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Citizens has failed in its efforts to overturn the Brown Consensual Sex Bill. If the attempt does not fail outright to get the required 312,404 signatures on the initial count, it will almost assuredly fail when the slim margin it may enjoy is eaten away by the signature validation process which must follow.

Concerned Voters of California and its public relations firm of Winner, monitored unmicrofically and that the efforts against the measure would be churches using their official structure and financial resources in blatant support of the referendum. In the final analysis, it may well prove that a great number of Christians simply had a better perception of the true meanings of their religion than did an isolated backward minority of their leadership.

At any rate, the message to the state legislature should be loud and clear. The people of California have vindicated their elected representatives. Let those representatives now get on with the proper business of enacting AB633, the Foran Bill prohibiting discrimination in employment, and with other legislation so vital to gay people.

As we go to press, it appears that the so-called Coalition of Christian Concerned Voters of California and its public relations firm of Winner, Wagner and Associates made it clear that the petition process would be monitored unmicrofically and that the efforts against the measure would be churches using their official structure and financial resources in blatant support of the referendum. In the final analysis, it may well prove that a great number of Christians simply had a better perception of the true meanings of their religion than did an isolated backward minority of their leadership.

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erectile photos. These are a powerful
expression and are common emotion. An
article on the current legislation on front-
al male nude and the current reason why
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wish you to commit hara-kiri by narrow-
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Name Withheld
Boston, Mass.

I’m 20 and gay

I’m 20 and gay and don’t know where
to go to meet people because I’m not old
enough for bars. I have just recently been
walking around. If you could give me any
advice it would be greatly appreciated. I
live with my parents so if there is any
response please send it to a friend of mine.

Name Withheld
San Francisco, Ca.

We are currently preparing an under-
twenty-one “guide” to San Francisco and

Hail Poetry!

I wish to express my appreciation
to Vector for introducing to me the
wonderful work of Scott Faversham
and H. Karp. As a sometime dabbler in
poetry, sometimes when I read a certain
poem, I think I’d give anything to have
written it. That’s how I felt about “Mem-
cories of a Small Town” — reminiscent
of E. A. Robinson and Winesburg, Ohio.
Karp is superb. How justly and mordant-
ly he dissects the Homomannahatessis
in “Summer out of the Bitch City.”
His story “Robbie” was so observant of
every slightest detail, as much as it
maintained the grand flow of the Boys
Boys Boys show and its evanescent star
attraction. I hope Karp is contemplating
writing a novel. I’ve also liked very much
many other short stories in Vector.

Robbie La Grajne
San Francisco, Calif.

Not a news service

We note with interest that your June
issue carries a reprint of an article that
originally appeared in our publication,
GPU NEWS.

We have no objections to reprints of

Letters

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San Francisco, Ca.

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twenty-one “guide” to San Francisco and
our work, but respectfully ask that in the future if you reprint from our publication that you be sure to include our full address. Many people who have seen our articles reprinted in almost every gay publication simply assumed that GPU NEWS is a commercial news service like Liberation News Service etc.

We therefore must request that credit be given as follows: Reprinted from GPU NEWS, p.o. box 90530, Milwaukee, Wi. 53202.

Eldon E. Murray
Editor, GPU News
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Companionship in Columbia
I want to congratulate you for the finest magazine you are producing which certainly fills the gap in companionship we Columbian gays suffer so much of.

Gilberto Navarro
Columbia

To the Board of Education
At five minutes to seven last Tuesday evening — I did not know about the homosexual community's attempt to secure teaching positions. At three minutes to seven — I realized the problem.

As a parent — I protest!

I protest the hiring of abnormal teachers. Normal students.

J.J.
Hollywood, Ca.

Viva la difference
I have never before written in to a bad-mouth one of your articles, but I must tell you that I was really disappointed in Vector's jumping on the bandwagon just like the Advocate and others, in printing such a glowing report on Michael Kearns and his book, The Happy Hustler. It is too bad that all the time spent writing, reading, and reviewing such low material could not have been spent on a much more beneficial work or recreation. (Sometimes I wonder if reviewers have actually read what they are reviewing!)

May I point to Ruben Vasquez's article in the same issue ("Intersexual Relationships: Nine Sore Points") as an example of something only half as well written as Martin's interview, but a hundred times better. I suppose the opportunity to get this interview was viewed as a really hot thing for Vector. But just because an item is "hot" doesn't mean it is good! And if Vector will strive to continue recognizing the difference, that's what will keep it the best gay publication.


Eiger Sanction/Not Enough
by R. MORGAN ELLIS

In keeping with its tradition, the movie industry continues to turn out a plethora of expensive but mindless productions. Two recent fiascos, The Eiger Sanction and Jacqueline Susan's One is Not Enough, allowed my brain to wander a bit. Neither film offers much to occupy one's gray matter. In these films, the portrayal of gay characters in major roles revealed to me a touchstone, which homosexual-ity, or any image of a minority, can provide to non-gays. Because of the thin thematic development, my measuring mind became aware of an existing correlation between representation of minorities and the general realistic quality of a film.

Interestingly, Not Enough makes an admirable, though superficial, attempt to present a realistic lesbian relationship. Unlike Enough, Sanction blatantly personifies the fag joke. These characteristics of gays point the way in which to measure the producers' and their movies' level of consciousness.

Coming as no great surprise, Enough, as a film, retains most of the trash of the book. Not until watching this cine-matographic version of True Confessions did I appreciate what made this author so commercially successful. Her talent lay in the fact she could take a fantasy, be it a sexual one or the materialistic "American dream," and blend it with the everyday tacky reality of life.

The late Ms. Susan holds a record for writing three consecutive best-seller novels. This achievement indicates the level of American taste—not literary value.

Consider the plot of this film. Returning from Switzerland, January Wayne (trashy name), after recuperating from a motorcycle accident caused by her frigidity, receives a great shock. Her father (whom she lives a bit too much), Mike Wayne (Kirk Douglas), a no-longer-successful movie producer, has remarried. His choice turns out to be nothing less than the fifth-wealthiest man ...

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Films
Eiger Sanction/Not Enough

Alexis Smith (right), continues her clandestine lesbian affair with Melina Mercouri

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In planning Festival attending at any of the several options (Bayreuth, Salz­burg, Ashland, San Diego, Eribuild, etc.), one thinks primarily about MONEY. To travel there is one thing but to be fed and lodged is quite another in terms of a pinched pocketbook.

Instead of raving on about Ashland Oregon's Shakespeare Festival let me cite one typical price experience. In the only (not the best but the only one open in the early morning) breakfast eateries in Ashland: Hamlet's Roost (honest), two egg any style, toast, and all the coffee you can drink costs all of $1. That, in a nutshell, is what eating costs are all about. The town supports the festival; locals are not there to rip off the helpless, hungry tourists a la all the other "festivals" in the land (except at Disneyland, which is also reasonable.) We found it not so much a gourmet place as simple, hearty, good food sensibly priced.

Our hotel—The Mark Antony—(honest) is the only tall building in town (nine floors), and a double is $10 a night, in walking distance of everything including the theaters. Courteous, clean, efficiently priced.

The most interesting eatery in town is the Rare Earth, serving Mexican vegetarian specialties, mixed bean salads, avocado cheese melts, superb home-ground coffees, iced red zinger teas, and charm.

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Wining & Dining
IT'S THE LITHIUM

We didn't so much "dine" there as "hang out!" and eat often when the mood struck. Outside of town, about three miles, is another option: the Mun's Cottage, serving individually prepared wok magic numbers in which each vegetable (including the minced ginger and garlic) was individually prepared per order. Only twenty-two seats and some what of a wait while your feast was being prepared, but for $2.25 (the aparatus wok special) you got the freshest of vegetables with a "family" of students (improved rice, followed by a slice of fresh peach and filtered wonderful coffee. Very mellow people, a "family" who had met in the Far East, decided they could bring the same peace and centering to the States and make a living at the same time. No smoking, naturally, which is a bummer.

There are no Doggie Dinners or McDonal d's in Ashland (thank God), but there is a Two Time place just around the bend. No one sees it, though, except the students from Southern Oregon University just up the street. For the big spenders there is a very French place we couldn't afford but heard excellent reports, a pizza place, and a few steak and ale charmers. THE BAR SCENE

And that's just what it is, the bar scene. It's a bit weird and it's called Cook's Recepton Bar. Patrons consist of many of the cast and crew from the theaters, the local gays in from Medford, and hungry-
eyed tourists like us. But there is a quite marvelous coming-together where a smile precedes everything and within minutes, if you're open, you're in a large family of happy people. Ice crusted frozen glass mugs of light or dark draft beer cost a mere thirty cents, glasses of same twenty cents. The phonograph features a broad range of music and often frantic dancing happens in the aisles, which seems to be cool. If there's a party anywhere in town, you'll hear about it at Cooks and probably be invited.

You're free in Ashland to be yourself—maybe it's the lithium in the public fountains (fizzy, awful-tasting sulfurish stuff) but we're told you can get off on it if you drink enough.

What an incredible place to take a few days off to see. The element of refreshment, relaxation, and sheer dramatic fulfillment is equal to two months doing the European Festivals for a zillion francs. And it's all up there, just over the California State line. Take a lover or a friend and do make hotel reservations in advance as well as tickets to the plays.

—Ambrose

**Music**

ERIC BENTLEY / MICHAEL COHEN

by SPACE WHITMAN

ERIC BENTLEY sings THE QUEEN of 41st STREET and other songs by JACQUES PREVERT and JOSEPH KOSMA

Folkways Records Album No. FG8581

17 W. 60th St., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

A unique trio of men. There is nothing "gay" about these men. Most of these songs were written in Europe during the '30s and '40s and have that subtle hinted-at homosexuality of the "divine decadence." Knowing the inside story of the gay meaning these thoughtful songs unfold even more pleasure in the lyrics. The music is broken and disjointed in an almost Brechtian way and for all the world sounds like a black humored version of Tom Lehrer.

One song, which is specifically titled on the cover, is "The Queen of 42nd Street." This selection could very easily be trashed by gay radicals who disdain the queen stereotype as improper for the gay male, but this song should not be abandoned so quickly. It's a good number, with a catchy tune, easy-to-sing lyrics, and just a touch of melancholy. But more importantly, it is defiant. This number denies the put-down of being a tight-pants, blue-eye-shadowed "fairy" and reaffirms itself. (If the reaffirming sounds weak today, I think that in its day it was considered overly bold.)

Another piece that comes to mind is "Cafe au Lait." A sensitive, short paragraph tells of a man who apparently has told another man something despicable. (Perhaps all he said was, "I love you"—we never know.) The lyrics watch the offended man prepare his coffee, drink it, and, without saying a word, leave. How often this has happened to me because I did not rightly guess the sexuality of the one I admired.

Mr. Bentley says in the last piece of the album that he didn't choose what he knew we wanted to hear but rather found the "howls sung by the dong in the pount." He gives us a reality of a past and not yet lost gay life, and beautifully sung at that. It is a collection of painful
songs and tunes that smile because they are hurt. They are best heard with a glass of wine, a quiet, foggy afternoon and a lover.

YOU EXPECT?

whole introduction and all the lyrics, of the record ("Songs sensitively and brilliantly sung by a young artist") and was perfectly the exposure and enlightening the gener­tic endeavours. However, reality got in directing a musical, he would hardly be cast above a walkon silent one.

COHEN sings WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?

Folkways Records Album No. FG8582

I didn't like this record. I read the introduction and all the lyrics, of the record ("Songs sensitively and brilliantly sung by a young artist") and was perfectly the exposure and enlightening the gener­tic endeavours. However, reality got in directing a musical, he would hardly be cast above a walkon silent one.

MICHAEI COHEN sings WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?

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The lyrics are a step above the usual. Heard throughout on KPFA 94fm

FRUIT PUNCH

Every Wednesday Evening — 10pm

on KPFA 94fm

Heard throughout Northern California

14 VECTOR

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14 VECTOR

Since the Oregon Shakespeare Festival has been doing its number for a mere forty years, one can forgive it its perfection, for this theatre experience is, indeed, flawless and should serve as an example for all classical repertory groups in the realm of work!

The theatrical banquet served up this sea­son boggles the brain with its diversity of styles, all within an artistic philosophy that has kept people coming to the festival regular­ly year after year after year.

The biggie this season was All's Well That Ends Well directed brilliantly by "guest direc­tor" Jon Jury. (Last season there were 13 days of no rain. Okay. It did just happen to pour icy rain midway through our performance, and, while a few did flee to the refund desk, most of the audience remained seated in their free­zing seats to cheer this incredible production which began with costumes of simply unbel­ievable quality and style and ended with jeans, sneakers, turn underweare, and more than a few dangerous slips on the rain-drenched stage floor. No mask! No matter!

The resounding star of this and some other productions is the ever-amazing Marsha Hunt in a role of her vast repertoire experience still manages to convey the wonder of each discover­ing within a script. She has master the craft of sharing with an audience each moment to a point where one must remind oneself that he is hearing Elizabethan English and not contemporary speech. It was rumored that Angela Lansbury, founder of the Festival, expresses her thoughts about the finest production jewel in a gown that has literally hundreds of other precious stones. We credited her talent.

Second in line is the indoor production of the enigmatic Weller's Tales, which even of too much blundered dialogue, the energy of the scene, and direction. Audrey Stenley's version of lights, costumes, and program the­matic to "help" us get the point, still done with that word—but brilliantly! Audiences consist­ently stand and cheer at the completion of this stunning interpretation of a very difficult
in the less familiar Shakespeare oeuvre. Long Day's Journey into Night is like two hours of lost chess and is bone-numbingly depressing, which, in spite of the excellence of the cast and the direction, doesn't exactly titillate your summer afternoon in the Cascade Mountains. I feel this is an actor-director's ballgame and remains in the repertory for this reason alone, it begins in pain and ends in unresolved agony. A real dozer. Be careful, We missed Charlie's Aunt, to the moans of the company who are very proud of the production. What is the Ashland experience all about?
It's all about two shows a day until September 21 (with no underudies in town, except one evening a Shakespeare in the theater which is a reproduction of the original Fortune Theatre (if you haven't seen Shakespeare done as he meant it to be done—you're in for such a treat!) and every afternoon a matinee in the indoor theater. It's an entire town living on or off the festival. It's miles and miles of tailored parks and wilderness with a broad spectrum of humans in Festival attendance-retired railroaders, young kids, hippies, housed and gloved Methodists, goys, macho rednecks and senior citizens, to mention a few, scanning the program notes for the next production. It's everyone smiling. It's the Renaissance dancers and singers performing for an hour before each night's production for the joy of the smolars and cruisers just before show time.
In short, there is no other theatre experience on earth (especially the dreadful Stratford^jn Avon over there) that offers the complete just 6'A hours of fantasy scenery from San Francisco. It's pure. It's simple. It's inexpensive. It's another world.
JOY! A Homosexual's Search for Fulfillment by Pat Boone (Correspondence with Barbara Evans) Creation House, 1973, $3.95
My first "crush" occurred when I was in seventh grade. Unfortunately for me, the object of my affection was the son of a fundamentalist minister. I loved Joe more than anyone else in my limited universe of 6,000 (the population of our town). I worshiped him from afar and knew our relationship was conceived in a cultural deadend. Joe's father eventually learned about my yearnings. Joe's father repented and left our relation for several years. Perhaps this is well and good for her. Maybe she will be happier as a straight person. Maybe! But the mistake is always made of assuming that what worked for one is also best for another. The succession of letters between Mr. Boone and Miss Evans attempts to show the gradual change through the years as the announces her wicked ways. One can't expect Pulitzer Prize prose in a tome such as Joy! (which Bible book stores are giddily pushing these days), but I've always resented writing that is filled with an overabundance of italics and exclamation points so numerous they nearly drive one's eyes off the page. Mr. Boone has that much in common with other zealots who attempt to convert you. He's always desperately afraid we will forget that Christ loves us. Perhaps this is why I'm so fond of Quakers. Their quiet confidence is based on the sure knowledge that we got the point the first time. Mr. Clean provides moments of unintentional humor and camp. Witness the following:
"It is not a sin to be tempted! Susan will
get out chapters 7 and 8 of Romans and read them to him OUT LOUD. I'm serious.

He will pace back and forth in his living room with his open Bible, reading passage after passage, and saying things like, "How do you like this, Mr. Devil?" Try this one on, Satan!" I have you enough? No! Then listen to THIS!

And it goes until he feels that he has achieved the victory, and that Satan has left home alone.

Woudn't it be fascinating to read a collection of letters exchanged between the Rev. Troy Perry and Pat Boone? No winner could possibly emerge from such a moment of uncertainty in life, I commend to you. The use of the mind needs to search when you have

...the depth of your emotional sensitivity is both a strength and a weakness. Nothing in life is simple power. What you have to do is learn to shut up, calm down and enjoy it!

The planet Saturn enters the constellation Cancer on July 31, 1976. For all Cancer natives the next two-and-one-half years will be ones of frustration, inhibition, and feelings of lack of practical direction or accomplishments in a period in which you seek to organize your life in a manner in which you will be decreasingly and different appeals to you.

A dear friend of mine sometimes gets up around primping and preening and sweetly accepts all that is new, around your Cancers. Instead of sitting with emotional depression and physical ills. You are often aware of mistakes you make and certainly could learn from their less emotional approach. You feel you are a naturally ordered leader. Your abilities are efficient and in any way different are indications of not only greater desire and its lack. For those who can be loyal and who can return your tremendous emotional fervor, you can be a most generous lover.

1976 should bring them much warmth and are never hesitant to normal to perfectly healthy. You are seldom aware of mistakes you make and certainly could learn from their less emotional approach. You feel you are a naturally ordered leader. Your abilities are efficient and in any way different are indications of not only greater desire and its lack. For those who can be loyal and who can return your tremendous emotional fervor, you can be a most generous lover.

1976 should bring them much warmth and are never hesitant to normal to perfectly healthy. You are seldom aware of mistakes you make and certainly could learn from their less emotional approach. You feel you are a naturally ordered leader. Your abilities are efficient and in any way different are indications of not only greater desire and its lack. For those who can be loyal and who can return your tremendous emotional fervor, you can be a most generous lover.
Willard/Ho Chi Minh Park. Warren Widener, the city's black mayor, had Sunday, June 22, in Berkeley, at Emma East Bay Gay Day Festival was held under sunny skies on Third World people, on the hidden history of the gay movement, and on gay workers and prisoners, as well as on the new gay culture of liberation. Pacific Center, which convened the over all event and provided refreshments, is a funded mental health and commun­ ity services project. Its offices are located on San Pablo Avenue, in Berkeley, above the popular gay restaurant, Campgrounds. Pacific Center provides a full-range of counseling, rape groups, and switchboard referral type of services. Many of its activities are listed in the Lavender U catalogue, and it also cosponsors bisexual activities marking the Stonewall Rebellion date, which commenced the week of in New York City, as Gay Pride Day. 400 people, both lesbians and gay males, gathered in the park. Sponsored princi­ pally by the Pacific Center (formerly East Bay Gay), the event drew partici­ pants from a number of East Bay organi­ zations, including MCC and the Gay Men's Raps. The day was loosely struc­ tured, with gay craftspeople displaying their wares, including jewelry and a lesbian collectors' silk-screened tee shirts. Musicians and pantomime actors provided entertainment.

One of the highlights of the day was a booth and display prepared by the Solidarity Committee of Bay Area Gay Liberation (BAGL), which featured panels on lesbian oppression and liberation, on gay Third World people, on the hidden history of the gay movement, and on gay workers and prisoners, as well as on the new gay culture of liberation. Pacific Center, which convened the over all event and provided refreshments, is a funded mental health and commun­ ity services project. Its offices are located on San Pablo Avenue, in Berkeley, above the popular gay restaurant, Campgrounds. Pacific Center provides a full-range of counseling, rape groups, and switchboard referral type of services. Many of its activities are listed in the Lavender U catalogue, and it also cosponsors bisexual activities marking the Stonewall Rebellion date, which commenced the week of in New York City, as Gay Pride Day. 400 people, both lesbians and gay males, gathered in the park. Sponsored princi­ pally by the Pacific Center (formerly East Bay Gay), the event drew partici­ pants from a number of East Bay organi­ zations, including MCC and the Gay Men's Raps. The day was loosely struc­ tured, with gay craftspeople displaying their wares, including jewelry and a lesbian collectors' silk-screened tee shirts. Musicians and pantomime actors provided entertainment.

Boycott COORS!

In San Francisco only a handful of bars are still carrying Coors, but very few of the East Bay bars are honoring the boycott. We should get together and help this progressive local win its strike because the contract is clearly in our interest. They have gone to bat for us, pushing for the passage in the state Legislature of the Foran Bill to guarantee gay employment rights. Coors is available in the East Bay through the Richmond distributor, who has a union contract. If you want more information contact Andy Cirkelis of the Coors Boy­cott Committee at 450 Harrison Street in San Francisco (495-3580) or Michael of the Oakland Gay Men's Political Action Group (654-1578).* We were misled and lied to, and from Tet to Tet the war dragged on, our leaders wishing not to win and yet not end the slaughtering. We let ourselves be guided through a labyrinth of dominoes and fictive incidents. We sent our youth across the world, gave them carte blanche to kill, furnished them every tool they'd need, watched on TV each night the sick show that we underwrote. For years we heroized barbaric bandits of the air dropping their tons of death. We wince in shame because of them, our Presidential Administrations.

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After Seeing Hearts and Minds

by ROBERT G. BOYLAN

Dedicated to Daniel Ellsberg, Ho Chi Minh, the Vietnam Veterans against the War, the draft resisters, Senators Wayne Morse and J. W. Fulbright, the people of Vietnam living or dead who struggled for their independence and unification during five of our Congress's last two mad fling, having before their eyes the crimes of that condemned crusade.

We were misled and lied to, and from Tet to Tet the war dragged on, our leaders wishing not to win and yet not end the slaughtering. We let ourselves be guided through a labyrinth of dominoes and fictive incidents. We sent our youth across the world, gave them carte blanche to kill, furnished them every tool they'd need, watched on TV each night the sick show that we underwrote. For years we heroized barbaric bandits of the air dropping their tons of death, suave bombardiers who never heard the means of sufferers far down beneath their opened flaps and miles behind their tails.

Like blubber peeled by flensers' hooks, napalm-fried strips of skin sloughed from the backs of naked kids scurrying down strafed roads. Legsless and armless boys and girls, bewilderment or mind or heart cheated of triumph and discharged with medals they won't wear. Impenetrable harms we wrought because they served an unjust cause, our Presidential Administrations.

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The Gang-Greening of Gay Pride

It was a killer afternoon for the Gay Freedom Day Parade: sunny and blue and the breeze bountifully benign—a rare day in June for this constantly off-season city of San Francisco. There seemed to be a feeling of greater awareness this year about what was happening; even the tourists out to drum up some Sunday brunch could be seen standing outside of Mary's pointing down O'Farrell saying, "Is this where they're coming down?" as hundreds of young men and women moved past them in couples and clusters and columns toward the parade site at Pine and Montgomery Streets.

The crowd had gathered and was singing and mingling and carrying on for at least half an-hour before a police siren would give the go-ahead. Save eight or ten percent of the thousands of marchers—who would have to be classified as outrageous drag, dog-legging the gamut from bejeweled empresses to general genderfucks (moustache and house dress sorts of combinations) to full leather regalia—it would be difficult to distinguish the gay crowd from any other comparably enormous gathering of mostly youngish people. Not to give the impression that older gays weren't represented, but they were in no great abundances. Very few older women marched in the parade and although the same could be said of men over forty, they certainly squeezed in like cracks in the cement at the curb.

A hugely homogeneous and harmonious group, there was a solidarity in evidence, a kind of kinship so perfect and smooth at some points during the day it was downright religious. A small marching band toward the front behind a purple-banneered "Lesbian Sisters Unite" assemblage played joyous little dixieland ditties on two violins, a trombone, clarinet and french horn, the crowd shrieking along joyously all the way. And unlike most any old gathering of however many tens of thousand of people (police estimated 10,000 marchers and 72,000 onlookers), there were virtually no bad trips in evidence, even on the sidewalks which was not necessarily the case five or six years ago at gay demonstrations where curbside hostility was the rule rather than the exception. Of course these days the crowds just shut up and pay their attention, knowing full well that the Gay Day Parade is the best show in town, more eyefood than the Chinese New Year pageant and incoming astronauts put together, not seeming to really care whether or not Gay is Good, but realizing that That's Entertainment, and cheap at nothing for a curbside seat.

Everyone—gay, straight and slightly crooked—was quickly infected with the glee seeping down the street like leaking laughing gas, an outdoor opiate for which any breather was eligible. And they're just going to have to reassess that stereotype about who has rhythm in this world because when you find yourself in the thick of 10,000 marching gay-crazed brothers and sisters, a complex compound of devastating diversities stewing in sweet solidarity, get ready for some dancing in the streets and up a few walls, too.

I was at the front of the parade near the band which was unofficially designated as the space "normal" marchers could take without the stigmatization of all the drag and pomposity and royalty and giant phallic floats which generally led the parade in years past. Flanked on either side by the Wild West Side Chapter of Lesbian Widows and a "Gay Men, Fathers, and Fathering" group with beaming little children on their gay shoulders (fatherhood being a side of life few gay men have a step at), it was like being part of a family again—a somewhat displaced one—but homey nonetheless.

by J. KERRY KAMMER

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But the drags, a generally outgoing and mobile group, didn't just hang out in the back unless they were affiliated with some organization and tied to its float. Random drags were dispersed Scout drag with a mustache and a box of animal crackers for a purse, a derby drags in numbered uniforms and perched on his bare shoulder, roller-man in sailor drag with a live parrot matching crash helmets, a majorette splits down the street, and one man with Bunny drags, ballerina drags doing the also pink hair and up one leg, and car-wedgies, and plastic fruit pinned in his clustered together in Cadillac convertibles, and empressy gown-dragged lovelies on a Rubens canvas, cracked paint and pink and powdered, like ladies of leisure popular bicentennial theme into their parading. But they were all there in hordes—tant testimony of celebration, hardly anyone content just to march along, all having their own little story to demonstrate their own little story to demonstrate the truth be known, A great majority of the women there seemed to be associated with involved political organizations; not many appeared to be there associated with involved political organizations; not many appeared to be there to the heavens). There were more photographe in the crowd than children under twelve, of whom there were hundreds. And probably almost as many Afgans in-waiting as lesbians in attendance if they were there. But there had arguably been some effort made to attract gay women in greater numbers to the parade this year, and it did seem that there were some more than last year. The lesbians in the parade were wearing more clothing than the men, and if their placards were any indication, gay women seem to find a good deal less humor in their oppression of drag must be a felt need of some kind; its fervency with which all this is embraced is embarrassingly real. There was an article in last summer's gay issue of the Bay Guardian called "Judy Garland Died for Our Sins" and, Lawd-Have-Mercy, did the even—several times. (There was a Wizard of Oz float, too, and when are we going to get over "Over the Rainbow" and grow up a little?) Granted, gay solidarity is by definition rooted to a large extent in our diversity. But should this diversity have to extend itself to feature every sorry little fantasy some lonely person has of waving to adoring crowds from a car? Good news, we're all entitled to our own drag, be it red handkerchiefs in top of a truck (one man in a rhine- stone dog collar and leash sucking on another man's boot in slubbering servitude), in rather dubious taste for a midday matinee in the Civic Center. I can see how women might not go overboard for it. And I don't know how seriously I would take a political candidate, either, who felt the need to drape pretty boys in Harvey Milk tee shirts across the hood of his car; that might lead me to believe that a person who was running as a gay candidate had somewhat misplaced priorities. Obviously this Grand Duchess sort of drag must be a felt need of some kind; it's too foolish and frivolous to pass as fashion in these severe times. And the fervency with which all this is embraced is embarrassingly real. There was an arti-

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whichever pocket or mini-skirts or Arrow shirts or leather codpieces and fishnet stockings, Polk Street finery or basic Montgomery Street business drag. But I powdered and `titled' persons purport shimmy in their sequins the most and cameras. But we're certainly quick enough queens and grand duchesses show up at the lighter side of the 11 o'clock news.

The drag queens prinking and preening to pull closed occasionally. When the first of the paraders reach- end the line of City Hall--folks hung out some. But by the time the tail end of the sixteen-block-long parade pulled in, people had begun to disperse en mass, many heading for the celebration in Golden Gate Park's Marx Meadow to follow immediately. For those who remained in the Civic Center, the main attraction seemed to be A Scene in the reflection pool by the trees. Several men had stripped and were cavorting in the pond to the leering cheers of the crowd. "Suck it, baby," several yelled to a cock-slinging young man approaching a middle-aged man on the side of the pool who was being worked on by a young woman, a Coors in one hand and his code in the other, as literally hundreds of cameras clicked. Finally, when it seemed as if the crowd was getting restless watching several wet naked men watching each other and shivering in two feet of dirty water, the woman joined in, flipping her soaking underthings to the crowd, She and the studly fell kiss and splashed some; then a presumably straight man came in to grab at the woman while the fell was kissing, having lost interest, was trying to pull on her dress and discarded pantyhose under the water. When the straight man started in assuming basically the same liberties the fell had taken, the woman was across the pond like a Jewish victim.

The middle-aged man pulled himself up to get dressed, and a man with a camera asked for his autograph, which he was given with the reminder: "Send me a copy of the picture. . .Did you get one of me over there jacking off?" This half-hour incident was, incidentally, one of the bigger crowd draws of the day.

What a wonderful accomplishment that homosexual men managed to fondele each other's genitals right there in the cultural center of the city in full view of the cops stationed on the balcony of City Hall, bystanders bravely screaming laces across the street for the police to come over and do something about it. How perfectly revolutionary! What a major milestone in the area of gay history? Had the crowd been even more encouraging, they might have just fondled their way along Van Ness or fucked like spaniels on the library lawn.

What is it with this macho dogshit sexual exhibitionism that so many gay men seem to have to work through time and time again? And--despite efforts to curtail the sorts of phalluses on wheels, which passed as floats in 1974--sex seemed to be the all-too-apparent theme of the parade (again) this year. If not flesh for its own sake, the ridicule of the imposed sex roles and their attendant limitations by the cavorting drag queens for the most part made clear where the priorities were. Is sex what gay all comes down to? What about the homo half of homosexual, or is that just rhetorical deadweight?

Several friends I gave a ride to Golden Gate Park to spoke rather disparagingly of the Parade. In celebration of what?--they wanted to know--of the demonstration of which major organs? But gays can and do almost demonstrate solidarity in the face of diversity, no mean accomplishment in itself, though the dividing line between sex and politics remains Crisco-clear (which is to say, a greasy smudge). Some fags see Gay Liberation strictly as the politics of confrontation, genderfucking their ways ever which way; others, the majority probably, see it mainly as an issue of civil rights, having no enormously sexual overtones. But, as is the case with drag and un-drag--sex catches the eye quicker than civics, whatever your politics.

Finally, made it over to the park to the Gay Freedom Day Fair, where Sweet Charity and several other bands were making their musical contributions to the day. There were food and some booths promoting everything from a stop-smoking program to pound cake for a quarter a slice to V.D. information. Dancing, gay on the green, pinecones as frequent as cowpies in a barnyard--all was going swimmingly until there was a full in the music and the speakers began speaking including a black gay activist and a representative for Transseuxal Liberation. Then Frank Fitch of the Alico B. Toklas Memorial Club came onstage to talk about media coverage of gay events such as the parade and how negative and sparse it generally was, and he suggested that gays didn't care enough about political issues concerning even themselves, that too many of them were just out for the good time to be had. And, brother, you said it, he was right. As soon as the first speaker stepped out, the milling around began and general restlessness and rude ness prevailed until they started dishing the Disco again. Large breaks broke away from the crowd the speakers were attempting to address--some to go play in the woods, one bunch to watch a person balance silver goblets on his head while he tap-danced, and others stood around in groups debating which bars would be the hottest to hit on a night like this. Of course, Fitch was perfectly right. You can always pull together a good-sized crowd for a gay parade or demonstration (read: demonstrate, exhibit) in this city. Homosexuals, especially men, are always big on having a gay, grand time--in celebration of anything from Academy Award night to Good Friday. It's no accident that Halloween, the big day for role-play, is the major religious holiday on the gay calendar. Is the frigid-in-homosexual commun ity of San Francisco too pretty for politics? Are gays so unpressed in this city? It takes more than a twirling par ade baton to drum up self-respect, and certainly there's more to liberation than celebration and screaming in the streets.

What happened to the enormously enthusiastic Stanford Gay Pride Week Conference that Whitman-Raddlyffes sponsored in Palo Alto last year? Or was that just a one-shot deal? How about a sequel from somewhere, even conceivably on a national level. Anyway, the whole concept of Gay Pride Week is about as ludicrous and ultimately underhanded as the U.N.'s declaration of this an International Women's Week. It's just too easy to say, when your week (or year) runs its course, please go back where you came from and we'll see you around next cycle. Gay is good is real reinforcing to chant in a parade and, like Black Is Beautiful, makes for a fab bumper sticker. But the gay movement seems to be working on new attitudes, not old platitudes, to get it off the ground.
Eighty Years Too Late
by SHEILA MASTHOFF

May 8, 1975
The California Legislature passed Assembly Bill No. 489 and sent it on to Governor Edmund G. Brown, Jr., for signature.

May 25, 1985
A judge in London, England, spoke these words to the prisoner in the dock:

"The crime of which you have been convicted is so bad that one has to put one's self from describing, in language which I would rather not use, the sentiment which must rise to the breast of every man of honour who has heard the details of these two terrible trials."

Assembly Bill No. 489 repealed the state's 100-year-old sex laws.

"That the jury have arrived at a correct verdict in this case I cannot persuade myself to entertain the shadow of a doubt; and I hope, at all events, that those who sometimes imagine that a judge is half-hearted in the cause of decency and morality because he takes no prejudice shall enter into the case, may see that that is consistent at least with the utmost of indignation at the horrible charges brought home to you."

The measure legalized all heterosexual and homosexual acts between consenting adults.

"It is of no use for me to address you, People who can do these things must be dead to all sense of shame, and one cannot hope to produce any effect upon them."

Mr. Justice Wills continued; "The sentiment of the Court is that you be sentence of the Court is two years."

The Assembly endorsement of the sex bill was 45—26. The condemned appeared dazed. He tried to speak, but the judge ignored him, motioning to the warden to remove the prisoner. With a despairing look around, he was hustled off, amidst jeers.

"This is not a bill for or on behalf of homosexuals," Assemblyman John Miller, an Oakland Democrat, argued, "it is merely a bill that says adults in private should not have to worry about the law."

May 12, 1975
Governor Brown signed Bill No. 489 into law.

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"I shall, under such circumstances, be expected to pass the severest sentence that the law allows. In my judgement it is totally inadequate for such a case as this." (The italics are the writer's.)

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Virginia re-
PARADOX

by DOUGLAS DEAN

The thing about him is, he’s a paradox. When you first meet him he comes on strong. You’re struck by his warmth and his friendliness, and you wonder—is he perhaps just a bit over-voluptuous?

Then you get to know him and you discover that his enthusiasm is genuine. But you find out there are other sides to his nature, too. He’s a multi-faceted person, really—alternately cheerful and concerned, happy and irritable, sensual and lachrymose.

A human being whose moods are like the sands, shifting and ever changing.

I first met Jack Wrangler in mid-July of ’75. Previously I’d seen him in a Glendale theatre production of The Subject Was Roses and I knew he’d been a sensation in a male revue at the Paris Theatre in Hollywood. On a trip to Los Angeles I was introduced to Jack by the editor of What Love Demands, a new collection of my short stories scheduled for publication late this summer. The editor informed me that Jack had been selected as cover boy for the book and would also have a four page center spread in it.

“I’d really like to meet him,” I said. (In my mind, I was recreating the image I carried of him from The Subject Was Roses and also his erotic dance in the Chuck Roy revue.)

We were still casting for the production of my play Special Friends in San Francisco. Months of searching had failed to produce the right actor for the part of Denis, a go-go boy and ex-hustler. The man selected to play this part had to be convincing as a boy of the streets, a kid who had really done it all—and at the same time he had to be warm and appealing, he had to have an air of innocence about him. Audiences would have to love him and take him to their hearts. Physical appeal would be quite essential, but the man for the part must also be skilled enough as a performer to run the gamut of emotions, from broad comedy to moments of despair and anger and high poignancy. A body would not be enough. The role needed an actor.

Although he hadn’t yet signed the contract, Jack was scheduled to leave almost immediately to do a film in the Bahamas. He also had an offer to do a revue in New York. He told me this when he came to read for me in my hotel room in Hollywood.

He hadn’t read half a page of dialogue before my heart began to sink. “I’ve found him,” I thought, “but I can’t have him. He’s right. He’s right—and he’s going off to the Bahamas to make all that money and I can’t have him for Special Friends!”

Two days later we talked on the phone. He and his manager had discussed all the angles. There were certain things about the film in the Bahamas he wasn’t happy about. He didn’t really want to go to New York. Maybe the individual attention he would get from his performance as Denis in Special Friends would, in the long run, be more beneficial to his career than the other offers he was considering.

Excited, we sat up till 4 A.M. talking about the part and the play—and all of the possibilities for both of us in our association. In another two days he was in San Francisco, attending a press conference at the Holiday Inn and geared for his first rehearsals for Special Friends.

What is it about him which makes him so endearing? The warmth is real, to begin with; it’s nothing forced or simulated—and yes, he has an animal allure about him, a sensuality, plus a wide-eyed little boy quality at times. He projects the feeling that he’s completely masculine in his attitudes, yet there is a yearning in him, a need for protection, a desperate desire to be loved and held close. Raw sensuality exudes from him and he so deflection and generosity. He wants very much to please.

“There’s a lot of Denis in my own personality,” Jack told me. “I discover more similarities between us every day. Denis wants to hang loose and be happy, and so do I... I’m not all that ambitious about my career. Sure, I want success. I’d like to make it in show business. But it’s the everyday little things that fill me with contentment—my work-outs at the gym, conversations with my friends—it’s these things that make life worthwhile.”

A touch, a smile. He gives these things to you, from his heart, and he makes you happy. He’s a sex machine, all right, but he’s also a man with class.
River Run

THE ECSTASY OF AN ALL GAY RIVER RUNNING EXPERIENCE

by STEPHAN RIXNER

To other boaters on the South Fork of the American River in the foothills of the Sierras, the four paddle boats, shooting the exhilarating rapids and floating easily down the tranquil stretches of awesomely beautiful smooth water, looked just like any other boats on the river. Like any number of river-running boats on the weekend of May 31st, the four paddle boats were carrying a diverse group—businessmen, professionals, students and working men, ranging in age from their early 20's to their 40's. But there were two differences between these boats and the others on the river that weekend. First of all the boats were chartered under the auspices of the American River Touring Association's White Water School as a total educational experience "guided" by the natural rhythm of the river and by the spontaneous energies of staff and participants alike. And, secondly, the trip was organized as a viable social alternative for gay people to the bar scene.

Larry Kratzer and David Roinski of San Francisco have been working with the American River Touring Association, the world's largest river-running organization, to open the incredible experiences of wilderness adventures to gay people. The combination has been unquestionably successful for the fifty or so gays who have taken advantage of the program so far. ARTA, which is a nonprofit organization, is dedicated to turning people on to the exciting and tranquil joys of river touring while teaching the need for preserving man's natural heritage of beautiful waterways. In line with these goals, they run the American White Water School to sponsor White Water Workshops and the River Classroom. Working through Lavendar U, San Francisco's aav free university, Larry and David took advantage of the River Classroom program's incredibly inexpensive rates (less than half the cost of most commercial trips) to organize several social-educational trips for gay people this spring and summer. The trips have been real cooperative efforts with everyone manning a paddle and taking part in the total outdoors experiences involved in camping. Everyone learns the skills of safe, efficient, ecologically-sound river running. But the skills and techniques ARTA seeks to impart are merely a stage. The trips are geared to convey a feeling for the country through which they run. The stage is set for a free and natural progression of events within a framework of specific curricula designed to teach the techniques and procedures for exciting yet cautious river touring. There is a constant element of challenge through every phase—success built upon success aimed at discovering a heightened sense of well-being, with the river, with the other people, and within oneself.

It certainly is a change from the types of experiences available in The Stud or Cabaret bars. One participant in the May 31st trip said, "Even a place like the Rainbow (Cattle Company) bar, which is a lot more together than most gay bars, and where you don't get the feeling you're a side of beef in a butcher shop...well, even the Rainbow is The City, with all the vibes of The City." David, an artist's model, photographer and moving-man, feels that alcohol has played too important a role as a social mixer for gay people and that bars can be synthetic. He and Larry both feel that activities like river trips are a more natural way for gay people to come together and relate. All the participants of the trips seem to agree and a late-summer trip planned on Idaho's Main Salmon River promises to be even more successful than the first two on the American River.

ARTA, of course, runs trips all over the world, from a gentle Huck Finn Raft excursion down the Sacramento River to action-packed adventures on the Colorado the Stanislaus, the Rio Grande, and on rivers in such exotic places as Peru, Ethiopia and Brazil (the headwaters of the Amazon, no less). On these trips you find people—gay and non-gay alike—who have one thing in common: a desire to absorb the totality of exquisite experiences of river adventures. But the idea of an all-gay trip is something special. Larry, a theater technician and performing arts teacher, felt that an all-gay trip would facilitate the forging of an efficient team to share a deep and meaningful experience. "The more you feel at ease with each other, the better it works out." As it turned out, the group developed a perfect rapport with ARTA boatpersons, Barbara and Steve Dupuis. "Boatmen are tuned into a nice state just by their occupation of being on the river. They were super warm...there was a lot of acceptance and mutual respect," according to Larry, who was unsure initially of how it would work out with non-gay boatmen. As far as ARTA Operations Director, Bill Center, was concerned, it was "a joy to come upon people who have a real sensitivity and awareness of themselves and their surroundings and are willing to express that." Bill feels that these trips are helping break down stupid stereotypes on both sides which portray "river people as macho he-men" and gay men as "sitting at home playing with dolls."

Participants felt that getting out of the noisy, feared context of bars and relating to fellow gays on a non-sexist basis was a consciousness-raising experience in itself. One first-time river-runner said, "I like dancing in the bars, but they're full of smoke and weird vibes. So many people are out looking for quick sex or are reacting to that. I just have a lot of trouble meeting other gay people as people. That's what the weekend was—a chance to do a thing with my brothers. It was so far out—working as a team with other gay people and not having to deal with sexual issues. Everyone was out for fun and that's what we had—good, clean fun, if you'll pardon the expression. I got into people in a natural way. It just made a lot of sense and felt real good."

For further information regarding ARTA's river-running trips, for groups and individuals, call 415/465-9355 or write ARTA, 1016 Jackson St., Oakland, California, 94607.

Photos by American River Touring Association

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There were many factors that led me to apply for a teaching job in Micronesia that summer. For one thing, my job as a science teacher had been canceled (the administrators on the Minneapolis school board had decided that inner-city kids couldn't learn science), and my prospects for another position in that city looked dim. Seventy-one had been a bad year for me, dragging me through a series of abortive affairs with neurotic people, and I finally decided I was due for a change of scene.

Why Micronesia, and just what is Micronesia anyway? What it is, is hundreds of tiny islands scattered over a large area in the western Pacific. The islands were dominated first by the Spanish (disregarding that they had already been inhabited by the Micronesians—small, brown-skinned people of apparently southeast Asian origin), then by the Germans, and then by the Japanese. The Americans have held sway since the Second World War, though we supposedly only administer them as a trust territory for the United Nations.

I had been to Micronesia in the Peace Corps five years earlier, teaching ESL in the Palau Islands. So I knew pretty much what to expect environmentally and culturally. I suppose it was that experience that got me the job: teaching high school math at Ponape Island Central School (PICS). Still I was flabbergasted to hear I'd been accepted and soon had split town for the West Coast, leaving in the lurch all my creditors and any other unrequited persons who might still have been looking for me. I had no visions of Ponape being any sort of gay paradise; my virgin Peace Corps experience offered me no dues. I guess I was just in such
an escapist frame of mind that I decided my sex life would have to work itself out with whatever or whoever existed there. Which is about what happened.

PONAPE

"...certainly the present situation poses some decided challenges."

Ponape (say it like canape) sits like a Caesar salad in its blue China plate of a lagoon on the tropic sea. Here, on stormy days, and there are doozies, the plane can land; for there's nothing to be seen, Ponape is purportedly the rainiest inhabited spot in the world. (More than 300 inches a year!). This makes the humidity downright steamy.

The interior is covered with such impenetrable Henri Rousseau jungle that all the settlements are around the edge of the San Francisco-sized island and are reachable only by water.

I knew all that before I arrived, but still I looked forward to the experience as an adventure. No sooner had I got settled in the main town of Kolonia than the resident Americans began filling me on the disappointments and dangers of fraternizing with the natives. They were secretive and untrustworthy, they said. And watch out when you get drunk! Most Americans seemed to have little to worry about, however, living as they did in rather isolated area of government housing and associating only with those Okinawans who had a U.S. education and high-placed government jobs themselves.

These Americans seemed nice enough to me, however, regarding me as somewhat of a novelty with my rather freaky appearance and hip argot. But I was getting hornier and hornier, and I knew that associations with too many of them would go a long time away from local sex adventures.

TOD

"Though I played innocent, I suppose the truth was that I seduced him."" 

Then I met Tod. He was a journal- 

ism teacher at PICS. There was nothing obvious in his speech or mannerisms, yet knew in that private way that he was gay. When he in- 
vited me over for a drink one night after a movie, it seemed, after the de- 
privations I'd been experiencing, like my golden opportunity. He lived in an old funky quonset hut among the palms, which had once been the Japanese officers' club during the war. It sum- 
med up colorful visions that night as I lay in bed listening to the breeze rustle through the palm leaves.

What Tod had failed to tell me was that he had a Ponapean lover, an intense young man who apparently kept a bitter 
vigil out in the bush all night, and then 

had a big gory scene with Tod after I had left the next day. (Owens (Tod's lover) would never speak to me after that and went through so many changes when I came around that I was diminded anymore.

Capricious as he could be, it liked Tod; he was witty and widely traveled. And how he could maintain appearances at school through some of the violent drunken battles he had with Owens, wear- 
ing shades to school to try to hide the bruises, was a marvel to me. We had a rapport out of dire necessity, being the only other person for each other avail-

able to whom a good deal of our thoughts and experiences could be expressed. His view of sex and the Ponapean man had a great influence on me; the optimism in it kept me going for quite some time.

His experiences had convinced him that Ponapean men were bisexual in an unconscious way. They might deny that they liked having sex with other men, and yet a great many of them regularly got into it anyway, being drunk or other- 

wise high enough that all inhibitions temporarily vaporized. Get yourself under a blanket with a Ponapean, he asserted, and a little forwardness will go a long way! I admit I had it one night, over some money he wanted for something, and as he walked out he told me he was going to his uncle, who was a police offic- 

erally and, I've been contribu-

ting to his delinquency (he was 18) by getting him drunk and making him beat himself up. Two days later I was called into the office of the educational administra-

tor and was told of rumors that were circulating about my behavior and the association I was having with a teenage boy. My hastily con- 

jured reply was that there were so many young guys who came around my place 

and were high, and that I was out of control, and got him drunk and wanting more booze that I wouldn't be surprised at any rumors that disgruntled guys might say. I never might start. Lord knows there were enough of them: rumours and guys.

That settled that well enough, though by that time I'd become convinced I had to leave at the end of the school term, rather than stick out a second year as per my contract. I could see that my needs were liable to catch me up even- 

tually in a scandal—or drive me a little nuts through depletion—either one.

"At least I should provide some kind of an attraction for guys looking for new adventure and a steady source of satis-

factions.

Markie had the biggest, baddest bike in town. He was the local stud, bragging the main drag with his 'of lady', an ex-

Peacor Corps woman, or any of the num- 
erous local women behind him, clutching him around the waist. He had a marve-

lous smile, which was all I really had to get from him, feeling sure his handsome, sleek body was beyond the reach of any man.

Wasn't I surprised, then, when he came around one night alone! He'd been partying at the beach that day, he said, 

and did I mind if he took a shower? Not at all, said I, nonchalantly laying on my waterbed and reading a book. Then after a few minutes from the bathroom came, "Wow, I really got a sunburn at the beach today, didn't I?" And there he stood nude in the doorway with an im-

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after besides. Markie declared that he dug sex regardless of whether it was 

with a man or a woman, which was a 

pretty radical statement for a Ponapean even if many tacitly would have agreed with him. But he had his reputation to think about. By that time I had become notorious among the local demimondaine, and Markie was afraid someone would see his bike parked in front of my place to town. Therefore he started coming around again except with a couple of drinking buddies, and the specialties went out of our friendship.

MARKIE

You were the one who was to blame, 

Kadalino Damarlane.

Across your life there's casta strain, 

Kadalino Damarlane. Of degenrate acts; your body stinks!

You kill your pain and pickle your brain, 

Kadalino Damarlane. Sloppy out of our friendship.

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tight about liquor, I was leaving soon anyway, and the precipitous dropoff of visitors came as a relief.

**HERLINO**

"I'm really pretty soft-hearted (weak-willed?) when it comes to it down to it."" anything, and the precipitous dropoff of visitors came as a relief.

One guy didn't stop coming around, though, Herlino, normally a pleasant, bright, sensitive person, could get hit by an idea that was so irrationally and self-destructively big in his head. He had walked on campus, had walked on campus, and brandishing a knife, and conversely, he had been expelled—a disturbing phenomenon. He had finally left Metropolitan Community Church and decided to rejoin our boyhood days. His "revelations" had finally left Metropolitan Community Church and decided to rejoin our boyhood days. His "revelations" had finally left Metropolitan Community Church and decided to rejoin our boyhood days. The Bible and Homosexuals."

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Byron is possibly one of the nicest people I've run into in a long while. He is a curious (and it seems a rare) blend of good looks, good head, good attitude and good/great outlook.

This combination makes him one of those "nice to know" guys that most of us are turned on to.

By profession he's a hair dresser.

"Some hairdressers like to be called hair 'stylists' cause it sounds better, but it really doesn't make a difference to me. It's what you do and how you do it that counts."

One of his greatest pleasures is in "helping people make as much of themselves as they can. When you look good, you feel good. That's what I try to convey to my customers."

At twenty-seven, after being raised in the Bay Area and spending the last five years in the City, Byron feels that he knows himself well, what he wants, where he's been and where he's going.

He looks at his work as more than just a job. "It's like an art, you have to know what you're doing, and what will 'work' for the customer. I like to take time to get to know my people and then try to suggest ways to improve their appearance."

Looking into the future, "there are lots of fields to branch off into: make-up and teaching are two that come to mind, off hand."

This Scorpio, Leo, Aquarian loves the out of doors; swims a lot every chance he gets. "I love to go hiking up around Mt. Tam by myself, It gives me time to get into my own head, It's very comfortable."

Spending time with Byron, rapping, shooting at Lands End, getting a haircut, whatever, is super comfortable. Everyone should know a Byron."
"When you look good, you feel good."

Gav Teachers

Hank Wilson has been teaching and coaching swimming since the age of sixteen. He's been teaching in public school since 1968, for the last two years in San Francisco. He works now at St. John's Educational Threshold Center, a federally funded tutoring project in the Mission District.

COMING OUT IN THE CLASSROOM

Photos and Interview by ROSE SKYTTA

Four people were instrumental in organizing Bay Area Gay Liberation's (BAGL) massive political action on behalf of the anti-discrimination legislation. Two teachers, Ron Lanza and Hank Wilson express some of their views.

HANK: I recently taught a high school class in which I told them I was a faggot. They were making gay put-down jokes, so one day, quite spontaneously, I said I'd had enough. Since racist comments weren't acceptable neither were anti-gay comments because I was—quote—a faggot. They were shocked. Their initial reaction was they hadn't intended to offend me or gay people with their comments. For the next three classes they would hardly speak to me. The students I'd had the best rapport with were very uptight. I figured there was peer pressure against them if they kept relating to me. Gradually it worked back to normal.

We've gone through a lot of trauma in our lives and because of that we have a lot of empathy.

There will still be many barriers to gay teachers coming out. We feel it would be "suicidal" for a gay teacher anywhere but in San Francisco to come out. But the message must go out to every gay teacher in the state. The students will take up their cause, just as they took up the teachers' cause.

RON: The last weekend before I came out I went up to the Presidio with my dog and I thought about running away to Canada. I really did! I told all my friends I was going to do it. I thought it would take the whole hour to tell the kids what was happening. Twelve minutes flat! And it was all over! I walked out the door and I burst into tears—release of tension, the feeling that what I was doing was right.

I one thing I wouldn't do. I would not change pronouns—put in she for he, for the benefit of Monday morning bullshit in the department. There was a man I deeply loved with whom I lived most of the time I was teaching.

After class I was surrounded by this ring of students—thanking me and saying, "What can we do? Anything?" It was super! It was well worth it. You never forget it.

Many kids came out to me this year in writing, saying, "I'm a lesbian woman," or, "I'm a gay man." Others formed a gay support group with gay and non-gay students. In high school! One of the leading lights of that was a fifteen-year-old lesbian woman who announced, when we had some gay speakers at school, that she was gay.

It was a little awkward with my gay colleagues. They seemed to think I was making value judgments of them. I wasn't.

Some of the gay people I know, because of their sensitivity to the kids and their real dedication to their work, are the best teachers, the most successful teachers. It's a shame they shouldn't be positive role models to gay teenagers.

All that bullshit students have heard about gay people and suddenly someone they deal with every day, know, and respect, is gay, it's no longer just the stereotype swishy queen on Market Street. They see the diversity of our community quite clearly.

In social studies discussing Third World oppression, I'd talk about Blacks, Indians, Chicanos and wouldn't put in anything about gays. The students might get wise.

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The idea of changing it to, "She and I had a good time," was out of the question.

Ron Lanza has been teaching for nine years at Ignacio Valley High School in Concord, an upper middle-class suburb in the East Bay. A year ago Ron came out at school. He wasn't fired. He says he was "ready to take some time off then," but, on the recommendation of his lawyer, stayed another year to set a precedent. A week before this interview he turned in his resignation.

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Running Free

LAVENDER U'S ANNUAL GOLDEN GATE RACE

by DAN TROMP
Photographed by JAMES MOSS

One of my most meaningful and satisfying achievements occurred on June 29, 1975, during Gay Pride Week. I competed in the annual Golden Gate Run. Participating in the three-mile race sponsored by Lavender U. were gay men and women. I turned out along with the other contestants to take part and to take pride in being gay. Placing third, I still felt like a winner! By running, I was publically announcing and celebrating my gay sexuality. But it wasn't always that way...

From my earliest recollections of childhood up until the time I was five years old, I had the unusual, overpowering urge for other males—to work with them, to play with them, to make love to them. I never really appeared different, though, from any of the other boys my age, who in an effort to discover their masculine roles were also strongly identifying with older men. My motives, however, were somewhat different from those of the other boys. It wasn't long before I found out that these motives were completely unacceptable within American society. Unless I was willing to be labeled a "queer" or a "faggot," and willing to deal with all of the injustice that went along with that, I realized that I had to keep my feelings hidden in the back of the closet.

Today, thirteen years later, gay people are standing up for their rights, not only as citizens but also as human beings. The old labels are being discarded and replaced by the term "gay." Homosexuals have chosen this word for themselves, to represent the type of lifestyle they enjoy. I am one of these people. Now I am standing up, too! Hurray for gay; it makes me proud.

For years I was a victim of the values and norms of my family and those of society. Mine was a classic case of the young male who secretly suspected he had homosexual tendencies but just couldn't fess up to them. The problem was worsened by the fact that no one was willing to accept me as gay, either. And so the tendencies remained just that—a secret. In the school locker room or the bathhouse at the beach, I would inconspicuously "cruise" all the naked men and boys. All the while I would fantasize wild erotic scenes. But not once did I dare try anything, and this always left me steaming with frustration. It was only in the bathroom at home or in my bed at night that I could even begin to realize some release from this tension that was mounting. I would spend great time and effort translating my sexual fantasies into words and pictures. Then I would act them out alone and masturbate to them. Usually I came up with some of the hottest pornography that anyone could devise; but after a while I became bored with fantasy and my frustration multiplied. I needed a way out. It was then that I took to heart the title of a song I had heard many times before, "Ain't Nothing Like the Real Thing, Baby." So, in the spirit of Marvin Gaye and Tammy Terrell, I took the plunge.

After eleven years of hiding my true feelings and playing the false masculine role that society doled out to me, I decided I could fool myself no longer. I was prepared to accept one of those degrading labels given to people like myself, along with the discrimination I thought inevitable. I soon found, much to my surprise, that discrimination and name-calling are not the case, necessarily, at least not in San Francisco where I live. The homosexuals have renamed themselves gay and are proud of it. Increasingly it seems that everywhere I go, everyone I speak with, and everything I observe indicates that gay people are finally being accepted for themselves. For once I feel I can express my true feelings and desires toward other men without the fear of being scorned or punished. For once I can be publicly affectionate with other men and not worry about what other people might do or say. Here in San Francisco we are known as the neighborhood gay boys just out doing our thing: parading, rallying, running in races across the Golden Gate Bridge.

Hurray for gay; it makes me proud. Hurray for gay, I shout out loud.
slowly losing the clamminess of winter, of New York summer. They were some­not yet into the heavy, oppressive heat jobs, between lovers, between friends,
at would stare back, terrified at the
with love or with hate. I was suited
only to indifference.
and self-hatred until, finally, unable
even to bear myself, I would leave for
and I liked, as much as I was capable
long dark promenade above the river,
I ranged the city, mostly at night,
I was unequipped that spring to deal
around them and their victims.
walk.
He sat opposite me, humming.
"Goodness," he said, "you look un­happy." He laughed.
"Goodness had nothing to do with it, right?" he said. "You've just coming home from an orgy, right? And you met this divine number, and you exchanged names, and now you've got to wait until Tuesday to call him, and you're desper­ate, right?" I stared at him. The rush of words
and assumptions shocked me.
"Yes," he said, "aren't you lucky? That name happens, just happens, to be based on Harold, and Harold happens to mean conqueror. And have you got thd
conquered me entirely. Completely. I
asked."
I sat in my vacantly withdrawn way,
as the hills, ancient, fat little me, would
did you? Well, what do you think this
know a stoned person when he saw one,
I surprised you? You didn't think I, old
suit is? Think I go to the office like
"Clark Street," I said.
"Well," he said, "aren't you lucky? "Want to come home with me?" he
We sat in silence. We'd passed Fulton
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I sat in my vacantly withdrawn way,
love. God knows, nobody should. And I never seem to learn."

We stood for a moment at the rail­
ing, looking out over the black water, 
listening to the fog horns cut through 
the night.

"You are a sad case, aren't you?"
he said.

I said nothing.

"Come home with me," he said. "I can't," I said,
"I am not offering to suck your cock," he 
said. "I am offering you friendship." His 
house was on a quiet, black street. We 
could hear our footsteps as we ap­
proached it. There was a dogwood tree 
in front, almost ready to bloom. I 
slept really well that night for the 
first time in months. After that, I saw 
Dan often. He had me to dinner, intro­
duced me to friends of his. Slowly I 
stopped wandering the streets and went 
to people's houses again. I made love 
again, hesitantly.

"You are a sad case, aren't you?" he said.

I didn't call him.

"I'm going out. I will be back tomorrow."

When he woke in the morning, Dan 
was standing by the bed.

"Breakfast is ready," he said.

He leaned down to kiss me. "Happy 
birthday," he said.

I cried. "Do you good," he said.

My life changed after that. I got a job, a rather good one, began 
to dress better, eat better.

"We make love later, he said.

"Happy birthday," Joseph said.

I wish you to be prompt for once," he said. "Do you understand? Well, say 
something.

We stood for a moment at the rail­
ing, looking out over the black water, 
looking at the fog horns cut through 
the night.

"You will see, my dear. Dress in 
something sexy, too, please; no baggy 
jeans if you don't mind."

I was weak, of course, and afraid I 
would lose him if I didn't do everything 
his said. "Insignificant. We mean nothing to 
the power of love," he said, "and it's 
all bullshit."

We were uncomfortable with each 
other, and I left as soon as I could.

I got a lover, but I didn't take him to 
see Dan.

"Didn't you hear about him?" Joseph 
said. 

"No," I said, afraid.

"He killed himself. Jesus, it was awful.

They didn't find him for a couple of days.

Six months later my friend was gone.

"He's been wonderful to me," I said.

"What's so special about tonight?" I 
said.

"Don't you join in the power of love," he said, "and it's 
all bullshit."

We were uncomfortable with each 
other, and I left as soon as I could.

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see Dan.

"Didn't you hear about him?" Joseph 
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They didn't find him for a couple of days.

I saw Dan once on the street, but he 
looked sad and tired. My life got better.

"I had a motorcycle," he said. "And I had a girlfriend just back 
from Europe."

"What can you see in that old queen?"
my friend asked me.

"He's been wonderful to me," I said.

"What is this?" I asked. "What in 
the world is this?"

"It's all right," Joseph said.  "Of course, it's all right," Dan said.

"This is incredible," I said.

"You are incredible," Dan said. "Be 
happy, my dear," he left.

"I can't believe this," I said to Joseph

during the first night on the promenade. And 
because I felt guilty, I was enraged.

We are all flyspecks, my dear," he 
said. "Insignificant. We mean nothing to 
one another. There's no way to get 
through to each other. We're insignificant.

"That's ridiculous," I said.

I didn't call him.

"I've spent my life trying to believe 
in the power of love," he said, "and it's 
all bullshit."

I wish you to be prompt for once," he said. "Do you understand? Well, say 
something.

"I'm going out. I will be back tomorrow."

"I got a lover, but I didn't take him to 
see Dan.

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the first.

by WALTER FEBICK

I WAS NINE WHEN MY PARENTS

me. I'd known him for two years as a 
familiar face at the school, a handsome 
casual acquaintance who sometimes figur­
ed in my dreams in often disturbing ways.

I almost seemed as if I were waiting for

was sixteen by then, when John came after

days.

Photo/James Armstrong
I knew my dark secret could never be discussed with anyone...

The wind blew through my hair (who cares if I got killed without a helmet? I don't care if I don't live to see you again, and it felt good to be alive and free as the leaves at the ground flying beneath me. There is something very liberating about it when it's your first time and all your senses have to work together. In fact, that's almost an essential element of the excitement.

I really give in to that call late one night. I closed my eyes, recollected the sparkling visions of male beauty I loved, and touched my rigid swollen sex, aching for release. Within seconds I was coming, shooting forth a rich cream onto the blue tiles.

"That was quite a performance," he said matter-of-factly, descending from the proud unashamed phallus.

"You must not be embarrassed," I said, and touched my rigid swollen sex, aching for release. Within seconds I was coming, seeing the twisted waters of the tiled floor.

My first flush of delirium now translated itself into a kind of nervous excitement. My self-consciousness about my homosexuality was manifested in various unspoken ways. I found it difficult to share anything and to talk. I always kept my eyes upon me. What if he were the same way? No, I couldn't take the risk.

For a period of several nights I had attempted to fight the temptation. I believed that if I continued masturbating I would go to hell. But, if I were to do anything else, I would lose my identity. I knew my dark secret could never be discussed with anyone, not without the risk of ridicule and condemnation. I prayed that time would change me, that someday I would have a girl-friend, and that I would love and desire her, finally proving to the world and to myself that I really was a man. But I had no real interest in girls. Their femininity held no sexual allure.

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My most closed friends are head about three boys at the school. John was one of them. This difference in myself was a part of my nature I perceived as some-thing base and degenerate, something to hide from people. The beauty of my masturbatory dreams was always erased by the enormous rush of humiliation and self-hatred that overwhelmed me after every secret orgasm. Each time I could not repeat the shamefaced practice, only later to give in to a rising tide of sexuality within me.

I heard the water from the nozzle splash behind me. Desperately excited arousal that only masturbation could satisfy, I closed my eyes, recollected the sparkling visions of male beauty I loved, and touched my rigid swollen sex, aching for release. Within seconds I was coming, shooting forth a rich cream onto the blue tiles.

The bottle found, he poured some of the wine into paper cups and handed me one. "You drink, don't you?" he said, noticing my interest in his books.

"I like that, I like quiet, thoughtful kinds of people. I don't know about you, but most of the guys around this place strike me as vapid.

"I know you what mean."

"And the worst part is there aren't any girls here to even talk to. I hate to see such dogs. Doesn't that bother you?"

"I don't think about it very much really. I just stay away from them." he said, and corrected, "And read books?" he grinned.

"Yes."

"You ever read Peryton Place?"

"No," I lied.

"You can borrow it if you want to. It's really big, but I thought you might like it."

I nodded, I drank some more, talked about books we'd read, and finally suggested that since it was so late I could stay and sleep in Raymond's empty bed. The lateness of the hour was a relief to me because my room was only on the next floor, but the wine seemed to put a charming haze over everything. I realized that the next move on was mine, but I had no kind of go-ahead signal if we were ever to make it together.

"Do you sleep with your brother?"

"Only when we were very young."

"Me and my brother used to sleep together all the time," I lied, I didn't even have a brother. But that was really beside the point. "Can I sleep with you if you play in the dormitory showers?"

"Okay," he said, and from the way he said it I knew it really would be okay. The lights went out, and we both stood up to our knees. I peered over our shoulders and saw that the bare outline of his body made lumin-ous by the moonlight from the large window. Trembling, I crawled underneath the warm quilted blanket with him, almost ecstatic at the feeling to have a boy to hold me. For a few moments I lay perfectly still, afraid to move again, still afraid of any rejection or heated accusation even the most
accidental of touching might cause. As much as I wanted to, I couldn’t make the first move. I had gone far, and now I couldn’t go any further. I looked up at the dark purple sky through the window and saw a round, silvery moon emerge through thin, wispy clouds. For a moment I thought it smiled at me.

John turned around and said, “You’re awake, aren’t you?”

“Yes.”

“I think I know why.”

Gently he placed his lips on mine, and I kissed him. I was shocked, amazed, confused, and very excited. My heart was beating out of my chest as he embraced me. I felt love for the first time in my life coming close to me, so that I could touch the velvety fingers of its beauty and feel its breathing upon mine, murmuring a rich and heavenly message.

“I love you,” I heard and could say, “I love you, too,” he answered.

The next morning I awoke with a smile on my face, intoxicated by a life holding the promise of something far more bright and beautiful than I’d ever before dreamed. Sunlight was streaming through the window, and I blinked my eyes as its brilliance washed over me.

Outside nature seemed blanched in a sea of iridescent grandeur. I looked at John, peacefully asleep, his darkly tanned and more tan and handsome than ever. I remembered the heavy, slow kiss, and stared distractedly out the window. “I’ve never been so close to my life before, and yet sad, too, seeing subtle changes in John. It was nothing I could be sure of...sometimes I wondered whether it was only my paranoid illusions—but I simply couldn’t lose the feeling something wasn’t right anymore. In small ways we grew distant from each other, and, lacking the knowledge or experience to bridge the silence with words, I left my fears unvoiced. Most of the day we attended different classes. It was only at night, together in the room, when he came to me, that we became close in love-making.

“Are you sorry?” I asked him.

“No, Are you?”

“No.”

He smiled and came at me, pulling me down to the bed, laughing. “Let’s do it again!”

“Oh!”

The pattern of our lives changed very much after that night. Raymond and I switched roommates, and I moved in with John. For a time we were inseparable. While summer came and he had to return to Boston and I had to go to New Jersey, we wrote each other almost daily. He found a job in a restaurant in Provinceton, and I got a job in a supermarket. We both worked with the idea of saving up enough money to go to Europe together the following year when we graduated.

In September we shared a room again in the dormitory, I was happier than I’d ever been before, and yet sad, too, seeing subtle changes in John. It was nothing I could be sure of...sometimes I wondered whether it was only my paranoid illusions—but I simply couldn’t lose the feeling something wasn’t right anymore. In small ways we grew distant from each other, and, lacking the knowledge or experience to bridge the silence with words, I left my fears unvoiced. Most of the day we attended different classes. It was only at night, together in the room, when he came to me, that we became close in love-making. Lying next to him after it was over, I watched him look away, light a cigarette, and stare distractedly out the window. “You’re very far away. What are you thinking?” I asked.

“I’ve been seeing this girl,” he said slowly, “I like her very much. I’d like to ask her out.”

“I don’t know why, but I’m not surprised. Maybe I can find someone who’ll want to change rooms with me. Then I’ll be out of your way.”

“I don’t want you to leave, Michael! I love you.”

“I don’t understand. How could you love me so much?”

“Sometimes I think so, and then I’m not so sure.”

“Maybe you shouldn’t think about it that way.”

“How should I think about it?”

“Just don’t think about it at all. Let’s just try to be happy and have a good time.”

“I know. But we’re so young. Sometimes I feel like I don’t know anything.”

“I smiled. “There’s still plenty of time to learn.”

His words troubled me, but I refused to let him see how deeply they had hurt. I looked up as a flock of seagulls circled over us, then flew out toward a flaming orange horizon. How nice to be like them, I thought. To have the freedom that flying brings, without any real care or worry for the future.

The only place to shop...
"I'm sorry if this is hurting you, Michael." 

"I know. I understand. You're doing what you feel is right. But do you know what hurts most of all? It's knowing what you feel is right. But do you know how messed up you are. You talk about love, but you don't even know what love you loved me! But you can't face that. You're really ashamed of what you feel other people are against it and you're not willing to handle that pressure. So don't feel sorry for me. Feel sorry for yourself, John. At least I know what I am. You don't even know that much!"

"I might have expected you to react like this, Do you still want to be friends?"

"Yes, John. We'll never be friends."

That was the end of it. I still loved him, of course, but there didn't seem to be much I could do about it. Soon after that he acquired a girlfriend and began spending a lot of time with her. There were times when I felt him wanting to come back to me, when he seemed to be hinting that he might be partial to enjoying my body. But always I got the feeling he thought of what we did together as a weakness, and that a part of him hated himself for it.

In January I found another roommate and moved out. It was difficult leaving him. I kept hoping he'd begin to miss me, that eventually he'd realize he'd done. For a while I thought that he'd begin to miss me, that eventually he'd realize how much love there had been between us. I thought of all kinds of speeches I could make, telling him how I thought he was really the one who was ruining himself for it.

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Results of the VECTOR SURVEY are now being tabulated and will be revealed in the September issue. There's still time to be counted.

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• China Gate, 2390 Polk
• Dear Bird, 1723 Polk
• Gordon’s Saloon, 1760 Polk
• Grub Steak, 1525 Polk (E)
• House of Harmony, 1312 Polk
• New Bell, 1303 Polk (E)
• No Touch, 1546 Polk (D)
• On the GT, 1565 Polk (D)
• Phoenix, 1023 Post (D)
• P.L.A., 1121 Polk (R)(B)(I)
• Yacht Club, 2155 Polk (R)(B)

HAIGHT AREA
• Firehouse, 1436 Polk (D)
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Pocket Locker 1951 E Uma, 323-4006

Redwood City
Bayou 1640 Main 365-0444 DR
• Cruzer 2651 El Camino 366-4596 BR

SAN JOSE
The Candy Shop 4340 Moore Pk Ave 446-2700
Marl Club 340 E 1st St, 998-6935

SANTA CLARA
• The Tinker’s Damn 46 Saratoga

MONTEREY
The Gilded Cage 420 Tyler 375-0839

CUPERTINO
The Red Horse 10095 Sax Wy 252-6675
• The Savvy 2469 Silverado Ave 256-0125

SACRAMENTO
Drug Inn 922 9th St, 453-4563/1030-1300
Fay’s 7436 Parades Blvd 481-8810 W
Topper 1718 K St, Marl 445-2815
Attica 5121 El Camino 481-6565
Charles’s Place 371-6768
Underpass 1946 Broadway 457-8867 RD
Helwan Hot 2400 CL Castell Ave 371-6222 D
Playpen 2711 El Camino 498-6782

BRAYE
Hide & Seek 825 Sunset 371-0817 DE
Club Yolo Baths 1531 Sacramento 371-9949

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Photo of July Cover Man, "John" by JOHN DAVID HOUGH

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