IS GAY LIB DEAD?
KKHI ANNOUNCES

Opera Tour to Santa Fe

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ESCORTED BY PETER BESSOL

ITINERARY

Wednesday, August 18
Depart San Francisco via Continental Airlines at 10:50 AM. Luncheon served aloft. Arrive Albuquerque at 1:57 PM. Motorcoach transfer provided to Santa Fe and the SANTA FE HILTON Hotel.

Thursday, August 19
Morning tour of Old Santa Fe and afternoon tour to Bandelier Chif Dwellings.

Friday, August 20
All-day tour to Taos, Taos Indian Pueblo and Spanish Missions.

Saturday, August 21
Full day at leisure to enjoy the annual Indian Market Fair and art show which takes place at "The Plaza."

Sunday, August 22
Motorcoach transfer provided to the airport in time to depart Albuquerque via Continental Airlines at 12:10 PM. Luncheon served aloft. Arrive in San Francisco at 1:19 PM.

INCLUDED IN PRICE: Round-trip jet transportation San Francisco/Albuquerque/San Francisco. Motorcoach transfers between airport and hotel, and hotel and Opera House. Hotel accommodations for four nights at the Santa Fe Hilton Inn. Choice seats for all opera performances. Sightseeing tours as listed above.

PAYMENTS: Rate of $399 per person is based on double occupancy. Single supplement is $50. Deposit of $100 per person with application for reservation. Final payment will be due July 16 and all reservations closed on July 31st. Full refund if cancellation is prior to July 16.

RESPONSIBILITY: This tour is operated by Jackson Travel Service acting as agents to 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 BESSOL at 928-2500 or 861-1330.

Why is this woman smiling?

Meet Kathe Weltchek, our new office manager at the Society for Individual Rights. She is smiling because she is happy to be involved, helping people. The hours are ridiculous and so is the pay. But for some people, like Kathe, that doesn't matter. The work is its own reward. For twelve years now, the Society for Individual Rights has been working to make a difference, in the Gay Community and in the whole community. Through social, legal, cultural, service and educational programs. We've got all sorts of plans and ideas. Why don't you bring your plans and ideas and help us help? You can make a difference!

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☐ I'd like to join the Society for Individual Rights. Put me down as a voting member. I enclose $_____ for 12, year ($20) 6 months ($10)
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VECTOR

THE GAY MAGAZINE OF THE SOCIETY FOR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS

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I’ve been interviewing gay people for the past few weeks, asking them our cover question: “Is Gay Liberation Dead?” Almost to a person, you said “NO!” which opened up the discussion to our real questions, “What is the state of the gay movement today? Where are we going? How far have we come?” Your answers of the self-appointed “gay leaders” are quite vocal in that they will stop publishing. The Supreme Court’s good answers. All we have are questions.

Yet while this brave stand was being made to save the Jews of Denmark, another segment of the population was systematically hunted down and sent to the concentration camps: Denmark’s homosexuals.

And Denmark was not unique: Many thousands of German, French, Polish, Hungarian and other European homosexuals were also interned and executed. In the concentration camps where the Jews were compelled to wear yellow stars, the homosexuals were forced to wear pink triangles, and were treated as the lowest of the low by the Nazis.

Nearly a quarter of a million homosexuals were executed by the Nazis between 1937 and 1945, along with the six million Jews. Today, the moral revulsion against the holocaust remains strong, though perhaps not so strong enough. Many know about the yellow Star, but the pink triangle still lies buried as a virtual historical secret.

As a result there is a tolerance among good people of discrimination against homosexuals that is similar to the tolerance of anti-Semitism that was so pervasive in Europe before the holocaust and that, at least according to some scholars, created a hostile climate for the destruction of European Jews.

Today, such discrimination based on religion — or race or sex or creed or national origin — is not officially tolerated. Though it still occurs, it is outlawed by Federal or local laws, and is thus discouraged. But the same kind of discrimination against homosexuals is...
criminals.

For those reasons, all countries of Western Europe (except, also, Ireland and Spain) have suppressed in their Penal Codes all dispositions against homosexuality as such.

In all those countries, namely Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Italy, The Netherlands, Switzerland, adult homosexuality (the age of majority varying from 16 to 18 years) are completely free in their behavior, just like all other citizens. They are free to meet, to express themselves, to form associations, to publish reviews, and nobody can discriminate against them for their homosexuality.

In all those countries, the right to be homosexual is part of the right to belong to a minority, either religious, or sexual.

We are confident that the Spanish Monarchy, which was one of the most liberal in Europe in the past, since the 1812 Penal Code made no discrimination against homosexuals, will now come to the same liberal and sensible conclusions as other European Monarchies, Belgium, Germany, Great Britain, Luxembourg, The Netherlands, Norway, Sweden. In the same of those hundreds of thousands of Spanish homosexuals who suffer in silence, we solemnly ask you to support, in the nearest future the anti-homosexual provisions of the 1973 Ley de Peligrosidad Social, and we fully confide in the European conscience of the Spanish Monarchy to do so.

This letter was sent to H.E. Don Antonio Garrigues, Ministro de Justicia, Calle de San Bernardo 45, Madrid, Spain. It was also sent to H.E. Don Carlos Arias Navarro, Presidente del Consejo de Ministros, Paseo de la Castellana 3, Madrid, Spain.

And to H.E. Don Manuel Praga Izurbe, Vice Presidente para Asuntos Internacionales, La Autoridad, Calle Amador de los Rios 7, Madrid.

If you do not take part in our campaign, we suggest that you write to the same persons. Andre Baussy Directeur, Association Paris, France

To view San Francisco's 16th District Assembly race from the local gay press, one could think that a sterling champion of gay rights, Art Agnos, is battling a bigoted anti-gay Harvey Milk. Money, as Nixon proved in 1972, can be used to manipulate the minds of the electorate so that up seems down and black seems white.

Pouring huge amounts of money into a race between two candidates whose stands on almost every issue are identical, the San Francisco Democratic Machine is determined to prove that it has no loss over its halfbacks than Mayor Daley has in Chicago. And well might they. A machine, whether liberal or conservative - survives and thrives on the basis of DELIVERABLE promises, which facilitates the back-scratching and favoritism upon which power and money politics exist. If an independent like Harvey Milk, unattached to Mayor Moscone, Speaker McCarthy, Congressmen Burton, gay egos Don Gudino, or anyone else in the Machine, beats the Machine-backed candidate - the creature of Speaker McCarthy, no less - how could the Machine purport to promise anybody anything again?

Meanwhile, Milk, who in his last nearly successful bid for elective office rolled up more votes than any openly gay person in the history of the United States, is gathering more impressive strength from outside the gay movement than from within it. While self-appointed "gay leaders," who have never dared to stand for any elections themselves, attack their gay brother all over the city, traditionally anti-gay groups have been impressed by Milk's qualifications, abilities, and earnest, fresh approach to government. San Francisco's most conservative newspaper, The Progress, has broken national publishing ground by endorsing an openly gay candidate, while millionnaire David B. Goodstein's Advocate, fear ful of losing control over even a part of the gay movement, has taken an active role in supporting Milk's non-gay opponent. All the so-called gay leaders dependent on Goodman's pocketbook are playing the roles of Uncle Toms, Judases, and backbiters, backbiting Milk's outstanding record with vicious lies and slanderous innuendos.

This hasn't stopped Board of Supervisors President Quentin Kopp from enthusiastically endorsing Milk. Nor did the attacks stop the firefighters, a group which has traditionally fought against the extension of civil rights for all minority groups, from supporting Milk, a major brake, for the gay movement.

On June 8, the gay welfare group of the 16th Assembly District will have to look inside their hearts and ask themselves what will mean to gay people all over the country to learn that an anti-caliph, intelligent, upfront gay person with a strong, solid, responsible liberal record has been elected to the California State Legislature. If Milk is elected to a seat in the Assembly, it will be the one of the most important events in the history of the gay movement in the last decade. To young gays struggling with their identities, the importance is incalculable. We have
their general style of living is the same as heterosexually-oriented singles of childless couples. In other words, there is no collective behavior pattern that stems from their common sexual predilections per se. Thus, the word "homosexual" used as a noun to describe a class of people is a misnomer. The word describes sexual behavior and choices rather than person.

The studies of Alfred Kinsey and more recently those of other clinicians support this belief. But it is loudly condemned and denounced not only by monastics but also by a certain number of hold-over homosexual types (or stereotype) who minimize or describe as "Gay." It is a curious reaction maybe, but men have received the same erroneous statements about homosexuality for so long that this group of plastic peacocks have become mesmerized by the popular ignorance -- the accepted say-so. They are terrified of the prospect of sexual freedom. Like an awful lot of heterosexually hide-bound men and women they are afraid to break out of the bounds created by centuries of rigid sex codes so they constantly remain in the familiar "gay" role (frequently portrayed in the press) and psychologically are not able to accept homosexuals by a hospitable and disapproving society. Against the untruths of everyday life, the standardized "Gay" have developed their own special "gay culture," "gay life style," "brotherhood of gay," etc. It is a matter of personal choice. Socially speaking, individuals may have nothing in common. For instance, outside of specific unorthodox sexual behavior,
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Paradoxically, the fear of failing to achieve orgasm is a foreign concept to most people, including women and men of all sexual orientations. In this culture, sexuality is most often genitally focused and goal-directed. Sexuality for both gay and heterosexual men is usually centered upon the penis, vagina, or anus and is directed toward the pursuit of orgasm for oneself or one's partner. Orgasms are produced for a variety of reasons, including proving one's virility, demonstrating love for another, and in the names of God, Country and Fatherhood.

Problems arise when cocks won't rise and orgasms don't happen in the "right" way, at the "right" time, with the "right" partner. Men become concerned when they don't have an erection, don't maintain an erection, ejaculate sooner than they or their partner want, or don't have an orgasm. Most men become upset if they are unable to perform sexually in the ways they or their partner want, expect, or demand. Some men redefine themselves as failures, feel they have lost their male identity, become depressed, and avoid sexual situations after a single experience of "not performing right." Others come to the same painful place after repeating the experience of "failure." Paradoxically, the fear of failing to have an erection, an orgasm, or performing adequately creates a self-fulfilling prophecy resulting in sexual dysfunction. The anxiety associated with this fear and performance pressures are physiologically antagonistic to having an erection, an orgasm, or enjoying sexuality. It is my experience as a therapist dealing with the sexual concerns of heterosexual and gay males in treatment at the University of California Human Sexuality Program that clients come to experience greater pleasure in sexuality and experience erections and orgasms once they reject the notions that "I must have an erection," "I must have an orgasm in the right way," in order to be sexually adjusted.

An important part of sexual therapy is the demystification of the male myths which have encouraged the genital orgasmic focus of American men. Gay men, like heterosexual men, have been taught these myths since childhood, believe them, and act upon them. Additionally, the gay subculture has developed its own unique sexual myths.
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Some of these destructive myths include the following: A man is always ready for sex, day or night, tired, half
dead, sick, strong, or weak. The reality is that male sexual arousal and functioning are as sensitive, if not more sensitive, to good conditions than women. Many
men seeking treatment for sexual dysfunction recover miraculously when they become aware of and act upon their own unique conditions for good sexual function-
ing.

A gay example of this myth in action is the following common complaint: "I went to one of the sex bars last night after working late. I went into the darkest part. Someone began blowing me. I couldn't tell who it was. I couldn't get an erection. I feel that something is wrong with me. Am I impotent?"

The same person typically has an erection when he meets his unique conditions for good sex, which might include the following: privacy, comfort, music in the background, being untried, kissing, hugging, and caressing prior to genital contact, attraction to partner, etc. Another person's conditions for good sex might include the opposite — group sex, darkness, etc. He might not function under the conditions of privacy. What are your conditions for good sex?

Another common male myth is, "I am responsible for my partner enjoying sex, having an orgasm. I am a bad lover and a failure if he or she does not have an orgasm." This myth results in people working as hard to produce an orgasm in their partner that they lose contact with their own pleasures, with touching, caring, experiencing now. This myth results in people feeling like sexual failure and being angry with partners who do not "perform correctly." Again, sexuality, erections and orgasms are happenings which cannot be ordered to happen. Orgams will occur naturally, but not always, when a person's conditions for good sex are met. An erection is not good of low tone, nor a flaccid cock evidence of rejection. Are you able to communicate your sexual wants to your partners?

Another myth is that once you start sex you must carry it through to its purpose — an orgasm. It is commonly believed that you will get "blue balls" if you are aroused, engage in sex, but do not have an orgasm. This myth is not true. No physiological damage occurs. Orgams are not necessary for the body, psychologically. This myth is often used to play upon partners' feelings of guilt if they turn off and do not act upon it.

A strong gay myth is that a big cock is always better. Some believe that if they had a big cock, everyone would want them, run after them, and love them. Some people prefer large cocks, some people prefer people with black skin, others prefer red hair, etc. A large cock is not a guarantee of a great lover. Some people prefer smaller cocks. It is a common concern of many gay and straight men that their rocks are too small and that they therefore are not viable enough.

Another gay therapeutic and I am cur-
rently expanding and enlarging the mental health services provided for gay

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IN AN EMERGENCY WE'RE FAR

MARVIN M. DUNNE, publisher, said the new law goes into effect on July 1. The new birth certificates in Iowa when a marriage certificate is returned to the Registry. Legal fees are expected to be about $7000. Donations are tax-deductible and can be sent to The Women's Center, 63 Brady, S.F.

COCKTAILS

DANCING

GAY MALE QUARTERLY

BOSTON — Twenty-five people representing university and community groups met recently at the Boston Public Library to discuss the possibility of forming a gay press association. Massachusetts law forbids the sale of gay press in the state. Legal fees are expected to be about $7000. Donations are tax-deductible and can be sent to The Women's Center, 63 Brady, S.F.

LEWIS LIMITS

Sacramento, California — The prosecution of persons for Lews conduct would be severely limited under legislation introduced in the State Assembly by Assemblyman Alan Sorsby (D-West LA). The measure, AB 1402, would require a complaint from a witness other than a police officer before a person could be charged with Lews conduct. —Goldstein

BROTHERLY LOVE?

Washington, D.C. — The Big Brothers organization in the Washington, D.C. area has adopted a policy that compels all prospective "big brothers" to sign a statement that they "are not and never have been homosexual." The National Human Rights Commission will investigate the situation. —Lambda

MARLON TOO!

Paris — Marlon Brando has publicly announced that he has had homosexual relationships in the past. The 52-year-old actor stated: "Homosexuality is as much a part of me as you. It's a part that I've never denied. It's a part that I've been proud of. It's a part that I've been able to accept and live with."

CIVIC PRIDE

San Francisco — The following statement was released by the office of the Mayor:

PROCLAMATION

San Francisco has a long tradition of being a city with diverse lifestyles, and one of its renowned attributes is its reputation for appreciating the complexities of many different cultures and lifestyles.

The gay community of San Francisco plays an important role in the political, civic, and social activities of the city, and its members contribute to the rich fabric of city life.

The last week of June is being celebrated by gay persons throughout the nation as Gay Pride Week. San Francisco's gay community will hold its fifth annual Gay Pride Day Parade, with the theme "Our Diversity Is Our Strength," on Sunday, June 27, 1976.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, George Moscone, Mayor of the City and County of San Francisco, do hereby proclaim Sunday, June 27, 1976 as GAY FREE- DOM DAY, and the week of which shall be celebrated through 27, 1976 as GAY PRIDE WEEK in San Francisco, and urge all San Franciscans to participate in the events associated with this observance.

CYNTHIA FORCER

San Francisco — On June 15 Cynthia Forcer, a Bay Area Lesbian mother is going on trial in the Orange County Superior Court for allegedly molesting her own daughter. The trial will be closed: no press and no jury. The allegations stem from a vaginal infection the child suffered after returning to her foster parents after visiting her mother in December. There is no evidence to suggest molestation, and in fact the woman said a boy had kicked her. To this date the child still has the infection, which has complicated five months earlier.

Cynthia's conviction could result in her arrest and subsequent loss of custody of her other four children. Legal fees are expected to be about $7000. Donations are tax-deductible and can be sent to The Women's Center, 63 Brady, S.F.

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MARLON BRANDO'S ONE.

The Stars are coming out of the closet to get Vector out of their mailboxes. They know they're saving money when they subscribe.

Whatever happened to the Movement?

GAY LIBERATION 1969-

Is it dead?

by Ms. Randy Seanor and Robert Haule
It's one of the stupidest questions I've ever been asked. Who in the world came up with that question? The question is an affront. If you were around fifteen years ago, you'd know that gay liberation isn't dead. There is always a degree of apathy about everything. — Bill Beardsemphl

TONY RANDALL, carpenter, full-time volunteer at Harvey Milk campaign headquarters

It's more alive than ever. It's happening in more and better ways; we're exercising our views through our votes and our representatives.

WILLIAM PASSARELLI, San Francisco artist

Fights and struggles for liberation on the individual level can never die. On the unified level they can die. Bay Area Gay Liberation (B.A.G.L.) represents to some people a much clearer, more meaningful way to reach for unified gay liberation.

JAMIE LANE, student

Out at State, there seems to be an awareness thing generating. I haven't really participated.

I went to a conference out there about two or three weeks ago. There seems to be a lot of interest academically from the teachers and instructors from surrounding universities, but as far as the movement is concerned, this is the first year I've been able to participate in any kind of group level, so I really can't assess what's happening. Going to the conference gave me an idea on whether or not gay lifestyles are a problem to any of the people in the professional field, and if so, how they deal with it: whether they try to seek support in their peer group or whether they isolate themselves and try to make it outside—see if they can generate any support for themselves. This is a problem. Some do and some don't. It's interesting that those that assimilate more into general roles of society have less of a problem with getting support. The gay professionals who don't come forward are not facing up to their realities. In a sense, they're still in the closet.

I hope it isn't dead. I feel that the more people are exposed to differences the less of a threat those differ-
ences become. This is one way of dispelling the popu-
lar word "homophobia." If it's dying, I hope it's less
a curious topic—that there's no more to say about
it, that it's being accepted as a way of life.

SPokesPERSON for the Multitudes, self-appointed
I'm not especially a member of B.A.G.L. I go to
some functions every few weeks or so. Gay Liberation is
not dead. If people knew more people they came in con-
tact with were gay, there would be no normal and an
abnormal. I don't know if our efforts are working. There
was a demonstration against that Supreme Court
decision, but I haven't heard of any result of it. The
Courts could reconsider. That's what they could do.
In some ways, B.A.G.L. is very effective. It's a rad-
cial, socialist meeting place, and it's very supportive.
Whichever is really important within the movement. They
are going to put fire doors on the Midnight Sun. B.A.G.L.
was responsible for bringing that dangerous situation
to the public attention.

I'm bisexual. I really love women. I'm a women-
identified woman, but I'm not a separatist. Radical
feminists and gay liberation go hand in hand, and you
and e an evidence of that within the ranks of B.A.G.L.
its real support for men to be feminists to—radical
feminists, not just equal work for equal pay. A lot of
women who consider themselves feminists are not, be-
cause their interests and remarks show them to be
masculinists.

I agree. There's going to be a pink triangle on the cover!
Great!! That's a change already!!

DOUG DEAN, teacher
No. Not by any means. We've just begun to fight. In
politics and public life, more and more people of stature
are coming out of the closet. I myself came out last
fall to express my sexual preference publicly, and I've
been greatly impressed by all the positive reactions
I've received. I am now encouraging other gay pro-
essionals to come out publicly. We are beginning to
get more done and I am pleased.

RAY BROSHARS, minister
You know my answer: No! If you were at the march
were two weeks ago Saturday, you'd know that the treasurer of
Gay Freedom Day Parade, David Johns, got
punched in the nose by one of the men from the Gay
Liberation Alliance. This was only a first step in our
plan to take over control of Gay Freedom Day Parades.
We are comprised of eleven different radical leftist
groups. We intend to have a screening of all parade
floats. We stand for: no fascists, no racists, no chauvinists,
no sexists, and no spies; none of these types shall
be represented in our parade.

B.A.G.L. is a capitalist copout. We intend to revi-
e world and to maintain the image of being Establish-
ment, and I think that's gotten attention. I'm very
supportive of that, and that's where I think it's at.
I don't think marching in the streets is effective unless you
can't get inside. In most legislative ways we can
get inside and talk to people now. The movement is
not dead. It's going through a transitional phase that
may give it the appearance of being stagnant.

DEMETRIE KABBAZ, San Francisco artist
I never really connected with the "Liberation" thing,
gay lib or women's lib. Male liberation, which is what I
think it should be called, is not dead. I'm more attuned
with male liberation than with gay liberation. Actually
I think I just don't connect with that liberation thing.

BRUCE DEL SANTO, food stamp worker
No way. It's thriving. At work I hear all about the gay
guys' relationships. I don't know about in the country,
but gay lib is not dying in San Francisco.

CHARLENE BENSEN, parking lot attendant
When I think of gay liberation I think of a lot of people
speaking in the streets. That's the way it's
done. You go out into the streets and scream until
somebody asks you what's happening. Then you lay it
on 'em. That's the most effective means of liberation
today.

I've never had faith in the political process in Ameri-
can politics. I've been awaiting the inevitable ever done for me? During the
Johnson era there were few legislations passed allowing
me some simple supplements such as foodstamps,
but that's it.

TINA FRISCO, registered nurse
I think it's part of the whole issue right now. There's always
a bright spot.

You can get a thousand people out to see "Bye Bye,
Birdie" or the Mr. Cowgirl Contest, but try to get a
thousand people out licking stamps for a candidate
who's going to work for their rights, and it just can't
be done. You'd think that a minority group that has a
lot at stake could get it together, but the gay commu-

nity hasn't done it more than anyone else. We have
surface leaders who give the illusion that there's a big
gay vote out there, and I think that's gotten us a lot
of strength. We even have the newspapers believing it.

MCC in Washington now has a file on individual
state and national legislators as to whether they're for
or against us. That kind of thing has never been done
before. A few people in the National Gay Task Force
have gotten themselves the image of being Establish-
ment, and I think that's gotten attention. I'm very
supportive of that, and that's where I think it's at.

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but that's it.

TINA FRISCO, registered nurse
I think it's part of the whole issue right now. There's always
a bright spot.

You can get a thousand people out to see "Bye Bye,
Birdie" or the Mr. Cowgirl Contest, but try to get a
thousand people out licking stamps for a candidate
who's going to work for their rights, and it just can't
be done. You'd think that a minority group that has a
lot at stake could get it together, but the gay commu-

nity hasn't done it more than anyone else. We have
surface leaders who give the illusion that there's a big
gay vote out there, and I think that's gotten us a lot
of strength. We even have the newspapers believing it.

MCC in Washington now has a file on individual
state and national legislators as to whether they're for
or against us. That kind of thing has never been done
before. A few people in the National Gay Task Force
have gotten themselves the image of being Establish-
ment, and I think that's gotten attention. I'm very
supportive of that, and that's where I think it's at.

I don't think marching in the streets is effective unless you
can't get inside. In most legislative ways we can
get inside and talk to people now. The movement is
not dead. It's going through a transitional phase that
may give it the appearance of being stagnant.

DEMETRIE KABBAZ, San Francisco artist
I never really connected with the "Liberation" thing,
gay lib or women's lib. Male liberation, which is what I
think it should be called, is not dead. I'm more attuned
with male liberation than with gay liberation. Actually
I think I just don't connect with that liberation thing.

BRUCE DEL SANTO, food stamp worker
No way. It's thriving. At work I hear all about the gay
guys' relationships. I don't know about in the country,
but gay lib is not dying in San Francisco.

CHARLENE BENSEN, parking lot attendant
When I think of gay liberation I think of a lot of people
speaking in the streets. That's the way it's
done. You go out into the streets and scream until
somebody asks you what's happening. Then you lay it
on 'em. That's the most effective means of liberation
today.

I've never had faith in the political process in Ameri-
can politics. I've been awaiting the inevitable ever done for me? During the
Johnson era there were few legislations passed allowing
me some simple supplements such as foodstamps,
but that's it.
Where are the other lesbians? I mean when you need one? You got to go into every closet in the city and drag them out kicking and screaming. Once you get them out of there though, watch out!

Teachers, politicians, those are the liberated people, cause they got the money. It buys them everything. Even a fuck. I don't think gay liberation is dead, or I'd be dead. But it is getting a little stiff.

MORTY MANFORD, President of the National Coalition of Gay Activists

There’s been a substantial outreach toward generating a campaign that would eventually see tens of thousands of gay people participating in various events at the Democratic and Republican National Conventions. A lot of Californians will be focusing on the Kansas City Republican National Convention. Thousands of people from the metropolitan area alone will be on hand at the Democratic National Convention in New York City.

In the past years there’s been a change. In the past, the movement tended to be defined as radical. As a result of the success of the movement there’s been an alleviation of oppression, which has made it much more comfortable for conservative and moderate people to come out and identify themselves as homosexual.

So what we have here is an inevitable result of our success. There’s been a proliferation of gay organizations and activities that are reaching a much broader sector of the gay community. Each level of participation by gay people is witness to the fact that gay liberation is very much alive.

JAN POWERS, unemployed horticulturist by choice

I say no. You still have the drag queens and the people going out. It may not be as publicized now. Maybe the people are more called to it now. It’s not as new as it used to be. There’s always been gay people. For a while it was exciting for people to talk and fantasize about it. I don’t think it’s completely dead here in San Francisco. In some parts of the country it hasn’t even been brought alive yet. Down South they’re just about getting a hold of it; there’s a lot of gay people, it just hasn’t been brought out yet. Here in San Francisco people are just getting used to it. It probably blew up here and is expanding out. It’ll make other places eventually. It’ll die eventually through complete acceptance everywhere. It’s moving West from New York, New Orleans, Memphis, East from Van-

couver, San Francisco, L.A. It’s gonna meet in the middle some time. Something like Vector can bring about gay liberation. It might be slowing down a bit. I mean you can have a latent homosexual one day and a screaming faggot the next.

ANONYMOUS, member of B.A.G.L.

This is a time of personal growth and community growth. There are new organizations and interests happening here, like the new Gay Community Center. You should go down there and see what’s going on. This is a learning experience we’re going through. Success occurs after periods of withdrawal and self-examination. Then we have a plateau of activity.

We’ve been maimed by society. To make ourselves well, we have to take care of each other and give ourselves a lot of love. Your white middle-class homosexual will not be a part of the process of liberation until he’s willing to give up his class position. Class positions create a breakdown in communication between the various oppressed groups in our society. If you have a poor gay woman and a rich gay man, guess which one is going to withdraw from the struggle first? Gay liberation is alive, but it’s a slow process because, you see, ultimate gay liberation means the end of capitalist, imperialist America as we know it today.

JO DALY, member, San Francisco Human Rights Commission

I suppose not. It’s alive. I don’t know how well it is, but it’s alive. More and more people are coming out of the closet and I think more and more people are joining in the effort at all different levels.

It takes time. We’re kind of impatient. It’s only 1976. In 1966, the United States was a lot different for a gay person. Now there are some states that allow consensual sex, either through Penal Code reform or like California. I think we’re going to have a consensual sex platform in the Democratic Party this year, so that’s one step. I think there’s a lot more to be done about civil rights, but considering that most of us are closeted — maybe 95% of us — and considering the fact that we’ve used underpaid volunteer slave work to do as much as we’ve done, we’ve come a long way in ten years.

I see a tremendous advantage to demonstrating sometimes, and it certainly can make an impression. I’m not certain that this is the year a mass demonstration would be advisable. I can understand why the people in New York are frustrated and why they would use the Democratic National Convention to express that frustration, because of their non-discrimination ordinance not being passed when cities which started later than New York got theirs passed, cities that you would expect would be less culturally aware and less sophisticated.

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DAVID SALSBURY, computer engineer

What has happened to the gays in San Francisco is the same as happened to the labor unions. They all grew up into the middle class. Gay liberation has died here because they felt they didn’t need it anymore. And other places where they still need it, it is alive and well — all these obscure groups in obscure places are doing different things.

I like the political clubs sitting and being gay power brokers. Smoke-filled rooms just aren’t going to go away; I’m glad to see some gays getting in.

A.L. MOSHER, writer, actor

I do feel right now that it is at a standstill, it’s stalled off. I think that we should have encouraged more letter campaigns and petitions to state senators to lobby for legislation.

In regards to the movement, it seems that whenever there is a demonstration, everyone seems so seedy. There is a more conservative element we haven’t seen.

People who have shown sympathy toward the gay movement should be encourage more. I think of Senator Marks, Foran, etc. We should encourage (in fact, if necessary, train) people to enter the political arena.
Portfolio:  
THE EYE OF  
EFREN  
RAMIREZ
It is enough to be beautiful and seen from afar.

by Tom Felt

In the summer I am ash blond with long, lilac fingernails. I lie in the sun and listen to the suite from Magdalena or sip gin and tonic while leafing through old copies of Vogue. It is rare that I have a lover in the summer, and then the pleasure is exquisite. . . .

I do not know yet what my appearance will be for the rest of the year. I have only just arrived here, and all of this is new. It is enough to be beautiful and seen from afar.

In the club the owner asks for me by name.

"Renee, darling, how have you been? We have missed you so, ma petite."

I tip my head back, curls brushing my bare shoulders, and smile.

\[\text{In the distance there is a sound like thunder, and I do not speak. Sometimes I am inhibited by the most casual of gestures. He touches my arm lightly to indicate that he understands.} \]

\[\text{In the atelier a man stumbles against me. He is drunk.} \]

\[\text{"Scuse me," he mutters.} \]

\[\text{I recoil from the odor of his breath. It is so sad. He is young and handsome. But he repels me.} \]

When I have a visitor, I often take the phone off the hook. And then I will forget until a representative from the telephone company contacts me.

\[\text{"But surely no one has tried to call me," I say innocently.} \]

\[\text{If the man is nice, he will not scold me. But sometimes a strange woman comes, and then she stares at me with hard, cold eyes.} \]

\[\text{"You do not realize what a bother this is," she says.} \]

\[\text{"You must learn to be more responsible."} \]

\[\text{And I promise that I will not be so thoughtless in the future.} \]

Where I come from, there are many people who find me strange. I look at myself in the mirror and try to imagine what it was that they saw. There is music in the background, something by Ravel, and I caress my breast with an enameled nail — pale blue now that autumn is drawing near. (The skin is tanned, the nipple even darker; the pale blue is like my eyes, innocent). It is the hottest part of the year, and I have opened the windows so that the wind can touch my naked body.

\[\text{"Darling Renee."} \]

\[\text{It is Sandy, my dearest friend, speaking.} \]

\[\text{"You have such a lovely ass," she says.} \]

And later back at the Club (on this hot, autumn night) Sandy and I dance, and she leans against my cheek to whisper:

\[\text{"I think that you have an admirer, my pet."} \]

\[\text{I have drunk too much, gin and tonics all in a row upon the bar. The music is loud and savage, and I am afraid. I cling to her as if to plead for her protection.} \]

\[\text{But she is not there when, his hand tangled in my long blond hair, my admirer pushes me against the wall and tears at my shirt and pants. Things are breaking, and he rapes me savagely (this is the way that I remember it the next morning). There is a lurid gash on my thigh where I fell against a stack of records that he had shattered with his boot. The Concerto for Harp and Orchestra, gone, gone. The Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini, gone.} \]

In the winter my hair is dark, and I paint my nails a bright red. I experiment with smudges of kohl, which make my eyes smart. My lovers are rare in the winter.

\[\text{I am looking for someone who will take care of me, who will love me for what I am.} \]

\[\text{"But darling, where will you go?" Sandy asks.} \]

\[\text{She looks at me critically, as if for the first time.} \]

\[\text{I do not know how to answer.} \]

\[\text{In the spring," I begin hesitantly, "I will wear cloth of silver, naked to the waist. And I will paste diamonds on my long, perfect nails and drink coffee with absinthe."} \]

\[\text{Somewhere in the distance that is a scream. I do not know whose it is.} \]

\[\text{It is enough to be beautiful and to be seen from afar.} \]

\[\text{I think that this is what I said, but I cannot be sure.} \]

\[\text{In the new city it will all seem clear to me again.} \]

by Rita Closet

I don my cowboy hat and boots and go across town on a Honda.

She is commanding my dreams.

I desire to know her.

The Woman has long dark hair, high cheekbones, several new-born puppies.

My male lover is saying he and Paul Newman are filming a western in Central Park.

I don my cowboy hat and boots and go.

I find myself ringing a buzzer.

Paula looks plain and meek.

I pull her to the floor.

She becomes a miniature blue plastic toy.

A female soldier with khaki slacks, no blouse and no gun.

Opposite: Ambi Sextroix photographed by Louise Stibunruang

THE WOMAN and paula

by Rita Closet

In the bedroom she pulls me down as if she'd had me many times before. Ahh!

I am coming and coming.

She leaves.

Her face is stone.

The telephone rings.

My male lover is saying he and Paul Newman are filming a western in Central Park.

I find myself ringing a buzzer.

Paula looks plain and meek.

I pull her to the floor.

She becomes a miniature blue plastic toy.

A female soldier with khaki slacks, no blouse and no gun.
The newest fad in the sicky circles is the phenomenon of oral-pedal sex. This is not, as you butchies might think, being dragged about by your teeth from a J.C. Higgins ten-speed. Rather it refers to the copulation between mouth and foot, toe-in-cheek sex as it were. Of course, toe-licking and sole-sucking are nothing new, but the extent to which the new footie sex is carried is quite astonishing.

The recipient, or oral partner, lies on his back on a bed with his head hanging over the edge. His mouth is adequately stuffed with a generous portion of Simple Simon banana cream pie, which is the official lubricant of Foot-Fuckers of America. The insertive, or pedal, partner sits on a chair at the other's head and grasps the bridge of the nose between the big and second toes, presses down on the recipient's forehead with one foot, and at the same time points the toes of the other foot and slips them into the pie-filled mouth. As he pushes deeper and deeper, little slices of banana pop out and slide down the recipient's cheeks like tiny snowsavers. The inserter experiences a tickling sensation as the arch of the foot scrapes over the upper teeth, but this soon disappears as the heel is wedged against the foot of the recipient's mouth.

After a short period of rest, the insertive partner raises himself on the arms of his chair and begins to tip-toe down the recipient's esophagus. At this point, the recipient takes a more active part by demonstrating the proper responsive gestures, which consist of slapping the bottoms of his feet together while wildly flailing his arms up and down the bed. As the foot slides toward the stomach, the recipient should turn the appropriate eggplant color and, with a bit of douchenal massage, begin ejaculating little spurs of puke out of his ears. The inserter should try to coordinate his own orgasm, masturbaturing rapidly as his partner's lips encircle his nipples. As he shoots out his joy juice, the inserter should give himself up to ecstatic screaming and kicking, for this will help dislodge the recipient by banging him against the edge of the bed. As he cleans himself off at about mid-calf, he confided in me that she wore no panties under it, and it really felt liberating. I appreciated that remark. Upon learning she'd made it herself, I immediately asked for the pattern. She gave it over cheerfully. I appreciated that too; it felt liberating.

Variations on this activity may be performed, with the addition of different types of footwear. However, I should point out that the wearing of footgear someplace the usual hoof-and-mouth disease, the recipient runs the risk of contracting callused gums, palatal hookworm, and athlete's tongue. The inserter merely has to watch where he steps.

The Seventies have been witness to the exotic and creative in sexual activities. The glitter culture has been wiped away by the handkerchief culture, the bed re-lars encircle necks, and earrings pendulate from punc- tured nipples. Only reliable old drag queens remain as islands of sanity in this sea of perversions.
line at the counter, noting that in this drag I go unnoticed and unmolested through day-to-day life. How dull. Just another possible homosexual in a likely noticed and unmolested through day-to-day life. How situation, minding his own uninteresting business, weather, and how very hot, dry days seemed to me to or tuna canapes. Actually, I was thinking about the probably thinking about Judy or Giancarlo Giannini be the most appropriate for an earthquake.

I walked down the boulevard in the middle of Dolores Street on the way back home, wending between the palm trees. Now that would be enjoyable in a skirt! I would be drifting languidly from one trunk to the next, fronds dipping down accentuating a true grace I would be true. Then I found a large stock of maroon cotton blend. It had a softer texture, and as I grabbed the bolt to pull it off the shelf, I noticed how well it looked against the skin of my hands. That's the stuff, I said, and picked out my thread and zipper and went back to the handsome woman.

"Do you do much sewing?" she asked as she nimbly measured out the required yardage.

"Yes," I said, detecting a slightly sour note in her inquiry. I tried to look competent, but then realized that I don't know how to look that way, never having been a competent person.

"Well, why don't you sign our mailing list and we'll drop you a note before our next sale."

Don't that terrible! All this personal liberation stuff has begun to make me paranoid. One minute I'm a daring social affront, and the next I'm a twit.

I walked up Tiffany on the way home so I could pass by a house where three men had waved out a bay window at me last week. One of them had been especially warm and friendly and yelled several alarming but possibly gay. Better to master to go to the shopping center — to avoid embarrassment or the occasion of more serious sin. Yes, Toto, this looks a lot like Kansas after all, and we're in San Francisco where injured egos come to get well. I think I'll go ahead and buy a firm, slippery back, feel the heat of his hands on my spine. I wanted to run my fingers down its underline the situation small town gay people face. Out there in Montana, you'd better not look even though. There was nobody to be seen on the entire length of Tiffany except a little girl sitting on the sidewalk with bright pink plastic bows in her hair, which made me think of Rose Marie, the TV game show personality. Whatever happened to her? Is she still

Wednesday

I couldn't find anything on sale in brown. There was a really outstanding peach, blue, and yellow striped dresslike. But then I found the 77¢ a yard section and put the material down. There I found a really severe, crisp, hospital-gray cotton blend. I could put a brown t-shirt with it. Very sober color, very sensible, and it says something. It says, this is a purely utilitarian skirt. In event of an earthquake it can be ripped up for bandages. I took it up to the counter and asked for five and two-thirds yards. The stunning woman behind the counter announced in a sympathetic tone that alas there were only three yards of it, so back I went to 77¢, dropping the matching thread and zipper into their respective discount bins. Too good to be true. Then I found a large stock of maroon cotton blend. It had a softer texture, and as I grabbed the bolt to pull it off the shelf, I noticed how well it looked against the skin of my hands. That's the stuff, I said, and picked out my thread and zipper and went back to the handsome woman.

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Don't that terrible! All this personal liberation stuff has begun to make me paranoid. One minute I'm a daring social affront, and the next I'm a twit.

I walked up Tiffany on the way home so I could pass by a house where three men had waved out a bay window at me last week. One of them had been especially warm and friendly and yelled several alarming but nonetheless charming suggestions after me. I wanted to be invited in for a fuck. All this late individuality had begun to wear on me. I wanted to run my fingers down a firm, slippery back, feel the heat of his hands on my spine. I wanted some physical awakening, having been too long in the area of my head where the future is paramount. I wanted to call up to the window casually that I had just purchased the material for a dress, and would he like to see it. No one was in the window, though. There was nobody to be seen on the entire length of Tiffany except a little girl sitting on the sidewalk with bright pink plastic bows in her hair, which made me think of Rose Marie, the TV game show personality. Whatever happened to her? Is she still
on "Hollywood Squares'? Why do I want to know? Listen, if my mind drifts away from the present this easily when I'm dressed conventionally on the street in the Mission District, how am I ever going to keep it all together in a skirt? I'll be in Tucson half a block from my flat! Yes, this whole costume routine is going to take a lot less thought if I'm going to overcome my own as well as local social pressures. I've got to be able to go the produce market in my chosen outfit and buy those little bananas and enjoy doing it.

I learned how to walk up 21st Street confidently to the baths, and I can carry this off too.

Maroon has interesting connotations for me. First of all, there's the word maroon in the Random House College Dictionary, 1973, p. 819:

... 1. to put ashore and leave on a desolate island or coast, 2. to isolate without resources or hope. -m. 3. any of a group of Negroes descended from fugitive slaves of the 17th and 18th centuries, living in the West Indies and Guiana. [Amerind (c)marron wild; first used in reference to domestic animals that escaped into the woods, later to fugitive slaves]

Later to fugitive maroons in Spanish San Francisco. Maroon looks good with a suntan. I remember that from the all-male high school I went to. All the jocks wore maroon sweaters on game days. It was our school color.

"Here's to U. of D. High School We're full of fight And to our colors Of maroon and white Fight! Fight! Fight!"

We all had to wear maroon Arrow shirts. They were called "spirit shirts." We had to wear them on special occasions like Student Convention Day. The school made a fortune on them, especially considering how boys grow from freshman to senior years. That's a new shirt every year! There are thousands of them somewhere. How horrible. It's fitting I should do this thing in maroon. I won't allow anyone to call it "wine" or "burgundy." I'm alone in this and it's my spirit skirt.

Thursday

It took all day. I ripped out the zipper three times before I had it in a reasonable position. The first time I had it all together, sans the waistband (hey — whatever happened to Sansabelt pants — you know, the ones with elastic in the waistband at the sides? Overweight men often wore them, overweight men with large Wedgewood collections), it was way too big on me. I could get both arms down the front, which made for some interesting poses before the mirror. "Bliss," "Anguish," "I'm waiting for you. Lance. Come and get it!" I had to take it in quite a bit to get the waist just right, and then I screwed up the waistband. It's not as bad as it seems to me, I know, but it's definitely not professional. For now, it will do. All it needs is to be hemmed. I'm sick of looking at it. I'm going out, and it stays here in a heap.

Friday

Out all day on business. No skirt news. Just a bit of tugging at the back of my mind. Where am I going to make my debut?

I called Don. We talked about building his loft. He'll have to move the refrigerator to get the bed out of his old room and into his new room to put it on stilts. The refrigerator has never been moved. Several thousand cockroaches met their deaths under it the last time the exterminator came with his tank of instant carnage. I said, "I've been making a skirt."

"Oh, who for?"

"Myself."

"Ah huh. For around the house?"

"I'd feel repressed if I just wore it in the house, Don. I've got to wear it outside."

"When I see you coming up the street in it, I'll take you out to lunch..."

"It's a deal!"

... if I have any money.

I called New York but didn't mention the skirt. I was there a couple of months ago. I went to a lot of bars, both gay and straight. There were gay people in all of them. I went to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Guggenheim, and the theater. Gay people everywhere. The subways, the Village, the Empire State Building (with a man from Hawaii who told me I'm too thin to live in Hawaii). Gay people everywhere, but what were they wearing? They were wearing "The New York Look." They looked like extras from an Annette Funicello movie. There's no room for my skirt in New York City. I'd have to make room. Is it worth the hassle?

Is personal liberation dead? Because if it is dead, so is gay liberation. They're essentially the same, and from here it looks as though neither one is waxing strong. What's happening? Are we all drying up inside? That little organ that spurs us on to sign petitions and hold a lover at the corner of Main and Ataxia Streets, is it atrophied? What happened to the gender confusion.
that used to be so strong on Christopher Street, in Piedmont Park, on North Clark Street, Westheimer, Castro? That silly stuff said something. It said: "Here I am, America! Who am I? I'm you!"

Leather is becoming more and more fashionable these days. I like leather. Especially brown leather. It means (and I have this from an unreliable source) gentleness. How about a brown leather dress? Leather is a uniform now; there's a disorganized army out on Folsom Street in San Francisco and another one converging on the Anvil and like bars in New York. They wander in from all over the country like soldiers returning in defeat, one at a time. Candles burning in the windows let them know we're still here. We survived the war, and we're waiting for them. They stand in dark bars, their backs to the wall, a beer in one hand, a cigarette in the other, and they ignore each other. Why don't they even compare wounds? They don't know what to say, maybe, so they're not saying anything. May I suggest:

**Conversations of the Week Schedule**

June 20-26

20th—What did you buy Dad for Fathers' Day?
21st—Summer begins today, doesn't it?
22nd—Colitis
23rd—How many uninterrupted hours of Donna Summer can you stand?
24th—Grape-Nuts
25th—This is a good day for bandages. Earthquake! Run!
26th—Did anyone ever tell you your eyes . . .

Saturday

In the kitchen with a hangover and a cup of coffee, wearing skirt and long-sleeved blue-striped pullover. It's windy outside. The cool draft runs along the floorboards and swoops up my legs to my knees. My knees ache from long hours standing in a bar not talking to anyone. I didn't even talk to myself. Martinis. The olives were the second-best part of the evening. The best part of the evening came when a man who'd been exchanging glances with me came over and said, "Smile," and walked over to join the line at the toilet. I followed him. He saw me coming. Thought, I imagine, I was about to make a pass. Instead I got my face right up to his and screamed: "Why don't you smile? I don't see you smiling. That's a very rude thing to say to somebody! Smile. I'll smile when I feel like it. Your telling me to do it just pisses me off!!" I went back to the bar, ate my olive and left. It was wonderful, and I'll bet he never says that to anybody again. It bloated my pride. I floated home, put on my skirt, danced in front of the heater in the dining room, decided I'll wear my skirt in the gay parade. I'll be smiling, carrying a sign that says: "I'm gay and I'm me. Who are you?"

Tomorrow is Sunday. I'm going out to lunch with Don. Won't he be surprised.
When Caesar had led his army to the banks of the Rubicon, an insignificant stream which formed the boundary of his providence, he hesitated a while whether to cross or not. To return was to be safe for a time, but then perhaps to perish ignobly or in obscurity; to continue was to declare his purpose openly and to entrust his future to the fortunes of war, but then perhaps (even should he be defeated) to win unending glory and to die nobly. As he deliberated, it seemed that a God within spoke to him, urging him on; whereupon, declaring that the die had been cast, he crossed the bridge. This act may be said to have been the beginning of his struggle for empire, and the foundation of his fame thereafter. (From the account of Fictus Romanus)

"I bet I know what that chipmunk’s after," said a voice at Paul’s side. "He’s after a piece of chipmunk tail. And if you don’t stop watching him, I’m going to have to start my own notes instead of copying yours. And if I did that, I’d fail this course for sure."

Paul looked over at Mike Larsen grinning at him. The blond straight hair and blue eyes, the square face with the ever-present grin—was it sly, or mischievous, or just boy-next-door good-natured, he could never decide, the broad strong farmer’s hand lying idly on the desk—all these he saw, and as usual he felt the same strange tightness, almost skin to see, that came whenever he looked at Mike or spoke to him. Mike was so unbelievably good-looking, like some young pagan god! Paul had wondered what one of the great Greek sculptors would have done had he ever seen a model like Mike. There might well have been a famous statue of “Northern Apollo” or “Hermes of the Barbarians” or something like that.

Mike was in a Navy reserve unit on campus, majoring in some kind of engineering. It was the only way he could ever have made it to a school like this, letting the government pay his tuition, because his folks couldn’t afford that kind of money. He was one of the way people who seemed out of place in an ancient history class, but he’d explained once that he needed three hours for a humanities requirement, and this class was the only one that looked fairly easy. Early on, he had started being friendly with Paul, making conversation, and eventually borrowing his notes.

“You probably would, you dumb Swede,” Paul answered Mike’s grin with a shy half-smile of his own. “As for the chipmunks, I was looking at them because it’s spring. Trust you to drag sex into it.”

“What’s the matter? You have something against sex? I thought that’s one of those things the Greeks had a word for.”

They sure did, Paul thought to himself, and lots more kinds than you’re thinking of. Aloud, he said, “I’m missing Professor Becker’s last point. Shut up and let me listen. I’ll talk to you after class.”

When the tower clock rang the end of the hour, Becker wished them all a good vacation and reminded them of the mid-term paper due the day after they returned. On his way out, Paul stopped to talk with Barb Feldman; she was the other classics major in the class, and they usually exchanged a few words when they saw each other. Paul had the feeling that Barb wanted to be friendly, but somehow he could never seem to keep a conversation going with her, and now, after a few minutes, he found himself saying, “See you around,” and walking away. Mike was waiting at the door as he came out.

“Hi, friend,” Mike greeted him. “I was beginning to think you’d stood me up for Barb. Did you get our notes finished? And, incidentally, Larsen is a Danish name, not Swedish, like I’ve told you a dozen times.”

“I know; it has an -e, not an -a, but dumb Swede sounds better than dumb Dane.”

"If I’m so dumb, how come I’m getting a B out of ol’ Professor Becker? Tell me that.”

“That’s easy. You’re using my notes to study, though I’ve got to admit you do write your own reports. Are you going home next week, or sticking around?”

“Don’t know. There’s this girl I used to know in high school, and that might be interesting, but I don’t know if it’s worth putting up with a week of my folks. How about you?”

“I’m staying in town. My folks are going off to a conference or convention or something in Atlanta. Mom’s never been there, and, if I came home, she’d want to be there to fuss over me. So I said I really had lots of work to do, and needed to be here to use the library, and she should go on with Dad and enjoy
herself. She sounded properly reluctant, but finally said okay. I'm sure she wanted to see Atlanta anyhow.

"Maybe she wanted to see what goes on at conventions, and keep tabs on your old man."

Paul almost snickered—the idea was so absurd. His father carrying on at a convention! Paul was an only child, and he remembered something like a shock of recognition that had come to him the first time he heard the joke about "Tried it once; didn't like it."

"Are you kidding? Not everybody's as sex-crazy as you are."

"And not everybody treats girls like they're contagious or something, like you do," Mike shot back. Barb Feldman's been trying to get next to you all this year, and you keep beating her off and running away. If it was me, she wouldn't have to try so hard; I'd take care of her."

Paul felt a sudden tingle. How much did Mike know about...about that part of Greek life, a part that had always had a strange, undefined attraction and interest for him? He had read about it, sometimes going back to the sources and having to translate—what was Gibbon's phrase—from the decent obscurity of a learned language. That topic was almost never mentioned in class; on campus, quare and queery were always good for a laugh; cock sucker bespoke hatred, hostility, and maybe a readiness to fight. Now Mike had dropped it, almost casually, into the conversation. What with all he seemed to know about sex in general, how much did he know about that?

"The Navy is getting to you, Mike. Isn't that what sail on do for relaxation on long trips?" Paul spoke lightly, trying to get off the subject with a joke. He knew he could drop it there, but some inner urging made him go about that? * u * "The Navy is getting to you, Mike. Isn't that what sail on do for relaxation on long trips?"

Paul almost snickered—the idea was so absurd. His eyes moved up again to linger momentarily, unwillingly, at the faint, almost imperceptible bulge of the crotch. What was it like? What had Mike done with it? What did he know, and what could he tell? How serious was his invitation, if that was what it was? Was he just spouting off, horsing around?

Paul tensed slightly, not quite knowing why. "Sure. Maybe I even know something you don't.

Paul looked away, uncertain of himself, and of where the conversation might go. "Maybe I even know something you don't. Let me borrow your notes, in exchange for mine in history."

"In the Symposium, right? I do read a book every now and then, sometimes even Plato." Mike looked straight at Paul, an unspoken challenge in his eyes and in the nearness of his face. "I may be a dumb Swede, like you say, but I'm smarter than you think. Maybe I even know some things you don't."

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The challenge seemed to evaporate. Mike winked at him and grinned. "I don't take notes, pal. It's all inside, in my head. But anytime you want to do some research or get some facts, just let me know. Anytime—always glad to obliged."

They were standing now on the steps of the Student Union, where Mike was stopping, while Paul was going on down the hill to Collegelawn. He looked at Mike, the almost artificial regularity of the face, the ambiguous smile, the strong shoulders and chest. His eyes flicked down to the features of Mike's belly (how many sit ups in a day did that take?), the slight forward thrust of the hips with their suggestion of driving, crushing power, and the legs planted firmly under them. His eyes moved up again to linger momentarily, unwillingly, at the faint, almost imperceptible bulge of the crotch. What was it like? What had Mike done with it? What did he know, and what could he tell? How serious was his invitation, if that was what it was? Was he just spouting off, horsing around? He said, "I'll see you around, Mike. If you're in town next week, I'll run into you, and we could go hiking, or something."

"Mike's eyes caught his again and held them. "Sure. I'd like that. Sounds like real fun." And he turned up the steps into the Union.

The first days of the next week went by quickly. Paul kept busy in the library, and the weather, which had turned cold and wet, made the warmth of the building all the more inviting. By Thursday, though, there had been a change. The day was clear and warm; his work was done, and he was beginning to feel restless and cooped up. He decided to walk up the gorge after lunch, in the warmest part of the day, and get out into the sun and the spring. Late in the morning, the phone rang.

"Hi," said Mike's voice. "What are you up to on a grand spring day like this?"

"Not much. Planning to hike up the gorge after lunch. Got tired of studying."

"I don't believe it. Not you," Mike paused. "Mind if I come along and enjoy nature with you?"

Paul tensed slightly, not quite knowing why. "Sure. I mean, no. I don't mind. If you'd like to, come on over and we can go together."

Mike arrived a one o'clock, wearing a gray-blue wool plaid shirt that somehow accented and deepened the blue of his eyes, and what looked to Paul like very snug navy blues.

"That's a good-looking shirt, Mike. Where'd you steal it? Same place you stole the pants?"

"I got it for Christmas last year. You noticed the plaid shirt that somehow accented and deepened the blue of his eyes, and what looked to Paul like very snug navy blues."

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There was something playful and teasing in Mike's manner, something almost inviting a response. "If you keep it all squeezed up like that, it may atrophy from lack of blood and fall off, and they'll get you for false advertising."

"Never happen, pal, never happen. I take it out and exercise it daily, one way or another. All set to go?" said Paul. "I was ready before you got here. Let's go.

They set out, climbed down the steps at the College-town bridge to the creek bed, and stuck out upstream from the rains; patches of ice in the sheltered spots along the trail were still melting, and the whole underfoot was wet and slippery. They walked slowly, with Paul in the lead, but not talking much because he was paying attention to the path. One time he looked back to say something, and somehow sensed that Mike had been looking at him intently, but it was a momentary intuition that slipped away almost before he was aware of it. About midstream, the creek was bed-widened, and they were into the woods. The trail veered uphill slightly, becoming muddy and less clearly avoid slipping and falling. By the time they reached the bulge at his crotch (how did he know there would be a bulge?) was a Rubicon. If his glance crossed that river, everything would be changed forever, for better or for worse. If his glance crossed that river, how would Mike react: with disgust, with anger, with fear, with triumph mockery, or in some other way...some other way, that was all. He kept his eyes up, locked them on Mike's face, turned the challenge aside with another witscrack, everything would be all right. They would keep on joking, maybe walk a bit farther, and finally get back to campus and the safety of other people. Between Mike's face and the bulge at his crotch (how did he know there would be a bulge?) was a Rubicon. If his glance crossed that river, everything would be changed forever, for better or for worse. Mike grinned. "Like the Coast Guard, I'm always ready...and willing...and able. You can take that little hike!"

Mike's crotch was almost at Paul's eye level, and Paul could scarcely avoid glancing at the smooth flat surface of the navy blues. Still joking, not thinking, he said, "You aren't very ready now, judging from appearances."

Mike didn't answer. He shifted his weight slightly, and his hips moved forward away from the tree, on which he had been leaning. Paul was aware of a change somehow...somewhere; for an instant he tried to define it, then gave up. Suddenly the silence around them, between them, was real and threatening. Paul's glance moved upward, to encounter Mike's eyes upon him. There was that grin again...michevous, or sly, or good-natured...totally ambiguous. Mike's words were deliberate, when they came.

"You didn't look close enough. Look again.

Mike's voice again, deliberate, slow, inviting. "Like I said, always ready, and willing, and able. You can take it out and see for yourself."

Mike's voice again, deliberate, slow, inviting. "Like I said, always ready, and willing, and able. You can take it out and see for yourself."

Paul tried to recross the river, to reach the safe ignorance of the other side. "Wish I wasn't so...so go ahead. I want you to. It's okay."

"Are you crazy? Somebody may come along and see us. Let's get out of here."

Mike's voice again, deliberate, slow, inviting. "Like I said, always ready, and willing, and able. You can take it out and see for yourself."

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Paul was fascinated by it and unable to look away. Never before had he been so close to such an object, and certainly never in such a context. His eyes took in every detail: the deep pink of the head, the ridge left at the base (strangely darker than the blond hair of Mike's head), the creases of the skin on the balls, the twin outlines of the balls themselves, and now the tiny bead of moisture collecting at the tip. He wanted to reach out and hold it, to feel its weight and shape and texture and hardness, to investigate it as a child investigates and explores a new toy. I should be disgusted or frightened, he thought, and I'm neither...just curious and excited...and fascinated.

"Go ahead and put your hand on it. You want to, don't you?...and I won't mind."

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Paul hesitated. What would be the next step after touching Mike...there? The answer to that was already forming within him, but he did not want to face it...not yet. And then he reached out, over the space between them, and his fingers closed around the warmth and hardness. They moved, investigating and exploring, adding tactile to visual sensation, comparing the feel of this other cock to that of his own...the same and so very dif-
ferent. And now the form of the next step lay revealed. Mike had moved closer, his cock almost at Paul's lips, but with a space still intervening, a space short enough on his shoulders, the clumsiness of their movements ... And now the form of the next step lay revealed. Mike had moved closer, his cock almost at Paul's lips, but with a space still intervening, a space short enough

Mike broke the silence with an expletive of such a sigh of relief that his own cock, swelling but constricted at his groin, the monstrous new toy, the pressure of Mike's knee against his own; his tears, his wailing spasm, the unexpected new taste flooding his senses like nothing else ever before, the sudden limpness of his open blues still open, his cock still slightly swollen and glistening

It was over. Paul opened his eyes (when had he closed them?); Mike was leaning against the tree, the flap of his blues still open, his cock still slightly swollen and glistening, on his face the ambiguous grin: good-natured and

"He's jerking off. Try it sometime... when you meet a guy who likes to do that," Mike answered. And the hope died.

The silence came back, and finally Mike remembered his open blues. He closed them, button by button, reluctantly, as if waiting for a signal from Paul that he need not figure that. You sure went at it like a pro. You ever been blown?

A wild hope sprang alive in Paul. "No, but I'd like to..."
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There is a story told, held, by Canadian author Loyal Dickson has become lost in a time warp. His frame of reference clings to the 1950's. His attitudes are pre-Kennedy and distort the outlook of his writings. He psychoanalyzes his subjects and conjures up his altered world on various subjects but none ever attained the fame of a history of the early Tiptop who seeks the love of another woman. As anyone knows, this character, the novel was largely autobiographical. It's a story of a woman who desires and cries out to God for mercy. It is a small wonder that in the age of new identification, the book is seldom read but often spoken of.

While the details of the famous trial over Miss Hall produced other works on the state basis. Later, Hall and Trouble formed the basis for the central characters. Auntie Mame might have found them fast company. In their final years together, Hall and Trouble's lives were lonely, miserable, and filled with the usual illnesses. But Alice Trayvola,
bridge and Radclyffe Hall were ahead of their time and did much to bring Lesbianism out of the closet. But to live with them was far from paradise. They snarled at each other like snarling, demanding, cold, and chronically possessive. They practiced the art of twisting any ailment into a suitable pretext. But they were honest about themselves and they succeeded in leading society by the nose.

Miss Hall produced other works on various subjects but none equalled the fame of her history of the girl stephen. He was her best and bravest woman. As anyone would suspect, the novel was largely autobiographical. Stephen noble ly renounces her love for the women whom she desires and cries to God for mercy. It is small wonder that in this age of new liberation, the book was never read but often spoke of.

Carpenter MacKenzie wrote a satire on colorful and gawky women of the 1920's. Extraordinary Women. Hester Green through the years tells the Radclyffe Hall and Penzance stories anew for the central characters. Auntie Mame must have found them fast company.

In their final years together, Hall and Troubridge's lives were lonely, miserable, and filled with the usual illnesses. Another woman even compounded the problem for a time. But this can be chalked up to those being who they were—not the fact that they were lesbians.

RIGHTS OF GAY PEOPLE: THE BASIC ACLU GUIDE TO A GAY PERSON'S RIGHTS

(AmERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION HAND BOOK FOR GAY BOOKS. Published by Avon, 268 pages, $1.75

The American Civil Liberties Union recently has been producing a series of down-to-earth handbooks dealing with the legal problems of differing segments of our population. These individuals include mental patients, servicemen, students, and women. Now they have performed a similar service for homosexuals.

This handy paperback can clarify a number of difficulties that many of us may find ourselves facing. A simple question-and-answer format helps to cover such practical information as occupational licenses and the statutory provisions that pertain to gays on a state-by-state basis.

The rights of transvestites and transsexuals are also considered, and a complete listing of gay organizations and ACLU affiliates concludes the coverage.

The following is a sample of the wide variety of questions that are covered. May private employers lawfully discriminate against an employee who is gay? What problems are associated with revealing sexual orientation or activities when one seeks employment? May a gay person adopt a child? May gay persons purchase life insurance on each other? This is a must have for every alert gay!! — Frank Hewell

A GARDEN IN LOS ANGELES

Hate it or love it, playwright Bob Ellis's new play is an exhilarating, disturbing and electrifying script that is met magnificently by the talents of the San Francisco cast. As the wily poet Hank, Patrick Meyers delivers a performance that is as mystical, vulnerable quality to the part of his wife, June. And as Joy, the lover earnest in her concern for June and taking it into another dimension with her use of magic), Jessica Epstein manages to create a figure of passion and sardonic resources.

Joseph Broido has directed with precision and agility, and Don Burton's scenery is authentic LA tackiness, from the glittery stucco walls and Malibu scenery is an authentic LA tackiness, from the glittery stucco walls and Malibu

Frank Howell

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Their story is expertly told, but Carmen's style and research, based on extensive reading of diaries, letters, and memoirs, is quite humdrum.

If you write a symphony of the disturbed psyche and the invert, as Havelock Ellis had shown, you find an irresistible attraction in taking things for which the medical treatment can be prescribed and punished.

The details of the famous trial over Well of Loneliness are the highlights of the book. In America, the novel was slightly softened by an evil intent, but in London (this was 1928), the forces of enlightenment moved more slowly. Artists and authors from many quarters sprang to the defense. The publisher employed a canny strategy. He immediately sent the plates to a publisher in Paris where the infamous volume flourished and attracted world-wide attention. British defenders of liberty were naturally furious at finding themselves untied.

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My idea of a good album is Willie Nelson's Red Headed Stranger or Patti Smith's Horses. Lately, I just know there is no room between those two poles for Donna Summer. Tell it to my roommate, who just left for Austin because I refused to take Donna Summer's new LP off the stereo for 2 weeks. I can't understand it. I sneer at plastic music. I mean, of it's OK to dance to, but whoever heard city. So why is it that I'm hopelessly addicted? (He was a good roommate.)

Sociological considerations aside, the disco-sound albums are the least fertile ground of any musical album for any serious consideration. So let me get that out of the way quickly, before I delve into the far less serious matter of why Donna Summer's last LP, Love to Love You Baby, was the top selling album in all the record stores in San Francisco's gay neighborhood, and why A Love Trilogy will do at least as well.

Both the Donna Summer albums are mechanical music. (The hand behind her, in fact, is appropriately named The Music Machine). It's great to listen to. It involves your very essence without requiring a bit of energy or consideration. (It must be torture for musicians to play.)

The sound is technically perfect; in Deutchland—where Miss. Summer records—the studio produces only technically perfect sound. The sound is, however, only one component of an album. The lyrical development of A Love Trilogy can not be called—impressive—not necessarily a bad trait in itself. There is a lot of repetition, as is the mode in today's disco-sound, and little else. Her voice is very sexy; she moans and groans a lot, as some people are apt to do when making love. She sings and moans in one key, which can be dull unless the music is derived from a non-Western point of view. The unchanging vocal arrangements built around an infinitely repeated chord (it's a nice chord, thank goodness), featuring lovely harmonic intonations and an extremely boring bass line, as well as Barry White-sound orchestration. Producer Pete Bellotte knows every trick in the book. He uses every one of them, often.

I used to drive my friends insane by playing it all the time. They were aghast. I continued to play it all the time. I used to drive myself insane by playing it all the time. I continued to play it all the time. I am a very bad trait in itself. There is a lot of repetition, as is the mode in today's disco-sound, and little else. Her voice is very sexy; she moans and groans a lot, as some people are apt to do when making love. She sings and moans in one key, which can be dull unless the music is derived from a non-Western point of view. The unchanging vocal arrangements built around an infinitely repeated chord (it's a nice chord, thank goodness), featuring lovely harmonic intonations and an extremely boring bass line, as well as Barry White-sound orchestration. Producer Pete Bellotte knows every trick in the book. He uses every one of them, often.

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the lucky listener, Flora's music has always been infused with the light of life drawn from the sensuous energies of her native Brazil and equally from early introductions to the music of Billie Holliday, Dinah Washington and Miles Davis, via her musician parents. Happily, Flora absorbed and transformed this rich legacy, developing along the way a unique synthesis of Brazilian music (heavily derived from Afro-Latin structures) and the cream of American jazz. Flora first rose to prominence in her native Brazil as a solo performer and later frente large bands, finally hosting a musical television series. Before moving to the US, she married a Rio Maracana, already internationally respected for his innovative percussion work, and came under the influence of Hermeto Pascoal, a Brazilian composer-performer who encouraged Flora's exploration of avant garde non-verbal vocalizing. Not long after coming to the States, Flora began performing with the likes of Stan Getz, Duke Pearson, and Gil Evans. The exchange of ideas that transpired is obvious from listening to the recordings of those performances at that time. While working with Evans, Flora was introduced to a young keyboard artist named Chick Corea who was in the vanguard of jazz musicians writing musical history. Corea's band was breaking through to younger, non-traditional jazz audiences and emphasized communication with the listener, a departure from the stereotyped self-involved introspective jazz artist. Flora found an inspiring vehicle for her vocal ideas with Corea's Return to Forever band. Two years of touring and recording followed, producing two top-selling LP's entitled Return to Forever and Light as a Feather, as well as a gradual move toward that free-form vocal style first encouraged by Pascoal.

Every aspect of Flora Purim's creativity exhibited a love of freedom. Her style was anything but conventional. When she did sing lyrics, they were invariably a celebration or an appeal to the audience to celebrate with her. So it was both an ill-timed and incongruous lesson in life appreciation when in 1971 Flora found herself behind bars at Terminal Island prison following a cocaine bust. The charges (which she continually denied) and subsequent imprisonment deprived her of her husband and baby daughter and her opportunity to perform, but did little to stifle her irrepressible creative energies. She spent three months in prison and released her upon her release in 1973. Not only did Flora maintain her composure in confinement, she was voted the top female vocalist by Down Beat music readers' poll for the second year in a row on the basis of her albums on Milt Jackson's Revolutionary Records, Stories to Tell, which was completed the day before her prison term began. This duplicated the response to her first solo American LP, Butterfly Dreams, which vaulted her to prominence unseating the traditional poll-topppers, Vaughn, Flack, Laite, and Fitzgerald. Eager to face her loyal audiences and newly-won devotees, Flora recently embarked on a national tour which opened at the Paramount Theater in Oakland, California. Her performances, as well as that of Arto, who opened the show — was received with wild enthusiasm; sold-out house. Flora responded with the inspired singing of a truly graceful artist. The words "freedom" and "free" were somehow worked into every number in which there were words at all. It was no secret that this woman was freeing her own soul and releasing the pent-up energies of a natural-born performer, so that as of Arto, who opened the show — became the center of life's freedom and had been painted for us. So, what is freedom in the life of Flora Purim? Purim has a quite a bit to say on the subject. The latest LP, Little Legs, is long enough, Open Your Eyes You Can Fly, is a good introduction as any to this vibrant performer.

— Michael Burt
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