The Off-Broadway Smash Hit!

Little Mary Sunshine

a musical about an old operetta

Book, Music and Lyrics by
RICK BESOYAN

JUNE 14, 15 & 16
21, 22 & 23
Fri. Sat. Eves. - 8:30
Sun. Matinee - 3:00

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$3.00 - $5.00

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THE S.I.R. CENTER
93 SIXTH STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

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VECTOR is the official publication of the SOCIETY FOR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS, an organization dedicated to the education of all people who may be interested in better understanding the homosexual community.

Articles represent the viewpoint of the writers and are not necessarily the opinion of the SOCIETY FOR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS.

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"Believing in our democratic heritage and that ethical values are self-determined and limited only by every person's right to decide his own, we organize for: the reaffirming of individual pride and dignity regardless of orientation; the elimination of the public stigma attached to human self-expression; the accomplishing of effective changes in unjust laws concerning private relationships among consenting adults; the giving of real and substantial aid to members in difficulties; the promoting of better physical, mental and emotional health; the creating of a sense of community; and the establishing of an attractive social atmosphere and constructive outlets for members and their friends."
—Preamble, S.I.R. Constitution.

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“FORTUNE:
and men’s eyes

by
John Herbert

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In homosexual context, the Tenderloin is equated mainly with male prostitution; Hustlers. To consider the subject in broader aspect, however, the geographic areas so designated embraced just about every form of social divergence conceivable. The Tenderloin is not unique to San Francisco; the term originated in New York City: (from its making possible a luxurious diet for corrupt policemen): a district of a city largely devoted to vice and other forms of lawbreaking that encourage political or police corruption. (Webster's Collegiate VII).

Corruption in San Francisco up until the mid 1950's has been well documented in books and the local press. The area abounded with B-girl bars, after-hour clubs, and every common form of vice from bookies to dope-peddling. The B-girls have disappeared, due to shake-ups of the police and liquor-control departments in the wake of civic protests, but most of the rest of the activity continues. The gay bar, in those days not a very prominent feature of the area, was placed in the same bag with the rest.

Now, legitimized through court decisions, they function openly, while other activities must operate more clandestinely. A large part of the gay life used to center more around "sailor bars", an activity now somewhat curtailed by the armed services.

The male prostitute has been a phenomenon in San Francisco only since about the time these other changes took place (though no inference is drawn from the coincidence). Service men were commonly expected to ask for money; as often as not they were laughed off. ("Everybody wants to cop my joint, but they won't pay for it."") Why should we?; we pay our taxes") And there always has been the indigent boy willing to do what he might otherwise not for the sake of pocket money. But what is new and pervasive and typic of the district now is the professional hustler, who day in and day out is after a score, and measures his success as a human being in terms of his take therefrom.

TO BUY A FAT PIG

Hustlers fall into several sub-categories, according to modus operandi, or dress, manner or personality. Some work the streets and coffee shops, others the bars. Dress runs the gamut from twice-a-day change of starched white shirt with cuff links to filthy t-shirts to mini-skirts. The most common is Butch, in levis, clean or dirty, who, to the best of his ability to know, does not think of himself as gay. He may have a steady girl, or at least an effeminate lover, who may also be out hustling, or waiting alone in the hotel room for him to come home with the bread. A few are quite honestly married with children, and proud to wheel the carriage down past the meat rack on Sunday afternoon, introducing the wife to the johns and the other hustlers. The average butch, however, is sexually ambivalent. He will deny in the presence of peers that he does this or that, but if the price is right ($25 will buy almost anything conceivable, $2 may suffice if things are really slow) he generally manages to deliver what is required.

The usual approach will involve some form of appeal for help: haven't eaten all day, gotta get my clothes out of the cleaners, just got into town—where can I get a job? It may all be true, but often as not, he may be more affluent than the quarry, and this is just a means of testing his reception. He will be on the lookout always for the easy mark, the kook that wants something funny and will expect to pay extra, the drunk that can be rolled for $300. This type of score is doubly desirable when it involves no sexual effort, and consequently no threat to his masculine image. It is here that dangerous traits of personalty are likely to lurk. His identity is unclear, and a sudden jolt from a precarious position can have unpleasant consequences to the person who messes with such an ego. It is possible to know these people, to develop understanding, liking, even admiration and respect in cases, but it must be understood that the personality one divines in private is not the one he wears in public. (See "City of Night", "In Cold Blood").Treated unpatronizingly, he can be friendly, responsive, loyal, honest and compassionate, but within the group they vie to appear most manly, cold and professional.

The Louie is the grubby type who really doesn't care much whether he does or doesn't, or about anything else for that matter."I don't give a rat's ass". He is most likely to be truly bi-sexual and among the married ones. He's a nice enough guy, if dirty and shallow of mind, but little to flatter, and cheap.
The Gay hustler differs from his butch brother mainly in orientation. He finds himself more often torn between love and duty, hating himself in the morning for not having stuck strictly to business. Price and terms will be roughly the same, but with a given score he might not be willing to do what he would with a private trick. If he should, then it may be half-heartedly, whereas Butch will leave one with the impression that he didn’t after all do anything he didn’t like. Gay may be more trustworthy in a material sense, but it is also possible that he will make use of the natural tendency to be less cautious with him in a confidence play. His goal will be to meet a truly generous sugar daddy, not too hard to take and too demanding of time, that will set him up as a kepi, put him through college, buy him a car, or place him in a life-time business career. Meanwhile, he lives on $10 and $20 tricks.

The Drag is a strangely distorted mirror-image of the male hustler. Whereas others emphasize what masculine or boyish characteristics they can, but at heart are essentially feminine in their dependency, the drag while parodying the female is as tough and self-sufficient a personality as is likely to be found off a fishing boat. The disguise often makes no attempt to go beyond the most superficial, and it is quite impossible to believe that anyone truly mistakes them for women for more than a moment. There are those men to whom this obvious fraud seems sexually stimulating; to others, the shock that comes with whom this obvious fraud seems sexually

Out of a crowd of 70 to 80 on a given week-night in a Tenderloin gay bar, about 20 were hustlers or other full-time residents of the area. The remainder where a cross-section of gay life, from Telegraph Hill, Pacific Heights, the Sunset, Berkeley, a tourist from New Mexico, an English professor, a stock broker, a millionaire, a steel worker, assorted clerks, cooks and waiters. Many were regular customers, none seemed to be in an unfamiliar sphere. So just who does make up the Tenderloin; why these well-beaten paths to every other segment of society? The curious call it shaming, satisfying some basic urge by rubbing shoulders with the underworld. Like Orpheus, they believe they can come and go with impunity, but many, looking back, find themselves doomed to stay. They will have recognized something of themselves, or discovered something they lacked. It may be the appeal of the raw and elemental aspects of human nature, like here’s the gritty-gitty, here’s where we find out what people really are. Not that phoniness is absent, but the masquerade is so apparent that it is comparable to Chinese opera. Half the fun lies in stripping off the masks to find who is hiding beneath, and the hustlers are as good at this game as the visiting psychologists.

Everyone finds something to be one-up about: I’m prettier; I’m tougher; I don’t have to pay for it; I can afford what I want; I’m above all this. And they can and do openly express these and other basic feelings, free from the formal restraints of more socially-acceptable areas.

There have been several knowledgeable, but limited, attempts to cure the ills of the area. The Central City OEC, Glide Foundation, Intersection, Operation Head Start, Hospitality House, even S.I.R. itself have to some extent come to grips realistically with the problem, but it is not to be cured with stop-gaps. Human needs are being met here, and they will continue to be met in the fashion of the underworld until society provides for them in better ways. Rumor is rife that a new clean-up is under way. The area is potentially as valuable as any real-estate in the country, and by sheer weight of economic force, this value will not go for long unrealized.

The boundaries will change; the center has begun to shift south of Market Street. But wherever it goes, the Tenderloin promises to be around for quite a while: the city within the city, wherein a society that hasn’t figured all the answers can take off its girdle and scratch.

**JIGGETY JIG**

The Tenderloin does not create these people; they are attracted to it. Here are a few without girdles: LARRY 35; a mean-looking cuss, and that’s what he is. He exhibits a liberal sexuality and a what-the-hell attitude that appeals to the most prurient interests. He preys on drunks, rolling dice at the bar, and bigger suckers in the alley. He’s a fast talker and sharp operator; a favorite quarry is other hustlers back from a good score, exhibiting the wad they made. Larry takes them as quickly as he does the johns. JERRY, 32; 250 pounds, and hardly the average gay person’s cup of tea. Looks like a traveling salesman on the make, and plays up the role. You’d never suspect he intends to take you, and you’re apt to warn him not to flash his money around. That’s how he got it, baby. TOM, 65; corpulent, not very stylish, but filthy rich in old California land, and no dummy. Meets and talks with every reasonably clean hustler in town, will slip them $10 after a few minutes conversation if he’s not further interested. If he is, there’s at least a new wardrobe in the offering. GEORGE, 37; stock broker, Pacific Heights apartment, frankly likes hustlers. Will spend several dollars a night on drinks and dinners, but doesn’t necessarily like to pay for love. He often drinks to excess, has been rolled, and had his apartment stripped bare, but he comes back for more 3 or 4 nights a week. BOB, 35; professor of English Literature, Berkeley. Comes to town almost every weekend and school holiday, generally early in the day. Drinks a bit too much, likes almost everyone, but is particularly turned on by under-fed, not-too-professional hustlers, to whom he offers a genuine interest. He fails, however, to communicate with them on their own level, and succeeds only in satisfying his own needs, one of which is to convince himself he is truly understanding and democratic. JACK, 24; good body, nicely hung, pleasant face and personality. Digs really butch guys; construction workers, truck drivers, etc., but a soft pitch for any reasonably attractive guy. Scrupulously clean, very clothes-conscious in a traddy way (wouldn’t wear matching color t-shirt and jeans, “too much like an ‘outfit’”). Honest, genuine, warm; could work, but prefers not to while waiting for the one. Meanwhile, he’s kept in rent, food and betting money at the race track by a sugar-daddy of 70 who Jack almost literally cannot stomach, and who is extremely jealous to boot. BILL, 23; ex-paratrooper, great body, sparkling blue eyes, quick, engaging smile, full of hell and thriving on attention. “Not gay”, but turned on by nelly boys, likes anyone who likes him, and lots do. Drinks when he has the money, gets down to business when he doesn’t. Leaves a wake of mixed emotions among the other hustlers who are attracted to him and envious of his ability to convey a thoroughly masculine image while freely indulging his sexual proclivity. TONY, 30; gay, intelligent, knows where he’s going, would be a success at whatever he did. Owns real estate, a 46’ boat, invests in the stock market, recently saw his father through a difficult operation and started him off in a business. Travels on a fairly regular schedule, servicing a select clientele from Palm Springs to Hawaii. Likes genuine people, reserves favors for those who pay, or a few gay boys who turn him on, but is a good friend to anyone he is involved with. JOHN, 21; lust, child of a broken marriage, raised mainly in a “home”. Bad teeth, ill-kept, unwashed from week to week. Flimsy education, but has read and partly absorbed some surprising subject matter, from Freud to McLuhan. With a bit more drive, or push, he might move on, but he is content to sleep in the park and scrounge for hot dogs when required, turning on with pot, wine, or you-name-it when he’s got bread.
DONE DREAMS AND LAUGHTER

lark
to the reluctant sky.
Armadillos move
through heaving streets.
you sweaty Samson howling tongueless
in the skull of Sunday danced
upon a whirling sun, having felt
the lava of this soul
now dark obsidian
wanton wanting
from your fingertips threw
sweet sunlight cold
flowers from your eyes
the market coliseum of chariots
and horses
O you were Samson then with every
possible song, marching through
my armored vision with strong
precision, you
whimsied from apocalyptic mountains
in twisting definition of stars and trees
with rosy leaves — whimsied through
the midnight of my need
(and now lips parch closed
with voiceless singing: the birds
will not carry you, infidel
your gestures grow inward
your rhythms change)
I cannot hear your song today —

VICTOR BORSA

THREE KLYPTICS

Style:
Since I first laid you
Aside
I've been wondering why
The Japanese of old
Preferred that position.
Allegory:
Because the Leaning Tower
is rising in the moonlight
you don't have to stay up
to eat the sun.
Solace:
What is Solace?
But two souls
stript together
in rhythmtime,
buried hip-deep
in silence —
asleep.

paul mariah

THE SOLEMN PROCESSION

Regent Lady —
All appalled & trembling
we watch beside you there —
your son,
high, & then bleeding —
His call chills our heart,
& yours, Lady —
His cry of astonished & tortured
Loneliness, Lady.

Lou Harrison
SAN FRANCISCO... On March 23, a gang of punks roamed the Castro-Market area and beat up a number of gay persons. They ripped areas from parked cars and went into one gay bar and literally whipped the patrons. In front of another bar they cut up the face of a person with a broken bottle. At another bar they were turned away at gun point. A person who was calling police when he witnessed such a scene was beaten in an outdoor phone booth. Incidentally, he is the only person who has come forward so far, to testify.

This is just one night of a long series of sporadic vigilante efforts to get rid of the "queers" in this neighborhood and in other areas of the city by some frustrated self-righteous teen-age punks. The oldest in this rat pack is 20...

A pool hall on Castro Street in the Eureka Valley seems to be the headquarters for this gang. But what is most shocking is that in the Spring of 1961 a similar gang from this same neighborhood formed a "queer-hunting rat pack". This gang was stopped only when they finally were caught and jailed for murdering William P. Hall. Only a little over a year ago, this same neighborhood provided the haven for a rat pack that beat S.I.R. member Stoltz to death with chains at the beach while they were queer hunting at the bunkers.

William Hall's killers were convicted because, as the papers carefully pointed out at the time, "Hall was certainly not a sex deviate..." You see it is more tragic, more criminal to kill a square than a homosexual.

Stolz's murderers were caught and let go because the police had no evidence but their confessions!

Now what happens this time? Must someone be murdered in the streets again before these punks are told that it is naughty to cut up and beat queers to death?

And please don't believe that certain adult members of our fair city haven't produced and sanctioned these atrocities. The "go out and get these queers" signal was given at a meeting between police community relations and business men of the areas, presided over by a Bill Dunlap, a grocer in that area. The 19 year old gangleader complained at this meeting that the young boys in the area were not safe from the queers. I quote him, "Every time we walk down the street, queers offer liquor, dope, and money for our bodies."

Dunlap said these bad elements (i.e. queers) should be cleaned up from that neighborhood. An officer got up and addressed this all american 19 year old hero with, "Boys, you just point 'em out to us and we'll take care of them." Well, these boys didn't wait for the police and are still out on the streets looking for YOU.

Now don't get the idea that all fairies have crawled into their holes like rabbits. Some of the responsible merchants in the area, some are gay, some are square, are out to stop this. Dunlap is no longer president of the Merchants association in that area, and responsible business men in the area are going full steam ahead to stop the street gangs. The Mission Station Police are fully cooperating with these businessmen.

If you know anything at all about what is going on, or any similar incidents that might be connected, contact Tom Edwards who is doing a yeoman's job coordinating the investigation and prosecution of these punks. Tom can be contacted through the SIR office. Your help is needed.

We might also add that the Police Community Relations representative, Elliot Blackstone, can be contacted with complete assurance of your anonymity. Or else talk to Bill Pflath, president of the San Francisco Tavern Guild, or myself if you desire a second party as a go between. We need evidence and any help you give will not jeopardize your security if done through the above named persons.

Another item that the police need information about: the murder of Stewart Maher. I would like to end this section with a quote from Charles McCabe in the Chronicle writing about crime: "Crime, as I have said before, is what we say it is. Armed robbery and murder do not really belong in the same definition as homosexuality and crap-shooting. Our notion of crime has to be narrowed and focused."...*****

MIDDLETOWN, CALIF.: A new relationship concept between the management of a business and the gay community has been initiated at Harbin Springs Club. This resort is being set up as a private club for the homophile community, as have many other businesses in this area. The difference lies in structuring a Board of Directors which represents all aspects of the homophile community, that makes policy. These persons, who represent professions, businesses and various organizations that exist in the San Francisco area, serve without pay. They function as a watchdog, on fair business practices, on security for members and on the use of facilities so that the homophile community can achieve maximum benefits from this club.

This Board has set up a legal defense fund for the members and the club, that will be used in cases involving enforcement of laws pertaining to homosexuality. The fund is set up in a trust account that is administered by the board. Fifty dollars has initially been deposited in the account by management and four plans are under discussion for regular deposits to this fund from membership fees, profits, charges and special events that will insure regular fund growth in relation to the size of the club.

The initial membership response has been surprisingly good. Membership does require sponsorship, manager review, and review by a three person committee selected by the Board.

The purpose is to insure a future, secure country development for the use of the responsible gay community. Scheduled at the club is a Koalas event for April 27-28 and a Coits outing, May 25-26.

The remodeling and refurbishing has already begun with the owners investing several thousand dollars in the development.

THIS LOOKS LIKE A BIG STEP FORWARD.

SAN FRANCISCO - Are you ready for a "chocolate covered chew" made by the Golden Nugget Candy Co. of S.F. called "SIR"? I wonder what it's sales will be.

Other Magazines: Sexology, April 1968 has an article by Wainwright Churchill, "Gangs That Hunt Down Queens," that is very good.

Playboy, May 1968, has an interview with Masters and Johnson. They discuss in the final section important research they are doing on homosexuality. This is a must for those interested in research and the like.

Playboy's Open Forum and Forum Newsfront always seem to provide excellent reading on Homophilia.

Most commercial magazines always seem to be out two months early, but religious magazines, along with homophile magazines, always seem to get to a person late.

Which brings us to Christianity Today for Jan. 1968. In their article, "The Bible and the Homosexual," we find quotes from Rev. R.W. Cromey and Cannon Walter D. Denis that are favorable to homosexual relations. But, this article goes on to say: "No one doubts that there are social and moral issues to which the Bibles fails to speak, at least explicitly. But this can hardly be said of homosexuality. The Mosaic law explicitly condemns intercourse between members of the same sex — 'Ye shall not lie with a male as with a woman; it is an abomination' (Lev. 18:22). Paul lists homosexuality as a vice to which God has abandoned mankind as a result of man's general refusal to acknowledge him as Lord. 'For this reason God gave them up to dishonorable passions. Their women exchanged natural relations for unnatural, and the men likewise gave up natural relations with women and were consumed with passion for one another...'. (Rom. 1:26,27). The freedom with which many churchmen ignore these statements is at least irresponsible, it not actually non-Christian. 'Clearly then,' writes Canon Kenneth J. Sharp, counseling priest at Washington Cathedral, 'the Church's condemnation of homosexuality does not indicate last vestiges of a Medieval or Victorian Church. It is 'inherent' in the explicit moral teaching of its Scriptures.'

And much more of the same.

The "coup de grace" is this: "But homosexual relations are almost never lasting, and the dominant mood is "gay" loneliness and compulsive searching. Harold L. Call, president of a San Francisco organization seeking to help the homosexual, says that "it is not uncommon for some homosexuals to have sex with a thousand different men in a year. Seldom do relationships last beyond the moment. Former partners frequently engage in blackmail schemes, thus further debasing the relationships."...with friends like these, who needs enemies...*****

CALIFORNIA: A rash of "decency" is springing up around the state; Los Angeles passed a Big "D" for decency week resolution and San Francisco Supervisors followed suit. Only our Mayor, Joe Alioto, saved the day on this one. I remember another big "D" for Dallas. Sorry about that but we need this...
big “D” bull like we need a hole in the head. The perpetrators of these evils are all in the same bag!

So in Sacramento, the State Senate passed legislation, endorsed by both Governor Ronald Reagan and Attorney General Thomas Lynch, aimed at keeping “harmful matter” such as sex-oriented material away from person under 18. But... in Denmark, they have the only sensible approach as we have pointed out before...

Denmark, which goes farther than most other countries in depicting sex on the screen, will be even freer after the expected abolition of movie censorship this year.

The pragmatic approach to sex for which the Danes and Swedes have long been known has recently found expression in Denmark in moves to end all forms of literary and film censorship.

In June, 1967, the laws preventing the publication of written pornography were repealed. There has been no theater censorship since 1954.

A government-appointed commission recommended in January that censorship of movies for adults should be abolished. The suggestion is expected to be adopted.

Previously, movies which could be offensive to public decency or have a “brutalizing effect” were controlled by the state censorship board. The commission has suggested that, in future, the board should only consider films to be shown to children under the ages of 12 and 16 respectively.

The jurists and the commission on movie censorship both accepted with argument that it was not the duty of the state to decide what was morally or aesthetically permissible for adults to read or see.

They argued that censorship was only justified if it could be shown that the material in question had a damaging effect on an adult audience. They could find no scientifically valid evidence that this was the case.

We still wonder who was damaged by our pornography presentation in the January Vector. I find nothing more ludicrous than a morally up-tight homosexual. I want to recommend a Ballantine Book to all who are concerned about this, “The Essential Lenny Bruce.”

LONDON: A new report on a Lesbian Research project is out. Did it ever strike you, as it does me, that these research projects have their conclusions at the same bag!

A couple of years ago, my colleague Stanley Kauffmann, in a perceptive, but widely misunderstood essay, pleaded for a more honest homosexual drama—where homosexual experience was not translated into false pseudo-heterosexual terms. This, with all its faults I think “The Boys in the Band” achieves. It is quite an achievement.”

Rosalyn Regelson, New York Times, recently took to task a play thusly:

“The latest warm, human, honest British import has been “Staircase,” which closes this afternoon after a brief run although it was praised by most critics as “the best treatment of homosexuals so far in the theater,” gentle”, “domestic”, the story of a love relationship which deals “sensitively and adroitly” with homosexuality. The spectacle of seasoned drama critics growing misty-eyed over this slow, dull, verbose little play about two aging male barbers brings up some interesting questions about how plays are judged. Stagey and dishonest, with scenes ending in cheap blackout-comedy-skit punch lines, “Staircase” gets the coup de grace from Eli Wallach’s screamingly heterosexual performance of a mincing hairdresser, in which the actor telegraphs to the audience with every flip of his head and his buttocks his contempt for the character and all his ilk. One can only conjecture that the play leaves a warm glow in the reviewers and audiences because they are so relieved to find that homosexual “marriages” are as miserable as hetero ones, only more so, and most of all... The critics vendetta was stimulated by the prevailing idea that Pop-Camp equals trivia equals scene... Miss Sontag’s Schlock version of camp is least about doing the rote. When I started working with it I had to determine the motivations that produce this kind of personality...”


Just because a play is about gay persons does not mean it is theatre and some friends, as we have pointed out before, are worse enemies than our open enemies.

And that brings me to a big gripe. In a Chronicle interview with Bill Moor, “Fortune and Men’s Eyes” star, we boilled over when we read the following:

“Moor’s definition of a drag queen? ‘Well, let’s see. A queen moves and behaves like a woman at all conscious moments. A queen is a woman, has become a woman. Queens have an aggressive unassailability – a kind of talent for putting anybody down. They’re mean. This is really what turned me on most about doing the role. When I started working with it I had to determine the motivations that produce this kind of personality...’ Moor has explored in detail the behavior of queens and discuss them at length with illustration, imitation and much gesticulation. He is almost encyclopedic on the subject. How?

“Of, I know lots of queens. Lots.”

Are any of the cast members who characterize homosexuals in fact homosexuals? A somber look accompanies the categorical answer.

“No.”

Oh, get off the pot, — Moor. Who the hell cares?

See “Fortune and Men’s Eyes” anyway, it is great!

Heart Columnist, Dorothy Manners, reports:

AFTER MUCH DEBATING pro and con, Paramount has decided to use the controversial shot showing Kirk Douglas kissing Alex Cord right on the mouth in the advertising campaign for “The Brotherhood.”

Studio contends this is the well-known “kiss of death” whereby the Mafia signifies it’s about to get rid of one of its own for not keeping the party line.

Next question: How many of you are hip to the fun and games of the Mafia? Or shall we just come out and admit it’s a shocker?

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Ask Mme. Soto-Voce

Mme. Aida Soto-Voce is now a semi-retired star of the opera and concert stage who, during the apex of her career was the romantic toast of three continents. *VECTOR* is honored to have her on our staff to answer your questions on “Matters of the Heart.”

Address all correspondence to Mme. Aida Soto-Voce, 83 Sixth Street, San Francisco, California 94103

Dear Madam Soto-Voce,

I am truly concerned for the social success of my lover in the business world. He works for one of those stuffy European companies and now that he is climbing up in his job he gets quite baffled at very formal dinner parties on which fork or spoon to use on what foods. He came home very embarrassed the other night when he realized he had eaten his salad and entre with his cake fork. He was quite upset and I am afraid this sort of thing, over a period of time, may curtail his chances of promotion. Is there some place I can get a chart and we can learn which piece is to be used when.

Waiting confused,

Table Traume

Dear Table,

First of all, getting a chart from a silverware dealer and memorizing each piece's look and function is more of a task than you think. At one time (1910) one could get 110 different pieces per pattern so you can see how impractical memorizing would be. Besides each manufacturer has his own variations and each host, his own idea of how some pieces should be used.

Ah, well I remember the time I was singing Brunnhilde in a lavish production of *Die Götterdammerung* in Baskett, Kentucky, when afterwards, the entire cast was invited to “Schloss Blitzenbach”, the forbidding looking castle-like home of an old friend of mine the Baroness Wilhemina Hudwig Von und Zu Blitzenbach. I had forewarned the cast that this “Schloss” was run by a very elegant Baroness and not to be surprised as she, like most monarchists, felt the world and gracious living had stopped with the collapse of the German, Austro-Hungarian, and Russian thrones. It seems the Baroness was a lady-in-waiting to the late Kaiserine Augusta Viktoria and was barely able to flee Germany with one suitcase (filled with jewels) and an enormous oil painting of her husband, the Baron Von und Zu Blitzenbach, who was blown to smitherines by the escagarot (snail) screw and the multi-tyned sardine serving fork one would be inclined to agree with. At that moment she dug into her Grapefruit Flambe' with her small pastry fork and squirted the pretender to the Thuringian throne in his monacle. She then apologized, took her fish knife (and small pastry fork), carved up the entire grapefruit and ate it.

Well anyway, as you can well imagine, by the time cake and demitasse were served all Pollyanna had left to consume these with was her large soup spoon and a two-tyned fruit fork. She was about ready to panic as she had already added cream and sugar and none of the remaining pieces would fit into the cup. The crown prince of Thuringia was chattering away about the doings of some bizarre Austrian, Duchess to Pollyanna and I couldn’t get her attention to give her my demitasse spoon. The Baroness was chatting with me about how she loved my Immolation Scene when I slipped my spoon from the table and unnoticed, cracked Pollyanna on the knee with it to get her attention and hand her the spoon which she then, in a fluster, dropped down the front of her dress.

Later, back at the Baskett-Ritz Hotel, Pollyanna was distraught and asked me what is a girl to do when they don’t know which piece of silver is for what. I told her it is usually quite simple, start from the outside of the arrangement and work your way inward. Usually anyone who has all those strange pieces of silver knows how to set the table. If still in doubt, wait until someone you feel knows, usually the host or hostess, picks up their utensil to start on a particular course and duplicate them. Then at least if you are wrong you have company in your error.

So, Mr. Traume, realize that the silver manufacturers usually had the idea of practical application for each piece they design. The purpose of each variation is to facilitate, not complicate eating. It wasn’t too long ago people ate only with their fingers. I must admit it would have been a blessing if such were the case at the Baroness’ dinner when Pollyanna Scruge turned to the hostess, picked up a beautiful scalloped berry spoon and said, "Baroness honey, this shore would be a peachy-been spoon for servin’ up grits with."
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EVERYBODY LOVES A FAT MAN

by LARRY CARLSON

Overweight is one of the most common medical problems today. It is estimated that approximately 5 million Americans weigh at least 20% more than their normal weight. Another 20 million are classified by doctors as 10% above normal in weight.

In the past, a fat person was thought of as a healthy person. This was especially true in regard to babies. The present desire to avoid overweight has come into prominence largely for two reasons: (1) the slender figure is more fashionable, and (2) data based on scientific studies show that life expectancy is influenced to a considerable extent by body weight.

Obesity may be defined as an abnormal condition due to excessive deposits of fat in the body which results in overweight. Obesity from glandular abnormality is very rare. A tendency to be overweight and certain factors that increase hunger may be inherited, but the fat itself is not. The cause of overweight in most cases is simply eating too much. Overweight places an added burden on the heart, circulatory system, liver and gallbladder. It also increases the risk in surgery and childbirth. It is thought to be a predisposing factor in diabetes, gout, and arthritis. Most overweight people have trouble with their feet. The bones of the feet were meant to carry only a certain amount of weight, and when this is greatly increased, trouble results.

Since overweight is for the most part the result of overeating, what then are the causes of overeating? A person who is bored or unhappy is more likely to snack between meals than a well-adjusted person. Some persons have a family history of members who consistently overate and who made no effort to limit the amount consumed. Children are sometimes rewarded for good behavior with tempting bits of food: therefore they associate obedience with overeating. Many times a person with a psychological problem overeats because it gives him a temporary sense of well-being.

An effort to avoid obesity has both good and bad results. In many cases it has led to a better selection of food. However, there are people who harm themselves by trying to reduce unwisely. It is very important that a person trying to reduce receive the necessary protein, minerals and vitamins for adequate nutrition.

The so-called fad diets for reducing should be discouraged. In the first place, many of them are inadequate; in the second place, they do nothing to educate the person in good eating habits. This is important because often a person who has lost weight on a fad diet will resume his former eating habits after losing weight and will soon be right back where he started.

A good reduction diet should lay the foundation for a sensible diet regimen which can, with some additions, be followed indefinitely. Once the loss in weight has been achieved, a person may gradually add more foods, checking his weight at least once a week. If he begins to gain weight, he should return at once to his former reducing regimen.

Generally speaking, a person's physical condition is best if the weight is kept 10% above normal, up to 30 years of age, normal between 30 and 40 years of age, and 10% below normal after 40 years of age. In fact, some authorities advocate that a person's ideal weight at 25 years of age is the best weight to maintain for the rest of his life. If this is to be accomplished, calories must be reduced 3% from 30 to 40 years of age, another 3% from 40 to 50 years of age, 7.5% from 50 to 60 years of age, and another 7.5% from 60 to 70 years of age. In fact, the term "middle-aged spread" is a misnomer. There is no mysterious law of nature that states that all persons must enlarge horizontally at middle age. An excessive increase in weight at this time of life simply means too many calories and too little exercise. A person's normal body weight is determined not only by age, but also by height and body build, depending on whether he has large, medium, or small bones. A person with large bones can carry more weight without being obese than a person with small bones.

A certain amount of moderate exercise is good to maintain physical well-being. People who are physically active are less likely to be overweight. Exercise, however, cannot take the place of diet. Regular exercise, especially for younger people, makes flabby muscles firmer and helps to achieve more attractive proportions. However, many persons who are on reducing diets are past middle age and should not be doing the strenuous exercises that are needed to be really effective.

The use of drugs to help a person reduce should be discouraged, and such drugs should never be taken except on the advice of a physician. Some produce extremely toxic effects, and some have a cumulative effect that may not be felt for some time. Thyroid preparations are sometimes given, but unless the thyroid gland is really deficient they should never be taken.

The best and safest plan for reducing is, as it has always been, to lower the caloric intake below the actual daily needs of the body; thus, the body must draw upon and use its reserve fat. This means that the reduction in food must come mostly from carbohydrates and fats. Protein is necessary at all times for the repair of body tissues and should be maintained at a higher than normal level. Protein foods such as meat, eggs, fish, and cottage cheese have a high satiety value. A patient on a reducing diet will be better satisfied and better nourished on a high protein, low carbohydrate, low fat diet. Low caloric vegetables and fruits will add interest to the diet and furnish needed vitamins, minerals, and bulk. The essentials of a reducing diet then should include the following:

1. There should be sufficient high-quality protein to prevent wasting of body tissues and to furnish adequate protein for body processes.
2. There should be sufficient carbohydrate to prevent being wasted for energy needs and to prevent too rapid burning of body fat.
3. Adequate minerals and vitamins must be provided.
4. The diet should be acceptable to the person.
5. The diet should be one what will educate the person in correct eating habits.

6. Meals should not be skipped. An adequate breakfast gives the person a proper start for the day. There should be some protein food in each meal, especially breakfast. Carbohydrate alone raises the blood sugar quickly but not for long, whereas protein raises the blood sugar level and holds it above the hunger mark longer. Fats slow down the rate at which both carbohydrate and protein are digested, and they also help to maintain a more constant blood sugar level.

The caloric value of the diet may be cut safely to 1,200 calories. Below 1,200 calories, a diet is not adequate, and a person on such a diet should have very close medical supervision.

An adult who is overweight has probably been consuming at least 3,000 calories daily and many times more than that. In a reducing diet, the caloric reduction should start from a person's ideal caloric allowance and not from the number of calories he has been consuming. For the person whose ideal caloric intake should be 2,200 a cut of 1,000 calories should result in a weight loss of approximately 2 pounds a week, or a daily reduction of 500 calories from the person's ideal caloric intake will, under normal conditions, result in a weight loss of one pound per week.

Everybody may love a fat man, but nobody wants to take him home to bed and seduce him. So take my advice, and keep those figures slim and watch your calories and live much longer to enjoy life!
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PAGE 14
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FORTUNE AND MEN’S EYES currently playing at the Encore theatre at 422 Mason Street is legitimate theatre at its best. The theme of homosexuality is wrapped with raw human emotion and tied with superb acting making in total a package of startling realism.

The play has been called “Brutal…”, “Superb”, “A Social Document” by the critics. To the informed homosexual and “square” the theme underlines what they already know to be fact. Most realize the many homosexual episodes that occur in prisons and penitentiaries.

The script is excellent, the message forceful and the characters fantastic. The cast of five captivates attention. Each character is played with theatrical energy par excellence, and when rubbed one against the other, create a theatrical explosion. Rocky—a man who takes what he wants and who he wants regardless of from whom, where or what. A homosexual who will not face himself and seeks masculine identification by “being tough”.

Mona—a tragic victim of circumstance, being both Negro and homosexual, is filled with passion and understanding of his situation. To cope with it he lives on two levels at once; the physical and the intellectual. Queenie—the most tragic figure in the cast constantly tries to better his physical needs with proper manipulation of cellmates and guards. His “time” in the penitentiary is the only life he knows, seeking a never-ending return by petty house burglaries. Holy Face—the guard is part of the “American Image”, so entrenched in his bourgeois life he knows of nothing else. He reaches for masculine identification with his fists and working “deals”. Smitty—the naive boy who quickly learns of his situation and how to cope with it. He holds his ground well but is shattered at the climax.

The only criticism of the production is poor direction in certain areas. The blocking in the second act during the “frisk” breaks the audience connection with a separation of imaginary wall which should not exist. Also because of the action preceeding climax, it is not quite as powerful as the climax should be. With slightly more understatement of acting during performance and attention to better building toward climax, the end of the play would be absolutely shattering. These are points that should be considered for future productions.

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The Homosexual In The Tenderloin

by LARRY CARLSON

What persons inhabit the Tenderloin of San Francisco as well as many other cities in the U.S.A.? Where do they come from, and why have they come, and what have they come to? What problems face individuals as they inhabit the Tenderloin and what problems do they present to society?

There are probably more than 30,000 persons who inhabit the area we call the Tenderloin, many youthful people, mostly males. The range of personalities found here is indescribable — prostitutes, hustlers, pimps, drunks, drug addicts, pill pushers, lesbians, queers, hair fairies, transsexuals, curious onlookers — you name it, they live here!

Day and night present an interesting contrast — the day hours bring streets alive with people hurrying about on their business and the clang of busy traffic; the daytime clamor becomes more subdued during the evening hours and individual sounds begin to take on more importance.

More often than not the individuals who inhabit the Tenderloin are looked upon as being public nuisances or some sort of “freaks” and thus, they must struggle for their own identity in the midst of labels and stereotypes, such as “queer,” “juvenile delinquent,” “prostitute,” and “criminal.” Sexual identification is certainly a problem for many of the youth of the Tenderloin.

The problems are many in this neighborhood. There are the problems of the individual himself and the problems of rejection and no love he has brought with him from whence he came. This deprived background frequently creates urgent needs which he seeks desperately to satisfy through extreme forms of behavior. He desires freedom, he urgently needs to be loved, and he needs money to survive. It is easy to see how these psychological and emotional stresses and needs create a wide variety of personalities and behavior patterns in these persons.

Many will turn to hustling as a means of making money. The hustler’s clients, referred to as “Johns,” vary from a wealthy out-of-towner to a man of lower income, frequently, from a Tenderloin dweller himself.

There is also the problem of female prostitutes, some, surprisingly, as young as 14. Looked upon with disgust by self-righteous society, she is used and abused by pimps and customers alike. There are few who love, forgive or accept her, thus helping her to go “straight.”

Drugs present still another problem to the Tenderloin. What do you desire? You can buy it there — “bennies,” “red-devils,” (seconal), “yellow-jackets” (nembutal), “crystal” (methedrine), “goofers” (doridan), “Christmas trees” (dexamethone sulfate), “sniff and weed” (amyl nitrite and marijuana), and “acid” (L.S.D.), to mention but a few. It is difficult to estimate the large number of young persons who are involved in the drug operation of this area.

Health presents still other problems for the Tenderloin inhabitants, not only the communicable diseases, but also the mental health problems and emotional disturbances which stem from the pressures of this atmosphere.

There are problems of housing for many — some are destined to live in sometimes cockroach-infested tenements or cheap hotels. Unemployment for many present money problems, and that is certainly a factor conducive to hustling, prostitution, pill-pushing, and robbing as a means of survival. Education is practically nil, save a few church groups which operate in the Tenderloin.

What are some of our reader’s views and experiences with the Tenderloin... Read on...
A TRANSFORMATION (reprinted from VANGUARD)

I am a resident of a Tenderloin hotel. I live constantly in the clothes of a woman although I am a biological male. In this letter to you, I want to give moral support to anyone who may want to do what I’ve done, but isn’t sure of quite how.

The change in me came after years of living without an identity. Not long ago I didn’t know who I was. Now I know.

In New York I worked as an actor. I was in search of an identity then and theatre allowed me to pose at least as a playwright’s character. Unfortunately, I couldn’t be on the stage 24 hours a day. The majority of my life was spent trying to play a role that I didn’t fit. Though I was born with a male appendage, I couldn’t consider myself a male. My psychiatrists and psychologists considered me sane, and normal in every way but for my anti-social yearning. My great trouble was inside. Biologically a male and psychologically a female. My doctors told me that it’s not easy for someone born with the “wrong” physical attributes for the inside of him.

However, I was not without hope. I am now a woman with a few abnormalities which can be corrected surgically. I believe this. In my soul I know that it’s true.

So, I left New York and came to San Francisco. I left the stage agony, and I became aware that it was necessary for me to evolve above it. My objective was clear—adjustment to what I really was and finding out where I really was.

I began working at a T.L. hotel to earn enough money for living expenses and to cover the cost of electrolysis and hormone treatments. Until I accepted the job, there, “queens hotels” and living in drag were unknown to me. A well-known T.L. personality had to tell me all there was to know. Gradually through my own efforts I pulled through temptation and frustration. It certainly was easier for me to live there because I was accepted for whatever I was. In the hotel there is a fosterhood and a community feeling. It’s a good thing.

Everyday I get up, take that extra hour to get ready and go out to do my thing. It’s really enjoyable having found an identity and firmly following it. Since October last, I’ve gone to the point where I live entirely as a girl. I’ve made a complete switchover. When I did it, I knew it was the best thing. The idea of wearing male clothing is embarrassing to me. I was a psychological morphyte. All I can think about is that I’m really me now, and I like me.

The hormone shots have done a lot to improve my appearance. Cosmetologists have told me what to eat, how to wear my clothes, apply make-up, etc. The average woman doesn’t walk the street after 11 p.m.—neither do I. I’ve no police record and there hasn’t been any public problem in my past. I’m a clean person—my room is clean, and I feel I live a good life.

I’m going to school and hope to become a philosophy teacher. Through the help of men like Elliot Blackstone of E.O.C., I’m well on my way. Some of the students there sense something a little different about me, but there’s been no trouble, no friction.

As for sex, I can have it two ways now: by oral or anal copulation. However, until I can have it the way that is normal for me, I won’t have sex. I’ll wait until the transformation is complete.

A TRANSFORMATION

‘TIS MY SECURITY!

My roommate and I live in the Tenderloin, and we like it here. He likes it mostly because he is somewhat of a “cabinet-queen,” and he is very guilty about being a homosexual. He feels that he will be accepted in the T.L. more than anywhere else in the city. Even though some of his neighbors do find out about his homosexuality, he feels that they won’t look down on him, as they might do in other sections of the city.

A little while back he bought a house in the Mission District. Although financial arrangements were satisfying and sound, he felt very uneasy and unhappy because there were so many heterosexual families in this neighborhood. Because of the uneasiness it created for him, probably more in his mind than theirs, he couldn’t wait to sell this property and move back to the T.L. where he always felt safe and secure. He also didn’t like so many children running about, of which there are few in the T.L.

I, myself, love living in the Tenderloin because for me, it is easier to meet people there both socially and sexually than any other part of the city. I seem to have far more success at meeting people here, perhaps, because the people are more interdependent upon one another in this district. It appears to me that the people in the T.L. are more sexy. I see men everywhere, but somehow the feeling isn’t the same even though they are very handsome men. Somehow the boys of the T.L. appear more sexually appealing.

I have always felt secure here. If I were to go into a straight bar and talk to some woman, the chances are I would more often than not be rejected if my homosexuality were revealed—the chances of her understanding and sympathy would be slight. However, I have frequently talked with women, some of them prostitutes, in the T.L. and when they approach me, and I tell them that I am interested in the very same things that they are, they smile understandingly, and there is no rejection. What I am trying to say is that the Tenderloin accepts the way that I am, and I don’t have to be ashamed of anything while I am there.

It has many things that need to be improved, but nevertheless, I find a type of security there that is unmatched in the city, and I wouldn’t live anywhere else as a consequence.

FACED OF A CRUSHER

Watch your pocketbook, don’t bide your time, and don’t trust me in your sight. A pawn, a deceiver, an unwanted; really, an unneeded one to any bar, lounge or club... always, there seems to be an influx of ME in the Fall, Winter, Spring and Summer... just whenever the “snow goes” decide to light upon a thriving metropolis. According to our philosophy “there ain’t no justice anymore.”

What is the sum of this situation?

Where does a hustler like me come from? Everywhere... anywhere... or nowhere is my own background. Does one like ME come from a well-respected family of your city, town, or parish? Am I an outcast of the family, the community, or perhaps, by personal choice? What are the guaranteed chances for my future... or even a perchance?

Into the establishment wanders a new hustler, day after day, with high hopes of continually fleecing unsuspecting, and trusting persons. The trail of bitterness that is left behind is a stench of sorrow, misgivings, and simple disgust. As the door swings, observe and study the new faces. Listen to the gift of gab; notice the dress, and appearance of each different personality. Where do they come from... ay, but the imposing question is: “where are they going next?” Their mecca is the same day after day.

“Justice, where is it for the victim of an individual like ME... standing right next to YOU now?” Look over your shoulder and observe... that one with the long eyebrows... the one with a tattoo galore... the fast talker with the sleeve job... the shifty-eyed one... and that fat-mouthed disbeliever because he really doesn’t believe in himself.

“Where buy me a drink, and why don’t you PLAY the music for us?” Say, buddy o’mine... for tonight, do you have a better choice standing near YOU? Yes, you do have a better choice and your choice will be wise if you continue to nourish the circle of known friends that are YOURS... to cling to. Through the years, the hustlers that I’ve known and that I AM are the “intangibles”... here TODAY and gone TOMORROW!... maybe... see ya ‘round.

THE TENDERLOIN SPEAKS!

The following statements were obtained by Louise Ergestrasse, a transsexual, who has done much work for the Hospitality House in the Tenderloin. She interviewed a variety of people in the T.L. on existing conditions and problems, and this is what they had to say:

ED SCHNEIDER-age 21: “If it wasn’t for police harassment, San Francisco would be a groovy town. They (the cops) are always bugging the hell out of the queens, stopping them on the streets to check their I.D.’s. They even go so far as taking them out on dates, just to try to entrap and embarass them.

“If this society considers homosexuals, queens, and other people in the Tenderloin not fit to live in public, what are they? Who are they to consider what we are? They look on us as “fags”, but they forget that they descended from the apes, too, making them the same as we are—humans.”
JULIE G.: "I'm new in the Tenderloin and what I want to do is find out what I am. Down here I am trying to find out if I'm a lesbian or not." (At this point Julie left in a state of utter confusion.)

NICK BLUE—age 17: "I had lesbian tendencies before I came to San Francisco, and I found myself in the Tenderloin. I came in 1965, and since then I felt as if I had a home away from home. Back where I came from, I felt nothing...I was nothing! Here, I am me! I belong, and other people like me belong too. If someplace like the LETTERMAN could be around where people could find out what they were, it would be great. Someplace where we could be not hidden...where we don't have to play a phony role."

PERSIA—age 17: "I'm a bisexual. I feel that I am not really what people call a bisexual though, because of the fact that I enjoy both (male and female) as company, companions, or whatnot."

"I enjoy girls more than men, however, because when a man looks at me, they think of sex, and I don't like to be manhandled. The thought of sex with a man is pretty vulgar. (Being as I have experienced sex at the age of twelve, as a result of which I have given birth to my daughter, Sabrina.)"

"Maybe I will change my mind someday when a man can prove he is not out for sex alone, but for me as I am. Then maybe, but until then, I will not go to bed with a man! A girl, yes, but a man, no!"

"I am happy here in the T.L. THIS IS MY HOME! My friends, many are straight, take me for myself, and I think it is groovy."

"When I look back, I remember I had tendencies toward the female sex at the age of nine, but, I never knew what it was until today."

"I am proud of what I am. If people don't like my attitude, that's fine. It is not up to them to say what I am to be or what I am not to be. It is my life, not theirs. I only hope that more people will come to understand us and not to make fun of us, because we are not queers as many people think of us—we're just different."

"And who knows? YOUR OWN CHILDREN might be what you call queer, and I am sure you don't go calling THEM queer! Learn the facts about homosexuality and what it is caused by...I know, but do you?"

JERRY S.: Jerry is a young native San Franciscan who first heard of the Tenderloin at the age of sixteen. He or she is now twenty years of age.

"I first came downtown looking for my kind of people. I wanted to make a fast easy buck, and, because I thought I was gay, I thought I could become a male prostitute. I couldn't find any friends around until I first went to VANGUARD—this used to be an organization like S.I.R. and only limited to people under 21.

"One hang-up that I have is I don't want to go to bed with girls, but I envy them, and I'm not sure why."

QUESTION: "What do you think of the Tenderloin?"

ANSWER: "The Tenderloin needs better housing and lower rents. Have you ever been in some of those cockroach hotels? Some of those dumps aren't fit for people."

"The Tenderloin is known to be a haven for the gay set. Why can't more managers of these hotels be more sympathetic to us kids? We can't help being what we are, and we don't like to be shut off by people who think differently than we do."

QUESTION: "What do you think of the Hospitality House?"

ANSWER: "I think it's fine. Anybody can be themselves up there. You find all kinds of people there, and everybody accepts each other's bag with no questions asked but with a lot of friendship given."

* * *

Certainly the problem in the Tenderloin is basically one of survival. The economic system offered by the T.L. is one into which young persons can enter into easily. Most of the person who become a part of this system usually have exhausted other alternatives. Homosexuality is somewhat of a problem, but certainly it is not the problem it is imagined to be. Probably more often than not, most of the youth who have discovered homosexuality in the Tenderloin have done so due to economic pressure and money problems. Some perhaps have become homosexuals through various experiences they received while in the armed forces or even in prison. Police harassment is a by-product of a society which is more interested in controlling problems than solving them.

It's about time that the people of this city start taking a little responsibility and realize that they have a duty to the Tenderloin in giving a little understanding of these people and not just condemnation. Someone has to decide it is their job and stop passing the buck of responsibility to other agencies and fate. We outside of the T.L. are capable of giving a little love, sympathy and understanding to these people who need our help, guidance and direction. Perhaps, we should bend our ears a bit closer to their needs and offer our hands in help; hearing and heeding their problems and taking some measures to help correct them is the best preventative of crime.

Millay once wrote:

"Love is not all, it is not meat nor drink,
Nor slumber nor a roof against the rain... Yet many a man is making friends with death
Even as I speak, for lack of love alone."

Millay was describing the Tenderloin!

* * *

The topic for the June VECTOR will be: "The Homosexual In Leather." What are your opinions on leather costumes and the accompanying fetishes? What about the groups who organize as motorcycle clubs; are they really "square?" What is the fascination of super-masculine antics as "leather drag?" Submit your opinions for the June VECTOR on this subject to: Larry Carlson, VECTOR, 83 Sixth Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94103. The deadline for copy is May 20, 1968.

The July VECTOR will be devoted entirely to S.I.R., and therefore, the OPEN FORUM will be all about S.I.R. as an organization, its past history and its future hopes. What has S.I.R. meant to you? How long have you been a member of S.I.R.? Do you find it a profitable organization or a waste of time, money and effort? What do you propose for S.I.R.'s future? What suggestions do you have for improvement? Should S.I.R. play a major role in developing other such organizations across the country, or throughout the world for that matter? Send your opinions to the above address by June 18, 1968. See ya next month!
“MARY” - IT’S A CAMP!

by Magdalena Montezuma

While visiting the set of the upcoming S.I.R. production of “LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE” (June 14-15-16 & 21-22-23 at SIR Center), I did get a chance to chat with director Gene Pelligrini during a break at rehearsals. While sitting in his gold lame director chair, Gene had many tidbits to offer about this erastwhile Off-Broadway hit. “Many of my chums saw the show in N.Y.C. and simply raved for seconds about it, so I am delighted that S.I.R. is doing this very mad, but divine show,” said Gene (or Gene-Baby as he is affectionately known to the case). “The show, as you may have guessed from all the singing going on, is a musical. It’s a spoof on all the Nelson and Jeanette operetta goodies we used to do in the golden days of the silver screen. Without going into too much detail about the show, I can tell you that it transpires in the Wild Rocky Mountains of Colorado and deals with the trials and tribulations of Miss Mary (played in simplicity by Ken Dickman) and her band of merry ladies of East Chester Finishing School. The men of the Forest Rangers, led by Capt. “Big” Jim Warrington (played in stout-hearted fashion by Bob Paulson) come to their rescue and, as in all happy shows, everyone lives happily ever after.”

“The show contains many all time favorites (e.g. “Look For a Sky of Blue” and “Colorado Love Call”). To say the show is camp at it’s campiest would be redundant, so all I will say is run, do not walk, to your phone and dial that number (781-1570) and order those tickets!”

I did stay and watch the stars and chorus (one of the best we’ve seen in years) run thru a couple of numbers under the musical direction of Larry Canaga. I’m sure we’re in for a big treat when “Little Mary” pitches camp here in mid-June.

Vigil’s Views

BY JOE VIGIL

TASTE & SYMPATHY - “THE FOX”

A definite step forward bringing a true picture of homosexual love to the screen is accomplished by “THE FOX”, now at the Cinema 21. Although the film has many drawbacks, it shows that film makers are attempting to handle the heteroerotic “taboo” subject with taste and sympathy.

The story, taken from a novella by D.H. Lawrence, is the weakest part of the film. We are shown one very “butch” woman, Ellen March, and a very feminine and frail “housewife”, Jill, living together in what seems complete innocence on a farm in the Canadian back woods. Into this serene life comes the ultra-masculine Paul, who proceeds to propose marriage to Ellen. This leads to the ultimate disclosure of love by Jill for the other woman. Now that the two women realize that their life together is the only happy one, Paul returns to claim his bride. He finds them chopping down a tall old tree and offers to help. The tree falls on sweet Jill and this clears the way for Paul to comfort Ellen with his love.

Talk about symbols galore! On the whole the story is so trite and the ending so unbelievable, but very “Hollywood Moral”, that it almost cancels out all the good points the film does offer. There is much in the picture that is beautiful and touching. One of these is the fourth “character” – the winter season. This beautiful snow-covered farm is shown so vividly via De Luxe color that one almost expects it to be cold and snowing when you leave the theatre.

The film is directed by Mark Rydell who draws fine characterizations from his three actors. Portraying Ellen March is Anne Heywood, who is nothing short of superb. The part of Jill is played in her usual fluttery mannerisms by Sandy Dennis. Their work together, in the opening scenes especially, could scarcely be bettered. Peir Dullea portrays Paul in his most effective part since his film debut in “David and Lisa”.

The fox of the title is only one of the many symbols that permeate the film. And after being killed by Paul, the pelt hangs (symbolically) upon the barn door, and it is this bullet-ridden image that we see last at the final fadeout.

The film includes two very controversial scenes, a nude Ellen masturbating and a passionate love scene between the two women. These are handled so well that it is these scenes and the fine acting that serves to point up the weakness in the storyline. But as I said in the beginning, at least the feet seem to be pointing in the right direction. One wonders at the fate of the movie version of “The Children’s Hour” if it would be done now instead for six years ago. Who knows, maybe someday someone will film a “City of Night” or a “Song of the Loon”.

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| MAY WINE FESTIVAL | Dance Class—8:00 P.M. |
| Opera Club—4:00 P.M. | East Bay Discussion Group  
  8:00 P.M. |
| 2937A San Pablo—Berkeley | Vector Com.—8:00 P.M. |
| 8:00 P.M. | Bowling League  
  (Park Bowl) 8:00 P.M. |
| S.I.R. BENEFIT AUCTION | S.I.R. BENEFIT AUCTION  
  9:00 P.M.—524 Club |
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| LMS Rehearsal | Dance Class—8:00 P.M.  
  Legal Com.—8:00 P.M. |
| 3:30 P.M. | Volunteers needed for  
  mailing of pamphlet |
| East Bay Discussion Group  
  8:00 P.M. | East Bay Discussion Group  
  8:00 P.M. |
| Bowling League | Bowling League  
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| (Park Bowl) 8:00 P.M. | S.I.R. BENEFIT AUCTION  
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| LMS Rehearsal | Dance Class—8:00 P.M.  
  Com. Services Com.—8:00 P.M. |
| 3:30 P.M. | Bowling League  
  (Park Bowl) 8:00 P.M. |
| "Experimental Games Night" | East Bay Discussion Group  
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| LMS Rehearsal—3:30 P.M. | Dance Class—8:00 P.M.  
  Legal Com.—8:00 P.M. |
| S.I.R. ICE HOLIDAY | Bowling League  
  (Park Bowl) 8:00 P.M. |
| 8:30 P.M.—12:00 A.M. | East Bay Discussion Group  
  8:00 P.M. |
| LEGG'S ICE SKATING CENTER  
  45—11th Street |  
  8:00 P.M. |
| 2    | 3    |
| LMS Rehearsal—3:30 P.M. | LMS Rehearsal—7:30 P.M. |
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<p>|  | East Bay Discussion Group |</p>
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CRISIS...CONFRONTATION...CHALLENGE... These once powerful words have become almost trite and commonplace today when used in describing the tenor of the times. Few of us have recovered sufficiently from the impact of the crises of the first month to be able to evaluate the significance and meaning of racial assassination, political flux and foreign policy reversal. In the midst of National and International chaos, the voice of the individual seems dwarfed to mute ineffectiveness; yet at no other time has there been more for individual response to the challenges of the present societal revolution.

CRISIS: "But what can I do?"

CHALLENGE: "I'm only one, but I AM ONE."

CONFRONTATION: The letter that each member received about two weeks ago explained the challenge of S.I.R.'s financial situation. S.I.R. says thank you for the heartening response you have demonstrated in this time of crisis.

The Board of Directors welcomed two new members at the regular board meeting on April 9: Dotte Weathers and David Stahlmann were installed as Chairmen of the Political and Social Committees. With new leadership and enthusiasm for these two very important, even though very diverse, aspects of S.I.R., we believe great things can be expected from each of these committees in the near future.

So often we fail to say thank you to the many individuals who contribute to the success of the organization. Only by thousands of volunteer hours each month is it possible for your Society of Individuals Rights to function in an effective manner.

Small accolades are in order for the following for their individual response to the challenges of the present societal revolution.

S.I.R., we believe great things can be expected from each of these committees in the near future.

S.I.R. Open House audience was pleased and impressed with the lovely show given by the Ballroom Dancing Group. It was also a treat to see the involvement of the S.I.R. girls in this activity. I hope this is an indication of things to come.

I do hope our VECTOR readers are aware that the first Tuesday of each month is the time of the meeting of the Art Group at 856 Page. The group is always looking for more people to draw and improve their drawing techniques. The group works on figure studies and is also interested in getting models of all sizes, ages, and shapes.

Speaking of pictures, May will be the introduction of the new Photography Group which will convene immediately after the Open Meeting on May 15th in the VECTOR-Publications office. Also speaking of open meetings, don't forget the once-monthly Dinner Group, which is a dinner served for $1.50 prior to the Open Meeting at 7:00 P.M.

The Ski Group has wound up their winter season with a Spring Carnival on this past April 27th and 28th and will soon be planning for summer water-skiing. Watch this column for more development.

As chairman and as a member of the VECTOR staff am quite pleased at the steady flow of creativity which appears every month in the Poetry Page of VECTOR from our Poetry Group.

As a new and interesting activity on May 19th there will be an "Experimental Games" Night. I feel this probably requires some explanation. One of our new members has invented a rather interesting game and would like a number of people to help him test it out. It is played with a board and seventy blocks—remember 8:00 P.M. on May 19th for a new and fun game.

COMMUNITY SERVICES

Some members have been confused about the two publications recently printed by the Community Services Committee.

Several months ago we printed a small, folded pamphlet entitled, "What Should I Do About the Draft?" It is aimed at informing young homosexuals about the official policies and unofficial practices of the Selective Service System, so they may be better prepared to make their own decisions as to whether to reveal themselves as homosexuals to their Draft Boards. This pamphlet has been given wide distribution to Draft Boards and school counselors in Bay Area counties, to A.C.L.U. chapters across the nation, to state and federal legislators and others. We have received many favorable comments and requests to purchase additional copies.

In April the other publication was printed, a 16-page booklet entitled, "The Armed Services and Homosexuality." It is primarily a research document related to policies and practices within various branches of the armed services. It deals extensively with the legalities of discharges given because of alleged homosexual activities and publishes statistics not previously made public. Legal and social conclusions are drawn from the reasoning presented. This booklet is directed to military authorities, social reformers and lawmakers. Carefully researched distribution lists will place over 2,000 copies in the hands of Federal, State and Local Government executives, heads of legislative bodies, Jurists, including a Federal Judge and Chief Justice of State Supreme Courts, leaders in schools, professional societies, and editors of journals of Law, Medicine, Psychology,
Sociology, Teaching, Law Enforcement and Religion, Chiefs of Police and editors of large-circulation newspapers and magazines.

While it was not written for general distribution to our own community, but rather for the education of those who may be able to bring about reforms in the area of military policies and practices, a limited quantity will be available for sale in the SIR office.

A third project is nearing completion. Originally referred to as the "T.I. Project," it is a survey of fifty persons who were discharged from the armed services on homosexual grounds. The analysis of the questionnaires is almost completed and results will be available soon.

The Community Service Committee is currently active in several other areas and welcomes the active participation of additional Committee members in carrying out these projects. A great deal of planning and preparation has gone into the subject of major new sources of funds for S.I.R. These include solicitation of gifts, bequests, funding grants and other long-term bases for financial security. The success of this program may pave the way to achieving our long sought-after tax-free status, as well as permit us to expand S.I.R.’s efforts in the so-called “serious” fields: publications such as the two described above, local programs such as Veneral Disease Prevention, scholarships, individual hardship relief, employment, etc. Such undertakings necessitate a sound, long-term financial base.

S.I.R. was founded on the principle of service to its members and the homophile community. The purpose of the Community Services Committee is to plan and coordinate such services as we are capable of providing. Much more could be accomplished with additional help. If YOU will help, leave your name, address and phone with the Secretary, for the Community Services box in the office, contact one of the Committee members, or attend our next Committee meeting – they are scheduled the first and third Mondays of each month, at 8:00 p.m. sharp in the Board Room.

**What Is Citation and Release?**

By the Legal Committee

You’re cruising the Bayshore at 85 mph when suddenly from behind a red light appears. The police officer, upon examining your identification (drivers’ license), asks you to sign a promise to appear in court. You comply, are given a copy of the Citation, and then immediately are Released. Should you have offered the policeman some oral gratification, you would have been arrested under the solicitation laws and taken to jail. Here you would be booked, fingerprinted and (possibly) mugged. Your release would be based on cash bond or your own recognizance. In this case, the time spent in the police station may be several hours.

Yet both offenses are misdemeanors under the California Penal Code; both could be dealt with identically. Under section 853.6 of said penal code, the arresting officer could have issued another citation for the solicitation offense and still have released you on-the-spot. (Should you have committed an actual homosexual sex-act, this would constitute a felony, and Citation and Release (C-R) would not apply.)

At present, the true C-R method is used only in Contra Costa County (California). Other cities in this state are using modified C-R procedures. In Pittsburg, Sunnyvale and Richmond, all suspected misdemeanants are arrested and taken to the station house for questioning. If the examiner (usually the desk sergeant) is satisfied that the suspect will return for trial, he is released on his own promise to appear. This is essentially a quick Own-Restraint (O-R) procedure, wherein the accused is not booked. In San Francisco, of course, essentially all misdemeanants (except traffic law violators) are booked. The A VECTOR staff member urged the women to assist the magazine in planning and executing future issues.

Other comments: “Discrimination is to be hated in any form...”, “Some gals really care about S.I.R. because it gets involved in a lot of serious things of value...”, “I may write a Little S.I.R. Echo...”, “It seems to some that you have to be pushy to get involved in S.I.R. You can meet people and volunteer to help out at activities and committee meetings. That’s how you get involved.”

One hundred attended the lively discussion at S.I.R. Center.

The general consensus was that S.I.R. must take an immediate and concentrated effort to involve more women in its activities.

Martha Chase

**IS S.I.R. A “MALE” ORGANIZATION?**

Many of its 48 female members don’t think so and they came to the April open meeting to encourage all to work toward more female involvement.

Chairman was the newly elected woman Board member, Dotte Weathers.

President Skaggs and other males spoke up in favor of encouraging female participation. Skaggs said that the male ethical concern about society’s attitude is the same as the girls. Vice President Larry Littlejohn, who helped organize the meeting, stated that the men are the ones who will gain most by female involvement because women are more acceptable to society.

The 15 women who attended spoke up; stating that VECTOR is too much of a man’s magazine; that some male concerns such as V-D, “cruising”, and police brutality are not major female interests.
Neither the true nor the modified C-R methods result in any formal arrest records (other than a copy of the citation). This eliminates the effective blacklisting than an acquitted person would otherwise face regarding employment. Only the true C-R technique results in the immediate release of the suspect, however.

In either case, the arresting officer of the desk officer must decide whether or not to apply C-R. In N.Y.C., in cases of female impersonators, narcotics users, and demonstrators, C-R was waived by the police and the misdemeanants were booked. Although this policy of the New York Police may not be in the true spirit of C-R, still some release is better than none. They do interview 40% of those who could possibly be given a summons (citation) and refuse same to only about 12% of those so eligible.

On the other hand, city officials ask if suspects will actually honor their promises to appear. In N.Y.C., over 95% did so. In the above California cities, over 97% did so. Manhattan is a center of extremely dense, heterogeneous population; the California communities, although small, are otherwise of very different characteristics. Yet C-R, in one form or another, has proven effective in all these places.

What would the adoption of Citation-Release mean to the gay community? It would mean freedom from any fear of ruin (or even embarrassment) resulting from merely being arrested for following natural objectives - the arrest would be as simple as if one were getting a speeding ticket. (However, the consequences of conviction would still remain.) Therefore, all Bay Area Homophile organizations must support this project.

The task here in S.F. is to convince Chief Cahill to adopt the C-R practice, as permitted by state law. One point of confusion results from Section 353.1 of the Code, which permits a city, county or city and county to authorize law enforcement officers to release a suspected local ordinance violator on his promise to appear in court. That is, Cahill wants a mandate from the Board of Supervisors before he would begin to use C-R. It is the task of the C-R project to persuade the supervisors to act or the chief to act, or both. To do so, city officials must be convinced that C-R would help them. Benefits to those arrested are obvious and numerous.

First, the incarceration problem is reduced. Under C-R, jails need not be overcrowded with misdemeanants waiting for trials. Also, paperwork in the police station is greatly reduced, since the arresting officer does it all at the scene of the offense. Facilities to transport such suspects to jail are no longer required. Policemen need not spend so much time in courtrooms. These all lead to a big advantage: the police are able to devote much more time to crime prevention, their most important function. It is estimated in NYC that the use of these summonses make available 175 hours of additional patrol time daily.

**OPEN HOUSE...**
**A WILD SIR EVENT**
-By George Mendenhall

They came to the Center...by the hundreds...and a great time was had by all. The "Little Mary Sunshine" gang, Singer Grady Clark, the ballroom dance group, and others, performed. Guests gathered around the S.I.R. photo-exhibits, danced, talked to the staff in the literature room, and generally relaxed. New members signed up at the lobby desk as greeters welcomed new arrivals.

This was the second annual Open House, held at the S.I.R. Community Center on April 20-21...an event that made many new friends for S.I.R. It was sponsored by the Public Relations Committee.

Over 3,000 hot-dogs and many gallons of beer were distributed free. After it was all over the 50 members (including a number of S.I.R. women) who staffed the affair either collapsed or moved over to a local pub that had a party of its own underway.

Credit goes to so many people for assisting with this successful event it would be impossible to mention them all here. THANK YOU, one and all.

Special mention must be made of the Tavern Guild of San Francisco and Burgermeister-Schilitz, whose cooperation was most generous. Elsewhere in this **VECTOR** is a list of the many business establishments that contributed financially to S.I.R. specifically to make this Open House a success. Please check this list and patronize these merchants.

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**VALET MEN'S SHOP**
**VIKING MEN'S STYLING**

**S.I.R. SAYS THANK YOU! FOR HELPING WITH OUR OPEN HOUSE**

We have all heard the sweet refrain credited to Victor Hugo that nothing is more powerful than “an idea whose hour has come.” Members of the homosexual movement sometimes speculate as to when the hour of the homosexual will arrive. Vietnam and the civil rights struggle always seem to steal stage center. Perhaps it is the better part of social realism to visualize the sexual freedom battle in the light of the total commitment of freedom for all men.

We need to appreciate the distant origin of the homophile effort that arose some fifty years before the founding of the Mattachine Society in the early 1950’s. Magnus Hirschfeld shattered the Victorian curtain by producing the Journal of the Intermediate Sex Stages and through the founding of his Institute For Sex Research.

At the turn of the century Hirschfeld was followed by Edward Carpenter in England who functioned literally as a one-man 19th century version of S.I.R. writing books and making speeches at every opportunity. He enraged the public by referring to homosexuality as one of the highest expressions of human affection.

In Germany sparks flew when a number of pro-homophile pamphlets flowed from the pen of an early pioneer by the name of Ulrich. But such men were ahead of their time. In the depression-ridden Germany of the 1930’s, Hitler smashed any hope of further exploration.

The surge toward freedom of the sexes did not surface again until post-war philosophers and theologians began to embrace something called the “new” morality. Then came the hippies, the pro-abortion leagues, and the homosexual walking about in the open air. The situation ethics controversy served as a hand maiden to the Kinsey generation and to the homosexual. The two were meant for each other.

Dr. Joseph Fletcher crystalizes the heart of this intimate connection when he sketches in the details of the ethic. He feels morality must operate in the unique light of each personal situation and not on the altar of shopworn taboos. It makes no sense to simply state with childish logic, “We must not do this because the Bible says no.” Rather, most desirable action for this person in this particular time and place.” Genuine love for a partner of the same sex fits the Fletcher scheme like a glove. Poker-faced, unimaginative prohibitions can hardly be expected to compete with such forceful thinking. Conservatives of the present day have yet to offer compelling alternatives.

In the present volume, Dr. Harvey Cox, Associate Professor of Church and Society, School of Divinity at Harvard University, succeeds in subjecting Fletcher’s ideas to an exacting test run by allowing well-meaning friends and enemies to express their reactions. A lively collection of criticism pours forth from a theological horn of plenty topped by opinions from those inevitable journals of market place opinion, Time and Playboy.

The members of the critics gallery are disturbed chiefly by the Fletcher emphasis on love being the only absolute. Problems of definition open up. Ultimate responsibility for one’s acts is eluded. What one person considers an act of love will be condemned by another as evil of the most pure sort. Both individuals may be completely sincere. Discarding abstractions for the moment, let us look in our own back yard. When is the homosexual actually loving and caring for another male, and when is he exploiting him for the sake of thrill and vanity? When two young homosexuals cruise each other on the streets, where does the theologian and philosopher draw the line between lust and love? Many readers will scoff at the illustration, but the answers may not be as absolute or relative as we like to think.


In 1964 a group of people came together in a Marin County retreat to explore the ideas inherent in casting a new light on the homosexual way of life. During this same period, Rustum and Della Roy attempted the same adventure in founding the Sycamore Group. They employed a broader scope, however, and included the entire spectrum of human sexuality. The group effort consumed nearly three years. Here was the American answer to the Quaker View of Sex.

The Roys operate as avant-garde warriors in Catholic theology who display sharp sagacity as they frequently pierce the resilient hindquarters of conventional church wisdom. Conservatives may well tremble. For the authors inform the reader their goal is, “expanding the erotic community.” The Sycamore Community discussed and researched current attitudes and concepts in every area of Christian sexual concern, ranging from birth control to masturbation.

The core argument revolves around ways of enriching the intimate sphere of action between men and women. To achieve this desirable state it is considered necessary for modern women to retain their sensual equality and open minded view of the world.

One vital point of the arguments emerge when family life in American society is laid open for what it is. All too often, the wife is a victim of legalized prostitution and the members of the family submerge themselves into primitivism as a defense against becoming involved with the problems of the nation at large.

It seems the family has not always been the holy foundation stone of western civilization. Perhaps single people aren’t so bad after all.

But the discussion really takes a radical turn when the single woman is urged to attempt an involvement with a married man and he is to keep his wife informed of how events are progressing at all times. This operates as another part of genuine Christian concern. For no one denies the single woman has received the erotic shaft. She is told to

(Continued on Page 29)


Do you remember the stir that was occasioned by the opening of the FICKLE FOX, which was just about the time that S.I.R. gave its gala Gay premiere of "Thoroughly Modern Millie" at the Orpheum Theatre?

Do you remember that equally gala buffet of East Indian Curry and the more than fifty accent dishes that graced the room-filling, walk-around table in FICKLE FOX'S dining room?

If you remember these things then you already know what everyone in town has been saying ever since FICKLE FOX opened its hard to find doors on Valencia Street—842 Valencia to be exact, between 19th and 20th Streets.

Would you believe that the fine foods and modern method of preparing it, has spelled instant success for this new restaurant, in a field already crowded with fine restaurants catering to the discriminating tastes of our local community.

If yours is a hot dog and hamburger appetite, don't plan on dining at the FICKLE FOX, because you won't find that type of food on their new and elaborate menu. In fact, under the culinary talents of Chef William B., (formerly of Jackson's), there has been created an array of elegant dishes in tribute to some of our more glamorous personalities in San Francisco, and it's about these that we are concerning ourselves this month.

If the Ritz-Carlton could create Chicken Tetrazini for the then reigning star of Grand Opera, then why not Chef William's tribute to our own Madame Soto-Voce, in recognition of her sparkling wit, and sage advice so avidly read by thousands every month in VECTOR.

Creating the proper dish for the Madame was no easy task, since she has dined at the finest restaurants in all five continents, and is considered somewhat of a gourmet in her own right.

Voila! The menu lists Cotelettes de Veau Etouffees a' la Mme. Aida Soto-Voce, and we were able to get the secret method of preparation from the Chef who was ecstatic when he tasted his original creation.

First, a choice veal loin chop is selected and carefully braised in dry semillon, after which a generous portion of fresh cream is added, along with carefully prepared artichoke hearts, over which is gently laid a thin juliennes of Ham and then brought to a picture perfect doneness in the oven. This is served with the Chef's own special Rice Pilaf, and when you see it, you will wish you had your color camera with you. It is as delicious as it is beautiful, and deserving of the name "a la Madame Soto-Voce".

Ready or not if you think that the Chef had just about reached the zenith in exquisite dishes, wait until you see his tribute to our own Michelle.

On the menu it is listed as "Poulet Supreme a la Michelle" and consists of one half of a young, boned, fryer, sauteed in fresh country butter, then simmered in a Smitane sauce made of heavy sour cream and demi-glace and garnished with half a golden peach which is capped with a wine soaked mushroom.

Wow! and this is also served with the Chef's own special rice pilaf.

Complimenting another of our special favorites we find on the menu "Felix de Sole a la Laura" and Chef William was truly inspired when he first prepared this delicate dish at another restaurant where he ruled supreme over the range and salamanders.

This delicate dish is made by slowly baking a select filet of Sole in an individual casserole with a dry Sauterne wine sauce. On top of the Sole is a mound of fresh Eureka Shrimp and slices of ripe avocado, and this masterpiece is served with a generous portion of tiny buttered parsleyed potatoes. Truly a taste tempting masterpiece.

"By the time you could reach Albuquerque" this new menu will be on the tables at FICKLE FOX. It was our pleasure to get a preview of the several dishes that our favorite chef has in store for us.

Space does not allow us to list each and every item on the new menu, but we can assure you that included in the surprise list is FICKLE FOX'S fabulous East Indian Curry, for which it is justly famous and which sends up an aroma of saffron and coriander, Rosemary and Sweet Basil.

THE FICKLE FOX is also serving Sunday Brunch but the dining room is closed on Mondays. After all, the Chef needs a day of rest after working so hard (but enjoyably) preparing these fabulous dishes for us all.

Let us add that a review of the wine list makes it comparable to any of our better restaurants in the Bay Area, and we'll be looking for you at the FICKLE FOX, because it is near our home and always has ample parking facilities.
Dear Sir:

Saturday morning (April 6th), as I was leaving the Tool Box, a man reached for the car door, and I opened it (first mistake). In the dark he seemed to look o.k., and was quite personable, introducing himself as Michael. I told him that I was going to Berkeley, which was o.k. with him. I drove him home (second mistake) with no indication of what I was getting into.

At my home, I saw his dirty work clothes, as he demanded food, saying he had not eaten for a long time. I realized the very bad scene I had gotten into. He ate greedily while staring at me hatefully. Then he started to lay down on the sofa, while ranting about how hungry he was, and that he wanted more food, and that he wanted girls, not "fucking boys". I told him to put his shoes and jacket on, but he protested, saying he wanted to sleep. I said he was not sleeping here, but that I would take him downtown to get a bus.

On the way to downtown Berkeley, he talked very belligerently, saying he hated me because I had a car and home, and because I was a boy, and that he wanted girls. I told him I did not know what he was talking about, and if he wanted girls so badly, he could find himself one downtown. I had made no overt sexual advances, either verbally or physically, for he had rapidly removed the initial impression of amiability, or desirability.

At Shattuck and University Avenues, I stopped to let him out. He grabbed me by the neck, while trying to reach into my pant pocket to get money. He kept saying he wanted ten dollars, and once he said, "I'm going to kill you". I put on the hand brake, took out the ignition key, while struggling to keep him from grabbing money, and getting myself out of the car. I broke loose, and walked a block, looking for the police. I then returned to the Shattuck-University intersection, just as three police cars arrived. One policeman remained to handle the situation. I do not know why three police cars arrived. Only one person was around the area, and had quickly disappeared. I was parked in front of a fire hydrant.

The policeman questioned me and the attacker separately, so I do not know what "Michael" told the police. I had told the police, honestly, that I had taken the man home to eat, and returned him to the bus stop. The policeman then went to talk to Michael, coming back to me, saying, "I don't believe your story. You are a homosexual, and you took him home for sex." I looked the policeman straight in the eye, shook my head, and emphatically said that I would not touch him. The policeman was silent, and then said, "Well, that's your business". He said that robbery was his business, and had I been robbed? I said that he had tried to get my money, but that I had broken free. I was informed, then, that there were no witnesses, but I could press charges, and "Michael" would be locked up for one night. I declined, saying "What good would that do?" They said for me to go home, and they would see that he got on a bus for San Francisco.

I think that that was my third mistake, not pressing charges. Please advise me. The police confused the issue of attempted robbery with my presumed homosexuality, but my present concern is about a hate-filled man wandering around San Francisco. Is there some way to alert SIR members? I hope so.

Sincerely,

H. K.
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