pot of brown clay body make-up. "Strip to your shorts and paint every inch of your body that is visible except the hair on your head," commanded the head master. A different emotion arose at this point. Our group, entirely Gay, opened our eyes wide. Inspection of a fun kind was in order. Everyone trying not to be seen looking at parts of other male bodies were catching other persons' inspection of the same thing. The opera certainly attracts beautiful people! We helped each other apply our tans for it's hard to sponge your own back. It went on easy and dried quickly. It became a part of body make-up, a around skirt, a white stained belly band, a gold collar, a head piece like the head pieces of the Sphinx, and ten safety pins made the dressing complete. For the first time we were beginning to feel the role. It was very obvious, Physical posture changed to a more rigid stance, solemn on stage attitude. It wasn't a fantasy anymore, we were almost ready to march into the footlights in front of an audience we couldn't see, but knew were there. We would have sold our souls for a drink of alcoholic courage.
Now we were completely lost and nervous. What if we lost our leader? Even worse yet, we had no idea where the stage was in relation to where we were standing. The assistant was standing on one leg halfway in and halfway out of the two swinging doors. Her hand was held up in the air as if the race on stage would start by the sound of a gun.

A quick conversation with our leader tended to set us somewhat at ease. He assured us that first time jitters were common and that we should relax. This sort of confused, non-rehearsed atmosphere was also common and that everything always seemed to work out.

That didn't help much. We still had the feeling that behind those doors was some unkind spirit from somewhere beyond. The people of the San Francisco Opera knew what we were yet to learn. Our army was led by an assistant to the director to our respective on-stage entry point. Our final instructions finally came. We all stood in single line on opposite sides of the hallway facing two closed doors.

"How many of you have done this before?" About three of the twenty held up their hands.

"You will be the leaders. The rest of you have to follow your leader. He will walk on stage, turn left and walk off stage. Try to pretend."

Halfway there someone quickly handed us a piece of paper with a map marked "A." The hand came down! Off we went, through the doors trying to keep in step. We made a line for an opening in the middle of back stage that all the light and music was coming through. Half way there someone quickly handed out gold spears. By the time we were able to get it into mock position of our leader we were on stage. We all took deep breaths, tried to stop shaking, took a moment to get oriented, and walked on stage. The audience saw, we beheld, we yelled, "Point those spears out." We did. Instead of seeing a great Egyptian temple, as the audience saw, we beheld ropes, bailing wire, cross boards, paper-mache props and all the things that hide behind the front half of the objects that create an illusion for an audience. We understood then why this job was called "acting." We had to pretend.

We marched, left-right, left-right, past Pharaoh and the massive box of chorus singers and other soldiers. We made a left turn as we approached the front of the stage and marched off.

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An Interview with Ray, owner/manager of The Mayan Health Club

How did you ever happen to build this place, Ray?

I wanted to make a pile of money.

Well, it's been nice talking to...

Okay, I had other reasons, too. You're going to laugh at this, but I built it to serve my brothers.

You mean like when they rent out a prize bull to the farmers for "service"?

You might say that, too. But what I mean by service is creating a place for people, gay people, to relax and enjoy themselves—an alternative to the bar scene, a place to meet without spending a lot of money and rotting your liver with more booze.

You do know there's seven or eight other bath owners who feel the same thing in San Francisco?

There may be baths in San Francisco, but they're not like the Mayan, and they're not in the East Bay. Besides, none of the other places offer what we have. First of all, you can park your car here without getting tickets, or paying for a lot, or getting your car broken into. You see, this is a warehouse district; at night all the workers go home and the thugs are in the night-life neighborhoods or in San Francisco. Also, I designed this place to uplift the spirit—there's murals everywhere, some of them pretty explicit, all designed to help a gay person forget his negative social conditioning, accept what he is, and enjoy himself with others of the same appetites. You know, this place is carefully planned around the psychology of gayness. You know the Dark Mystery, the complicated maze that leads to the Temple of Brotherly Love, the orgy room?

Uh huh!

Well, that's designed to make you lose yourself—your old identity that you don't like down inside.

You'd better clarify that.

I mean that you leave the straight world behind, you take it off with your clothes and when you put on your Mayan loincloth, you become an ancient Mayan Phallic worshiper on the way through the dark secret labyrinth to the Temple of Brotherly Love to worship the masculine body; to do what you've always wanted to but were forced to suppress by the straight world and its mores.

How did you decide to use the Mayan Theme?

The Mayans were phallic worshipers,
which is a kind of interesting idea in itself. Their civilization spanned thirty-seven centuries before they were conquered by Cortez, and they reached a level of cultural development exceeding even the Egyptians. The Mayans invented the sweat bath—what we call sauna—as a religious purification ritual. I think the Mayan idea is a natural. I'm surprised someone else didn't think of it first. How is the club doing? We're doing very well. The Mayan made money from the beginning. I suppose that's partly because we're the only bath in the East Bay, but I like to think that I built something that the people like, that they can feel the good vibes that were built into the place. For the "city dwellers" the trip starts as soon as they get on the bridge and see the fabulous string of lights that's Berkeley and Oakland and hands seem to reach out... Wait! Do you really think that people can feel that sort of thing? I'm certain of it. Especially here in Berkeley. We've got the most mellow crowd I've ever seen in a baths club. You know, gay people in Berkeley are often very intellectual, very educated, and when you get to meet one of them and get to know him, he's usually very interesting. Well, these kind of people are very sensitive and discerning—they can feel the vibes of a place. There's something special about the young people of Berkeley; they're almost of enlightened. How about your future here? I think the Mayan is going to become the hot spot of the East Bay; especially now that a depression is coming on. Where else can you get 12 hours of real entertainment for only two bucks? A guy can pick up a back pack and take it to his room and we ask no questions. If he went to a bar he'd probably spend the same amount of money in an hour, and if he was on unemployment, or on the shorts, he'd be out on the street again. Also, when you meet someone in a bar, you have to go somewhere for some privacy. Here, the whole place is as private as you want (or do not want) it to be. Your enthusiasm is refreshing, Ray, and I certainly hope Mayan Health... You better believe it! I love my people. I want them all to be happy. Anything I can do to make this happen, I'll do and do it immediately. This is my whole trip.

THEY'RE ALL GONE from page 30 two days, Mrs. Tourist decides to go to a drug store and get a home kit, which she hadn't ever used before. That night Mr. and Mrs. Tourist (she with a head scarf covering her abused hair) go on a night club tour, but they missed the stop at Finocchios.

Time; One Month Later

MAYOR BACKS PROSTITUTION! The Mayor today announced support for the bill in the state legislature for repeal of the state laws dealing with prostitution. Legalizing prostitution would allow for some of the police officers assigned to that duty to be transferred elsewhere, where they are more urgently needed. This should also lighten the court's case load, it is believed. Last week Mr. & Mrs. Bibbs, of Washington, D.C., vacationing in San Francisco, went to a bar on Castro Street near Market, where Mr. Bibbs was robbed and Mrs. Bibbs was repeatedly raped by many of the patrons in the bar. Police have arrested three men in connection with this crime, and are looking for four more individuals. They went to this bar after reading a complimentary description of the entertainment spot in an old issue of Vector Magazine, which is no longer published in the Bay Area. The Mayor hopes this sort of thing could be prevented in the future by passage of the bill. The bill was introduced by Rep. Smith of San Francisco, and is supported by all of the Bay Area legislators. The Governor is not opposed to it, and has announced he would sign it if passed.

RESTAURANT AND HOTEL BUSINESS DOWN

In the past six weeks seven hotels and twenty restaurants have closed their doors. Of the seven hotels, six were apartment complexes. Room occupancy in the hotels that serve transients is down 23% from the same month last year. Two conventions that were scheduled here have moved to Houston, Texas.
The people under them call the police. They are still fighting, nude, when the manager lets the police in. They are both arrested for oral copulation.

Time: 10pm; Place: 20th St. & Castro

Five homophile youths are standing on the corner wondering where everyone has gone. One muscular man wearing tight pants comes down 20th Street and turns down Castro. One of the youths calls across the street, “Hey, queer, where ya goin?”

He returns, crosses the street, and says, “Ghadiya mean, queer?”

“Dressed like that, you must be,” he says.

He shows his badge. “Vice cop.”

Another youth says, “Where are they? We haven’t seen one all day. It’s almost time.”

The cop answers, “I don’t know. Every gay bar is either closed or empty. Did you hear anything yesterday or last week?”

“Not a thing. It sure is strange. Did you see anything in their papers?”

“I don’t read them. Yea, I’ll try to get one, See you guys later,” The cop leaves.

“Let’s go over the mission. We may be able to catch a nigger alone.” So they started walking down 20th Street.

Time: 7am; Place: San Francisco General Hospital Emergency Room

The shift is changing. Twenty-five per cent of the employees do not show up. Not too many patients are there, but the world hasn’t come to an end. They are all short handed; none of the beauty shops are closed, and the Everard was never raided and no policemen being paid off. And it is equally true that policemen are seen to dance. Can you believe that? Shit. That’s what’s so great about this place. It’s the only honest place in New York. There’s no shit. You come here to get it on. That’s all. You don’t have to play games, you don’t have to pretend.

“I don’t think I understand,” I say.

“Why don’t you go somewhere else?”

“Who does?” I ask.

“It makes you so competitive that in the hospital perhaps you can be the best. You can make them either. This is a free place. You don’t have to be a star here. Or you can

Mrs. Tourist calls the desk. She is surprised the manager of the hotel answers. She tells me her hair is done, but I can read from most of the beauty shops are closed, and the ones open are short handed and very busy. They can’t take anyone without an appointment and are filled up for the next 60 years, tells me. “He was a gentle

EVERARD from page 29

ordinarily evil novel called Carmines has written a poem about it. W. H. Auden (a frequent visitor), a poem.

Carmines has written a song about it. W. H. Auden (a frequent visitor), a poem.

E. O. Hare, who has been identified, by my friend

It was like out of a horror movie. You know, dirty. And shadowy. Evil. It was evil, then. Now it’s too clean for me. I don’t know. I just don’t like it much. I mean as much. Of course, I was younger then. Maybe that has something to do with it.

ME: If you don’t like it, why do you come here? There are plenty of baths in New York, aren’t there?

A REGULAR: Oh, they’re not like this. No place in the world is like this, I’ve been everywhere. Everywhere in the United States. In Europe, I even went to a bath in Japan, Nothing’s as good as this place, Nothing.

The manager doesn’t want to talk to me. “I got no time to talk,” he says. “This is a business. We don’t want no publicity. We don’t need no publicity.”

He is right. A long line of people is waiting to get in. In the crummy little restaurant off the lobby, there are more people waiting.

An enormous black dude rashes down the stairs into the lobby. He is wearing the skimpy little robe the Everard issues its customers. It is hanging open, showing seven stomachs, tiny cock, thighs big enough to feed a starving Brazilian family. “Whenever I feel I’m getting a bit heavy,” he screams, “I dance.” Helaughs and rushes downstairs to the steamroom. No one in the lobby says anything at all except the manager and he says, “F*ck him.”

He turns me, “Don’t say that the Police Athletic League owns this place. The Police Athletic League doesn’t own this place.”

“Who does?” I ask.

“One of your fucking business.”

It is true that policemen are seen at the Everard, standing around the lobby,钬the manager grunts, “Jesus, how could I know, in—in—” He looks around, sees no one, “None of your fucking business.”

“None of your business,” says the manager. “Lines don’t bother me, Mary,” says another one who answers, “We bridle the man.” They disappear around the side of the desk, leaving behind them a thick cloud of Vetiver.

No one in the lobby says anything. The manager bawls loudly, “Next room,” and one of the people in the restaurant comes out, goes over to the desk and registers.

“One flight up,” the manager says.

The customer, young, bearded, good-looking, starts up the stairs.

“How long you been waiting for a room?” I ask.

“About two hours,” he says.

“Wow,” I say, “that’s a long time to wait. Why didn’t you go somewhere else?”

“This is the best place,” he says, “The other places you waste your time. You have to put on a show. I mean, the Continental, man. Have you ever been to the Continental?”

“Sure,” I say.

“The place is a drag. People go there to dance. Can you believe that? Shit. That’s what’s so great about this place. It’s the only honest place in New York. There’s no shit. You come here to get it on. That’s all. You don’t have to play games, you don’t have to pretend.”

“The second floor is very ria’k it’s a continental, man. Have you ever been to the Second floor now waiting for the attendant to take him to his room. The second floor is very cute. It’s a maze of corridors and a few big ones. People live in

TIME: 11am; Place: Hotel Cecil

Mrs. Tourist calls the desk. She is surprised the manager of the hotel answers. She tells me her hair is done, but I can read from most of the beauty shops are closed, and the ones open are short handed and very busy. They can’t take anyone without an appointment and are filled up for the next 60 years, tells me. “He was a gentle

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“I don’t think I understand,” I say.

“Well,” he says, “New York is a force, you know. The City is so heavy, it shapes you. It makes you so competitive that in baths and bars, you’re proving to yourself that you can be the best. You can get the best. And you know what that leads to. You end up with nobody.”

“And this place isn’t like that?”

“No,” he says. “I don’t know why, but I feel released here. Everybody does. You don’t have to be a star here. Or you can be a star if you want to be. It doesn’t matter. People aren’t going around making judgements. So you don’t have to make them either. This is a free place. You’re free here.”

“We’re at the second floor now waiting for the attendant to take him to his room. The second floor is very cute. It’s a maze of corridors and a few big ones. People live in
their rooms or stand in the doorways. The halls are crowded too. To the right is a large dormitory area with about 50 beds. The three Puerto Ricans pass through.

"I told him I wanted a pink towel, but he gave me a blue towel," one says.

"Well, Mary," another one answers, "if you don't like the towel, don't wear it."

He throws the towel on the floor and moves into the darkness, naked.

Strange people.

Strange place.

A diligent search for facts (although as so much of New York's history, myth overlies reality in shimmering layers) seems to uncover this: The Everard Baths was built by Nat (possibly Jake) Everard, a Beer Baron, in 1901 and opened mostly as a service to young and not so young men who drank too much of Mr. Everard's product. Mr. Everard, whose ideas were no more grandiose than other Edwardians and whose workmen were lucky to be getting twenty-five cents an hour, did it up brown. He built a three story domed structure, faintly Moorish in tone. The bath area was opulent. A long cool-lime tiled swimming pool with bronze gargoyle fountains on either end spouting water into the pool. Two massage rooms with marble pedestal tables. A huge steam room in granite and tile with wide comfortable benches lining the walls. Upstairs, a reception area tastefully dotted with plants. And above that two floors of partitionless rooms where people could lie after their steam and massage and snooze away Mr. Everard's beer.

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This glorious places seems to have a place to go after, say, an evening at Delmonico's—and Diamond Jim Brady, the Prince of Wales and before World War Two. And it became more famous. Somebody in Havelock Ellis talks about it. A strange pornographic novel called, Phone, Queers and Others has scenes set in it.

The explosion came in the Forties. World War II—and all those silver boys who were going off to die for democracy came to suck once or twice for life first. "Jesus," says an elderly counter­

man at the Everard's restaurant, "it was beautiful. The place was jammed with guys who were hungry. I mean really hungry, I mean in those days if you were in your twenties you really, honest to God really, didn't know how long you had to live. And so they came here and it was fantastic. Evil was beau­

tiful and really golden. It was the best time in my life and this was the best place I'd ever been and it was the same for most of the guys who were here.

That's when Auden came and Spender and Ned Rorem and Tennessee Williams. And the movie stars. And the International soldiers on their way through to other places. And Walter Crysler used to bring parties of fifty people—and in the morn­

ning they'd all go to The Plaza for champ­

agne and eggs. Wow.

Listen, a place like that, the walls ooze memories. Still.

Prim and plastic as it looks now, it's still the best place of its kind in New York. And maybe the world.

"I feel free," shouts a terribly old man. "You are free," a tall skinny dude with tie-dyed hair answers. Sometimes, at five in the morning, when there are only a few people awake, drifting sated but still re­

ceptive, down at the end of the corridor, past the three Puerto Ricans and the qua­

lude freak and the old men, down at the end of the corridor I can see Garcia Lorca. It's that kind of place.
WOOING

"Chrud," if I could have.

I felt I was going a bit overboard. Especially would I have retrieved "Crott... giving him that.

Hank stuck to his principles, you had to almost believing it.

er complacently. "You can get it out of your mind and it doesn't bother you so much."

I would have spat in disgust, but my

Christ tickling his open heart, which was

"I believe sex is an expression of love," "I'm going to kill myself," I told him, "I need other people."

"Well, I don't have sex," he said rath-

"Jesus didn't have sex." "Now stop that!" Hank hit my thigh with his prayerbook, hard.

"Oh, yes, more! More I love it!"

"No more! We're supposed to be spiritual." He concentrated on the prayerbook and moved his lips.

"Are you praying—or just reading?" He either missed the insult or ignored it.

"Don't your buns get sore sitting so long?"

"The service hasn't even begun!" he said, unable to maintain the religious

minister opened his sermon. Oh Jesus,

"Do you feel like a little part of me, Dearly Beloved Brethren, I want to

perished. I mean there's no point to sex, no point to anything!" "I think we're very close," he conceded.

"As friends," "Oh, the time you kneel, you'll crush my skull. Then you'll be contented. You're killing me anyway. You might as well do it while you're praying."

"C.C., stop that!"

"Dearly Beloved Brethren, I want to

the pew, right behind the Hippopotamus

kneelers making hollow noises in the

pulpit. The organist began a syrupy

minister was getting ready to give us the good

news. "What do you mean?" Hank asked

"I'm going to kill myself. And you'll..."

"Dearly Beloved Brethren, I want to

the minister was getting up into the

pulpit. "What do you mean?" Hank asked

the service hasn't even begun!"

"Do you hate me?" I asked, growing abject. I made my eyes take on a sorrowful

cat, my head hung. "No, I don't hate you."

"Well, you have some faults!"

"I'd like to be saved. Hank. Really I would." The organist began a syrupy rendition of "Rock of Ages." I couldn't

ask for better background music; I tried hard to make a tear roll down my cheek, but nothing came.

"You have to take Jesus into your heart," Hank whispered, his warm, sweet breath on my ear,

"I'll take you into my heart!" I said, unable to maintain the religious pose, I clutched his hip.

Defy he slid away, Mama Hippopotamus, with a paper fan in her paw, turned around and smiled at us, because the minister was getting up into the pulpit.

"At least show it to me!" I sneer-

under my breath.

"What do you mean? Hank asked

He had started to grow a moustache; the coppery little wires charged me with electricity.

"Your dick, what else. Get it out."

"C.C.," He was truly scandalized now.

"Come on! Take it out, or I'll slash

my wrists right here in the pew."

"You're getting filthy!"

"You're being mean! I retaliated.

"Hi, guys and gals, good to see you

the Lord Jesus, your personal savior—I mean really received it!" (The minister asked us. He had a part in the middle of his grey

hair and pimples of sweat on his forehead.

"I'm going to kill myself," I grunted. A tear did roll down my cheek.

(Final part of THE ARGUMENT FROM

FORCE—will be continued next month

following by the concluding chapter—

THE ARGUMENT FROM LOVE)
with better. We have dumb social situations where the "2D" guy drives his big car at idiotic speeds to show he's a saggag.

PHALLISM
afraid. We have young high school kids afraid their peers will think them weak than their brother, or because to do otherwise is unmanly, so we hide our homosexuality. Or, worse, we treat our more effeminate standpoint, we adopt the leather and chaps we were a blight on our scene. From another (more gentle) gay brothers as if they

steroids, and blossom with muscles, oftert image of "real men;" we get into anabolic chests, boots, beards, anything in denim, risking impotence to achieve them. Hairy money thrown around like water, heavy motorcycles, fast sexy cars, posh pads, idle and shabby goals of so much of

are gay men, and gay women. We are the ones who have crossed over the boundaries straight society has set for itself. Merely by being gay, we are revolutionaries. We are people, and whether we or straight people choose to recognize it, we are the most people likely, by reason of our already having crossed conventional barriers, to be able to see the ways in which society can improve itself as a humanistic society. I don't say we are better than straights; what I say is that we, as gay males, know what it

to play the little-lady-of-the-house which so much of straight society revol-

Gays figure prominently in the scheme of things. We don't want to be thought of as unmanly, so we hide our homosexuality. Or, worse, we treat our more effeminate which so much of straight society revol-

advocates for things or is it? They are, like hair color and skin tone, right, like hair color and skin tone. I cannot measure a man's spirit, or his value as a human being using inches of cock as a ruler. I can enjoy being with him, sharing his bread and wine, listen-

I can hold his hand across a table, or just share a special moment of looking into each others' eyes. I can be as happy with him walking in the park, as walking up beside him in the morning. None of it has anything to do with what seems between his legs. If we are comfortable and happy in each others' company, sex will be good. If we choose to make a political distinction between a gay man and a faggot, it must be somewhere within the way we think about each other, as human beings.

They're all gone from page 46

For the bad news, Robbery and violent crime in hotels in the City is up 27%. Hotel owners say damage to the buildings is increasing at an alarming rate. The costs of upkeep and of cleaning is going up at such a rate that soon they will have to raise the rates so high they will price themselves right out of the market. Many of the big downtown hotels have desk clerks who are house wives, but all hotels are having a hard time getting and keeping qualified personnel for the evening hours. Some of the businesses doing business with the City and county, and all departments in the City and county governments, including the police and fire departments, will institute an affirmative action program to hire appropriate homosexuals in key positions. This paper has sent this editorial to all major papers in the country with a request they print it.

The author of this editorial is gay.

Page 47
Sex Bill from page 25 to be heard delegate to the Democratic National Convention.

During the Fall of 1974, awareness of the need for a legislative advocate in Sacramento was becoming acute in our community. The problem, as always, was the lack of funds to pay any salary to represent us with financial compensation, achieve results, and then hope that community acceptance would be moved by positive achievements enough to provide financial support for basic rent and food needs. In December, Raya volunteered to go to Sacramento to work on our behalf.

Upon arrival, George Raya renewed contact with friends at the Capitol. He established a good working relationship with friends at Sacramento Democratic Club Hot Seat Dinner 3/7/75.

Civil rights was the passage of Willie Brown's SB 513 which removes solicitation from the penal code should be passed. "More gay people are arrested for solicitation, or must fear that possibility, than for oral or anal sex," Brown said. In the Assembly, John Foran's AB 633 that prohibits employment discrimination against gay people and adds your community to the protection afforded by the Fair Employment Practices Commission should be passed. In addition, civil rights for gay citizens should be protected in the area of tax rates, credit, housing, custody of children and in every other area of human interaction.

At an Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club dinner the night following passage of the historic bill, Willie Brown stressed that this is only the beginning. "My bill," he said, "under the able management of Senator George Moscone (D-SF), now goes to the Senate. It will be necessary to wage an even more intensive lobbying effort in that body than you did in the Assembly."

GEORGE'S BILL

ORAL OR ANAL SEX

He went on to say that after his bill is signed into law, there is other legislation that needs to be supported. George Moscone listens to a voter.

Senator Moscone told a voter that his office indeed is) and together they worked on their response. While George lobbyed the bill to them, soliciting their support, and updating the tally sheet with their response. While George lobbied 37 Assembly offices, Willie worked on his hard and effective lobbying effort on AB 489, Willie called upon the gay community to support their legislative advocate in two ways. The first and most obvious is financial support. "George, like the rest of us, must pay for rent, food and rising utility bills." Donations for this purpose can be made to a special fund at the Society For Individual Rights set up for and as "Legislative Advocate Fund." The second costs less, but is important also. We need to have letters, phone calls and personal visits to legislators from ALL PARTS OF CALIFORNIA in support of each of the bills under consideration. A few key people in each city and town are needed to be part of a telephone tree, who are willing when an important vote is imminent to receive a phone call from our lobbyist and then get on the phone and let as many people know what is about to happen as quickly as possible. Those willing to perform that important function can send their name, phone number and city to Frank Fitch, who is coordinating that effort. Copies of any letters sent to legislators would be appreciated, so George can more effectively relate to each Senator and Assemblyman.

As S.I.R. President, Doug DeYoung, said at the start of his term, "We've only just begun!" I was reading this article can be an exciting and valuable part of this Gay Civil Rights Movement. Another President at another time said, "It's your job."<>

In the assembly, the key to the advancement of gay civil rights was the passage of Willie Moscone's SB 513 which removes solicitation from the penal code should be passed. "More gay people are arrested for solicitation, or must fear that possibility, than for oral or anal sex," Brown said. In the Assembly, John Foran's AB 633 that prohibits employment discrimination against gay people and adds your community to the protection afforded by the Fair Employment Practices Commission should be passed. In addition, civil rights for gay citizens should be protected in the area of tax rates, credit, housing, custody of children and in every other area of human interaction.

After complimenting George Raya on his hard and effective lobbying effort on AB 489, Willie called upon the gay community to support their legislative advocate in two ways. The first and most obvious is financial support. "George, like the rest of us, must pay for rent, food and rising utility bills." Donations for this purpose can be made to a special fund at the Society For Individual Rights set up for and as "Legislative Advocate Fund." The second costs less, but is important also. We need to have letters, phone calls and personal visits to legislators from ALL PARTS OF CALIFORNIA in support of each of the bills under consideration. A few key people in each city and town are needed to be part of a telephone tree, who are willing when an important vote is imminent to receive a phone call from our lobbyist and then get on the phone and let as many people know what is about to happen as quickly as possible. Those willing to perform that important function can send their name, phone number and city to Frank Fitch, who is coordinating that effort. Copies of any letters sent to legislators would be appreciated, so George can more effectively relate to each Senator and Assemblyman.

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position, a regression towards the love we once had for each other.

I got up off the bed and splashed cold water in my face and shook it off. Again I was swept through with a feeling I could not name. I was calm again, detached, as though nothing that happened now could make any difference. Perhaps contradiction had reached a point of no return, I thought. Perhaps I was truly dead, though I seemed to no emotion in me at all. I shivered and watched myself in the mirror. A pallor masked my face, grey circlets hung beneath tired eyes. I recognized the empty pain in my stomach as hunger and wrenched futilely through the scant food in the cupboard over the sink. My breath was stale. I tried to snatch a piece of it off in my teeth but it wouldn't stay there. I let it over to the window and crumpled it roughly out onto the outside ledge. Then I went downstairs.

For a moment I stood in the hall outside Didier's apartment, without the courage to go in. I suspended myself in the frame of the door that stood ajar, listening, and from the studio to the left of the kitchen I heard the rustling of paper and paper... but the sound of footsteps were silent. Didier sat on a small stool, paging through a book of drawings on the easel, his back towards me. I stood quietly in the entrance way and watched him. It occurred to me then that no matter what he had done I still did love him. I wanted to regain him.

When he had found a blank page he gently eased out the wrinkles and bulges. I watched him quietly. He brushed it down smooth with his hand, and the ink and I watched the black blood ooze out of the book. I asked him, "Why don't you want to show this to me?" I asked. "What's the matter with it?"

"And you don't feel badly about it at all," I said curtly, shaking off his hand. I went into the kitchen. I had asked that question before, it would not be blessed by reply. I filled a pan with water for coffee and took it to the range. Gas, I thought abstractedly. Better than rat poison. I turned on the burner and let it go for a moment, the smell was barely noticeable, struck a match, and set the pan over the flame. I watched it for a moment and realized what I had angrily said to Didier was too harsh. He would ask me to leave him if I didn't stop myself from saying what I thought.

"Why don't you put some music on?" I asked. Didier stood in the doorway, one hip in hand, and walked from hip to hand to hip towards me slowly buffeting effeminacy and the trencher back and forth. He looked up at me with an innocent and at the same time desponding face, hugged me, and drew one hand down to play with my zipper.

"How about Berlioz?" I asked, moving slowly out onto the outside ledge. "All right," Didier said, sitting down at the table with a smile.

As I walked down the entrance-way and entered Didier's— our— room, I pressed my hand against my forehead. Memories flooded through the walls I had walked through. I had erected and I felt flushed as I passed the stereo and set down on the edge of the brick, looked at the stereo. I resented its very presence. My mind wandered as I searched through the stack of records to find Berlioz. I conjured up a confrontation: "Claude or me?" I yelled at Didier, and the answer filtered dimly back from reality. Claude! I barely perceived the answer. I had not spoken a word. The stereo rested above the trunk, monstrous, insidious. I was caught up in a bizarre and frightening state of mind, one that brought back a terrifying memory and a singular image of a great, jagged block of driftwood tumbling and cracking down from the brink of a precipice towards us. Half asleep in the sun warm we had barely looked up to see it in time to save us. But now the image had taken form! There was no longer the blonde-haired punk at the top of the cliff with his finger thrown that at us yelling "Faggot!" It was Didier at the top of the cliff. Didier, in fine and gentle clothes, smiling, only smiling! I caught the receding light in my hand and hung onto it, the name Berlioz crashing through my memory. My insides were screwed around and hurt, my eyes felt inflamed and I realized that nothing had happened, that I was dreaming and gradually I felt myself falling back. I took the trembling record, slid it abroutly out of its sleeve and mounted it on the spindle of the stereo. Or was it迄今? Or was it Claude at the top of the cliff? I started as the door bell rang. Didier went to the door and I heard Claude's voice speaking dry, patronizing and slightly sickening French. Throbbing out of the room and entered the kitchen. He had never liked it when I watched him work.

"Sorry? Are you here?" When I did not answer, he heard his soft footsteps in the hall. He thrust his head into the kit­chen. "Why don't you answer me?" he asked. I looked at him solemnly and his eyes made contact and retreated hastily. I smiled to myself. "May I make some coffee?" I asked, staring at the gas range and the remnants of breakfast. "Not yet, you have to see this first, it's really wonderful, ..." "What is?" I interrupted. He smiled coyly and came up to touch my arm and lead me away.

"My birthday present from Claude, he brought it this morning," Didier led me down the hall towards the bedroom and the knot in my stomach tightened painfully as he opened the door.

"I can have music, really good music."A stereo unit has been hastily unpacked onto a black trunk and a pro­fusion of wires led off in all directions.

"Why do you want to show this to me?" I asked. "What's the matter with you, don't you know by now what I need." Perhaps you're too young (Darryl). But you can still catch him, and all of the other people and ideas that have made VECTOR America's best respected gay magazine.

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pains wracked up one side of my head as I sat down, I felt strangely chill. Like a death pail a clammy sweat washed over me and I realized that I was leaning weakly over the table and the steam from my coffee was rolling up my face. I knew it over the table and the steam from my

I stuck in his head for a moment.

The music stopped and I heard foot­steps and a knock on the door. I turned

did hear Claude and Didier laughing in the bedroom, unnerving me. I listened to

This black thinking brought me calm

I heard the thud of the outside door

I stood beside the range. Small streaks

I read without concentration, my

The book fell out of my hand.

I reached down to pick it up and

But it was taking a long time. It

Thick fog settled down around

I could think of nothing. Nothing

The corner of the table

Killed 152 Pine 673-6928 E

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My attention wandered into dreams

I could smell it and I rocked gently in my seat, drum­

I read without concentration, my

By the shoulder. They disappeared into the outer court. I closed my eyes lightly to­

The corner of the table

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I could smell it and I rocked gently in my seat, drum­

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