VECTOR
THE GAY EXPERIENCE
MAY 1976
$1.25

LOVE
AND/OR
MARRIAGE
KKHI ANNOUNCES

OPERA TOUR

to Seattle

WAGNER'S RING CYCLE - SUNG IN GERMAN

FOR: $449.00 - DEPARTURE: JULY 13

ESCORTED BY PETER BESSEL

ITINERARY

TUESDAY, JULY 13
Depart San Francisco via United Airlines at 12:00 Noon. Luncheon served aloft.
Arrive in Seattle at 1:46 P.M. Motorcoach transfer provided to the OLYMPIC HOTEL. One hour preview and music lecture at 4:00 P.M. by Peter Bessol.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14
Four hour Maritimer Land and Water Combination Tour of Seattle and the surrounding area. One hour preview and music lecture at 3:00 P.M. by Peter Bessol.

THURSDAY, JULY 15
Full day excursion via the Princess Marguerite to Victoria, including a visit to Butchit Gardens and the Saanich Peninsula.

FRIDAY, JULY 16
Full day at leisure to explore Seattle on your own. One hour preview and music lecture at 3:00 P.M. by Peter Bessol.

SATURDAY, JULY 17
Morning at leisure. 3:00 performance of GOETTERDAEMMERUNG at 4:00 P.M. by Peter Bessol.

SUNDAY, JULY 18
Motorcoach transfer provided to the airport in time to depart Seattle via United Airlines at 12:35 P.M. Luncheon served aloft. Arrive San Francisco at 2:20 P.M.

NOTE: The entire Ring is being directed by George London and conducted by Henry Holt. Featured singers are Klara Barlow, Anna Green, Lorna Haywood, Marvellee Cariaga, Herbert Becker, Paul Crook, Noel Tyl, Malcolm Rivers, and William Wildermann.

INCLUDED IN PRICE: Round-trip jet transportation San Francisco/Seattle/San Francisco. Motorcoach transfers Airport/Hotel/Airport and Hotel/Opera House/Hotel. Accommodations for six nights at the OLYMPIC HOTEL. Orchestra seats for all opera performances, salmon bake, and all sightseeing as outlined.

PAYMENTS: Rate of $449.00 per person is based on double occupancy. Single room supplement is $95. Deposit of $100.00 per person with application for reservation. Final payment will be due on June 15. Full refund if cancellation received prior to June 20.

RESPONSIBILITY: This tour is operated by Jackson Travel Service, Ltd., acting only as agents for transportation companies, hotels, and other public services, and is not liable for delays, losses, or accidents incurred by said persons to passengers and baggage from whatever cause. Rates quoted are based on current tariffs and are subject to change prior to departure.

ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER OF SPACES ARE AVAILABLE. For further information, contact: PETER BESSEL at 928-2500 or 861-1330.

Wishes to thank you all for the nomination and Gay Community Award as "Hair Styling Salon of the Year."
WAGNER'S RING CYCLE - SUNG IN GERMAN
FOR $450.00 DEPARTURE JULY 15
ESCORTED BY PETER BENSOL

ITINERARY
TUESDAY, JULY 15
Depart San Francisco via United Airlines at 12:00 Noon. Lunchbox served aloft. Arrive in Seattle at 1:16 P.M. Motorcoach transfer provided to the OLYMPIC HOTEL. One hour preview and music lecture at 4:00 P.M. by Peter Bensol. 8:00 P.M. performance of RHEINGOLD.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16
Four hour Maritime Land and Water Combination Tour of Seattle and the surrounding area. One hour preview and music lecture at 3:00 P.M. by Peter Bensol. 7:00 P.M. performance of RIEKEFRED.

THURSDAY, JULY 17
Full day excursion to the Princess Marguerite to Victoria, including a visit to Butchart Gardens and the Sooke Potholes.

FRIDAY, JULY 18
Full day at leisure to explore Seattle on your own. One hour preview and music lecture at 2:00 PM on Peter Bensol. 7:00 PM performance of Siegfried.

SATURDAY, JULY 19
Full day at leisure. Sunset cruise to the "Space Needle." One hour preview and music lecture for GÖETTERDAEMERUNG at 3:00 P.M. by Peter Bensol.

SUNDAY, JULY 20
Morning at leisure. 3:00 P.M. performance of GÖETTERDAEMERUNG. During the intermission of this opera, we will attend a salmon bake, presented by the Seattle Opera Association between Acts II and III.

MONDAY, JULY 21
Motorcoach transfer provided to the airport in time to depart Seattle via United Airlines at 12:35 P.M. Lunchbox served aloft. Arrive San Francisco at 2:20 P.M.

NOTE: The entire Ring is being directed by George Lounds and conducted by Henry Holt. Featured singers are Klaus Bacor, Anna Green, Lena Haywood, Mariebette Edgar, Herbert Becker, Paul Crook, Noel El, Malcolm Rivers, and William Wildeinmun.

INCLUDED IN PRICE:
Round trip jet transportation San Francisco/Seattle/San Francisco. Motorcoach transfers, OLYMPIC HOTEL and Hotel Opera House/Royal. Accommodations for six nights at the OLYMPIC HOTEL. Orchestra seats for all opera performances, salmon bake, and all sightseeing at our lunch.

PAYMENTS: Rate of $1,190.00 per person is based on double occupancy. Single room supplement is $89. Deposit of $100.00 per person with application for reservation. Final payment will be due on June 15. Full refund if cancellation received prior to June 20.

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SERVE THE GAY COMMUNITY!

THE COVER
Jack and Rip are lovers. Photographer James Armstrong has caught them at their sunny best. You can catch them on page 24!

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THE SOCIETY FOR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS
83 Sixth Street / San Francisco, California 94103

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VECToR

THE GAY EXPERIENCE

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VECToR/3
Recent rulings of the Supreme Court have dealt the cause of gay rights a severe blow. Hardly a fatal one, but certainly a discouraging slap to those of us who have been committed to "working within the System to help achieve justice and dignity for gay citizens. The Court declined to hear arguments in two cases bringing up gay issues: Enslin vs. North Carolina and Doe vs. Commonwealth Attorney for the City of Richmond. The Enslin ruling was not a binding nor national-precedent-setting case. The suit itself was clouded with issues of entrapment and involvement with a minor. Not a particularly useful case on which to pin your hopes.

The Star case was a different story. In its ruling (or, rather, its refusal to rule), the Supreme Court upheld the right of the states to make rules regarding the private conduct of citizens. Those of us who had hoped that judicial review would sweep "anti-sodomy" legisla­tion off the books are sorely disappointed.

We could be "Monday Morning Quarterbacks" and state for hours about what a bad ruling it was, what different precedents should have been cited, how the state has no right to etc., etc. It is a forlorn discussion. Of course, that wouldn't change the ruling. We need action, not more buck.

First of all, we must redouble our efforts in those states which have anti-sodomy laws in effect. Maybe we can enlist the exercise of our lifestyles. Even where they are not enforced, they are an affront to all citizens. Call your state legis­lature and the pro-sodomy legislature to repeal "anti-sodomy" statutes? Insist that it be passed. If there is no such bill before your statehouse, find out why not. Find out how those states which have laws which have done so.

Get involved with gay organizations which are fighting for your dignity as a citizen. Give your time and money to the effort.

On the national level, perhaps what is needed is a comprehensive right-to-privacy amendment to the Constitution which would effectively nullify the govern­ment out of our private lives. We have presumed this right from a patchwork of laws and court rulings, but it is spelled out nowhere in the Constitution. It is not just a matter of privacy. Controversy over wire­taps, FBI snooping, Army spying, etc. make it clear that we must set down the limits of the private in the lives of all citizens. Write your congressperson! Join the National Gay Rights Lobby now being formed in Washington (item on page fifteen).

Supreme Court Ruling

The Supreme Court ruled against gay rights and our business. It has promp...
Gay people today are learning that nobody gives you freedom. It is something you must insist upon — demand. Whether this just or not is a good question. But every minority group and oppressed people has had to face the reality of it. Whenever a people begins to transcend the kinds of identities that are imposed upon them by their social environment and begins to assert a self-defined identity, it becomes the expression of a fundamental spiritual reality which is a part of all humanity.

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ind ifive them expression. The immediate homophiles — for we all, together, must call themselves Gay people — including the tion within the hearts and souls of all who note of all the various aspects of our reality still give them expression. The immediate task is to kindle the flame of Gay Liberation within the hearts and souls of all who call themselves Gay people — including the homophiles — for we all, together, must intensely the struggle for Gay Freedom now, and thus create a new gay consciousness.

Edward Carpenter wrote: "We are a men­ ner to you, O civilization! We have seen you ... we allow you ... we bear with you for a time. But beware! For in a moment and, when the hour comes, inevitably, we shall arise and sweep you away!"

"Yes, to all my Gay sisters and brothers, I call upon you to cease sitting by while the injustices continue, both within the Gay world and without. Join with us as a sweeping gane Gov. to cleanse the Gay movement today of all injustices, imperfections, and those who oppress us from within our own ranks.

As Nicole Bordenave wrote, "The Cross awaits, not only the individual person, but also society as a whole, the State, or a civilization. In its application to social life, the Cross does not imply an acceptance of social conditions, but rather an acceptance of the idea of inevitable evolution and radi cal social change. It is a profound error to regard the Cross as a conservative light."

What are you doing in your com­ munity to spread gay consciousness — gay liberation, a sense of community? Maybe you can give us some good ideas for our own communities!

Write: VECTORS & VINES
Community News
838 6th street San Francisco, California 94103
counseling, one of the first questions to consider will be whether to seek a counselor who specializes in "Gay Therapy." For our opening article in this series, the midst of developing a training program obviously in favor of gay clients seeing gay therapists, or if the person is afraid that a gay therapist might prod him out of the closet homosexuality and of therapists who ignore the increasing number of non-gay therapists who together gay client can help raise the level of awareness about the gay subculture. A relatively to the fact that there are enormous differences in sexuality within therapy and thus there is little that there will be no seduction.

Gay Therapy is a new space for therapists to work in a safe and non-threatening environment. The unique aspects are, first that the gay therapist has undoubtedly personally experienced, by trial and error, the same type of conflicts as his/her client. He or she is trained to explore the underlying blocks that hinder full growth. We have few role models in the gay world in comparison to those available in the straight world. A gay therapist can serve as an important role model for the client. Even when the therapist is experiencing personal conflicts (we all are sometimes, in some way), his/her ability to work with them can be helpful to the client, both in helping the client realize that his/her own feelings and downs are not totally unique, and in helping the client explore more productive ways of coping. Second, gay therapy scrutinizes the coming out process, from the first inklings of "being different," to the advanced stages of coming out to others. There are pitfalls in coming out (the enormous price we pay is self-hate by hiding or deceit), to the initial stages of coming out to yourself and others. There are pitfalls in not coming out (the enormous price we pay is self-hate by hiding or deceit), to the initial stages of coming out to yourself.

One concern that some clients express about seeing a gay therapist is the issue of mutual psychological attraction. Out of the anti-gay myth that homosexuals are hopelessly promiscuous arises the question, "Is a gay therapist or counselor more likely to make sexual overtures to his clients than a straight therapist?" This seems to be no more of a problem among gay therapists than it is in heterosexual therapists. Most gay therapists, I know have a rather high ethical standard. In this issue, recognizing that the gay-client sex can only obscure real issues in therapy, but can add to the exploitation that gays have suffered throughout their lives. Any good therapist will be open to discussing attraction or non-attraction if it comes as an issue, and can pursue this in such a way that it can enhance the trust and openness of important areas to be explored. In my opinion, all therapists, counselors, and clients should be highly sensitive to the concern that, if sexual attraction cannot be dealt with without leading to overt sex, the relationship is no longer a therapeutic one, and the client should be transferred to another therapist. Open affection and sensuality can be productive in some therapeutic interactions, but passionate and direct sexual contact is where I draw the line. If this limit is observed, the client can learn that it is okay to talk about the issue, but not to act on it, to explore interactions with his therapist, and can feel safe and supported, with the assurance that there will be no seduction.

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One of the most famous bars in the West is the Gilded Cage. It has been in business for over 30 years and is still one of the best. The Gilded Cage is located at 606 Fourth Street in San Francisco. It features large orchestras, dancing, and a variety of shows. The Gilded Cage is a great place to enjoy a night out with friends or to celebrate a special occasion. The Gilded Cage is open seven days a week and is a popular destination for both locals and tourists.
The gay scene is as wild in Lisbon this spring as in Amsterdam. The left-wing euphoria has affected everyone, and liberation — personal, political, and sexual — is the name of the game. Gay people walk around in cars and light back if straighties hassle them. The contrast between 1970 (when I was last in Portugal) and 1975 is like the difference between Nazi Germany and Amsterdam 1975. I'm not sure if there is a gay left wing party as Manuel said. Everyone I ask gives a different answer.

Tonight I'm in the lovely fishing village of Quartu. It's in the most luxurious hotel I can remember being in to my life, although the price is only 212, including all meals. The hotel is 200 meters from the ocean, which is why I moved here from Faro. The atmosphere is very Portuguese, whereas in Faro I stayed at an English-run pension where they served kidney pasta and all the dishes referred to the local people in sugarily sweet terms.

I'm sitting on the balcony of my hotel room, watching the surf hit the beach. The Atlantic is too cold to swim in yet, but I've been sunbathing daily.

The horses have beautiful, embroidered fez-like pants and one earring. The women are always dressed in black, with derby hats and shawls. They look so persecuted. The car rental lady advised me not to stop to take a picture or talk to them unless I was on the highway closed down for repairs. So I went the wrong way down a one-way street, beeping my horn and a Van Dyke beard. He was dressed in a denim jacket and pants. Although Portuguese, he had read English. He decided to copy the look. Later on, he carefully explained to me that the fist-fucking is anatomically impossible.

We stopped at the beach. I offered to buy them each a kilo of lobster because it costs too much. I was a poor ex-Peace Corps volunteer for anyone.

I went to one of the three or four best restaurants in Lisbon tonight to splurge. I had gone there in 1970 but didn't dare order what I wanted — or eleven fish them out with nets. Now they use a kilo of lobster with hot sauce, butter, stuffing and all sorts of vegetables. I meant to have chocolate mousse for dessert, but I was too stuffed. I mentioned that to the waiter and he came back with a spoonful for me to taste and I said I had missed anything.

I'm right at home driving in Portugal. Everyone drives with vindictive glee, disobeying the rules whenever it suits their purposes. In trying to get out of Faro today, I found the only direct road to the highway closed down for repairs. So I went the wrong way down a one-way street, keeping my horn occasionally to warn people. A cop caught me and I've been driving up and down the coast visiting little villages. All the roads I've been on in Portugal have been full of Gypsies. They often ride bicycles — at least in Lisbon so they must get the muscles from dancing some hung gringo who never looks up from the street, begging to get fucked!). When I tried to get to bed after fighting him, he said, "But Ricardo, you fucked everyone else twice. You don't lose me as much for nothing!" I tried to explain to him that it would never play the part of the Ugly American, so I turned him over on his stomach, attached a hose to his ass like it, and fucked him so long and hard as I could.

What originally attracted me to Henriques in the boite gay bar with dance floor and show) was the metal studs lining the seams of his jeans and a big red holster at the calf. How he comes to Portugal is also the only Portuguese I've ever known ties. He had no idea what the other language was for. He was used to them in the boite gay bar with dance floor and show)

In the back yard, singing, the men are the same. They bring you both "Lisbon by Night," doing pantomimes to various songs and stripping all the way, doing the whole audience got to their feet and sang along the Internationale with great conviction. Whether they stood up to get a better look at the outlook or for Canada, I don't know.

I've never heard the Internationale so often. The beggars play it on their accordians and harmonicas. I've never heard the Internationale so often, partly because the boite gay bar with dance floor and show) was playing it loudly during the fado (song and dance) last night. The atmosphere is always so gay. The fado starts twice. Virtually the whole audience got to their feet and sang along the Internationale twice. Virtually the whole audience got to their feet and sang along the Internationale twice. That finished the show.

Everyone is arguing politics in the cafes and even in the streets because the elections are close. Amazingly, even though there are very hot political diatribes here, I have seen absolutely no political violence, even when the debates get very hot. This is truly remarkable in a Latin country. Portugal is such a wonderful place.

**PREPARE FOR CHALLENGERS!**
Gays Plan For Republican in August

Kansas City, Mo., A unified action program for Republican delegates to the Republican National Convention here next August was announced at a meeting plied by the Joint Committee for Gay Rights in cooperation with the National Gay Coalition, Morty Marder, of the National Coalition of Gay Activists.

Republican backing for gay rights legislation will be sought. Suggestions and volunteers to help with the organizing work are sought. For further information, Young can be contacted at 1301 Brush Creek Boulevard, Kansas City, Missouri, 64109.

New Military Group

Coalition to Defend Gays in the Military (Affiliated with the Pride Foundation) has organized to publicize all cases of discrimination against gay men and lesbians in the military, to raise funds for legal defense, and to raise the issue of constitutional rights in the courts.

For more information, call 431-1522.

The Crez

LONDON: An ordinary, everyday gay couple are to be featured in a major new drama series to be made by Thames Television this summer.

Provisionally titled 'The Crez', the series is based on the lives of residents of a London crescent with each of the thirteen episodes featuring particular characters. One episode tells of a lovers' tiff between the gay couple, the result of which was a huge row.

Thames Television confirmed that the stories were being planned - with filming scheduled to begin sometime in both spring and summer - and that a date yet has been set for broadcast of the series, but 'The Crez' will not appear in the schedule before Autumn.

Gay News

42 Arrested

Around 2:30 AM on April 11th, 42 persons were arrested and taken to police headquarters. The police charge was for participating in a 'Shave Auction' at the Mark IV, a private gay club in Los Angeles. Over 60 more persons were handset down and detained for approximately four hours. More than 60 police officers and at least two highway patrol cars and a police helicopter were used for the "raid.

The charge can receive a maximum possible punishment of up to ten years in prison. The police knew of this event 20 days before it was scheduled to happen. They did not con­

sult with the District Attorney or the City Attorney. The police made no effort to ad­

vise the promoters of this fund raising event that it was illegal in any way. Bail for each one arrested was originally set at $5,000, but after the intervention of David Gahagan, field deputy of Supervisor Ed Edelman and Larry Bob, field deputy to Councilwoman Peggy Stevenson, and other gay and com­

munity leaders and attorneys, a judge re­

leased all but 4 persons on their own recogni­

zance. The bail for each of the remaining four persons was set at $500.00.

Gay Persons Alliance Newsletter

Gay Delegate Elected

The National Gay Task Force's Jeane O'Leary won her race for Democratic con­

vention delegate from her Wisconsin Vil­

lage district April 6, becoming the nation's first openly gay delegate elected this year. Listed fifth on the ballot and aligned with Udall, she came in fourth out of six elected.

Chicago Gay Crusader

Victory With Job Corps

National Gay Task Force efforts have re­

sulted in ending a United States Job Corps policy discrimination against lesbians and gay men. At a meeting in Washington on February 10, 1976, NGTF Executive Director Bruce Vouder and Board member Dr. Frank­

lin Kameny were informed by John T. Bet­

son, Director of the Job Corps, that the anti-gay policy would be terminated.

The discriminatory Job Corps policy and "sexuality deviation" manual were first brought to NGTF's attention by lesbians for furthering equal protection of the law 431-1522.

The NGTF will work with the Department of Labor to ensure that all gay persons are employed. The Job Corps is one of the last bastions of the military, and if it continues to bar homosexuals from becoming commissioned officers, resulting in a con­

demnation by the Dorians, Group.

Beatle Gay News

Libertarian Party Adopts Gay Rights Position

The Roger MacBride for President Com­

mittee has published a gay rights position paper. "Gay Rights: A Liberation Approach" came about in response to increased gay rights activity in the Libertarian Party. The gay rights paper adopts ten planks for furthering equal protection of the law to all gay persons.

Those position papers can be ob­

tained for 30 cents from the MacBride for President Committee, 1310 "F" Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20005. Copies can also be obtained from Lloyd Taylor, 360 Pine St., San Francisco. Quantities of ten or more are available for 17 cents each.

Chief Backs Gay Cops

Homosexuals in San Francisco's police force should "come out of the closet" and demonstrate that gays can be good police­

men, Chief Charles Gaiin said.

"If they come out it will help everyone," Gaiin said. "It will be for their benefit, but they'll have the full support of the police chief."

Gaiin's statement reflects the remarkable philosophical change at the highest levels of the San Francisco Police Department since his appointment by Mayor Moscone three months ago. San Francisco Examiner

Navy Gets OK to Discharge Gay

A U.S. District Court judge refused to enjoin the Navy from discharging an admitted homosexual, in a case that has suggested the Navy's anti-homosexual regulation.

"Discharge by Judge George Harris leaves the Navy free to discharge Dennis Bachofner, a 14-year veteran of the military, at the west coast naval station in Monterey who has fifteen years service time.

But Judge Harris said, "The Navy would do well to reexamine its stance regarding homosexual conduct."

"The Navy does itself and the public little good by removing an experienced criminal who would surely be more reasonable to believe that, as the great majority of its mem­

bers are heterosexual, there is a greater danger of blackmail from illicit heterosexual liaisons than from homosexual liaisons."

San Francisco Chronicle

New Gay Magazine

Christopher Street, a new glossy monthly magazine for San Francisco for the Whole Family," will be published on May 15, 1976. The first issue is designed to reach its promoters' calls the "multi­

dimensional New York gay market."

Christopher Street is promoted as "the first multi-dimensional gay publica­

tion to maintain standards which preclude the use of a pornographic or 'erotic photogra­

phy' format."

Lobby Created

The Gay Right's National Lobby was created in Washington, D.C. on April 5, 1976. It is being organized by the March Action Advocate Invitational Conference in Chicago, with the object of assuring that the great majority of its mem­

bers are heterosexual, there is a greater danger of blackmail from illicit heterosexual liaisons than from homosexual liaisons."

Gays Sue Pope

Four members of the Italian gay orga­

nization, FUORI, are to sue Pope Paul VI after he publicly denounced homosexual behavior, and thereby insulted homo­

sexuals themselves, "by his scandalous and sinful expression."

The lawsuit followed publica­

tion of an article by the gay French author Roger Peyrefitte [who worked] with Pope Paul IV "a gay relationship with a young actor."

London Gay News

San Francisco Metropolitan Community Church

Pastor Rev. John Barbone

Sunday Services: 1:00 PM and 7:30 PM

Thursday Service: 7:30 PM

Cap Street, One block off Mission Street

San Francisco, 94103

All services signed for the Deaf.

Mission United Presbyterian Church

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GAYS SUE POPE

Four members of the Italian gay orga­

nization, FUORI, are to sue Pope Paul VI after he publicly denounced homosexual behavior, and thereby insulted homo­

sexuals themselves, "by his scandalous and sinful expression."

The lawsuit followed publica­

tion of an article by the gay French author Roger Peyrefitte [who worked] with Pope Paul IV "a gay relationship with a young actor."

London Gay News

14/VECTOR

VICTOR/15
Mom's Career Comes First

by Lan Sims

Mom sure is happy with her career. She sells electronic dildos to men in bars. Straight bars. She says her career is very important because it gives her dignity and because she is providing a valuable service to mankind.

I made you. I know who you are but you're too young for me to tell you. If you're not careful Mommy might let you go free. Out here on the way to Albuquerque where the only living things are snakes and hawks and cacti that walk around in old striped pants at twilight.

Try to put their arms around you. Mommy's arms aren't filled with needles and lizards scales teeth. Mommy's cotton arms are going to hold your face while you are good and don't struggle. Sleep. Dream about my red nails and hamburger fields of hamburger.

Love and/or Marriage

How do you get an angle to write about gay love relationships? How are they different from straight love relationships? If I have learned anything in my years in the Gay movement, I've learned that gay people are as varied as snowflakes, that "No generalization is worth a damn (including this one)." Our perspectives vary from John's refusal to go to bed with anybody more than three times because things get "messy", to Jo and Peggy who have lived together for 17 years and claim they've never had second thoughts at all. How is John different from all those playboys and playgirls bedhopping their way through the straight singles' scene? How are Jo and Peggy different from my parents, who will celebrate their 45th wedding anniversary in November?

How, for that matter, are we different from straights at all, outside of "sexual preference"? David B. Goodstein seems to think that we're not at all different, that we're just as neurotic, status-conscious, sex-crazed, greedy and, ultimately, boring as the denizens of any suburb in America. Whereas, Huey P. Newton once proclaimed that gay people were potentially the most revolutionary of people. They are both right.

Goodstein's newspaper is a flashy success because he
has an accurate analysis of where we’re coming from. Children of America, we have all been raised to praise financial success, beauty, youth, and “fitting in”. Just tolerate my minor sexual kink, and I will be a good Democrat.

Newton is right, too, because he could see where we might go. The oppression of gays cuts across all lines of race, religion, ideology, sex, origin and age. Hitler, Stalin, and Billy Graham are all against us. Saint Paul sniffs might go. The oppression of gays cuts across all lines of financial success, beauty, youth, and “fitting in”. Just race, religion, ideology, sex, origin and age. Hitler, Stalin, and Billy Graham are all against us. Saint Paul sniffs might go.

The thinking was that when God woke up. She’d set Children of America, we have all been raised to praise that God was a fat, ugly, crippled, old, black lesbian be—cause we couldn’t think of anyone more oppressed. The thinking was that when God woke up, She’d set everything right.

The truth lies somewhere between the two.

I believe that gay people ARE substantially different from straight people. It’s not because we are so damned sensitive or because we are “such fun to be with”. Two nights in any gay bar will answer either of those old chestnuts. Our genes aren’t funny and neither are our chromosomes. Just as many babies get dropped on their heads and turn out straight as gay, in proportion to our numbers.

Our difference lies in our social adaptations, gay culture if you will. Some of this derives from our “out-group” status and some from the fact that our unions are childless.

“Out-group” is a sociological term that doesn’t need much elaboration to be understood by gay people. Few of us were ever really “in” with most of our contemporaries. We moved from feeling “special” to being “weird” to being “out of it”. I really didn’t want to go to the prom with Nettie Lou; I wanted to go with John from the basketball team. Alienation strikes.

And we can’t have babies. Obviously. A simple fact of biology. But a complex sociological truth. You, and I, and just about everyone else, were raised to be heterosexuals. We were raised by television and our parents to believe in the Basic Breeding Unit as the building block of society. Make a baby and be productive (make a boy and be a man!). Alienation strikes.

So we don’t fit in and we don’t make babies. What do we do? We adapt.

Sometimes, like chameleons, we change our coloration, to blend in to the background. This can mean living a lie by getting married heterosexually (or playing the bachelor) like we’re supposed to do. Or we mimic the straights. Henry never wanted anything more than another man to live with in the suburbs. He had it all planned, from the Formica in the family room to the tulips in the yard. His male wife would stay at home and maybe they’d adopt a boy. (He found his “wife” and they’re looking for an agency that will let them adopt, and Henry says they are very happy).

But we don’t have to be like Them to adopt. We don’t have to fit into Their surroundings. We can make our own institutions, thank you, and we don’t need to take over Alpine County to do it. Once you are free of “What’ll the neighbors say?” and “Keep it together for the sake of the kids” there is no limit to your relationships. Even among straight people. They’re swapping wives in Ohio now, and no one is sure who is whose father in some communes because it doesn’t matter.

What does matter is serving human needs. When existing institutions don’t serve those needs we tear them down and build new ones. (Read the Declaration of Independence, if that sounds wild).

Our needs for love, affection, companionship, and sex are as varied as we are. What works for me doesn’t necessarily work for you. What worked last week may not work this week. So we change our relationships until they do work.

Some of us function best when we are independent. Like John who is happy to trick around. Some are into pair bonding, like Jo and Peggy. I know lots of male couples who are spiritually monogamous but have sex with others. We have made threeways that work and fourways and communes and regularly-meeting circle-jerks. Nothing is wrong that works and does not coerce.

All over America, people are dissatisfied with their lives. The Energy Crisis, the continuing recession, long unemployment lines, FBI meddling, Watergate, and on and on, have contributed to the national sense of demoralization. Children of the Forties wonder what they fought for, when the government is spying on the people. Children of the Fifties wonder what they strove for, when the big businesses show little concern for human values. Children of the Sixties wonder what good their protests and earnestness did, when they are swallowed by the System they thought they were going to overthrow.

Our relative prosperity gives us the leisure to worry about the quality of our life, to dwell on our dissatisfaction. The whole “consciousness movement” is a direct outgrowth of that sense of alienation. From Werner Erhardt to Mary Hartmann, Americans are trying to figure out how to make life more fulfilling. The women’s movement and gay people everywhere are at the front lines in this struggle. Our experiences in the necessity of adaptation are valuable lessons for the whole world. If there is a revolution going on, it is internal. And the gays are leading it.

We have asked several gay writers to address various aspects of gay love. The results are on the following pages. It’s not all we’ll have to say on the subject, but it’s a good start!

—Jay Manning
Taking a Chance on Love

by James Valerian

Tentative. All relationships are tentative. Relationship between two males are, perhaps, more tentative than most.

Consider it: the time-honored incentives just aren’t there. There will be no heirs, no family. Names will not be passed on and perpetuated; nor will personality traits and prejudices. There is no marriage or divorce, not legally. If there are silver and golden anniversaries, they will never be celebrated in the local social columns. The house in suburbia (which will probably never exist) will not have children, no heirs. Names will not legally. If there are silver and golden anniversaries, go-carts. Your boss is never going to refer to “your better half”. More likely, he will have gnawing and persistent doubts about your bachelorhood and, especially, about you and your roommate. Nieces and nephews will always have a funny look in their eyes when they see the two of you together. Or they will be too casual and breezy for words. To your family, your relationship will be analogous to a silent and treacherous plague.

So the reasons for two males not to live together as lovers are endless. Can you hold hands when walking down the street? Can you kiss in public? (Sure you can — on Polk Street at midnight, providing a squad car isn’t passing by.) Did your father ever get laid by another man in the back seat of a ‘37 DeSoto and if he did, does he brag about it? And just who the hell wears the apron in the family?

Tentative, then, is a kind word for a situation which, in gay love, is essentially inhuman and hideous. The extent of negative and hostile social pressures is enough to make gay love appear to be axiomatic. Really, to hell with San Francisco! What if it is Gay Heaven? Then it’s a Baptist’s heaven because only 140,000 of us have made it to (and not always through) the pearly gates. Which means that somewhere in the neighborhood of 19,860,000 of us (by federal estimate) are still existing in some sort of limbo or hell.

So why should two men become lovers? Why should they consider themselves a couple? Why should they engage in “permanent pair-bonding”? The flip and urgently heterosexual answer is obvious. “They’re queers aren’t they?” “Nobody ever slurs Sodom without slander­ ing Gomorrah.”

It was grand tragedy when Romeo met Juliet. But, if it had been today, could not Romeo have met Mercutio? Would the tragedy have been any less? Tragedy, like love is merely one of the larger consequences of being human. We are human inasmuch as we are capable of feeling and knowing deep and honest feelings.

This is why being gay is not an ethical (i.e., Judeo­ quasi-Christian) situation but a human one. If a single life is of inherent value, as Western philosophy and tradition assumes, then it is a life due the maximum respect and freedom. Providing that life is not so malign­ ant and warped as an Adolph Hitler’s, (that life is entitled to its existence. Who, today, would argue that the Jews should be exterminated simply because they were obnoxious to some of the German people?) Yet there are many people in America who view gay people in just such terms. These people are not ignorant and illiterate, necessarily. Many of them are highly intelligent and persuasive. But they are benighted and ill-informed. Their ignorance is a sin of omission; the intellectual crime of not even trying to know. This onus of social condemnation, disgust, and, so often, virulent hostility, is one that every gay person lives with. If he does not understand it and mentally conquer it, he is as ignorant as his oppressors. If he falls in love with another man, and lives with that man, he must know that he is challenging a whole millennium of social mores. If he does not believe in himself, then his love and his commitment is doomed to failure. You do not win battles by abstention. A shrug of the shoulder led many a person straight to the guillotine or the gas chamber. Even in America, indifference is weakness. We have not been revolutionaries for two centuries. It is easier for any society to fall backwards than to move aggressively forward.

Besides the usual social pressures, there are for many gay people added religious pressures. Social mores and forces which are motivated “ex deus” have a special urgency to them. No authority is quite as authoritative as divinity. When people begin talking about God, logic becomes a dispensable commodity. The torture of a human soul is often the inexorable result. Such situation is not helped by a mankind which has seen fit to keep his gods (or God) ambiguous enough to fit any set of human interpretations. Perhaps much of the solution to that problem lies in deciding whether God created out of good or evil or for reasons beyond fathoming. It is an argument which revolves around itself nearly endlessly.

Religion aside (where it may more or less have placed itself anyway), the gay male choosing a gay relation­ ship occupies a unique and unenviable position. His primary solace is his ability to love and to understand that love. There is precious little (and very often no) space in the social fabric for his affectional preferences. This is not Dachau, 1938. Gay people are tolerated in America, where they are tolerated because it is a society dedicated to Democracy by name. This tolerance is not comfortable and does not imply understanding. Gay people and gay love is possible on the basis of laws and precepts which the average citizen feels bound to observe and uphold, often wishing he didn’t have to. To be loathed and tolerated is to know the most precarious of positions.

Once a gay person accepts all of this, once he recovers from all these cultural and emotional shocks, he can love. Finally, he achieves that. He is able to love. His love becomes possible for another man. He can give it and he can take it.

Hopefully, his choice is not made too casually. Time teaches us that hope is not often reality. Time teaches us that hope is not often reality. Our dearest principles manifest themselves in capricious gestures. We sometimes fall in love after a single glance in a mirror behind a bar. Fingertips touch and words seem meaningless.

Tentative. Love is a set of tentative propositions from its inception, for its entire duration.

James Valerian writes because he has to. He had a lovely female wife and a home in a suburb. He just got married again, to a man this time.
Getting Married in Church

by John Baritone

God’s blessing on all relationships based on true love is an undeniable fact, which is proven by Christ’s own words, “...A new law I give you...” That you love one another as I have loved you.” In the Metropolitan Community Church of San Francisco, there are two types of covenants recognized between persons who seek the blessing of church and society on their union.

Marriage, Holy Union, any covenant between two persons is a difficult state in life to embrace. Its beauty and durability frequently excite caution and serious consideration. Society has filled us with definitions of love which are unrealistic over romanticized, and stereotyped. It is necessary, therefore, that the tendency by securig a foundation for Holy Union or Matrimony which is real, vital, and down to earth.

Many react negatively to the concepts of Holy Union or “Holy Matrimony.” They do so of the basic denying the necessity for any type of ceremony, religious or civil, which seems to “give permission” for people to make a covenant with one another on the basis of something as private and personal as love.

We react, therefore, first connect the assumptions that if both parties are willing to enter into such a union, then they should be permitted to do so. This would be premarital and self-denying.

Law and custom have been established through marriage. It is not within the scope of this paper to delve into the history of marriage and marriage laws; however, it is interesting to note that marriage is one of the institutions that are premonitory in the structure of society. It is the institution of marriage that has been the foundation for the family and the family is the basic unit of society.

It is not that we are against marriage, but rather that we are against the label of marriage. We believe that there are other ways of establishing covenants that are just as valid and just as important.

The question of whether or not there are right or wrong ways of establishing covenants is a difficult one. It is difficult because there are many different beliefs and values that influence people’s decisions. However, we believe that there are certain principles that should be followed when establishing any type of covenant.

One of these principles is that the covenant should be based on love. Love is the foundation of all relationships and the basis of all covenants. Without love, a covenant is not possible.

Another principle is that the covenant should be voluntary. People should not be forced into any covenant. They should be free to choose their own partners and their own terms of the covenant.

Finally, we believe that the covenant should be public. It is important that the covenant be known to others, so that it can be a witness to the world of love and commitment.

In conclusion, we believe that there are many ways to establish covenants besides marriage. We believe that love is the foundation of all relationships and that covenants should be based on love. We believe that covenants should be voluntary and public.

The Reverend John Baritone is pastor of the Metropolitan Community Church in San Francisco. He was ordained in 1975 after studies at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C. He is a bachelor.

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Marriage, Holy Union, any covenant between two persons is a difficult state in life to embrace. Its beauty and desirability frequently preclude caution and seriousness in its pursuit. For this reason, time, knowledge and exploration as well as feelings of love, commitment and romance must be given due consideration. Society has filled us with definitions of love which are unrealistic, over-romanticized and stereotyped. It is necessary to transcend that tendency by securing a foundation for Holy Union or Matrimony which is real, vital, and down to earth.

Many persons react negatively to the concepts of "Holy Union" or "Holy Matrimony." They do so on the basis of denying the necessity for any type of ceremony, religious or civil, which seems to "give permission" for people to make a covenant with one another on the basis of something as private and personal as love.

We must, therefore, first combat the impression that, in MCC, these two states constitute the granting of "permission" for people to make such a covenant. Indeed, this would be presumptuous and authoritarian (although there is an aspect of "constructive commentary and evaluation" which is frequently misinterpreted as "permission").

Love is probably the most abused word in society today, and Gay culture is no exception. A couple, Gay or heterosexual, does one slow dance at a bar and then proclaim an undying, never-ending love. Because of this, the institution of marriage has suffered greatly in both the meaning and the joy that the state itself should evoke in the lives of the people who have chosen it.

In its traditional form, marriage is the union, or covenant, between a man and a woman who come together "until death do us part." But the scope of such a covenant today is broadening and deepening, both in the sense of who can make one and in the terms of the covenant itself. There is much to be said about the possibility of individuals joining themselves to one another in a relationship which is a unique outpouring of their subjective beings, and that in this outpouring there is little that resembles our traditional concepts of marriage.

Nonetheless, this absence of the "traditional" covenant itself does not negate the beauty nor the goodness of the covenant of love between people. This broadening of the marriage covenant concept includes a relationship between two people of the same sex and their right to love one another and to freely enter into a covenant which calls God's blessing on them.

In MCC, this covenant is called Holy Union. Since it declares a relationship based on the common, mysterious, and fulfilling state of love, it must be understood both theologically and sociologically, lest it be regarded as a farce, or a mere mimicking of heterosexual marriage, rather than one of the most significant of human experiences.

Why are Holy Unions or Marriages necessary? If the persons involved enter the covenant themselves, define it in personal terms, work within its free and liberating structure and together ask the blessing of God on their relationship? Quite simply, such a covenant is a social phenomenon as well as a private one, representing a mirroring of the oneness of humanity. Peace and happiness in life seem to involve the "joining" in some way with other people for the purpose of growth and mutual betterment. Friendships, business partnerships, religious communities, peace treaties, loan companies, neighborhood organizations, as common as they may seem, are all covenants for the purpose of growth and mutual betterment.

So too it is with Holy Unions and Holy Matrimonies. It involves a similar agreement elevated by the participation in the Divine Covenant of love between God and God's people. Within it, persons come together for the purpose of growth and out of love, thereby making the concept of the oneness of humanity more of a reality than if they were not together. Further, it gives witness to the expression of love and at-one-ness with others, far too frequently obscured by modern society.

It is right for people who feel called to this state of Union to accede to it with a joy and exuberance which prompts them to share in a public way their covenant with the world, as represented by the community in which they live. 

Knowledge, too, is essential to love and is a process of sharing and growing. Through knowledge, love matures and allows the persons from selfishness. It is not likely that one can love a person that one does not know. Too frequently in the Gay scene, love's focal point has been exclusively the persons' sexuality, with little attention given to the interrelating of the total persons. The capability which each has of "knowing" another person is the fulfillment of the total love experience. Contrary to the notion that a marriage or Holy Union is the merging of two persons into one, it is important to recognize the individuality and uniqueness of the persons. Knowing the loved person in every way possible broadens and deepens the total experience of the relationship. This enables growth to take place on the part of both, as individuals and as covenanted persons.

This is why there are both qualitative and quantitative requirements before the Rite of Holy Union or Holy Matrimony is administered in our Church. We require a certain amount of time for the relationship to be experienced and a counseling program with a minister. Questions in these sessions are geared to areas that will assist the persons in determining for themselves the stability, the seriousness, the beauty, the joy, and the sanctity of the state to which they aspire. The areas of probing include: honesty, ability to communicate, common sense, acceptance and respect for one another's individuality, a recognition of both the human and divine realms of the relationship, and generally how the couple views the covenant as an instrument of growth of their total being.

The questions are designed to give the counselor some insights into the personalities and values of the individuals involved. The answers reveal impressions in the mind of the counselor which can be dealt with in a constructive way in subsequent sessions. This is not a fool-proof system, and some people try to say what they think the counselor wants to hear, but usually the counselor can detect such an attitude.

These covenants are not to be taken lightly. They are akin to the covenants shared by God with humankind long ago, and more recently, with the fulfillment of the beauty imparted to us by Jesus Christ when He urged us to love one another as He loved us. God has entered into covenants with us based on love, and it is fitting for us to do likewise.

The Reverend John Barbone is pastor of the Metropolitan Community Church in San Francisco. He was ordained in 1975 after studies at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C. He's a bachelor.
The Possibilities of Love

by Robert G. Boylan, Photography by James Armstrong

Two of the newest arrivals in this “cool, gray city of love,” San Francisco, are these good-looking fellows from the Lone Star State — Texas, for those of you who aren’t into almanacking for trivia.

Fortune has smiled on them. Here but a brief while, they both have jobs, in the Financial District, to which they walk every morning together. In their free time they play tennis.

They have been living together for about a year. While they were still back in Texas, they tried a bit of modeling. Once in San Francisco, they held back for quite a time from getting involved in what they assumed would be a terribly competitive business, getting photographed in the nude.

Jack is twenty-seven and a steadfast Taurean. He was an airline steward who had his “wings” clipped by his own choice. He is still engaged in the travel business and wishes to make his career in that field. Making a home, with Rip to share it, is uppermost among his priorities.

Rip is twenty-two and a Cancerian, with a personality that is as cuddly as his gorgeous body. He just recently graduated from the University of Texas. His goals are to achieve success in business and to be a “damned good” lover, which is probably what brings that glint of delight into Jack’s eyes.

Now and again came a sharp gasp of breath, or a sound like a sigh, then the rapid thudding of movement on the thickly-carpeted floor, then the strange sound of flesh escaping under flesh... So the two men entwined and wrestled with each other, working nearer and nearer... The possibilities of love exhaust themselves.

— D.H. Lawrence, Women in Love.
The first thing you notice upon meeting with Dominic and Eldon is the calm. These men are very secure in their love. They trust each other. After living together for fourteen years, there is a silent communication between them. Dominic and Eldon are so plugged into each other that they share thoughts. "I'll be thinking about something," says Eldon, "and Dominic will suddenly say it." They've never had any real dramatic flashes of ESP, just quiet day-to-day insights that come from having shared so much.

Whatever they've got going for them, it looks easy and it seems like magic. But it's the product of long, hard work. Dominic says: "We talk about anything now. We used to just skirt around issues until they were dead. Then we could talk about them." They used to fight, but now they discuss differences. How do you make that leap? It takes time, time to know that the other person's meaning is often obscured by hot words chosen rashly. You have to care enough about your partner's opinions and feelings to take the time to find out what they really are.

"Learn to keep the hot emotion down," Eldon says, simply, directly, quietly. Dominic adds: "Sometimes I'm a stark raving bitch. Understand what you're going through as you do it. Know that it's the hurt that's talking, and not the intellect."

No worthwhile relationship is easy. Nothing is perfect. Not too long ago, they "broke up" and lived apart for eight months. It seemed terribly final — no possibility of reconciliation. "We had tremendous love and tremendous problems. The biggest was verbal communication. We would trip each other up in words."

Their time apart was a valuable time. After living together so many years, you start to wonder where he ends and I begin. As Eldon put it, "I probably learned more about myself during that time. I was out seeing more and different sorts of people than I ever have"
before. I am very shy and this forced me out."

They are together again and their relationship is the better for the break. Perhaps it is because scar tissue is stronger than the original tissue. They are not going to take each other for granted again.

One clue to the strength of their togetherness is their realization that no person can be everything to another. You can't just fill all of that other person's needs, all of his sexual fantasies, his intellectual growth requirements, his spiritual instincts. It is pointless to even try to be everything, because you doom yourself to disappointment and failure. So you make your adaptations: whatever works is right.

What works for Dominic and Eldon is a non-exclusive relationship. They have sex and love and share experiences with others outside their primary relationship. Sometimes they have "threeways." Sometimes they "trick out." It is not the easiest of things to work out the details. Such an arrangement certainly flies in the face of monogamous tradition. Eldon was cautious: "I always felt things like that to be a possible threat. I hated Dominic's tricking and trashing around. But I have come to realize that there is no threat. I can do it too. And since then, it's been marvelous. Thank you, Dominic." Dominic maintains that "If Eldon wanted an outside romance, I'd be happy. I want Eldon to be happy." Happy Eldon adds, "He's said that for years. I couldn't understand it for a long time." He laughs, "I usually like his tricks very much. He's got good taste."

It is proper and good that we base our lives in freeing one another. A relationship that restricts, that "ties you down" is a mockery of love.

You are free to go and yet you stay; that's the wonder of it all.
They were walking along the shore. It was a gray day, cool and windy. They both wore jackets, which barely kept them warm.

"I had never loved anyone," Michael said, "until I met Bob."

"They were walking in silence for a distance with only the anger of the wind surrounding them. Jerry tried vainly to light a cigarette, wasting four matches before giving it up. When he turned to Michael, Michael was staring out over the restless, curling waves, unaware of how closely they spent themselves near his sneakers. His thick black hair was tossed by the wind, first against one cheek and then the other.

Jerry was stunned for a moment by the mixture of the end of the world. Really, it isn't."

Jerry glanced around to be sure they were alone on the beach before taking Michael's face in his hands. Walking up to him, Jerry said gently, "It's not the end of the world. Really, it isn't."

Michael faced him with a soft, resigned smile. "It feels like it."

"But it was for us, for both of us, that I did everything," Michael explained. "I didn't mind working twelve or fourteen hours a day. I never complained. I cared about whether I had any money myself. Our life was becoming stable. Our bills were mostly paid. Why did he turn to another man? Why?"

"Maybe it's the excitement of someone new," he offered instead.

"If you don't do it, I'll prove to Michael that he's wrong. I'm not just some fucking Chinese boy," Jerry promised, "and it's over. Finished. Ended."

"I've decided I'm too beautiful to let the world lose something that I've done for him. He almost lost his business and you helped him save it. And if it hadn't been for you he might have been a drunken bum today."

"Maybe he couldn't have been so little to him," Michael challenged angrily. "So little after all we had shared?"

Jerry face to face with a soft, resigned smile. "I'll be okay. Call me in the morning."

"But now he's left you," Jerry interrupted coldly, aware of how closely he pressed his forehead against his cold and whitening hairless skin that had a slight give to it above the muscle. When Charlie ran, he kept his ass tight and flexed, but there was just the slightest wiggle in the hips, a wry twist to his smile. He entered the experience of sexuality easily with his older brothers, circle jerks, and play humping, but it was about this time that Charlie first felt the awakening of a sexual center that would become in his life the focus of his drive and his attractiveness—his ass.

Charlie's ass was compact, square, with nicely rounded cheeks, hard underbrush, but with a soft smooth hairless skin that had a slight give to it above the muscle. When Charlie ran, he kept his ass tight and flexible, and there was just the slightest wiggle in the hips, a wry twist to his smile. He entered the experience of sexuality easily with his older brothers, circle jerks, and play humping, but it was about this time that Charlie first felt the awakening of a sexual center that would become in his life the focus of his drive and his attractiveness—his ass.

"I know you gave him everything you had," Jerry said. Because he had less love than you, Jerry wanted to say. Because he was totally wrong for you.)

"Maybe it's the excitement of someone new," he offered instead.

"Then did I mean so little to him?" Michael challenged angrily. "So little after all we had shared?"

"If you don't do it, I'll prove to Michael that he's wrong. I'm not just some fucking Chinese boy," Jerry declared, "and it's over. Finished. Ended."

"Maybe it bothered him," Jerry suggested, "because he couldn't ever repay all that you had done for him. A guilty man. You can turn love into hate."

"No! No! That's not true!" Michael swore. "For three years he loved me—"

"But now he's left you," Jerry interrupted coldly, almost cruelly. "And it's over. Finished. Ended."

"Yes," Michael conceded bleakly. "It's over."

"The mist at the beach, as they drove down the boulevard, turned into a dreary afternoon drizzle. Jerry bit his lip for a moment. "At least you've stopped asking him to take you back."

"When he left you, Jerry interrupted coldly, almost cruelly. "And it's over. Finished. Ended."

"Yes," Michael conceded bleakly. "It's over."

The rain covered the windshield with a thick stream of water. Jerry had turned the engine off, and the only sound was the rain outside.

"He lit a cigarette, drew on it, and then dropped it carelessly into the ashtray. Why can't he love me?"

"His hands came to rest on the steering wheel, and he pressed his forehead against his cold and whitening knuckles."

"My god, this is Hell!! This is torture!!"
Eulin lay there on his side, feeling the wet sensation of his asshole, and liking what had happened, a warm feeling spread his hand around his own stiff cock, and rolled over on his stomach. He lay like that for a few minutes, until he heard his name in a whisper again.

"Charlie," the middle brother, Parker hissed. "Me too." That was all. Parker slipped in on top of Charlie and with a little jacking up, promulgated the whole world. He never stabbed or thrust, he never said a word. It was over when he said it was over. He was withdrawn quickly. Eulin got up and went back to Charlie's room, listening for a moment. Charlie's only sound was bubbling in and out of Charlie's ass, until the older boy was worked up, while Charlie merely went up to bed early and was completely stoical about showing any emotion. He was always ready, submitting himself without words to any man who liked it or merely tolerated it.

Charlie was lying in bed, the covers just above his hips, reading the newspaper. He looked at me with those steely green-blue eyes of his and nudged his chin forward a bit, as if to ask, "What do you want?" I just moved about the room, watching him. "I just live down the hall..." I began to explain. Charlie told me later that he is sure he smiled at me, and that he couldn't say anything more to his eyes than a bit, as if to ask, "What do you want?"

"Hey, Charlie," I said, tapping nervously on his door. Charlie kissed me, rolled over on his back, and as my hand came around the crack of his ass, I watched that eye as I began to open up, and the cock slid easily home, and the cock was withdrawn quickly. Eulin got up and went back to his own room.

It was about this time that I met Charlie. We were both staying at the Hotel Earl in the Village and on the same floor, and when we'd pass in the hall, I'd smile at him, and he would smile back. I'd stop there, look at me with those large cool grass-chewing eyes and suunter by. I was intense and frightened at the same time, not knowing if I wanted to do what I wanted to do with Charlie. I only knew that he had observed my fantasies and that, when Charlie walked by, I always gave him a smile, and that my hands would shake. One day I decided to do something about it.

"Hey, Charlie," I said, tapping nervously on his door. "It's P..." I couldn't even say the name.

"Come on in," Charlie said flatly, his voice showing neither interest nor disinterest. I carefully opened the door and jumped into his room, pushing the door shut behind me.

"Charlie was lying in bed, the covers just above his hips, reading the newspaper. He looked at me with those steely green-blue eyes of his and nudged his chin forward a bit, as if to ask, "What do you want?" I just smiled and then turned away.

"Ruhi in and out for me, Billy," he said, and he spread his elbows wide across the bed, turning his head to the side on his pillow so that I could see just how much he wanted to be fucked. Charlie was seeking after me, and he didn't want to wait. He was staying at the Hotel Earl in the Village and on the same floor, and when we'd pass in the hall, I'd smile at him, and he would smile back. I'd stop there, look at me with those large cool grass-chewing eyes and suunter by. I was intense and frightened at the same time, not knowing if I wanted to do what I wanted to do with Charlie. I only knew that he had observed my fantasies and that, when Charlie walked by, I always gave him a smile, and that my hands would shake. One day I decided to do something about it.

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me with his tongue.

Charlie and I saw a lot of each other after that. At night, when he'd get home from his customers, I'd fuck Charlie to sleep. We got a room together, and when I'd leave for work in the morning, I'd kiss Charlie softly on the lips before I'd leave. At night we'd go out to dinner. Sometimes I'd stay home and read, while Charlie went out to make his money. When he got home, no matter how many guys had fucked him, I'd climb up on Charlie's perfect ass and fuck him until he came so he could sleep.

And Charlie is my lover now, and he doesn't hustle anymore. We stay home a lot and talk, and we really have a good time together. Of course, I still fuck Charlie all the time, but we don't get on each other's nerves about it. We even enjoy having three-ways sometimes. We go to the baths and find a pillowry corner. I fuck Charlie in front of everybody, long and hard, the way he likes it. Then I roll over on my back and pull Charlie up on top of me. We kiss a lot, and I pull Charlie's ass apart and hold it there while whoever wants to can come over andfuck Charlie. They fuck Charlie right into me, I hold him so tightly.

So, if you see us there sometime, Charlie lying on top of me with his beautiful butt ready and waving in the air, come on over and give it a try. I'm sure you'll agree, if you like to fuck men, there is nothing quite so fine as fucking Charlie's ass.

Once I was launched on the joys of jerking off, as described in the March 1976 issue of Vector, I found myself being quite aficionado of this curious sport. Never mind the physical pleasures; one of my thrills was the mental excitement of it. I was the only girl on the club, and I'm sure I was good. I could never quite acquaint myself with the idea that I was. I was the only girl, and I was good. I could never quite acquaint myself with the idea that I was.

I had heard of a new magazine called Playgirl, but I was still in Kalamazoo, Michigan. While I was still in Okinawa, I had heard of a new magazine called Playgirl, but I was still in Okinawa. It was the only one of its kind in the world, but I was still in Okinawa. It was the only one of its kind in the world, but I was still in Okinawa. It was the only one of its kind in the world, but I was still in Okinawa.
The solution came to me in mid-February as I was sitting on the beach in Puerto Rico, propelled there by a natural leisure and a small income that permitted me to indulge it. Looking at the sea-green beach boys lounging there. They were looking at the sunbathers Martin who had done so much for all of us.

The Movement! Martin lived, breathed, defeated the Movement. Gay oppression, gay pride, gay principles, needed to be repaid.

The beach boys had taken refuge under an awning. I knew one of them—Armando—but I didn’t feel well. He’d soon be over for a cigarette. Martin took out dark glasses and squinted against the light.

I paused. "Hoping we stole it from Spain.”

"So I heard. I’ll send you the ticket in the morning.”

Another pause. "Do you have a typewriter? I’m doing a paper on the Anarchist Movement, 1848-1910." No, Martin, who had done so much for all of us.

"Who is this please?"

"It’s Jackson. I’m in Puerto Rico.”

"Oh, Jackson. What is it?"

"I want you to come down here when it’s warm.”

I asked finally.

"I hope they’re hustling?” He asked.

"Oh, locals. I paused. "Hoping to make out with a tourist.”

At the apartment, which was right on the beach, he put down his suitcase, took me up to his room. The two layers of glass made him look as if he were undergoing an eye examination. He lay back on the blanket, his thin chest gleaming whitely.

"Martin trained his double glasses peevishly, unfolded his long body and looked at me. "You're in favor of the colonial oppression of Puerto Rico?”

Armando gave him a disgusted look. "You believe that propaganda shit and you ain’t never been here before?”

"As they talked, it occurred to me that a little time with Armando might be the best medicine for Martin. The only question—how to arrange it? I thought briefly of my own session with Armando the day before. In the nude he was a stunn ing sight, a chest that curved like a shield, an ass as dazzling as a mother-of-pearl. Best of all, Armando had no inhibitions in bed.

I lay back on the blanket, closing my eyes. The sun streamed orange through my eyelids. Yes, a session with Armando was just what Martin needed. But there was a problem of money.

"He’s a gay liberationist. Gay liberationist don’t … like to pay. It’s sort of … against their principles.”

"Well, see, I gotta lotta problems right now. My sister, she …"

I cut him off. "I’ll give you something. See, I want Martin to have a good time.”

Armando turned to look at Martin a white dinner against the blaze of noon. "You sure you know this guy?” he asked.

Martin seemed even more irritated when he came back. "The United States wants Puerto Rico as a captive market for exports,” he said, handing Armando a beer. Armando tossed back his head as he drank it. His Adam’s Apple was full of dead cats. When I gagged at the news, a bitter pleat formed on his face—the first explanation of pleasure since his arrival.

After lunch we went down to the beach. A shower had just ended and the sky was printed with a rainbow. Martin eyed the arc suspiciously, as if it were a temptation that he must resist.

"Are you an independentista?” he asked at last.

"Are you an independentista?” Armando shook his head. "Not me, man. The day the Puerto Ricans take over, I’m getting out.”

Martin trained his double glasses on him. "You’re in favor of the colonial oppression of Puerto Rico?”

Armando gave him a disgusted look. "You believe that propaganda shit and you ain’t never been here before?”

"As they talked, it occurred to me that a little time with Armando might be the best medicine for Martin. The only question—how to arrange it? I thought briefly of my own session with Armando the day before. In the nude he was a stunning sight, a chest that curved like a shield, an ass as dazzling as a mother-of-pearl. Best of all, Armando had no inhibitions in bed.

I lay back on the blanket, closing my eyes. The sun streamed orange through my eyelids. Yes, a session with Armando was just what Martin needed. But there was a problem of money.

After showering yesterday, Armando had fried himself two eggs in olive oil and washed them down with Pepsi. As he was leaving, I stuffed a ten-dollar bill in his shirt pocket. My delicacy had been misplaced. He took out the bill, looked at it, then gave me a big Chiclet smile and departed whistling.

"Are you an independentista?” he asked.

"Are you an independentista?” Armando shook his head. "Not me, man. The
pushed back his glasses and began to talk about mercantilism.

"I'm going to take a walk," I announced a few minutes later, but they didn't seem to hear. When I came back, I found the blanket unoccupied. I sat down trying not to feel exultant. I waited a good hour before going upstairs.

I rang the apartment bell before entering, but I needn't have bothered. Armando, his powerful body draped in a yellow towel, was looking at a pamphlet titled The Homophile Rights Movement in Germany.

Martin, in baggy underwear, was frying eggs in olive oil. The smile he gave me seemed to hurt his facial muscles—I had the impression of ice breaking up in spring.

"Well, well," I said, outing false hartiness, "look who's here."

"You was gone," Armando announced.

"So I was," Martin served up the eggs with two Pepsi-Cola. I left them eating side by side.

Armando came into the bathroom as I was drying off after a shower. He didn't bother to knock. He stood in front of the toilet and unleased a thick stream of urine. He hadn't been trained to aim at the porcelain, it sounded like the Horse-shoe Falls.

"Your friend," he said, nodding his head, "buena gente.

"Martin?" I stifled a slight pang of jealousy. Buena gente was a true compliment in Puerto Rico—somewhere between nice guy and solid citizen. Armando had never applied the term to me.

"I gotta get goin' now," Armando announced. I knew what he was getting at. I gave him a slight nod—full of conspiracy—and told him to wait for me on the terrace. I slipped him the ten dollars a few minutes later. He palmed it while glancing over his shoulder. Martin was washing the dishes.

At the door, Martin held out his arms to Armando. "Hasta en vista," he murmured. His face seemed soft—less pinched. For the first time I looked younger than older—perhaps no more than thirty.

"Hasta en vista, friend," Armando's dark eyes glittered. Then he hugged Martin, gave a pleasant nod, and departed. Martin sat for a long time afterward, still in his underwear, looking at the ocean without speaking.

We were on the terrace that evening, watching the sunset, when Martin brought the subject up. "You see," he said, "they don't want to be prostitutes. The system makes 'em.

I nodded. The daiquiri was pun­gent on my lips.

"It's the death culture," he went on.

I nodded again. The sun was half gone. I could almost feel the earth

"Imperialism is dying," he ob­

served, turning his back to the ho­

rizon. I watched the last glowing fingernail disappear. "I'm meet­

ing Armando tomorrow," he con­

tinued. "He's taking me to La Perla.

I lowered my drink. "La Perla!"

"I told him I read La Vida. You

know, by Oscar Lewis . . ."

"I know it's by Oscar Lewis," I

snapped.

"And I want to see first-hand how

the poor people live.

I reached for the daiquiri pitcher, trying to hide my irritation. I didn't really understand it. I had no desire to visit the city's worst slum, yet the thought of Martin and Armando there . . . My irritation thickened, followed by guilt. Wasn't this ex­

actly what I wanted for Martin? Wasn't his visit becoming a success—

instantly, and beyond my wildest

hopes?

Armando turned up at 11 the

next morning, wearing a purple T­

shirt that said Puerto Rico Me En­

canta. Martin greeted him with a

sky, intimated smile, and a kiss on

the cheek. They held hands for a

long moment.

"You gonna let me drive the car?"

Armando demanded.

I had made up my mind the night before—no car for the visit to Perla.

"If you drive very carefully," I heard

Martin say. "I'm going to take a walk," I announced. 1 knew what he was get­

ting at. I gave him a slight nod—

full of conspiracy—and told him to

stick around 4, I found them in bed with

"Now I'm broke," Armando said. He seemed to know

myself say.

"Man, like it was my own," Ar­

mado said. He seemed to know

where between the keys—on the bureau

in the bedroom. As they left—Mar­

tin's face was pink with sex and ex­

citement—I had to restrain myself from slamming the door behind them.

When I came back from the beach around 4, I found them in bed with the door open. It looked as if they had been there for some time.

"How was La Perla?" I asked. They told me all about it—the tattoo artists, prostitutes, Curand­
eros, junkies. "Armando met an old woman who knew his father," Martin giggled. Lying in bed, cradled in Armando's dark arms, he looked even younger than yesterday. It oc­

ced to me that the years were

shredding away. "Papa could still get it up when he was seventy-two.

Armando says he was a . . . um . . ."

"Joder!" Armando yowled. "Means big fucker! My father was a famous fucker from Manati!!"

They both roared at that, turning toward each other. I swiveled quick­

ly and went into the bathroom. As I closed the door, I heard their laughter soften and disappear. I turned on the water very hard. Armando made his pitch while I was fixing myself a rum coco.

"I spent a lotta chabo today," he shook his head. "Yeah?"

He didn't notice my unsympa­

thetic tone. "We give a kid some­

thing he was on crutches, like that. I bought these beads from an es­

pirito. She says my Saint Geronimo will take care of me now."

I scowled. "Geronimo wasn't a

saint. He was an Indian chief." "I know that, man," his voice was be­

coming a little plaintive. "Now I'm broke. Pelado."

The rum was ready. I poured it into a ceramic glass shaped like a
god. I could hear Martin singing in the shower.

"You told me you wanted him to have a good time." Armando's voice was accusing.

"Yeah, I did."

"So?"

I couldn't explain it—not to my
self, certainly not to Armando. All I knew was that I was trapped in Martin Christman's view of things. In his dream-world, it was a matter of location to know that I was paying the rent on the goddamn place myself.

"Here," I thrust the ten dollars at him angrily. He looked at me with large, sad eyes, then put it away, shaking his head.

As the days went by, Martin changed more and more. He seemed to scatter more and more of the space around him. He and Armando spent long hours playing dominoes, bowling with glee at every move. They traded necklaces of cowrie shells in a little ceremony in which they pledged eternal friendship. Martin Christman was not like being exploited?

Martin looked at me, and I read triumph in his brown eyes. "Did he ask me for money?" He reached back into his head and grinned. "He did?"

It was infuriating. I could feel all my good intentions dissolving in a brew of anger. "No," I said slowly, nailing down the words, "but how do you know he didn't ask me?"

That stopped him. His face tightened and his eyes focused in fearful points behind his glasses. "Because..." he said at last, "he wouldn't...do such...a thing." His shoulders hunched, and for a moment he seemed terribly vulnerable. "He...isn't...capable of it," he whispered.

I stood up, caught between anger and shame, while Martin stared at the floor. My voice was hoarse, unfamiliar. "D'you realize that the Puerto Ricans have to be educated. Have their eyes opened. They've got to be taught. They've got to be taught."

Suddenly I couldn't hold back anymore. Everything I had refrained from saying for the past seven days lodged on the tip of my tongue. "How do you know Armando doesn't like being a colonist?" My voice was hoarse, unfamiliar. "Doesn't it kind of drive you crazy?"

He looked at me in disbelief. "Do you realize that the Puerto Ricans have always voted twenty to one for a change?"

I stared at him in disbelief. "Do you realize that the Puerto Ricans always vote twenty to one against cutting their ties to the U.S.?"

I shook my head sharply, an absurd bit of bravado on 42nd Street. Perhaps he realized it too, because he slumped again. "Can you believe the world was full of beautiful people. I wanted to believe the world was full of beautiful people. I wanted him to believe it was ripe for reform. His faith—absolutely, desperately. He needed it as much as he did."

Martin stripped to his baggy drawers and sang a Spanish song that Armando had taught him. He seemed to have turned into someone else entirely. When I stumbled into the room at night, they were sitting on the floor, and Martin was stroking Armando's hair very softly. I took it as the following spring that dawned on the terrace. He knew the sight of the sea would cool me, stop the buzzing in my head, give me a chance to think.

Armando said something to me, but I stepped around him, unhearing, and went to the rail. The water stretched velvety and black as far as I could see. They seemed to lead to the heart of an immense mystery. Why hadn't I told Martin the truth, the whole truth? Why had I allowed the dream, the lie, to stand? The answer came to me on the silk-en murmur of a palm frond stirred by the sea wind. I wanted Martin to believe the world was full of beautiful people. I wanted him to believe
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A chilling saga of the gay in prison will be found in "Life and Death of a Gay Prisoner," a series of letters exchanged between Edward Loftin and Joins Hnda, a San Francisco group spearheaded by Metropolitan Community Church. We will probably never know who caused the death of Edward Loftin. But the California Department of Corrections will never completely succeed in washing all the blood from its hands.

"In 'Gay Couple and Straight Love' by Tom Hurley we are brought up to date on how well homosexuals are achieving equal rights in such areas as will, insurance, and property rights. Hurley reminds us that the picture for parenting gay teenagers by homophile foster parents is far from bright. Suitable couples, who are financially stable and who remain together for a long time, are hard to come by.

Some of the authors merely rant and rave without stating any solid points. They seem to feel the heat of emotion can substitute for rational, pointed argument. "Nigger in the Woodpile" by Thomas Dottin (about racial prejudice among gays) and "Getting It Together Journalism: A View of Fag Rag" by Charles Shively are classic examples.
Daniel Curzon, who teaches English at the State University of California at Fresno and who writes fine short stories, has now written a biting picaresque novel. It is the story of a towheaded seventeen-year-old boy who is forced to leave college when his parents are killed in a car accident. The book, incidentally, is subtitled The Story of Tim and His Zipper (his dog). But it is hardly a tale of a boy and his dog. Tim McPeck's adventures range wide indeed, covering several states and all kinds of bizarre situations and people.

Perhaps the most disastrous part of the story best describes its theme: Tim, who is a schoolboy in his hometown, begins to commit crimes which, apart from his parents, nobody else knows about. At the same time, he also finds time to study the list of crimes committed by the people who are his friends. He learns that these crimes are done with a certain degree of fear of the street crime being uppermost.

Tim and his Zipper are the hero and heroine of the book. Tim is described as a born revolutionary, an irrepressible product of the university's college scene, which was once devoted largely to learning, as it should be, and this disaster accounts for the lack of communications.

"Nobody will answer. Why won't anybody say anything?" What the hell's wrong with this story?

There is much wrong with this country today, as this reader will find out. One can't help comparing the way our young students behaved about a generation ago with the way they behave today. Not to mention that life in general has changed enormously, much for the worse, it is unecessary to go into detail, for we all know the facts and this is most important—that the people of this nation feel the fear of the street crime being uppermost. Nor is it necessary to elaborate on the repressive effect of the police on the college students, some of whom do not belong there in the first place. Enough of this rather personal aside.

The book, in great detail, describes these conditions, but it is done with a sarcastic bite and much good humor.

To begin at the beginning, Tim, who is a schoolboy of fourteen years, is a born revolutionary, an irrepressible product of the university's college scene, which was once devoted largely to learning, as it should be, and this disaster accounts for the lack of communications. As the story begins, we find her carrying a sign: Education Sucks (another student's sign reads "Let's Change the School Name to Screw U."), and getting ready to stone the president's house, but "among these crimes, like the rest of the students, some of whom do not belong there in the first place."

The typeface of the book is commendable, with lots of white space between the lines and clear, easy-to-read type. Perhaps the worst thing about the book is that it rambles on and on, as picaresque novels tend to do. Notwithstanding these criticisms, there is much in the book of value, and, most of all, it is the best satirical book I have read in a long time.

The book asks appropriately on the book's very attractive line-illustrated cover, "What was the last time you read a gay comedy?" This is a very funny gay comedy indeed, and one that I would recommend that you do not miss. — Stephen Wright

She's been sitting there all day, just waiting for your calls. She waits all night, too. Just so you won't have to miss out on anything. So dial 563-3700. Ma's expecting your call.

Ma Bell's Answering Service 563-3700
He's a dead man. It's very simple. Italian men are simple-minded. To love and eat character he plays in etc.,) I always had the feel unrestricted power. But the lesson is an of horror contradicted by his absolute -sorbed completely in his own naive sense her non-hero, and the result is devastating. important one.

picture, this degradation of the human view squarely into the perception of 45 MILES FROM SAN FRANCISCO and is bound to turn a lot of people off. But in (Love and Anarchy, Truffaut reeling. Giancarlo Giannini brings to be captured and sent to a concentration in an asylum, where he rapes an inmate insanity and is .sentenced to twelve^ years almost everybody and is conceived with a other hand—about macaroni, shit, and the Lina Wertmuller's ADELE H. is a small-scale, straight-for (-131) Cupertino, Ca. 95014 15531 Stevens Canyon Rd. (Camping) just beginning to get turned on to Dianne. Arrays, country music (watch out, Glen Campbell, you're not alone!). Sings it far better than Jerry Vale would, anyways.

The seemingly ad-lib spoken intro to "Gentle on My Mind" is a truly GREAT contextualization of C&W — reference to the West of his youth as being anything beyond New Jersey: the wedge required to soft-sell the entire Eastern suburbion gang on the gentle "excitement" and not-such-so-hokiness of country music (watch over the phrase "in every anyway.

The man with Dianne's "Delta Dawn" either, even if you expect to hear Bette Middler's far more dramatic version. Dianne's West Coast tour last month gave Californians the chance to witness a star. Next time she should her days of playing in small clubs and bars will be just a pleasant memory. WHO LOVES YA, BABY? The other half of the story is who. WHO? What is it, in a new RCA by Joplin (Telly Savalas). Vector has com- missions Rich Melcher, the grand- father of modern pop music criticism, to review this. — H. E. (MCA-2160) This album is so prettily-sung and half-fifty as to defy analysis (no, I'm not saying you ought a song of her own). Dianne's greatest assets, however, do not primarily reside in her song-writing talents but rather in her vocal command of her vocal range, and her incredible voice. Her phrasing is unique, and she belts out a song like I "Want to Lay Down Beside You," an infectious choir chill runs up and down every back in the room. She can do a Joni Mitchell song like "Carey" and not only get away with other songs, but make even a Tin Pan Alley song think that Joni wrote it for Dianne to begin with. To make the case of Joan Winslows's "Brand New Tennessee Waltz" and Elton John's "Rocket Com- fort" are better than the originals, and she does Cat Stevens great credit with her superb version of "Where Do The Children Play," And her duet with Patti Comer on with Dianne's "Delta Dawn" either, even if you expect to hear Bette Middler's far more dramatic version.
even up to Frankie Avalon on "Dee Dee"
Don't. But several strong instances of 110
Tony Bennett's all-pervasiveness finally
By the time this article appears the
Opera News, (1863-1945) spent the effort he did on
brave little opera Offenbach wrote. Also (tech-
by Eric Larsen
into your own horns to enjoy at your
to your measurements, with
To a true opera nut Milton Cross is an old
and yet anyone sharp enough
(1891) why Mascagni
and works that investigate and expose the
on to how he might have wanted his music
A work picked to
when the tremendous following of serious
(Eric Larsen)
were put out by the vocal/periodists, or the
were put out by the vocal/periodists, or the
Finally get that part of the good out of it.
(1976 premiere), a "music-theatre piece"

and he is thoroughly in control from the
brings the production to life and meaning for a present-day
(1868), one of the

an opera, it holds a great power of strong
due to the large following, support, and
calls. (Timings of concerts, recordings. See
all for more. Only makes it more "real," and
he, too, would have updated it
at the most unexpected moments.
L'A mica Fritz
The biggest fault to be found with the

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