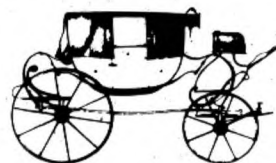





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JAN. 1	2:00 PM	Royal Hang-Over Brunch Party, sponsored by the Emperor and Empress of San Francisco
JAN. 8	8:00 PM	Membership Meeting—Annual nominations of officers and trustees
JAN. 15	8:00 PM	Board of Trustees Regular Meeting (Members Only)
JAN. 22	8:00 PM	Open Meeting for S.I.R. Candidates to present their campaign programs to both the membership and the general public
FEB. 1	8:00 PM	"Acme Beer Man" Contest Finals
FEB. 5	8:00 PM	Board of Trustees Regular Meeting (Members Only)
FEB. 12	Noon—8 PM	Annual Elections of Officers and Board of Trustees. Regular meeting begins at 8 PM
FEB. 19	8:00 PM	Board of Trustees Regular Meeting Newly Elected Officers and Trustees Begin their Terms of Office (Members Only)
FEB. 22	7:30 PM	Annual Awards and Installation Banquet
FEB. 26	8:00 PM	Open Meeting Program for Members and the General Public

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Photo/Rick Jarrett

EDITORIAL

Phallic Imperialism

After spending a totally satisfying (and, in a way, inspiring) Thanksgiving Dinner at the S.I.R. Center with 400 gay brothers and sisters who had come to share the (free) banquet in gay fellowship, I set my direction towards Berkeley to spend the evening with my surrogate "family." During the drive I tried to frame an outline for doing an article about the S.I.R. function but because of the outrageous variety of the guests (old, young, Folsom Street, Castro Street, long hairs, 50's, closet queenish married couples, the beaming S.I.R. Board of Trustees serving and cleaning, Senator and Mrs. Milton Marks serving my terrible no-sugar doing-the-bit-for-inflation cranberry/orange relish), a viable article simply wouldn't gel. Where I had expected a downer the whole Thanksgiving Dinner was a terrific up and writing about ups always brings downs so I simply joined the post-dining traffic flow over the Bay Bridge.

The party guests were 100% heterosexual with mostly free (married) couples heavily into people being themselves. The children of these couples are as used to seeing men kissing as their parents (in fact, more familiar since they seem to see it more often).

After completing the greetings of a party-in-progress, I spied Jebb. He was gorgeous—dressed in soft leather pants with lots of cock showing, a transparentish shirt/blouse unbuttoned to the navel showing an exciting tight, hairy chest with much jewelry; long blond hair, granny glasses and a warm, interesting and interested personality.

The only times I had been with this man (and his wife) had been in groupings and we never had much chance to dig into any heavy personal conversation. Thus, I did a once around the room letting people know that I was going to "zero in" and got the "right on" signal from all, including Jebb's wife who assured me that her husband's skinny body was not so skinny where it counted (under the leather pants) and if I could get at it (which she doubted) I was more than welcomed.

Jebb and I found a corner, filled paper plates with post-dinner treasures and rapped. He was excited because all of the negative things he'd learned about gay styles he was in the process of unlearning. He dug his body—all of it—and dug showing it off. He was turned on to the way people—men and women—kept glancing at his cock. I told him I was wildly turned on to him and...

"Do you really mean that?" he asked. "Would you like to be with me?"

"Absolutely. Why else would I say it?"

"Well—I really like you—as a person. I mean, I could get behind touching you and holding you but there is a line. I can't get behind the idea of kissing or sucking or fucking."

(Continued on Page 16)

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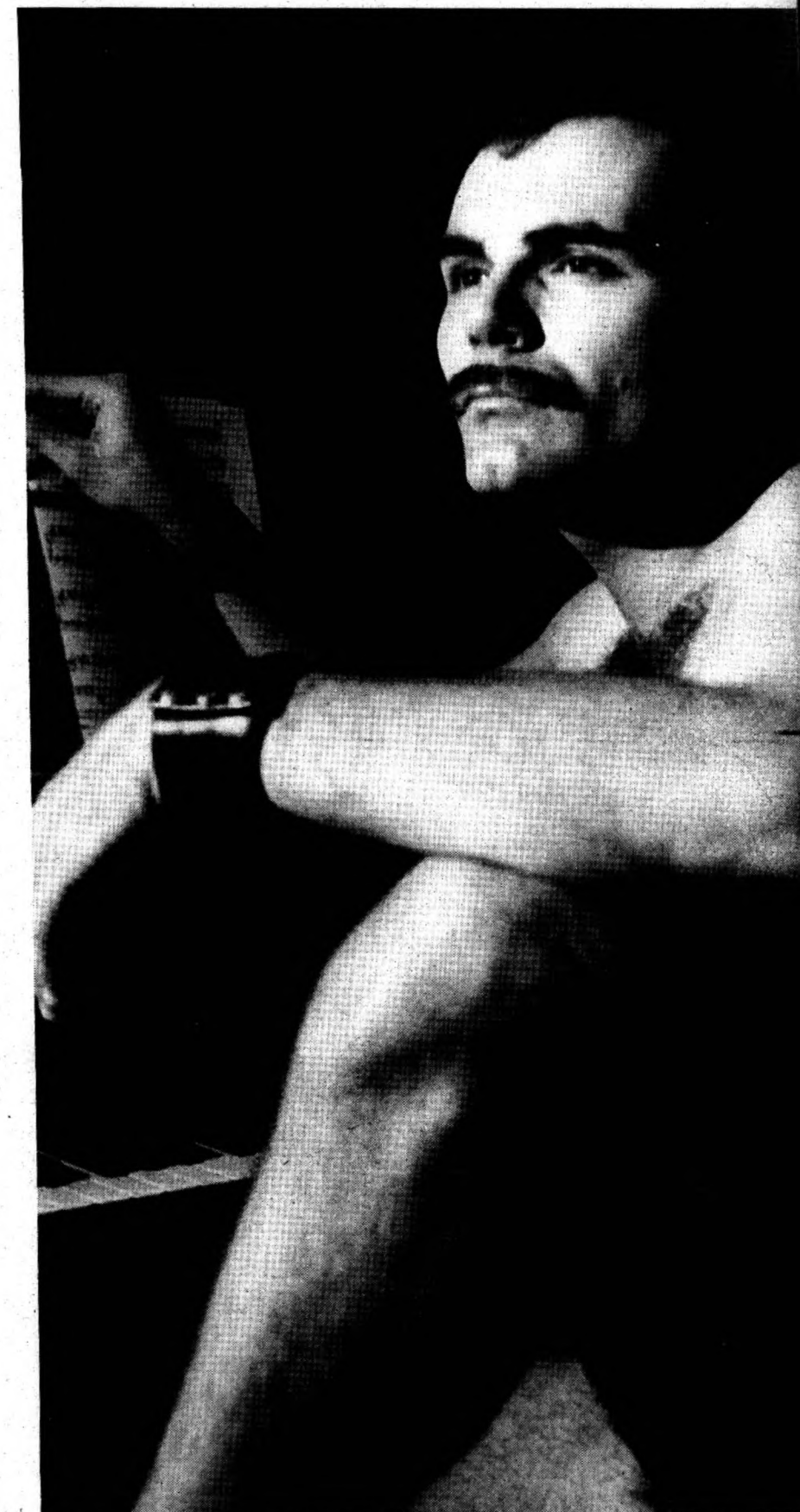
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As a traditional Fall fund raising activity for S.I.R. several attractive men "run" for a "Cover Boy Contest." The winner is selected on the basis of the amount of money raised for S.I.R. which is done by selling votes climaxing at the S.I.R. Fall Fair. This year the dedicated contestants and their various sponsors raised \$1500 to aid S.I.R. in its important work by and for the total Gay Community. We salute the winner—Mr. Denny Hadda who may be seen nightly as a super bartender at The Ramrod.

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SUN: 8pm Psychology Rap Session with
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FRI: 8pm Conversation Group.
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VOL. II

NO. 1

illustration: Charles Hufford

STAR CRUISE 11
by JEFF

Some words of caution concerning the stars and your
compatibility with lovers/friends plus forecasts for Jan.

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The Coors Beer Boycott is the specific, the conceptual
is the power to affect change when backed by strength
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WOMEN 15
by BARBARA COLLIER

Perhaps, suggests Ms. Collier—President of D.O.B.—I
became a lesbian in order to be a real woman rather
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namely the "taking over" of our turf for their "kicks."

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letters

From a potential writer

Thank you for your thoughtful criticism of my story AMBROSE. I appreciate your interest in my work and the fact that you are willing to take time to evaluate it.

I like your frankness, and I think your comments will help me make my future stories a little better.

H.H.

Cocoa Beach, Florida

Standing in awe

The December Issue arrived yesterday and I am standing in awe of you, your staff, your writers, your artists (such artists!), your printer, your ad men and anyone else who had a share in producing an issue that should sit in a display case at the Smithsonian Institute giving public knowledge that we can do it and do it beautifully!!!

For the first time in several years I have not been able to complete the magazine in one sitting and I keep finding myself going back to re-read some things. And thought provoking this tired, jaded head is something very little of the media is able to do.

Doesn't do anything

Kindly cancel my subscription effective immediately. VECTOR magazine just doesn't do anything for me.

B.L.

Lansing, Michigan

VD REPORT

The Weekly Bulletin from the City and County of San Francisco Department of Public Health (December 9th) indicates the following:

Gonorrhea—For the week 362

Year to date: 13,578

Syphilis—For the week, 42

Year to date: 1,643

Hepatitis—For the week, 11

Year to date: 590

The author of KISS THE SKY

Your kind letter to VECTOR just came to my attention. I do appreciate your kind words about KISS THE SKY. You are, by now, probably aware of the bit of hassle S.I.R. and I had over the play. But the milk was spilt. . .

Plays that sit in drawers are of no use to anyone. I wrote the plays about

gays for gays primarily because I was sick unto death of seeing the lies that were being staged to tell about homosexuals. New York has had several beaubs lately. To say they are sad is an understatement. Most have died fast. Good, say I.

Lane Bateman
New York City

About PLAYGIRL and VIVA

I am (or at least I think I am) a fully functioning heterosexual woman but I have a problem "getting off" on those

magazines which claim to be written by and for my kind of person—a woman who digs male bodies. I don't know why the formula just doesn't click for me when I buy *Playgirl* and *Viva* but I really get off when a gay male friend of mine brings over the latest VECTOR. After talking it over with some of his gay friends (all of whom rush to buy *Viva* and *Playgirl*) they insist that it's a case of heavy dishonesty that stops my genital response since these magazines are produced by and for gay men. I guess I'm writing to you to check it out and see if there's anything wrong with me. I dig guys but not the kind of guys they seem to want me to dig.

Gina Corbley
Chicago, Ill.

From Malaysia with love

Got your address from a gay guy who was in Malaysia and told me to send in my name to you. I hope that will help by publishing my name in your gay magazine so that I will be able to share similar interests with fellow gays. In my country it's pretty hard if you're gay.

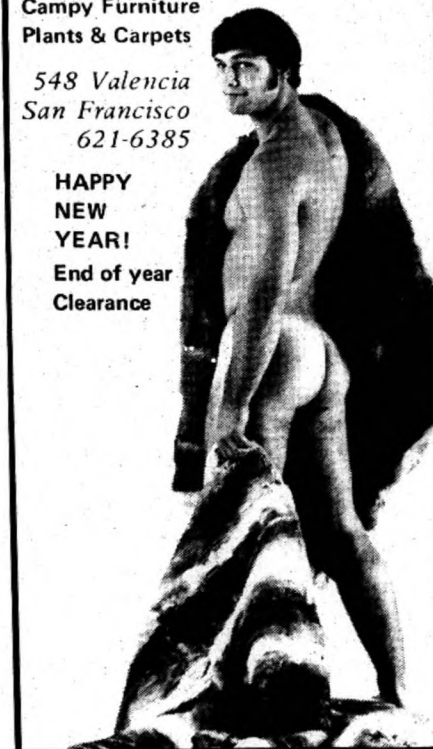
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I will reply all letters from young and old and will oblige all. Lastly, I hope I will be heard and I look forward to receiving letters in the near future.

I hope the gay liberation goes on for a long period.

Agner Daniel
P.O. Box 371
Kuala Lumpur
Malaysia

Counter/report from Israel

I wanted to commend you on the general quality of the December Issue. It was very fitting as a 10th anniversary. I felt that one article required some further comment—"Gay Report from Israel" by Jack Bernstein. As a gay Jew who has some interest in conditions in the state of Israel, I felt that your readers are entitled to know about some things the article failed to mention.

Homosexuality is illegal in Israel, punishable by seven years in prison. What's more, Israel will deny citizenship under the law of return (for Jews who desire to emigrate there) to any known or acknowledged homosexual. Over a year ago, at a demonstration at

the Israeli Consulate in S.F., they admitted that Israeli policy is to consider such a person criminal and undesirable to Israeli society, and they have announced no change in that policy since then.

There is a tradition of gay "garden spots" that somehow seems to ignore the political and social realities of other countries, whether it was Greek facism, crime and exploitation in Battista's Cuba, or now Puerto Rico or Israel. We have a responsibility to ourselves and to gay sisters and brothers in other countries to educate ourselves to the true social picture and struggle in the world today.

Michael Novick
Oakland, California

Put S.I.R. into your will

How many citizens realize that S.I.R. can be legally mentioned in any person's last will. You may be interested in the formula below:

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LETTERS

for the prospering of the Society's influence is a continuing flow of gifts and legacies. Many humanitarians have shared in this great endeavor by providing a bequest to the Society in their will. When such bequests are received, the donors are honored by their election as Perpetual Members.

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I give and devise to The Society For Individual Rights, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, that certain real property situated in (here insert description,) together with all the improvements thereon, to be used for such purposes as the Board of Trustees thereof may deem to be for the best interests of the said S.I.R.

Form of Bequest of Personal Property

I give and bequeath to The Society For Individual Rights, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California the sum of Dollars, to be used for such purposes as The Board of Trustees thereof may deem to be for the best interests of the said Society.

S.A.
San Francisco, Ca.

More of What Good is Royalty?

This is in response to the letter of Mr. Norman Armentrout where he asks: What good is the Royalty?

To be sure, we are all entitled to our opinions and should fight for the continued right to express those opinions. However, isn't the time long past for us to stop the "bitch fighting" among ourselves over petty issues and to get on with the real work: acceptance for all without regard to his or her particular life style.

Until we can demonstrate loyalty and acceptance among ourselves, how can we hope for acceptance from others.

Where is our loyalty?

Harry Leishure
Kenneth Rice
San Francisco, Ca.

Drag Courts are a Drag

Congratulations to Norman Armentrout for speaking out and I wish he had gone several steps further.

How many remember that the original purpose of drag courts and balls was to ridicule and hold up a mirror to the time and energy spent on such functions by the society who were forcing us to live in shadows of oppression. It was a camp to hold our own royal affairs.

But the situation has so gotten out of hand that drag courts are becoming a

drag on our liberation. They scream and shout about "charity" and "building funds," and "rehabilitation" but a careful study of the situation indicates that the major expenses go to sustaining the royal court. I read somewhere once that of a \$10 gift to CARE, only \$1 went to the needy and \$9 went to sustaining the organization. I believe in my guts that this is the fundamental raison d'être of our drag royalty. Does anyone really

care if the "Queen" of Seattle shows up at the "Queen" of Dubuque's coronation? Does anyone care enough to give money to support it? According to the report from Seattle, those up there DO care and while we hoped the drag courts were fading away as the contestants retired, we are shocked to hear of the new perpetuation of a tired joke.

Joel Hastings
San Francisco, Ca.

... 10,000 words couldn't say it as well.

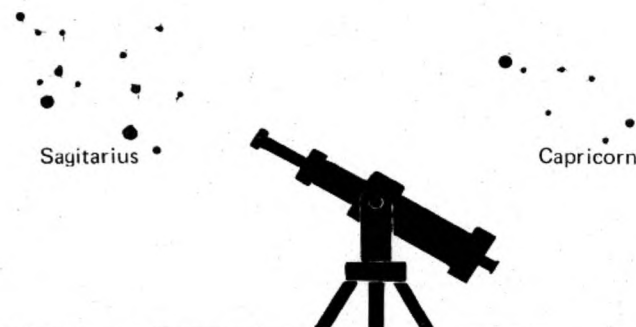


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The Gentleman: Lon
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STAR CRUISE will be devoted to the needs of the Gay Community. It is our hope that through Sidereal Astrology you can better understand yourselves and your lovers, and better cope with the everyday joys or problems of life. Send in those cards and letters, folks. We want to hear from you. Astrology applies to EVERYTHING! (or anything.) If you have a question about yourself please send your complete birth data — that is — date, year, time and place of birth, along with your question, of course. If you have a question about someone else we need all that information about him or her, too. We cannot make personal replies and letters cannot be returned. But watch the column. We will try to print and answer all letters received. Of course you'll remain anonymous.

by JEFF

COMPATIBILITY PROBLEMS

As an astrologer I am frequently asked how one "sign" gets along with another. In modern Astrology most ideas in this field are based on the concept of aspects between signs. With earth as center two constellations form an angle of so many degrees to one another. Aries is opposite to Libra, that is, they are 180 degrees apart. The opposition is considered to be a difficult aspect. Therefore,

it is supposed that those born under Aries cannot get along with those born under Libra. On the other hand, it is said Aries gets on well with Leo because they form a trine aspect of 120 degrees which is considered harmonious. It's a nice neat scheme, if simplistic. Unfortunately it doesn't work.

Aries and Libra get on quite well—if they try. After all, we are talking about people. A relationship is as good as two people make it (or bad). Astrology can help us to gain self knowledge. It can indicate the positive personality traits which each of us have to contribute to a more harmonious relationship with another person. Astrology can also point out those elements of negative personality which when properly recognized, and worked out, will no longer stand in our way to a more satisfying and fulfilling "coupling" with a loved one.

What follows is "Sun Constellational" Astrology and, as such, suffers in accuracy and specific applicability to individuals as much as "Sun Sign" Astrology. Its major defect is that it considers only one of the ten planets—the Sun. Of course, the Sun is important. But it is not *all* important. A truly accurate

picture of your individual love nature can be gotten only from a total knowledgeable reading of your personal natal horoscope.

The Sun in the natal horoscopes is the planet of ego and dominance. It stands for the "heart" of the native; his private and most intimate self. The Sun is comparable to an engine, the energizing force of the chart. It is the origin of vitality, drive and ambition. The Sun stands for the basic sex energy.

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Look for your birthday below to see how the Zodiacal position of your Sun affects your love nature.

December 26 to January 6—

Your Sun is in the middle of the constellation of Sagittarius. Your emotionally close attachments are characterized by ardor. You are known as a swinger. You go after what you want without hesitancy. Of course, what you want now may be different from what you wanted a moment ago, but you pursue the new goal with as much passion as the first. You are the sexual athlete. Your tastes run to the odd and the unusual. When intimates get to know you they learn to admire your sense of adventure. Association with a faint hearted partner is not for you. You could worry them to death. Last month I referred to you as latter day Sagitarians. I was in error. You are the middle Sagitarian. But last month's admonitions hold true nonetheless. 1975 holds promise of adventure for you, for sure. Beware of accident or injury. This is a year of extra caution for you.

January 7 to January 15—

Your Sun is in the final degrees of the constellation of Sagittarius. Your ego concept is lordly and prideful. You were born to be admired and you expect to be. Your sense of adventure is tempered with wisdom, and, unlike your middle Sagitarian kin, you take few chances unnecessarily. However, you far escape the label "dull." Your concept of friendship and love tends to more wholesome relationships, but true to the Sagitarian image, you're not above exciting experimentation. 1975 may have a tendency to tarnish your image somewhat. You will find success more difficult to grasp. But don't give up. This is just a year of extremely hard work. Gains made this year can be permanent. Your natural optimism will be put to the test. I'm sure it hasn't failed you yet.

January 16 to January 18—

Your Sun is in the early degrees of the constellation of Capricorn. You surprise your intimates with serious sternness. Your usual quiet, almost meek exterior hides the fact that you have the relationship all figured out before the first intimacy. You always seem to have a plan. Sometimes your practical

nature and your dislike for frills and glamour might tend to turn prospective playmates away. But your lovers are in for a real surprise sex-wise. One thing is certain—Capricorns are the last to tire. 1975 will be a year of new ideas and thrilling surprise for you. Your usual lasitude and stick-around-the-homestead trip will become a drag even for you. You won't exactly jump at everything new that comes into your sphere (you hardly ever do) but at least this year you will be much tempted. Looks like thrills and excitement in 1975.

January 19 to January 31—

Your Sun is in the middle of the constellation of Capricorn. Music, poetry, perhaps a romantic sadness are your stock in trade. The Capricorn practicality is still there, but softened somewhat. You can be in love with love but take a perverse pleasure in being among the unrequited. Your moments of depression can get others down, too. Your best partner is one who doesn't take you too seriously, at least as seriously as you take yourself. It is hard to get to know the real you. You are fairly closed-mouthed about your self. You share the satyr-like sexual staying power of other Capricorns but seem to trust to luck that others will make the advances. You are drawn to the very young but don't have the flair needed to "keep up" with them. 1975 offers little in a general way for middle Capricornians. It's a year of coasting for you. Keep up your health watch, health always seems to be a problem for Capricorn. Work on that depression cycle. This is a year you can really take the time to get to know yourself. No new problems threaten, so this is a year you can tie up many loose ends. □



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COORS BEER BOYCOTT
by MICHAEL NOVICK



THE COORS BEER BOYCOTT is the current project of the Oakland Gay Men's Political Action Group. Coors distributors in Oakland, Alameda, and Hayward are on strike; and Coors national organization requires local distributors to hire scabs and maintain distribution in case of labor disputes. We were approached some months ago by the Beerdrivers Union, Teamster Local 888 for the support of the East Bay gay community for their struggle and boycott. The members of the Teamsters Coors Boycott committee had worked with Harvey Milk, while the strike was underway in San Francisco, to spread the word of the boycott to gay people and to the gay bars in the City; they had in return worked on his electoral campaign.

The issue has now branched out from the original labor question. A Community Coalition for Affirmative Action Hiring has formed, including gay participation, that is demanding that Coors adopt a hiring policy put forward by the Teamsters Local for jobs for blacks, Chicanos, and women at all levels in the Coors distributorship. Picket lines and the boycott are being used as a tool in that struggle throughout the Bay Area. Acklin Thi-beaux, the black coordinator of the

coalition has expressed interest in working with the Gay Men's Political Action in the East Bay, where a picket is being planned at the law offices of the Coors attorney.

Howard Wallace, a gay Teamster who was recently elected shop steward of his plant, intends to raise the issue of gay rights within the Coalition. "We have to put an end to discrimination against gays in hiring, job security, and promotions. Gays are a major part of the work force in the Bay Area, and these struggles must recognize us and our needs." Harvey Milk is also a member of the coalition, as well as representatives from the Oakland group and other gay male radical organizations. They saw the development of some real solidarity between the various oppressed communities. This Teamsters local, for instance, supports the United Farmworkers Gallo Wine boycott, and has, in turn, received support from Chicano organizations. Andy Cirkelis, coordinator of the boycott effort for the striking Teamsters, has met with the Oakland Gay Men's Political Action Group, along with Gus Caridis, a member of the Beerdrivers, to plan joint publicity of the gay role in the boycott. He'll be circulating a letter to union members about our participation, and letting gay members know how to get in touch with us. The Western Teamsters' newspaper will also be listing gay groups among the community sponsors of the Coors Boycott.

Coors is a notoriously reactionary company, family controlled. They have always had very discriminatory hiring policies, especially in Chicano areas of Colorado where they are located. They are trying to monopolize the beer industry. The Coors family repre-

sentative on the Board of the University of Colorado has always played a regressive role at that school, and in Boulder recently a gay rights ordinance was defeated because the vote was held while the University of Colorado was not in session. So Coors is no friend of gays; and in this struggle, the Teamsters local and other community groups of blacks, Chicanos, and women are. This is a historic opportunity for the development of unity between our community and other oppressed working people around a concrete issue in our common interest. Coors Beer does not deserve our patronage; this struggle needs our support. Boycott Coors Beer.

The Boycott IS having an effect. *The Bay Guardian* recently reported that a number of batches of Coors in the East Bay and Sacramento (struck) areas have gone bad (Coors isn't pasturized). Coors' share of the market is down, and the Oakland distributor is averaging only 125 cases a day compared to 350. This is the kind of power we can have in unity to achieve our ends of gay liberation and an equitable, just society. For more information, please call us at (415) 654-1578. □

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BEAUTIFUL DOWNTOWN CASTRO VILLAGE

THERE IS A RUMOR GOING around that the *next* bar/restaurant that is going to be opened in Castro Village will be on the top floor of the building on the North East corner of 18th and Castro streets—**Top of the Village**—complete with a four story outside glass enclosed elevator, floor to ceiling windows, telescopes and a revolving floor that will purposely not run smoothly. Strictly a rumor. But, that is about all that remains to be done right now. And if you were sitting there at the Top of the Village looking down onto beautiful downtown Castro Village what would you see besides people going in and out of bars and restaurants? Well, that depends upon what you like to look at since there is a lot to see.

To more and more people it is fast becoming a place to shop. Not too long ago there were only a few shops but that has all been changed. The latest of five jewelry shops has opened, **Fortiers**. It is small but then good jewelry does not need a large space and

it shows what can be done, for it is located in what was on a garage right smack on Castro between 18th and 19th. Jewelry only is part of the body decorations—clothes are another part whereas not too long ago there was no place to buy anything, there now are five mens' shops and two for women. All are on street level except for **G.G. Pinley** located right about the elephant walk. Second floor shops are slowly becoming the thing in Castro. **The Obelisk** recently opened up above **Aquarius Records** and has already been expanded.

The other major group of shops are antiques. A few years ago there was a drive not to allow antique shops from opening up in the Village! Nevertheless the attempt failed and there now are seven shops full of goodies from yesteryear. One of the shops—**Peacock Garden**—sells fresh coffee beans and teas with their antiques. That strange marriage works and I guess it is symbolic of what is taking place in the Village.

Castro is fast becoming a mixture that seems to be blending well. The latest members to join the once gay Castro Village Association are the **Hibernia Bank** and the **Bank of America**. The C.V.A. has made a bridge between the gay and straight communities and it looks like it is a bridge with some strong foundations.

Then there are a series of shops under construction right next to **Los Cazos** restaurant—two shops and one large building that will house small boutiques. While the nation's economy seems headed for hard times things seem to be doing well in Beautiful Downtown Castro Village from the Top of the Village. . . maybe it is just a rumor, but look up at that building next time you are in the area and picture yourself riding up in the glass enclosed outside elevator. . . fasten your seat belts and. . .

—Harvy Milk □



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women

MY MOTHER—A DRAG QUEEN
by BARBARA COLLIER

(Reprinted from *SISTERS*)

AROUND 1969, I WAS REALLY in the closet—afraid that if I saw the movie *THE FOX* or *THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE* everyone in the audience would know I was a homosexual, a lesbian, a dyke. Afraid to wear pants, afraid my friends would find out, afraid afraid afraid; but wanting desperately to know what GAY was, to meet other people, to get out of that cellar/closet/darkness before I would scream or die of fright!

My friend/lover and I attended an evening on Gay Life Styles at Glide Memorial Church. We thought it was a lecture course on how homosexuals lived and I guess we thought we'd be able to find out first hand if we were doing it right. We were scared, trying so hard to look straight and pretend that we were sociology students on assignment. Much to our chagrin when the show started, it was to be a night of entertainment: men dressed up as women and mouthing words to female vocalists — A DRAG SHOW!

As I sat there, I realized with shock, that any one of these four or five men, these queens could have been my own mother, with her dyed hair or numerous wigs, her contact lenses, her painted face, her bridge of teeth, her push up bra and pull in girdle, her high heels and sexy clothes, her facial expressions from little girl pout to Marilyn Monroe wet lips. My mother mouthing songs on a stage to my mother making her grand entrance at some Las Vegas Hotel. Her fear of her roots showing when she needed a dye job, her yelling at me to keep them (boyfriend, husband, milk-

man) busy while she put on her face, her feet always aching when she took off her three-inch heels. So small and vulnerable when she was barefooted, white ghastly white face and lips, shaved eyebrows and thick glasses.

When her sweat finally poured through her layers of Estee Lauder sickeningly sweet, to hide the fact that she was real, that she smelled, reeked sometimes of fear. . . Fear she would be found out, not beautiful, not tall, not a blonde, not sexy.

My poor mother a drag queen, from the first minute in the morning when

she pulled herself out of bed and took out the clips and toilet paper from her hair. A drag queen a fucking drag queen! And she didn't even know why. . . why she did all these things. WHY?

And there I was again, three female impersonators later, wondering why I am gay, where did I go wrong, how and why do I have this "homosexual sickness"? And it started to come to me slowly, slowly to light that perhaps I could be a real woman by becoming a lesbian, instead of being a real woman by becoming a drag queen like my own mother. □

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Clay Martin



"Why must there be any line?"

"Well, one time my buddy and I were tripping and we got into a whole touch thing with our bodies and then we both pulled back at the same time because we weren't ready to deal with those realities which would have occurred in the event we had gone on into a—huh—sex thing."

"Well, if you knew when to pull back than, on a conscious level, you must have considered the path, experienced a gut reaction to what was at the end of that path and then chickened out. If you're so free why are you setting these ridiculous limits? Be cool. I can wait."

Later in the evening Jebb insisted on telling me of his recent evening spent at the Cabaret/After Dark # 1 Gay Dance place in San Francisco.

"Of course, there were a lot of gay guys there but..."

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. That's like telling me that there are a lot of Chinese in China."

"Well, there were a lot of straights there, too."

Click. Turned off. This guy was on the wrong edge of being obnoxious.

Later, Jebb sought me out for some sympathy since one of the owners of the house had "invited" Jebb to not touch their new stereo and Jebb's sense of macho was all disturbed since he was unable to live up to his own expectations of what a real "man" would have done in that situation such as punch his adversary in the mouth.

The next day Michael Novic (editor of the *East of the Bay* column in this magazine) submitted an article concerning the "Invasion of Gay Space by the Straights." Michael makes his points strong enough not to need reinforcement here. Suffice it to say that the Jebb characters are in the minority—those in transition from latent to closet queen. Most straight males who have come to grips with the fact that it's OK to be human even when that humanity turns one on sexually to other men and it gives certain locations around San Francisco an incredibly exciting feeling—to share with others—ALL others—our humanity.

Jebb is a heterosexual imperialist (in his own head) who, out of his vast insecurities about what he considers

his tragic flaw and, while he is drawn to gay space, he isn't yet able to simply slide in and go with the vibes but, like my cat, Butch, has to roll around filling the space with his scent, his territorialism, his limits, his selected sexuality and his quite outdated hangups concerning the use of his body for his own pleasure. He is a dying breed and should be treasured as a vanishing species. We all can wait just a little longer, no?



Emperor's Court

JANUARY MARKS THE BEGINNING of a new year and also a new empress reign. The past 4 months the gay community of San Francisco has observed seven candidates working

for the office of "Empress of San Francisco." All have spent time, money, and put their hearts into the gay life. Each deserve the title but only one will be crowned on January 4, 1975 at the Grand Ball Room of the Historical Sheraton Palace Hotel at Market Streets and New Montgomery. The title of the Empress De San Francisco is sponsored by Tavern Guild Foundation with all proceeds of this year's coronation ball going to the Community Building Fund. The 1975 Coronation Ball promises to be an exciting event.

From as far north as Vancouver, B. C. to as far south as San Diego Imperial Courts are expected. Empress X, Frieda, is given credit for the large participation of visiting heads of states. Frieda has spent much of her time presenting the gay community of San Francisco at many coronations and different events up and down the West coast this past year. Thank you, Frieda, for a most memorable year.

The 1975 Coronation week begins with a "Farewell to Frieda" party on Friday evening, the 3rd of January at (Continued on Page 20)

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MYRON

by Gore Vidal

Random House, \$6.95, 1974

GORE VIDAL SEEMS TO BE hitting his stride again. Last year he presented us with *Burr*, an imaginative vision of the conflict between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton. This Fall he has appeared again on the college lecture circuit and the inevitable talk shows on TV. Now he offers a sequel to *Myra Breckinridge*, his big money maker. Myra is the female alter ego of Myron.

Myron doesn't seem to catch the public fancy in the way that *Myra* did. This is the trouble with most novels which attempt to follow up on a previous idea. What a shame. For some of the satire and social commentary found here packs more bite and sharper insight. The outrageous events may strike us as a bit far-fetched but once you adjust to the formula the fun begins.

Myron, alias Myra, is now married and living in the San Fernando Valley. One night while watching an old movie on the tube (starring Maria Montez and Bruce Cabot in a blazing Arabian Nights epic) Myron is mysteriously stuck into the TV movie via a time machine that places him directly into the film that is lensing in the Hollywood of 1948. He leaves the set and wanders about. (Can you still follow this?) He encounters a wierd assortment of characters, including Maud, a mad gay camp follower one would expect to find in Southern California.

The story is written in the first person with each chapter alternating between Myron and Myra as each wages a battle to gain control of the

body each of them inhabits. Myra wants to literally recast history by changing events as they unfold from 1948 to the present. She believes that in this way overpopulation can be stemmed and the Hollywood of the old school will regain its former glory. She hopes to capture some well-endowed stud and transform him into a beauty queen who will serve as the idol of all young boys. They, too, will want an operation. (Myra has her own primitive operating room ready to go at a moment's notice!) Myra is attempting to re-emerge from the body of Myron but he always prevents her from doing so.

In the course of events Vidal lampoons a parade of targets both sacred and otherwise. Frequent reference is made to the shadowy figures of Watergate and even Nixon himself appears at one point. Vidal entwines a wistful mixture of camp and nostalgia by describing actions and emotions in the image of old film stars and their popular roles. (Something like, "I pursed my lips the way Mae West did in *She Done Him Wrong*). Film buffs will love this book.

The whole thing is wild fun and easy reading, although the climax is weak and evasive.

Where can Gore Vidal go from here? Certainly the sexual ambiguity theme has had the course. He would probably do best by returning to historical characters like *Julian* and *Burr*. His most enduring work lies in this area. Certainly his witty commentary on current politics and manners will always shine with dash and insight. Therefore, read *Myron* with an eye focused on the light touches and not the strained plot. ☐

—Frank Howell



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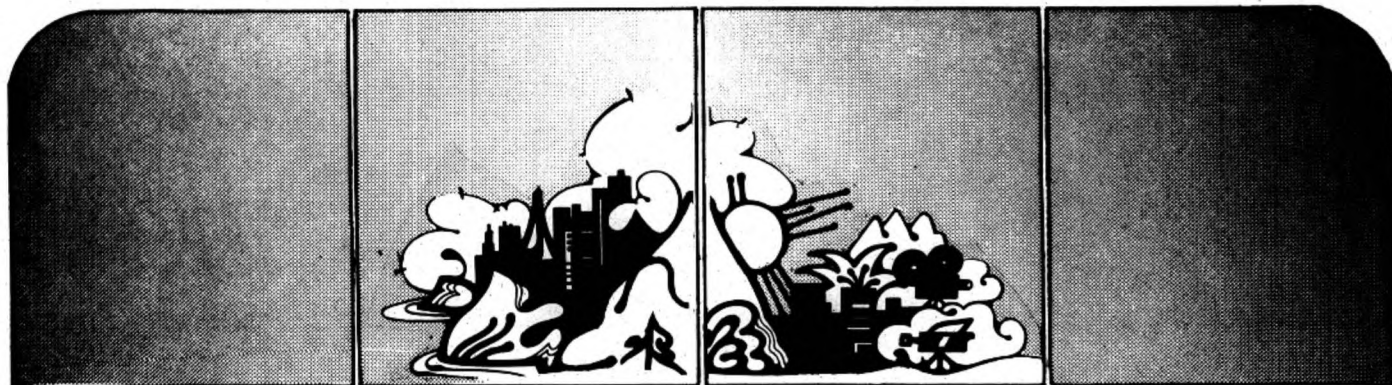


illustration: Doug Smith

by
RICK HANSEN

WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW, LA can be fun—vast like me but fun. The baths are mostly membership but visitors can join for five bucks the night depending on who recommended you; the after hours places are more varied than in SF but as you would expect they are far apart. Number one I found to be **The Outcast**, a large, well run bar that becomes a coffee house from 1:45am 'til 4am or later. A dollar door charge that includes a drink is exacted only on Friday and Saturday. Located just off Sunset in that vast gay area East of sleazy Hollywood proper, The Outcast prides itself on its prim and proper atmosphere so, dear visitor, check out any potentially attractive partner with the bartender before becoming frankly explicit in your conversation.

For teeny-boppers there is a place called **Gino's**, West of the Outcast that is very busy on weekends. Of course, anyone into that scene is careful so... on to the other side of the smog-covered Hollywood Hills, to **The Hayloft**, still the same movie-cruise-beer and after-hours spot it was ten years ago. Here it's more relaxed, too. Nearby baths, if all fails here around 3 or so: **The Serpent 8**, **The Continental Regency**, **The Corral**. All membership but an innocent, ingenue San Francisco look, if affected with that certain smile may get you admitted.

In West Hollywood the equivalent of San Francisco's **Phoenix**, **Windjammer** or **Mistake** is surely to be found at West

Hollywood's **Rusty Nail**. Two OK eating places not far off: **The Garden District**, **The Four Star**. Cheaper (until nine and a serve-yourself style place) is **Lillian's Soups & Etcetera** on Santa Monica, a branch of the now very chi chi Lillian's on La Brea, a sort of gay institution that has become more straight than gay in the last years due to deserved publicity in the local papers. Other gay restaurants: **Au Petit Joint** (Santa Monica Blvd.) **The Left Bank** (near the Sunset Strip) **Parises'** (near the leather bars on Melrose).

For older musical interludes try the **Toy Tiger** near the very, very popular **Woody's Hyperion** in the Silverlake District. For a Kokpit crowd and all the news the gay papers never publish try the new **Silver Dollar** on Sunset in the same general area. And if you dig the Endup's handsome college crowd and dancing, too, try the large **River Club**, also in the same area. Out in West Hollywood the dancing scene is now at the huge **Studio One**, very New York what with doormen, car park attendants and all the fripperies that appeal to many of the younger crowd.

The leather (read Ramrod, Boot Camp, No Name) crowd will trip out at some of Hollywood's great and famous places: **The Falcon's Lair**, **Griff's** (about the best bar for those in search of familiar faces as Gordon and JC here are also well known San Francisco bartenders), **The Stud**, **The Outcast**, **The Bunkhouse**.

Out in the San Fernando Valley, apart from The Hayloft the bikers go to the **Truck Stop** (that Sunday, every Sunday, party bit is great) and if you wondered

about those buses at the CMC Carnival that came all the way from **Mike's Corral** in North Long Beach, go there and see why it is the most talked about bike bar in Southern California (and while in that general area try the **Traffic Jam**, **The Inquire Room**, **The Caribbean**).

Stuck in Hollywood and waiting for a bus to the airport? Try stopping off at **The Haven**, **Aldo's**, **The Study**, **The Spotlight**. Caution is always a good word hereabouts but Los Angeles—Hollywood can be pleasantly surprising at any time.

As for the gay porno theatres—they are many and attractive. But watch the movie and don't get involved in the action in the back row or the balcony. LA is still all you heard it was so don't cruise Selma without a guide, or even Hollywood Boulevard. For the daring Griffith Park is still a possibility. For the more serious, a trip downtown to the magnificent MCC Mother Church should be an experience on any Sunday.




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The entire act at this new restaurant is so together that it takes an hour of heavy meditation to sit down and separate all the elements for discussion and "review." We had an absolutely perfect evening and in the process gained a new respect for the art of French cooking.

Chef Jean Paul (who trained and worked in France at a four star Michelin Guide Restaurant) has provided a gem of a menu ranging from Supreme de Poitrine de Volaille Gismondin (Breast of Chicken) for \$3.95 to Steak au Poivre for \$7.00. Because there are only six regular items plus a daily special, each entre has a guaranteed freshness of materials and approach. The key word for his kitchen (and Gunther and Lukas' management) is right in the middle of "subtle" and "delicate."

The meal began with a light cream of asparagus (in December!) soup with fresh, (of the flown in from Paris type) bread, followed by a salad that was a love song on the tongue—fresh, crisp butter lettuce dusted (not drowned) in

a light, light dressing of oil, vinegar, mustard powder and probably a dozen secrets that only Jean Paul knows. One felt it could almost be inhaled it was so perfect!

My entre was **Eninca de Boeuf** (that day's special for \$5.95). Small, tender, pieces of beef cooked with shallots, tiny carrots, wine and other surprises, the main one being that each item retained its individual (from the garden fresh) flavor yet blended on another plateau and another and another. The house wine (a light, white Paul Masson) was the perfect companion and in spite of our compliments Lukas insists they are still looking for a wine that meets their incredibly high standards.

John ordered the **Scallopino de veau Picatta** (\$5.75) and we fought over it. This was another subtle miracle of medalion of veal sauted with lemon butter, a portion of brilliant green broccoli and a fascinating rice we discussed at length (as to why it was so delicious) but, again only Jean Paul will know for sure.

We split a **Mousse au chocolat** (\$1.95) which was, simply, the best Mousse I have ever experienced, and a superb

piece of Cheese Cake (\$.85) which, again was subtle, perfect and as in the rest of the meal sitting between subtle and delicate.

The **Filtre Coffee** (\$.50) was another lesson in French Art and rated 10 on our scale of one to ten.

And we sat and sat and sat. The restaurant in spite of a rainy, dreary Thursday night was filled and, we have learned, been filled nightly in spite of the fact of its location somewhere between nowhere (but heavenly amply parking). We sat because we were so

(Continued on Page 57)

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MEN AND WOMEN

EMPEROR—from page 16

the Phoenix, 1035 Post St. Emperor Bob Cramer and the Cable Car Court will be the sponsors of this tribute. Dress is casual, entertainment fun and light which adds up to another fun evening at the "Play Room of the Stars."

Saturday, January 4th starts off with a brunch from 11 to 2pm at Jackson's, 2237 Powell St. The Cable Car Court will provide a motorized cable car tour of San Francisco for our out-of-town guests. The tour is scheduled from 1:30 and will return to Jackson's by 4pm. Plenty of time to be ready for the ball later that evening.

The Coronation Ball will start at 8pm. Empress X De San Francisco will be crowned at midnight in the Grand Ball Room.

Sunday, January 5th, from 11am to 3pm a brunch in honor of the new Empress will be held at the P.S. Restaurant, 1121 Polk Street with funds going to the Community Building Fund.

Sunday evening the Cable Car Court in conjunction with David Weber will produce the 2nd annual Feather & Leather Follies. This event is a benefit for the Pride Foundation. This year the Follies will be held at Bimbo's, 1025 Columbus Avenue. At 7pm the evening begins and is only \$5.00. This year's talent will include not only local but also talent from the Pacific Northwest. Don't miss this event!

Emperor Bob Cramer, the Cable Car Court and friends are busy at the drawing boards preparing for the 1st Cable Car Awards to be held on Sunday, February 2, 1975 at Bimbos. □

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political savvy

Political Savvy by FRANK FITCH

ONE MORE VOTE...

A gay man did not go to the Democratic National Convention in Kansas this past month due to the lack of just one vote. Jim Foster, past political chairperson of S.I.R. and Program Secretary of the California Democratic Council, ran for a delegate slot on a slate with Fr. Gene Boyle and June Degnan.

On the first ballot all, including running mate Degnan, but sex were eliminated from the race. The second ballot resulted in one candidate withdrawing from the contest. On the third ballot, Gene Boyle was elected and Jim Foster received 168 votes with 169 needed to elect. The fourth ballot completed the process, electing Angie Alarcon and labor leader Tim Twomey.

After over seven hours of speeches, politicking and balloting, Foster gracefully asked the 6th C.D. Caucus to make the vote unanimous by transferring his votes to the winners. When asked afterward why he lost, Foster responded that it was a number of factors, including misjudgment of how hard labor would fight to gain control of the delegation, the length of time required for the process, which saw supporters leaving for other engagements, and, he ventured, he could have used that "one more" voter.

One lesson seems to emerge clearly, and not just in this race. In New Hampshire, a state-wide race for the U.S. Senate produced a winner with only 10 votes more than the competition. Each vote is important, not just in the aggre-

gate, but individually able to decide a particular race.

GAY WOMEN GO TO CONVENTION

Elaine Noble, recently elected to the Massachusetts Statehouse, and Jo Daly, chairperson of the S.F. Cable TV Task Force, were delegates to the Democratic National Convention. Neither went as the result of elections in caucus. Noble got one of the seats reserved for elected officials and Daly was appointed by the State Central Committee.

MAYORALITY COUNTDOWN

The race for the job of Mayor of San Francisco is beginning to emerge from the closet. Behind the scenes for some time now a number of still un-announced candidates have been appearing at functions, seeking supporters, and holding coffees in the homes of potential supporters.

If you have never had a politician in your home, try it. You might like it. Go through your address or Christmas card list to see if you could get 20 to 40 (depending on the size of your home) of your friends to look over a potential mayor. Then call the office (so far, all of the candidates I know of hold some public office now) of the candidate and tell the person who answers that you would like to have the candidate over to meet your friends and talk about the issues. You will find them very eager to arrange a convenient date.

The following list of those who appear to be hopefuls may be of assistance. I have arranged their names in what appears to me, to be from liberal to conservative on civil rights issues.

Sen. George Moscone is currently a Democratic State Senator from San Francisco, and Majority Leader of the Senate. A long time friend of the gay community, he is known for his advocacy of decriminalization of marijuana, consensual sex and other crimeless crimes. He is the holder of the record of Legislator With The Greatest Number of Bills Vetted by Governor Reagan.

Sen. Milton Marks is currently a Republican State Senator from San Francisco, and chairs the Committee on Local

(Continued on Page 58)

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UNEXPURGATED PLATO
by JACK ANDERSEN

RECENTLY, I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY to overhear a discussion on Plato's *Symposium* among a group of undergraduates who are taking a course in ancient philosophy.

It all started when Gary came up to me and remarked, "You know, I'd heard and read about Socrates and the *Symposium* before; but on reading it myself, I was really surprised at the amount of—uh—homosexuality in it. I had to reread lots of parts to make sure that they really did say what I thought they were saying. Now it really bothers me that I never noticed the homosexuality before. Was that just me, or are people really so afraid of talking about it?"

I gave him the standard spiel about the careful omissions and circumlocutions performed by Victorian editors in most English translations available until recently, and I added that people are simply more willing today to talk and write openly about homosexuality. By this time several other people had joined in.

"I agree with you, and I think that the current attitude is ridiculous," exclaimed Marcia with a toss of her hair. "If you look at the social and economic structure of ancient Greece, you can see how important male homosexuality must have been to their system of education. Women occupied a terribly low and subservient position in ancient Greece; the only educated and encultured people were men. If you were going to have a physical relationship for the sake of physical offspring, heterosexuality was fine. But if you wanted a relationship where emotional feelings were tied in with intellectual pursuits—to produce intellectual offspring—the relationship would have to be a male homosexual one, at least from the attitude and evidence that we see in Plato. Plato doesn't seem to want to separate the emotional and the intellectual in a personal relationship, but *his* society defined the conditions under which an *intellectual* relationship could occur. So how, and why, can modern editors deny homosexuality in Plato just because they want to deny it among us?"

Gary continued, "And why do we have so much trouble talking about

homosexuality, anyway? When you think about it, it doesn't make much sense that people are so uptight, does it? I can't understand where our attitude comes from."

Another student, Lynn, answered, "Well, where does any social taboo come from? It probably had its logical point in the middle ages, when families and national groups were constantly threatened with extinction. You had to propagate within your own group to assure your own, personal safety. By seeming to threaten an endangered group, maybe homosexuality could have been viewed as a threat to someone's personal safety—in the middle ages. But anyway, the general

(Continued on Page 58)

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Illustration/Jonathan Powk

THIS SEASON'S *OTELLO* WAS a mixed bag, Lopez-Cobos varied widely from performance to performance but was uniformly raggedy of tempo. The night we saw it, it was either too loud or too soft, inconsistent as to the tempi in act one, plodding in act two, frenetic in act three, and absolutely superb in act four. Wierd was the effect on the listener, not to mention the singers. The act one love-duet was listless, but Desdemona's narrative and prayer was the most magical I have ever heard.

Ponelle's staging left much to be wished, too. Othello's epileptic fit was one of those excesses that set small waves of embarrassed titters lapping through the house. Further, it is stupid to have only one character's makeup change to match their inner dissolution: from act to act, Othello got blacker and more grotesque, until by the last one he resembled a witch-doctor on a house call and his scenery-chewing bit in Act III left large smudges on the set. Also, M. Ponelle's Venetians were Velasquez Spaniards, and color-coordinated past bearing.

James King isn't an ideal Othello. Though he is big and ballsey and acts fairly well, his voice hasn't the clarion freedom to wing it on that inspired music. Mr. King's voice is a dry, woody bray, the product of hard work; not very interesting and exciting. The Iago of Vassili Janulako was the best we have had since Tito Gobbi, in 1964. Mr. Janulako is not only a passable thespian but

OPERA

by JAMES ARMSTRONG

is possessed of the kind of enormous, chocolate-cream Verdian baritone that can give you the vapours from the sheer sensual sumptuousness of its sound. He has elegant phrasing, incisive diction, and a splendid character face.

Pilar Lorengar's debut here was as Desdemona (with McCracken and Gobbi in 1964). Ten years ago she was good; this time around she is Great. Her vocal line has not only elegance but intense meaning, and there is a radiant vulnerability in the strong, sweet sound of her voice which can overpower your emotions. It's a voice that once heard will always be recognized. She has power and passion, exquisite sensitivity and musicianship, and that miraculous Milanovian ability to float her pianissimi to the furthest reaches of the house. A more perfect Desdemona, physically and vocally, is difficult to imagine.

It seems the rule here that *Don Giovanni* is heaven to hear but hell to look at, and this year was no exception. Another pretentiously dudsome set (the third in a row), which ignored period, action and music. Yoni Businger did it and what it was was dozens of oversized room-dividers and flat chandeliers (boutique Mediterranean in style) from Akron or Cost Plus, with an enormous wall-sculpture by an undergrad at

Arts & Crafts on the back wall. Let's just say it was awful, and move ahead to the rest of the production, which was glorious.

John Prichard demonstrated again what an elegant singer's conductor he is—balances and tempi always precise and supportive, plus a sure sense of the dramatic pace—and what a fine feeling he has for Mozart.

This opera requires voices which must match like the queen's diamonds, and we had them.

An accident prevented us from seeing *Louisa Miller*, so I only heard it on the radio. It sounded fine, though confirming my growing feeling that Luciano Pavarotti is basically just another Italian grandstander, good for nothing but belting high notes, with no gift for singing with real feeling. It's a fine voice, certainly, but so was Mario Lanza's.

Mr. Adler closed his season with a big, beautiful bon-bon: Donizetti's *Daughter of the Regiment* in English starring Beverly Sills and newcomer William Harness—another of Mr. Adler's Finds, and of the lot of them (my count is six), there is one who without doubt will most rapidly vault to super-star status. There simply is no tenor of that type (high lyric) singing today whose instrument is so fine, so free, so flawless.

This production again combined the talents of Lofti Mansouri, as director, and Beni Montresor, as Designer, which meant it was elegant, stylish, and superbly imaginative. Also very funny. (Mr.

(Continued on Page 57)

THE PASSIONS OF MAN

SOME JAPANESE PERSPECTIVES ON HOMOSEXUALITY

By BERTA KALIF TABBAT



Okomura Masanobu (1686-1764) A MAN AND A COURTESAN WATCHING A YOUNG MAN WRITE
The poem in the upper left hand corner (behind the screen) is full of ambiguous meanings; it translates as: The fragrant plum (the youth)/Agreeable in taste/Produces the first smile. It suggests that the man is charmed by the youth. (The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fletcher Fund, 1929)

"... My love became so violent that it seemed to me that my soul was breaking into a thousand pieces. I am a priest but alas! I have also the passions of a man, and I confess that I love you with all my being..."

THIS PASSAGE IS FROM A STORY OF THE Japanese writer, Ihara Saikaku. For us the notable thing about these words is that they are addressed to a young man.

Another of Saikaku's stories is about a court page who had long been admired by an older man: "... Inosuke was as graceful and delicate as the cherry flower, but his soul was as fearless as the god of war..." The years pass and Inosuke, now a Samurai, and his admirer are finally united: "... Inosuke put on his old page's dress with long sleeves, although it was not suitable for a grown man, for he wished to recall past days. They spent the night together in his room, and in his love murmurings Inosuke said, 'I am only twenty-one years old' although he was really twenty-two. A Samurai ought never to dissemble but Inosuke must be excused for his lie, for he was truly in love. Even a brave and valiant Samurai grows weak when he loves..."

THESE STORIES WERE NOT PRINTED SECRETLY, covered with plain brown rice paper, or read by candlelight under the futon. They were produced and distributed like any other popular stories. Saikaku was not the first Japanese author to write about homosexual love, and neither he nor his predecessors aroused either individual indignation or official censure. Prudery had not yet been imported from the Western world.

The atmosphere of homosexuality in today's Japan has changed from that of Saikaku's time, the late 17th Century, but it is still closer to its past than the outsider imagines; and it is a world apart from the Western predicament. To bring the modern scene into focus we must look back in time, behind the Western facade.

OLD JAPAN HAD A HIGHLY STRUCTURED class society. At the top were the privileged classes, the nobles, priests, and Samurai, who were trained

warriors in the service of various nobles. The lower orders were the farmers, the artisans and, at the bottom, the merchants.

In the Samurai-court society homosexual alliances were quite conventional. Some Samurai, defying convention, were solely heterosexual; others were exclusively homosexual; and some chose to have everything: they married and had families without relinquishing their homosexual lives. A Western reader would expect to find some record of secrecy, guilt, or emotional anguish about such plural love-lives, but, as yet, I have found none.

THE SONS OF SAMURAI, IN THEIR TURN hoped and vied to be apprenticed to their heroes, older Samurai distinguished for their courage and swordsmanship. The esteem of the young apprentice for his paladin master, combined with the intense loyalty that has always been characteristic of Japanese affiliations, often developed into lifelong partnerships. The nature of these alliances ranged from loyal friendship to passionate love, from asexual comradeship-in-arms to sensual pederasty. Like the homosexual warriors of classical Greece, many Samurai believed that loving women alone could make men cowardly and effeminate. Women, in general, were for family life and children, but boys were for pleasure.

IN LOVE AS IN WAR, THE SAMURAI WAS ruled by a rigorous code of honor. This was a traditional class-code of behavior, followed by wives and daughters as well as men of Samurai rank. In the story, *The Tragic Love of Two Enemies*, a Samurai unknowingly becomes the lover of the son of a man he had slain on his lord's order. By chance the widow learns that it was he who had committed the deed. The code of filial duty supersedes all others: a father's murder must be avenged. "In compassion for their love and their noble natures the mother says, 'Each of you is a man of honor. Love each other for this one night, but tomorrow...' Sh7nosuke brought dishes and cups of wine and the two rejoiced.

"The next morning the mother entered the room and saw that her son had pierced Senptji's heart with his sword

passed through his own breast and out at his back. . ."

Saikaku's time was one of peace after centuries of devastating clan wars. The lower classes were for the first time feeling the heady luxury of more coins in their pouches than were required for survival and sought some of the envied pleasures of their betters. If their masters looked with favor upon homosexuality, then it must be a superior form of erotic expression, went the reasoning: prestige by association. Then, as now, sex made good copy. Debates on the relative merits of the "two ways of love" kept appearing in popular literature from the 15th to the 18th centuries. Saikaku wrote about the life of the newly prosperous tradesmen: A merchant "feigning an illness, and claiming that the local air was not good for his recovery, went up to the home provinces and spent his whole time practicing one or other of the arts of love with courtesans and actors."

THE ACTORS WERE MEMBERS OF THE Kabuki, Japan's national popular theatre. We know the still thriving Kabuki as an all-male theatre but its original companies employed both men and women. Early Kabuki presented songs, dances, and drama and was a popular and lively center of entertainment. As a natural showcase for sensual charms it was also a magnet for patrons shopping for a "bride for a night." Its reputation as a marketplace for prostitution disturbed the authorities, and in 1629 the government ruled that women were no longer to be employed in the Kabuki.

Show business has ever been irrepressible. For female roles the management recruited effeminately beautiful young men—*wakashu*. Dramatic talent was desirable, but often secondary. Sex attitudes being as flexible as they were, the patrons took the boy "brides" instead.

To those in the seats of judgment the situation was again inadmissible. They disapproved of the spreading of homosexuality from Samurai and priests to the lower classes. The recreations of each class should be kept within its hierarchical domain. This was a time when the kind of clothing a man could wear, the kind of house he could live in, and even the kind of food he could buy were proscribed by feudal custom. So after a look at the goings-on centering around the Kabuki the rulers in 1652 passed a law prohibiting sodomy among the lower classes. (The Western world had a parallel situation. In classical Greece the Athenian leader Solon, 640-560 B.C., passed a law forbidding pederasty to slaves. The theory was that this freest manifestation of self-determination should be exercised only by free men.) But such "bamboo basket" laws, like their cognomen, held little water. The government answered. It closed the theatres entirely.

THE MORE JUDICIOUS AMONG THE RULERS knew that rice and Kabuki, like Rome's bread and circuses, were a great source of contentment and diversion. The theatre was permitted to open again, with certain restrictions. Instead of the usual variety repertoire of acting, singing, and dancing, the content of the performances was to be limited to representational drama. Offstage, the *wakashu* were to stop using elaborate

hairdresses; they were also to make themselves less conspicuously attractive by conforming to the custom of most males at that time and shave off the hair of the front of the head.

Under these requirements there developed the great Japanese theatrical institution of the *onnagata*, male actors specializing in female roles. Ayame, the actor generally esteemed as the greatest *onnagata* of all time, had been a catamite in the pleasure district of Osaka. (Both the Oxford and Webster dictionaries primly and briefly define catamite as "a boy kept for unnatural pleasures.") Ayame's career and training were encouraged and directed by a devoted patron, who may have been the original talent scout.

BEFORE JAPANESE MEN WORE WESTERN clothing and short hair the custom of shaving the front of the head was an almost necessary symbol of maleness. The facial features of many Japanese men are as dainty as the women's. They have sparse body hair so that arms and other visible parts were smooth as women's. Both men and women wore their hair long. Japanese women, in general, are small breasted and as narrow hipped as their brothers, and the kimono worn by both sexes effectively conceals the body contours.

With these physical characteristics the effects of Japanese theatrical transvestism can be most convincing. But dramatically successful character transversion requires phenomenal discipline and skill. Japanese children are reared with extremely complex training in manners, gestures, body movements, and speech, with distinctly different patterns for boys and for girls. Girls have been trained even to sleep in seemingly postures, while boys could sprawl. Lafcadio Hearn said that the Japanese woman is a consummate work of art. It is difficult for the Westerner to comprehend the prodigious art of the *onnagata*—and the erotic appeal these artists could have for masculine males.

I'm pleased to report that the ancient tradition of the *onnagata* is still flourishing and shows no sign of being weakened by the theatrical preferences of the young "Westernized" generation. Performances by today's leading *onnagata* are invariably sold out. A few months ago, at the Kyoto Kabuki theatre, I was part of an audience enraptured by one of the youngest of the new generation of gifted and talented *onnagata*, the twenty-year-old Tomasaburo.

JAPANESE WOMEN AS WELL AS MEN CAN be extremely adept at switching sex roles. I recently attended a performance of the Takarazuka Review, Japan's all-girl theatrical company, probably the world's most versatile, highly-trained, performing group; its repertoire includes every known theatrical form, including grand opera. Women playing masculine roles are so thoroughly convincing that girls in the audience, forgetting the actual sex of the artists, develop intense crushes on the "Shining Prince," the "Wandering Warrior," or the low-voiced, hip-swaying singer of Western Jazz.

Among witnesses to these peculiarly Japanese phenomena of the Kabuki and the Takarazuka Review, connoisseurs of the theatre speak of consummate art, while the

psychiatry-minded speak of homosexuality, latent, unconscious, or overt.

"Modern Japan is ancient Japan in borrowed clothing" commented psychiatrist James Moloney after his extensive research into the Japanese psyche. "The way of the Samurai" has become "the way of the company," the court page has become the young company man. Our irrepressible merchant, as the whole world knows, has transcended his feudal barriers and attained his affluent pleasures while conducting his business with traditional Japanese protocol.

SINCE JAPAN HAS BEEN OPENED TO THE Western world, over a century ago, various laws have been passed to gain the approval of foreigners. Later, under the American occupation, laws requiring conformity to American standards in several spheres of Japanese life were mandated by the occupation authorities under General MacArthur. (This period was known as the MacArthur Shogunate.) Tucked among the internationally significant mandates were the almost whimsical prohibitions of mixed bathing and sodomy. But venerable customs leap over upstart decrees. Proprietors of bath houses separated the sexes by stretching a strong across the center of the communal bathing pool and expressions of homosexuality became more discreet. Like mass production and trousers, such decrees were imports from the Western world. They were viewed as legal problems, not, as through Western eyes, as psychiatric or moral concerns.

During a recent stay in Japan I became acquainted with several Japanese psychiatrists and welcomed the possibility of gaining some source-information. I asked how the parents of homosexuals felt about the situation. (I had been in Japan just long enough to have learned that the most direct way to get an answer to a possibly delicate question was through indirection.) The parents' primary concern, I was told, was that their children marry and carry on the all-important family.

IN GENERAL, THE JAPANESE HAVE A strong sense of continuity and feel it a life-duty to continue the family line. One of the basic tenets of Shintoism, the indigenous Japanese creed, is the honoring of ancestors. No matter what additions of belief and custom have been made by Buddhism, which co-exists with Shintoism, and despite the inroads of Christianity, the Shinto "way of the gods" lies deep in Japanese hearts. One must have descendants to do homage to one's spirit after death. Almost every Japanese home I have visited has a small shrine, generally in the living room, at which the family pays daily homage to its ancestors. No matter what the child's sexual preferences, when he reaches maturity the parents are consulting a go-between about arranging a suitable marriage.

IN THE BEGINNINGS OF JUDEO-CHRISTIAN culture was created our Western ethic of sin and guilt, while on the other side of the world the flesh and the devil have long been strangers to each other. Japanese creeds, which cannot be called religions in our sense of the recognition of a powerful Supreme Being, are rather

all-pervasive life programs. Human behavior is not seen as righteous or sinful, good or bad, but as acceptable or unacceptable depending upon the situation. The extent and severity of the behavioral discipline a Japanese is subject to from infancy to maturity is unknown in the Western world. Yet homosexuality, heterosexuality, autoeroticism, getting high on a few saucers of saki, and all forms of human indulgence and personal gratification are acceptable *in their proper places*. Personal discipline is so completely absorbed that even the insane maintain proper decorum and rarely become violent. Intoxicated men will almost rarely become hostile or contentious. They may relax their usual formal postures, sing, lean against each other, and, homosexual or not, if the party gets lively, may sit on each other's laps. At gatherings or community clubs where young men go primarily to socialize with girls, they may find few or no girls present. So the young men dance with each other, generally Western style to Western music. Quite routine. These normal Japanese situations have been viewed by some Westerners with bewilderment or with lasciviously suggestive swaying of the hips.

INEVITABLY, THERE ARISES THE QUESTION of what causes some of us to become homosexual. Explanations have been biological, psychiatric, cultural, circumstantial. The most frequently cited pattern of origin is the extreme closeness of the boy to his mother during early childhood, with the result that when he reaches the age of normal interest in girls he finds it impossible to sever his psychological and emotional bonds to his mother. He takes on her identity—in Western psychological jargon, he identifies with her—and, like Narcissus, comes to love others who reflect his own image. There are other tenable theories, which we need not deal with here.

Seen in the light of this theory, Japanese patterns of child-rearing and the ambience of his home life seem fertile ground for the development of homosexuality. The Japanese mother and child are extremely close. During most of his infancy he is carried on his mother's back. Every afternoon he is taken into the bath with her. In part, he lives her life with her, becoming part of her gestures and movements, seeing what she sees, bowing when she bows, feeling her tensions and relaxations.

Senryu, a class of gently satirical, humorous Japanese poetry, includes such jewels as:

*The child on the back
is disliked
For his good memory.
When the mother is scolded,
the child also
Boo-hoos.*

THE CHILD'S PRE-SCHOOL TRAINING IS ALMOST entirely his mother's responsibility. In infancy she takes great care to teach him the proper Japanese filial piety—*ko*—the respect for the superior status of the father and one's lifelong obligation to him. This, in its turn, is a duplication of the mother's training, strengthening the bond of identification with her. As the child grows it is the mother who trains and disciplines him in every aspect of his young life.

The child's next closest ties, when he goes to school, are with his schoolmates of the same sex, especially those of his own age group. These age groups, called *donen*, become very close

and frequently form lifelong ties that survive all others. The Japanese say that *donen* are closer than a wife.

Starting with elementary school excursions with *donen* the Japanese travel, work, and relax in small groups all their lives. In adult life men going on business trips or even business excursions with members of their organization—and almost every Japanese activity is organized—are not normally accompanied by wives and families. In the United States such devoted and continuous male companionship raises suspicions of homosexuality and, worse, plenty of trouble at home.

A REVERSAL OF PERSPECTIVE—THE VIEW from the East—is given to us by Dr. Takeo Doi, an eminent Japanese psychiatrist. He wrote about his "cultural shock" when he came to the United States to study: "... My realization of the importance of homosexual feelings in Japan was related to the cultural shock I described. I was astonished to discover the special emphasis laid in America, unlike traditional Japanese custom, on the ties between the sexes, not only after marriage, but before it as well. In Japan, socializing in couples is not unusual."

Dr. Doi defines homosexuality in a broader, less clinical sense than we generally do. His use of the term "homosexual feelings" refers to situations in which emotional bonds between people of the same sex takes precedence over ties with the opposite sex. Among Japanese such bonds are prevalent not only between friends, but extend to many relationships, such as between teacher and pupil, or between senior and junior members of professional or other organizations. Dr. Doi explains that, although these relationships may exist in conjunction with homosexuality of the narrow sense—the sexual attraction and inclination to sexual union between members of the same sex, it does not necessarily develop into this restricted type of homosexuality. In short, Dr. Doi's "Cultural Shock" led him to an awareness of the homosexual (of the wider sense) ambience of Japanese life.

IN HIS PIONEERING WORK OF SEARCHING out and defining the reasons for the vast differences in the psychology of Japanese and Americans, Dr. Doi has singled out an attitude that is an integral part of the psychological and emotional climate of the Japanese. It is defined in the word *amae*, which roughly translates into English as depending upon the good will, indulgence, and even love of other members of one's group, whether it be family, community, schoolmates, organization-mates, or those in any group to which one belongs. Dr. Doi cites this all-pervasive *amae* atmosphere as contributing to the "importance of homosexuality" in his country. It is significant that there is no equivalent of this word in the English language.

Attitudes of the Western world towards homosexuality have run the gamut from the privilege-status of classical Greece to the Puritan hell-and-damnation of early America. No legal, social, or moral consensus has yet been reached.

IT SEEMS HIGHLY UNLIKELY THAT A CONTROVERSY similar to the American Psychiatrist Association's first-they're-sick-then-they're-not syndrome would arise in Japan. Being the world's most homogeneous people, the Japanese are less likely to experience the rapid or extreme changes of attitude and definition than Ameri-

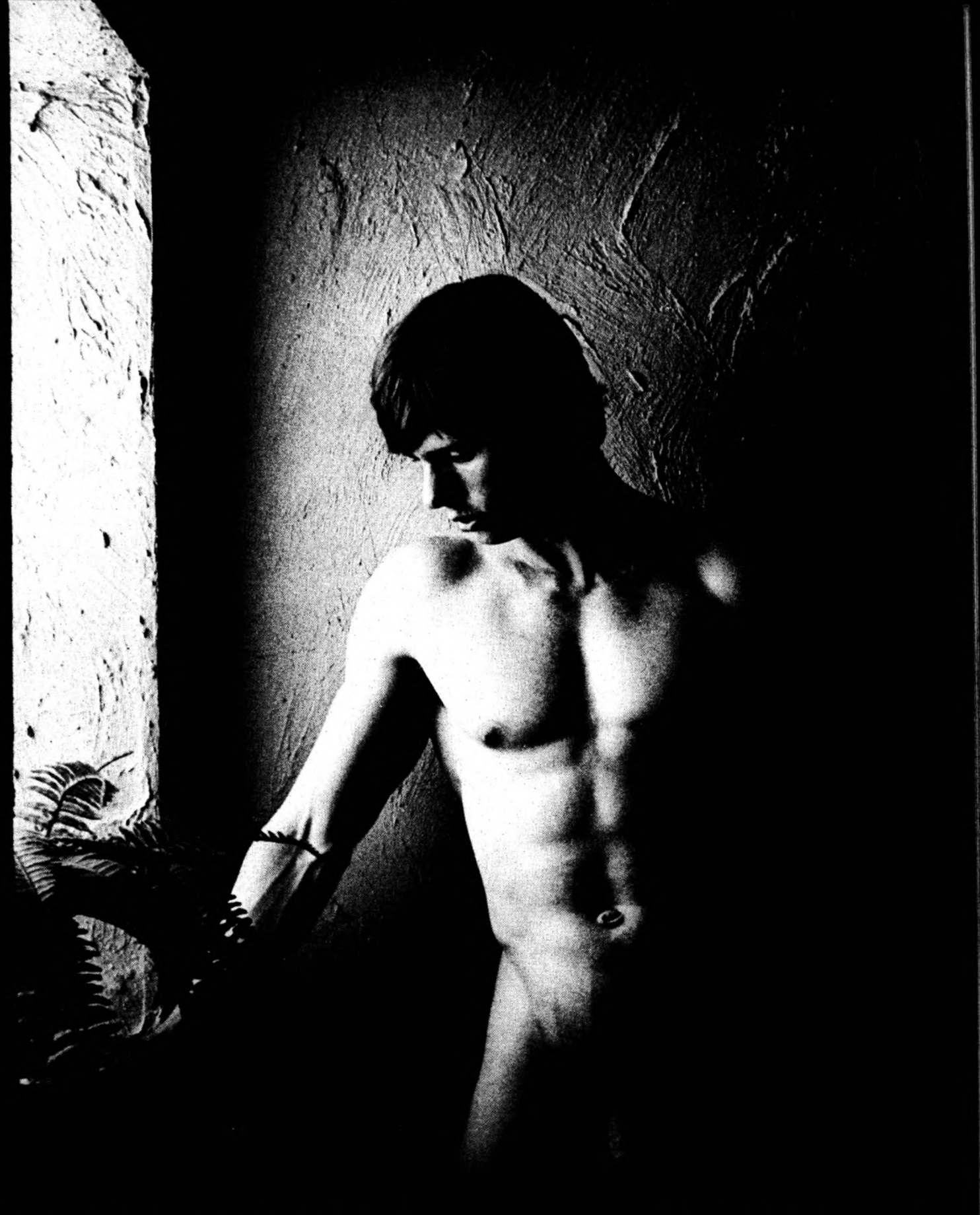
cans, probably the most diverse aggregation of humans ever to constitute a nation. The highly visible aspects of modern Japan, apartment living, subway rush hours, electric kitchens, baseball mania, glass-encased office buildings, may lead us to believe that the Japanese are psychologically pretty much like us. We would be mistaken.

In the more subtle categories of human experience, our definitions of well and ill, good and bad, ride the waves of our cultures. An observer of the human condition who seems to have anticipated all our dilemmas wrote: "So our virtues lie in the interpretation of the time."

While Japan is racing toward the material and scientific



Attributed to ISHIKAWA TOYONOBU (1711-1785)
A WAKASHU—An Effeminate Youth. The cap is worn to cover the shaved front of the head. (Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fletcher Fund, 1929)



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Photograph by JOHN DAVID HOUGH



LAND'S END

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RUBEN





VECTOR

Photo: John David Hough

& LOVE

I Love You
Not only for what you are,
But for what I am
When I am with you.

I Love you,
Not only for what
You have made of yourself,
But for what
You are making of me.

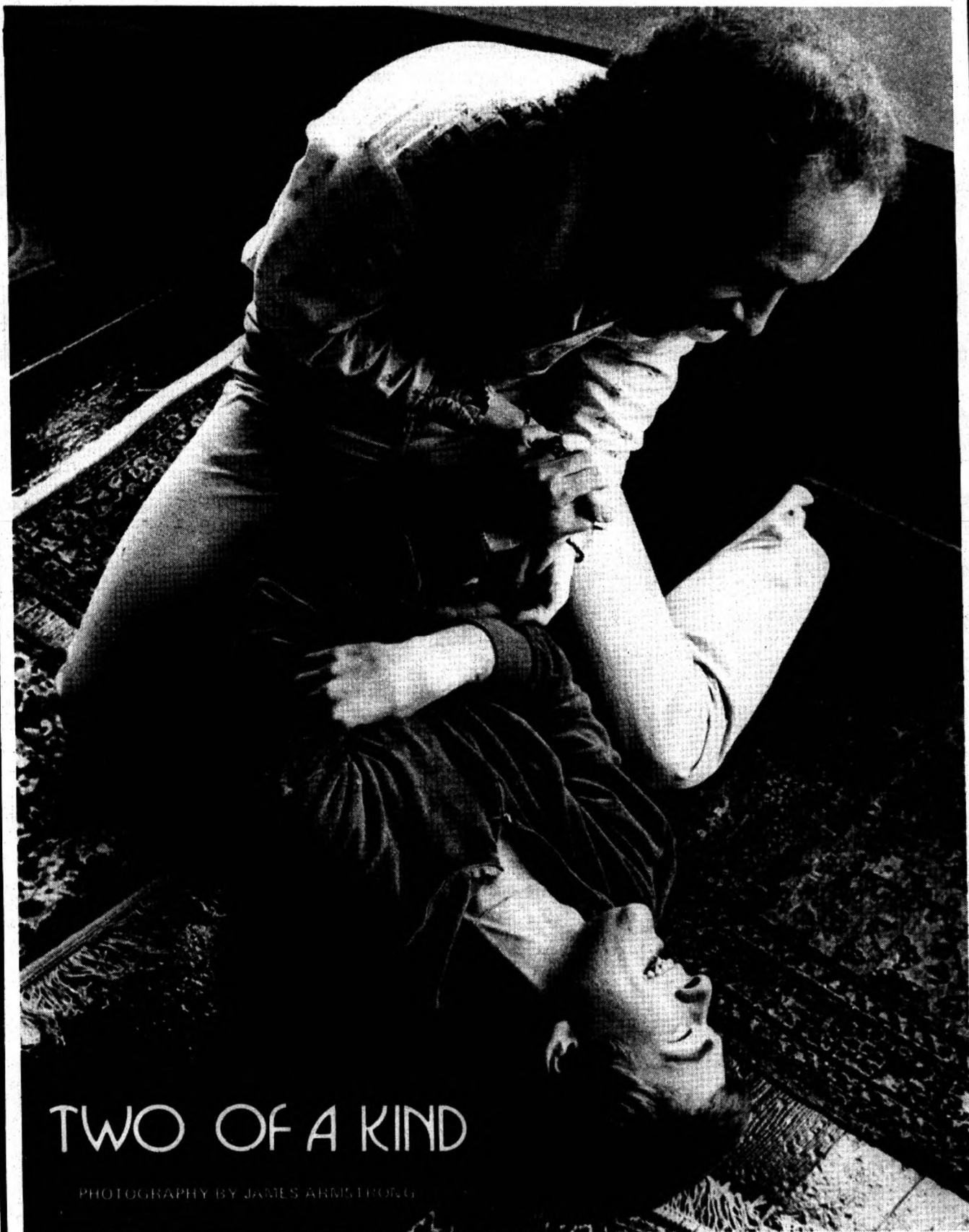
I Love you
For the part of me
That you bring out,
I love you
For putting your hand
Into my heaped-up heart
And passing over
All the foolish, weak things
That you can't help
Dimly seeing there,
And for drawing out
Into the light
All the beautiful belongings
That no one else had looked
Quite far enough to find.

I love you because you
Are helping me to make
Of the lumber of my life
Not a tavern
But a temple,
Out of the works
Of my every day
Not a reproach
But a song.

I love you
Because you have done
More than any creed
Could have done
To make me good,
And more than any fate
Could have done
To make me happy.

You have done it
Without a touch,
Without a word,
Without a sign,
You have done it
By being yourself.
Perhaps that is what
Being a lover means,
After all.

I LOVE YOU by Dennis Emond



GARY

He is rags and snails and puppy dog tails. He fits into my world like the piece that was missing from a jigsaw puzzle. When something is "not right," his face wrinkles like a prune. When everything is "all right," there is sunshine in his smile.

His thoughts are either in a hundred magic places that I forgot years ago, or they are centered only on me.

He's a baby sleeping in my arms and a man cradling my head in his lap.

He overwhelms me with his strength and looks to me for protection.

He's ready to cry for me if something goes wrong, and he turns my cry to laughter.

He will talk and talk for hours, telling me about his life, his fears, his joys, and he will be quiet for hours with no communication beyond a loving touch.

He asks for nothing and gives me everything.

He steals the blankets at night, forgets I take sugar in my coffee, and pokes his chewing-gum in my mouth when we kiss.

He is unlike every image I have ever had of an ideal lover.

He puts me before all things in his life.

He loves me... and I love him—very much.

RANDY

He says I'm the sunshine of his life and when he goes to work in the morning he leaves me notes to find and read when I get up. They are always tenderly written in the early morning hours and he says over and over how much he loves me. Before I leave I scribble something as unromatic as "Sorry I didn't do the breakfast dishes," and then a hurried "I love you."

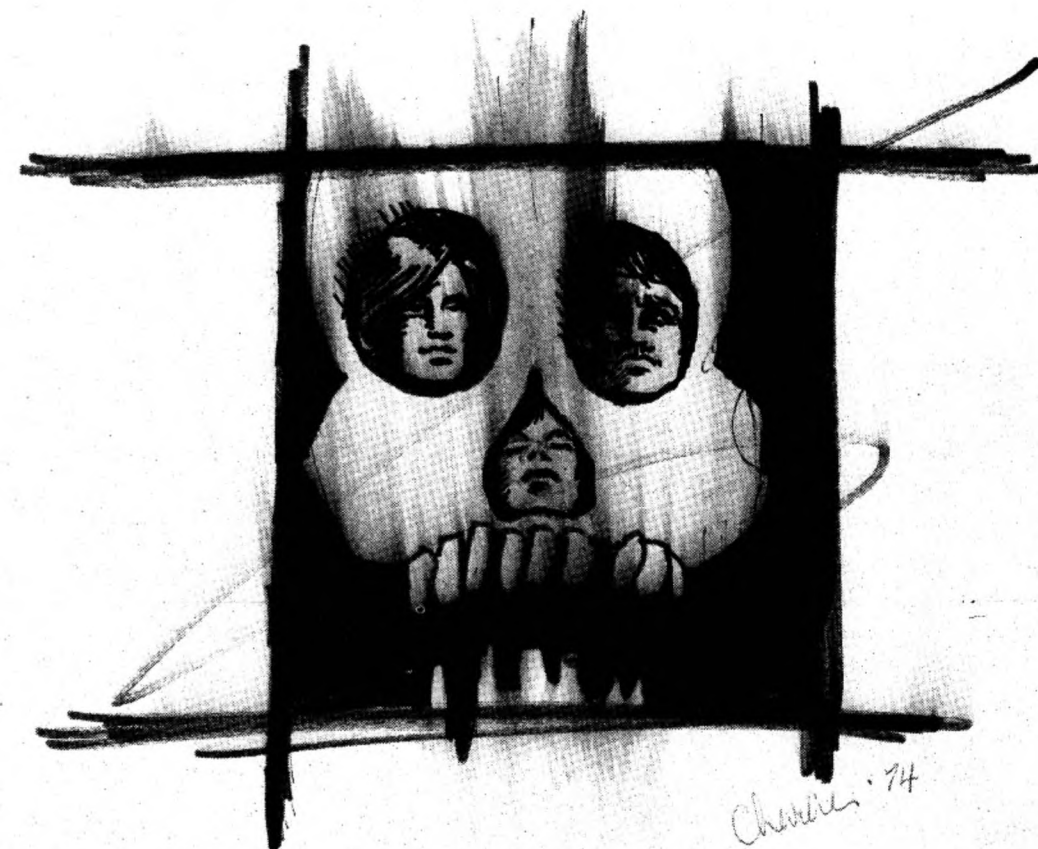
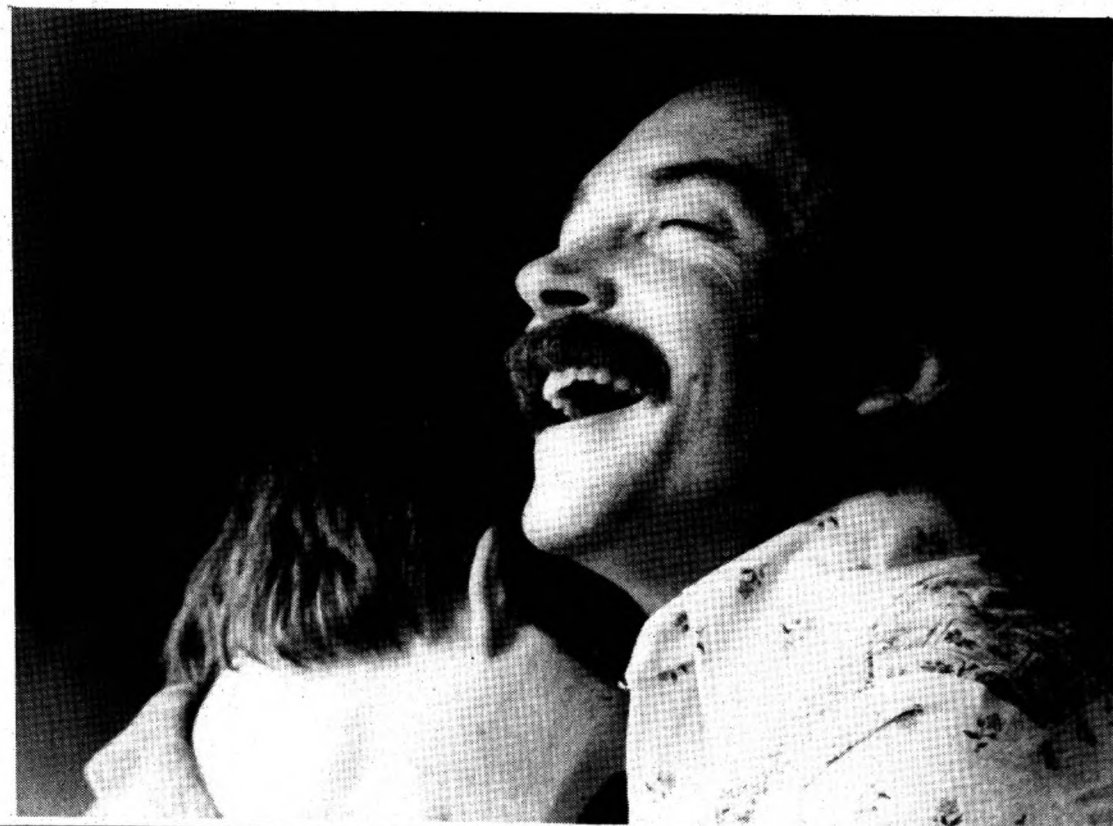
We hadn't been together very long before I knew I had him figured out. I almost always know what he's thinking. It's strange that I should come into his life at this point and still feel that I know him so well.

I wouldn't say he's a homebody but he's most comfortable in his own tiny flat. He lives with his cat, Saturday, and she loves me too, at least, that's what Gary says. He says you can always tell if a cat likes you if she curls up on your coat for a nap. Late at night when we get the munchies Gary cooks elaborate Oriental soups which we eat in front of the TV watching a good old movie we've both seen four times. Gary usually falls asleep long before the ending and I have to put him to bed.

I know I'm very special to him. We've never had an argument, probably because we're so compatible there's never a disagreement on anything. To him I can do nothing wrong but I know I get away with a lot. Many times I feel I'm not reciprocating all the love he shows me. He tells me a dozen times a day he loves me and I don't always answer him, preferring to save it for the special moments when I'm just overwhelmed with the beauty of our relationship.

We're together most of the time and when I say we need some space from each other, to see how far we've come and where it is we're going, he understands but says he can't stand to be away from me for a real long time.

It's difficult to put down on paper how we feel about each other. It's in the looks, the touches, the private jokes in which only we see the humor; the thousands of little hugs and kisses, and the things we do for each other. The difference in our ages is irrelevant. The important thing is how we feel about each other and what we say in those moments when we thing, My God, I'm lucky to have you!



Fletcher's boy

CLEVE GALLAT

FROM NOW ON YOUR LIFE'S
GOING TO BE A LIVING HELL
I'LL SEE TO IT.

THE YOUNG BOYS HAD COME to play again at the beach adjoining my property, upon the very beach-sand where my daughter's dead body lay buried. I peeked at them through the cracks of my shuttered windows. They were unaware of my presence, my eager eyes hungry to perceive any unguarded moments of boyish eroticism.

My house, desolate and shuttered, posed no threat to their privacy. Naked, save for scraps of brightly colored cloth barely concealing their round firm bottoms and bulging genitals, they assaulted the severe blue calm of sea and sky with mirthful shrieks of pleasure in the splashing surf and brilliant sunshine. Watching them, their fine slim bodies,

(Continued on Page 54)

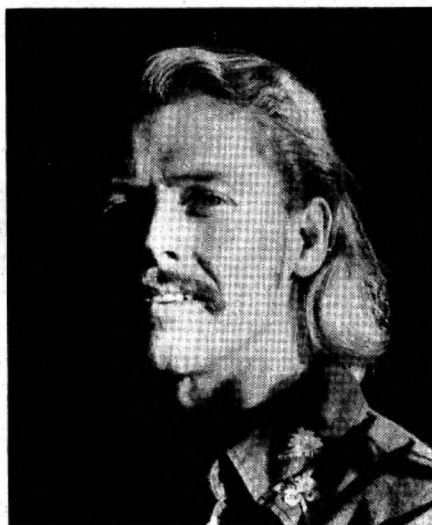
MY SPIRIT NEEDS TO BE FREE

AN INTERVIEW OF PAUL MARIAH BY WILLIAM BARBER

Paul Mariah is a well known Bay Area poet, Editor of ManRoot Magazine and former poetry editor of Vector. He is also a former president of The Council on Religion and the Homosexual, and was one of the four co-ordinators of the San Francisco-based Kinsey research on homosexuality. He's just published eight new chapbooks under ManRoot Books which include a Cocteau translation, a Stephen Jonas book, and a Jack Spicer book, a reprint of Robert Ingersoll's 1906 essay CRIMES AGAINST CRIMINALS and others. This extensive interview was done by William Barber, who has published numerous poems in journals, literary magazines and anthologies. His new book is ABYSS. Mr. Barber has also written five comic porno novels under the name of Billy Farout.

—Editor

Paul Mariah was teaching in high school in Illinois, was married and living in the small town where he had grown up. He became too involved with a few of his male students for American moral-



ity to tolerate. The fact that these relationships developed naturally, without any example of rape could do nothing to save him. Somebody told somebody and Paul was arrested at gunpoint, taken to Cook County jail in disgrace, to await ten months of trials and postponements. Finally sentenced to Three-to-Five in Illinois State Penitentiary, by a jury of his "peers," Paul spent those years in confinement as the price for daring to love. Released in 1964, Paul has published and spoken against the lack of homosexual rights in America. His poems speak from the bone loneliness of the cell, the cruelty to fellow prisoners, and the kinship that led to parading the homosexual experience so that it never again might be used against another man as it was him.

When I interviewed him at his home in November, we picked up our discussion at the point of his release, and covered some of the issues which have led to his position now as a major young American "revolutionary" poet.

When you were released from prison in 1964, how did you feel about your future?

I was paranoid as hell when I first got out. I wasn't sure I had a future, although I hoped I had a future. It looked bleak, that's all. Just bleak.

Where did you go?

I stayed for a month in Illinois visiting my family and other friends, and then I went to visit my grandmother. Uh, then I went to Utah where the only people I had retained contact with lived. I stayed with them and got a job, and started working, writing, sending submissions out and that sort of scene.

How long were you in Utah?

I did a year and a half in Utah, and doing a year and a half in Utah as a Protestant is very much like doing time in prison. You still feel alienated in that culture because they have their own social structures inside the church and in the families, even in business. You go to a Mormon business and you wait an extra day to pick up your invitational cards that you're having printed or whatever. . . I was a bookkeeper for a large corporation. And I used to do payroll taxes for 20 different firms.

During this year and a half following prison, when were you able to write? How did you write and how did you approach being a poet?

It was very difficult—adjustment back into society after three years of exile or isolation. Then my trust of the words was very difficult. So that when I heard one word that's not what I felt they were saying. . . and so I went through a very laconic period where I would use very few words. And I wrote things that I called Klyptics, and they were little three liners. They were terse, short, chopped, clipped. I did this to reestablish my own sense of my field

and feelings within society again.

Can you think of a klyptic that stands out?

I just wrote one today. It's called DEFINITION and it's for a black friend, Gyavira: The speed of anger/is not passion/but firenzy.

Did prison turn you into a poet?

I had started to write before I went to prison. Though I have very few of those things since most were lost in the transitions of my life. I started writing seriously in prison. I started to take myself seriously. I read profusely. I taught all three years that I was there.

During this year and a half in Utah, how did you physically approach the writing of poetry?

I would work on things usually on weekends. I would put the whole day aside to devote specifically to writing, to typing, to organizing. Sometimes I'd write a few things at night, but most of the time it would be out of restlessness. I seldom write out of boredom. Most of mine are out of a restless period where I'm trying to understand phenomena, or things about me in the world that I have to live in. And if I write about them I come closer to them.

I have always felt that it was almost a way of getting them out in order to get past them—as if they had to happen, they were worth of a function. Or as Adrienne Marcus once said, "Writing is a curse."

And that's the exorcism. I feel at times I write out of peace, a space of peace and I recognize that space. At other times I write out of a state of wrestling with my spirit and I am aware of that also. I think we write for a variety of reasons, not just gay writers but a lot of people. I prefer poetry

because I would like to think that it sings in somebody's ear.

If you think this is a question that is possible to answer, Why do you write poetry?

I could say it is an obsession. That is the curse's answer. I think the Will would say it's a grace. How do you answer that question, Bill?

Because I have to, because it comes out. What is gay poetry?

I knew you were going to ask that. Let me put it this way. Auden is a poet who was gay but he did not write gay poetry, or seldom wrote what we call gay poetry..

What do you hope to gain by publishing as widely as you do things that most people try to bury or lock in their closets—your status both as an ex-con and as a homosexual?

I feel that the puritan influence has been detrimental to the sexual growth of individuals within this society and to show the nuances of feelings that are specifically homosexual or sexual and allow them to be seen and shared so that others feel less alienated and more like human beings than a minority segment. As an ex-con there is a trend to hide that negative experience behind family doors. I have specifically written about my experiences so that others would know the hideous nature of our prisons and also to allow others to perhaps verbalise their own experiences rather than to lay the classic block on to them.

In general, in your out of town readings, do you find audiences more open to your prison experiences than to your homosexual experiences?

In general, I find women more open to both. The men tend to be uptight more about the sexual experiences.

Do your jail memories or prison memories ever enter your present sexual fantasies?

Rarely. Once in a while when I am in a place, say the baths, and I see somebody fucking standing up. That's a whole jail-house scene I remember. You did it on the go standing up. When you are at home in your own bedroom you don't choose to stand up to fuck. That's not the normal course. Occasionally I will see positions that will trigger a memory.

Do you see the future absolutely incorporating the gay experience?

Not in this society. I think we on the West coast tend to get optimistic and forget the hinterlands that go from Sacramento to the Hudson River. So, as a result, we get overly optimistic about how well integrated we are because there's 90,000 gays in this city. We don't know what the number is. We know they are very verbal in this city. That does not mean that they are in every city across the nation. I do think they are coming. I think there is a time when people get tired of being inhibited. Like the two women who live in Concord and when the lover comes in from work, the one takes her lover into the bedroom, closes the door and then embraces her. That kind of inhibition we all want to get rid of. You can't stifle it, love. I think we all want to get rid of that. I don't think any of us like the idea of being called a gay poet. That's just another label. Whether it's wasp, or protestant, democrat or republican, I don't like any of those labels. I always say I'm an agnostic or aesthet and let them deal with that. I can't organize the spirit into a religion for me. The spirit can't take that kind of channeling. My spirit needs to be free. □

The Fright Syndrome Of The Straight Single Man

by MARGARET STARKE

They walk around like shocked peacocks whose tail feathers have been plucked. From time to time they turn and pose as if they still had their imposing spread—especially when they feel the urge to impress some pretty, young peacock chick. "What does this old rooster want?" ask the young beauties and, brokenhearted, the lonely peacocks stalk away.

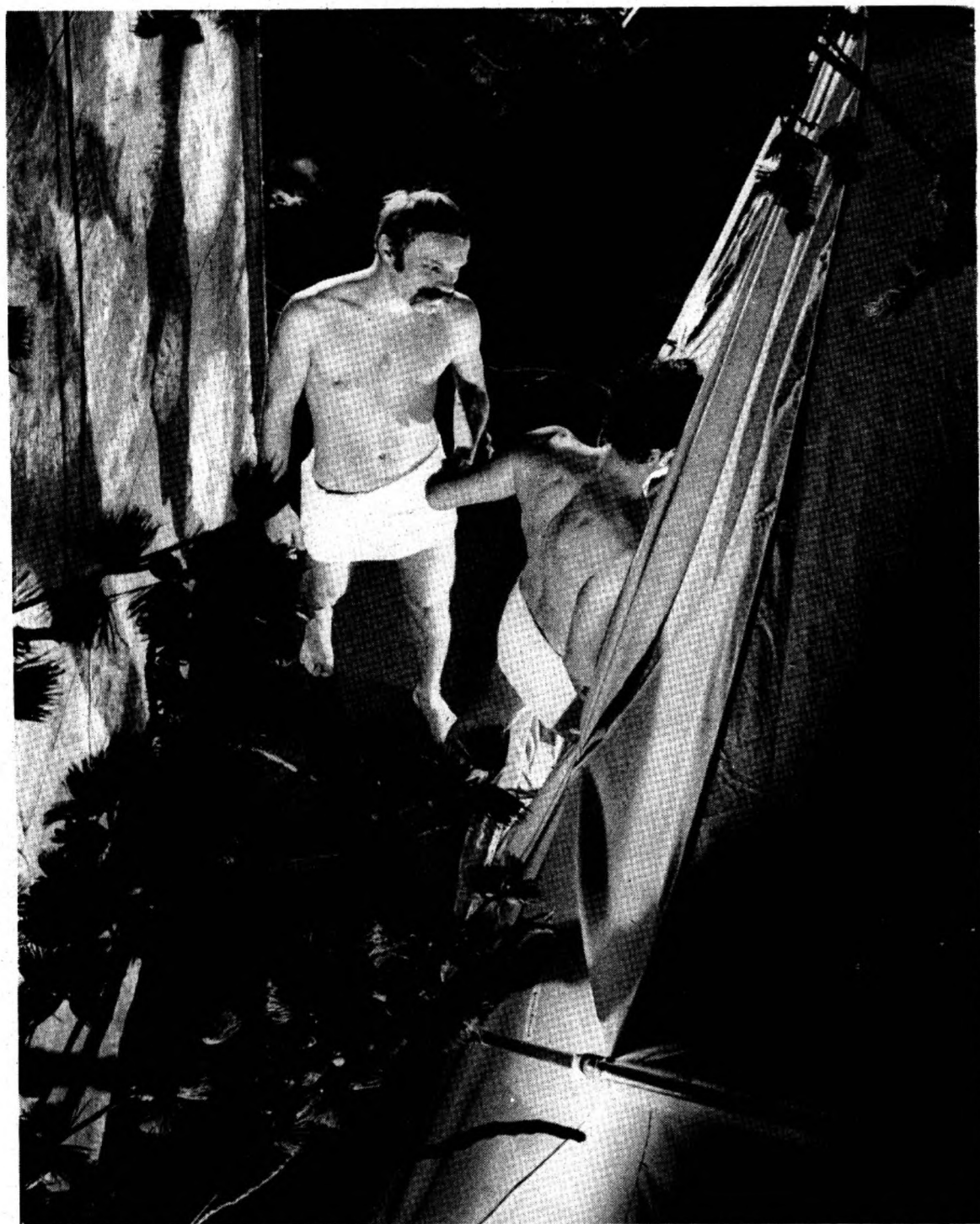
To lose the baroque beauty of their tail array must be a destroying experience. While the peacock can go and hide under a bush, his human male counterpart—married three times, divorced not only from former wives but rows of try-out girl friends; these nevermore young bachelors with up to five children in the background, they can only carry out their often self-induced pains at the psychiatrist's couch—if they not long ago learned to drown their sorrows in a bottle or calm it with pills.

They have been hurt badly. They are licking their half-hidden wounds. Their pained attitude is to take fast what is offered. They take. And they take. And they run without ever saying "thank you" or offering something selflessly in return. They run out of fear lest not an old determined soup hen with a missionary zeal tries to take one home to put him in her cockpot. My God! A tail-less peacock in a cockpot—what an undigestable affair. If they don't run away they run after the young ones who have long learned how to defend themselves. They accept the cadillac of the sugar-daddies and are well able to refuse the artless, plump advances. It is long common knowledge that most of these men are always willing and rarely able.

Brought up by strong, ambitious mothers, spoiled and bent by childless teachers—three wives taught them to be eternally fearful of all women. Inadequate as husbands, fathers, and providers, they have been kicked out but not before having been plucked. They are looking for healing of their wounded souls, their damaged self-images, destroyed vanities—searching the soothing rays by the shimmering pools under the California sun.

They have few chances ever to become whole again because they are totally unable to give and almost unable to love. All human qualities seem to have been lost—and God only can have mercy upon them. □





NEW BATH IN TOWN

by TEX SHULANSKI

Sutro Bath House — a name that conjurs up memories of that monument to good times that once stood next to the Cliff House—is once again an alive, good-times place in the form of Bill Jones' Sutro Bath House at 312 Valencia Street in San Francisco.

The new Sutro Baths has succeeded beautifully in combining the old-time atmosphere of its namesake with the modern-day demands of discriminating gentlemen and men.

As you approach the building you are greeted by a beautifully decorated window announcing you are at the new Sutro Baths.

You step inside and are greeted at the sign-in desk by Will, Randy, Bob, Norman or Ray, five of the friendliest, most beautiful boys you'd ever want to meet. They all agree that the most frequently asked question is, "What time do you get off?" I suddenly remembered that is what I asked Ray on my first visit.

They use a system unique to San Francisco of checking you in. Everyone who signs in is assigned to a locker. The private rooms in back, which lock only from the inside, are available to everyone—a much more equitable system than assigning a room to someone who may never use it, as I have been guilty of in other baths, while those who want one do without.

Having received your key and towel, you step inside and see the comfortable, cozy television lounge and snack bar.

Vending machines are at a minimum at Sutro, and most anything you want to eat or drink is available from the snack bar. Coffee and tea are FREE.

Stepping on through, you walk past their famous "blue door" containing old-time photographs of men doing everything imaginable, but always keeping their sox on.

Other old time pictures hang on the wall as you journey back to your locker, including some priceless photos of the original palacial Sutro Baths.

Wrapped in your towel, you step into the most flawless "hanging gardens" shower room you have ever seen. With the hot water striking your back, surrounded by hanging plants and the smell of redwood, you can close your eyes and

just imagine you are in the great outdoors. I keep waiting for Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler to appear from behind two of the bushes singing "By A Waterfall" in full color.

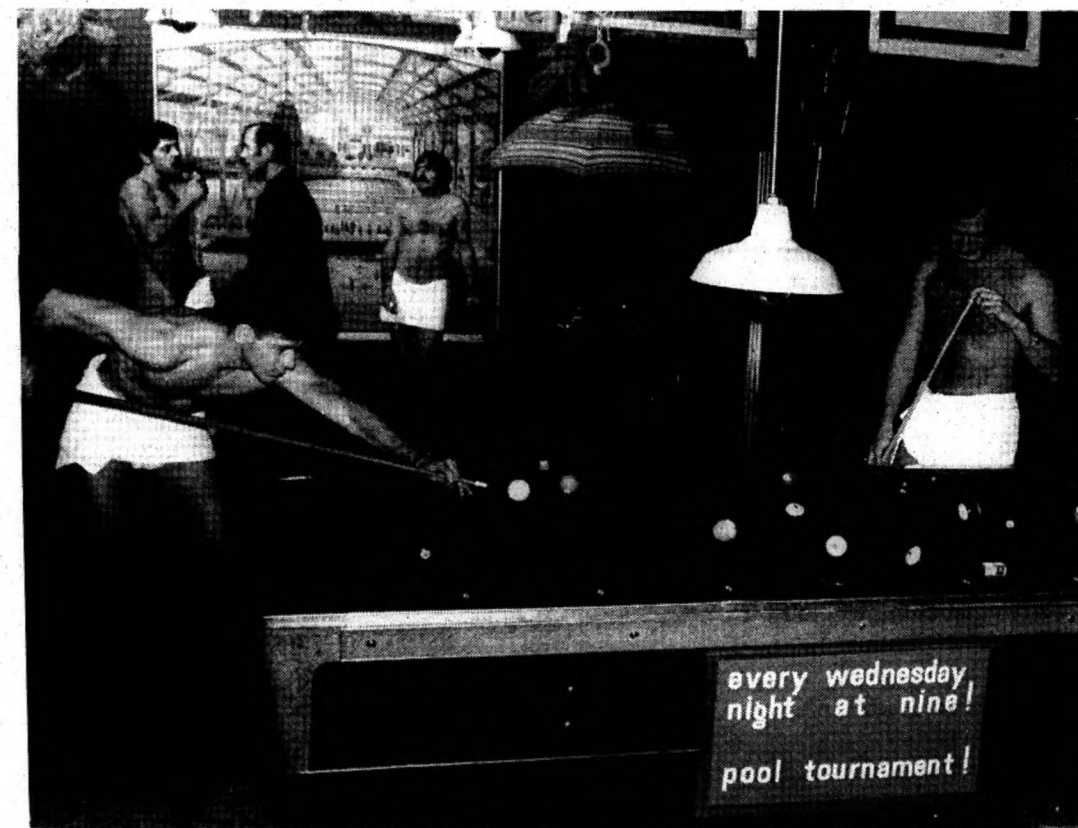
Your shower finished, you step into the hottest dry heat Finnish sauna in this city. If you are serious about losing weight or just sweating the poisons out of your body, the sauna beats steam or anything else. You can't stay in the very hot room very long, but what time you do is probably the best thing you've done for your body all day.

The game room is your next stop. Looking at the pool table, the pinballs, the ragtime piano, the fireplace, you realize this is what the old-time mens' social clubs were all about, and it's too bad they're gone forever.

A tent in a steam bath? Only in this far-out place would you find yourself walking down a bush-lined hall toward an enormous outdoor tent, complete with recorded bird calls.

Who would like a place like this?—Anyone who wants a clean place, for it is the best kept up place in town—someone who wants a friendly bath and meet people rather than just encounter them—and anyone who wants something different than any other bath they have ever been to—that's who. Come on in. □

(Tex Shulanski is the author of THE SADDLE BUDDY and CHERRY COP, both published by Hamilton House and available in local book shops—Editor)





Charles
74

"I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS anymore. We have to settle things."

"With you I have known peace, and now you say you're going crazy!"

"What?"

"The Thurber cartoon. In the book I gave you."

"Oh. Well, peace may be thine, friend, but it isn't mine. I'm in love with you."

"I know."

"And also I love you, and it's no good."

"It's a great friendship."

"Fuck friendship. That's the problem."

not being able to get it up right away. The harder they tried, the worse it would get. It's just a matter of relaxing and letting it happen but people don't accept that."

"They take it as a rejection."

"Exactly."

"But I didn't. Anybody who cares for you wouldn't. To me you're a person, not a cock."

"It's been great to know that. And you've really made me feel different about being gay. I hated it and hated myself until I realized it could be more than toilets and pricks and a quick

ed. You don't give yourself credit."

"Nobody had ever said that to me before. It was terrific to hear but it didn't seem real. Once in a while I would check on the street to see if anybody was admiring. No one was."

"They do. You just don't notice it."

"They do now. Some, anyway. People who like beards. Do you remember the first time I grew it and came up here? You opened the door. . ."

". . . with the usual bon mot on my lips. . ."

". . . and choked. . ."

". . . with delight. It was my idea in the first place. My fantasy. You didn't know how to dress, never took advantage of your good points. Tighter pants, a beard—my fantasy."

"You made me what I am today."

"Beautiful. And you don't blush any more."

"I like the way I look now—I probably won't ever look better. Age creepth up."

"I hate you for it."

"What?"

"I hate it. You can walk into any bar, any bath and get what you want."

"You exaggerate."

"What I want, then. You don't have to use the *Barb* ads and hope that when the door opens and the guy takes one look at your face he won't shut it again. 'Oh. . . sorry. . . I have a friend here at the moment. . . was it tonight?'"

"Come on, it's not that bad."

"Look again. Look at the acne scars and the big nose and the beard that won't grow because it's got too many holes in it. Look at the—"

"Stop it. Don't knock yourself that way."

"Why don't you love me? Why don't we make it together any more? Why do you lie there limp?"

"I always had trouble getting an erection."

"You don't want to. Not with me. What *do* you want? Oh, I know. I can see what you look at when we're wandering."

"All right, so good looks attract me. They attract you, too. What's so unusual?"

"Nothing. But it leaves me out. In the cold. Sure, you want a lover. Intellectual, deep, stable, and one who happens to be strong and lovely, to boot." (Continued on Page 53)

COUNTER POINT

by TOM SEVERING

"YOU'LL ALWAYS MEAN A GREAT DEAL TO ME BUT. . ."

"I guess we can blame the *Barb*. I never understood why you answered my ad in the first place."

"Because that's my thing. I answer ads. I told you. Some people have the bars, some work the streets, the baths—I meet people through ads."

"That's what I never understood. I was looking for a lover. 'Lonely professional, stable relationship' etc. I didn't think somebody who answered *all* the ads would answer mine."

"I was looking for a lover, too. I still am. But I wasn't going to turn down the one-nighters. It's not one thing or the other, Mr. Right or the passing parade. I was willing to take what came if something worked out—fine."

"And it was I who came."

"With difficulty."

"What?"

"With difficulty. The first time."

"Don't embarrass me about my little failing."

"I didn't mean it that way."

"I know. I've always been grateful to you for not making a thing of it. You're one of the first men I've ever been with who didn't make me feel like an idiot for

come. For me it had to be more."

"Thanks for your thanks. But it hasn't done me much good, has it—"

"You'll always mean a great deal to me but—"

"But you don't love me."

"Yes. . . I mean, no."

"Why? Why?"

"I don't know. How can I answer something like that? Do people ever know why they feel what they feel?"

"You'll never be satisfied with anyone."

"I don't think that's true."

"You won't. We have everything in common. Books, music, ideas, even religion. We both believe, and that's rare in the gay world—. I remember the first time you came into this room. Something clicked with me. I sensed that you were a mensch, somebody with a personality and thoughts, not just a smile and a pair of brown eyes."

"Brown eyes! You always liked my eyes."

"I always liked everything about you. You're a beautiful man."

"No, not really."

"You said that that day—and blush-

THE INVASION OF STRAIGHTS INTO GAY SPACES

YOU STRAIGHT MEN ARE JUST PHALLIC IMPERIALISTS, SHOWING OFF WHAT COCKS YOU ARE!

by MICHAEL NOVICK

A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO, a few friends and I were about to enter the White Horse, which although it is located just over the line in No. Oakland, is generally considered to be Berkeley's only gay bar. Just as we neared the door, a large orange van pulled up to the curb. The side door opened, and in twos, as if they were disembarking from the ark, came a series of heterosexual couples. It seemed amusing at first, as they poured out like clowns in a circus act; eventually, ten people stood on the sidewalk and then marched into the bar ahead of us. We groaned to each other and went in, stopped for drinks and to talk to some old friends in front, at the bar, and then went back to the dance floor.

The scene there was little short of amazing to me. The dancing area was packed—with straight couples. Besides the ones who had spilled out of the van as we arrived, at least half a dozen other male/female couples were dancing. Pushed off to one side were two men dancing with each other.

Let me make it clear that I'm not a gay nationalist. I don't think heterosexuals are a lower form of life. But when I go to a gay bar, it is to be with other gay people. There is, to me, a tremendous difference in the way that most gay men and most straight men dance. That night at the White Horse, the straight men were acting out

aggressiveness on the dance floor—flinging their bodies around, doing little scenes of domination/flirtation with their woman partners, making spectacles of themselves and their anxious masculinity. Feeling titillated and threatened among gays, they were using their power to control the situation. And on this particular night, they were really taking over, making it impossible for anyone else to dance—occupying all the tables in the back room, being boisterous and very, very macho.

I felt a great rage building in me. There is always potential violence at bars, a byproduct of the channelling of our erotic energy into the patterns of commerce. At the White Horse, you hear two or three glasses break any weekend night, just sort of swept from the tables by the waves of frustration that occasionally sweep across the room. On this particular Saturday night, as for several weeks before, this tension was heightened by the overwhelming presence of the straights. There had been some pushing and shoving. I had the urge to buy a pitcher of beer and pour it all over someone. Finally, after the third straight Stones song had played, and there was not a break in the dance floor, I yanked the plug on the juke box. I dislike the Rolling Stones in the first place; they exemplify 'cock rock' to me, and Mick Jagger's strutting simply proclaims his power as a straight 'star,' and his mockery of faggots. Seeing the dance floor monopolized by his imitators, showing how groovy and hip they were by going to a gay bar, was too much for me to sit still for.

"Listen," I shouted, as the dancing stopped with the music, "this is gay space and you people are invading it.

This bar exists because gay people need it as a place to meet each other, and now you're coming in to use it makes it useless for us. You straight men are just phallic imperialists, showing off what cocks you are."

I felt like the center of an on-rushing flood. "Bullshit. . . Who are you to say I'm not gay. . . We have just as much right to be here as you do. . . I'm gay. . . We're bisexual. . . Get out of there, shut up, turn the juke box back on, who's asking you. . ." People advanced on me. Ruthie, the owner, came in.

"What're you doing? Get out of here and turn that back on."

A couple of friends helped me out, and Ruthie came back to the front. We talked with her for a while. She had thought I must be some crazy straight man, she said, because I was making a fuss. (I suppose that means gays are supposed to just take it quietly?) She just wanted a nice quiet gay men's bar she said; no women and no Third world people, and then everything would be so nice. I tried to explain that that was not what I wanted; I liked it fine that women came to the White Horse, whether they were Lesbians or not; it was the straight white hip men who set the situation on edge.

Nothing was settled, that night or subsequently. I started going to the other bars more—to Lancers and the Revol, further into Oakland and closer to where I live.

But I don't think the issue is restricted to the White Horse. A friend who lives in San Francisco tells me that Hamburger Mary's, for instance, is visited by increasing numbers of straights. Another



INVASION

mutual friend says that at this point, he considers Mary's a straight bar. The Stud has also seen an influx of straight couples.

Straight people I have talked to tell me that they have every right to be there and that they're just going for a good time, that gay bars are good places to dance. If all that is true, as I experience it, they are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, and we are the geese. Places for gay people are limited in this society where we can share each other's company openly; for all the problems with liquor, racism and sexism, bars are one of those spaces.

"...Listen, this is gay space and you people are invading it..."

There must be reasons for the current influx. There has never been a straight dancing bar in Berkeley, for instance, but it's only in the past few months that straights have been coming in large numbers. The same is true in San Francisco. This seems to be the era of "bi-sexual chic;" lots of straight people think it's a manifestation of their 'liberation' to come to a gay bar, and toy with us and with their own feelings.

The bars are a place that often make us passive: consumers of liquor, potential threats to each others' self esteem, and now spicy attractions for straights out for a night-on-the-town. If we begin to talk to each other about some of the real issues facing us, then that is a step towards changing how we relate to each as gay men in fundamental ways—in a self-determined fashion rather than

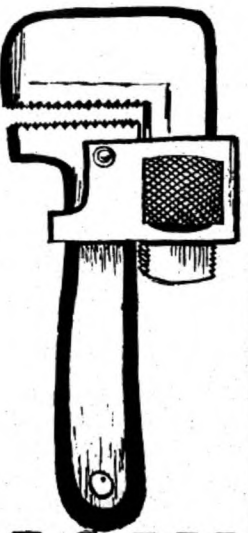
simply as the products of social forces and environments like the bars, as commodities or competitors or potential conquests. If that happens then the intrusion of straight 'tourists' into gay space may not have been a total loss but a positive gain. □

In the interests of honest journalism, we checked out the White Horse on the first Saturday night following the submission of Mr. Novick's intensely personal manuscript.

While we were surprised and pleased at the numbers of Lesbians present (they usually come out only on Tuesday nights in the East Bay) we were hard pressed to identify any obvious heterosexual couples flaunting their bodies.

A short conversation with Ruthie (who has to be the most glamorous and charming grandmother on earth) indicated that yes, there had been some minor problems since a straight 'swinger' bar burned down up the street causing some of their crowd to spill into the White Horse, but the situation was well in control—as we could obviously see.

—Editor



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COUNTERPOINT—from page 49

"I'm not sure what I want. When we first met I found you attractive and so gentle and understanding..."

"That was before you looked into the mirror."

"You held the mirror up. And made me see that I was... that I really could be attractive myself."

"Yes. And now your standards are higher."

"I don't know."

"I do. Look, I don't want to hurt you but... it hurts me."

"We can't be—friends?"

"I love you."

"Then... I guess..."

"It's over. It has to be."

"Over. It scares me to hear you say it. I feel alone, I feel lost without your friendship."

"You'll make do. Adonis or no Adonis, you'll find your way. And so will I. I always float to the top."

"Like a cork. I'll miss you."

"And I'll miss you... Listen, you'd better get going before I take it all back and apologize or something."

"OK. So long. Take cars."

"So long. Damn! I forgot! The tickets—the opera next week..."

"Oh! What'll we do?"

"I hate to miss it."

"Me too. Listen, why should either of us miss it? It can be our last get-together. A real bash. We'll go out with a flourish."

"OK. Sure. We'll end with an aria and a flourish. Like Rigoletto. Till then?"

"Till then..." □




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BOY—from page 39

the sun glistening their tanned skins, I took my withered sex in hand and squeezed out those few creamy pearls I could still manage. I made elaborate plans to entice them into my house, but lacking energy, never followed through with my fantasies. I hid behind my shutters and contented myself with what food my eyes could scrounge.

Certain of these boys commanded special attention. There was one who stood with all his weight shifted to one hip staring wistfully at the sea. There was another who prowled the sand like a conceited panther, another with skin like warm silk and yet another whose hair was the color of the sunlight. All these boys possessed qualities that if united might form a poor copy of my Carus. I could not, however, for all my peeking, find a boy whose eyes could even approach the troubled blueness that composed Carus' eyes, or a boy whose mouth took the same angry curves as Carus' mouth.

During the best days—so long ago it now seems—Carus and I would spend long hours together on the terrace, myself properly seated in a high backed wicker chair, attending to the hash pipe which Carus and I passed back and forth—I remember what great pleasure Carus found in the smoking of that pipe—and Carus' perfect mouth sucking lazily on the pipe stem, his lean body sprawled carelessly upon the plastic webbing of the aluminum chaise lounge. Carus would listen or at least seem to listen as I talked on and on, evoking the shadowy episodes of my turbulent past.

Occasionally my monologue would lose direction and the stream of words would dam into silence. I would notice a pensive Carus, so close I could reach out my hand and run it along the full length of his muscular body or gently press my lips to his forehead beneath the wild tangle of blond curls. But his spirit was submerged in distant waters beyond my perception. I would wonder what vision was reflected in his eyes, so wide and beautiful.

I really knew very little about this reticent boy's life before we met—only a few broad details. I was jealous of that knowledge, so I would allow my hashish imagination to envision the field of tall grass where he was conceived one violent summer night and the gray clapboard house where his fetus developed and grew and finally rejected

the liquid security of his mama's pot. I would conjure his mama, Caroline, a winsome young girl daydreaming among moss-covered trees, collecting wild flowers and drinking buttermilk cooled in a deep, clear spring.

The father, though, I could not perceive clearly at all. He was as obscure to me as he was to Carus and, indeed, to Caroline. The father attacked her in a dream. He descended from the nighttime, the last of those awesome Olympians that explored Earth in search of mortal satisfaction.

It was a warm evening in August: Caroline wandered restlessly through the stark rooms. Her maiden aunt, with whom she lived, had finished sewing her a white dress that day. Caroline was wearing the dress, feeling the fresh linen wilt against her skin. Suddenly, inexplicably, all the air was sucked from the house. Suffocating, Caroline rushed down the stairs and into the trembling night, but once outside was terrified by the sky. What terrified Caroline, terrified me; a bluish light and points of golden fire whirling through the darkness. Caroline ran screaming to the center of the field. The sky opened and she was consumed by light.

I saw her stretched out in the tall grass, her white dress pulled up around her neck, her quivering thighs exposed to the burning sky, the points of golden fire converging upon a single brightness and contracting at last into the solid figure of a man. She was on the ground between his legs and grabbing at his powerfully molded calves, climbed his body as he descended and in a position, half-standing, half-reclining, their bodies met. Snap! Caroline's tight lips slammed shut. But soon the prisoner exploded inside her, drowning her legs, dress and the tall grass all about in celestial cum.

I met Carus for the first time when I had been only recently widowed, heir to my wife's fortune—dully earned after eighteen years of an afflicted marriage. That very morning I had seen Inez, my daughter, off to a school in the North. Inez, conceived accidentally during that first reckless summer after the wedding, was a strange and spiteful girl and I was glad to be rid of her awhile, wanting to savor my new freedom in an atmosphere unmarred by her cruel, unjustified accu-

sations. I was in no way responsible for her mother's death.

I was lunching at the club when Mark Travis, an accounts executive I had met at the baths the summer before, appeared at my table accompanied by an exquisite stranger.

"Fletcher," Travis said. "Good to see you. I was real sorry to hear about Maxine. I hope she didn't suffer too much."

"Hello, Mark. I'm afraid she did suffer. She died horribly, as a matter of fact. Cancer of the face, you know."

"O... yes... well, I'm really sorry to hear..."

"And who is this?" I interrupted, turning my full attention to Carus, standing to offer my hand. "Won't you join me for lunch? Delighted to meet you."

It was a simple matter to woo Carus away from Travis, a handsome man, but hardly able to afford such a beautiful boy. Within two weeks, Carus was installed at my house on the beach.

My life with Carus was the realization of a long time fantasy, a tender lad always at my side to share the many pleasures an affluent lifestyle provides. His eyes would sparkle joyfully when I surprised him with a new sweater or piece of jewelry.

"Fletch, you're such a darling," he would say, holding me in his strong arms. "You're so good to me. I love you, Fletch, for sure."

Yes, my life with Carus was a dream come true until that fateful day Inez came home for summer vacation—looking stunning, I must admit. Her schooling had taught her, if nothing more, how to select clothes that minimized her dumpy figure and cosmetics to accent her large eyes and create a sensible illusion of feminine beauty. She also learned other more subtle tricks which she used with magnificent cunning to perpetrate her misguided but determined revenge.

"I'm so sorry you weren't able to get home for Christmas or the Spring holidays," I said that first evening at dinner on the terrace. The constant surf rumbled softly through the cool night air.

"Were you?" Her eyes flashed in the gentle candlelight guarded from the

BOY

ocean breeze in glass holders. "Well, no matter. I'm home now for the entire summer."

"Oh, really. I thought you might want to travel some. Everyone's going to Africa this year, you know."

"No, no, no," she demured. "I'm going to stay right here all summer long. With you and Carus. Aren't I, Carus? You want me to spend the summer with you, don't you?"

"Oh, yeah, sure," Carus said.

"I mean, you must surely get bored around here with no one your own age. All Father's friends are such old farts, aren't they? Politics and stock market talk and booze, booze, booze. They're all such old farts."

"Oh, wow, no," my darning defended me. "We have lots of fun."

"Fun! You've got to be joking. I certainly should know what an old fart my father is." Inez left her chair to stand behind Carus, her fingers lightly touching his hair. "But don't worry. All that's going to change."

"Inez," I said, "aren't you going to have your pie and ice cream?"

She glared at me. "I despise cherry pie. You know I despise cherry pie. But then, of course, that's why you had it served tonight, isn't it? You really are an old fart, Father. Isn't he an old fart, Carus? He knows I can't eat cherry pie."

"Did you know that, Fletch?" My poor Carus was embarrassed and confused.

"Of course he knows," Inez insisted.

"You really ought to try some, my dear. It's delicious."

Inez moved to the terrace railing where she leaned forward on her hands, her back to us, to stare at the sea. "Be wary of him, Carus," she said. "If you're weak, he'll take every advantage to humiliate you, to undermine your self-confidence. Enslave you. And with what cool politeness. God! Is he clever. I've seen him operate. He starts with small critical observations: your choice of those shoes with that top, absolutely the wrong cologne for a dinner party, the worst possible answer to such a question, bad form, my dear, bad form. And then his attacks grow grow progressively more savage. He discusses at length all aspects of your personality: how your teeth show when you smile, how your

body sways when you walk, the whine of air in your nose when you breathe." She whirled on her heel and pushed off from the railing to come sailing toward the table.

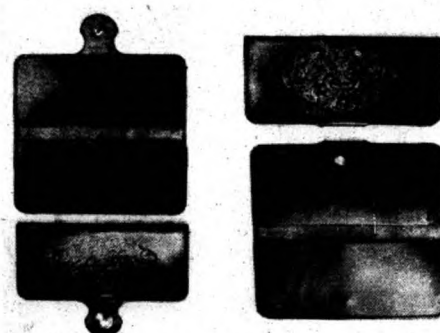
"My mother was a wonderful and loving creature, so kind, so tender, but weak-willed and unsure of herself. He totally dominated her, always making remarks. She tried so hard to please him but he had her afraid to even breathe. He destroyed her will to live."

She confronted me. "Do you deny it, monster?"

"You know, Inez," I said, "I'm afraid I really don't know whether or not I like you very much."

As summer deepened, the joy of my life shriveled in the relentless heat. Inez monopolized Carus, always at him, dragging him off to swim, play golf or tennis and to shows in town, no doubt all the while corrupting his trust in me. During July she announced their engagement and they married early in August, a modest ceremony at my house. Carus tried to explain his desire to lead a conventional life, but there was no consoling my broken heart. I wanted to send


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them away, but I could not bare the thought of separation from my love, though we no longer touched.

"You're worthless, totally worthless!" Inez stormed down the stairs followed meekly by Carus. It was a hot, unendurably humid night, only a few days after their wedding. Sleepless, I had come down to sit on the terrace, pursuing solace in the immortal rhythm of the murmuring surf and wafting ocean breeze.

"You no sooner get it in and you've dropped your pitiful load." She flew past me to the terrace railing.

"Don't yell, Inez. Fletch is up." Carus came up behind her to touch her back but she pulled away.

"You disgust me. I've had better sex with high school boys."

Even in the darkness, I could see Carus' face was flushed with angry blood. "But you tease me and make me wait so long."

"Haven't you ever heard of foreplay, you asshole? You just want to get your rocks off when you finally manage to get a decent erection."

"This must mean the honeymoon's over," I said.

Inez turned on me. "Fuck off,

Father! Your pretty little hustler's rotten in bed. What'd you use to do? Suck him off or just lick between his toes?"

"Shutup, Inez," Carus said.

"Shutup! You hopeless fairy. Did you really think you could be a man?"

"Inez, I want to love you. I want to try."

"Her shrieks of laughter shattered the night. 'I despise you. I've known all along what you were. Do you think I'm stupid? You're nothing to me, cupcake.'"

Back to me. "It's all over for you, isn't it, monster? Your whore's betrayed you. It'll never be the same," she sneered.

"You've just used me," Carus said dumbly.

"It's ruined, isn't it? I did it. I'll always do it. I watched you, Father. You were a good teacher. From now on your life's going to be a living hell. I'll see to it. I'll always be there, wherever you go, to pop your perverted balloon. I'll destroy you like you destroyed my mother."

Carus, his eyes glazed with fury, his muscles contracted in rage, stalked Inez, his beautiful hands contorted into

twisted claws.

"You bitch!"

Inez saw his eyes and her arrogance almost instantly dissolved into fear.

"Stay away from me, you faggot."

He grabbed her around the throat.

"You bitch, you bitch," he repeated again and again.

She broke away from him and ran off the terrace and across the beach.

"You're crazy! Don't touch me!"

He caught up with her at the edge of the sea, and dragging her screaming into the water, drowned her. Later, when the surf washed her up on the shore, we buried her deep in the beachsand above the high tide.

At first light, I called the police to report my daughter had gone swimming during the night and had not returned. The authorities conducted a cursory investigation and even though her body was not recovered, they concluded the matter as simply another accidental drowning. I collected handsomely from the insurance company but soon after, Carus disappeared. I thought he would eventually return, but as the years passed and no word came, I began to realize at last my daughter's revenge was complete.

DINING—from page 19

turned on by the dining experience and as a result, to each other, and the place and the other guests and in a flash it made the whole restaurant experience come into focus. That's what is supposed to happen but, really, how often does it? At **LE DOMINO** probably every time—we'll check it out again.



The ambiance, like the food, is on the mark. Light beige tableclothes and matching linen napkins shimmer in a warm tone with the tiny kerosene lamps and the Dutch-like china. Ciro, our very attractive waiter, moved quietly and efficiently to serve every possible need, the music was subtle, the hum of good conversation coming from satisfied people blended with the quite obvious love and affection Gunther and Lukas have invested in their restaurant. Their standards are of the absolute highest and they have the training and the imagination to provide not a duplication but a legitimate experience in French dining with all of the ramifications that that implies. It's our favorite place!

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No matter how you slice it, \$3.50 is simply too much to spend for a Hot Pastrami Sandwich and a Cup of Coffee which was a study in calculated mediocrity. If they included a waiter for desert, the tab might have been a fair one but as it was I went away hungry, angry, and even more convinced that the Unionization of that area, like the Manhattanization of so much of our city is the real beast we must guard against, eternally.

When I run my number about The Deli rippoff experience people simply sigh and say, "But it is Union Street. What did you expect? The place looks nice, no?"

NO! The place looked cheap and a combination of a Woolworth's store window and a Disneyland fantasy of what a classy joint on a classy street should look like but doesn't. The razor thin rye bread barely held the pale meat and the thin slice of pickle looked very, very lonely on the gigantic plate in which my \$3.50 worth of food sat wishing it could apologize.

I left Manhattan's East Side because I could no longer tolerate the departure from reality that it entailed but at least New Yorker's make good salaries and generally receive quality for price. We have managed to bring to Union Street the worst of Manhattan while leaving out the better qualities (albeit limited).

Clientele ranges from the slaves of the EST World Controlling Headquarters to the cashmere coated conventioners. Someone had a dream for Union Street that has gotten quite out of hand. The Deli is the perfect embodiment of that nightmare. □

—Ambrose

OPERA—from page 23

Montresor's one slip was in tricking Claramae Turner, as the Marquise, to look like Charles Pierce in a particularly cruel Jeanette MacDonald drag. It was ugly, awful, senseless!

Anton Guadagno conducted with verbe, but not always perfect control. We could have used a bit more finesse to cover the essentially bland and obvious music.

The only visible after-effect of Ms. Sill's horrendous operation was the loss of 20 pounds or so, making her look a radiant 30 again. Her voice remains one of the world's wonders.

What made it all so super-special, I think, was the feeling of delight the cast palapably felt sharing Mr. Harness's triumph. The word is that Ms. Sills is going to mother-hen his career a little (he will sing with her in New York early next year), and it was a joy to see what real pleasure she took in his performance.

Harness is a native of Seattle, is under 30, married and father of five and has only been singing seriously for about four years. His voice is high, sweet, clear, individual; wanting only the polish of experience to make it one of this century's great ones. To such a voice, a high C is only the beginning, and when Mr. Harness tossed off six in a row, the house came down. When something like that is perfectly natural, its effect is more stunning than when it has to be worked at. It's good to know he'll be back next season, and probably in Spring Opera, as well.

We can't close this without a large, fruity accolade for Hermoine Gingold, who had her American opera debut as the Grand Duchess of Krakenfeld. The original part was perhaps three lines. Urged on by Mr. Adler, Ms. Gingold provided herself with an eight minute turn that was consistently hysterical and frequently bawdy. She swept on and began speaking a perfect flood of beautifully accented French. An equerry whispered in her ear and she turned on him in exasperation, saying—as only Hermoine could— "In... ENG — LISH? Why... didn't somebody TELL me?" Nobody else can deliver so commonplace a line and so totally destroy an audience with laughter. □



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POLITICAL—from page 21

Government. Another long time friend of our community, he shares with Moscone an opposition to resources being wasted on crimeless crimes. He was probably least liked of all Republicans by Governor Reagan.

Sup. Dianne Feinstein is currently President of the Board of Supervisors. She has been known as a friend of the gay community since she first ran for public office. Her initial opposition to the citation system as a method of alleviating the waste of arrest for victimless crimes came as somewhat of a surprise



to those who have supported her in the past. Perhaps, she feels a move to the right to broaden her base in the Sunset and Richmond districts is in order.

Sup. Al Nelder is currently a member of the Board of Supervisors and past Chief of Police. His first year on the Board has seen him move to the left of his previous "Law and Order" position to be one of the supporters of citations in lieu of arrest, for some 'offenses.' He is probably moving to broaden his support into the other areas of the City that are more liberal.

Judge Jack Ertola currently sits on the Superior Court Bench in San Francisco, and formerly served as a member of the Board of Supervisors. As a Supervisor, he was not known as a supporter of the gay community or civil liberties in general. As the campaign develops, we can get a better idea of his current positions.

I'm sure there will be many more surfacing in the months to come, but these are the most actively talked about at this time.

These are the vital months and it is not too early to begin paying attention to what they have to say. Your vote does count. Don't waste it in ignorance. □

CAMPUS—from page 22

group certainly isn't threatened with extinction now. The taboo seems to last a lot longer than its original cause."

Marcia objected, "That's all very nice, but it really doesn't answer anything because it, too, shows that we and the Greeks look at sexuality in general from completely different viewpoints. Like, Plato's really into sexuality. You have to understand and appreciate the physical level of beauty before you can begin to confront anything beautiful on a more abstract or intellectual level. You have to start somewhere, so why not with sexual beauty? Plato sees sexuality as one positive means for developing all of your sensitivities—at least, that's the way I see it. All the antisexual attitudes we see today look at sexuality as a force destroying all the other parts of your personal sensitivity. If anybody's going to "come out," we'll all have to take another look at our

general attitudes toward sexuality. I think that Plato's attitude is a lot healthier than most people's attitudes today. I think that people today are in a much better position to understand and appreciate Plato than they were, say, twenty years ago."

"At any rate," concluded Gary, I liked reading someone who gives some credit to your physical and emotional needs without denouncing them completely as negative forces the way that so many later philosophers seemed to do. Most people, like me, really want to satisfy their appetites as well as understand things. Lots of the later philosophers who say that you can't understand things if you don't control your appetites aren't looking very realistically at people. Those guys are crazy."

The conversation continued in a similar vein but, unfortunately, I had to leave. I left, however, feeling as if I had somehow managed to step up into a slightly more expanded environment—and that felt good! □

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Corner Pocket, M, Hip, YC, 8800 Sunset
Cypress Baths, 5291 Fountain, 464-9512
Daniel's, M, YC, R, C, AH, 6776 Hollywood,
464-0667

David's, R, 7013 Melrose, 934-5730
De Paul's, 1729 Ivar, 466-1129
Drossie's Russian, M, R, 7405 Sunset, 8769149
Eleven-Seventy, L-W, 1170 Western, 462-9685
Etc., M, R, E, 1433 La Brea, 874-6431
Eye Ball Service, 1626½ Cahuenga, 461-4227
Falcon's Lair, L-W, 742 Highland, 462-9588
Fellini's (It), M, Hip, R, 6810 Melrose, 936-3100
Florentine Room, E, 4579 Melrose, 667-3314
49er Showbar, S, G, 5510 Hollywood, 465-2675
Four Star, R, 8857 Sta. Monica, 657-1176
Gallery Room, R, 8100 Sta. Monica, 654-7811
Garden District, R, P, E, 757 La Cienega,
Gaslight, R, S, 1608 Cosmo, 467-2283
Gino's, D, AH, YC, 8452 Melrose, 653-9148
Gold Cup, C, R, 6700 Hollywood, 467-2231
Goliath's, 7011 Melrose, 937-8743
G.S.F., 8235 Sta. Monica, 633-7572
Grape Vine, M, R, 1405 Vine, 462-6807
Griff's, L-W, 5574 Melrose, 462-9105
Handle-Bar, D, 5925 Franklin, 464-9833
Haven, 5903 Hollywood, 467-8657
Hollywood Center Theatre, 1451 Los Palmas,
464-9921

Hollywood Century Theatre, 5115 Hollywood
666-2822

Hollywood Grace Motel, 1800 Grace, 466-6512
Hollywood Spa, 1769 Cahuenga, 463-5169
House of Ivy, R, S, RT, 1640 L. Palmas, 467-5885
Hub, L-W, 7864 Sta. Monica, 654-3252
Jackie's Broadcast, 6023 Sunset, 464-9961
Jaguar, 7511 Sta. Monica, 874-2437
Jason's Books, 1702 Western, 464-9966
J.B.'s, 6365 Yucca, 462-0a208
K's Star Room, R, 1271 Vine
Last Call Saloon, 5471 Sta. Monica, 462-9164
Larry's, L-W, 5414 Melrose (rear), 462-9044
Las Palmas Theat, 1642 L. Palmas, 462-0241
L.A. Tubs, 4420 Melrose, 660-3310
Latin Flame, D, E, 5315 Melrose, 462-9376
Left Bank, M, P, E, R, 8430 Sunset, 650-1290
Lemon Twist, 6423 Yucca, 462-9661
Lillian's, R, 1253 La Brea, 874-7011
Lillian's, Soups, R, 7515 Sta. Monica
Lloyd's, R, E, 739 La Brea, 933-9293
M.B. Club, L-W, 4550 (B) Melrose, 666-9899
Melrose Social Club, P, Baths, 7269 Melrose,
937-2122
My House, 1626 Cahuenga, 464-9709

Old West, L-W, 5150 Hollywood, 666-9789
Orlando Baths, P, 309 S Orlando, 653-9396
Paradise Ballroom, Brass Rail, D, E,
Cabaret, M, S, 836 Highland, 461-4033
Paris Books, 8165 Sta. Monica, 654-9127
Paris Theater, 8163 Sta. Monica, 656-9106
Pharos, D, 6314 Santa Monica, 462-9701
Por Favor, R, 8944 Sta. Monica, 657-3655
Red Carpet, 6280 Yucca, 462-0266
Rondezvous, D, 7746 Sta. Monica, 656-9343
Richard's Theatre 5527 Hollywood, 464-9758
Rusty Nail L-W, 7994 S. Monica 654-2391
Saharan Motor Hotel M, H 7212 Sunset
874-6700

Selma's Sauna 5859 Melrose 462-9707
Snoop's See Saw, 7713 Beverly (rear)
937-9595
Spartan Spa 5613 Hollywood 462-9403
Spotlight RT 1601 Cahuenga 467-2425
Stud L-W 4216 Melrose 660-0889
Third St Baths 8709 3rd St 273-9113
Studio One (Disco) R, D 652 La Peer Dr.
659-0471

Study 1723 Western 464-9551
Turkish Bath 5524 S. Monica 462-9476
Vine Lodge H 1818 Vine 467-8994
Western News 5507 Hollywood 464-9494
Woody's Adult Books 5659 Hollywood
YMAC Baths 7661 Melrose 651-3322

METROPOLITAN AREA

Airport, 3626 Sunset, 666-9394
Aquarius Club Bath, P, 4504 Eagle Rock Blvd.
256-9776
Back Door, R, 3508 W 8th, 384-1352
Banner Theatre, 458 S Main, 688-3829
B.J.'s, C, AH, 2692 La Cienega, 836-9051
Blu Nunn, R, 4002 Sta. Monica, 663-7221
Brass Spur, C, AH, L-W, 674 S Vermont
386-9169

Bunk House, L-W, 4519 Sta. Monica, 6609166
Butch Gardens, D, 3037 Sunset, 666-9105
Center Field, B, 4213 Crenshaw, 294-5510
Circle, 324 W 5th St.
Club, G, D, E, S, R, 8947 National
Cypress Baths, 3241 N Figueroa, 226-9125
Detour, L-W, 1087 Manzanita, 664-1189
Eatin' High, 4514 Fountain, 660-9877
Fallen Angel, 2709 W 6th, 386-9979
Four Poster, 2939 Sunset
Gay Community Services Center,
1614 Wilshire, 482-3062
Glen's Baths, 4550 Brooklyn, 264-9400
Golden Horseshoe, B, 4852 Adams
Harold's, RT, 555 S Main, 688-3522
Horizon, B, RT, 3416 Wash, 734-6233
Hyperion Baths, 2114 Hyperion, 664-1010
Joly's, R, 117 S Western, 386-9630
Little Cave, L-W, 3111 Sunset, 666-9421
M.C.C., 1050 S Hill, 748-0121
Midtowne Spa, 615 S Kohler, 680-1838
Outcast, L-W, C, AH, 4219 Sta. Monica (rear)
666-9099

Parise's, R, 707 N Heliotrope, 663-2811
Plush Pony, G, 5261 Alhambra, 226-9302
Redwood Room, S, 3372 8th, 384-6125
River Club, YC, D, 3152 Riverside, 666-9025
Roman Holiday Baths, 12814 Venice,
391-0200
Shingle Shack, 1941 Hyperion, 666-9051
Silver Platter, 2700 7th, 386-0349
Silver Saddle Spa, P, 4344 Fountain, 666-9999
Sunset East Showbar, 4007 W Sunset
660-9782

Tiki, 1617 W 6th
Toy Tiger, 2538 Hyperion, 660-9817
Tyke's, 4306 N Figueroa, 225-7846
Waldorf, B, RT, 527 S Main, 623-5795
Westside, D, R, 6112 Venice, 935-3540
Woody's, R, 2810 Hyperion, 666-9995
Woodshed, L-W, 612 N Hoover, 660-9847
York Baths, 5013 York, 256-9542

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

Act I, E, R, 4923 Lankershim, 762-9901
American Cont. Baths, P, 5729 Cahuenga,
761-7202

Attic, 11717½ Victory, 980-9702
Baton Rouge, E, S, R, D, 11920 Ventura, 985-5444
Big Horn, G, D, 4882 Lankershim, 980-9910
Bla Bla Cafe, R, C, S, G, 11059 Ventura, 789-8912
Black Knight, 10932 Burbank, 789-9850
Branch, 13542 Ventura
Brien's, R, 11916 Ventura, 980-4811
Canyon Room, D, R, 13625 Moorpark,
986-0285

Capri, C, AH, 6131 Vineland, 769-8864
Corral Club Baths, P, Hip, YC, 3747 Cahuenga,
769-2667

Curtain Call, L-W, 5643 Cahuenga, 980-9915
Fox, G, D, 11150 Burbank
Frat House, D, 12319 Ventura, 764-9400
French Bull, R, 5661 Sepulveda, 781-9494
Gallery Inn, R, 11938 Ventura, 769-5400
Glass Onion, D, 19723 Ventura, 347-9838
Glen's Baths, 4653 Lankershim, 980-2567
Hanged Man 10522 Burbank 769-9390
Hayloft L-W, C, AH 11818 Ventura 769-8636
Hialeah House, G, D, 8540 Lankshn 767-9334
Insiders Books 7208 Lankershm 765-1161
Keith's, R, 11801 Ventura, 762-1818
Linda's Log Cabin, 11522 Ventura
Love Inn, G, D, 10700 Vanowen, 769-9215
Magnolia Inn, L-W, 12136 Magnolia, 761-1779
M. C. C., 11717 Victory, 762-1133
Office, D, 13817 Ventura, 981-6942
Oil Can Harry's, Hip, YC, D, 11502 Ventura, 789-9481
Outer Limits, AH, D, YC, 12458 Magnolia, 980-9743
Oxwood Inn, R, G, 13713 Oxnard, 787-9927
Queen Mary, M, S, D, 12449 Ventura, 769-9481
Queen Of Clubs, 8273 S. Fernando, 875-0294
Roman Holiday Baths M 14435 Victory
780-1320

Saloon, G, 10848 Ventura, 769-9858
Serpent 8 Baths, P, 4109 Burbank, 843-2311
Show Biz, M, S, G, 6413 Lankershim, 762-1211
Smidglet, 11138 Ventura, 980-9563
Store, 10937 Burbank, 980-9798
Swingers Bookstore, 4539 Van Nuys, 783-9609
Thunderbird, D, 19312 Vanowen, 881-9206
Tigress, G, D, 6630 Lankershim, 765-9339
T. North, E, 11608 Ventura, 980-9704
Truck Stop, L-W, 13257 Ventura, (rear), 783-9061
Tuckers Turf, D, 11043 Magnolia, 769-9857
Valley Palms Motel, M, H, 11514 Ventura
Valli Haus, R, 11012 Ventura, 762-1972

LONG BEACH

Beach Roamer, 1064 Broadway,
Caribbean, 2129 Long Beach, 591-9025
Diamond Horseshoe, YC, Disco, D,
2523 Anaheim, Wilmington, 432-4126
Great Expectations, R, 5101 Ocean
Green Owl, 1219 4th, 437-9517
Haven, RT, 256 Long Beach, 437-1706
Hoop's Coop, G, 2718 Anaheim
Joe's Place 2682 L Beach Bl 424-5529
Lavy's 1064 E Broadway 437-9251
Li'l Lucy's 1200 E Broadway 437-9437
MCC Church 1105 Raymond Ave.
Mike's Corral L-W 2020 E Artesia 423-9968
Mine Shaft 1720 E Broadway 432-9022
New Lagoon Saloon L-W AH 1415 Santa
Fe Ave 437-9351
Sam's Place 1744 E Broadway 432-9586
Traffic Jam 4663 Long Beach Blvd
423-9852
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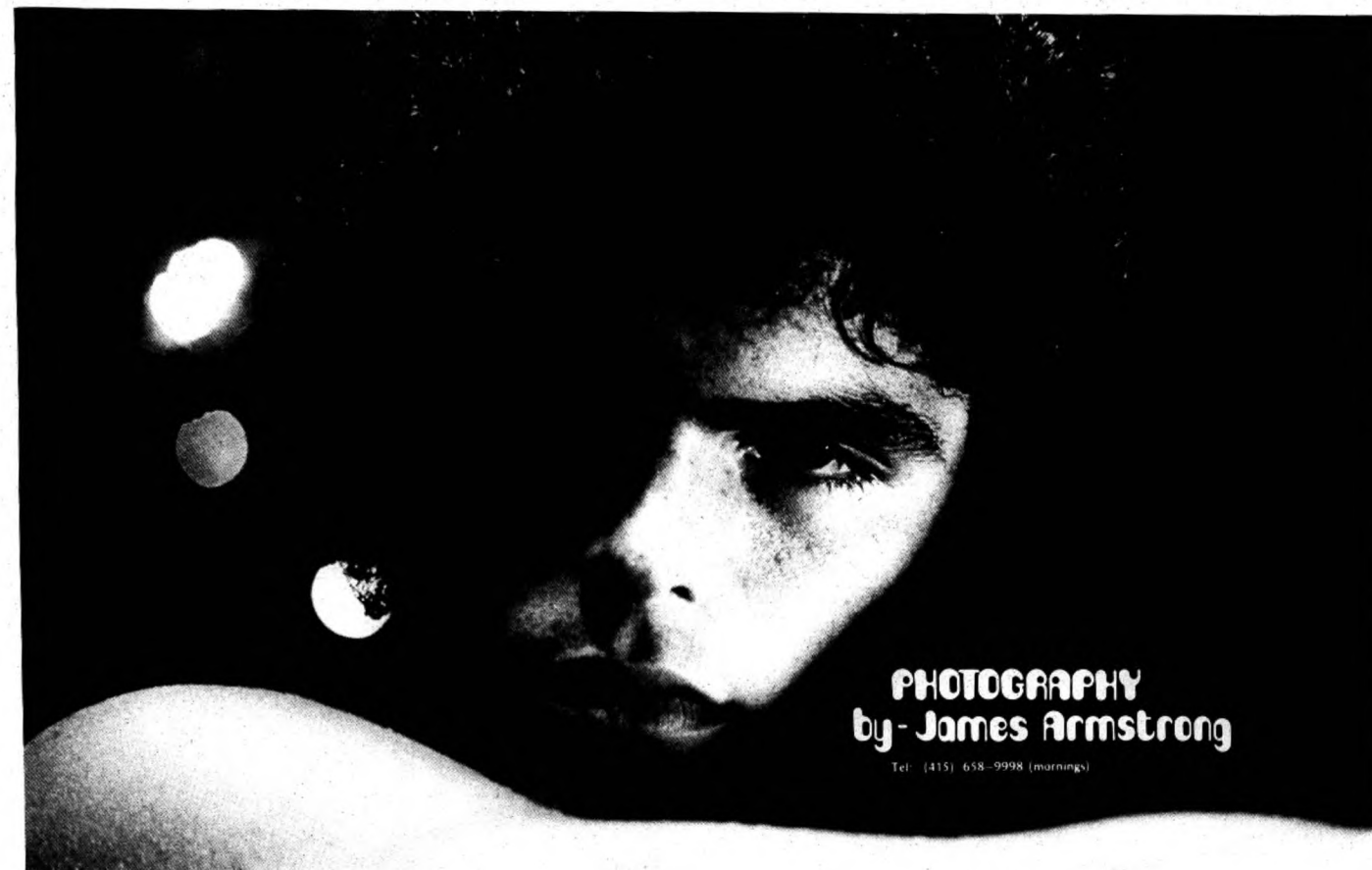
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