VECTOR

Shakespeare's Gay Sonnets

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DEPARTURE: JUNE 2, 1974

ESCORTED BY - PETER BESSOL

ITINERARY:

Sunday, June 2	*Depart San Francisco via United Air Lines at 12:00 Noon. Luncheon served aloft. Arrive New York at 8:05 P.M. Transfer provided by motorcoach to the MAYFLOWER HOTEL.*
Monday, June 3	*8:00 P.M. performance of CARMEN by Bizet at the Metropolitan Opera House with Horne, Amara, McCracker, Reardon.*
Tuesday, June 4	*A three hour circle island cruise around Manhattan Island will be provided in the morning.*
	8:00 P.M. performance of Mozart's DON GIOVANNI at the Metropolitan Opera House with Moser, Lear, von Stade, Stewart, Goeke and Plishke.
Wednesday, June 5	*Today you will be provided with a ticket to the matinee performance of a Broadway musical.*
	8:00 P.M. performance of TURANDOT by Puccini at the Metropolitan Opera House with Lippert, Moser, Corelli and Goodloe.
Thursday, June 6	*8:00 P.M. performance of Puccini's MADAMA BUTTERFLY at the Metropolitan Opera House with Lorengar, Kraft, Konya and Schmorr.*
Friday, June 7	*8:00 P.M. performance of DER RESENKAVALIER by Strauss at the Metropolitan Opera House with Zyllis-Gara, Boky, Elias, Love, Berry, Goeke and Meredith.*
Saturday, June 8	*8:00 P.M. performance of Verdi's RIGOLETTO at the Metropolitan Opera House with Moffo, Casei, MacNeil, Michaiski and Morris.*
Sunday, June 9	*Motorcoach transfer provided to the airport in time to depart New York via United Airlines at 11:30 A.M. Luncheon served aloft. Arrive San Francisco at 2:35 P.M.*

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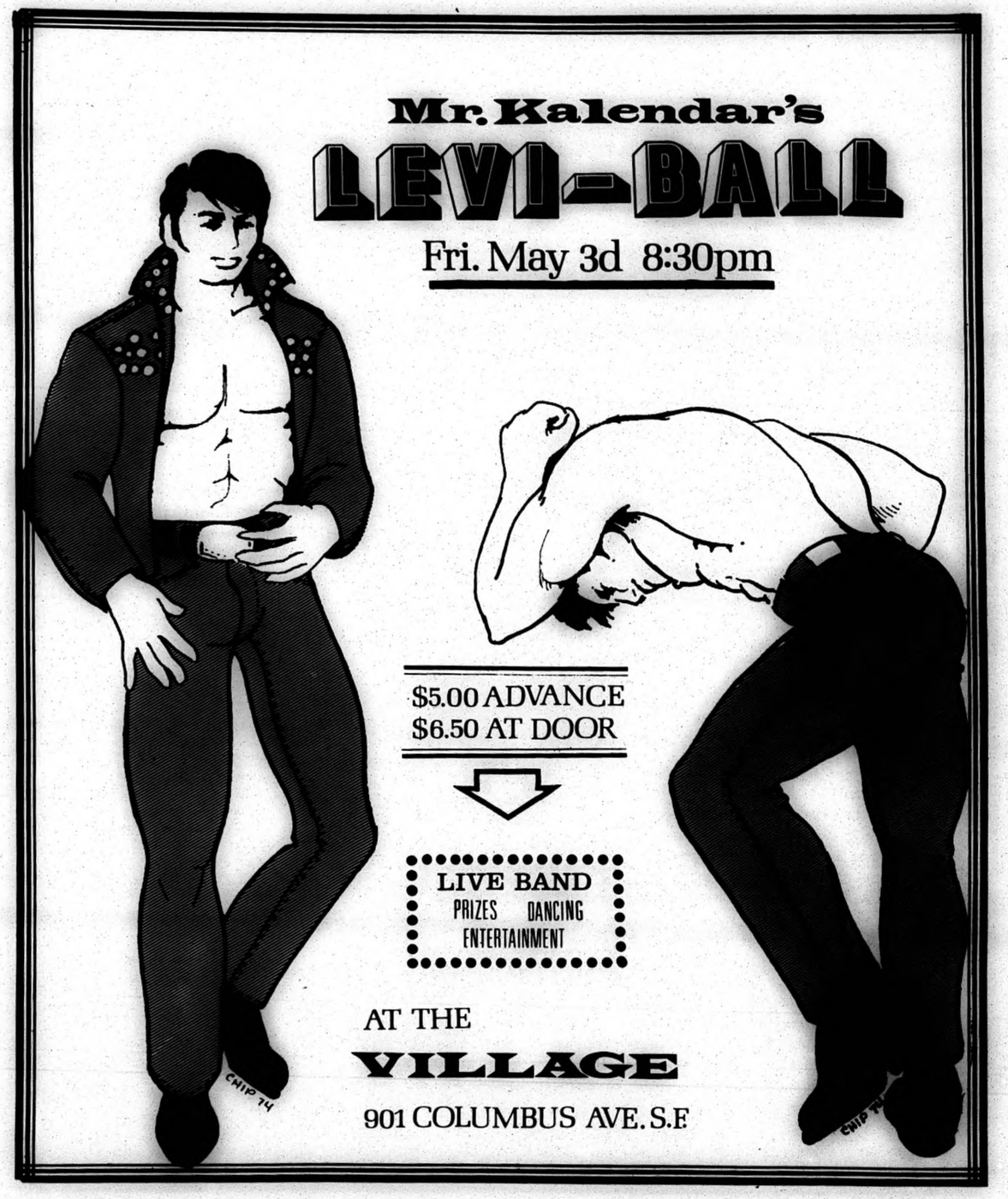

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Dennis comes to our staff with an impressive list of creative credentials including responsible positions on *Better Homes and Gardens* and *Apartment Ideas* as well as Assistant Publications Director for the University of Iowa. Δ

CELEBRATING THE GAY EXPERIENCE

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ON STAGE

TONIGHT AT 8:30
by Noel Coward
A.C.T., San Francisco

Who was Noel Coward, anyway? Today we would call him "nelly," a few decades ago a "fop," and further back perhaps a "dandy." One suspects that in his own circle he was high society's token homosexual and "out" as far as he could go while still being socially acceptable. Three huge photographic panels of Mr. Coward filled the stage in lieu of a front curtain which served as a constant reminder of his stereotyped survival image.

Unfortunately the evening began at a peak point with ***Shadow Play***, an intriguing avant garde idea dealing with fantasy and reality and sleeping pills and infidelity. Little Coward involves one intellectually as this playlet did.

Elizabeth Huddle once more brought off a role with pristine mastery of her craft. From the pink hot pants whore in ***Hot L Baltimore*** to ***Bernarda Alba*** to Victoria Gayforth is quite a trip for any actress therefore it was not so surprising to find her as comfortable in musical comedy. She rose above her material and delighted with a thousand subtle voice/body gestures. The rest of the cast, as in all the plays, called upon your love for our company since a musical company it definitely isn't and more than one member of the adoring audience groaned as the excellent orchestra vamped into another tune and then smiled because "our kids" were singing ever so nicely.

Family Album was as visually stunning as anything A.C.T. has presented and Ed Hastings has more than compensated for the dreadfully banal, cliched dialogue with an effervescent barrage of sight gags which demonstrated the training this company endures throughout the season keeping every performer razor sharp. The opening five minutes of this sketch dealing with the assembly of loving children to hear the will of their recently deceased papa is worth the price of admission.

Red Peppers was a disappointment and seemed flacid after the sparks of ***Family Album.*** Judith Knaiz and Charles Hallahan appeared grounded so that the backstage bickering was a bore rather than hilarious and the transitions between characters at their dressing tables and the Vaudville Music Hall gypsies were nonexistent—too nice or not nice enough. Once again, the script is a trap and because it reads so deliciously, a less than brilliant director is apt to coast on Coward which is hardly sufficient to bring off the piece.

As usual, the costuming by Robert Morgan was breathtaking, especially—no, no especially—throughout the evening and with the exception of the hilarious high 30's furniture in ***Shadow Play***, the sets were hardly noticible.

Tonight at 8:30 is totally enjoyable "fun" theatre but one can't help leaving with the feeling that it just wasn't enough to compete with the tube which often pays tribute with overworded, underideaed, too long, too obvious sketches to patron saint, Noel Coward.

But, then again, few among us cannot but help feel grateful to A.C.T. for giving us a live, fully professional experience in a style of theatre which has kept student and community productions going for years. That's what makes A.C.T. supreme in this country. Δ

—Richard Piro

Ms. Carmen McRae returns to San Francisco by popular demand on April 26 and 27 at the Great American Music Hall.

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Eat your heart out, San Francisco, or better yet your hearts of lettuce; the Peninsula now has its own good gay restaurant, though you'll have to penetrate the depths of darkest Cupertino to find it.

The Savoy crams a bar, pool table, dancing floor and dining area into one medium-large room. Coziness is further increased by dim reddish lighting and lots of little tables set close together.

Full meals run from about $3.00 to a $6.50 top, and begin with a salad made of fresh iceberg lettuce attractively garnished with bacon bits. My dinner companion, BB, wondered why the salad did not contain more greens as opposed to drab white innards.

Next came hot moist garlic bread and, instead of a vegetable, spaghetti served with an interestingly sweet tomato sauce that was notably heavy on meat.

We varied our entrees; there are about ten on the menu, mostly steaks though seafood and chicken make token appearances. I had a combination plate ingeniously titled "Surf and Turf," consisting of a thick chunk of filet flanked by a generous, croissant-shaped serving of lobster. It would have been more than enough meat even for BB, who is approximately eight feet tall, and it certainly filled me.

BB, however, chose instead to gorge himself on the "Filet Mignon au Champignon." The button mushrooms were, alas, straight out of a can, but the steak was perfectly done. The kitchen was told medium-rare, and by jove, they apparently knew what the words meant.

Both entrees included a huge baked potato swimming in butter, and an allotment of sour cream that for once erred on the side of overmuch rather than too little.

There were no desserts, but who had room? Throughout our meal the mustachioed waiter was thoughtful without being pushy; sorry, I didn't get your name, sweetie, but BB thought you were a genuine speciality of the house.

The coffee, finally, was way above average—recently brewed, aromatic and with a pleasant bite to it. About 5 on a scale of 1 to 10. What a nice place! △

—Ambrose II

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"DEAR DON"

I am in my late thirties, married to a woman I love and I have three kids. I am also gay and have a job that takes forty hours out of my week. By the time I do my job and spend time with my wife and kids there never seems to be enough time to be gay. I've come close to having a couple of good lovers but they give up on me after finding out I don't have enough time to be with them. I know I'm not the only gay married man around and I thought you might have some ideas.

R. L.
Cleveland, Ohio

I have been living with a woman for two years. It's cool with her that I'm bi but it's a hassle for me. I dig her and I dig guys but it seems like I'm always getting pulled two ways. I start to get it on seriously with some dude and she gets jealous or he gets jealous of my making it with a woman. I must be doing something wrong, no? Yes? What?

J. M.
Miami, Florida

Note: I am a clinical psychologist who, by choice, specializes in work with gay people. Gay is not sick. But I believe, as do a growing number of humanistic psychologists, that you do not have to be sick to get better. The purpose of this column is helpful commentary rather than advice or psychotherapy. Only those letters selected for this column will be answered. Other letters that contain a self-addressed stamped envelope will receive a list from this publication of available counseling and psychotherapy resources in the community. Brief letters with questions of general interest are solicited.

by DON CLARK, Ph. D.

It certainly is a problem trying to be uncategorized in a world that insists on categories and labels. There is no reason in the infinite scheme of things why life cannot be a la carte but we have been told for so many years to choose from Column A or Column B – to declare ourselves hetero or homosexual – that we accept the dichotomy as a truth. With that assumption tucked into our heads and the heads of people with whom we choose to interact lovingly, there is bound to be some friction when we insist on ordering a la carte and declaring loving or sexual feelings regardless of gender.

Jobs, wives and children do take time. If the job is satisfying and the wife and kids loving, there is a lot of payoff but not a lot of extra time. One thing that can help is a renewable loving agreement with your wife (and your children if they're old enough). You take your wife out to a candlelight dinner or a walk around the block every six or two months and check out the understanding each of you has about your interaction with other gay men.

A helpful way to proceed is to have her tell all about her wants and needs in the matter, declare five minutes of silent integration, and then you tell all about your wants and needs, followed by another five minutes of silent integration. After that you can each do a little giving and taking in working out and agreement that each of you knows has to last two or six months, anyway. The idea is to keep the agreement up to date with current needs since each of you is changing all the time. The crucial element is to start with the assumption that you are going to reach an agreement that feels fine to both of you.

This loving agreement can be as varied as the people who are apt to make it. Your wife may say that it meets her needs best if you are out overnight no more often than once a month or that she would prefer your gay relationships at a safe distance—out of town. She might prefer that you not establish a sexual relationship with any men whom you both know socially or she may prefer that you only have sex with men you both know socially.

You may share with her your need to find a lover who is separate from the rest of your life, a wish to stay out overnight any time with no prior notice, or a desire to integrate gay sexual relationships with the rest of your life by inviting them into the social activities of your home. Sort it through and keep working toward an agreement you can both live with.

Make sure there is plenty of time to talk and listen to one another. Remember the essential ingredient of working from the assumption that you will work out a temporary loving agreement that best meets both persons' needs. And don't forget to reopen discussion on the agreement at the appointed time two or six months away even if it seems to be working beautifully. People keep changing and so do their needs and the loving agreement is in need of perpetual care.

But you will find you cannot even get to making the loving agreement until you have discovered and declared just what sort of loving relationship you and your woman-love have. A marriage, whether of mixed or same gender, usually requires a declaration of primary relationship. Each of you needs to know that you are Number One to the other. For richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health—that sort of thing. It offers the security of knowing that when choices have to be made, your mate is going to opt for helping you and protecting a relationship you two have even if it hurts a little or depletes other relationships.

If you and a woman decide that you are Number One for each other, then it should be made clear to other people seeking a loving relationship with you that your Number One spot is already taken and that you are in the market for secondary relationships only. That can work out fine if the other person also has a Number One. If he is needing a primary relationship and has you in mind as candidate, he is riding for a disappointment and you are riding for some uncomfortable confusion and guilt. The more open the arrangement from the beginning the more chance there is of a satisfying uncomplicated loving relationship. People in gay or mixed marriages often find it easier to establish secondary loving relationships with other marrieds because of the understanding of pre-existing primary relationships is clearer to everyone from the start. Of course things can depart from the script, people can get swept off of their feet, and interesting tangles may occur—of such events are divorce and soap operas made. The only way to steer

(Continued on Page 38)

AND NOW... a few words from (and about) ... THE EDITOR

VECTOR INTERVIEW
by MIKE NEWTON

The new office is spacious but it seems like every bare spot along the walls is covered with copy for the next issue. In front of what appears to be a typewriter, but which is in reality the machine that sets the type for the magazine, sits Richard Piro (don't ever call him "Dick") his fingers moving rapidly over the keys. On his shoulder rests the telephone and, while his eyes dart back and forth from copy he is typing to the copy he is reading, his voice is at once angry, placating, pushy, and above all rushing words out almost as fast as his fingers are typing.

For a split second he glances up and acknowledges your presence. Then he is back to the business at hand, which is as always, the next issue of VECTOR.

Piro is a Cancer. His real self still lies buried under all the business of running a magazine. He rises early, rushes over from Berkeley to the office in the Tenderloin and works until late. He is in and out of the office throughout the day on errands and chores; picking up copy for an article here, a photo there, here an illustration, there a promise from one of the contributing editors to get his article in on time.

He's talking to Jean Goldman, art director. "Yes," she'll be able to get out of the housework shtick to do paste-up. He smiles, says something polite about a guest in the office, "Gotta go now. See ya later, love you,"—and hangs up. He takes a deep breath, looks up again, smiles and says, "Hi." From that moment on, even though he's looking straight at you and talking to you, his fingers keep moving on the keys and you know that because his mind, fingers and eyes are all in different places at once, you'll never quite get his complete and undivided attention.

Later, when you've left him, he'll begin to answer the myriad of phone messages left for him while you've been talking. He's likely to throw up his hands after a while and in exasperation, dash out of the office because he can't get a thing done—rush off to symphony rehearsals (he sings with the San Francisco Symphony) or to the opera house to perform in Tannhauser, or to his men's encounter group, or to the zillion conferences with artists, writers, printers, salesmen, conmen, advertisers, or to review a theatre production of a restaurant and after that rush off to the baths in gonadal search of "Mr. Right" and the next day be right back at his desk hoping to move the magazine one step further towards the printer.

You wonder at first why this Quixote of VECTOR (windmills—the S.I.R. Board) takes up such a task and then he reminds you that after producing gigantic musicals in a Black ghetto junior high school in Brooklyn, New York, which involved everything from bailing cast members out of jail to sewing hundreds of costumes, producing a VECTOR is a breeze, almost.

While he IS looking for a lover he wonders if there is any room in a life of total satisfaction for "Mr. Right" right now. In order to accomplish most of what needs doing within a 24 hour period his activities must be as finely tuned as a symphony and that's one key to understanding (and not being offended) as to Piro's life style—it's orchestrated. And People are drawn into the music which is evidenced by the fact that almost every person he is intimate with has somehow gotten involved with production of Vector.

His pet peeves? Any sentence beginning with, "What you should do. . ." (as opposed to, "what I'd like to see,") and constant criticism that he just isn't getting to enough gay bars to keep in touch with what's happening. "That's such a small aspect of the gay experience and why do so many brothers think it's the whole ball game?" he screams.

His worst point—he's often too, too critical. When you finally leave him, you know he's not only active in a busy social life (centered around his "family" Berkeley), and work life (he refuses to acknowledge any separation of the two), you know that he's also deeply involved in issues that involve others. He'll go on being involved, tightening his structure, adding, eliminating, tuning—hoping "Mr. Right" can manage to find him between appointments. Oy, such a Cancer!

We talked about a lot of things, VECTOR mainly. . .

PHOTO: FORBES

Richard, how long have you been with VECTOR?

This issue will round out my first year. I started in April and my first solo (a disaster!) was in May, 1973.

What do you mean, "a disaster?"

A disaster is determined by how many unsold copies are returned from news dealers. And that issue broke all records. For a long time we thought it was because of the cover—a 40 year old man with a perfect body and an Hawaiian tan which translated into a large segment of the gay community as "that old black man on the May cover." Then someone told us that it was the first month *David Magazine* hit big in San Francisco and, if that's true, it hurt us that month simply because it was something new with a 4 color cover.

Why didn't VECTOR go into a color cover?

Because if you do it right it's fantastically expensive (like $2,000 minimum over other costs) and I feel just presenting color on the cover is an attention grabbing ripoff. What you see on a *Vector* cover is exactly what you're getting throughout the entire issue.

What about covers? How do you select them?

Hastily. Most major publications have a full time, highly paid cover editor who spends 8 hours a day scheming up cover ideas. In the pressures of putting out a quality monthly we, unfortunately, generally save cover work for last. But, as you can see, we're moving away from the typical pretty boy routine into something more meaningful and have resolved to pin the cover on an important story sort of what it was like a year ago when the cover was a preview of the center.

Exactly what is your fantasy readership? Towards whom are you producing VECTOR?

I really don't know and I really don't want to know. There is no group in history that has been quite as diverse as the so-called Gay Community. We have no ethnic unity, no financial common denominators, or educational similarities -even to the same sex since we have to consider male/female/transexual. *Vector* is produced for gays, period. As long as we don't zero into any one element we can remain open and hope we're reaching some of the people most of the time.

Do you get much flack from this attitude?

Only from "movement people." Then I remember that movement people comprise only 1% of the gay population and we'd starve if we aimed exclusively in that direction but I am careful to include movement pieces in every issue. Look, I never read the financial or sports sections of a newspaper but I'd scream bloody murder if they dropped those departments. Likewise with *Vector*. If anyone is turned on to ALL of an issue, I say, "Right on! Go forth and multiply."

How do you get feedback?

Letters, mostly, but not nearly enough to give us an accurate profile. January sold tremendously but I felt that December was a better issue.

I go to a fancy laundromat every Saturday morning near my place in Berkeley and quietly lay some copies out on the magazine table and sit back and watch during my wash. It's a constant trip to watch the "professional type" closet cases pick it up, and upon the realization that it's a gay publication, drop it as if their fingers were burning and then casually glance right and left to see if their indiscretion was noted.

But what fun to watch women, straight couples or truly liberated men (who freely accept their entire humanity) absorb every page and generally bring it to their companions with good feelings and excellent comments. I also love watching women getting off on the photographs.

Do you have any policies concerning physical types?

Yes. I would prefer them to be much more the guy-down-the-hall type which I call "the fuckables." I labored this point in an editorial and realized that the reason I am not personally turned on to the average *Vector* photo is that the man/boy has descended from Mt. Olympus in his pristine physical beauty and it is obvious has no need for anything from me, least of all my imperfect body. This kind of studio photography appeals to a large segment of our readers, mostly the over 40's who relate only to fantasy figures because they are still masturbating over remembrances of the kid next door, 30 years ago, or the high school football hero whom they dared not approach and felt the guilt of even wanting the the courage to make a sexual advance.

This is a constant problem where I have to project a foreign consciousness and try to select accordingly hoping I am moving forward but not forward to a point where I am turning them off and losing readers.

The guys under 30 are screaming that we are as sexist and and dangerous as *Playboy*. So it's constant brinkmanship.

What about the whole idea of nude photos?

A New Yorker wrote, "As long as you fill your magazine with naked photos who in their right mind will ever take you *seriously?*" I disagree with reservations. I wish I could avoid the word "nude." We are certainly into the glorification of masculine beauty nude or clothed. Acceptance of our bodies as objects *to be used as we want* is part of the sexual revolution and straight publications are as into it as we are.

What about women, gay women, in VECTOR?

We are essentially a male organization with women more than welcomed. Therefore, we are a male oriented magazine. We try to cover lesbian affairs or publish works by lesbians in every issue more to keep males informed of lesbian thinking rather than trying to appeal to women to buy *Vector*.

What would you say is your biggest problem?

Wow. I have to wear two hats for that one. The constant need for advertisers and the problems of getting advertisers to pay their bills. That's business stuff. From editorial I would say our current inability to adequately pay the fan-

(Continued on Page 32)

ILLUSTRATION: FORBES

Oh thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle hour:
What hast thy waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st:
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards still will pluck thee back,
She keeps me to this purpose that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet feel her, O thou minion of her pleasure:
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit though delayed answered must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

W.S. (126)

Karl Maves on the Homoerotism of Shakespeare's Sonnets

[illegible] about Shakespeare, and we want to [illegible] those two unalterable facts has arisen an ever-expanding [illegible] of wild surmise. All we have to go on is the basic outline of his career, a few contemporary glimpses of the man [illegible], and 154 fourteen-line sonnets, "the most [illegible] ever written," according to scholar A. [illegible] published in 1609 without the [illegible] by the printer to a mysterious [illegible] the past 150 years they have been [illegible] versy.

[illegible] Shakespeare gay? The homosexual [illegible] W. H. Auden himself a homosexual, [illegible] our Top-Bard as a patron saint, has been [illegible] about the [illegible] sonnets, and preferred [illegible] the Dark [illegible] relationship [illegible] sexual, and the [illegible] Shakespeare [illegible] and a father.

Indeed he [illegible] perhaps not entirely by choice. In 1582 at the [illegible] was hitched to Anne Hathaway, a woman eight [illegible] than himself, under circumstances that strongly [illegible] wedding. The license was procured in haste, and six months later a daughter was born. When Shakespeare went off to London around 1588 to begin his career as an actor and dramatist, he left his family behind in Stratford. He was, in effect, a bachelor again, and the sonnets suggest he took full advantage of his re-established freedom.

It is doubtless true, as Auden says, that, "More nonsense has been talked and written on the sonnets of Shakespeare than on any other literary work in the world." What he doesn't mention is that much of that misplaced energy has been devoted to defending our Top-Bard from the charge of sodomy—as if, forsooth, being a homosexual would diminish his stature rather than enhance it. As recently as three months ago the distinguished critic, John Bayley, maintained that Shakespeare "was in imagination and appetite wholly heterosexual."

Bayley is no fool and certainly no prude—Iris Murdoch's husband could scarcely be that—but he goes too far, or not far enough. Any man who addresses over a hundred lavishly affectionate sonnets to a person he describes as "my lovely boy" and "lord of my love" can hardly be termed "wholly heterosexual." What is arguable is whether or not Shakespeare was ever homosexual in performance; *that* is the question, as someone in his plays once insisted.

The evidence from those plays is admittedly scanty. In *Shakespeare's Bawdy*, a book that details with relish their wealth of sexual innuendo, Eric Partridge points out that in all 37 plays there are only two unmistakable references to homosexuality. The first is in *Henry IV, Part II*, where Mistress Quickly says of the fat, gluttonous, glorious Falstaff that he "cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child." The double meaning of "weapon" is readily apparent, except perhaps to the befuddled Mistress Quickly.

The other and more obvious reference is in *Troilus and Cressida*, Shakespeare's bitter takeoff on the Trojan War. Patroclus is taunting the foulmouthed Thersites, who warns him: "Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk. Thou art said to be Achilles' male varlet."

PATROCLUS: Male varlet, you rogue! What's that?

THERSITES: Why, his masculine whore.

But the subject is pursued no further, and we are never told whether Thersites has put his finger on the truth, or somewhere else altogether.

But the subject is pursued no further, and we are never told whether Thersites has put his finger on the truth, or somewhere else altogether.

Slim pickings, indeed. But Shakespeare was a popular playwright, and in his day homosexuality was very much caviar to the general public, a specialized interest largely restricted, as far as we can tell, to the aristocracy and its fringes, to dukes and earls, poets and players. Shakespeare's great fellow dramatist, the brilliant Christopher Marlowe, was, in fact, fairly overt about his predilections, maintaining that "they were fools that liked not boys and tobacco." (Marlowe was unfortunately not in a position to know that boys have the advantage of not causing lung cancer.)

The theatre, then as now, attracted many such non-conformists and regularly tolerated their irregularities. And in Shakespeare's day that attraction was compounded by a peculiar fact; all the women's roles in Elizabethan drama were acted by young men. It is difficult to imagine Lady Macbeth being played by a 14-year-old boy, but she was, and what went on in the dressing room after the sleepwalking scene is anybody's guess.

Oscar Wilde even toyed with the idea that the sonnets were inspired by one of these versatile lads. "It is of course evident that there must have been in Shakespeare's company some wonderful boy-actor of great beauty, to whom he entrusted the presentation of his noble heroines." Wilde assigned this prodigy the name of Willie Hughes; we are not meant to take his theory very seriously, but he was probably right on about the sexual ambiguity of Elizabethan thespians. (An interesting novel on the subject is *The Player's Boy* by Bryher.)

Still, the Mr. W. H. to whom the sonnets were dedicated was pretty definitely not an actor, and not a commoner. He must have been a nobleman, younger than Shakespeare, very handsome and engaging, but, alas, very unengaged. That indeed is the pretext for the sonnets. Sometime around 1593 the young aristocrat's relatives began actively worrying about his reluctance to marry. The line must not die out; an heir was needed and, in those plague-visited times, the sooner the better.

Various kinds of pressure were therefore applied, and it seems likely that Shakespeare was hired to urge the matter in poetic form. In any case, the first 17 sonnets preach the

ILLUSTRATION:FORBES

Oh thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle hour:
What hast thy waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st:
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards still will pluck thee back,
She keeps me to this purpose that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet feel her, O thou minion of her pleasure:
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit though delayed answered must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

W.S. (126)

Karl Maves on the Homoerotism of Shakespeare's Sonnets

necessity of reproduction with immense ingenuity. Will begs his "beauteous niggard" to "pity the world," to

Look in thy glass and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another (Sonnet 3)

This appeal to the young man's narcissism forms the basis of Shakespeare's strategy; his beauty must not be allowed to perish, it must be perpetuated. "Dear my lord," scolds the poet, "you know,/You had a father; let your son say so." (13)

Who was this matrimony-shy young man? Probably someone Shakespeare already knew; the family would obviously prefer that their case be argued by a respected friend. In 1592 the aspiring Bard had warmly dedicated his narrative poem, *Venus and Adonis* to Henry Wriothesley (pronounced Rizley), Earl of Southhampton, and he is the leading contender in the Mr. W. H. sweepstakes. No one has yet convincingly explained why the initials in the dedication were reversed, but it must be remembered that Elizabethan printers were devious and careless creatures.

Southhampton very conveniently fits the pattern. He was 19 years old, handsome, he knew Shakespeare, and he was resolutely single. "He had homosexual tastes," admits John Bayley, and Anthony Burgess, the author of *A Clockwork Orange*, expands: "If Southhampton would not marry, it might have been not only because he wished to enjoy bachelor freedom, but because he had a distaste for women—temporarily only, perhaps a pose assumed by others of his circle. To have intimate and kiss and clip the male friends of one's own age would be accounted a kind of chic Platonism. Thus, "the Southhampton set inclined to a mixture of the Bedouin encampment, the well-appointed monastery and the Hellenic agape, during the period of Will's initiation into the joys of aristocratic life. Will would not be shocked by evidence of homosexuality; he may have been inclined to it himself; he was, after all, a member of the theatrical profession."

This helps explain why Shakespeare goofed his assigned task. Bent on persuading the gay young Southhampton to clone, he suddenly saw how the same result could be achieved by different means—through his own poetry:

So long as men can breathe and eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee. (18)

He forgets about progeny and promises the youth immortality "in my verse." He will replace the wife that neither of them is now particularly interested in imagining. For Shakespeare has embark upon a profession. He has failed to convince even himself, and worse than that—and far better—he has fallen in love.

There can be no dispute here; the sonnets clearly indicate that Will was head over heels. But they only imply how his love expressed itself other than in words. If we want to know whether Shakespeare and Southhampton ever made it together, we are faced with silence and mystery. The crucial Sonnet 20, however, offers a significant clue. Beginning:

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the Master-Mistress of my passion

it describes Mr. W.H. as an androgynous marvel combining the best features of male and female. Nature, says the poet, planned Southhampton as a woman but then spoiled the end product "By adding one thing to my purpose nothing." That "one thing" is wittily specified in the next line:

But since she *pricked* thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

In other words: ball them, love only me.

A defeatingly, impossibly compartmentalized demand—but apparently the idealistic Shakespeare could not accept a fully sexual relation with his "Master-Mistress." Nature's error is employed as a justification for his own inability to fuse the physical and spiritual aspects of his desire into "the perfect ceremony of love's right." (23). Was Sonnet 20 Will's reply to a direct proposition on Southhampton's part? Perhaps so; yet if their intense flirtation remained unconsummated, it also refused to be consumed.

Then happy I that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove, nor be removed (25)

Romance remained alive and well for at least two more years and a hundred more sonnets.

They are, collectively, the greatest in the language and perhaps in all literature. A few fall flat, others manage four good lines out of fourteen, a large number are wholly successful and unforgettably beautiful. Their opening words alone are often enough to raise gooseflesh:

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? for instance, or,
When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes. . . (18, 29).

Shakespeare knows that his love is immortal, and also knows that Time is its implacable enemy; on this paradox he builds a lasting monument to perishable beauty. Southampton may be "more lovely" than a "summer's day," but Will himself feels "beated and chopped with tanned antiquity."

In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie.

(He was 31 at the most.) And yet his decay is also his strength:

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong
To love that well which thou must leave ere long (62, 73).

He celebrates equally the sudden joys and the enduring pains; he suffers the pangs of absence:

For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute (97)

—and the pangs of infidelity. Southampton is unfaithful, and Shakespeare forgives him:

Oh in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose! (95)

Shakespeare is unfaithful, and can barely forgive himself: "Oh never say," he pleads, "that I was false of heart" — it was only his flesh that strayed. And haven't they both paid the penalty?

For if you were by my unkindness shaken
As I by yours, y'have passed a hell of time (109, 120).

As the sonnets progress, the anguish increases. Shakespeare fears that a rival poet (Kit Marlowe?) is usurping Southampton's affections (78-86), and hysterically implores him to "hate me when thou wilt: if ever, now" (90). But a break is still impossible:

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire? (57).

Here as elsewhere there is much in the Sonnets to delight anyone who is into S & M.

No break, but no mending either. Again and again Will wonders if their love isn't founded on an unbridgeable difference in rank, an essential falsity:

Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter (87).

The flaw in their love is, of course, its lack of physical expression. This becomes clear in the last 30 Sonnets where Shakespeare becomes involved in a tortured affair with the notorious

(Continued on Page 31)

/

from *TO ONES UNNAMED*

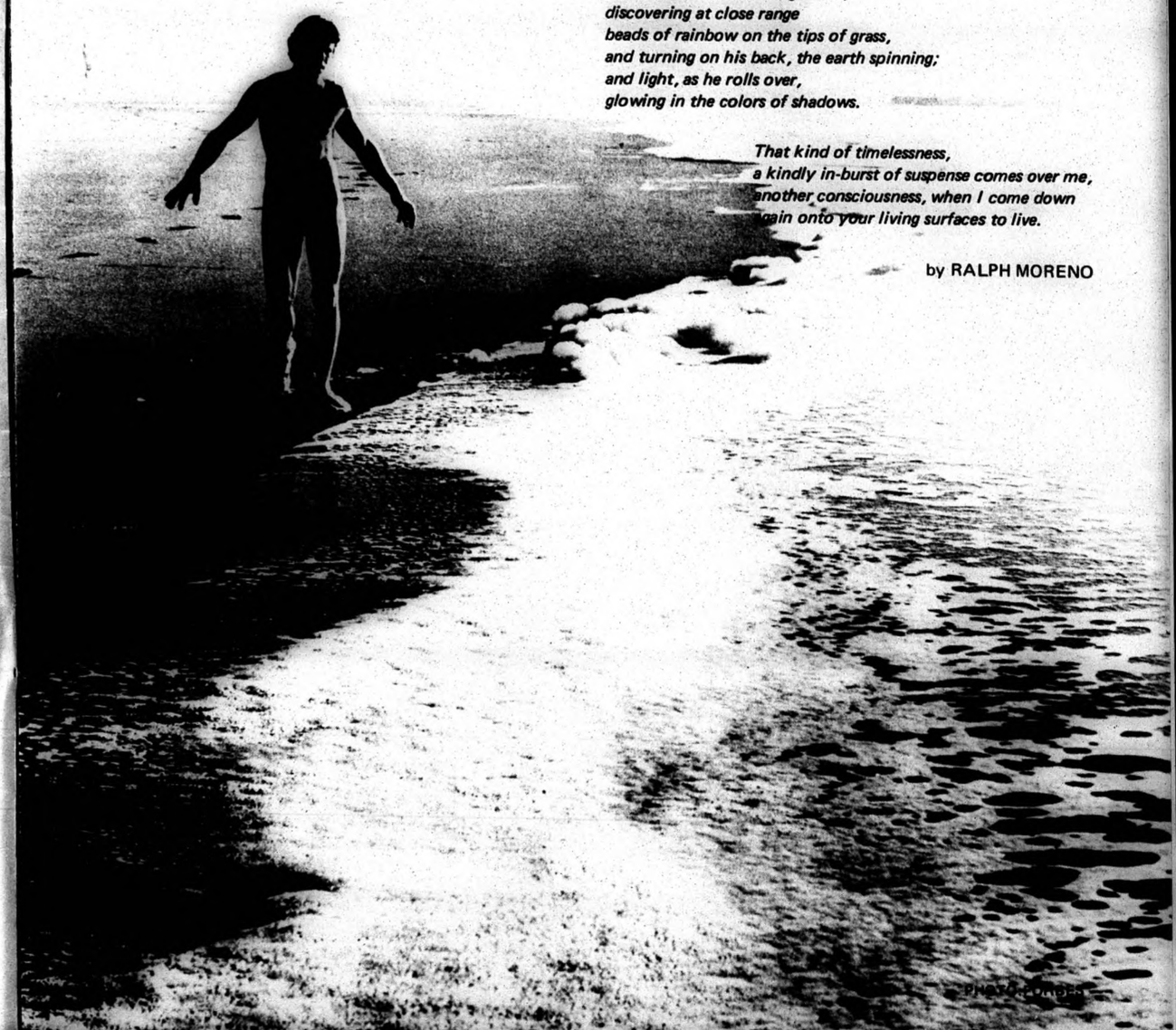
What can I expect when you come back again,
return as unexpected as a second life?
What transmissions of us
through my extra sense and from my deepest nerve,
can I expect to come with you this time,
—of us as we were then, wordless
with the fear of a fall out of element air,
shoved by an unexpected thought in each other's eye?

Then we were also tender with contentment,
hard with happiness, dumb with fear,
and as irrevocable as time spans,
as thought waves, as living surfaces.

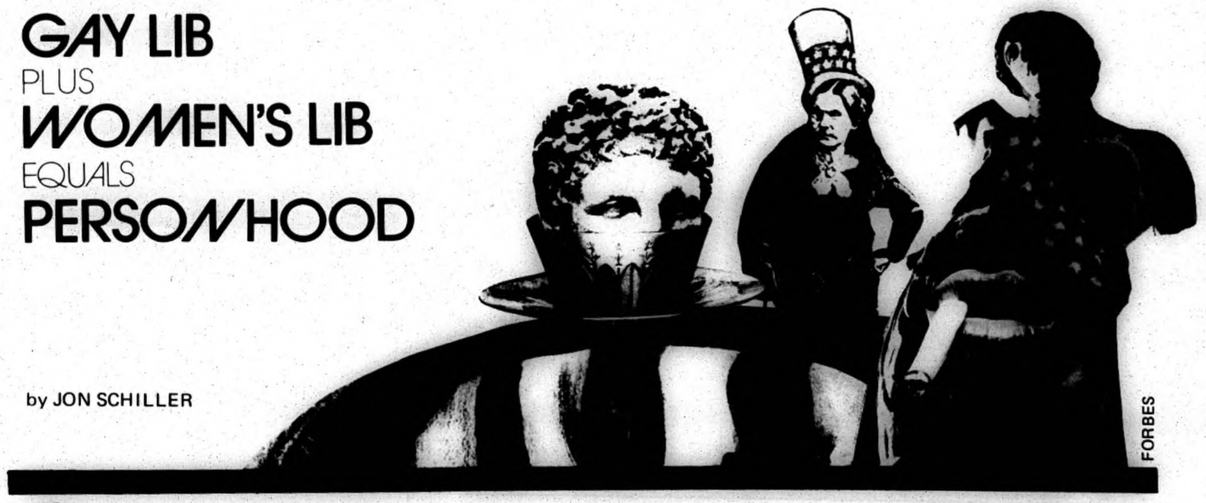
The aloneness of a boy finding life in the dust
with his hot face to the ground,
discovering at close range
beads of rainbow on the tips of grass,
and turning on his back, the earth spinning;
and light, as he rolls over,
glowing in the colors of shadows.

That kind of timelessness,
a kindly in-burst of suspense comes over me,
another consciousness, when I come down
again onto your living surfaces to live.

by RALPH MORENO



GAY LIB
PLUS
WOMEN'S LIB
EQUALS
PERSONHOOD



FORBES

by JON SCHILLER

Gay Liberation, in a sense, is a men's liberation movement, not just because it is male dominated, but because it seeks to liberate men from their gender programming, and the general expectations that "society" places upon men, specifically the expectation that men will become heterosexuals, family men, and breadwinners. The laws and prejudices against homosexuality are nothing more than means to press men into those roles.

From the vantage point of our male dominated, male oriented community, the problems of women can only seem remote. But actually, the issues of both movements are very much interrelated, and the movements are strikingly parallel. The basic issue for both is to achieve full "personhood" for the individual.

Personhood is a difficult thing to measure. In a superficial sense, everyone is a person, but legally only certain classes of people have rights and protection under the constitution as "persons." Minors currently fall into this category, as slaves once did, and as did women as late as 1961. But real personhood is much more subtle than all of this. It is mirrored most clearly in what a society sets out as virtues, the agreed upon standards of what a person should be.

Our society defines a person differently according to sex. A man is a person to the extent that he is "masculine" and a woman is likewise defined in terms of her "femininity." But masculinity and femininity are not gaged by the same standard. There are two, and one is considered inferior by the values of the other. For example, strength, intelligence, resourcefullness and courage are among the most praiseworthy of human qualities, and it would seem that every person should have them, yet these are socially recognized to be the attributes of masculinity. Femininity is defined as whatever men would be if they were less than men.

Why should women be content to live as the model of characteristics which no man would want applied to himself? Why can't women be resourceful, courageous, and intelligent too? No reason except that to try violates the expectations of society and mobilizes social disapproval.

The women's movement is not seeking to make women over into the swaggering masculine image of the truck driver, but they are trying to make it acceptable for a woman to do anything she is physically capable of doing, including truck driving.

The gay movement is in the same position as the women's movement circa the 1830's. The big push at that time was the Abolitionist Movement to abolish slavery. Despite the fact that women had hardly more rights than slaves, it was considered too preposterous and too radical to even consider the idea that women ought to be given equal rights along with the slaves, yet the women tagged along with the conventions and were generally a source of embarrassment to the Abolitionists. Now, the big movement is in Womens' Liberation and they are being similarly coy with the gay women who tag along and speak at their conventions, and for the same reasons.

Despite the natural affinities of Womens' and gay movements have toward each other there are barriers which will keep them at odds. One is that men, both straight and gay, do not have any consciousness of the oppression they are subject to because of their sex. Men are the victims of one of the most outrageous hoaxes in history—the myth of their own masculinity. The other barrier is on the womens' side, and comes from the Marxist style analysis of womens' oppression, which sums it up in terms of class struggle —the men keeping the women down.

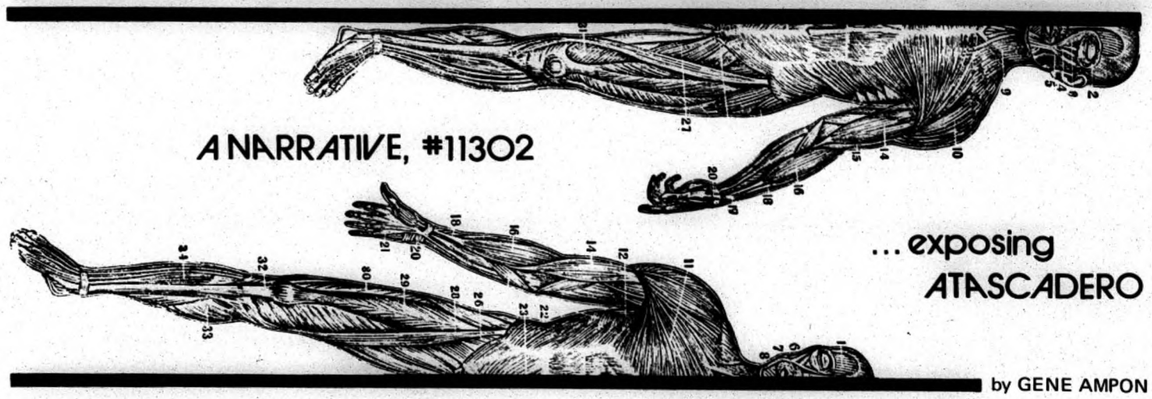
In the past, when minds were relatively uncultivated by the riches of culture, women were the weaker sex, and they knew it. Society benefited for a long time from the physical strength of its men, and it might even be true to say that in barbaric times, a society was only as strong as its men.

But who benefited from this? Who cherished and glorified it as virtue? Who drummed it into men that their greatest glory was in strength and their greatest disgrace was to show weakness? Only men? No, women had a hand in it, too. We are suffering the defects of the virtues our ancestors fostered during an age of force.

The problem with the Marxist type of analysis is that it locates the problem in the selfish interest of the individuals in the exploitation of others, rather than in the fallacies and limitations of consciousness which serve to justify exploitation. It ignores the fact that selfishness is regulated by the moral consciousness of the community, and it seeks to blame a particular class for the fallacies shared by the whole society. This, of course, is scape-

Georgia-born, Crawford Barton, 30, arrived in San Francisco via Hollywood some three years ago. A multi-talented poet, painter, film-maker, and photographer, Crawford is one of several camera artists whose work will be featured in an exhibition, **New Photography in the Bay Area,** at the DeYoung Memorial Museum in Golden Gate Park, from April 6 to June 2, 1974. Theme of his photographs in the DeYoung show is the **Gay Experience.** Crawford's photo-work has been seen in KALENDAR and in VECTOR (March, '74).

He runs a many-faceted graphics business called **Art Services Unlimited.** △



A NARRATIVE, #11302 ... exposing ATASCADERO

by GENE AMPON

A Sheriff's car drove up at dawn to take the boy away.
Inside the youth-jail: his nightmare blinked thru
blood-shot eyes, he turned, burrowing deeper in bed
till a key in the metal door twisted his head awake.
"It's time for you to go," is all the guards said
tossing in his street-clothes, staying outside
his cell while the naked boy dressed in silence.
They showed him the ***committment*** papers:
the Judge's name and other grey men's names,
stopping at his Father's name and then his Mother's
2 years of his future signed away with his blood.
Handcuffs clicked, cutting into 15 year old wrists:
then their goodbyes, good luck and good riddance
as the waiting Deputy-Sheriff took custody;
the walls opened up into a sullen morning.

The car sped south along the California coast
stretching, snapping the ties of Family and Home;
sitting, watching his childhood fading thru
the rear-view mirror into mile-long years of fog behind.
Reminding himself to not let anyone know how scared he was;
his losing defiance shackled to the back-seat door.
Imprisoned by the names he'd been labeled with:
Incorrigible, Truant, Vagrant, Queer, Faggot, Punk.
"A menace to society," he recalled from yesterday's
courtroom decision, a crime whose only victim was himself;
and last night's visiting-room judgement:
"No son of mine is going to be one of those. . .,"
"They'll help you there, you'll be cured."

ATASCADERO state hospital read the highway sign.
The car slowing, stopping, jolting his mind aware:
his eyes stared up high concrete-reality walls;
a harsh, grey building glared back at him thru
the black-eyed-barred windows on its beaten face.
White uniformed guards approached, escorting him inside
the hospital walls. . . Stripped, searched, questioned:
ward of the state, case Number 11302, young, thin and bare;
sentenced into a drab, baggy, khaki uniform.
Briefed and warned on what he should expect:
"Go along with the program, keep your back to the wall."
thru one closing-barred gate, pausing, photographed,
thru another gate, this final seal slamming shut behind.

Entering into the main L-shaped corridor with one guard.
Lunchtime: lines of grim-faced men crowding-jostling towards
chow-halls; following them, reaching the end of his line.
Several hundred hungry men loudly surrounding him,
swarming on the food; outcasts, criminals, psychotics
eating their ration of Society's vengeance.
Sensing wonder in their eyes at his being the youngest;
there was kindness here struggling mutely into smiles.
The guards after counting all the forks, spoons and knives,
led his group thru the hall past stares and whispers of:
"The new one that's come in."
Sly wolf calls roused behind him, howling out another hunger.

Arriving at the ward he was brought to the office, interviewed
by the Doctor and Ward Charge. . . They seemed prisoners also,
locking themselves inside the barred-hard-glass cage:
a key separating them from their patients;
smug in their power of diagnosis-prognosis.

The afternoon dimmed past suppertime into evening.
The ward-day-room, a shadow-play; each inmate being an actor,
learning his role, performing for the eye in the cage.
Murderer, rapist, sado-masochist, child-molester,
homosexual, voyeur, exhibitionist, fetishist;
every twist and turn of sex ended here.
A theater of the perverse, stagelights shining thru
drugged, psychotic eyes illuminating the darker sides of men.

A voice growled from behind the cage announcing bedtime.
All inmates standing-count at their doors as guards locked
them in for the night: lights switching off, clinking keys
fading down the hall, sheets snuggling around his weary mind.
This would be his home for the next few years;
a home-sick-fever began sweating from his brain.
His childhood tottering on the tight-rope of divorce
his parents had spun between themselves; shuttling across
thru schools, foster-homes and juvenile courts.
He had jumped off that tight-rope: plunging headlong onto

city streets of wild survival; dodging cops, stealing food,
hustling a night's rest in strange beds, coming-out raw.
Finally sinking to this stranger bed he now found himself in.
A flashlight sliced thru his cell, cutting in his face;

a guard's mouth in the small window on the door snarled:
"Go to sleep, boy."

Second day, the regimen beginning at dawn: rousted up,
clothes-on, out to breakfast, back to the ward, each
inmate cleaning his room, beds stripped down, rooms locked.
Assigned into work-crews to scour the ward: the day-room,
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shine reflecting in the technician-guard's boots.
This was a closed-ward, a closed world; life revolving
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"In seclusion for his own protection," read the office report.
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he must fight, if not with strength then with cunning;
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Locked up all day except for mealtimes: seeing his new world
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He saw the electric-shock-box wheeling down the hall
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with the threat: ***"Your turn next."***
A new terror shot thru his thoughts as the overhead-light
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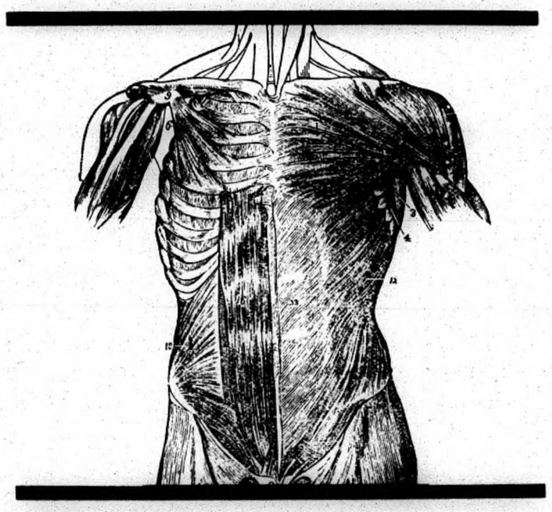
Throughout the stoned nights into each new day



the weeks strung-out together like links on a chain;
the lives of every man crushed one upon the other
within ever shrinking walls.

His months staggered by till he was moved to an open-ward:
the shock-ward slowly wearing off, his hunted look relaxing
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Life was tolerable here: rooms were left open,
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Hall cards allowed him to leave the ward: to explore
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He discovered fathers, brothers and enemies behind
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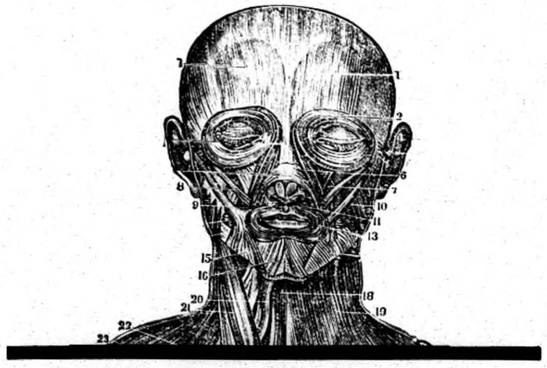

psychiatric logic; shrinking his head to fit the social norm.
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The lawn edged by an asphalt walkway, surrounded on 3 sides
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at the far end of the yard was a wall and sky beyond reach.
He was impelled to this spare of earth,
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We who have deviated from your grace remain unblessed.

We are your sons, we are your brothers.
We are your fathers and uncles and cousins.
We are your neighbors and friends.
We are strangers passing in your nights.
We are your children.

Whether we hide behind our eyes
or walk holding each other's hands;
we are inevitable.

Whether we sit on the thrones of kinds
or in modern-day dungeons;
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We have given you our art
for your beauty, for your glory.
we have fought on your battlefields for your freedom.

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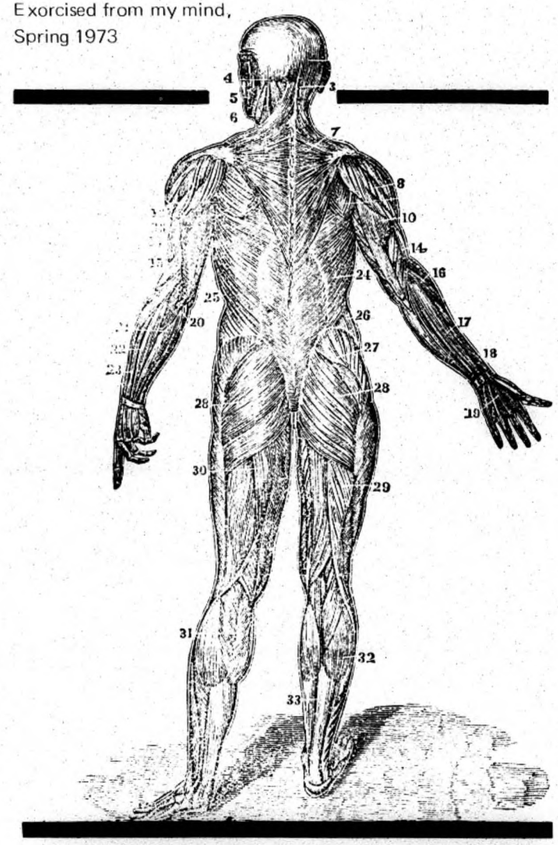
Dedicated to all homosexual prisoners

Gene Ampon
Exorcised from my mind,
Spring 1973



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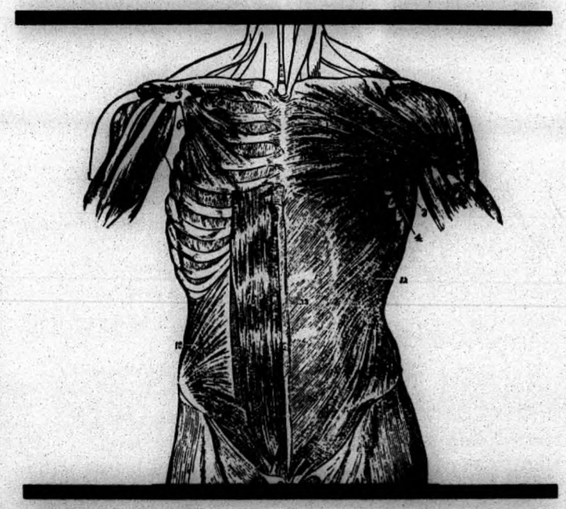

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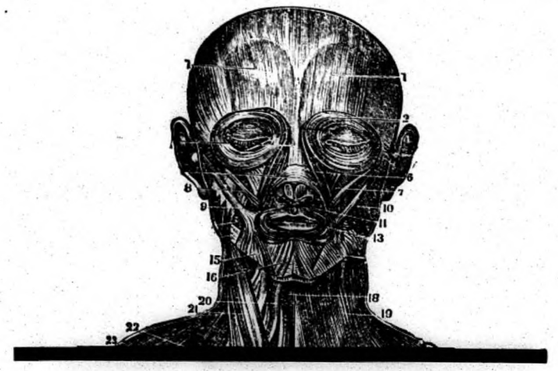

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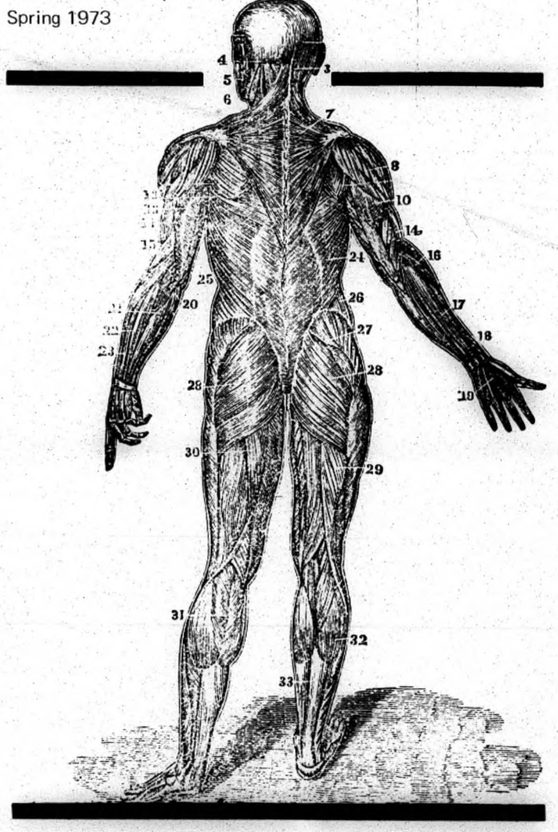

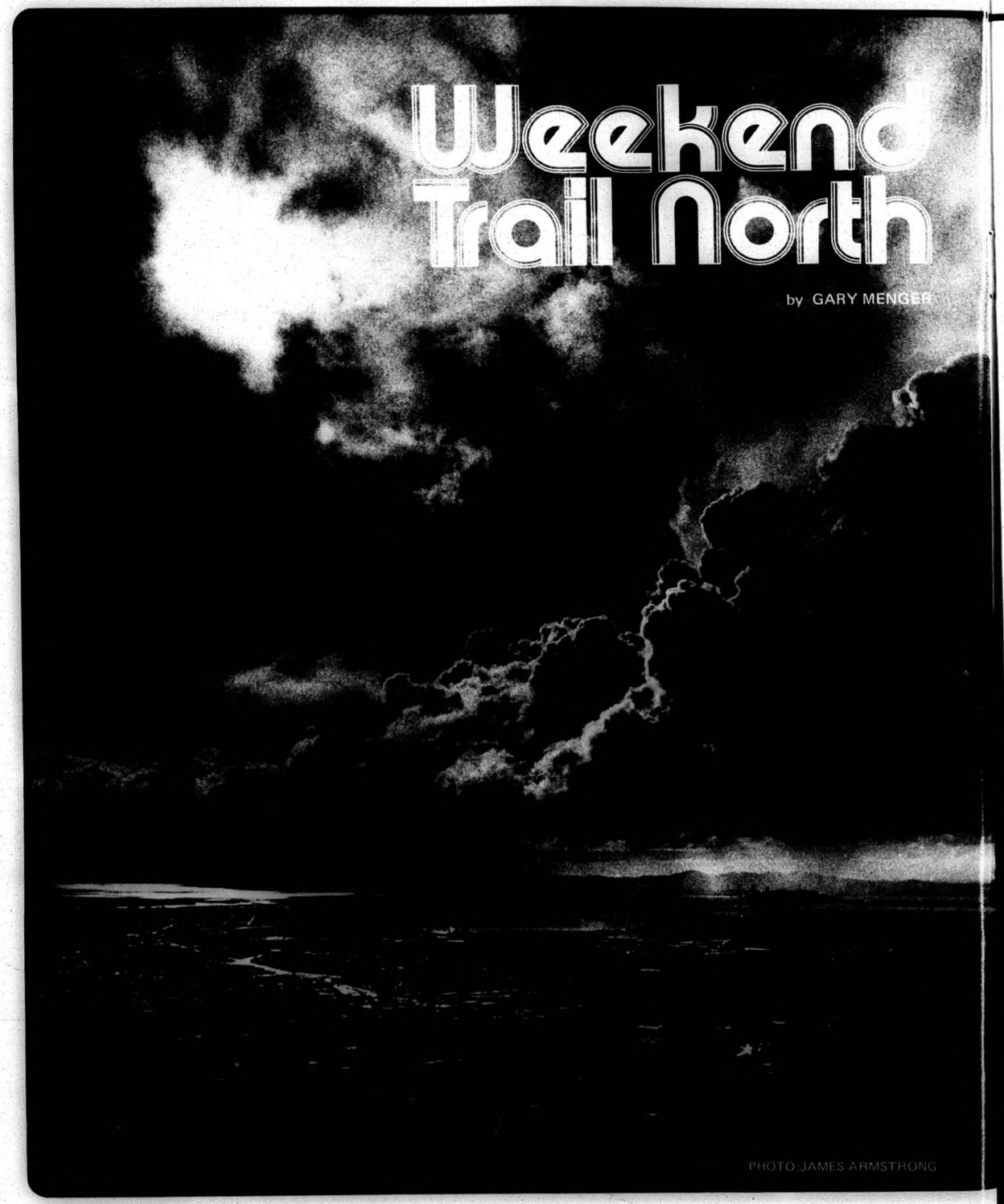

OLE S.F.
GOTCHA DOWN?
GO NORTH THEN
FOR A WEEKEND!

With a hundred-odd businesses committed to satisfying the gay public, why would anyone ever want to set foot outside San Francisco? Beats me. But it seems some people get to feeling like ants on an overcrowded hill. They get claustrophobic. They even get bored. Weekends are too short for major adventures, and why go to Los Angeles only to breathe more foul air and squeeze into more crowded places?

So the escapist, the adventurer, the person who would just like a brief rest and change of scene—looks in all directions from San Francisco's hills and sees: Oakland. San Mateo (and more of the same behind it.) The Pacific Ocean, Marin. Faced with that choice (and no boat), it's a rare exception that does not choose Marin.

And Marin doesn't entirely lack for pleasant gay social exposure, as anyone who has discovered the civilized charm of **The Sausalito Inn,** the madness of Toad Hall's outpost, **The Woods** in Fairfax, the more esoteric appeal of **Travelers' Inn** in San Rafael, will testify. Still, that's for an evening, not a whole weekend. After all, one can drink (if that's all there is) in San Francisco. And what else is there? The families at **Stinson Beach,** the nice trees at **Muir Woods,** a few good restaurants, and a handful of motels that don't exactly reek with atmostphere. Is there anything in the great uncharted blob between Marin's Northern boundary and the edge of the earth? Sure! Treat yourself to a new kind of weekend. (Gas is another story.)

Keep driving past Novato: don't be afraid. Go right by the drive-in theatre, right by the place that sells bedspreads; right into **Sonoma County.** See? You can still breathe the air. . . in fact, it's better. And the scenery's getting better, too.

Pretty soon, you're going to pass a directional sign to Sonoma. It's your second and last chance to turn off and go there if you like. It's only a half-hour away. In the center of town, you can go to the **cheese factory** for a better sourdough than you will ever find in San Francisco, and an assortment of really incredible cheeses. Take it a mile away to the **Buena Vista Winery** (not the greatest wine, but quite picturesque), and have lunch at a picnic table under a tree, by a running brook.

Or, in the center of Sonoma, turn left instead and drive two miles to **Juanita's**, in Fetters Springs. A unique old hotel; a unique not-so-old woman and there's a sprawling, comfortable bar and dining room full of worn, comfortable antiques that have been lived with, and not kept under glass. A captivating, tame brace of animals running loose—from Llams to monkeys—friendly people and fine food. Warm, welcoming atmosphere—more human than hygenic. If you like this neck of the woods, why drive any further? Stay! **Juanita's** is more than a novelty to have seen; more than a different kind of dinner house—it's a very comfy, old-fashioned hotel, the lady is very personable; a considerate innkeeper. (You're also likely to find a collection of gays there to feel relaxed and at home with.)

Or, if you'd rather go on, you might ask directions to **Glen Ellen**, just a few miles away. An arts and crafts building where you can sit by a floor-to-ceiling window watching a giant paddle splash water at you while you enjoy a beer and a sandwich—shops, galleries, a bookstore devoted entirely to the works of Jack London and, of course, **Jack London State Park.**

Want to go further? Back onto 101 North to Santa Rosa—the College Ave. cutoff. Drive four blocks to the first traffic light, then left, and diagonally right. Now stop. You're at the **Monkey Pod** (Sonoma's only gay bar, unless you count **Juanita's**). And, as luck would have it, just in time for cocktail hour. It's a small place, shingled, dimly lit and very cozy. A bricked, open gay fire right in the middle of the room, surrounded by a circle of easy chairs. And a long, very chatty bar behind which work bartenders you'll swear were picked from finalists of somebody-or-other's groovy guy contest! Several of the customers may strike you that way, too; not everybody hiding away in Santa Rosa is half of an old married couple!

Where to go from here? How about **Russian River**, it isn't far. North on the highway again to the River Road cutoff, and twenty minutes into Guerneville. Ready for dinner? Try **Hexagon House.** The clientele's not generally gay, but you're liable to spot a few friends. Dinner will not be inexpensive, but both the place and the food are memorable.

A place to stay? Three miles further, to Monte Rio. **The Village Inn.** Your mellow hosts, Jim and Duke. Some of the guests are gay, some not. You'll feel warm and at home in the old-fashioned, firelit living room. It's an old Inn shrouded in trees, with the Russian River trickling by. A most restful place for a budget weekend overnight.

Or, outside Guerneville, try **Wildwood Ranch** – it may change your weekend habits for life. A bunkhouse, a very social ranch-house, pleasant hosts, a great pool and jacuzzi, lots of more-than-friendly companionship. It's a private club but they'll permit you an inspection visit first. Take advantage of that courtesy and go, even if just for an afternoon. You won't regret it.

Or, if you have all weekend and would like to get a little further away, head straight up 101 all the way to Cloverdale, turn left on 128 twenty-five more miles to Boonville, and you're a stone's throw from **Bear Wallow Guest Ranch** – one of the few, and certainly the most unique of Northern California's gay resorts. It has all the atmosphere of a Bavarian Alp, and only 110 miles from the City. A gem hidden in the woods, with little to mar the beauty of the natural surroundings; but there's nothing "rustic" about the very civilized

(Continued on Page 33)

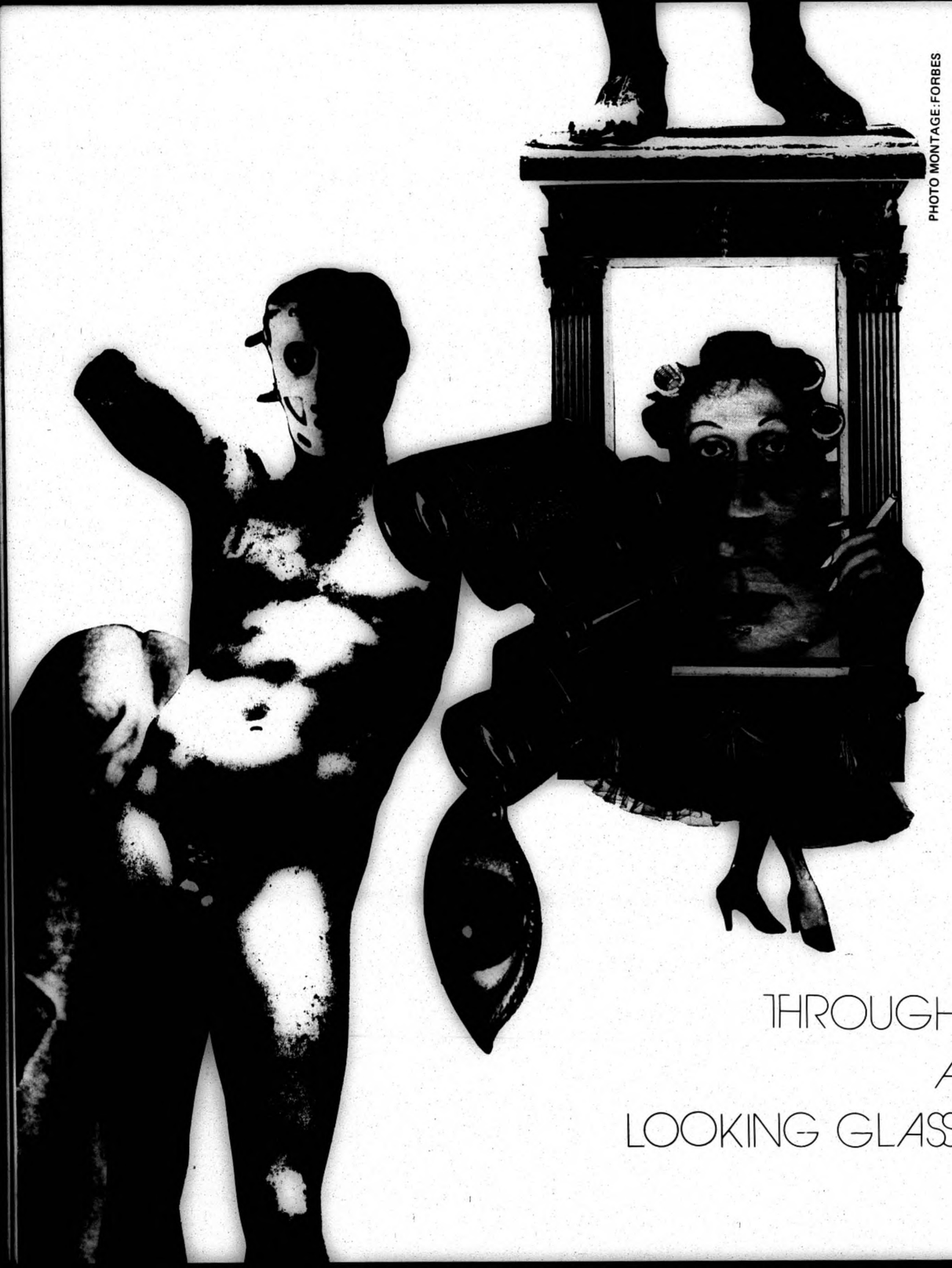

PHOTO MONTAGE: FORBES

THROUGH A LOOKING GLASS

by REGINALD TONER

The Diva arose at five o'clock, having realized of late, that rising earlier gave her more time to tape and staple some semblance of humanity onto her naked flesh. After a quick toilette, fifteen minutes or so, she left the bathroom, faucet running, to enter the breakfast room and welcome the early light. Stumbling over a pair of large sneakers left in the middle of the floor from the last night, she reached for a cigarette and the blinds cord in one motion formed from years of experience. She contemplated the effort; fifteen feet of wooden slats? Oh, well, it counted as exercise!

Across the great courtyard, a single flickering light from a candle permeated the leafy darkness. The Diva peered into the breakfast room for a while, trying to decide whether to fix a drink or water the plants, when she noticed a figure pass in front of the candle.

"Oh God!" exclaimed the Diva. The figure was a naked man. Her field glasses were lying idle on the potted palm and, ripping off the leatherette cover she focused them sharply. "There's a man there, naked, doing things before a mirror." The Diva spoke aloud, so great was her surprise. The idea! Lowering her glasses for a moment, she reached for an envelope atop a stack of bills; yes, this certainly is Charles Street. She replaced the letter and raised her glasses again. "There's a man there, naked, doing things in front of a mirror!" she repeated stupidly.

At her third exclamation, Truro, her fourteen year old son woke up. Evelyn, two years younger, awoke in her bed across the room. "What is it, mother? When is breakfast?"

"He's naked," the Diva continued, unmindful of her childrens' cries and experiencing a taste of the voyeur, "and doing things before a mirror."

Truro had seen little of the world and all of his experience came into play at this moment. Sensing the animal-like intensity of his mother's tone, he silenced his sister with a look shot from across the room. Then, with the soothing tones of the hypnotist, encouraged his mother's outbursts.

"Yes mother," he spoke levelly, "what is he doing?"

"He is trembling with desire," said the Diva, equally level and dispassionate, though conscious of a glow of pleasure. "As he walks in front of pictures of naked men, he's trembling with desire Every muscle in his body concentrated toward one aim—release!" The Diva, trance-like, inhaled a cigarette and resumed her vigil. "Now he's appealing to some symbol of his masculinity, as in prayer. To this symbol he applies for release."

Across the room, and incensed by the scene of animal lust described by his mother, Truro leaped from his bed. Suntanned, his young body gleamed like honey in the faint light as he crossed to the other bed with the beauty and grace of a colt-stallion. Evelyn, alert child of twelve that she was, had the good sense to recognize a moment greater than herself. A craving for fulfillment was created in her and she succumbed wildly to his embraces. Their initial passion kindled a flame of lust and desire far greater than either of them would ever experience again for the rest of their lives. Unmindful of the searing drama as a backdrop, the Diva, caught up as she was in a whirlpool of desirous fantasy, described the scene across the courtyard vividly and obsessively.

"He's grasping the god, the symbol of humanity, of torment, and appeasing it worshipfully as he appeals for release." The Diva's measured tones served only to fan the passions of Truro and Evelyn. Groaning and thrashing, they plumbed the deepest wells of indiscreet passion until, finally, trembling and sweating, their firm bodies came together in a sustained climax which left them exhausted on the bed.

The Diva had stopped too, for her cadence-like description had reached its expected climax. The glasses dropped slowly from her sweaty palm. In the quiet morning light, Truro, his instincts quieted, crept to his own bed. Evelyn, her sudden craving fulfilled, began to awaken as if from a dream and, in stirring, knocked a book from the night table. The Diva, touching a bit of perspiration above her lip, turned into the room.

"What?" she chirped, "up already?" △

Drags Won't 'Wish' Away

by BEBE J. SCARPIE

WELL, TIME FOR US "NIGGERS" to rise up against our masters – our would be masters! It was bad enough when the drag queen wasn't man enough for self-oriented homosexuals, or female enough for the lesbians, now we aren't liberated enough for the gay liberationists!

Do you ever wonder just why it is that the queens just seem to sit and bitch all the time? My dears, with all the negative reinforcement we get for our lifestyle, it is a wonder that we can even manage a kind of gallows humor at all. Our wit is our defense, our acid tongue the razor against your attack.

Are we the stereotypes, is our lifestyle so stereotypic? No, I don't think so. Why not? Well, because I know me and I know my motivation. I am terribly sorry but I am not living to carriacature women, just living to be myself. I am myself in the same way the dyke, the leather boy, and the hippy style gay is. No different.

Yet, where does this get me? Only the scornful judgment of other gays. Do the persecuted love to do some persecuting in their turn! So think if you must that the drag is imitating the worst of women. So turn blue til we come to our senses and find the way to true liberation.

But, I ask, whose way is it? Shall we follow your way? Or, shall we be ourselves? Would you like to be our way? No, you say? Well, fine, then don't! We won't force you. I don't judge you. Just, I ask, I plead with you, I might even beg you not to, I refuse to let you, I forbid you to judge me!

What do I (a drag queen) feel for women? My goodness are they repulsive, or do I hate them? No. In no way. They are something else. In much the same a Jew is different from a Catholic. Regardless of individual prejudice, one is not innately superior to the other.

But where is all this talk of women and men coming from? In this era of liberation is it so important to know who is what? Aside from our sexual orientation, are we to be completely regulated by our genitals? Would not the true liberation be being above genital distinctions–to rise above the society defined male and female?

It may be that that is too much to ask. Gays apparantly like their sex clearly demonstrated. If you are a male then be a male. But do the lesbians or male gays realize that they are setting up a new order? So the new stereotype is no longer John Wayne, it is Kris Kristofferson or Jan Michael Vincent. For the women it is now Gloria Steinem instead of Marilyn. But why should the drag aspire to these? Let the drag aspire to be herself!

The drag makes a difference. We have just a bit more going for us in terms of acceptance of our Gay Identity. You see the ordinary homosexual walking into a bar and experiencing the comfort of seeing others like himself, the security of numbers. A drag walks into a gay bar and she encounters hostility–hostility from the straights, hostility from the gays. She can only build her personality on her self. Her inner "self" must be content with herself if she is to survive. I don't suppose she is completely happy with her life, that is a luxury few have. But the strength must lie in knowledge that ones life is going in the right direction for oneself.

It is with this that the drag exists. But, if caught unawares, you can be mentally destroyed by your own kind. It seems a pity that the gays are always trying to get us with our guard down. We cannot exist together. Now is that liberation?

You'd best get your act together, honey, because your wishing is not going to get us to disappear. △

DRAG PERSONS PHOTO:FORBES

AN ANGRY DRAG PERSON'S RESPONSE TO INSIDE GAY PREJUDICE

Sonnets (Continued from Page 16)

Dark Lady. She is described as "black," which may merely mean she was a brunette. Anthony Burgess, however, supposes her to have been a negro. Whatever her race, she was alluring, Negro, promiscuous, and irresistible.

Shakespeare becomes obsessed with her, and hates himself for it:

But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee (141)

Because theirs is an almost purely physical relationship, it inspires the poet to hideous outbursts of loathing, "Lust," he cries, is "Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame (129).

But worse is still, shall we say, to come. For the Dark Lady rounds out the story by seducing Mr. W.H., thus leaving Shakespeare in the middle of the second-best bed he has himself made and must perforce lie in.

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair. . .
The better angel is a man right fair
The worser spirit a woman colored ill (144).

At this point the sonnets end. The triangle is never squared, the dilemma hangs unresolved, there is no clear moral.

Novelist Louis Auchincloss, like Shakespeare a married man with three children, sums the problem up neatly and persuasively: "I suspect that Shakespeare's sexual directions were divided more or less evenly between the sexes, that he enjoyed physical intercourse with women, perhaps rather coarse ones, but that he did not find it in the spiritual elevation that he sought, usually with disillusionment, in the cultivation of handsome youths. Whether, as Shakespeare grew older, these relationships with young men remained entirely platonic may be doubted.

But the doubt is long past proof. The Dark Lady disappears from history. As for Southampton, in 1597 he knocked up one of Queen Elizabeth's ladies-in-waiting, married her, and was briefly imprisoned for his transgression. From then on he and Shakespeare must have been total strangers. In 1603 Elizabeth died and James I became king—England's first gay monarch, incidentally, since the Edward II that Kit Marlowe once wrote a play about.

In the meantime Marlowe's successor was reaching his zenith as an artist. In 1600 came ***Hamlet***, with its recurrent strain of sexual nausea and despair, a strain that continued until ***Antony and Cleopatra*** (1607), the most astute tribute to physical love in all literature. After that the subject seems to have absorbed Shakespeare less and less. When the sonnets were finally published in 1609 without his permission, he was possibly irritated, but probably, on the whole, indifferent. All that was so long ago, and now he was 45, richer, wiser, and close to retirement. Two years later he returned to Stratford, where he died in 1616, 358 years ago this month.

Yet the sonnets in their own way were wise, too.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlast this pow'rful rhyme (55)

thus they promised, and they kept their word. Are they themselves, as Peter Quennell says, "a monument to homosexual love raised by an otherwise heterosexual poet," or are they the poetic diary of a man unable to reconcile his sexual desires with his spiritual longings? Two things only are certain: we shall never know, and we shall never stop guessing. △

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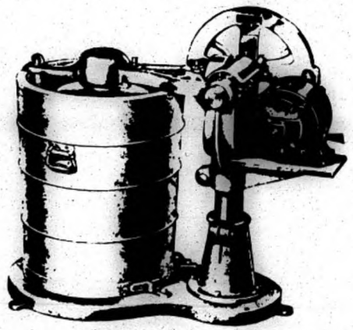

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PERSONHOOD *(Continued from Page 18)*

goatism. While men are the principal agents in the exploitation of women, they are not its cause. The cause lies in the cultural consciousness which still worships the qualities of brute force, which has made a phallic idol out of the idea of strength-subjugation.

The effect that womans' liberation will eventually have is that men will have fewer pressures on them to "prove" their "masculinity/myth" through displays of brute strength. This means the atmosphere of competition which produces "winners" and "losers" will become less intense. A wider range of personalities will become acceptable as manly, because being a person will become more important than being a stereotyped image of a "man." It goes without saying that since this is what all liberation is about, gays stand to profit immeasurably in their own progress towards personhood and understanding, support and participation of Womans' Liberation is not only a good thing but absolutely vital if we're to take our rightful places in the mainstream of society. △

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Trail *(Continued from Page 27)*

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Or you might pass right on through Boonville and keep going. Thirty-odd more miles and the road will rejoin the the coast at Albion, and you'll come to **Windjammer Cove,** a friendly dinner house with great food and atmosphere, and a fine view.

A few more miles take you to **Hexagon House** and **Little River Inn,** popular dining spots in the area, less gay, but still popular with gay tourists and fair in price.

Another mile or so will get you to Mendocino, and you'll be convinced you're not in California at all, it's more like Cape Cod; weatherbeaten, wood framed buildings, narrow streets, art and craft shops, with the incredible beauty of a coastline. Words like "gay" and "straight" don't have much meaning here—everybody's just People, free to relax and be who they are.

Try **Seagull Inn** for real atmosphere drinking or drive another ten miles to the only hotel in **Fort Bragg,** owned and operated by two young men you'll enjoy meeting, and who will enjoy having you. Ask their directions to one of the fine seafood houses in the area.

And is there anything between Fort Bragg and the edge of the world? I don't know; that's as far as I've been. But Fort Bragg is little more than three hours from the **Golden Gate Bridge** — and there's a world of fresh air, atmosphere, diversion, and new friends, in between.

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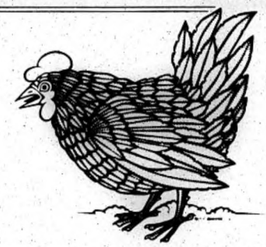

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Theatre of Man is an experimental group resident in San Francisco, one of whose Things is meaningful, mass movement. Their most recent—and ambitious—presentation, was called **Stoneground**, about the life and works of that Renaissance Sforza duke who created the often-pictured garden of gigantic stone monsters at his estate, Bomarzo, outside Rome. It came a critical cropper of epic proportions, but did contain three bits which were unforgettable. (all were nude scenes, but the nudity was only an essential part, not the whole package!)

Two of them were nightmares of the Duke's, in which all his monsters—psychological ones in the first dream, creative ones in the second—gave him a most thorough working over (figuratively speaking). It was all done in slow-motion, masses of writhing, gesturing bodies, faces grotesque in silent screams, to a tape of electronic music with spoken bits over and among.

The third was a depiction of Hercules destroying Antaeus, the murderous king who—born of Mother Earth by Poseidon—was invincible so long as some part of him touched the ground; so Hercules had to hold him aloft and crack his bones until he died (to, the legend says, the hollow groans of Mother Earth).

All fifteen cast members participated in the dream sequence; and, in the third, John Rolling was the Hercules, and David Freeman, Antaeus, and their demonstration of slow-motion theatrical gymnastics was at times unbelievable. Freeman is so supple of body and Rolling so strong and both so well trained in this kind of theatre, that at times you had trouble accepting what you were seeing. Δ

STORY
AND PHOTOS
BY
JAMES ARMSTRONG

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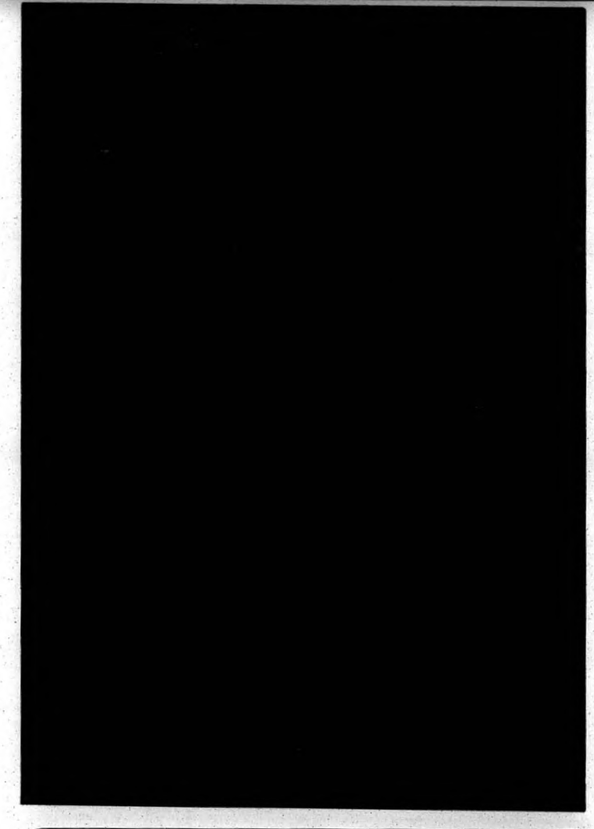

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PIRO *(Continued from Page 13)*

tastically talented writers, artists, and photographers who, in effect, subsidize us out of their goodness. Too much of my day is spent on my knees begging or thanking ***artists*** for their creativity. As it is we are, I feel, certainly one of the finest designed and executed magazines in the business. Keeping it that way and improving is a constant financial struggle. It's also impossible to "shape" an issue without getting into commissioning professional writers. I respond to every manuscript submitted and would like to see more and hope potential writers realize that we will help them and will work out the mechanics.

Who helps you on this?

Two saints. Bill Plath, our publications director who stage manages every issue and with a smile and a shrug simply takes over and does what needs doing from emptying waste paper baskets to directing the advertising to buying us day old coffee cake every morning. And Jean Goldman who, I feel, is the most important single addition to our staff in our history. She is an incredibly talented art director (and sometimes a bitch) whose work never ceases to fascinate her New York peers. Rick Hansen was recently appointed to the Editorial Review Board and has proven invaluable with ideas and the willingness to work them out.

You recently resigned and then returned. Why?

I was afraid you were going to pop that one. Over the years ***Vector*** has moved from a collective news letter to a highly sophisticated slick monthly magazine. Naturally, the people involved became professional and the process somewhat a mystery. ***Vector***, according to the Society For Individual Rights simply appeared monthly. Policies gradually moved into the exclusive realm of the paid editor and each editor turned the magazine into his own image.

At one point I decided I didn't dig being publisher and sought assistance from the real publishers, the Board of Trustees who were reluctant or unable to cope with making some vital decisions. I split.

Then, under the leadership of President Hector Navarro, and Bill Plath in a really inspiring push of togetherness they managed to squeeze out their own (February) issue which suddenly brought the Board into play so that they were literally forced into reclaiming their own product.

Since I realized that I would no longer be producing ***Vector*** in a S.I.R. vacuum, our love affair became a solid marriage and I'm delighted with the situation as it is now.

Where do you see VECTOR going?

Into ***the*** nationally recognized voice of the gay community. We already have subscribers all over the world and, as quality increases along with artistry in writing and art work, we are being approached by advertising agencies who are desperate for acceptable gay outlets for their products but are afraid of the cock-and-balls type of magazines that we were limited to for so many, many years. **Vector** is an idea whose time has come.

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1001 Nights, 335 Jones 474-1067 R,B,W
Tottie's 743 Larkin 673-6820
Trapp, 72 Eddy 362-3838
Turf Club, 76 6th, 863-4615
Wilde Oscar, 59 2nd, 392-4455
Windjammer, 645 Geary 441-8814 D,B
The Haven, 7th & Mission 626-1776

VALENCIA—CASTRO—MARKET

Bistro, 456B Castro 861-9495 LR
Connie's Why Not? 878 Valencia 647-6949
Corner Grocery Bar 4049 18th 863-9463
Castro Cafe 484 Castro 621-2125 R
Dogpatch Saloon 3481 18th St. 863-5199 B,R
Fanny's 4230 18th St. 621-5570 R
Fickle Fox 842 Valencia 826-3373 R,B
J.B's House 1884 Market 863-3323
Kelly's Saloon 3489 20th St 285-0066 R,B
Midnight Sun, 506 Castro 861-4186
Mind Shaft, 2150 Market 626-2543 D
The Mint 1942 Market 861-9373 R,B,L
Missouri Mule 2348 Market 626-1163 R,B
Mistake 3988 18th St. 861-1310
Naked Grape 2087 Market 863-7226
Neon Chicken 4063 18th St. 863-0484 R,B
Nothing Special 469 Castro 926-5876
Pendulum 4146 18th St. 863-4441
Phone Booth 1398 S. Van Ness 648-4683
Purple Pickle 2223 Market 621-0441
Rainbow Cattle Co. 199 Valencia 864-9652 DE
Rear End, 14th & Market 621-9393
Scott's 10 Sanchez 626-9534 W
Toad Hall 482 Castro 864-9797 D
Truck Stop, Church & Market 626-0472 R
Twin Peaks, 17th & Castro 864-9470
Watergate West, 4121 18th 626-9320

FOLSOM STREET AREA

A Little More 15th & Portero 864-9123
Ambush 1351 Harrison 864-9349
Boot Camp 1010 Bryant 626-0444
Cissy's Saloon 1590 Folsom 626-5767
End Up 401 6th St 495-9550 D
Febe's 1501 Folsom 621-9450
527 Club 527 Bryant 397-2452 R
Folsom Prison 1898 Folsom 647-9134
Hamburger Mary's 1582 Folsom 861-9223 L,R
No Name 1347 Folsom Street
Ramrod 1225 Folsom 621-9196
Red Star Saloon 1145 Folsom 863-5268
Round Up 6th & Folsom 863-9628
Stud, 1535 Folsom 863-2980

HAIGHT AREA

Bradley's Corner 900 Cole 664-7766 B
Lucky Club 1801 Haight 387-4644
Maude's Study 937 Cole 731-6119 W

POLK STREET

Buzzby's, 1436 Polk 474-4246 D
Sh' Boom 2360 Polk 474-9696
Early Bird 1723 Polk 776-4162
Gordon's Saloon 1750 Polk 775-4152
Grub Stake II 1525 Pine 673-8268 R
Havoc House 1548 Polk 441-8413 D,E
House of Harmony 1312 Polk 885-5300 D,E
Male Box 990 Post 673-7406
New Bell, 1203 Polk 775-6905 E
On the QT, Polk & Clay 885-1114 R,B
Polk Gulch, Polk & Post 885-2991
P.S. 1121 Polk 441-7798 R,B
Wild Goose 1448 Pine 775-8880
Yacht Club 2155 Polk 441-8381 R,B

NORTH BEACH

Brighton Express 580 Pacific 781-9947 R
Baj, 131 Bay 421-1872 R,B
Cabaret/After Dark 936 Montgomery
788-3365 D,E,R
Gold Street 56 Gold St 397-5626 E
Jackson's 2237 Powell 362-2696 R,B
Katie's Opera Bar 1441 Grant 986-9551
Savoy Tivoli 1438 Grant 362-7023 R
Barbary Coast 312 Columbus 982-0968 D

AROUND TOWN

Club Dori 427 Presidio 931-5896 R,B
Lion, Divisadero & Sacto. 567-6565
Peg's Place 4737 Geary 668-5050 D,B,W
Petri's Caboara's 161 California 421-9154 B,R
Pier 54, China Basin Rd 398-7846 L,B,R

AFTER HOURS

Covered Wagon 278 11th 626-7220 R
Shed, 2275 Market 861-4444 D
Truck Stop Market & Church 626-0472 R

EAST BAY

BERKELEY

Camp Grounds 2329 San Pablo 848-9292 R,B

OAKLAND

Berry's 352 14th 832-9116
Chalet 414 E 12th 444-8556 W
Club Carnation 1200 13th Ave 532-9425 B,W
Grandma's House 135 12th 444-9966 R,B,D,L
Han's 316 14th 893-6280 R,B,D
Lancer's 3255 Lakeshore 832-3242 R,B
Waikiki 1451 Harrison 832-9549 D,E
White Horse, 6547 Telegraph 652-3820 D

HAYWARD

Aloha Club 58A St, 581-9856 D
Chances R, Manyon & Tennyson 783-4426 D,E
Chandelier Lounge 22615 Mission 581-9310 D,L
Queen's Palace 799 B St. 582-9881 D,E
Turf Club 22517 Mission 581-9877

MARIN

FAIRFAX

The Woods 1625 Sir Francis Drake
453-8247 D,B

SAUSALITO

Sausalito Inn 12 LE Portal 332-0577 R

SANTA ROSA

Bunk House 9117 River Rd 887-9905
Monkey Pod 616 Mendocino Ave 546-5070

PENINSULA

PALO ALTO

Cameo Club 4120 El Camino Real 493-5215 E
Kona Kai 3740 El Camino Real 493-2777 B,D
Locker Room 1951 E. University 322-8005
The Garden 1960 University no phone
The Shack 1972 University, 342-1131

REDWOOD CITY

Bayou 1640 Main 365-9444 D,B,R
Cruiser 2651 El Camino 366-4955 B,R
The Hive 3201 Middleford Rd 365-9568

SAN JOSE

The Harbor 1035 Sunnyvale-Saratoga Rd
(Hwy 9) 252-9443 D

SANTA CLARA

The Tinker's Damn 46 Saratoga
246-4595 D,B

CUPERTINO

The Savoy 29469 Silverado Ave
255-0195 W,R,D,B

SACRAMENTO

Cruz Inn 922 9th St 443-9563/447-1300
Fay's 7436 Fairoaks Blvd 481-9610 W
Topper, 1218 K St. Mall 444-2815
Atticus 5121 El Camino 481-5595
Charlie's Place 371-9768
Underpass, 1946 Broadway 457-5867 R,D
Hawaiian Hut 2400 W Capitol Ave 371-6232 D

BRYTE

Hide & Seek, 825 Sunset 371-9817 D,E
Club Yolo Baths 1531 Sacramento 371-9949

RENO

Club Baths 1030 W 2nd St
Dave's Westside Motel 3001 W. 4th St.
(702) 786-9841
The Jade Room 214 W. Commercial Row,
(702) 786-9841
Reno Bar 424 E. 4th St
V.I.P. Club (behind Dave's) (702) 786-0525

S.F. BATHS

Baths, 3244 21st (at Mission) 285-3000
Castro Rock 582 Castro 863-9963
Club, 132 Turk 775-5511
Dave's 100 Broadway 362-6669
Finnish 1834 Divisadero 921-0306
Folsom Street Barracks 1145 Folsom
Jack's 1143 Post 673-1919
Ritch St 330 Ritch 392-3582
San Francisco 229 Ellis 775-8013
South of the Slot Hotel 979 Folsom St
543-3276/495-9828

BAY AREA BATHS

BERKELEY

Mayan Health Club, 2107 4th St. 845-8992

PALO ALTO

Bachelor's Quarters 1934 Univ. 325-7575
Goldon Door Sauna, 1205 Bayshore 325-9121

REDWOOD CITY

Fred's Health Club 1718 Broadway 365-9303

S.I.R. EACH WEEK

SUN:	11:00 AM	Metropolitan Community Church Service Open to all
	8:00 PM	Psychology Rap Session w/Martin Stow Open to all
MON:	8:00 PM	Theatrical Make-up Class by Frank Open to all
TUE:	8:00 PM	Tap Dancing Class by Paul Bentley Open to all, check for beginning date
WED:	8:30 PM	General Membership Meeting, First Wed. S.I.R. Members Only
	7:30 PM	Ways and Means Committee meets before Board of Trustees on 2nd & 4th Wed. of each month. Members Only
	8:00 PM	Board of Trustees Meeting Members may observe
	8:30 PM	SIR Open Meeting & Open House 3rd Wes. every month. Programs vary. Open to all
THURS:	7:00 PM	Live Life Discussion Group Open to all
FRI:	8:00 PM	Conversation Group. Open to all.
SAT:	8:00 PM	SIR Party-Time Dance, music, treats 50 cents admission

VECTOR readers may participate on many of SIR's committees by contacting SIR at 781-1570 or by visiting the SIR Center and filling out a committee volunteer form. The regular, standing committees of SIR are: Community Center, Community Service, Education, Funding, Legal, Membership, Mental Health, Political, Publication, Public Relations, Productions, Religious, Social, and Special Activities. Those wishing to be placed on a list of office and center volunteers may contact the Office Manager: 781-1570

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PIRO (Continued from Page 13)

tastically talented writers, artists, and photographers who, in effect, subsidize us out of their goodness. Too much of my day is spent on my knees begging or thanking *artists* for their creativity. As it is we are, I feel, certainly one of the finest designed and executed magazines in the business. Keeping it that way and improving is a constant financial struggle. It's also impossible to "shape" an issue without getting into commissioning professional writers. I respond to every manuscript submitted and would like to see more and hope potential writers realize that we will help them and will work out the mechanics.

Who helps you on this?

Two saints. Bill Plath, our publications director who stage manages every issue and with a smile and a shrug simply takes over and does what needs doing from emptying waste paper baskets to directing the advertising to buying us day old coffee cake every morning. And Jean Goldman who, I feel, is the most important single addition to our staff in our history. She is an incredibly talented art director (and sometimes a bitch) whose work never ceases to fascinate her New York peers. Rick Hansen was recently appointed to the Editorial Review Board and has proven invaluable with ideas and the willingness to work them out.

You recently resigned and then returned. Why?

I was afraid you were going to pop that one. Over the years *Vector* has moved from a collective news letter to a highly sophisticated slick monthly magazine. Naturally, the people involved became professional and the process somewhat a mystery. *Vector*, according to the Society For Individual Rights simply appeared monthly. Policies gradually moved into the exclusive realm of the paid editor and each editor turned the magazine into his own image.

At one point I decided I didn't dig being publisher and sought assistance from the real publishers, the Board of Trustees who were reluctant or unable to cope with making some vital decisions. I split.

Then, under the leadership of President Hector Navarro, and Bill Plath in a really inspiring push of togetherness they managed to squeeze out their own (February) issue which suddenly brought the Board into play so that they were literally forced into reclaiming their own product.

Since I realized that I would no longer be producing *Vector* in a S.I.R. vacuum, our love affair became a solid marriage and I'm delighted with the situation as it is now.

Where do you see VECTOR going?

Into *the* nationally recognized voice of the gay community. We already have subscribers all over the world and, as quality increases along with artistry in writing and art work, we are being approached by advertising agencies who are desperate for acceptable gay outlets for their products but are afraid of the cock-and-balls type of magazines that we were limited to for so many, many years. **Vector** is an idea whose time has come.

CLASSIFIEDS

EMPLOYERS NEEDED–S.I.R.'s employment referral service has had tremendous success in satisfying the needs of employers who have contacted us. If you are an employer or know of one who needs qualified employees, contact S.I.R. We are discreet! (781-1570, Chuck)

GAY BUSINESSES – If you are a plumber, physician, carpenter, TV repairman, whatever, and want gay business, contact S.I.R. for a listing in our referral service.

Tom Haul's all 863-7748

Sexual Compulsives Anonymous: A program of Recovery for those addicted to sexual Compulsions: Write: PO Box 195, Monrovia, California. (213) 359-7077 Call now!

EMMAUS HOUSE SWITCHBOARD – New location, 934 Page St. (Golden Gate Liberation House) Call for all gay services. 863-2480

GAY? DRINKING PROBLEM? – OTHERS HAVE FOUND A WAY. WE MEET FOUR NIGHTS A WEEK. CALL 982-4473

HOUSE TO SHARE IN EAST BAY?
Employed professional (publishing) 30's is tired of living alone and is seeking a HOUSE (not apartment) to share with one or more gay men in Berkeley. I'm a New York teacher dropout into singing with SF Symphony Chorus & other pleasures such as smoking & food. Funk is not desirable—structure & neatness is. Have a super mellow cat, an IBM Selectric and no other heavy possessions other than basics. This is NOT a sex ad. Call Richard at 841-3708 in AM (before 9) or after 7.

FREE COPY OF VECTOR TO A FRIEND?
Yes! Send name(s) to Editor: 83 6th St., SF for no obligation gift from us to you & you.

FREE MEDITATION GROUPS! The Inner Light mediation groups for gays is now accepting new members. It's easy to learn and, best of all, it's free! Call John (771-2445) or Mike (864-7363) and let us tell you about searching.

S.I.R. PRINTING IS BACK IN BUSINESS!!
500 copies 8x10 fliers on one side is only $7.00 Call 781-1570 or drop in at S.I.R. at 83 6th St. for complete details. Ask for Norman Armentrout

THE CHISHOLM TRAIL–Help local feminists to help Ms. Chisholm pay a $2000,000 debt. Tix for a $15 per plate brunch on May 4th at noon at the Fairmont may be ordered by calling 775-9191 or 921-3886. 1250 Jones St. No. 502, SF.

Join **Dignity**, a national Catholic group of sincere gay women & men with an active spiritual, educational & social program. Write **Dignity National Office**, Box 6161, Los Angeles, Calif. 90055.

SLAVE WANTED–DOWNTOWN SAN FRAN. Live-in possible with benevolent autocrat. (56, 6' 2", 220). Please write Paul, P.O. Box 2811 San Francisco 94126. Telephone Anytime–(415) 775-4806

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DON *(Continued from Page 11)*

fairly clear of those complications is with a monogomous relationship but that has its own strains.

Married men with wives and children often find it easier to establish gay relationships with other married men who have their own wives and children. Again, the reason is that each can easily understand a cancelled date because of similar experiences in their own home.

A primary relationship may not suit you though. You may be a person who needs to be your own Number One with six or seven strong secondary relationships. If that is the case it is usually confusing to be living with someone unless it is clear that you are simply roommates or you are in a collective living situation. The person who shares your home and bed is apt to assume that he or she is closer to being Number One than the others and that is going to lead to trouble when you act on your assumption that the situation is entirely fluid and no one has any special rights to your time and energies. If there is to be no primary relationship beware of sharing bed and board with one person.

Jealousy is a true nuisance and lack of time is a true disadvantage. But it's a big world with lots of loving people in it. If you let them know who you are, what you need, and the limitations of your resources, there will always be some people who are attracted to you and love you because you are exactly that way.△

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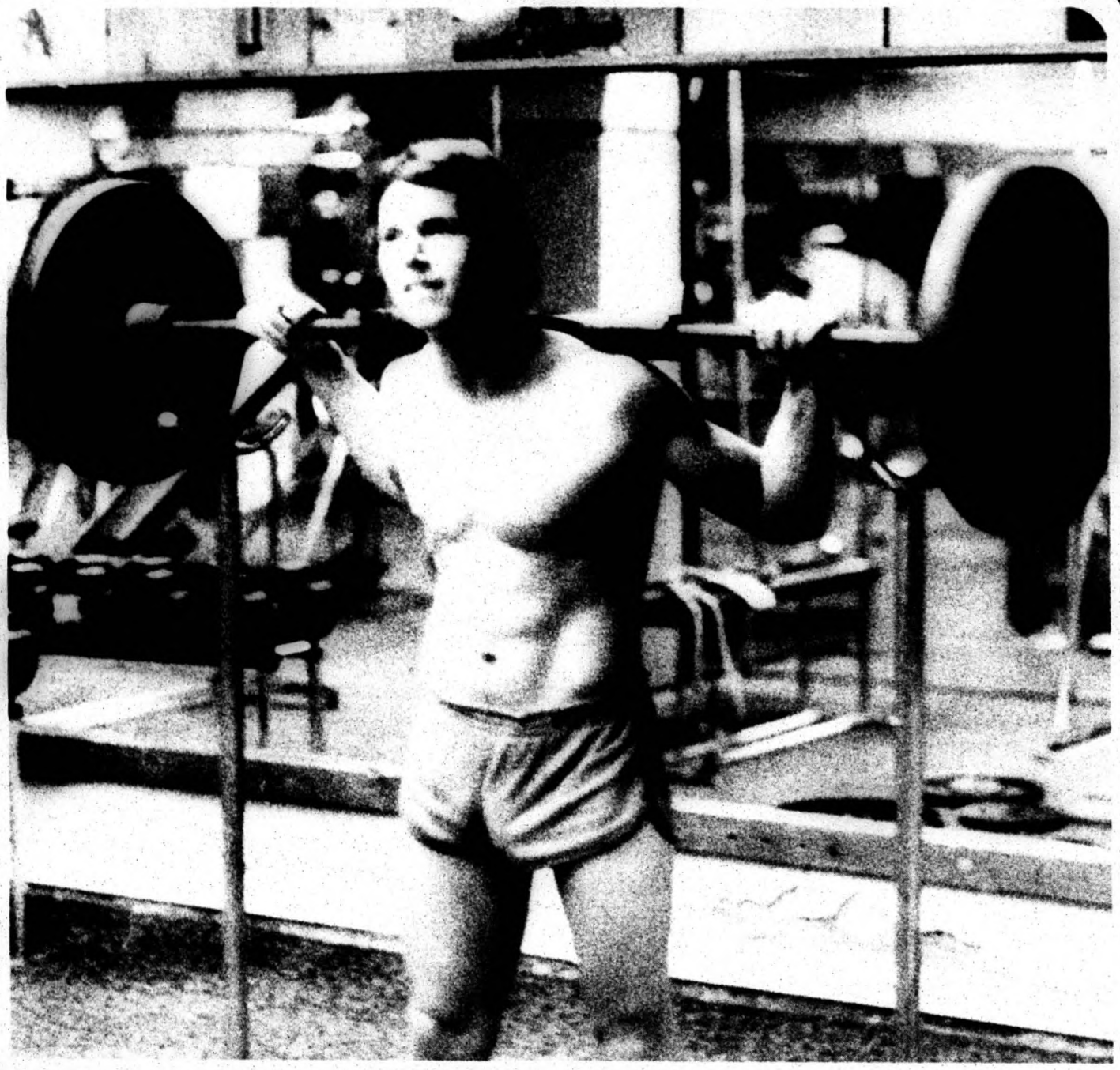

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