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VIEWED, REVIEWED, INTERVIEWED

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2,000 Years Later!

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Coming Out in Columbus
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Prices</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. PIZZA NAPOLEON</td>
<td>Cheese, Tomato Sauce</td>
<td>2.45-2.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. PIZZA FAVORITA</td>
<td>Cheese, Tomato Sauce, Salami, Green Olives</td>
<td>2.95-3.20</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. PIZZA LUCANA</td>
<td>Cheese, Tomato Sauce, Peppers</td>
<td>2.95-3.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. PIZZA LUCIA</td>
<td>Cheese, Tomato Sauce, Mushrooms, Green Olives</td>
<td>2.95-3.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. PIZZA AMERICA</td>
<td>Cheese, Tomato Sauce, Ground Chuck, Green Olives</td>
<td>2.95-3.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. PIZZA ITALIA</td>
<td>Cheese, Tomato Sauce, Italian Sausage, Pepperoni</td>
<td>2.95-3.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. PIZZA ESPANA</td>
<td>Cheese, Tomato Sauce, Anchovies, Black Olives, Green Olives</td>
<td>3.50-4.15</td>
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<tr>
<td>8. &quot;RED BOY'S DELIGHT&quot;</td>
<td>Cheese, Tomato Sauce, Salami, Mushrooms, Black Olives</td>
<td>3.50-4.15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. &quot;RED BOY'S FAVORITE&quot;</td>
<td>Cheese, Tomato Sauce, Salticida, Mushrooms, Ground Chuck</td>
<td>3.50-4.15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. PIZZA ROMA</td>
<td>Cheese, Tomato Sauce, Italian Sausage</td>
<td>3.50-4.15</td>
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<td>11. &quot;RED BOY'S SPECIAL&quot;</td>
<td>Our delicious combination of everything but Anchovies</td>
<td>3.50-4.15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. PIZZA VERONA</td>
<td>Cheese, Tomato Sauce, Linguica, Mushrooms</td>
<td>3.50-4.15</td>
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<tr>
<td>13. VEGETARIAN PIZZA</td>
<td>Cheese, Tomato Sauce, Mushrooms, Italian Sausage, Black Olives</td>
<td>3.50-4.15</td>
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<tr>
<td>14. DEVIL'S DELIGHT</td>
<td>Cheese, Tomato Sauce, Special kind of Hot Pepperoni, Chile Pepper</td>
<td>3.50-4.15</td>
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<tr>
<td>15. PIZZA PALERMO</td>
<td>Cheese, Tomato Sauce, Hot Italian Sausage, Chile Peppers</td>
<td>3.50-4.15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16. PIZZA FRANCISCO</td>
<td>Cheese, Tomato Sauce, Ground Chuck, Mushrooms</td>
<td>3.50-4.15</td>
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**PLATES**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
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<th>Prices</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SPAGHETTI, Child's Plate</td>
<td>199 - Garlic Bread, Gravy &amp; Hot Dogs</td>
<td>0.99</td>
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<tr>
<td>SPAGHETTI, Regular</td>
<td>1.60 - Meatball Sandwich, Reg. 80, Lge. 1.75</td>
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<tr>
<td>RAVIOLI, Regular</td>
<td>1.75 - Spaghetti &amp; Cheese, Reg. 80, Lge. 1.85</td>
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<tr>
<td>SPAGHETTI with Meatballs</td>
<td>2.10 - Louisiana Hot Link Sandwich, Reg. 80, Lge. 1.95</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPAGHETTI with Mushrooms</td>
<td>2.10 - Italian Sausage Sandwich, Reg. 80, Lge. 1.95</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPAGHETTI with Anchovies</td>
<td>2.10 - Toasted Green Salad, Sm. 80, Lge. 1.95</td>
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<tr>
<td>CANELONI</td>
<td>2.35 - Chef's Salad, Lge. 2.50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LADAS</td>
<td>2.35 - Ice Cream, Sm. 80, Lge. 2.50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CANELEONI &amp; CUP, DEEP</td>
<td>1.10 - Cheese Cars</td>
<td>0.99</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

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When Telefairy Communications informed us of the "Advocate Invitational Conference" called for at the Hyatt Regency Hotel O'Hare, Chicago, Illinois, on March 27 we first thought it was a heavy-duty pong tournament (that popular bar activity), but after a mass of letters informed us that the agenda includes some closed discussions of methods of keeping the "gay spoilers" away from the media and the politicians, we took a closer look at what the owner of the new Chicago Ball (making us proud to be, in his terms, "Gay Spoilers," up to these spring days.

We wish to make it perfectly clear that Vector respects Colonel Goodstein's rights to convene in the Windy City (albeit characteristically on the outskirts) and to declare officially that S.I.R. hasn't seen fit in its infinite wisdom to bother taking an official stand (or even so much as a curtsey) on the matter. Any persons in attendance who happen to be dues-paying members (card-carrying notwithstanding) of S.I.R. and choose to attend the Chicago hoedown do so at their own risk and (very) private citizens.

Of this we can be certain—the hostessed luncheon will be superb and mouth-watering. We also anticipate excellence in the area of guard set up. The IHiinvited Associate Editors

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Generation Gap? What Generation Gap?

THE GAY EXPERIENCE

VOLUME 12/NUMBER 4

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close to the surprises to be found on the endsheets of Mr. Hyde’s latest book. In the front is a reproduction of the famous card left at Oscar Wilde’s club, the Albermarle, by the enraged Marquis of Queensberry. It is with a little shiver of fear that one sees this infamous card, marked exhibit “A” in the trial, on which Lord Queensberry hastily scrawled “For Oscar Wilde posing as a sodomite.”

There is also a copy of the letter to the London Evening News that Robbie Ross jotted down on the back of two envelopes and Oscar signed, giving his reasons for withdrawing from the prosecution of the marquis. It is again with some emotion that one finds, at the end of the book, a reproduction of the final bill submitted by M. Dupoirier, the kindly proprietor, for services (forty-two candles for the bedside vigil at 30 cents each). The endsheets and the cover are in a tasteful green. One wonders whether this was intentional on the part of the publishers since green was a favorite color of Oscar’s and is, according to Havelock Ellis, a favorite of gays.

Books

Deja Lu?

OSCAR WILDE
by H. Montgomery Hyde
 Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 389 pages, 45 illustrations, bibliography, $15

A Review by
SHEILA MASTHOFF

The familiar features of Oscar Wilde looking out from the dust jacket give no clue to the surprises to be found on the endsheets of Mr. Hyde’s latest book. In the front is a reproduction of the famous card left at Oscar Wilde’s club, the Albermarle, by the enraged Marquis of Queensberry. It is with a little shiver of fear that one sees this infamous card, marked exhibit “A” in the trial, on which Lord Queensberry hastily scrawled “For Oscar Wilde posing as a sodomite.”

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Tennessee Williams, chief of which was the realization that the majority of the "press corps" is gay, and I'm referring to those who do not work for the gay press but that small army of reporters working the perimeters of the Bay Area. And how embarrassed they were when the upfront gay reporters tried to pin Williams down concerning his failure to address his talent toward upfront gay themes. After each pointed question was thrust at Williams it was one of my closeted gay brothers who rescued the conversation with a change-the-subject question. (Again the realization that our major oppression comes not from straights but from closeted gays all the way from Madison Avenue to the Marin townlets.)

However, Williams did harp on the need for grace and style throughout his life. (He twice cited Martha Mitchell as an example of "style and grace.") But no grace and style could have shaped the disaster that was "The Duchess of Padua," which is being exploited by hungry producers who are into the fact that the remaining pieces of flesh on the William Carlos Williams are still box-office gold. It's sad to realize A.C.T. is yet another vulture, since it is already the consensus of opinion that this is an embarrassment all around.

Midway into the first act I flashed on the possibility that Elizabeth Huddle might just turn to the audience and say, "If this shit is where it's at, I want no part of it," and walk off the stage. My heart bled for this brilliant actress being forced into a series of things that were ugly and that assaulted all the senses. Several things impressed me about the press conference granted by Tennessee Williams, chief of which was the realization that the majority of the "press corps" is gay, and I'm referring to those who do not work for the gay press but that small army of reporters working the perimeters of the Bay Area. And how embarrassed they were when the upfront gay reporters tried to pin Williams down concerning his failure to address his talent toward upfront gay themes. After each pointed question was thrust at Williams it was one of my closeted gay brothers who rescued the conversation with a change-the-subject question. (Again the realization that our major oppression comes not from straights but from closeted gays all the way from Madison Avenue to the Marin townlets.)

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emptied the theater at intermission. Wakes can be fun. This one wasn’t.

San Francisco, US. THE REST OF US

situations concerning homtjsexual love
the most poignantly honest and moving
and homosexual experience that it has
play, though.) The dialogue and acting
been my pleasure to see. (It’s not a gay
moments in the script—1 had to hold my
breath. It was there and so right on; it
went right over the heads of the straight
media people who seemed only to see the
flaws, which were considerable.

The theater is a cavern destroying the
incredibly, ever mysterious, ever soothing
intimacy this show cries for. The music is
whelming but. . .

the cast of twenty or so knew exactly what
they were doing and did it with so much
infecting conviction that it pulled us into
aware! It’s more perfect being than try­
ing to be, and that’s exactly what

From the pen of Charlie Hufford come
the most poignant and moving
the most honest and moving
and homosexual experience that it has
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Below, I’ve listed the major presiden­
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their stands on gay issues. Rather than list
candidates and their stands in a car­
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them to vote for your upfront gay dele­
gate nominee, active in the gay commu­
ity and Democratic politics. If you were
able to gain a consensus on a person to
support for delegate before April 11 and
if you bring a few hundred flyers urging
people to vote for your favorite, so much
the better.

Hailt Jeans

San Francisco Metropolitan Community Church
Pastor: Rev. John Barbone
Sunday Services: 1:00 PM and 7:30 PM
Thursday Service: 7:30 PM
22nd and Capp Streets, One block off Mission
Mile 27, United Presbytarian Church
All services signed for the deaf.
Counseling available.
Church office: 1076 Guerrero, San Francisco 94110
(415) 285-0362

Theater

San Francisco, US. THE REST OF US

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with a veto of an anti-gay bill. These acts were the result in extensive dialogue with the gay community in Pennsylvania; he has sought meetings with gay people in other states. Some question has been raised about his support for hiring women for leadership roles.

FRANK CHURCH

Senator from Idaho: I don't have any details on his statements concerning gay rights—just a positive feeling. His early anti-war convictions, his commitment to the civil rights of individuals, and his record of leadership in the Senate prompted me to place his name ahead of that of Bayh.

BIRCH BAYH

Senator from Indiana: Would issue an executive order banning discrimination in federal employment against gays; he was a cosponsor of SB 1 (the Mitchell version of Penal Code "Reform") and still believes this repressive legislation is amendable.

CARTER, JACKSON, SHRIVER, AND WALLACE

These are alphabetically lumped together at the bottom. Either they have serious reservations or a past history of opposition to gay issues, or they are upfront anti-gay. I'm sure readers know enough about the Republican candidates via-via gay rights or plain, ordinary human rights, to understand why I do not even mention their names.

TO POLITICALLY AWARE READERS

Vector welcomes all diverse political opinions and does not intend to be limited to being an organ for the Reform Democrats. However, in order to implement this we need contributions in the form of well-written manuscripts. Officially Vector is apolitical and we intend to offer information to keep our readership aware of their political power.

DINNER WITH THE NEW MAYOR

The Golden Gate Business Association got a head start on the gala-political-event-of-the-year award with its January 29 2nd Annual Installation of Officers dinner. It was probably a national first to have an incoming mayor of a major metropolitan center install the officers of a predominantly gay organization and deliver a major policy address. It is not a first to have had the straight media ignore the event after receiving notification from the organization. The nation's oldest, Alice B. Toklas, will be honored at Vector. — Editor

CRACKING THE GAY MYTH

A program of social surgery is seldom initiated with frivolity. The risks are calculated before, during, and after the operation. I agreed to address the issue of Gay San Francisco '76 with a sharpened scalpel—not out of any spite or sour stomach. But out of distress over the climate of gay city life. The distress is not mine alone; I've heard it voiced in many quarters. "How can we improve our lot?" is a question I hear not mine alone; I've heard it voiced in many quarters. "How can we improve our lot?" is a question I hear not mine alone; I've heard it voiced in many quarters. "How can we improve our lot?" is a question I hear not mine alone; I've heard it voiced in many quarters.

NEW GAY POLITICAL CLUBS

New gay political clubs are forming throughout the nation, the latest being the Gay Democratic Club in Washington, D.C., and the South Bay Gay Democratic Club in and about San Jose. The nation's oldest, Alice B. Toklas, will probably hold a workshop in political and fund-raising skills for the Bay Area clubs, and, if interest is expressed, tapes of the workshops might be made available at cost. Write me in care of Vector.

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SINCE 1902

781 BUSH ST., SUITE 300, SAN FRANCISCO

CRACKING THE GAY MYTH
Part I: Another Anonymous Tragedy

"THE HAD HANDCUFFED BOTH HIS HANDS, AND HIS LEGS WERE BOUND WITH A BELT..."

By PAUL-FRANCIS HARTMANN

A myth is a similar picture in the minds of many people. It is an internal lithograph as true as any cobblestone we stub our toe on. It can lie submerged in mist, or it can stand out in bold color. A myth can be stonily stable and of long standing; equally it can grow, decompose, or die. It accumulates or shrinks through its own kind of logic and arithmetic. The Nazi myth triumphed. At first glance, it looks good and clean, yet under radioactive young gays, it is a destiny stopping this side of Shangri-la. A myth can be beneficial and a torch, or it can be destructive and a blinder. One can get beyond the fiction and launch a productive life, or one can fall for the delusion and division and multiplication. Hunch, perspective, participation are fed into an inferential calculator. Breaking the myth down, retabulating the digits, never produces the same totals. One entry might be a greater power than the entire balance sheet. The geometry of power is not to package, but to enlighten.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

To assess a myth requires a different brand of long division and multiplication. Hunch, perspective, participation are fed into an inferential calculator. Breaking the myth down, retabulating the digits, never produces the same totals. One entry might be a greater power than the entire balance sheet. The geometry of power is not to package, but to enlighten.

Another assertion is to pump blood into the tick, hoping to splatter the blood-sucking parasite before its head and pincers take hold and infect the total system. This was the hope held up to the findings of men like Jung and McLuhan or is set inside the pages of James Joyce or the canvases of Francis Bacon.

The San Francisco Chronicle, January 20, 1976: "...He had handcuffed both his hands behind him and his legs were bound with a belt. He made a striking picture with the sun on him. His face was shaven and he was wearing dark glasses. I shot a picture. We heard a scream, another scream or two—and then faint splash..." said Michael Smith, 29, speaking of John Smith, 40. The body of the man, who jumped at 4:54 P.M., was not found by the Coast Guard.

The incident warranted both front- and back-page space in that day's paper, for this time there happened to be pictures. "A Closeup of a Suicide" headlined the event, referring to Smith only as "the man." An X-ray picture might well have told story of "the victim." A victim of the myth of San Francisco.

CINDER FELLA AND HIS TALE TOLD IN A TUB

The tourist and the city overwhelm each other in a fleeting courtship; they always part friends. The summer of love, the city's heart is soon lulled to sleep in the city's fog of imagination as the solution; the salvation.

Often the shift here begins with an initial visit. Flying in to stay with old friends who preceded him here, or arriving by van or bus to take a summer course at Berkeley or at USF, hitchhiking around the country checking out the cityscapes. Dabbling in the gay scene. If he is fresh and good-looking, it will seem as if mountains move before his very eyes. He returns home, more frustrated than before, and endures another winter at his desk or station, knowing now that he has a marketable commodity; his face, his lean body, his open smile, and his considerable genitals. The second or third visit they oil me, and, shuffling through the groping hands. And he's here to stay. It's all too true: "They want me, and they want me all the time..." said Michael Smith, 29, speaking of John Smith, 40. The body of the
SAN FRANCISCO AS ANOTHER SINKING VENICE

Since there was first a city, mankind has known that cities eat up lives and spit them out as regularly as the garbage scows make the forty-mile ocean run. New York, Paris, Los Angeles bait the young who have shown small-garbage scows make the forty-mile ocean run. New York, the track—in training—itching in the bullpen for that Chicago, Dallas are ladder cities. One starves for a goal; like Venice, is endeared to the world's gentler sentiments. They are to be kept afloat, kept from sinking under their own weight and lethargy into their gorgeous, the legendary Rendezvous Bar. Haight-Ashbury and the much to love, to remember, to rhapsodize over. . . Venice will find its salvation in a pump, and gay San in a gallon can of Crisco.

FICTION by M. L. PEARSON

When my happy hour drunk had completely worn off and I sat wearily in front of the Tonight Show wondering whether or not it would be worth my while to go out again, a curious thing happened. My bell rang. It caught me by surprise, even frightened me. I was new to the business. . .

The Winter

No, nothing's the matter, I thought.

I'm just hung over, out of work, down to my last ten dollars, living in a strange city where people are murdered every day and old men with cats named Wilda die of cancer. What could possibly be the matter?
"The creature sat down in a rented chair next to the phone. "Ho. Ho. That's too much. Once!"

"subject. "Is that all you do for a living? Pose for blank."

reaction. "Tom's grinned. "I made three hundred dollars for one afternoon's work. Not bad, huh?"

step out from nowhere and start beatin' him with this gets tied up to a tree with a piece of nylon cord and I particular phrase because in the middle of this flick Tom decides he's not only homosexual but S&M as well" because it's at this point that Tom (that's the hero)

Mr. Tennessee Williams has written a number of successful plays, among them two or three that—whether time will be kind to them or not—will certainly survive. Because the arts in America now are probably at their lowest level ever and because Success now reigns supreme in our cultural pantheon, we are preconditioned to exclude whoever manages to attain any success. Williams has had much success, though none of it recent. With very few exceptions, we admire his plays, while making excuses for their shortcomings. Williams's primary strength lies in his ability to write roles rather than plays.

All this being the case, it is difficult, though necessary, to stand back a bit and wonder whether all that success really means greatness, or simply a lack of genuine competition from anybody other than Arthur Miller and William Inge in the '40s and '50s, and now from Edward Albee. It has been a long time since America had more than two functioning "serious" dramatists at any one conference that A.C.T. held for Williams the day before the opening of This Is (an Entertainment).

Mr. Williams toddled in, wearing a pair of burgundy trousers, a snappy glen plaid sport jacket, and a nattily knotted necktie, and beaming affably in all directions. If he is indeed as shy as reported, he masks it well, for he was completely charming and seemingly quite at ease. He was witty, amusing, urbane, and very cool. Never mind his fame, he came across as a marvellous person to spend an evening with or take a trip with. However, a lot of the time he only half-answered questions, sometimes he dodged them entirely, and occasionally his replies seemed to be responses to no question that had been put. It made for a little confusion.

It was, all in all, a curiously unproductive hour, possibly because he had been through it all the night before. He didn't give much away about the new play, though admitting its kinship to Camino Real.
revealingly than perhaps he knew, at one point he told us, "I wrote it for my friends, like all my plays!" And: "Oh yes. There are lots of messages!... It's a light tragedy." The flippancy could have been fatigue. After all, he was but twelve hours distant from "An Evening with Tennessee Williams," at the Geary. Facing and fielding questions from a theaterful must have been a strain, and now here was the Press with many of the same questions.

PERFORMANCE PREFERENCES BY WILLIAMS

In Williams's opinion, Marlon Brando is our greatest living actor. The films that were made from his plays were nearly all warped out of shape by the prevailing codes of censorship. Summer and Smoke had to have a happy ending tacked on, which simply destroyed the sense of it. His favorite movie adapted from one of his own works was The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone, and he preferred Vivien Leigh's performance in that to her portrayal of Blanche, in A Streetcar Named Desire.

"Every morning I get up and say to myself, 'Well, what are we going to write about today?' And if nothing particularly is in train, I just write anything at all, without knowing where it might be going. Sometimes I think it's good and pursue it, and it turns into a story or a play!"

There were many references to his recently published Memoirs, about which he sounded somewhat apologetic. Doubtless, he stated, had used its own judgment in cutting it and had, without his knowledge, deleted much that was merely amusing or interesting, concentrating on his sex life. When asked how a person of his importance could, etc., he shrugged and chuckled and then looked suddenly stern and replied, "I turned the manuscript over to them, and just..." "several more shrugs and a bit of hand waving..."... trusted them to do the right thing with it." That struck a lot of us as quite, quite unlikely.

"Did he ever suffer from writer's block? "Yes," he replied, clapping his hands and looking up at the ceiling with a broad grin. "Oh yes. Every so often I am typing away, and there comes one of those terrible moments when I stop and say to myself, "What if you can't go on and do it anymore?" And then I just take another drink and go on and do it!"

Sitting there, listening to one of America's foremost playwrights in the flesh, did produce a certain thrill. For the unquestioning enthusiast, it was like being a music lover and quizzes Stravinsky. But less committed souls, such as myself, bearing in mind that Williams's last good (and possibly his best) play was Night of the Iguana, in 1961, waited in vain for anything truly incisive, enlightening, or insightful, and came away disturbingly reminded of the amiable fuddlements of the late Robert Benchley, whom in his mustached incarnation Williams now physically resembles. (This hit strongly when he got hilariously tangled among three pairs of spectacles, none of which seemed to be the right pair of spectacles!)

 Asked about turning any more of his plays into films, or about writing directly for films, he replied that, in view of the fact that the cultural climate has changed and censorship is no longer a problem, he would be delighted to do both. Baby Doll flopped because he had to pull too many punches.

ABOUT WRITING A HOMOSEXUAL PLAY

Which reminded me that, quite apart from the question of whether Williams is a "great" playwright or not, he is undeniably an "important" playwright, if for no other reason than that he was probably the major influence on the path toward a rational and honest portrayal of people's sexuality on stage.

"The homosexual experience in America is tragically humorous," he said at one point. At another he said, "I wish the various lib movements wouldn't go to such bizarre extremes to state their cases. They do more harm than good and often give the public the impression that homosexuals are freaks."

From the things said at this interview, and from statements in other interviews I have read, I would deduce that Williams's sexuality is a problem, possibly a real bane, and it is wrong as well as vain to demand of this homosexual artist some art about homosexuality.

Hard-core activists will rage that his position carries a duty. But, unless Tennessee Williams wakes up some morning, takes a drink, and finds that he feels like writing a homosexual play, the activists can just rage on. The intelligent artist does what he must do, and unless Tennessee Williams is a very intelligent artist, he is also very polite. Asked whether he would allow an all-male production of one of his plays, he merely firmly said, "No. It would destroy the play." What a morning after!... The intelligent artist does what he must do, and unless Tennessee Williams is a very intelligent artist, he is also very polite. Asked whether he would allow an all-male production of one of his plays, he merely firmly said, "No. It would destroy the play." What a morning after!...
Right Here, Right Now.
act’u-al-i-za’tion, n.
A making real or actual.
by RICHARD PIRO

One of the heavier effects of going through the Fisher-Hoffman Process of therapy (Vector, December 1975) is the sometimes unpleasant task of placing a relationship under a microscope and dealing with whatever comes up. It wasn't long before I realized that I had "selected" my California friends for the same reason I had selected my Carol was such a relationship. While I considered her my more willingly granted. (Why is it so many gay men have and suffering I willingly sought after, which she even painful self-surgery and told Carol I no longer wished to continue the relationship under any circumstances. Upon completion of the Process, I performed some painful self-surgery and told Carol I no longer wished to continue the relationship under any circumstances. Three months of no contact later Carol called early in the week.

ME: Carol, I'm just rushing out the door to go to work. I assume this call is related to your having finished Actualizations last night? What is it you want to tell me? CAROL: I just wanted to thank you, that's all. ME: Thank me? For dumping you? Where's that coming from? CAROL: Because you were the only one of my so-called friends who refused to support my bullshit and had the courage to just walk away. THAT'S HOW I GOT THERE

This was heavy! The three months of no-contact vanished, and we chatted for close to an hour, ending with her inviting me to "share" her Actualizations reorientation experience later in the week. I was impressed. Carol looked like, spoke like, and was obviously thinking like a new woman, and for a heavy-duty ex-Bronx lady, married and the mother of two children, this certainly warranted immediate investigation. The few people who had heard of ACTUALIZATIONS were vague about just what the experience was all about. It was common knowledge, however, that Stewart Emery was Werner Earhard's number-two man at est and that his defection to start his own trip, Actualizations, was somewhat of a scandal in the awareness circles. Needless to say, Stewart's following (those several thousand est graduates he had "trained") has been constituting the majority of the Actualizations workshop participants. Not having been through est, and carrying around a large load of feelings concerning the est philosophies, I knew this negativity would have to be bypassed in order for me to be objective.

At 7:30 on the night of Carol's reorientation, there were about 300 persons milling around one of the classier San Francisco hotels, with charming women directing persons to seats (right out of the est book of procedure—STOP IT and stay open, I ordered my head). What was immediately striking was the amount of joy splashing the area in near overkill. No one was hard "selling" Actualizations; everyone seemed to look absolutely on center, especially the number of good-looking men I assumed to be upfront gay.

Perhaps it was impulse. Perhaps it was the need to support Carol, who leaped upon the stage as soon as Stewart asked who wished to "share" and who discussed our emotional reunion. Perhaps it was Stewart's brilliant use of words (I'm a sucker for rhetoric). Perhaps it was a desire to hasten the growth that began with the Fisher-Hoffman Process. Or maybe I am just "sucked into the seminar circuit" and a latent therapy addict, but... I signed the book, paid the $185 (it, like everything else, has gone up to $225), and two weeks before my workshop started I again was forced to drop Carol because she wouldn't call me up at least every other day. When we had another showdown, on the eve of my Actualizations weekend training, I agreed to keep final decisions open, luckly. Okay. That's how I got there, and why is it so damned difficult for me to share my experience?

WHAT'S THE FORM OF ACTUALIZATIONS? Actualizations begins on a Thursday night at 7:30 and runs until nearly midnight, followed by a 9 a.m. to midnight session on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. It is limited to exactly 100 persons (of whom in my workshop fifteen were gay). The form consists of one thing—sharing/supportive relationship. The key word in sharing Actualizations is experience, and no matter how many times we are told something we can't deal with it adequately until we experience it ourselves. (Which is why writing about this trip has a built-in self-destruct attitude. All I can do is tell you about it and I need to contribute more than that.) Thus, when the majority of the 100 persons begin to experience themselves and experience others experiencing themselves, a magic invades the space that is "the miracle" Stewart promises "might but usually does" happen mid-way into the workshop.

I'M A FORM JUNKIE! The most dramatic event for me was the experience of being a form junkie. There is no data in Actualizations. The sole routine consists of persons getting up on the stage and sharing their reality—whatever, the goodies, the shitties; the hassles; the frustrations; the unrealities; what's working in your life and what isn't. When it is necessary for data to be presented to help a person, from the back of the room, Stewart holds forth and shares his incredible brain with the group. One such time (everyone's sharing touches everyone else) he was expounding on how many of us are willing to give up the experience for the form. Carol was a perfect case in point. I love her. She loves me. We enjoy being in each other's company. The experience is that we have a loving/supportive relationship. The form is that I demand we have daily phone contact. The form is that she invites me to dinner at least once a week. The form is that she should pledge to my loyalties and stop buying her dope...
What I want you to do is meet yourself and fall in love.

—Stewart Emery

from my ex-lover. I was ready, willing, able to give up the experience (our loving relationship) for the form (telephone routine). From this concept I realaed that a...
Ibii, bodlof YOU, I shallyou and you/
Merrill has shown earlier in the same edition that he is deeply distressed that someone, some place, even a couple of millennia before might be enjoying a sexual act. He says in the Introduction, "Virulence of language in invective, especially in the use of terms applied to sexual impurity, was by no means accompanied among the ancients by corresponding intensity of feeling, and is often to be understood as formal and not literal." One gets the impression that Merrill feels that "fuck" is all right as a violent threat as in "Fuck you, you goddamn son of a bitch." The expression is verboten, however as a literal act as in, "Every time we fuck each other, I feel wonderful." A version of Poem 16, published in 1875 by Theodore Martin, translates what Myers and Ormsby call "fucking up the ass," as "I'll trounce you...and you my wrath shall dearly rue." Highet, the critic who admitted that he considered Catullus to be revoltingly obscene, translates the promise of Poem 16 as "You, both of you, I shall * you and ** you."

As I told the gay literature class, I'm sure I'd rather be double-asterisked than single-asterisked. Highet sounds hilarious when he asserts that, after Catullus has written his last poem to Clodia Metelli Celer (Lesbia), "He can hope for nothing in the future except a succession of orgies." THIS IS YOUR LIFE, CATULLUS
There is little, if any, basis for the universally held opinion that the Lesbia poems were written to and about Clodia Metelli Celer. In nearly all of the books about Catullus and in every introduction of his poems, an extraordinary amount of space is given to the grossly undocumented story of his love for Clodia. (M. Rothstein is an exception: in "Catullus and Lesbia," written in 1923, he says Lesbia wasn't Clodia, but rather her younger sister.) The only documentation we have for the real name of Lesbia is that Apuleius, about 200 years after the death of Catullus, said that the real name of Lesbia was Clodia. From that scholars ran to wild conjecture about Clodia, which they published as facts. We just can't trust data about Catullus. The only three external data we have, besides a few new facts connecting the poet with Verona, are Suetonius's report that Catullus apologized to Caesar for lampooning him, Apuleius' conjecture about Lesbia, and Jerome's assertion that Catullus died in 57 B.C. (Internal evidence proves that Catullus had to be alive in 55 B.C. So it is obvious that external data are erroneous.)

Not until 1968 did anyone seem to question the whole fabrication of Catullus's love for Clodia. In that year, R.G.C. Levens pointed out, "Writers on Catullus, in this century as in the last, have seldom hesitated to give confident accounts of his career, tracing the course of his love-life." Those accounts come from one very questionable statement by Apuleius that Lesbia was a woman named Clodia!

No one seems to want to do more than mention Catullus's love for Juventius. Conjecture about who Juventius was is nearly nonexistent. My opinion is that Lesbia was the name used as a cover for the young man whom Catullus loved before beginning his own version of coming out of the closet. After he was further out, he used the name Juventius (translatable as "Chickie") for the young man he later loved. Lesbia, then, is for Catullus what Albertine is for Marcel Proust. By choosing the name Lesbia, Catullus was not only acknowledging an admiration for and a debt to Sappho, but he was also having his little joke. Giving a camp name (female name) to a male does not surprise any man who swished his way through the 1950s. Externalizing the prejudice we have internalized, we have at times been as sexist (for example, here where women are ridiculed) as our heterosexual counterparts have been.

To complicate approaching Catullus, then, one must deal not only with the sexism of his biographers, teachers, translators, and
critics, but also with the sexism of Catullus himself (to say nothing of the reader's sexism). At times Catullus appears to be an adventurous bisexual, and at other times he seems verbally sadomasochistic. When he writes to Juventius, he is an uncomplicated gay man, simple and warm and moving:

Juventius, if I could kiss Your eyes
A million times, I'd seek
Those honeyed flowers
Again and yet again....

But more often he is quite homophobe. He deals in epithets that indicate that every man who arouses his anger is the Latin equivalent for the most pejorative term for a woman that he can find. As with his scholars, the sex act is for Catullus as act of violence used to intimidate and defile. Fucking and sucking are seldom, indeed if ever, pleasurable and good in themselves.

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…

Hence Gregory, 1931: Then all these stories that they tell of your perversions/are truth itself/look at his buttocks, see how they've been abused/ witness his lips, they are still moist with evidence of worse crimes.

Merril, 1893: (The poem appears only in original Latin, but in his footnote he says, "The allusion is doubtless to the defilement of his lips by unnatural lust.")

Martin, 1875: (He skips from Poem 79 to Poem 82, avoiding the knotty problem completely!)

John Nott, 1795: Too much thou revere'st in obscene delight. I seem with Oscar Wilde when he observes that gay love is secondary and inferior to its heterosexual counterpart and by the unstated premise that women should let men do what they want or else those men might laugh at the death of Little Nell.

Catullus's lyric voice does soars, though, when he asks Lesbia for so many hundreds of thousands of kisses that nobody could possibly keep count of them. (Except it be Gilbert Highet.) This Catullus does in both Poem 5 and Poem 7.

Internal evidence of my contention that Lesbia is the camp name of a gay man can be found by comparing Poems 5 and 7, written to Lesbia, with Poem 48, which the poet wrote to Juventius. In all three of the wondrously musical and emotional verses he promises to turn, then, to a side of Catullus that I've only suggested, I must deal with the fact that the poet is almost as rabid in his misogyny as he is in his misandry. (To show you the position of today's society, I'd like to send you on an errand trying to find any of our dictionaries. Scholars just cannot comprehend anyone hating males, perhaps because our society doesn't allow this.)

Catullus calls women prostitutes, and he seldom mentions a woman as anything but a sex object on whom the sex act is invariably performed violently. The sole exception is Lesbia, and she is an exception only occasionally. The gender of Lesbia is, as I've suggested, not nearly so clear to me as to past readers of Catullus. Hasn't any other reader felt with me that there is sometimes something insipid about Lesbia? Reading the poems about her can be not unlike being fed on a diet consisting solely of boiled potatoes.

My cynicism does not allow me to be ecstatic about that stupid pretty bird dies, I feel a kinship to onlookers.

How frequently biographers will laugh at the death of Little Nell. Other critics might contend that Poems 5, 7, and 48 prove nothing other than Catullus's bisexuality, and that would suit me fine; I'm not so intent on Lesbia as a young man as past critics have been on Lesbia as Clodia. The point is we really do not know who Lesbia was. So my conjecture is as possible as any. How frequently biographers will suggest that Catullus turned to the young man he called Juventius because he was rejected by Clodia! This assumption satisfies biographers in at least two ways: by showing that gay love is secondary and inferior to its heterosexual counterpart and by the unstated premise that women should let men do what they want or else those men might...
by RICHARD AMORY

I came out in 1949 at age twenty-one in Columbus, Ohio, in society and dur­
ning a time that was almost utterly foreign to the world we see around us today.
I have to smile at the notion of the social coming out is accomplished in San
Francisco now—all rambing around in Golden Gate Park, and, of course, the
capital of supermachismo in the form of the Ohio State football team—when State best Michi­
gan, the town was left in a shambles under the benign eyes of Columbus cops, and, of course, the
most daring graphic publication was Sunshine and Health, which had to do with the whole straight charade.
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I came out in 1949 at age twenty-one in Columbus, Ohio, in society and dur­ing a time that was almost utterly foreign to the world we see around us today. I have to smile at the notion of the social coming out is accomplished in San Francisco now—all rambing around in Golden Gate Park, and, of course, the capital of supermachismo in the form of the Ohio State football team—when State best Michigan, the town was left in a shambles under the benign eyes of Columbus cops, and, of course, the most daring graphic publication was Sunshine and Health, which had to do with the whole straight charade.

I attributed it to the fact that he came in nine times—or more, if I can fully manage a moosar orgasm. Driving me home, he threw his soaked handkerchief out the car window, which I thought was a terrible waste of handkerchiefs. After all, doesn't it?

The passing phase didn't pass. I desperately and consciously wanted somebody to help me, somebody to talk to, somebody to give me information, but in those days homosexuality was simply not discussed in any kind of polite, rational way. So I hungered in silence. In 1950 I found out how almost entirely uninformed even supposedly educated people were when an Air Force officer brought on by a well-mean­ing brother-in-law told me that all I had to do to solve my problems was to hop on a bus to Tucson in the summer, and confess the whole experience, asking for his advice, but I didn't. My father had an advanced degree in adolescent psychology, circa 1933, was an ardent admirer of Dr. George Crane, and would probably have suggested boxing lessons to make me more masculine, which I already knew was to be rather a lost cause. I couldn't play basketball or baseball for that matter. At any rate, not much more than a few days about the chafed redness on my head of the penis, suspecting it was syphils, but, when it went away. I pushed the whole subject way back into the deepest corners of my mind and went on as before: dances, parties, girlfriend, prom, the whole straight charade.

The fact that my masturbatory fantasies were tremulous, choked, and bothering me, surely, but, according to the psychologist at the time, it was just a phase. I was just a little late maturing, that's all, and would eventually grow up to plant every girl in sight just like the rest of the studs. It never oc­urred to me that I had, in fact, matured early and that any guy who masturbated five, six, seven times a day was hardly what one would call retard.

Merrill, 1893:
(Poem 32 is not translated from Latin, but the foot­note says, "Contents, exer­cible. Date, undeterminable. Metre, Phaesealian.")

Martin, 1875: (For continuous, Martin omits Poem 32 from his collection.)

Meanwhile Back Up The Ass
I cannot resist returning to Poem 16, which has become a treated tradition in the gay literature class at City College, where Don Liles and I share Catullus as unjealously as possible (our version of a gay marriage). It is general knowledge that an excellent translation of a poem is very nearly impossible; "it looks as much as possible, it looks as much as possible, it looks as much as possible," that the written word has little value except how it relates to the personal experience of the reader. Catullus is valuable because he has one of the most complicated and unbeliev­able sensibilities in literature. Any gay man can easily identify with him, finding positive as well as negative qualities in common with the poet.

Gay women can see as clearly as any group of people can that Catullus is a measure of how women can be treated historically, and in this sense has suffered more than any other woman from the sexism patent in the poems and in their interpreta­tions? Any aware heterosexual, es­pecially women, can understand the same thing.

Life in the Roman Republic bore elements of today's world, and fore­most among these is sexism, the violence and power aspects of sex­uality. Catullus lived in a thorough­ly sexist period, and we today are not so really sexually liberated as some people would prefer to imagine.

Sex is still often a weird power trip, as much as for the heterosexual majority, and we gay people must get our act togeth­her, not necessarily cleaning it up, but by making it loving, warm, re­ciprocal, and really pleasurable for all. Each catullus can show us what to do as well as what to avoid: Like him, we can let our feelings be known, especially in the way he sometimes lets Lesbia and Juvetius know of his strong affection for her.

If we really pay attention to Ca­tullus, in his tender moods, you and I (or you and you and fucius and another and another) can not with wonder, wholesome strength, and joy. In addition, we can let our feelings be known and ac­cept affection as gracefully and lightly as we express it. That sounds all right, doesn't it?
I never learned, stalked him through Derby Hall with soulful looks, and choked on my meals at the Union whenever he came shambling in; my kid brother was already screwing all the secretaries in my father's department, and I was still a sissy virgin; my sisters were sleeping around; all my old friends were crowing about the pussy they'd had, and I was still stalkling that damned English major, helplessly, not exactly hating myself, but knowing that something was certainly sour in my life.

I suppose I was deeply angry and blindly ready to lash out at the whole world. I developed ties and got into quietly furious conflicts with my father. I began to shun my brother, and almost masturbated my penis off, fantasizing anything masculine I could conjure up. The ties continued, and I stopped speaking to my father entirely, not even to ask him to pass the butter.

There was nobody to talk to. I had kept the whole problem bottled up ever since the time of my first waking orgasm while gazing at a picture of the Harvard swimming team of 1941. Nobody, until I ran into Larry during my senior year at State. Nothing to read—nothing that stung my aloneness. Charles Jackson's The Fall of Valor was released, but the reviews indicated it alone. (Years later I discovered that it was a very fine and soul-stirring work.)

Larry, by my snotty North Columbus standards, was something of a drip. He was a member of a crossbreed of sweet-mannered, un-Marian New deodand, and he advised me, concerning with what, that I needed was "a good man."

I certainly do!" I whooped, and I practically rolled on the grass at the Oval's vicious delight. Frank was as mad as hell because he'd meant a shrink, not a lover, and he spoke to me very seldom after that.

News of the newly reopened Speedway drifted through the campus like the green of spring elms. I don't know who told me first—perhaps it was Larry, though I doubt it—but I was simply magnetized and I was a little bit turned on. The fateful spring, in the Speedway, and my response was immediate, electric, headlong rush into love. I swear I don't remember what we did in bed. I don't need that. I was as proficient, but years of Columbus smut and grime washed off me in some way.

I had no defense, and so I faced off, but I was simply magnetized and I was a little bit turned on. I grabbed a bus and fled from Columbus, going first to Omaha, and then to Mexico City, where I could take care of my own head with no outside interference in a mercifully incomprehensible environment. I licked my wounds for a while and then learned Spanish fast, in bed, and shortly found that I had the necessary sand in my craw to keep going on, and Mexico City turned out to be a blast, but that's another story.

I frankly envy, without rancor, those youngsters who are fortunate enough to have come in the Sixties or Seventies, not in the forties, and to live come to any congenial environment such as San Francisco, or even San Jose. The chances have been simplified, if not totally acceptable, by the Pillar, no Gaynews, no Reverend Troy Perry, and no M.C.C.

The experience I had was the noisiest of its kind, in 1949, no 1940s, no 'Fifties. It was released, but the reviews indicated it alone. (Years later I discovered that it was a very fine and soul-stirring work.)

The changes have been simple enough to be a person of my generation—

I have made a point of seeking out older gays in their sixties and seventies in San Francisco, the M.C.C., while San Francisco, back in the middle Fifties, had only the Black Cat, the Sea Cow, and two baths, as far as I know.

The intriguing thing is that, proportionately, there are probably no more gay rights in the world today than there were back when, and I heard, hardly believing my ears, that he knew what I'd been up to. I had been told that the radical, un-Marian New deodand, had tipped him off. My older sister shrewdly guessed at the time that I had the necessary sand in my craw to keep going on, and Mexico City turned out to be a blast, but that's another story.

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Shigeo
laughs
when asked what he likes. Perhaps it is because he seems to like so much of life and the people around him.

A native of the Bay Area, he has recently returned home from a two-year stay in Florida via Denver and other places.

A recent Sunday afternoon: dim sum lunch in Chinatown, a walk, a few hours in a jazz bar, another walk, a visit with some friends.

"Sometimes I like to go to Union Square at four in the morning, just to listen and watch the city start," he says. "I like talking to my old friend, Hester (who is in her seventies). We talk about clouds, death, living life — a sort of Harold and Maude relationship."

Shigeo prefers long, steady relationships, and has had one, with perhaps another one budding.

Photography and Text by FRED WALI

Kyoto Boy

Kyoto boy all dressed in white
small & delicate to be handled
gently like ancient silks
a smile that glows your face

another name
among many names
having crossed my tongue many times & sometimes forgotten
in the length of days or hours

Kyoto Boy

Kyoto boy all dressed in white
small & delicate to be handled
gently like ancient silks
a smile that glows your face

Kyoto Boy

Kyoto boy all dressed in white
small & delicate to be handled
gently like ancient silks
a smile that glows your face
flowers afraid to bloom for the sun
nocturnal delights moon blossomed
much too delicate for noontime daylight
that would wilt & wither their precious petals

phantoms of phallic fantasies
having been ridden in midnights
years gone & going farther
fancies phallic frolicking
gladly gay in minds memory
guide me to these fervid phalluses
i am a stranger here

eye morning rising
from soft sleep lonenight
dreaming of earlier mornings
to kiss you than arising
& mocha chatter wrapped
in oriental robes
with padded shoulders

outrageous giggles that invite stares
neon blinking like whore winking madly
virgin morning in virgin year all that is virgin
your pliant limbs thrown up to Beulahland
as my hand probes your hospitable hollow
stoned san franciscan mornings hum

crew up in an average lower-middle-class family.
It wasn't until I reached puberty that I came to realize
that the love I had for my own kind was considered
rotten, evil and dirty by the rest of the world. I couldn't
change how I felt, though I tried, nor could I tell anyone or dare even
hint about it. So I kept my desires a deep, dark secret.
I kept up a front, liking the girls,
as the rest of the boys did, ogling them, whistling as they passed by
while we stood around the school yard during lunch hours. Some­
times I wondered what was the big deal about them. A boy is so much
more interesting and beautiful.
I never got myself a girlfriend. Never made out with one. Just
couldn't bring myself to do it.
Whenever the talk with the gang got onto the subject of sex, and all
its mysteries, and invariably went on to talking about queers, I'd nat­
rurally laugh along with the others at the fag jokes.
One of the older boys in our group knew some guys who were
real queers. When one of those fairies happened to walk by at a
time when the gang was gathered together, he'd be pointed out.
"Look at that pansyboy," the older fellow would say with undisguised
contempt.
But I was becoming confused.
My heart told me one thing, and society another. I must be sick, I
told myself. That's what I heard some boys say in the gym locker
room one day after class. All queers were sick. The rest of the world had
to be right. I assured myself. The rest of the world couldn't be wrong
and I, just little me, right!
Or maybe I was going through a stage. Maybe I had a greater capacity
for love than most people, and may-
be it embraced more. My love for men was just a greater embrace-chance from month to month. Was jeered at by others? I resolved not my destiny to become an effeminate thing, to be a pansyboy, to be to end up that way.

some boys, my desires would rest. I morning and all would be gone. I would awaken one was half-believing that it all was going away. I would awaken one day, and all the things I had been doing for him would be gone. I would think, "I was half-believing that it all was going away."

The usual antics of rowdy boys, soap and water, would prevail. "What girl are you going to tonight, Terry?" some kid would ask, somewhat evasively.

I had prided myself on my self-control, which kept me from being the sight of naked male bodies in the shower. I could contain myself, except when Terry was there. He'd tell the fellows the name of his latest conquest. That's how the others found out what girl was an easy make.

Then Terry would take his tool in his hand and, shaking it, say, "Any girl that wants this can have it, baby!"

I could hear the pounding of my blood in my ears as I tried squelching desire for him, especially when all the guys called him Terry the Animal. Those words sounded so enticing and deliriously sensual.

One day Terry wasn't at school. I was glad about that and hoped he wouldn't be in for the rest of the week. Then I shouldn't have to control myself, I thought. But I was worried, too—worried that he might really be very sick.

That afternoon Miss Winter told us that Terry was home with a cold, and she suggested we might send him a get-well card. It was always a card for the boys, but a "nice gift" for the girls. I was glad he wasn't very sick. I couldn't bear it if he was.

That evening he called me on the phone. "Hi, Peter. Miss Winter telephoned me today and said I should call you every night to get the homework and notes. How are you doing?"

"All right," I said and told him the news about what was going on at school.

"Say, why don't you come over here? And, you know, you've done something real nice to show you." I hesitated. "C'mon on, it's really great! From my bedroom window, with a telescope, you can see this new married couple making out! Every night! Maybe, if I went over to see him, my desires would go away after we became closer friends. Maybe all my desires would go away. For good!

"Sure, Terry, it's a great idea. I can't wait," I said with great desire. "But what about your parents?"

"My parents are divorced. My mother isn't home anyway. She's gone to visit my aunt for a few days. Actually, she's off with some man. But I'm not supposed to know that. I'm not really sick, Peter. Just a little cold. But my mother makes my room home like I had the flu or something."


W answered the door wearing only his boxer shorts! My heart started to pound. I had gotten myself relaxed by the time I reached his house. Minute by minute I became tense; the beating became louder and louder. It was an effort to talk calmly, as if nothing was raging inside of me.

"I put out my room light and wait until the light goes on next door. It's almost eight o'clock. They should be getting to it any
time now.”
He put out the light in his room and raised the shade. Moonlight flooded in. The light went on next door. A naked couple were in the telescope.

“Really something, eh, Pete?” he asked.

I watched them. “Wow! She must be something for him to do it every night, eh, Pete?”

I wanted to run away! I felt as if my heart would burst in my chest any second. I wanted to touch Terry. To feel and kiss him. How would it look if I ran away? God! I had to stay and watch.

“Here,” I gave him the telescope; “you look, too.”

“Wow! What a pair she has!”

Dear God, please, I kept saying to myself, why must I be this way?

“Kill my desires please.”

“Terry and I became the best of friends after that night. That’s when I let myself be myself. When daydreams of him, or of other boys, didn’t cause me pain. I met many times at his house and explored our bodies. Whatever the consequences, I had to stay and watch.

“I’m not a queer! I’m not a fag!” he sobbed. “I won’t be one! I won’t! I’m like everybody else!”

Terry lives in New York City with his lover of ten years, a Cancer. He writes.

Richard James Henry lives in San Francisco with his lover of ten years, a Cancer. He writes.
pulled out his cock. The moon was shining through the window and onto the bed. I was just barely see the outline of his hairy stomach and thighs. I moved closer, creating an enormous tent with the sheet. I hovered over his groin, staring at him. Then I felt his hand on my shoulder. I had to consume it. I had to touch the tip with my tongue. Then, without hesitation, I took it all. With not more than three stroking motions, I had a mouthful of myself. He was paralyzed. He moved my hips closer to him. I could feel what was happening. It seemed familiar and very comfortable. I snuggled up to him. He had an erection. So did I. He held me close and caressed my body. His flesh made me sick. There were a thousand things fleeting through my mind.

He seemed to have his own ideas. My pajamas slid down to my knees. I had remembered to remove my shorts. He fondled my erection, and his grew harder. He pressed through the cotton into the crease of my ass. I had been accommodating my uncle for some but I wasn't sure whether my father would fit. I reached around to feel his cock. His briefs were sticky where the head was. It was much bigger than I had remembered it to be from the night before. It wasn't huge, but very fleshy. My uncle had always had a lubricant handy. I was wont to wonder whether my father was going to breech the gap when I felt two wet fingers searching for the hole. It seemed familiar territory to him. Carefully the fingers entered, and his grew harder. It was all I could do to look into anyone's face. They all knew every detail. They knew I had sucked my father's dick and swallowed his come.

As it happened, day turned into night, and I turned into a maniac. I protested the sleeping arrangements and complained about the bed hurting my back. I was now in the wilds of West Texas to destroy myself or go back into the bedroom to try to sleep. Reason overruled resistance and absolutely no rejection, but I was beginning to wonder whether his bed would be awake. How could I walk back into that room as if nothing had happened? As if there had been nothing between us? What would happen if he were to ask me why I had done that? I eventually opened the door and was reassured with the contented snore, heard through the walls of many nights, and the energy from me. I was fairly certain that at any moment my father was going to jump up and shout to the world, "He sucked my dick last night! He's a faggot cock-sucker!" It was all I could do to look into anyone's face. They all knew every detail. They knew I had sucked my father's dick and swallowed his come.

As I got ready for bed, I remembered the night before and left off my pajama top. I slipped into bed first and tried to pretend I was sleeping. I tried counting sheep; I really tried to go to sleep. I wanted to forget the agony of that day, of facing all those knowing looks. I had on only my underwear. My heart pounded. I knew he could hear my heartbeats. Was he going to beat me? I kept seeing his erection under the sheet. He finally got into the bed. I was facing away from him and trying not to cry from anxiety, trying not to leap into his arms to ask forgiveness, trying not to be electrocuted by my own excitement. The sheets moved and I cringed in pain. Then I felt his hand on my shoulder. I had to consume it. I had to touch the tip with my tongue. Then, without hesitation, I took it all. With not more than three stroking motions, I had a mouthful of myself. He was paralyzed. He moved my hips closer to him. I could feel what was happening. It seemed familiar and very comfortable. I snuggled up to him. He had an erection. So did I. He held me close and caressed my body. His flesh made me think. There were a thousand things fleeting through my mind.

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course, and the two natural enemies are swept away to a deserted island. "But," she screams. "There must be a hotel, a highway!" Fed up, Giancarlo quits his job and sets off to explore and survive on his own, leaving the lady to her own devices.

It's not long before a wretched Marisgela comes sniffing around his campfire, who's doing up some lobster, and submits to his will. Revenge is sweet, but just as hard a master as the fascist bitch the Sicilian seaman turns out to be every bit as hard a master as the fascist bitch. Sex rears its lovely head, and she was. Sex rears its lovely head, and she

The first time I saw the film I was in the company of a women's liberation activist who got so pissed off at Marisgela's passive submission to Giancarlo's severe treatment that she was ready to storm the projection booth. Lina, she felt, had sold out the movement for some hilarious timing of The Shrew type comedy. I think she missed the point. What Wertmuller is showing us is that the tempestuous nature of the decadent rich's dominance and that the working class, once in power, is equally capable of tyranny. And that's only the political side. On the level of lover relationships we see the genuine satisfaction possible between master and slave. A gay audience is certainly able to appreciate this.

I'm looking forward to ever greater films from Lina Wertmuller in the future. She has tremendous talent and an expansive imagination, the fruits of which we have only just begun to see...
Ormandy—or his engineers—doesn't really give us much of the important parts that sit in the center of the orchestra the wind instruments. It's difficult enough to hear the many different melodies and other musical ingredients in this piece without being shouted at by violins all the time. The philosophy of "Zara" (whatever that is) seems to get so heavy for Ormandy in the slow parts that it pensively dies. It has some great, soaring moments and times of sagacious tension. This is not particularly soothing music (if you are looking for a poignant musical panacea), but life itself isn't always soothing, either. I'd like to see the vitality written into this piece to be able to buck and snort a bit more.

SOLTI'S BOYS IN THE WIND SECTION

The Solti album is a bargain in the first place because it includes the two other actually more popular tone poems. Both of these extras show the young Strauss in some of his best writing. (How they got all that on one disc is a real question!) Just as Philly has its strings, Chicago has its winds. Strauss was known in his day for writing "impossible" parts for the wind instruments. In fact, his own father was a virtuoso horn player of the day and gave young Strauss the advice that the horn parts were unplayable. Nowadays horns and trumpets playing Strauss is like a tailor putting in buttonholes. It's expected! Solti's boys in the wind section do all the fireworks one thought impossible, and it takes your breath away—not because of the difficulty but because they can crush your bones, make your heart pound, and raise you to the most intense, pleading climaxes that sound can bring on. When Solti conducts and the CSO plays, everything in the music can be heard; the last notes in the elephantine low register fairly flip out of the big speakers, all the strings of the harp come out, and the glockenspiel sings out, too. Part of this is a result of the expertise of the engineers at the recording sessions, but, from hearing the CSO live on many occasions, I can say that the orchestra not only knows how to perform but also has that special, professional knack of being recording artists as well. I think Strauss would be pleased with this one.

—Eric Larsen

Tidbits from Toni

One of the lesser problems of working in the Tenderloin (downtown deeply) or attending an event in the rectum of San Francisco is the utter dearth of quality restaurants within walking distance (or should we say mugging distance?). Well, that's all changed now, and flowering on the corner of Jones Street and Golden Gate Avenue is the new location of one of the most reputable eateries in town—Jackson's.

Posh is the least we can say about this flower on no-man's land. High quilted leather seats and booths harken to a super-elegant "East Side" men's club. (Charlotte found this a turn-off since it was difficult for her to lust after the bodies with limited viewing.) The menu is a challenge with prices ranging from a Cassoulet de Castelnaudary for $4.95. ("The classic French dish of beans, goose, pork and sausage.") Steak au poivre is $9.50.

After a frustrating exchange between the waiter and maître d' as to exactly what the specials involved (how was the red snapper fixed, whole or filet, and what was the element of Germanness in the German pot roast?) we decided to see for ourselves and ordered one special (the "German") and the endive Bruxelloise ($5.25), and if these were any indication of total menu quality the Tenderlois is in for multiple treats.

After the usual soup and superb fresh spinach salad a miracle of taste/texture/design arrived which was poached Belgian endive, stuffed with chicken, wrapped in ham and baked in a cheese sauce. The engineering was a marvel and the other trips a delight missing only a characteristic seasoning that became a plus rather than a minus on the third bite. Charlotte's German pot roast was delightfully seasoned in the sweet and sour class keeping her oohing and aching for days.

We marvel at the range of the menu on the corner of Jones Street and Golden Gate Avenue is the new location of one of the most reputable eateries in town—Jackson's.

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We marvel at the range of the menu
consisting of an entire “From the Grill” section, and “From the Sea” section, bringing the entire choices up to a heavenly sixteen.

We can’t think of anything more welcome than a first-class dining establishment located in this neighborhood and a special one it is!

CORNER GROCERY BAR TRA LA
4049 18th Street
San Francisco

On a not-too-attractive rainy Sunday afternoon we reluctantly left home and heard to hear Toni DeSalvo perform operatic tidbits at the Corner Grocery Bar and were totally captivated by this charming establishment and what they are doing (not trying to do but doing it!). The tiny campy room barely holds an old upright piano and a music stand, not to mention the talent. But as Toni DeSalvo opens her mouth her seamless voice production and superb interpretative instincts transported us from Castro to the Elysian fields of absolute music.

CASTRO DIVA
John, newly introduced to serious vocal music, compared the final note of Mozart’s “Reck Me” (from The Old Maid and the Thief) to watching Olympic figure skaters doing the death spiral, and he wasn’t too far off. DeSalvo begins each selection with an introduction, which should turn Anna Russell green, and proceeds (unlike Ms. Russell) to create a musically complete moment he it an exquisite Brahms song, a Puccini aria, or a semi-staged hilarious Mozart duet. It isn’t the Met yet (thank God), and it most certainly is not slumming, but what it is the ultimate in a sharing of talent and the Thief)
(please as Waylon Jennings, Dianne Davidson, and the Thief.

WILLIE NELSON
When Lorraine Alterman wrote in the New York Times that Willie Nelson is making “country music that can move even those of us who think we despise it,” part of that “us” included a hefty chunk of the gay population. Willie Nelson’s brand of so-called “progressive country music,” along with the music of such people as Waylon Jennings, Dianne Davidson, Kris Kristofferson, Emmylou Harris, and Linda Ronstadt, is making traditional American Country-and-Western music palatable to more and more “hip” city folks, and that is a good thing. Willie Nel- son’s latest album, in fact, Red Headed Stranger (on Columbia), tends itself even more to a smoothful experience of a gay people’s epic than anything by Barbra Streisand or Bette Midler.

RED HEADED STRANGER
This is no mere collection of beautiful country tunes and ballads. It is, quite simply, the most outstanding song cycle to come out of the American male experience in many years. Willie has had four wives in his forty-three years, and you

Toni DeSalvo

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Toni DeSalvo
of her body, and the magic of her singing. Having recently licked a heroin addiction, which was partly responsible for her flagging career, Etta James is on her way to the top. Just ask the rent-a-cop who tried in vain to keep her frenzied fans from dancing in the aisles. The lady has arrived, her superior performance came as no surprise to Etta’s longtime admirers, who can remember when she was turning out such instant "classics" as "Roll with Me, Henry" and "Tell Mama" for the legendary Chess record label, back in the ‘50s and early ‘60s. She got her stage act together as a member of the Johnny Otis Show and as the opening act for Little Richard when she was still in her teens. This was at a time when a black performer had to be something special to get any kind of work and when the attitude was:

Remember if you plan to stay
Those who give might take away
Don’t bite the hand that feeds.

Some of the finest R&B vocalists got their starts backing Etta on her early Chess sessions. Talk about credentials. Who else can boast of having employed Marvin Gaye, Ben E. King, and Otis Redding as sidemen? She’s done as much to inspire her fellow artists as her audiences, and much of the excitement of an Etta James concert is due to the interaction between singer and musicians.

In the studio Etta James has space to explore every nuance of a magnificent vocal style that has been compared to Bessie Smith and Billie Holiday, and she is able to translate the studio feel of even the most subtle ballads into an awesome stage presentation. Her most recent Chess release, *Come a Little Closer*, covers a lot of territory from the snaky opener, "Out on the Streets Again," to the love-lust ballad "Come a Little Closer." Etta conveys, drives, gives, and takes. When she moans, there’s a lifetime of ups and painful downs behind it. Donna Summer might show you a good time tonight, but Etta James is gonna love you forever.

Etta James has been fighting all her life.

Things is hard to come by
Money’s hard to get
Only time you get ahead
Is when you place a bet.

Hey, man! Give me the dice and let it roll! She’s kicked junk and gained a national reputation in spite of a label that has never properly promoted its people. The musicians who record and perform with her change frequently, and it is ultimately Etta alone, drawing on her huge reserves of energy and talent, who makes the music happen.

Etta James is finally finding her place, and she’s got an enthusiastic audience that’s glad to see her up there where she belongs. —Howie Klein

Out on the street again
Tryin’ to find one friend
People with no faces
They’ve lost their places.

—Etta James

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58 / VECTOR

Vector 59
And Eating It, Too
by DOMINIC

Fantasies, where would we be without them? Confronted with the shaky word, for we all have our own individual reality. Attitude seems to be the thing that guides us. It's that single ingredient that makes things work or not work for us. I'm concerned at the moment with success or a failure.

Confronted with reality, what makes a bath house experience a success or a failure for us. I'm concerned at the moment with what makes a bath house experience a success or a failure.

The CLUB BATHS offers a new look, the upstairs rooms were still being worked on during my last visit and one worked on during my last visit and one.

I'm thankful for such places as the CLUB, it's direct and goes 24 hours. The surroundings are deliberately all new, clean. This is the right backdrop for the proper ingredients for making my cake and eating it, too.

I'm thankful for such places as the CLUB, it's direct and goes 24 hours. Whenever I feel the need to share in the perfection of each other's comfort, there is an old, abandoned movie theatre with seats that go back and forth. Drinkin starts late, and the dancing continues until dawn. Since the drinking age in Florida is eighteen, I did find a lot of younger people around. THE HAYLOFT and THE WAREHOUSE VIII are by far the most popular spots, but I have heard there is an even better place that has just opened. These bars are located near the Coconut Grove area of Miami which is a very attractive and very gay shopping area. Sunday afternoons at the HAMLET is the best in town for after-beach fun.

The setting is pleasant and because it's eighteen, I did find a lot of younger people around. THE HAYLOFT and THE WAREHOUSE VIII are by far the most popular spots, but I have heard there is an even better place that has just opened. These bars are located near the Coconut Grove area of Miami which is a very attractive and very gay shopping area. Sunday afternoons at the HAMLET is the best in town for after-beach fun. The HAYLOFT and THE WAREHOUSE VIII are by far the most popular spots, but I have heard there is an even better place that has just opened. These bars are located near the Coconut Grove area of Miami which is a very attractive and very gay shopping area. Sunday afternoons at the HAMLET is the best in town for after-beach fun.

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