

ARCADIE

Monthly magazine in French; literary and scientific, infrequent photos and drawings. \$9. yearly.

162 Rue Jeanne d'Arc, Paris XIII, France.

VRIENDSCHAP

Monthly magazine in Dutch; photos and drawings, also articles about women. \$4. yearly.

Postbox 542, Amsterdam, Holland.

FOUNDATION INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR SEX EQUALITY

NEWSLETTER, with reports from the ICSE, monthly in English.

KURIER, German edition of the above, monthly.

PRESS, a digest of news items from press reports, monthly in German.

Subscriptions to each of the above, \$10 per year.

Postbox 1564, Amsterdam, Holland.

DER KREIS/LE CERCLE

Monthly magazine in German, a few pages in French, also in English. Liberally illustrated with photographs and drawings. Articles, stories, poetry. Oldest of homophile publications. \$11, first class. 1953-57 volumes available at \$8.

Postbox 547, Fraumunster, Zurich 22, Switzerland.

one

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

JULY 1960
FIFTY CENTS



one incorporated

FOUNDED 1952

A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants, and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.



EDITOR

DON SLATER

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

WILLIAM LAMBERT
LYN PEDERSEN
STEN RUSSELL

WOMEN'S EDITOR

ALISON HUNTER

EDITORIAL SECRETARY

ROBERT GREGORY

ART DIRECTOR

EVE ELLOREE

STAFF ARTIST

DAWN FREDERIC

ONE Magazine is published monthly at fifty cents per copy, plus postage for mailing; subscriptions in the United States, Canada & Mexico at five dollars per year (first class, sealed); two years for nine dollars; airmail, one year for six-fifty dollars; subscriptions in other countries, six dollars per year; airmail rates on application.

Publication offices: 232 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 12, California
Copyright 1960 by ONE, Incorporated, Los Angeles, California.

Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless postage and self-addressed envelope are enclosed.

one



"... a mystic bond
of brotherhood
makes all men one."

Carlyle

magazine

Volume VIII

Number 7

July 1960

- 4 EDITORIAL Lyn Pedersen
- 6 KI-KI OR THE BUTCH-FEMME Sten Russell
- 10 A BEER, A BATH AND A SUMMER NIGHT
fiction by Theo. King
- 15 THE SLEEPING BOY a poem by Paris Flammonde
- 16 TANGENTS news & views by Dal McIntire
- 20 THE FORGETFULNESS OF MONSIEUR MEUNIER
fiction by Peter Abbott
- 22 LINES ON NOTE PAPER a poem by Tom Fielding
- 22 FRAGMENT I a poem by Sten Russell
- 23 BOOKS
- 26 THE RAID Charles K. Robinson
- 29 LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

COVER: Eve Elloree

EDITORIAL

Although ONE, Incorporated, is non-partisan and intends to remain so, and though the editors and readers of this magazine range fully across the political spectrum, we feel that homophile organizations cannot divorce themselves from some concern with the issues involved in 1960's national political Donnybrook.

How much effect do American homosexual voters have on the contemporary electoral scene? Perhaps not much, since many homosexuals seem gaily content to leave their fate in others' hands. But what if such a group were to become self-conscious? At least three million Americans of voting age are fully homosexual, and another seven million partly so: enough to have overturned most Presidential elections—had they voted as a partly cohesive bloc. Any change in the voting habits of so large a group would have real national significance.

How do most homosexuals determine the way to vote? There seems to be no distinct pattern at present. Many don't bother to vote at all, feeling that neither party will give homosexuals a fair shake. Most homosexuals probably conform indiscriminately to the political bias of their family, religion, class or birthplace, with perhaps not a single X on a lifetime of ballots influenced by the fact of their homosexuality. Some vote for "sexy" candidates, or for those rumored to be "friendly."

In any minority group, an early sign of group consciousness is the adoption of Samuel Gompers' formula of using the ballot to punish one's enemies and reward one's friends. This may not be the ultimate of political maturity, but it is a sign of growing up. When McCarthy raged against State Dept. homosexuals and Senator Dirksen promised a 1954 GOP campaign "against reds, pinks, psychopaths and homosexuals," or when Calif. Governor (then Atty. Gen.) Brown worked to close down gay bars, or when legislators of either party supported fascistic sex laws, homosexuals should have voted to strike down these men. Citizens who fail to use the ballot to protect their rights, deserve no rights.

Only rarely has homosexuality been a direct campaign issue. Russ Wolden's anti-homosexual smear backfired miserably in San Francisco last year. Much of 1952's egghead-baiting had a vicious anti-homosexual undertone. Even McCarthy was accused of homosexuality. An eastern mayor survived a campaign involving his son's morals arrest. Wyoming Senator Hunt's suicide was attributed to similar parental embarrassment. Rumors that a candidate is homosexual generally (except with President Buchanan) stay very sub rosa.

Among the many factors affecting a homosexual's political leanings how much influence should his homosexuality have?

We distinctly need to claim pre-eminence for the issue of homo-

sexual rights, to demand that unconstitutional treatment of this minority is as real and urgent a political issue as any other.

It helps to know any office-seeker's record on censorship, sex laws, police powers, bachelor's tax status, security regulations, vagrancy laws, age of consent, indeterminate sentences and other related questions—and that includes local candidates. At present a homosexual endorsement of any candidate would probably be a kiss of death (such a kiss has value), but that is the fate of unpopular groups newly entering politics. The unwanted supporters of today may be quite welcome tomorrow.

Since not all of us consider homosexuality the only urgent question in our lives, other public questions may take precedence. We may decide to vote for a man who seems to have the right approach to issues like social security, communism or atomic war—even if his attitude is unsatisfactory on questions of personal morality.

Should the individual vote for the most intelligent candidate, or for the sexy one, or for one rumored to be gay? Should he vote for the candidate who has a firm grip on foreign affairs, or for the one most likely able to block a homo-baiting candidate?

Other problems face the homophile group. How can we build alliances with other groups that are worried about censorship, police practices or sex laws, but which are afraid to be associated with homosexuals? How do we educate homosexuals to accept social responsibility, to vote and make their vote felt? Is it too soon to endorse candidates? Should we lobby for just sex laws? Should we ally with one of the parties, or start our own? What about far-out issues like birth control? Should we leave politics to the individual conscience?

Politicians know that minority-group spokesman-organizations can seldom deliver more than a fraction of the votes they represent, but even that can swing close races. This suggestion may be the shape of things to come, but a lot of groundwork is needed to give it reality.

Alert homosexuals should carefully tally the local politicians' records on all matters of our interest. In time perhaps ONE's Bureau of Public Information, or some such organization as a non-partisan Homosexual Council for Political Education, might publish these records for the voters' edification.

The time seems not quite ripe . . .

Homosexuality is no longer an issue to sweep under the political rug, and the homosexual vote may in time swing a balance of power—but not until the individual homosexual accepts his political responsibility.

Lyn Pedersen
Associate Editor

ki-ki

or the butch-femme

Twelve years ago, when I entered gay life through a swinging door, the first question asked me was whether I was "butch" or "femme." I didn't like the sound of the question—but I had to ask for definitions before I knew that I really didn't like the sound of the question.

The question, so worded, usually carried with it an implied threat that you'd better be one or the other or be socially ostracized in the gay group of that time and place.

What was a butch? Well, theoretically, it appeared that the butch was the 'head of the household'—wore the pants and generally imitated her concept of what a man should be. The femme was stuck with this. She was supposed to be the passive, feminine counterpart. She was supposed to look and act feminine in public as well as be the 'receiver of love' in the bedroom.

Very interesting, as though life weren't hard enough already. If I'd wanted a man, I'd have married one. "How about being both?" I asked innocently. Consternation—horror. "Good Heavens, Sten, you're not serious? You must not know what you're saying. Don't let anyone think

you can't make up your mind. That's *Ki-Ki*.* That's almost as bad as being *bisexual*."

I felt cut up three ways. Almost as bad as being *bisexual*! Good God! I wanted to be a part of this? Why? I wondered why? But I knew the answer to that question before I thought it. Why? Because these were my people. I smiled a crooked smile. Right or wrong they were mine and I had finally found a bad social condition I could not flee. I was so tired of always being in the minority, always the odd-ball, always the out-cast. Just once in my life to be accepted for what I was, without pretense: that was what I wanted. I had admitted to myself I was homosexual in a mind-shaking and Life-giving experience. What more was required of me? The impossible demand that I ignore or repress one or more sides of that homosexual nature? Very well, I tried. For some months I tried to fulfill the full time role of a butch. It didn't come off too well and furthermore, I was not attracted to dependent, leeching, parasitic femmes. Even those who

*Ki-Ki: Pronounced—Kigh-Kigh.

were not out to use one like a grasping woman uses a decent man left me pretty cold. So I tried to be a femme. That came off even less well. I could not conform to the standard concept of how a femme should dress and act any more than I'd ever been able to conform to how a normal woman should dress and act to attract a man. After a few more months of this nonsense, I declared war on gay bar society. I answered "ki-ki" to anyone who asked and made it damn clear that anyone who objected could stop drinking my beer and eating my pretzels. I dressed as I pleased, and permitted my partners to do likewise. I led in dancing when necessary and followed when my partner could lead better. There was a long, cold period when gay kids stayed away from me in droves, but after a while the situation thawed, as I had known it would. Six months had taught me a lot about butches and femmes. Namely, that for the most part—98 percent most part I'd estimate—butches and femmes did not really exist. The pose was a front—an act—a role-playing bit, and a very selfish one at that. Mainly the butches did permit their femmes to make love to them also; although this was sometimes worth a bottle in the face if mentioned in public. Frequently, I found, these big, manly butches let their femmes support them. Some even pimped for their femmes. The knowledge turned me cold, and I no longer cared what these pitiful people thought or did. How they could degrade their minds, their bodies, and their honor in such ways escaped me. I ceased trying to figure it out. I knew that there were many like me; many who were afraid to declare themselves ki-ki to the group. I knew that I had only to wait patiently till someone who thought the same way as I did and who had the honesty to admit it would help me build the kind of life

we both wanted. This did indeed come about.

It had now been some years since I frequented the gay bars. I got to wondering whether the situation had changed any for the better. An old friend, a femme (they do truly exist, but rarely) assured me that it had, that the situation wasn't anything like what I had experienced 12 years ago, that she was the freak now, not me. Somehow I doubted it. My love and I had been coerced into a gay bar by young friends several years before and the first damn question was you know what. I was surprised to find that ten years had not dampened my anger at the inhumanity, the stupidity, of the situation. For the sake of the youngsters who liked the bar society, we went several times. But it was hopeless for me, even then.

I went down to one of the old haunts recently, to see whether or not my femme friend was right—that things had changed for the better. My love and I sat there looking for all the world like two buddy butches—and we waited. But this time was different; I wasn't hoping to fit, nor to be accepted by anyone. I was looking for an answer to the question, "How goes it for the young Lesbian who enters Life through a swinging door? Can she be herself, or will she be smashed into a simple-minded mold?"

It was a Saturday night. We waited. The bar was practically empty and it was 10:00 o'clock. Some disappointed tourists left. I decided that I'd picked the wrong night myself and almost left too.

Then they came—the butches and the femmes. Things had changed all right! Maybe somewhere for the better, but not here. The butches were not the well-dressed masculine types I had known twelve years before—slacks, keychains, etc., or suits, frenchcuffs and neckties, depending.

by Sten Russell

They had crew-cuts, men's white shirts and levi's! The femmes were cute and well-dressed. The butches were indistinguishable from young, rough-hewn boys!

One part of my mind groaned and the other part laughed. I thought wryly, "It's sure good to know that there's no butch-femme problem anymore!" (And so far as I knew, maybe there wasn't. These youngsters looked pretty pleased with themselves. Maybe the role-playing was satisfactory for all concerned at that particular point in time and space.) A party sat down at a table directly next to me. One of the butches named Wes, struck up a friendly conversation with me. I had hopes of maybe getting some closer insights on the matter when a new group of even tougher looking young girls came in. One was apparently dying to start a rumble and verbally attacked Wes. Wes replied pleasantly and tried to calm the belligerent one down. It didn't work, so after a short while Wes and her little group left. That left me nowhere. I was disappointed, not because a fight had been averted, but because it had cost me the possibility of a very nice conversation. I floated around, talked to the old waitresses I had known for years. I sought understanding of these wild young creatures. They weren't very helpful.

When I came back, my love had entered into active research work for me. She had found a ki-ki gay girl and engaged her in conversation. It was our lucky night. The girl did not know how things used to be. She was too young. But she did know how things were in that bar. She talked quite freely and honestly as we compared how things were to what they used to be.

From what she told me, I can only tentatively assume that in Los Angeles bar society things are much the same. Worse, if I can believe my

eyes; but perhaps the transvestite butches are the extreme exception, not the rule. Certainly the distinctions butch, femme, and ki-ki remain along with the strange sexual designations of butch, femme, dike, bull-dike, or Lesbian. It may come as a distinct shock to some Lesbians to know that in certain gay bars they would be ostracized if they mistakenly referred to themselves as Lesbians, thinking that the term only meant a woman who is sexually attracted to other women. The terminology of the gay bar society is a strange one—one word serving in many different capacities—and changing subtly or grossly in meaning from bar to bar and city to city. But the ki-ki ones survive and find peace only when they no longer care what names they are called, cheerfully accept their dual natures and enjoy them.

Does the butch-femme problem affect other types of Lesbians: professional workers, white collar workers and the like—those who cannot possibly masquerade as a man and still hold their preferred job? It does—but in much subtler ways. The balance of masculinity-femininity, aggression-submission, selfishness and love will always be a problem—as it is even with the so-called "normal ones." Mostly, I think, the problem hinges on selfishness or the relative lack of it. Some prefer to call this selfishness "fear and insecurity." Maybe so—but no one could have been more scared and insecure than I was and my masculinity required neither a master nor a slave to survive. Some forms of selfishness are basic for survival, others are not. *Allowing one's partner to express his quotient of masculinity-femininity is, I think, basic to how much you respect yourself and are secure in the knowledge of what "yourself" is.* Some seem not to know—or are afraid to try to find out. To admit that they are any part woman some-

how costs them a measure of their phony masculinity. Why phony masculinity is better than no masculinity I shall leave to this power-dominated culture to figure out. I would like to make it clear at this point that I have known extreme butches and extreme femmes who were simply being themselves and were beautiful to behold because of it. My measure of how right the extremity was for them was how well they could tolerate anything different in sexual orientation.

Regarding the male version of the butch-femme problem, I know very little. I have queried many boys who frequent the gay bars and have found nothing approximating our butch-femme problem. It appears that while there is present every day the problem of being yourself: of being obvious in public vs. not being obvious in public that there is by the physical nature of men rarely the phenomenon of the "untouchable butch." In bed, they tell me, anything goes between both the more feminine and the more masculine partners; that their role-playing, when it exists, rarely extends to sexual acts; that they don't consider one sexual act more masculine or feminine than any other. (The text books would have led me to believe otherwise!)

The men I have talked to, including the most feminine types, eschew the husband-wife concept of gay marriage. They sneer at the belles who want to be kept and are proud of their wage earning ability.

This is an involved subject which should be covered by an open-minded gay man who has contacts on all levels of gay society. The topic has great interest and scope for all people. Many have solved their problems along this line; but many have not. Some never had any problem. It has been suggested that the butch-femme matter is a problem mainly of youth. I would be inclined to agree.

THE LADDER

Monthly magazine of articles, stories, poems, book reviews, quotes, comment and significant opinion on sexual problems facing the Lesbian in society today. Published by The DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, Inc., non-profit educational, research and social service organization. Subscriptions mailed in sealed plain envelope, \$2.50.

DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS

165 O'Farrell Street, Suite 405

San Francisco 2, Calif.

Telephone YUkon 2-9290

THE LADDER



FEBRUARY 1956

50¢

A BEER, A BATH,

AND A SUMMER NIGHT

by Theodore King

As he stripped off his khaki work pants and shorts, he heard Pat's car pull into the driveway, and he was settling wearily into the water by the time Pat galloped up the stairs, two at a time.

"Chuck?" he yelled.

"I'm in the tub."

"Good. Be right in."

For the several months that they had been working in Pine Rock, the two young construction workers had been sharing their drab three and a half rooms, and now as the summer waned, Chuck anticipated the pleasant relief from long days of labor in the blazing heat, though grateful for the good pay, for a fine, lean body which the sun seemed to have turned to gold, and, above all, for Pat.

"I brought you something, even though you don't deserve it, so open your eyes." Lounging back with only his head and knees above water, Chuck looked up to see Pat's heavily tanned features split in a delighted grin as he held a can of beer about three feet above his head, tipping it ominously. "Here's mud—in your eye!"

But he had underrated his aim, for the beer, skillfully directed, erupted from the can and sought Chuck's mouth in a fine stream, discreetly cutting off his "*You bast—*" at it filled his gaping mouth. He twitched and he gulped, and he stretched his neck to receive the cascading brew—all with the desperation of a baby robin craving worms, until Pat, only human, started howling merrily and lost all control. His aim faltered, and the fountain of beer bombarded Chuck's head, splashing over his crewcut and onto his shoulders; it streamed and foamed over his face and into his eyes until, unable to stand the cold and tickling downpour any longer, he took a mighty gulp of air—and submerged entirely. Pat waited in weakened condition.

The seconds passed away and Pat, recalling his days as a lifeguard, started thinking about kicking off his heavy shoes, but his fears proved groundless as bubbles rose, followed by Chuck's inquiring voice from the depths: "All clear?"

"Come on up, I'm all out of beer."

"God, what a mess!" he moaned, trying to sound aggrieved. "You know, if I wanted a beer shampoo, I would have asked." But despite his complaints his grin gave him away, and Pat, in high glee, sat watching his supposed discomfort as Chuck washed the beer from his arms and chest, sipping his own can of beer as he watched. Soon, though, he joined in, washing Chuck's back carefully, and finally, as a peace token, he started feeding him sips of beer, each taking turns drinking thirstily until the can was empty.

While Chuck soaped himself, Pat rose, stretched, and lazily began to take off his own things, emerging tall and smoothly muscled from his dusty work clothes, a young man whose love of hard work in the sun had given him a hard-muscled and imposing body. He was pleasantly conscious of Chuck's languorous stare, for Chuck loved Pat's powerful dark beauty; and when the phone rang in the bedroom Chuck watched him amble in to answer, casually dressed in his T-shirt. And when Pat returned a few seconds later Chuck still watched grinning with pleasure.

"Pat, you look just like a little boy wandering around half dressed."

Pat slipped the shirt over his shoulders and head, and climbed into the water.

"Where the hell are you going," Chuck yelled. "I'm not through yet."

"Now just take it easy—it's more fun this way. The Greeks did it, or the Romans," he went on learnedly, standing imperiously over Chuck who, distracted, found himself losing interest in the protest. "They even had a public bath that everybody used."

"Then they must have had a bigger tub." He slid back to make room for Pat who lowered himself easily into the water.

They laughed together as they thrashed about, trying to get comfortable, finally managing to sit facing each other with legs entangled awkwardly. Pat's mischievous grin led Chuck to wonder whether bathing *à deux* wasn't old stuff to Pat, but what did it matter? Thus united, they sat smiling happily at each other, like a strange, yet comely primordial creature, able to keep their balance only by firmly gripping each other's flanks.

"So this is how the Greeks took baths!"

Pat laughed and squeezed him in sheer good spirits. "Not quite, but it's fun isn't it?"

Strangely, Chuck's throat tightened, and not daring to try an answer he just nodded vigorously, and smiled. But his feelings frightened him, for Chuck believed a man gives his love as he gives his seed—impetuously, carelessly entrusting it with any who seek him out in his resting place, but like that seed caught by another male, the love cools even as it is given, and is dust long before the lonely one who sought it so eagerly. And though nothing could be more binding than the affection which united the two friends now, he felt that he who sought to preserve this happiness consciously, or to nurture it, only weakened himself and the love as well. So, reluctantly, he drew back from Pat's arms, and asked casually, "Who called?"

Pat released him with the despondency of the frustrated, grumbling as Chuck scrambled up from the water.

"Say, come on—you didn't answer my question. Who called?"

Scrubbing himself with unnecessary energy, Pat tried to answer lightly:

"A boy."

"Well, who?"

"He just said his name was Jerry, and that he'd meet you at the drug store at seven."

The minutes passed and nothing more was said as the two men worked at washing the dust of the day from their bodies. But after Chuck had finished and he had just left the room, he heard Pat, disgusted with his own petulance, mutter "Hell!" And that was all he said of his concern.

The supper had long been finished, and the two still sat smoking, relaxed after the warm day, too content yet to take up the chore of the dishes. Chuck had almost finished telling of Jerry and the problem he represented.

"So what can I say to him? Just the way he looks at me makes me itch. His eyes are all over me, no matter what I do. At first it was fun—you know what I mean. He's a nice looking young guy, and it's nice to have somebody . . . want you that much. But now Tony and Jim are beginning to notice, and if the boss catches on, well . . ."

Pat walked over and opened the door for Sputter, the little puppy from downstairs who usually came up to enjoy their leftovers. "Doesn't he work?" he asked.

"No, he's in his last year of high school. He's about seventeen, I'd say; only a kid. Likes to draw. That's what he does all day—he sits in the shade under that tree, watching us work, and drawing."

"What's he draw?"

Chuck hesitated. "Us . . ."

Pat smiled. "You mean *you*."

"Not just me . . . no. One of the sketches I saw was of you."

"Me?" Pat was curious.

"Sure. Kind of a huge bull of a fella . . . heavy shoulders, chest, everything. Everything exaggerated a little, like you might imagine something you want but can't have."

Thoughtful, Pat sat down at the table again, cradling the dog in his arms. "Mmm . . ." His glance fell away from Chuck's. "Like when you first came on the gang . . . Hell, I'd squirm around in bed half the night thinking about you . . ."

"Alone?" Chuck wondered aloud, immediately wishing he'd bitten his tongue.

"Sure alone." He answered defensively, uneasy at talking so specifically of himself, by nature more expressive with his body where concerned with feelings that mattered. "I've never lived with anybody before." But his voice became hesitant, and his words dwindled away until he finally turned to the puppy and began serenading him with urgent little sounds, stroking the soft coat with his bare arms.

The moments were long as the warm day slowly ended, and Chuck watched the lazy lovemaking of his friend and the little animal, watched the tenderness in Pat's hands as they enfolded the dog, and watched the strength in the hard-muscled arms which hugged it. He trembled as he watched and, thinking of Pat's awkward reminiscence, he grew warm. But his appointment with Jerry lay just ahead, so he denied himself what he wanted most—to touch his friend, to brush quickly against the skin, just lightly enough to say, "I'm glad you're here." For an innocent love-gesture evoked in Pat such a flood of specific and awesome responses that he knew he'd be lucky to escape in an hour. He was about to start the dishes when Pat spoke softly, ostensibly playing with the puppy while feeding it leftover meat.

"And tonight you're going to have your little friend . . ."

Thunder never followed lightning faster: "Goddam you! *That's* what you've been thinking? You must be off your nut!" He paused, out of breath. "Do you think that when I've got you—and I don't just mean your body, but *you*—do you think I'd go, or *need* to go fooling around with every kid with eyes for a build? What the hell's the matter with you anyway, Pat?" He stopped again redfaced. Besides, I wouldn't tell you about it anyhow if I did, would I? I told you about Jerry because I want to see if we can't help him out. Your advice is what I wanted—not your permission." And, his exasperation momentarily exhausted, he sat in silence before Pat, who was so unaccustomed to emotional blasts from Chuck that he could only sheepishly half-grin, then stammer, "Well, I . . . you . . ."

But Chuck couldn't wait, continuing, though more quietly. "You know, Pat, when, you're with a guy, you can tell a hell of a lot about him, and I suppose it's the same with married couples . . ." He lit another cigarette, considering his words carefully. "When he holds you, you know just by his touch when he's depressed, when he feels that everything's going against him—or just the opposite, his arms tell you when there's nothing standing between him and the stars." He paused, watching Pat, and his voice lowered as he spoke with his great friend, a companion whose simple, urgent emotions compelled gentleness as does a youth's earnestly given trust. "And I know how you . . . how you feel about me without your having to tell me every hour, like you'd have to tell an anxious housewife. And you must know how *I* feel, and that what we have together is more than just a . . . a couple of bodies that feel nicer together than apart—haven't we . . ."

He waited.

"Hell, Chuck, of course we do, but sometimes you . . ."

"If I seem indifferent," he volunteered quickly, it's only because I'm afraid of too much of a good thing. And that's the *only* reason." He stood over Pat, his hands restlessly gripping his shoulders. "But right now I think we could both use a little nip." And the embrace said the rest. "Now I've got to go, Pat. Throw away the dishes, we'll buy new ones."

His eyes tightly shut, Pat still clung to Chuck, fondling his hair with his huge hands. "And what about Jerry?"

"I don't know. I figured I couldn't let things go on like this much longer with Jerry or I'd be getting fired. So I asked him this afternoon if he'd meet me for a talk." He laughed. "I'm surprised that he didn't kiss my feet, he looked so happy—sort of blushed and almost dropped all his sketches; you know what they're like. But I can't just tell him 'Beat it, Kid!' Jeez I can remember how it feels. It's usually before you realize what your feelings imply—and when that realization comes, *that's* when you need somebody, not for sex, but for reassurance: somebody who can say 'It's okay, kid, I know how it is . . .'

But hell, we may not even be here then, so what can I do?"

"Give him a word of encouragement and he'll be climbing all over you," he replied quickly. "A kid's all raw feelings, and he's not sure what to do with 'em. It's easy to get in trouble Chuckie, even though you only want to help. How about his folks?"

"What about them . . ."

"They're the ones who should be helping him."

"He may not seem queer to them. I'd never have known right off if he hadn't started trailing behind me like a lonesome dog. Anyway, for all I know he may not be. Lots of fellas admire an older guy for awhile, just because he

seems to have everything under control that's still bothering them."

Chuck led the way into the living room and they fell into the heavy chairs. Sputter followed, jumping onto Pat's stomach as he stretched out on the couch, and curling up contentedly for a nap.

"From what I've seen," Pat observed, "he knows what he wants all right. The only thing bothering *him* is how to get it."

Chuck considered this for a moment, knowing that, although primarily it reflected Pat's instinctive jealousy, it might be true. "No, I don't think so. A boy—unless he's been told a lot more than I was, for instance, or unless he's come across the stuff in a book—doesn't have very specific ideas about what he wants. He's more naturally shy of sex than a man is, isn't he . . . from sheer lack of experience. He doesn't take it in his stride, because he's always been led to think that he shouldn't even be wondering about it."

Chuck waited for Pat's agreement. But Pat's boyhood hadn't been bound by restrictions, and he could remember how one evening he and a friend, wild with youth, had chased playfully over dark and meandering fields; it had been so late when they wandered home again, and they hardly dared look at each other, each still burning from his fearful and tentative discovery of one of the consolations which manhood allows. So Pat, unable to really agree, just shrugged.

"But, more important," Chuck went on, "men are supposed to want women—he's been told that, or knew it, all his life. So naturally he thinks he'll grow into that after a while, even though he may be hot for a guy now."

Pat stroked Sputter listlessly. "Well, maybe he will. That's why the law discourages encouraging kids."

"I'm not necessarily encouraging him," Chuck laughed: "It also discourages encouraging us, you know." But at Pat's frown he said no more.

Each man sat silently with his own thoughts for awhile, until Pat spoke what Chuck was thinking. "It's five of, Chuck. You'd better step on it."

"Yeah, dammit." He stood up and stretched. "What're you doing tonight?"

"Oh, I dunno. I'd kind of thought we might go out to the Point for a swim, but since you're seeing Jerry, well . . . maybe I'll go alone."

Chuck studied him, a mirthful smile on his lips. How easily Pat could make him seem like a heel.

"Why not wait, and we'll go when I get back?" He enjoyed watching Pat's face brighten. "Jerry won't be able to stay out all night . . . I should be back by ten-thirty."

"Ten-thirty! You want me to drown?! I'll even be too tired to climb into a pair of trunks by then."

"Swell!" Chuck laughed. "That'll make it perfect!" And he leaped away from Pat's playful jab. Elated by the prospect of the evening's two adventures, he prepared to leave. Pat spoke from the living room.

"Chuck . . ."

"Mmm?"

"Why don't we have Jerry over for supper sometime, if you want? That would be a start . . . then afterward maybe we could take him to the Point, or the movies . . ."

"Or how about bowling," Chuck added, excited and pleased by Pat's suggestion—and a little relieved.

"Sure. Hell, then he can see that sometimes there's more to the gay life than a new buddy every night."

"Now who's trying to influence him?" Chuck laughed.

"Well," Pat mumbled, "if the feeling's there, what is there you can do? Haul off and flatten his nose, call him every name you can think up, tell him you don't want a pansy on your tail—and what happens? If the urge is there, he'll probably love it. But if the sight of a bruise a block away doesn't start his furnace, you can poke it all you want, but the thing won't blaze. Right?"

"Right!" Chuck grinned. At least it sounds like we could defend our position if we had to. Well, I'd better shove off. Hope I don't smell like a beer factory." He stood in the doorway looking happily upon his friend, who still lay handsomely horizontal on the couch, smiling back at him broadly. "Now you be a good boy while I'm gone."

He closed the screen door behind him, looked in, and whispered, "Don't forget the swim. And your trunks—at least *try!*" Turning, he ran down the stairs, and the wondrous ring of Pat's laughter followed.

THE SLEEPING BOY

The boy with twi-lit eyelids waits, nor wakes
To hear soprano woman-sounds and soft —
For he stirs only where the night-winds waft
The hollow hush his father's great horn makes
Down darkened hills where morning never breaks;
And memory's moon is ever long aloft,
A cup of madness never fully quaffed,
But tempting thirsts he never fully slakes.

You will not rouse him with a violent voice,
Nor damn his dreaming with another dream;
He will not trade these toys for older toys,
Nor vary variations on your theme;
For he is that unlaughed somnambulist
Who never learned where women should be kissed.

Paris Flammonde
—from
"Twilight Town"

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

D.O.B. CONVENTION

Time was when public conventions of homosexuals were unlikely, to say the least. The first, in Los Angeles in 1952, was held with no fanfare and no signs posted.

A convention of Lesbians still is news. The first in America, in San Francisco's colorful Whitcomb Hotel the last weekend in May, was a smashing success—punctuated by a dramatic lawyers' debate on the rights of gay bars (duly reported in the Frisco papers). The first National Convention of the Daughters of Bilitis topped ONE and Mattachine convention-attendance with about 110 persons at the luncheon and 125 at the banquet. Delegates and visitors came from Seattle, Winnipeg, Kansas City, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, London and about 40 from Los Angeles.

The Daughters, or D.O.B., the only exclusive and avowed Lesbian group, so far as we know, began with eight San Francisco women in 1955, who hoped to turn a group of "scared and guilt-ridden girls into solid citizens." The name (pronounced bi-leet-us) came from Pierre Louys' *Songs of Bilitis*. Their magazine, *The Ladder*, first appeared (mimeoed) in October, 1956. Chapters were added in Los Angeles and New York, drawing many girls that mixed groups such as ONE couldn't

seem to attract. The group placed always a special emphasis on the social responsibility of the Lesbian.

The Convention's public program began Saturday morning (after a crowded reception the night before) in a spacious penthouse atop the hotel, with breathtaking, full-round view of the city. The group was about three-quarters female. After brief welcoming talks by national and local presiding officers, Patty Patterson presented a lively account of a study prepared by the D.O.B. Research Dept., contrasting the social stability, educational level, etc., of groups of male and female homosexuals. This will shortly be published both in *The Ladder* and in *Homophile Studies*.

* * *

Next, Mrs. Bernice Engle of the Langley Porter Clinic (which prepared the excellent Calif. State Sex Deviation Reports, 1950, et. seq.) chaired the most stimulating panel discussion on homosexuality we've ever heard. The question, "Why the Lesbian?" was posed to panelists Dr. Frank A. Beach of Univ. Calif. Psych. Dept. at Berkeley, co-author of the important book, *Patterns of Sexual Behavior*; Patricia Lyon, ethnologist and archaeologist, Univ. Calif. at Santa Barbara; Dr. Norman Reider, former head of the Psychiatric Clinic at Mt. Zion Hospital; and

Mattachine Society, Inc.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

Carl B. Harding, Director

presents

a series of lectures and a panel program

by the

ONE INSTITUTE OF HOMOPHILE STUDIES

Education Division

of One, Inc. Los Angeles



MATTACHINE SEMINAR SERIES

San Francisco — August 12 to September 2, inclusive

announcement and schedule of classes

By special arrangement with One, Inc., Los Angeles, six lectures and a concluding panel discussion program will be presented by the faculty of ONE INSTITUTE OF HOMOPHILE STUDIES, the Education Division of One, Inc., as the third event in the Mattachine Seminar Series for 1959-1960. These will be held in the Society's offices on 3rd floor, 693 Mission Street on Friday evenings and Saturday afternoons from Aug. 12 through Sept. 2 in accordance with the schedule which follows.

Advance registration is urged immediately. Fees for the course and for individual lectures are listed below. Attendance is open to any person over 21 years of age. Single lectures may be attended upon payment of the fee at the door.

A great deal of research and preparation for each topic has been undertaken by each of the three faculty members in charge. These topics all represent a serious examination of significant material related to the orientation, adjustment and acceptance of the homophile in our adult society; however, many attitudes surrounding current moral standards will be questioned in the light of actual behavior practices past and present.

These lectures will be of particular benefit to persons in fields of sociology, psychology, mental health, correction, law enforcement, religion and law itself, as well as to anyone seeking a more rational understanding of homosexuality as opposed to the purely emotional reaction.

SESSION I: Friday, Aug. 12

James Kepner, Instructor

8-10 P.M.: THE CAUSE OF SEX DEVIATION: A FRANK LOOK AT FREUD

Are homosexuals competent to evaluate psycho-analytic writings? How do Freud's theories affect the lives of homosexuals? What did Freud say about the cause of homosexuality? Did Freud consider homosexuality a perversion or a neurosis? Does this agree with what psychoanalysts say today? How did Freud relate inversion to his general theory? Was Freud's approach scientific? Does his theory hold up?

SESSION II: Saturday, Aug. 13

James Kepner, Instructor

2-4 P.M.: THE HOMOSEXUAL INFLUENCE IN CONTEMPORARY HISTORY

Is homosexuality of any historical significance? How do homosexuals influence history? How does current history influence homosexuals? Is the current homosexual movement of any historic significance? What individual homosexuals figure largely in world affairs? Is western morality undergoing any change important to homosexuals? Is there a world trend toward toleration?

SESSION III: Friday, Aug. 19

D. Slater, Instructor in Literature

8-10 P.M. THE SATYRICON OF PETRONIUS: Masterpiece of Debauchery

Nero's Rome: Petronius: arbiter of elegance, scientist of pleasure; *Satyricon*: satirical novel; Translations compared; Weakness of flesh, foible of mind; and Are today's hot novels really hot?

SESSION IV: Saturday, Aug. 20

D. Slater, Instructor in Literature

2-4 P.M.: JAMES BARR: AMATEUR PROPAGANDIST—an examination of the opinions and beliefs of Barr from a study of *Quatre-foil*:

Barr's favorite characters and ideas; A Greek ideal; Reaction to the established church; The romantic love affair; the masculine homosexual;

SESSION V: Friday, Aug. 26

W. Dorr Legg, Associate Professor of Sociology

8-10 P.M.: HOMOSEXUALITY, CRIME AND SOCIAL DISORGANIZATION

Homosexuality examined as a system of social breakdown. How has sociology arrived at this concept? Is society breaking down, or is it merely changing? Is the homosexual a minority group; a deviant group? The homosexual criminal. The homosexual and his friends. Is the homosexual most at home in the underworld? Does homosexuality breed criminality?

SESSION VI: Saturday, Aug. 27

W. Dorr Legg, Associate Professor of Sociology

2-4 P.M.: REPRESSION, BISEXUALITY & MARRIAGE: WAYS OF ESCAPE

Is continence good for society? Self-imposed abstinence; in reli-

gious orders. Is sublimation possible; desirable? The theory of bisexuality as balanced sexuality. Is bisexuality a myth? The use of bisexuality as a smokescreen. The social and economic uses of marriage. Marriage as a hideout. What about the wife (or husband) and the children?

SESSION VII: Friday, Sept. 2 ONE Institute Faculty Members

7-8:30 P.M.: DO HOMOPHILE STUDIES HAVE ANY PRACTICAL VALUE?

Arguments: General education is all anyone needs. Theoretical discussions aren't going to accomplish anything. Why should I study about homosexuality anyhow? What good will it do me? You must have authorities to teach the courses. I am well adjusted and don't need to study.

FEES

Complete series of six lectures and final panel program..... \$10.00
Any three events—lectures and/or panel program..... \$5.00
Door Admission to any single lectures or panel program..... \$2.00
(Advance registration urged immediately so that adequate seating arrangements can be made. Send cash, check or money order with coupon below)

Mattachine Society, Inc.
Department of Education
693 Mission Street
San Francisco 5, California

Please enroll me as indicated for the Mattachine Seminar Series of One Institute lectures as announced in this folder, for which I enclose the appropriate fees. I am over 21 years of age.

ENTIRE SERIES \$10.00

THREE EVENTS(list dates) \$5.00

(Signed)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Dr. Leo J. Zeff, Berkeley clinical psychologist.

Believing that such a discussion should start from the Lesbian's self-estimate, the D.O.B. gave all present copies of opinions of four Lesbians on the "reason for it all." The first felt that but for guilt proceeding from stereotyping labels, most people would be neither homo nor hetero, just sexual. The second, rejecting innateness, parenatal desire for a boy, sheltered adolescence or seduction as causes of her Lesbianism, suggested a combination of some genetic influence with lack of strong father. The third followed Kinsey's view that the human mammal is capable of response to any sufficient stimulus, with preference determined purely by the accident of which sex one first finds as a partner, and the conditioning affects of that experience and social attitudes toward it, and she stressed the non-sexual, **love**, side of Lesbian relationships. The fourth listed factors often considered as causes of Lesbianism, and asked why other women subjected to these factors did not become Lesbian. She stressed the protest against male domination and the standardized feminine role.

Miss Lyon opened by noting the scarcity of material on Lesbians in our culture and attributed any current increase to women's flight from maternity and emphasis on education and social status and to a general breakdown in moral and family structure.

Dr. Zeff asked why the question, "Why the Lesbian?" Do we think we learn the real meaning of an experience by studying causation? Before we can define all those distinct categories, we must understand "people." The Lesbian is a person, so why all the fuss about justification?

Dr. Beach, a biologically-oriented psychologist, said it would be as useful to ask, "Why the heterosexual?" Deploring dichotomous classifications, he said we should study behavior instead of classifying individuals. Causation, he said, seems to be multiple, and certainly constitutional in part, a dynamic interaction of factors, with too many variables at present to make much of it. Disagreeing with Kinsey, he felt first experiences probably aren't as critical as often supposed.

Dr. Reider, gratified at finding no argument against the existence of a biological sexual drive, said the chief problem, probably psychopathological, is what causes a specific choice of object. But how do we distinguish psychopathology from developmental psychology? Does data about a single Lesbian tell us anything meaningful about the general condition? He doubted that statistical differences between male and female homosexuals would represent any fundamental difference, and said he'd noticed more aggression in male than in female homosexuals: "Lesbians seem to slug each other less."

Dr. Beach insisted that procreation was the function of sex activity, with built-in safeguards, at least in lower animals where sexual activity is almost exclusively oriented toward procreation. (This was not the impression this reader got from **Patterns of Sexual Behavior**, which Dr. Beach co-authored with anthropologist, Dr. Clellan S. Ford. There we find, p. 134, "Inversion of the sexual role is common among animals of several species other than Homo Sapiens, and it is particularly frequent in infrahuman primates." And, on p. 139, "Male mammals of many species below the primates will, under certain circumstances, attempt to mate with members of their

own sex." It may be pointed out that the authors seem in such cases to consider, not homosexuality, but mere sex-role inversion, and in many cases attribute the mountings to mere failure to distinguish the sex of the partner.) With female animals, he said, sexual stimulation arises when the time comes, though males can be stimulated by various means. New developments in humans, even in primitive cultures, provide several non-procreative functions for the sex drive.

Here the audience got into the fray. One person asked if, as Miss Lyon had suggested, Lesbianism had generally become acceptable in societies like the late Roman empire that were on the point of collapse. Someone else said that in contrast to the Romans, who admittedly degenerated from puritanism to licentiousness, the Greeks and Egyptians had both risen and fallen with free acceptance of male and female homosexuality. Dr. Reider observed that reports of the sexual proclivities of the ancients weren't always too reliable.

One girl described the female stage-door-johnnies who vie for the attentions of female actresses in Japan, and mentioned theatrical Lesbian magazines published there.

Dr. Zeff maintained that "all efforts to educate the public toward acceptance are projective efforts at self-acceptance . . . The individual who accepts himself doesn't bother to educate the public." Others suggested that self-acceptance, while necessary, wasn't enough in the face of arrests, job discrimination, ostracism from family, etc.

The panel concluded and the convention moved to the other end of the room for lunch, and heard Episcopal Chaplain Fordyce Eastburn of St. Luke's Hospital struggle with the embarrassing topic, "Can the Prac-

ticing Homosexual Be Accepted by the Church?" The chaplain, admitting that he'd counselled only one practicing homosexual in 27 years of ministry (though he said he'd once had a pass made at him—and suffered no ill effects), described homosexuality as a disorder in the Divine Plan (how careless of God) and disagreed sharply with Rev. Wood's assertion (in the book, **Christ and the Homosexual**) that homosexual love can have a sacramental character. He was not familiar with the Church of England materials on the subject. God does accept the practicing homosexual, he said, as He accepts all sinners, and the Church must do likewise, but the homosexual can not expect to continue his practices after accepting Christ. He insisted that cure, particularly through faith, was possible, and said homosexuals must chose either chastity or heterosexual marriage, and must avoid contaminating associations with other homosexuals. "God does accept the homosexual," he said, as if thundering from Sinai, "but on God's own terms, not on the homosexual's terms." This was in quite a different key from the morning panel, and many in the audience were disappointed at what they felt was little more than Pharisaical bluster.

In the afternoon, Albert Bendich, staff council for the Northern Calif. American Civil Liberties Union, spoke on "Civil Liberties—the Homosexual's Responsibility." He said he felt the homosexual had no special responsibility in this area—civil liberties are the concern of all alike. He discussed the A.C.L.U. national policy statement on homosexuality (ONE, Apr. 57, p. 13) and expressed his personal feeling that there was substantial basis for challenging the Union's position that states have the right to pass laws "aimed at the

suppression or elimination of homosexuals." There seems no valid basis for such separate treatment of homosexuals, he said, and due process is violated unless a rational aim of society is pursued by rational ends. He mentioned a case on which he'd worked defending a woman's rights to the pursuit of happiness (a right seldom laid claim to in the courts) after a court had in effect ordered her to stop having "illegitimate" children.

Artemis Smith of New York, authoress of **THE THIRD SEX** and **ODD GIRL** then spoke briefly on the experiences of a writer in this field. She said that publishers had been reluctant to touch the Lesbian theme a few years ago, but now insisted that novels she did on other subjects be heavily loaded with this.

The chairman at this point called on observers from the San Francisco police dept. to say a few words. They didn't!

The high point of the day was the confrontation of Sidney Feinberg, area administrator of the California Alcoholic Beverage Control Dept., by Atty. Morris Lowenthal with a largely homosexual audience. Mr. Feinberg, a tall man of imposing appearance, and dramatic, table-banging habits, explained the history, as he saw it, of the A.B.C., set up in 1954 to regulate alcoholic beverages from the point of production to the point of consumption. He said it was the aim of the A.B.C. "to see that every licensee (bar owner) is of high moral character." This was to be accomplished primarily by close supervision of the premises, and lifting the license whenever infractions occurred. He said that the A.B.C. was not much interested in policing the patrons as such, and that it had no quarrel with the Supreme Court (which had clipped

its wings). He insisted that so-called gay bars were given the same treatment accorded to heterosexual bars, but admitted that agents spent more time supervising gay bars than others. "No bar patronized by homosexuals will be prosecuted simply because of those patrons," he said, except "where acts of disorder or acts that are offensive occur."

At this point, Mr. Feinberg asked the audience for their opinions, and there was some heated exchange over the definition of offensive acts. The audience did not entirely agree on the "offensiveness" of such acts as women dancing together, or even men kissing one another in a gay bar, or even of women wearing "mannish" clothes. Mr. Lowenthal, author of the Briefs which appear in the #8 Quarterly, (see ONE, Mar. 59) then gave a somewhat different history of the A.B.C.'s vendetta against the gay bars, and Mr. Feinberg, visibly irritated, pounded the table several times and loudly demanded rebuttal time. It was an exciting performance, and perhaps the first time in America that an American homosexual audience had talked back to one of the men who was making life rough for them.

A clever skit followed, lampooning the practice of the edict that "homosexuals cannot be reasonably held to a higher standard of public behavior than heterosexuals."

The evening banquet featured some entertaining emceeing by Dr. Vera Plunkett, a rollicking bit of free legal advice from attorney Ken Zwerin, and a lively performance of gay folksongs by Lisa Ben. Awards were presented to several males, for services rendered to the D.O.B., making them honorary Sons of Bilitis (S.O.B.).

Congratulations to the girls! It was a fine job!



the
forgetfulness of
Monsieur Meunier

by Peter Abbott

Jean-Paul Meunier was a charming man in his mid-forties, whose appearance was young for his age if the lights were properly adjusted. And in his little flat in the Rue des Saints-Pères the lights were properly adjusted. The gloom of Notre-Dame de Paris was not more emphatic and was far less depressing than that which shrouded his sitting room during the long summer afternoons. The morning sun was allowed to sweep through the open doors which gave upon a little balcony of wrought iron, but at half-past eleven those doors were closed and the long and heavy satin curtains all but completely drawn. Until seven o'clock the sitting room presented some of the less engaging aspects of a carefully-furnished tomb, and anyone so gauche as to pay M. Meunier an afternoon call found some difficulty in avoiding the furniture; it was very easy to pour one's tea into the cream jug.

M. Meunier did not have many afternoon callers, and his fairly extensive and delicately-selected acquaintance knew that this gentleman did not exist in the morning hours. Dawn broke at ten o'clock when M. Meunier's automatic teapot chimed in a rather tentative fashion as if it hoped he would not really awaken. But he always did, and there was the matter of looking through whatever letters Mlle. Crozat had slipped beneath the bedroom door. Sometimes there were large envelopes which she had to stand against the outer jamb because they were too thick to be slipped beneath the door.

There was a certain amount of bathing to be done, and a number of little pots and tubes upon the dressing-table to be consulted. But by half-past ten M. Meunier was in a position to open his door and make his way to the little dining room where breakfast would be waiting for him.

On the way to the breakfast table, M. Meunier would stop at a small cupboard whose door was flush with the wall into which it was fitted. He did not always do so, but he usually did, especially if he had received some of the large

envelopes which could not be slipped beneath the bedroom door. The envelopes would be placed within the cupboard and the door carefully locked. M. Meunier never forgot to lock the cupboard.

This seriously disturbed his housekeeper. Mlle. Crozat was not, perhaps, overly curious, but she had her share of Gallic logic and her mind, such as it was, was an orderly one. She commanded M. Meunier's keys. She was at liberty to open any lock in the flat—except one. This exception seriously disturbed her. Mlle. Crozat had tried every key in the flat, but the cupboard lock was of the Yale type. It was not that she really wanted to know what was in the cupboard. But the exception disturbed her. She regarded it as invidious.

From eleven to five Mlle. Crozat was elsewhere, and if tea was wanted in the afternoon, it was M. Meunier who prepared it. He ate no lunch and dined at eight unless he went to the theatre. On the nights when he was absent from the flat, Mlle. Crozat had every opportunity to open the cupboard. That cupboard which had long since passed the stage of a mere obsession. Most of the locks in the flat were very old; a large selection of keys she had bought in the Flea Market proved totally inadequate. The neatly-fitted little door constituted both a mockery and a problem in her otherwise uncomplicated existence. Still, she continued to hope that M. Meunier would forget to lock the cupboard. But he never did.

When M. Meunier dined at home, he dismissed his housekeeper as soon as the pots and dishes were washed. On those nights, and they were fairly frequent, the sitting room would come to life in the glow of diplomatically-placed lamps, and the large satin-covered cushions strewn about the sofas, and the vases of hot-house roses and lilacs added a colour and excitement to the room that no one, seeing it in the afternoon, would have thought it could possess. Presently the bell would sound and M. Meunier would admit his guests. There were seldom more than six or eight in one evening and they were always men. Young men, some of them very beautiful young men. Others, rather older, appeared to be variations on the theme of M. Meunier himself. As the evening wore on, the initial formality wore off. It was then that M. Meunier would go to the cupboard, that cupboard which so tantalized his housekeeper, and many envelopes would be placed on the centre table in the sitting room. They all contained photographs.

Sometimes a young man who seemed to be a familiar and very welcome guest, would appear with photographic equipment, and several invariably would volunteer to pose, usually on the condition that they could have prints of all the films taken that evening. M. Meunier's collection contained some unforgettable studies, and they were unfailingly locked away in the cupboard just outside the dining room door; M. Meunier never forgot to lock the cupboard.

At least, only once.

It was on just such an evening that the telephone interrupted a rather interesting arrangement. M. Meunier was told that the police had unfortunate news for him. He braced himself, wondering what—? Mlle. Crozat had fallen in the Métro; service had been suspended on that line for some time. One of the few relics of mademoiselle was her pocketbook with her employer's address. Were there any relatives? No. No, there were none.

M. Meunier was disturbed. M. Meunier was more than agitated; he was overwhelmed. It was two days before he remembered to lock the cupboard.

By that time, of course, Mlle. Crozat was elsewhere.

Summer was the beginning of it all,
Green, bright, sun-summer with thick bubbles
Winter could not brandish or dispel.
Earth was in our eyes and blinded us
When first we kissed;
But, bubbles will burst, you said —
Ours, a polished-stone, smooth love
Was shiny-safe, and then —
You were right, as always.

— Tom Fielding



FRAGMENT I

She pulled the shades on the windows of her soul
And looked forever inward.
If it be death let it be swift
As the instant between lightless sunset and night.

Sten Russell

BOOKS

DU PUR AMOUR by Marcel Jouhandeau. Gallimard, Paris, Fr. 950.

In the history of literature certain books are held by common consent to represent milestones on the road of the spiritual ascent of man.

Naturally, because the spiritual ascent of man has been—up to now—related solely to man considered as a thoroughly heterosexual being, those books have never delved into the spiritual aspects of homosexual love.

But life evolves, the conscience of mankind develops, and the awareness of new truths permeates the mind of man.

It is thus that we have learned that man as a thoroughly heterosexual being is an exception to the general rule of nature which makes of man a fundamentally bisexual being. Such being the case, it was to be expected that sooner or later we should have greeted the appearance of a literary work celebrating the transcendence of the spiritual over the physical in a purely homosexual relationship.

Such a book has been written, was published a year or so ago by Gallimard of Paris, and is slowly but assuredly claiming a place for itself among the immortal literary creations of the race. The book of which I write is

Du Pur Amour by Marcel Jouhandeau.

It may seem quite far-fetched for me to state that the impact of *Du Pur Amour* on the conscience of modern man will be just as great as the impact that *La Vita Nuova* of Dante had on the conscience of medieval man.

And, yet, I maintain that it will be just as great because this book proves that homosexual love does offer the opportunity of a transformation of the physical contact of two human beings into a soul-ennobling experience. As a matter of fact, no book has ever been written that is so outspoken on the details of physical contacts between two human beings as *Du Pur Amour*; and, yet, no book has ever been written that can portray such a rapture of soul as that which it describes as being born from these very same contacts.

For well nigh fifty years Marcel Jouhandeau has lived a double life, personally, and artistically. Personally, because he was, and still is, married, while living his real love life in the shadow of lies, guilt, fears, and remorse. Artistically, because he has written an entire library of books concerned with the chronicle of his life and the life of those who touched its orbit, without ever hinting at the duality of his personality.

But now, Marcel Jouhandeau, a pillar of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, one of the very, very great writers of modern France, has told us the truth, and the truth is that all his life he had been seeking after God, but had never found Him, and only now, in the love of a twenty-year-old boy, he has finally found Him.

This miracle could happen, and did happen, because God is not there, enshrined in a chapel by the wayside, or on an altar in Saint Peter's, but abides in the deepest recesses of the self, only revealing Himself to us

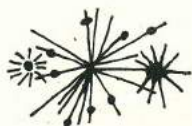
when the self is freed of all ties with the world of senses and is ushered into the realm of eternity and infinity.

Now, the value, the great value of the book, lies in this, in the revelation that the love that transcends the senses transcends the senses only when they are shot through with ultimate spasms of supreme voluptuousness, when the body is nothing more than a heap of flickering ashes, and the soul has put on wings and is soaring aloft to sing the paean of victory of the spirit of man.

But that is possible, as Jouhandeau explains, only when homosexual love becomes "Pur Amour," pure love. The question is then: "When does homosexual love become pure love?"

Jouhandeau answers this question in 420 pages of analysis of his instincts, his aspirations, his feelings, and his needs. The instincts and the needs of his body are just as real to him as his aspirations and his feelings. Nay the last are born from the first. The spirit can sing of its freedom only when the body has had its due. A body made for homosexual love can never attain fulfillment without experiencing homosexual love. But, as all things of the earth, this love can be obscene, ignoble, soul defiling; or can be pure, ennobling love. *Du Pur Amour* shows us the way to heights, heights that heterosexual love has seldom, if ever, scaled. May we all benefit by its reading, for truly, as Dante said, "It is Love that moves the sun and all the stars."

Mario Palmieri



I have just finished reading an amazing book: *La Chemise Rouge* by Jacques Brosse, Ed. Plon, Paris, France, 1859.

one

Purposely I say at the outset "an amazing book" because, having reached the end I cannot but think of the gulf which separates the French homo-erotic literature from the American, and, in a way, also from the English.

American writers seem to write of things palpable, immediate, physical—things with which the mind and soul are very little concerned and in which the heart takes a superficial interest.

English writers, instead, are not so sure that they can make a spiritual adventure out of physical quest, and so they make of it a social one, tying it to the whole social pattern of English life—a life which to us Americans seems very quaint, archaic and hackneyed, what with its prejudices, class distinctions, etc.

French writers treat homo-eroticism as if it had already passed in the general consciousness of mankind from the status of sexual expression to a phenomenon of the world of the spirit. Thus Jacques Brosse can fill two-hundred and forty-three pages with an intellectual analysis of an affair that has never gotten beyond the point where the lover comes any closer to the lips of his boy than an inch or so, because the affair is all in the mind: while, as the author makes very clear, it was a physical need, at that particular stage in his growth, that brought the beloved boy to his lover's bedroom.

Two-hundred and forty-three pages filled with admirable disquisitions may be all right for French readers; they are certainly too many for American readers who, rightly or wrongly, demand action rather than a lot of philosophy about non-existent action.

This is not to decry the literary excellence of the book by any means.
M. P.

GOOD READING FOR YOU FORMER ISSUES OF ONE MAGAZINE

SHORT STORY GROUP

seven back issues for
\$1.50

Eighteen interesting short stories by Clarkson, Crane, Geoffrey Wright, Jody Shotwell, John Paul Tegner, Arnell Larsen and others.

The issues of December, 1954; August, 1955; February, October-November, 1956; January, 1957; May, 1958; July, 1959. Value \$2.25.

CELEBRITY GROUP

five back issues for
\$1.00

Stories and articles by Norman Mailer, James Barr, Albert Ellis, Donald Webster Cory, Edward Podolsky, Joseph Wood Krutch, Clarkson Crane and others.

The issues of February, 1953; July, 1954; January, April, 1955; February, 1957. Value, \$1.50.

LESBIAN GROUP

ten back issues for
\$3.00

Stories, articles, editorials by and about women—cover portraits of Eve Elloree and Ann Carll Reid. Such writers as Del Martin, Emily Jones, Lou McLean, Marlin Prentiss, J. Lorna Strayer, Geraldine Jackson.

The issues of June-July, August-September, December, 1956; June-July, December, 1957; January, April, December, 1958; January, August, 1959, Value, \$4.25.

BROTHER GRUNDY GROUP

four back issues for
\$1.00

Poems by the famous BROTHER GRUNDY—"Rough Trade," "The Ballad of B. A. Beach," "Lord Samuel and Lord Montagu,"—the poem that went all the way up to the U. S. Supreme Court before it was "cleared," and others.

The issues of October, 1954; July, 1955; July, 1958; August, 1959. Value, \$1.50.

THE TEN GROUP

ten back issues for
\$1.98

Articles on religion and the homosexual, you and the law, short stories, poems and editorials of value to everyone.

Two issues from each year, 1954 through 1958, none of them included in any of the groups above. Value, \$3.25.

ONE, Incorporated, 232 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 12

THE RAID



It was a typical Friday night at the "E" Club in Miami. From the jukebox Johnny Mathis was singing "Misty" and the bar was half empty since it was known as a late place. About 35 people were scattered around the U-shaped bar—the usual grand piano that doubles as a table—and the long booths that run from one end of the room to the other.

Cocktail glasses hung from the red ribbons over the cash register and water flowed from a small indoor fountain behind the bar. The two bartenders were waiting for the usual business pick-up that starts on weekend nights around 12:00. Things were quiet and going as usual this particular Friday night. One bartender had just finished saying to the other, as they both met at the cash register to ring up their sales, "Gee I hope business doesn't drop off now that the season is over," when a man in a black suit walked in and stood near the door. Quickly five others moved to strategic positions around the bar. It happened so fast that no one really took notice. Once the men were scattered around the bar, the "leader" said over the voice of Mr. Mathis, "OK, all drinks off the bar. Everyone in here is under arrest." Several quiet curses were heard, and someone with bleached hair said to a friend, "Damn, not only is my life ruined, but the whole evening is spoiled." It was the last joke of the evening; the "E" club had just been raided.

The following Sunday, April 17th, *The Miami News*, was caught with its yellow journalism streak showing

when it published a lengthy article written in the typically juicy style of that paper under the heading "Trail Bar Raided As Deviates' Den." The article began, "A raid by Metro officers on a Tamiami Trail bar described as a homosexual hangout resulted in the arrest of 22 men on disorderly conduct charges . . .

"The manager of the place also was arrested and charged with operating an establishment for deviates . . . Metro Capt. Patrick Gallagher said the raid was made on the "E" Club . . .

WHAT THEY DID

"Habitues of the place were reported to embrace each other, wear tight-fitting women's pants and bleach their hair, Gallagher said.

"When Gallagher and six other officers descended on the place late Friday night they found the dim-lit bar full of men, some of them paired off in 'couples', he said . . .

"Officers took all the men in the place to headquarters. Several were released after screening and 22 were booked."

The article goes on to say that of the 22 booked "for being in a place frequented by homosexuals" all were later released on \$250.00 bond, except for the manager who was released on \$750.00 bond.

Wm. J. Tucker, Jr., the *Miami News* reporter who wrote the story, then went on to list the name, age, address and occupation of all 22 persons. He rationalized his listing of the names to this writer as being

"both news and in the public interest. Anyway, the public should know who these people are." Tucker also added that he hadn't even considered withholding the names until after conviction. "If people are cleared or the charges dropped, we'll run the usual 'Follow-up' story." He declined to speculate on the damage to careers or families in the meantime, however.

James Bellows, Managing Editor of the *News* defended the story along the same lines as Tucker. When asked why the *News* was the only paper in Miami to run the story, Bellows belatedly, "I run the *News* the way I see fit!"

A DEVIATE, AGE 8

By contrast, the following week, April 24th, *The Miami News* in its late edition only, ran an interestingly titled article "How Do You Treat a Deviate . . . Age 8?" The hopeful sign in this latest story is the obvious care the writer took in researching his work. It differed sharply with that done in reporting the raid on the "E" club which may well have ruined about half of the involved person's careers. One significant factor probably is that the later story came from the better informed juvenile authorities rather than the one-sided vice squad. The April 24th story also involved children, and newspapers are more inclined to be kind to children than adults, even when they are deviates.

An interesting side-effect to this whole mess down here has been the ire raised among homosexuals. The main complaint is directed toward the *Miami News* for its unwarranted April 17th publicity, and also to the police for starting the whole thing. Approximately 10 people I've talked to since the raid say they've called the *News*, identified themselves as either being in the raid or as an interested party, and protested the ugly story printed. While everyone agrees

that *The News* has the right to interpret the news as it sees fit, we also agree that it is obvious what is in good taste and what is not. The upshot of the whole business is that the homosexuals down here in Miami are at last getting tired of having their careers and personal lives ruined by unwarranted police raids.

A MIAMI JUDGE SPEAKS OUT

More recently, this writer went to visit —, a Dade County Judge, for an opinion on the judicial aspects of such raids. Judge — hears in his court most of the cases where homosexuals have been arrested in parks, toilets, and bars. He is a grey-haired man in his late forties, and has been serving on the Criminal Court since his appointment in 1954. He is a well-known civic leader, a practical politician and a respected judge. In Miami Democratic circles he is considered as a man with great public service potential.

Judge — has some definite opinions on police methods in raiding bars and what homosexuals should do about it. These opinions were expressed to this reporter by the judge just prior to his presiding over the arraignment of 8 persons who were arrested in what police called "a well-known homosexual bar." (The arraignment was later transferred out of his court and postponed to a later date.)

Judge — noted first off that the homosexual should know his law. For instance, "there is no Florida law which prohibits the gathering of homosexuals in a bar . . . no law against two homosexuals holding hands, wearing makeup if they wish, or even dancing. Most homosexuals seem to think there's a thick book of laws which have been passed just to deal with them. Nothing is further from the truth. In fact, the only Florida law I can think of right now, that even remotely concerns the homosexual is the law which pro-

hibits any sex act other than the 'normal' sex act between a man and wife.

"The police, often following up what they consider 'public opinion,' raid a bar, arresting patrons on the 'Catch-all' charge of disorderly conduct. This is strictly a police harassment."

Judge ——— says "all these homosexuals have to do is put up a stiff legal fight in court, start a few lawsuits going against the County or City. Watch how fast the prosecutors leave them alone. In such cases, the word usually trickles down to the police and they start thinking twice before wantonly making raids on homosexual bars and gatherings. Speaking of making a fight, the fact that you, Charles Robinson, had the guts to come to my office and see me, will make me think twice the next

time one of these cases comes before my court.

"If you homosexuals are tired of being used as a scapegoat by the police, or by politicians everytime election year comes up, make your legal fight stick."

One word of advice from Judge ——— should be noted by all homosexuals whether they live in Florida, or not. When being arraigned, plead NOT GUILTY. "I've seen too many cases in my court," the judge said, "where the prosecution is ready to drop charges, but some damned fool pleads guilty, so I'm forced to fine or sentence the man. The prosecutors know they usually don't have sufficient evidence, and in 99 out of 100 of these cases where a raided bar is concerned, they drop the charges."

Chas. K. Robinson

PRINTING NOW COMPLETED

A Landmark in the Legal Rights of Homosexuals

THE RIGHT OF ASSOCIATION

A California "Gay Bar" Case

One hundred and thirty four pages of exciting legal argument, scientific documentation and judicial precedents, quoting Drs. Kinsey, Karl M. Bowman, Blanche M. Baker, Norman Reider; ONE, Daughters of Bilitis, Mattachine Society; many others.

The complete briefs of attorneys Morris & Juliet Lowenthal, Karl D. Lyon; the Decision of the District Court of Appeal; the Decision of the Supreme Court of California; etc.

Everyone interested in human rights should own it. Send copies to attorneys, police chiefs and others.

ONE Institute Quarterly: Homophile Studies, Number 8, 1960.

Price \$4 per copy: for ten or more copies \$3 each.

Included in subscription for 1960, full year \$5; overseas \$6.

ONE, Inc., 232 S. Hill St., Los Angeles 12, Calif.

Letters

UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES DO THE EDITORS FORWARD LETTERS FROM READERS TO OTHER PERSONS NOR DO THEY ANSWER CORRESPONDENCE MAKING SUCH REQUESTS.

TOWARD UNDERSTANDING OURSELVES

Dear Sirs:

Of all things in the Magazine I have enjoyed most Dr. Baker's articles, perhaps because I like her outlook, too, firmly believe that we homosexuals are neither sick nor depraved. I am gay, happily gay, in love, and loved. I believe, along with the Doctor, that homosexuality is no more abnormal than is red hair—by the way, I am a red-head.

Mr. R.

North Bergen, New Jersey

Dear ONE:

On receiving the May issue I felt I must take the opportunity to congratulate you on the fine work you have done in the past year. It continues to improve, issue by issue, but I missed Dr. Baker's column. It is a temporary absence, I hope. She is a remarkably perceptive and warmly human person.

The fiction, "Familiar Strangers" and "Joe," was outstandingly beautiful and more constructive than was "The Junk Dealer" (March, 1960) although that was amusing and certainly had its place in the Magazine. My only negative note is on "Joel Beck" (November, 1959) which I didn't find in the best of taste.

Mr. C.

Miami, Florida

Editor's Reply:

Dr. Baker has continued bravely to maintain her column, TOWARD UNDERSTANDING, while suffering recurrent attacks of severe illness which had plagued her even before the first appearance of the column, January, 1959. Despite this, she has missed only two issues out of eighteen, as well as travelling over four hundred miles each way to attend the 1959 and 1960 Midwinter Institutes in Los Angeles in a wheel-chair. Her many friends and readers of TOWARD UNDERSTANDING sincerely hope for her speedy return to good health. Special acknowledgement should also

be given the tireless and unwavering support of William F. Baker, Dr. Baker's husband, which has played so important a part in continuing the column.

Dear ONE:

The Magazine means so much to people stuck in small towns. I think the idea of a fee for those who wish to consult with Dr. Baker, who sounds awfully intelligent, as someone proposed in ONE confidential, would be a good thing for those having trouble adjusting.

I suppose you've thought of a correspondence course in addition to your regular classes at the Institute in Los Angeles. There must be some solution short of pen pals for people. I am surprised at the readers who are still for it after all the arguments you've given against it.

It's taken years for me to get to the point where I can obey conventions enough to fool the crowd at the office without being too uncomfortable psychologically. My hair may be fluffy but it's awfully short and the dresses are tailored, believe me! Outside the office it's strictly jeans!

I think it's a good compromise to be able to pass in the office and yet be recognizable to your own crowd, even to strangers on the street. I'm a great believer in *esprit de corps*. I have no patience with those who won't admit the truth.

Miss R.

New York, N. Y.

PEN PALS, THE TOPIC IMMORTAL

Gentlemen:

I would like to become a pen pal, if and when you decide to allow it. I have been rather lonely in the past year, as I went with one person for nine years, but due to my being in an accident and his being tied to his mother's apron-strings (he was nearly eleven years older than I) we called it a day. Since then life hasn't any meaning. I don't know how to go about meeting anyone new, and hope from day to day someone will come along.

Mr. W.

Quincy, Illinois

Dear Friends:

Your January, 1960, issue gives the impression that everyone is all "shook up" over an open forum you had previously run on Pen Pals. Frankly, I have always felt that the least an organization such as ONE could do would be to assist its "clients" in obtaining information about "What's What" in Our Realm of the world: such things as clubs, fraternities, societies, veteran's organizations, etc. I can see no harm in a trivial little enterprise like a Pen Pal club.

After all you're not actually sponsoring a Lonely Hearts or Matrimonial Bureau, nor trading in Black Market babies. Is the aforesaid enterprise any less legal, not to mention respectable, than cruising along the streets, in the "Park Across the Way" or that perennial trout-stream of wishful thinking, the Bar? Is it any more hazardous than hitch-hiking, or picking up the hitch-hiker?

I have no wish to enter into a debate with anyone about the subject, merely wished to state my views for what they're worth. Do what you will, of course, but it is my sincere hope that you do start one. If such were the case I would then be able to learn more about Mr. W. of this, my own, city. While he carefully described himself and quite candidly stated his proclivities, he neglected all who might somehow be interested in that all-important datum, his AGE. To think that at this very moment he is somewhere in this city and who knows whether our paths will ever cross? Nor shall we be able to find out more about one another, either publicly or privately, and why? All because of ONE's ultraconservative, or should I say frightened, policy.

Mr. D.
Washington, D. C.

Dear ONE:

In regards to Pen Pals, it could be nice sometimes, but on the other hand it's not such a good idea, as a person never knows actually who they might be writing to.

I think more Straight People should read ONE. They would find it interesting and educational and would learn what a homosexual really is. I'm sure they would find that we're just like anybody else. It's just that we are slightly mixed up and confused, but how many Straight People aren't these days! I have had my bad days, also good ones. Because I am homosexual myself reading ONE brings great enjoyment and relief.

Mr. B.
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:

Regarding Pen Pals, I should like to make a comment for what it may be worth. I have been a member of an all-male Pen Pal Club for the greater part of a year. I have requested names and addresses of persons who live within this vicinity so that there might be the possibility of a more concrete friendship.

However, I can honestly say that at the present time I have not been able to "get through" to anyone. It seems to me they are only interested in securing pictures. Perhaps everyone is searching for a Greek god, which I am not.

In order for such a thing to be a success it depends not entirely upon the organization sponsoring the Pen Pal Club, but chiefly on

the members themselves and upon their genuine cooperation with the Club and with their fellow members. I would like very much to make a lasting friendship along these lines, but so far it has been futile.

Mr. A.
Paterson, New Jersey

Dear ONE:

While sending in my monthly fin, I'd like to take this opportunity to put in my two cents-worth on the subject of pen-pals. There can be no doubt at all that a pen-pal service would ease many aching hearts. Of course there would be the same disadvantages with it as there are in the hetero world, but these would have to be dealt with by the individual.

The main thing here is the cost of such a service. Everything has a price, and if the price of a pen-pal service in any way endangers our beloved ONE, we can't afford it. None of us. And I am ashamed of anyone who would be so selfish as to even suggest that you go against the advice of your attorney. We NEED you.

Mr. Y.
_____, Kansas

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD

Dear Don:

Bars have been closed here in New York City within the past half year until it's awful. A person like myself has very few places to go. So now what are we to do, street-walk?

Why don't these people realize that we are here; that no one can stop us; that if all of us should move out of New York City this place would be a lost cause? We are here, and we are here to stay.

New York is a wonderful place, but I really think they are trying to do away with it the way they are arresting gay people here.

Mr. B.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Bill:

Since you picked up my subscription from behind the shelves, or wherever it was, I've been getting ONE every month. I remember when I first saw it on a newsstand in Los Angeles and it said "The Homosexual Viewpoint." I hadn't the nerve to buy a copy. I looked at it though! What if everyone who believes as we do would just forget ONE, I think, God, this just couldn't happen.

One has to be so careful here, I just can't see how I can help ONE. I am a teacher, so I would be scared to do anything to bring me into the limelight. Isn't it terrible that in this area being a homosexual means being an outrageous monster?

Mr. W.
_____, Idaho

Dear Friends:

I was interested in the account of the ancient Greek novel, *Leucippe and Clitophon*, (March, 1960) for the character Menelaus put well into words my own feelings about sexual relations with males vs. sexual relations with females. Plato did likewise for me about love in his *Symposium* and *Phaedrus* many years ago when I was just turned eighteen. One Saturday while in the public library to do research for a term paper in Freshman English I found the *Symposium*. Great was my surprise and joy when I for the first time saw an exact statement of my own feelings and views. This was several years before I knew that there was anyone else in the world who had the same thoughts and feelings toward the male sex that I did.

It gives one pause to think in realizing that Nature so repeats its patterns that without any knowledge of the thoughts and feelings of others one can independently develop the same thoughts and feelings. Yes, I would have been very much at home with Charmides, Menelaus and Clitophon in their time.

About ten years later, when I fully knew the facts of the gay world, I went one evening with my mother, youngest sister and a girl friend of my sister to a concert in Grant Park. After the concert, as we were driving home, my sister and her friend started to talk about the different boys and girls they had seen trying to pick one another up. This was news to me! I had noticed boys trying to pick up boys at this and other Grant Park concerts, but it had never occurred to me and I had never previously noticed what was apparently so natural and obvious to everyone else, boys and girls "cruising" one another.

Mr. S.
Chicago, Illinois

Dearest ONES:

I thoroughly enjoyed Dr. Baker's advice (February, 1960) to that one in the Army. WE here are most fortunate in that most of our Gay society conduct ourselves properly and our public officials are broad-minded, intelligent individuals. They know we exist, and after midnight on any Friday or Saturday night the downtown area is ours. We conduct ourselves properly in the bars and on the streets and everyone is happy with the arrangement.

After having lived in New Orleans, San Antonio, San Bernardino and Manhattan I have never run across nicer, more understanding people than those here in Kentucky. 'Tis a shame Louisville doesn't have more adequate job opportunities, for if it did it would surely be the Gay Capital of the fifty states.

A word for that dear one in the Army, "Seek and ye shall find." I know because I

was in the Air Force and the Marine Corps and I had a ball. Loved it. And all of them.

Mr. P.
Louisville, Kentucky

Dear Friends:

While I have been in Europe a couple of times and have seen some of the gay bars there I shall send for the directory of them which was advertised (May, 1960).

I am wondering if you know of any such directory in U.S. I don't know, why such material should be confidential or secret, for they are public places and a matter of common knowledge in most cities. I am especially interested in Denver, Tucson, Phoenix, San Diego...

Mr. P.
Lansing, Michigan

Dear Sir:

Why don't the lesbians write more for the Magazine, also letters? It would seem to me that they would read the Magazine as much or more than the boys, since most of them aren't as social.

Mr. P.
Venice, California

Dear Sir:

You claim you wish to "promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problem of variation." In this I am all for you. So please don't spoil every fine magazine by publishing anything in the future like "The Junk Dealer," (March, 1960).

Mr. S.
New York, N. Y.

the MOTAURANT

WHETHER YOUR TRAVELING EAST OR WEST
—GET YOUR KICKS ON ROUTE 66. IT
WINDS THROUGH HOLBROOK, ARIZONA.
SO DON'T FORGET THE MOTAURANT FOR
A TRULY ENJOYABLE MEAL. BREAKFAST,
LUNCH, AND DINNER, TOO, IT'S THE PLACE
FOR YOU. IF YOU LIKE FOOD YOU'LL
LIKE THE MOTAURANT.

West Holbrook, Hiway 66