Shakespeare's Gay Sonnets
OPERA TOUR
TO NEW YORK
FOR: $599.00
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 Home, Amara, McCracken, 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 Moer, Lear, von Stade, Stewart, Goeka 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 Lipert, Moer, 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 RESENKA VALIER by Strauss at the Metropolitan Opera House with Moffo, Cael, MacNeil, Michalski and Morris.

Saturday, June 8
8:00 P.M. performance of Verdi's RIGOLETTO at the Metropolitan Opera House with Moffo, Cael, MacNeil, Michalski 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.

INCLUDED IN PRICE:
- ROUND-TRIP JET TRANSPORTATION SAN FRANCISCO/NEW YORK/SAN FRANCISCO
- MOTORCOACH TRANSFERS BETWEEN AIRPORT/HOTEL/AIRPORT
- ACCOMMODATIONS FOR SEVEN NIGHTS AT THE MAYFLOWER HOTEL
- TOUR OF METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
- CIRCLE ISLAND CRUISE AND BROADWAY MUSICAL
- ORCHESTRA SEATS FOR ALL OPERA PERFORMANCES

PAYMENTS:
- Rate of $599.00 per person is based on double occupancy. Single room supplement is $75.00. Deposit of $50.00 per person with application for reservation. Final payment will be due on May 20th. Full refund if cancellation is prior to May 10th.

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

ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER OF SPACES AVAILABLE

For further information Contact: PETER BESSOL — 928-2501 or 861-1330

Jackson Travel Service
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Mr. Kalendar's LEVI-BALL
Fri. May 3d 8:30pm

$5.00 ADVANCE
$6.50 AT DOOR

LIVE BAND
PRIZES DANCING ENTERTAINMENT

AT THE VILLAGE
901 COLUMBUS AVE. S.F
Several months ago VECTOR sponsored a contest in order to raise funds, the first prize being appearance on the cover of the December issue. Several fine men were contestants and sold "votes." The winner was to be selected not on the basis of sexist beauty-contest standards but rather on the highest amount of money raised for The Society for Individual Rights' multiple activities for the gay community. Winner, Terry Black, who raised the largest sum was named "Mr. Vector." Technical difficulties prevented his appearing on the December cover of the January edition.

It is hoped that this will clarify the confusion that has been raging for the past few months.

The combined pressures of a growing son, a budding daughter and a handsome husband have necessitated Art Director, Dennis Forbes (centerfold photographer, January, March) as Art Director.

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.

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Who was Noel Coward, anyway? Today we would call him "nelly," a few decades ago a "fop," and further back perhaps a "glam." 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 vamp'd 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 Kraiz 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 non-existent—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, under-ideaed, too long, too obvious sketches to patron saint, Noel Coward.

But, then again, few among us cannot but 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.△

—Richard Piro

Ms. Carmen McRae returns to San Francisco by popular demand on April 26 and 27 at the Great American Music Hall.
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 cram 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!
I am in my late thirties, married to a woman I love and 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. J. M.
Miami, Florida

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 that my 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 appoint the dichotomy to be 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 reliable loving agreement with your wife (and your mate) 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 help you making your choice. If you and your woman-like have, a marriage-whether of mixed or same gender, usually requires a declaration of primary relationships. Each of you needs to know that you are Number One to the other.

From this publication of available counseling services, a growing number of psychologists who, by choice, specialize 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 your name and address stamped envelope will receive a list from this publication of available counseling and psychotherapy resources in your community. Brief letters with questions of general interest are solicited.

by DON CLARK, Ph. D.

DEAR DON

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by DON CLARK, Ph. D.
AND NOW... a few words

from (and about) ... THE EDITOR

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 a VECTOR is a breeze, almost. And to the disaster—does one color on the 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 shaping 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 route into something more masculine, something we 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---except to the same sex since we have to consider male/female/transual. 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 the most of the time.

Do you get much flack from this attitude?

I am moving forward but not forward to a point where I am turning them off and losing readers. I am careful to include movement pieces in every issue. Look, we don’t zero into any one element we can remain open and hope we’re reaching some of the people the most of the time.

What would you lay is your biggest problem?

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Only from “movement people.” Then I remember that movement people comprise only 1% of the gay population and wonder why. Therefore, we’re a male oriented magazine. We try to cover lesbian affairs or publish works by lesbians more to keep males informed of lesbian thinking rather than trying to appeal to women to buy Playboy. If it’s business stuff. From editorial I 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 sexist and turning them off and losing readers. We are essentially a male organization with women more welcomed. Therefore, we’re a male oriented magazine. We try to cover lesbian affairs or publish works by lesbians and we’d love to see more women by women to buy Vector.

What would you say is your biggest problem?

Playboy. I go to a fancy laundromat every Saturday morning near my place of work. I have a big laundry soap bubble out on the magazine table and sit back and watch during my wash. It’s a constant trip to watch the “professional type” closest ones 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 indiscrption was noted. What fun to watch righteous couples or style-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 more much the guy-down-the-hall type whom I call “the luckies.” I labored this point in an editorial and realize that while I am not actively turned on to the average, Vector photo is that man. His worst point—he 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 photographry 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 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 sexist and turning them off and losing readers. Last summer we had a photo of a group of people having a good time and they were all very lovely and we had this one man’s photograph that was very masculine and the boys screamed bloody murder if they didn’t have it, and we had to compromise and put the main photograph in two pieces and the others in order to save our cover. Such a Cancer!... a few words

The New office is spacious but it seems like every bar top ariel, the walls is covered with copy for the next issue. In front of what appears to be a typewriter, but which is really the machine that sets the type for the magazine, sits Rich­ ard Piro (don’t ever call him “Dick”) as his fingers moving rapidly over the keys. On his shoulders rests the telephone and, while his eyes dart back and forth from copy he is copying to the copy he is reading, his voice is at once angry, placating, and works until late. He is in and out of 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 on errands, on errands and chores; picking up copy for an article here, a photo there, here an illustration, there a praise from one of the contribu­

THE EDITOR

ving editors to get his article in on time. He’s talking to Julian Goldman, art director. “Yes,” she’ll be able to get out of her show, get her work in. She smiles, says something polite about a story she’s working on, and sets the type for the magazine. All the while, Piro is sitting in front of what appears to be a typewriter, typing, his voice is at once angry, placating, and works until late. He is in and out of the business at hand, which is as always, the next issue of VECTOR.

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AND NOW... a few words
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 vast,
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 Marks on the Homoeotatism of Shakespeare's Sonnets

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, taunting the foul-mouthed Thersites, who warns him: “Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk. Thou art said to be Achilles’ male varlet.”

PATROCULUS: 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 altogether.

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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 open 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 that scenes 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 ladies.” Wilde went on to say that the role of Wily Handel was, “we are not meant to take his theory too seriously, but he was probably right about the sexual ambiguity.”

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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)
In other words: ball them, love only me.

A devastatingly, impossible compartmentalised demand—but apparently the idealistic Shakespeare could not accept a fully sexual relationship 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 Southampton's part? Perhaps so. Yet if their intense flirtation remained unconsummated, it also refused to be consumed.

Then happily 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 unforgottably beautiful. Their opening words alone are often enough to raise gooseflesh; perhaps in all literature. A few fall flat, others manage four good lines out of fourteen, a large number are wholly successful and unforgottably beautiful. Their opening words alone are often enough to raise gooseflesh; thus, the Sonnets are dedicated to Southampton, the well-adored monastery and the Hellenic, the half-penitent, half-revealed ideal of the poet. The Southampton sonnet is included in a mixture of the Bedouin encampment, the well-advocated monastery and the Hellenic, a sonnet of political and religious reflection into the joys of aesthetic life. Will would not be shocked by evidence of homosexuality; he may have been inclined to it himself; he was, after all, dedicated to the material profession.

This is the main reason why Shakespeare posse's assigned task. Being on the periphery, the gay young Southampton to clone, he suddenly saw how the same result could be achieved by different means—or through his own poetry.

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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, resourcefulness 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. 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.

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 Sheriff’s car drove up at dawn to take the boy away. Inside the youth-jail: his nightmare blinks thru box-o-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 toasting in his street-clothes, staying outside his cell while the naked boy dressed in silence. They showed him the commitment 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 roared 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; smugg 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, sadomasochist, child-molest, homosexual, voyeur, exhibitionist, fetishist; every twist and turn of sex ended here. A theater of the perverse, stage lights 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 smuggling around his weary mind. This would be his life 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 inmate cleaning his room, beds stripped down, rooms locked. shine reflecting in the technician-guard's boots. Assigned into work-crews to scour the ward; the day-room, hallway, shower and latrine till everything was a dull some of the rooms were still unlocked; reaching the end, taut frustrations bulging, poising for the prey. A human dragging him into a cell where other inmates waited. That night spent in city jail where they had taken their turns in seclusion for his own protection," he must fight, if not with strength then with cunning; the prey must outwit the beast. He had turned 16, the afternoons were warming into summer. He had turned 16, the afternoons were warming into summer. He had turned 16, the afternoons were warming into summer.

The months pushed relentlessly thru winter. The months pushed relentlessly thru winter. The months pushed relentlessly thru winter. The months pushed relentlessly thru winter.

a smile of madness slashed across his lips. A new terror shot thru his thoughts as the overhead-light a small, windowless cell, a thin mat and a blanket on the floor; only his own smell to keep him company while huddled against nothing but the numbing had of intimidation had pills in it. He was impelled to this spare of earth, this heartbeat constricted by steel and concrete; smothering him; pacing out his days, jerking off his nights; this terror had of intimidation had pills in it. His youth straining the seams of this straight-jacket life:

The months pushed relentlessly thru winter. Each month coming in with newly arrived faces staring bleakly into their own future; months going out with release-papers into the free world; his months slipping by, sinking down his 17th year. His youth straining the seams of this straight-jacket life: he was lucky enough, others here were doing dead-time, still hewing to go back to court and trial; brooding in a tomb of INDETERMINATE SENTENCE. MENTAL HYGIENE scribbling his brain with hard bristled psychiatric logic: shrinking his head to fit the social norm. The deaf speaking to the deaf in compulsory therapy groups. Doctors, doctors, doctors slurping at the public trough lest they starve in private practice. The lawn edged by an asphalt walkway, surrounded on 3 sides by peering windows and unseen eyes watching, taking notes; at the far end of the yard was a wall and sky beyond reach. He was impelled to this space of earth, this heartbeat constricted by steel and concrete; he had brought along a pen, he began to write. An idea was rippling thru his mind, a fragile hope burst into words.

To SOCIETY, great God of the masses. To SOCIETY, great God of the masses. To SOCIETY, great God of the masses.

We who have deviated from your grace remain unblessed. We who have deviated from your grace remain unblessed. We who have deviated from your grace remain unblessed.

We are your sons, we are your brothers. We are your sons, we are your brothers.

We are your fathers and uncles and cousins. We are your fathers and uncles and cousins.

We are strangers passing in your nights. 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, we are inevitable.

We have given you our art for your beauty, for your glory, we have fought on your battlefields for your freedom.

We have seen your wrath and suffered your whims.

WE ARE INEVITABLE. Tomorrow Freedom...

Gene Ampton
Excerpted from my mind, Spring 1973

24 VECTOR, April 1974
the weeks strung-out together like links on a chain;
the lives of every man crushed one upon the other
within ever shrinking walls.

the 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
Second day, the regimen beginning at dawn: rousted up,
Assigned into work-crews to scour the ward: the day-room,
around a day-room under observation from the guard-cage.
This was a closed-ward, a closed world; life revolving
taut frustrations bulging, poising for the prey.
A human zoo of men drowding, pacing the ward, scheming;
Manhandled, black-eyed, bruised from where he’d fought back;
dragging him into a cell where other inmates waited.
He had turned 16, the afternoons were warming into summer.
He was learning the rough give and take
of all male worlds: the games of Rank and Pressure.
He was taught the furtive need among men confined to each other.
He discovered fathers, brothers and enemies behind
the labels of Sexual Psychopath and Criminal Inanai;
revealing to him a face behind the crime.
There were free-men here also, men in white uniforms;
men who seldom questioned their own sanity, who never got caught.
These moral-guards caught up with him one hot afternoon:
catching a snooping eyeful of hidden, loving brothers
with their pants down taking care of each other.
"You’re sick, queer boys,” the guards invoking
a curse of guilt inherited from the ignorant centuries.
"In aclusion for his own protection,” read the office report.
Maimed, blind, black-eyed, bruised from where he’d fought back;
not giving-in to them, remembering his first bust, last year.

He was impelled to this spare of earth,
He stood by a window overlooking the courtyard,
springing over the wall, escaping into the clouds;

He was under the thumb of medication now, his youth saving
him from the first of electric-shock-therapy; instead,
Throughout the stoned nights into each new day
he was taught the furtive need among men confined to each other.
He stood by a window overlooking the courtyard,

We who have deviated from your grace remain unblessed.
We are your sons, we are your brothers.

We are your children.
we are inevitable.
we have fought on your battlefields for your freedom.
we have seen your wrath and suffered your whims.
we have endured your laws and survived your justice.
we are your dead victims,
we are your future-born generations,
we are inevitable.

There is no cure that can make us well in your eyes,
there is no humiliation that can keep us on your knees.

WE ARE INEVITABLE.

Tomorrow Freedom...?
He will be released tomorrow, his case transferred back to court: he had lived in this same building for 2 years; the staff of doctors taking that time to decide he was unmanageable for treatment.
He stood by a window overlooking the courtyard, watching the faces of men doing time: faces he hoped never to see again; faces of men who had been here his first day, who would be here after he’d been forgotten; faces of men who die here lonely, disgraced, neglected.
His thoughts stirred above the faces in the courtyard:

We are your sons, we are your brothers.

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

With a hundred-old businesses com­
mitted 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 im­
pressed on an overcrowded hill. They get
claustrophobic. Even they get bored.
Weekends are too short for major adven­
tures, and why go to Los Angeles only
to breathe more foul air and squeeze in­
sane behind it.) The Pacific Ocean,
Oakland, San Mateo (and more of the
same behind it.) The Pacific Ocean,
Marin. Faced with that choice (and no
boards), it's a rare exception that does
not choose Marin.

And Marin doesn't entirely lack for
pleasure 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 Fair­
fax, the more erotic appeal of Travel­
ers' Inn in San Rafael, will testify. Still,
that's for an evening, not a whole week­
end. 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 atm­
osphere. Is there anything in the great
uncharacter block between Marin's North­
ern 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 sour­
dough 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, comforta­
bale antiques that have been lived with,
and not kept under glass. A captivating,
tame brace of animals running loose
from Llamas to monkeys—friendly peo­
ple and fine food. Warm, welcoming at­
mosphere—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 consider­
ate 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 book­
store devoted entirely to the works of
Jack London and, of course, Jack Lon­
don 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 cory. A bricked, open sun fire
right in the middle of the room, surrounded
by a circle of easy chairs. And a long,
very chatty bar behind which work­
tenders 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 every­
body 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 Hexagonal House.
The clientele's not generally gay, but
you're liable to spot a few friends. Din­
er 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 shrou­
ded in trees, with the Russian River
trickling by. A most restful place for a
budget weekend overnight.

Or, outside Guerneville, try Wild­
wood Ranch — it may change your
weekend habits for life. A bunkhouse,
and a sandwich-shops, galleries, a book­
store devoted entirely to the works of
Jack London and, of course, Jack Lon­
don 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 cory. A bricked, open sun fire
right in the middle of the room, surrounded
by a circle of easy chairs. And a long,
very chatty bar behind which work­
tenders 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 every­
body 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 Hexagonal House.
The clientele's not generally gay, but
you're liable to spot a few friends. Din­
er 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 shrou­
ded in trees, with the Russian River
trickling by. A most restful place for a
budget weekend overnight.

Or, outside Guerneville, try Wild­
wood Ranch — it may change your
weekend habits for life. A bunkhouse,
and a sandwich-shops, galleries, a book­
store devoted entirely to the works of
Jack London and, of course, Jack Lon­
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weekend habits for life. A bunkhouse,
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 children's 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?"

As he walked 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. Sun-tanned, 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 bad drop, 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 appealing 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?"
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. To 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 above genital distinctions—to rise above the society defined male and female?

It may be that that is too much to ask. Gay apparently 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 encounters hostility—hostility from the straight, hostility from the girls.

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 free here. But the strength must lie in knowledge that one is living in the right direction for oneself.

It is with this that the drag exists. But, if caught unaware, you can be mentally destroyed by your own kind. It seems a pity that the gays are always running about the city. Do they have a right to be? And are they being correctly given the comfort of their numbers?

Let the drag aspire to be herself!

R. W. ANDERSON (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. However her race, she was alluring, Negro, promiscuous, and irresistible.

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

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

Because there 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 perform lie in.

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair... The better angel is a man right fair

The worse 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.

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 46, 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 sonsnets in their own way were wise, too.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments Of princes, shall outlast this pow'ful rhyme Of princes, shall outlast this pow'ful rhyme Yet the sonnets in their own way were wise, too.
will eventually have is that men will have brute strength. This means the atmosphere of competition which produces "winners" and "losers" will become less intense. A wider range of personalities stand to profit immeasurably in their own progress towards personhood and understanding, support and participation of Women's Liberation is not only a good idea of strength-subjugation.

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 food and atmosphere, and "straight" don't have much meaning here—everybody's just People, free to relax and be who they are.

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Trail (Continued from Page 27) accommodations: a huge, modern lodge with bar and heated swimming pool, several completely furnished cabins with fireplaces and private decks, and a bunkhouse. It caters to weekenders and full-week vacationers; with advance reservation, and will not admit unannounced "drop-ins."

S I N G E R O M A N S  (Continued from Page 2)
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. 

STORY AND PHOTOS
BY
JAMES ARMSTRONG
PICTURED (Continued from Page 13)

basically talented writers, artists, and photographers who, in effect, sublimate us out of the goodness. Too much of my day is spent on my knees begging or thinking artists for their creativity. As it is we are, I feel, certainly one of the few driven, dedicated and experienced businesses in the business, keeping it up and working is a constant financial struggle. It's also impossible to "shut" an issue without putting our lives and careers on hold, national writers, I respond to every manuscript submitted and I, of course, hope potential writers realize that we will help them and will work out the mechanics.

Who you are seeing on this?

Two saints, Bill Plath, our publications director who manages every issue with a smile and a shrug simply because he takes and is about doing from emptying wasp paper baskets to directing the board's decision to buying day old coffee cake every morning. And Joan Goldman who 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 ceased to fascinate her New York peers, Rick Hansen was recently appointed to the Editorial Review Board and has proven readable with ideas and the willingness to work them out.

Who you are seeing on this?

You recently resigned and then returned. Why?

I was afraid I was going to be going 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 professionals and the process seems to have lost its mystery. What a mystery. Vector, according to the Society for Individual Rights simply appeared monthly, Politics gradually moved into the realm of the mass reader and each issue seemed to have its own identity. A question that will help them and will work out the mechanics.

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, both in writing and art work, and as we are being approached by advertising agencies who are desperate for acceptable gay outlets for their products but are afraid of "the wrong" type of magazine that we represent and to for so many, many years. Vector is an idea whose time has come.

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(Continued from Page 13)

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THE CHISOM TRAIL—Help local feminists to help Ms. Chisholm pay a $2000.00 Debt. 34th St. for a $15 per plate brunch on May 4th at noon at the Fairmont may be ordered by calling 775-9191 or 921-3880, 1700 Jones St. No. 502, SF.

Join Dignity, a national Catholic group of sincere gay men & women with an activist, educational & social program. Write Dignity National Office, Box 618, Los Angeles, Calif. 90055.

DON (Continued from Page 1) fairly clear of those complications is with a monogamous 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 similarities in 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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