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OCTOBER 1960
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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.



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

Carlyle

magazine

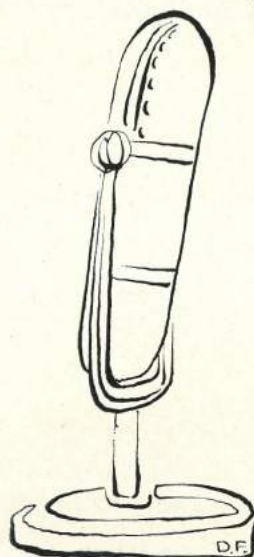
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COVER: Dawn Frederic



EDITORIAL

From the homosexual point of view, two aspects of the defection to Moscow of William Martin and Bernon Mitchell appear to be matters of especial concern.

Assuming that the pair are homosexual and we believe they are, we find it curious that they would want to go to Russia to seek happiness and fulfillment. The last thing most American homosexual men and women want to do is go to the Soviet Union or adopt any Marxist form of Communism. Communism and homosexuality are contradictory and inimical. One can hardly be a Communist and a homosexual at the same time. The homosexual is an individual, he loves his freedom too much, he is almost a rebel from conformity. He does not merge and jell easily with the masses, nor trust blindly like many heterosexuals in communal

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behavior. Why then would the homosexual want to part with that form of government which offers liberty to choose one's own way of life? If we must choose a sexual preference most likely to produce a Communist, then let it be the heterosexual who may be easily pressured in his wish to survive and conform.

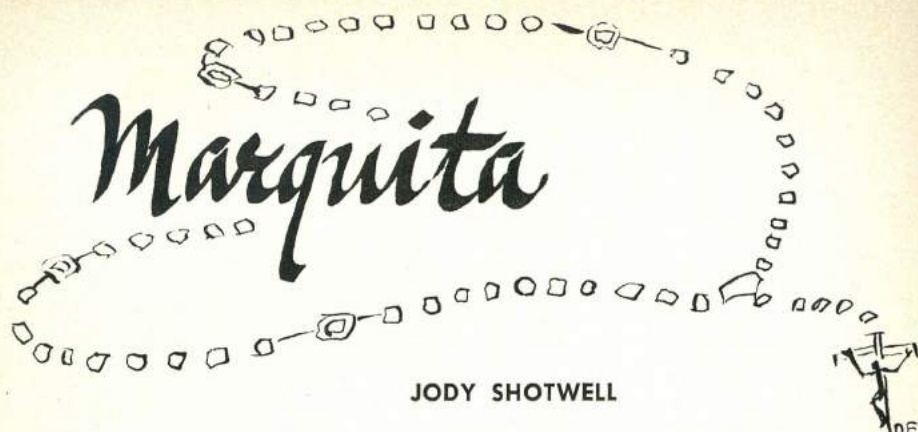
The other aspect of direct concern is the continuing attitude expressed by newsmen and government officials that homosexuals are somehow special security risks. In December 1955, Marlin Prentiss, writing in ONE Magazine, answered the question "Are homosexuals security risks?" with a "... yes—to exactly the same extent that anyone else is." Yet news commentators and columnists would have us believe that Martin and Mitchell were blackmailed by Soviet agents into turning traitors because of their homosexuality. The implication is that the homosexual would be more likely to sell out his country to protect his reputation than would the heterosexual. The actual fact is quite the reverse. The average heterosexual has far more to lose when we consider his status in the community plus family responsibilities, and illegal heterosexual relationships are far more numerous than homosexual ones if Kinsey's figures are to be believed.

It is well known that an individual's vulnerability to blackmail rises in direct proportion to what he stands to lose under the blackmailer's terms. Since 1955 much progress has been made in enlightening the public, and homosexuality is hardly considered an anathema by conventional society any longer. The practice of homosexuality in private by consenting adults in civilian life is not illegal according to recent court rulings, and the presence of homosexuals in government agencies does not open the door to intimidation and blackmail. For this reason there should be no regulations prohibiting the hiring of homosexuals for government agencies or retaining them in government jobs.

Still, unintelligent and essentially un-American opinions like those of Representative Walter, (D) of Pennsylvania, go unchallenged and even gain acceptance in government circles. Representative Walter is chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities which began hearings September 16th on the defection of the two NSA mathematicians. He estimates that there are more than 1,000 homosexuals in government jobs. This seems like an incredibly small number, but, we feel they have a right to their jobs. Rep. Walter says he is investigating reports that there is a government ring of homosexuals who work for promotion of the clique and recruit other "sex deviates" for Federal jobs. We will be interested in the report of his findings. As a result of this type of thinking the State Department is known to have dropped at least thirty-three homosexuals off the payroll in the past few years.

We say for the sake of the national good that now is the time for the government to be honest, frank and forthright in its treatment of homosexuals in its employ. A re-appraisal of what makes a security risk is needed. Of what value is national security if our government adopts and pursues those very evils from which it supposedly would like to protect our nation? Civil liberties once lost are seldom regained.

Don Slater,
Editor



JODY SHOTWELL

Marquita, home from the earliest Mass, unlocked the grilled iron door into the patio and locked it again behind her. Fingering her keys as she did just a little while ago her rosary beads, she stood for a moment looking at Ron's motorcycle at the curb. The Señora Vargas would be annoyed again. Only yesterday she had told Marquita to tell Ron that the vehicle must not be left in front of the house. Translating the landlady's angry Spanish into discreet English, Marquita had conveyed the message. But Ron had either ignored it or forgotten it.

"Oh, tell her I'm sorry," the American girl had said, grinning in such a way that Marquita knew exactly how she must have looked when she was a little girl.

"Please, Ron," Marquita begged. "The señora is funny about such things. You will put it in the driveway, always, please."

But there it was again, as beautiful as such a powerful and noisy object could be. All blue and shining chrome . . . a strange means of transportation for a girl. But then, Ron was a strange kind of girl. Marquita, turning toward the door into the house, felt once more the unaccountable quickening of her heart. She removed her high-heeled shoes to tiptoe past the landlady's bedroom door and went into her own room. The bathroom separated her room from Ron's, and she unlocked the door and went through and tapped lightly at Ron's door.

"Ron?" It was very important that the señora not be awakened just yet. "Ron!" There was no answer. Marquita tried the knob. Sometimes Ron neglected also to lock doors. This time it was locked.

"Please, Buena Dios, make her wake up!" Marquita prayed, silently. There must be no trouble. Only last month the señora had ordered from the house a roomer who twice left the patio door unlocked. The señora was very rigid about her rules.

Marquita began to feel extremely warm and uncomfortable in her confining clothes. This time of year the San Juan sun blazed hot and early, and Marquita, now past the slimness of her youth, was constrained to restrict her maturing form in one kind of obnoxious undergarment or another. Anxiety dampened her face and she felt a little faint.

"Ron!" She tapped again, and this time Ron's sleepy voice responded. Simultaneously, the clip-clop of the Señora Vargas' slippers sounded on the outside of the bathroom door. Like a child caught in some guilty act, Marquita hastened to her own room and closed the door.

Removing her clothes, Marquita fought back her mounting trepidation.

She heard someone in the bathroom and prayed that it was the landlady. Perhaps it was still not too late for Ron to move the motorcycle . . . She slipped into her cotton housecoat and left her room through the hall door, first stopping in front of her mirror to wipe away the moist evidences of her agitation and apply a light sprinkling of powder to her face.

Sra. Vargas was standing by the open door, looking out through the patio to the street. Marquita's heart convulsed. It was too late! The landlady turned as she heard Marquita's footsteps.

"Mira! Again it is left out here! It is too much . . . what will the neighbors think!"

Then Ron's door opened and Ron came out and stood there, looking at them, boyish and sleepy-eyed in her pajamas.

"Is something the matter?" she asked. The Señora Vargas walked toward her, pointing at the front door, her words tumbling over each other. Marquita delayed her progress, laying a soothing hand on her arm.

"I will tell her," she said. "Ron, it is the motorcycle. You left it outside the house again."

Ron's very blue eyes, her one feminine beauty, widened. "Is that what all the fuss is about?" She looked at Marquita, not at the Señora.

"You know how she is about this. Ron, Ron . . . why did you?"

"Oh, for Pete's sake! I was just too tired to put it away . . ."

The landlady, temporarily calmed, glanced from one to the other, waiting for Marquita to translate Ron's words.

"But she is really angry this time," Marquita said.

"Let her be." Ron walked past them into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator.

"What did she say?" demanded Sra. Vargas.

"She said some automobile blocked the entrance to the driveway last night, so please excuse her," Marquita lied.

The señora went into another tirade and Ron came out of the kitchen, her face flushed and angry.

"Look," she said to Marquita. "You tell her that I'm sick and tired of her rules and regulations. This is like being in prison. Tell her that today I will look for another place . . ."

"No, Ron . . . please. It will be all right," Marquita said, feeling suddenly ill.

"I'm sorry!" Ron went back into her room, and Marquita, unable to say more, turned and went back into hers, leaving the landlady to her mutterings.

The door closed behind her, Marquita dropped to her knees beside her bed. "Father, Dear Father in heaven, do not let this happen," she prayed. This morning in church she had asked Him to take care of Ron. "I need your help, Father, being unable to do it alone." In her small way, she did whatever she could. Someone so far away from her own home as Ron was, and so careless of her own welfare, needed to be looked after.

The Good Lord Himself had directed Ron to this house . . . of this Marquita was certain. It was dreadful to think of what might have become of her otherwise. The girl never remembered to eat, and of course, she drank too much, a situation over which Marquita prayed constantly. It was good to have someone to cook for again. Since Madre died ten years ago there had been no one to appreciate her artistry with food, no one for her to care for, really. Even Ron, for the big, tall girl she was, ate far too little . . . but at least she sat

down opposite Marquita at the table and could be coaxed to take now and then a few bites.

And her laundry! Never did Ron think of getting her soiled clothes to the wash until she had nothing left to wear. So this small thing Marquita did for her, also. Once a week she gathered together the shirts, the socks, the trousers, these unwomanly garments it was necessary for Ron to wear in her profession, and for which, once Marquita overcame her initial distaste, she felt a strange tenderness. She would deliver them to the *Laundero Automatico*, and pick them up for Ron at the end of the day. Sometimes, if neither of them was working, they would go together to the laundry and sit and talk and talk until the wash was done. In the few months since Ron came, they had talked so much. Never had Marquita met such an odd one, not even in New York where she had studied for a time. Yet, beneath the strange wildness of this *Norteamericana*, there was always the child. It was to this child in Ron, Marquita told herself, she was drawn. She loved children and yet had never really wanted any of her own. From her earliest childhood she had felt drawn to the religious life, never to the thought of marriage. It was taken for granted that she would enter the convent when the time came. But then, Padre died and her mother could not be left alone. But Marquita served God just the same, to the fullest of her ability. She worked in the hospital where there were many little children, yet never had any of them seemed so much a child and so much her own as Ron.

Through her agitated prayers, now, Marquita suddenly heard the clang of the patio door and then, minutes later, the roar of Ron's motorcycle. The heaviness in her breast was almost more than she could bear and she wept into the coverlet on her bed until she fell asleep.

She awakened to the sound of St. Catherine's bells at noontide. Her legs were cramped and her face wet from the tears she had shed. She could not immediately identify the misery that possessed her . . . and then she remembered. Ron had left the house in anger, and only God knew what would happen now. She arose from her knees and told herself that she must just be calm and wait. Perhaps everything would settle itself. On Sundays Ron worked only half a day and when she came home they would talk.

Arranging her hair and powdering her face again, Marquita left her room and went into the kitchen for something to eat. She was sitting on the patio, her prayerbook clasped in her hands, when Ron drove up at three o'clock in a car Marquita had never seen.

"I borrowed it from a fellow at work," Ron said in answer to Marquita's inquiring gesture. "I'm packing my things and getting out of here now."

"Ron, please, sit down." Marquita forced a smile and patted the cushion beside her on the rattan settee.

"I haven't time. I'm sorry, Marquita . . . honestly. I'll miss you . . . But I found a room on Ponce de Leon, and . . ."

"Ron . . . this is foolish. Sra. Vargas did not say you had to leave. You know she gets excited . . ." Marquita dressed her urgency in a soft voice, soothing, as though to a recalcitrant child.

"Don't worry, I won't give her a chance. Please excuse me, Marquita . . . I have a lot to do."

Ron went in through the louvred door and Marquita sat with her eyes closed upon the growing tumult in her breast. She heard Ron open the door to her room and close it again. Reaching into her pocket she clasped her fingers

upon her rosary beads.

"If it is Your will, I must let her go," she whispered. The pain in her chest collected itself into a huge lump, mounting to her throat and sticking there. "She is a person, to come and go as she pleases. I have no right. Forgive me, Father, for questioning the gift you have given me and are now taking away . . ."

She sat still for a moment with her head bowed and waited for the benediction of a quiet heart to come over her. Instead, her hands began to tremble and an uncontrollable panic overwhelmed her. Rising, she fled from the patio into her room, and there the tears came. She stood before the mirror and watched them come, slowly at first, filling her eyes . . . then in torrents, as the lump in her throat dissolved. She was blinded to her reflection.

"What is the matter, what is the matter!" she implored. "It is only a friend. What is so terrible that a friend moves away? She will be close by; I will hear her sometimes . . . But oh, it is not so," cried back the inside voice. "She is not only a friend . . . she is my child . . . she is my Love!" And having said it to herself, she went through the door into the bathroom and through the bathroom to Ron's door. She raised her hand to knock and inside she heard the sound of drawers opening and closing, of Ron's footsteps on the tiled floor. Turning, she ran back into her room. The crucifix above her bed gleamed in the afternoon sun. She turned her back on it and stood swaying in the middle of the room. "Dios, Dios, don't take her away from me!" She went again then, almost staggering, to Ron's door, and this time she knocked. The door opened and she fell into Ron's arms.

"You can't go away. You can't go, Ron. I will die if you do!"

"Marquita! Good heavens," Ron exclaimed, holding Marquita away from her and looking into her face. "What is wrong. Are you ill?"

"Yes . . . no . . . I don't know. Ron . . . don't go, please don't go!"

"Here . . . sit down." Ron tried to lead Marquita toward the chair but she held on desperately. "Ron, Ron, I love you so terribly. I don't know what is the matter with me . . . but I love you!"

"Marquita!" The shock in Ron's voice cut into her hysteria. Her arms fell to her sides and she allowed herself to be drawn to the chair. Ron handed her a tissue and she wiped her eyes and blew her nose. The storm was suddenly over and she felt herself dead in the wreckage.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I have done a terrible thing."

Ron squatted on the floor at her feet. Her wonderful blue eyes were full of distress.

"Marquita . . . look. It's all right. I—I just had no idea. I don't know what to say . . . You know I wouldn't hurt you for anything. . . ."

"Please . . . don't say anything. It's all right, Ron. I'm all right now. You must do as you wish to do." She got up, slowly.

"If there is anything I can do to help you pack . . ."

"No, wait, Marquita . . . Listen to me. You have been a wonderful friend. If it means so much to you for me to stay, I will stay . . ."

"No. No, Ron. It is all spoiled now. I have spoiled it. I must go out now for awhile. But perhaps I will be back before you leave."

Marquita went through the bathroom into her own room and closed the door. From the little altar in front of her window she took up her prayer-book and her beads and left the room through the hall door. Coming out into the late afternoon sun, she walked slowly up the street to St. Catherine's.



JAMES HINER

Why should I have been disturbed by the words? I'd been anxious for a long time to see him drop the correspondence. Now, apparently it was at an end. What did it matter then if he was calling me "a psychological whore?" I wasn't trying to skirt any issue, but the phrase seemed totally meaningless to me. And besides, he put the matter negatively, not positively; actually he was saying *I wasn't* a such-and-such (whatever the term intended). Precisely, though, that was the point. Take a meaningless phrase and say it backwards: it was in just such fashion that significant things got attached to Cornball.

Consider the matter of his name, "Cornball, the Kid Pro." Cornball? Simply because he came from Iowa; that's all. The fact of the matter was that he'd been born and raised in Des Moines; he couldn't have been less a "cornball" if he'd grown up in New York or Los Angeles. But when it became known that he had enlisted in Iowa, "Cornball" he became, without any further excuse.

Now Cornball was proud. This was probably his biggest real defect, but

it helped to obscure some of his other, lesser defects. For example, he was only good looking and a little weak, but he appeared to think of himself as handsome and virile; he'd only been through high school and a year of college, but he acted like he considered himself educated. He was innocent when he joined the Corps, but pretended to be experienced. He kept his chin tilted back and his head canted slightly to one side when he talked; this may have been no more than the result of his years of playing the violin. But he tended to look over his nose through half-shut eyes—soft eyes that he was trying to make hard—when he talked, and he thought all this contributed to an appearance of sophistication; but obviously it only made him seem arrogant. So his pride and his arrogance kept him ignorant of his innocence and naivete, and there was a kind of backward appropriateness to the name "Cornball" after all.

Well, what about the "Kid Pro" part? Another meaningless nickname that Cornball, as a matter of fact, grew into. I remember how it started. Cornball was the kind who always had a few dollars left before pay day, and this made him a natural target for all the men who were broke. When they came to borrow money from him for that last necessary liberty before pay day, Cornball would put it to them: "O.K., but what's the *quid pro quo*?"—What's the exchange, what'll you give for what you get? Or, what are the terms of this contract, Mac? You can see how his using a phrase like that would add to the picture Cornball had of himself. So Cornball became the "Quid Pro." And then because that name didn't seem to make any real sense, someone changed it one day to "Kid Pro," and the name stuck, though that didn't seem to make any sense either.

But if you think about it a while, you'll see how accurate it was, after all. Because what's a "kid pro" but a kind of "boy man?" And that was Cornball; that was the way he grew. You see, everything has to be turned around with the fellow.

So I knew all this; and had other reasons, too. I knew as soon as I saw that phrase "psychological whore" in the last letter that I'd better not let it pass without giving it some thought. Thinking about it, frankly, took me a long, long way back. It got to be a pretty long story, but I'll tell it briefly.

*

A few weeks after basic training, in the days before Pearl Harbor, when a serviceman in civilian clothes could still get across the border, Cornball and six others piled in an old Hupmobile sedan and toured down to Ensenada. They got there in time for a meal, and then went over to a little joint on the waterfront with a three piece band: trumpet, piano and bass drum. There was a large, red-headed fisherman from the States buying champagne cocktails for the girls. One of the girls gave her name as Maria de los Angeles, and Cornball thought it was the loveliest name he'd ever heard. She was so young and pretty that it was hard for a person to think anything bad of her. Cornball liked Maria and Maria liked Cornball. So pretty soon they went up the street to Maria's place, the last door in a whole string of doors; but Cornball didn't notice. When they came back, Cornball was obviously in love. He got Hernandez, who could speak Spanish, to translate for him; and then the three of them, Cornball and Maria and Hernandez, took a table by themselves and talked.

It was all right for a while, but then the fisherman learned we were servicemen and insisted on keeping the drinks flowing to the boys who were defending

his country. When Maria finally disappeared, it took Cornball several minutes to absorb the full impact of it. Hernandez kept telling him, "Cornball, she's just a who-er." But Cornball wasn't buying any of that line; if Maria was with someone, it damn well must be against her wishes. So Cornball staggered out and up the street and started pounding on that line of doors because he couldn't remember which was Maria's. When he finally found the right one and discovered the door was locked from the inside, he hunted around until he located a long stick and then stuck it in at the bottom corner of the door and pulled up. Everything gave at once. The door flew open. Maria was up beside the bed, screaming, and a long, thin, startled male face peered anxiously from the bed. And there, confronting them, was Cornball, with a stick in his hand, not really knowing what to do next. Every other door along the line was open, too, and everyone had some advice or complaint to offer at the top of his Spanish voice.

But in the meantime the rest of us had closed in on Cornball and got him, not pacified, but subdued. We got him to the Hupmobile and decided to go home while we could. So we drove back to Dago in the moonlight with Cornball mumbling about Maria all the way. He wanted Hernandez to write her a letter when we got back.

Then love occupied Cornball for the rest of the year, nearly. He fell in love with a theater usher, or usherette, if you like, from Lemon Grove, and one week-end the two of them took her dad's car and drove to Las Vegas. It was just like Cornball not to know the girl was having her period, and just like him not to find out until after the civil ceremony had been performed. And just like him to be immobilized by the news. He lay awake all night, tortured with what he took to be some sign of the beast on their love affair and didn't touch the girl; and then the next day he drove her back to Lemon Grove. She got an annulment, and then the war broke out.

That left the world. Cornball and Tod Harris and I sat up on Pacific Boulevard eating avocados in the black-out one night after war had been declared, and decided to sail around the world just as soon as the thing was over. We were a little premature, but that was all right as there were a number of preparations to be made. Cornball had never been immersed in anything larger or deeper than a swimming pool in Des Moines, Iowa, and Tod had never navigated anything more complicated than a surf board. So the bulk of the responsibility developed on me because I had sailed a dingy in Green Lake, Wisconsin, once. But poor Tod got caught smoking the wrong kind of cigarette and had to take a dishonorable discharge. And Cornball got impatient, not for action but for glory, and signed up with a unit which scuttlebutt said was going overseas first. It went over, and Cornball got there after a while. Their ship sailed around the Pacific while the Solomon battle was going on, and then Cornball and his unit got garrison duty in the Solomons . . . for two years, eight months and four days.

I was back in the States a year before Cornball, and married. Jill and I had an apartment just down the hill from the El Cortez. In the meantime, before he left, Cornball had seen a picture of my cousin, Josie; and with nothing to do in the Solomons for two years, eight months and four days, he started to write her. She wrote him, and back and forth went the V-mail. They fell in love and Cornball thought it would be a good thing, since I had two beds in the apartment, if Josie was there when he got back. So she was.

Well, Josie was quiet and not very deep, but she'd built up a big passion for Cornball in all that time. Cornball, on the other hand, had come to worship the very ground Josie trod on. Worshipped the bed she lay on. So the next day was pretty dismal for all concerned, especially after Cornball realized that he hadn't mustered quite the expected response. By evening, though, they were talking again, and Cornball made up his mind to try once more. And if the second time it was in some respects a little better, in other respects it was a great deal worse. So the next day Josie went back to Los Angeles and Cornball stayed for spaghetti dinner with Jill and me and then got drunk on red wine. He was stumbling around the public hall about midnight for some unknown reason and suddenly threw up. He tried to make it to a window but the screens were on and all he could do was fill the sill. He was in no condition to tell us about it until the next day, and then even though Jill cleaned it up, we got our eviction notice.

But it was all right as far as we were concerned. My discharge was on its way. The war was over. We were going to New York.

*

Cornball stayed around L. A. for a few weeks and tried to get on with one of the studio orchestras. He was really a hell of a fine violin player. He'd tuck it up there under his chin and lower his eyelids and play Brahms and he could make the music go right up your spine. He couldn't crack the studios though, so one day he signed up with one of the name bands. A big one, one of the best. That was in the days when all the musicians released from service still thought the public wanted the Big Noise. Yes, people talked happy but acted queer, and they really wanted things quiet.

Cornball was in the wrong league, but the fact was disguised from him for a while. He was making money for maybe a year or so; sitting up nights playing poker with The Man, rolling some pod—his name for it—now and then. Living, and living it up. No one could tell him he looked out of place; no one knew his own place then. The reasons were obvious; there was so little chaos, so little apparent chaos that no one realized how much actual chaos there really was. We all looked and hunted and dug and scrounged; chose one way and then chose another; leaped and fell flat, or maybe made it big. Cornball still thought he was making it big the night Jill and I caught his show in New York.

I'd had it. I didn't know it, but I'd had it. As soon as he asked me why I was back in school again studying—"That only leads to the grave, m'boy,"—with that cocky way of him, I knew I'd had it. So I didn't waste any words. "Hell," I said, "if that's the case, let's all take off for Haiti. I know it's not around-the-world, but we could get *there*."

"What'll we do for money?"

"We'll take the money we have and go. Don't stand on pessimistic doubts, ladies and gentlemen. When we run out, we'll earn some more, but we'll keep going."

"Dreamer."

"We'll make ourselves make something out of it. How else is it done? What do you say?"

But Cornball hadn't quite had it yet. There was a sudden wave of old romance that rushed over him, I could see that. "Yes," . . . it was, and then, ". . . maybe we should plan it a little. I've got a good income; another five hundred dollars would look good."

And then I knew it wouldn't ever happen. Maybe I would have found something to hedge on, too; who knows? I didn't really know myself, but I knew it had to be then. There's always only one moment; the next moment is something different.

But still we talked about it, talked it up good, in fact; went at it with real fervor, and maybe once or twice before dawn had two-thirds of us convinced. But never three-thirds; there was always one who could think of a new objection, all perfectly valid, all perfectly sane and deadly. Nevertheless when we parted it was with the firm vow that we were going to put together five hundred dollars and then. . . .

The band folded in Cleveland a week later and Cornball was back again. On our hands, this time. It seemed to him then that we should all have taken off for Haiti. But none of us could recapture that spirit anymore. Then one particularly foul, Fall day, Cornball remembered a girl he'd met while in Toronto with the band. That's where he had to go; he knew she was waiting for him. So Jill gave him a long parting kiss at Grand Central, I shook his hand, and off he went.

He courted the girl a week or so, married her and was immediately taken into her father's business. He manufactured syrup: . . . and, of course it had to be . . . corn syrup. Well, Jill and I laughed and laughed, and while I was still in a puckish mood I sent him a letter and told him to remind the new wife that Jill had had her tongue in his mouth first and was the corn syrup any better? It was just one of those pointlessly vulgar things you say when you've known someone too well. And I might have known better; he fired right back at me a real chastisement: Didn't I know what kind of a girl this was? and all that. Yes, I suppose then I did. And that pretty well ended the matter, I thought.

*

After that things went up and up and up. Everything went up and up and got better and better. Some time passed before I learned all the details, but things got better almost immediately for Cornball and his *quid pro quo*. He was selling his father-in-law's syrup and making money; he had a wife, a rambler and, in short order, two kids. He had one kid of each sex, and his arrogance was unbounded. He wrote briefly and to the point before the first one was born to inform us it was going to be a boy; and before the second, a girl. Right both times. I was thankful I wasn't in Haiti with him; I decided he was unbearable.

Things also improved for me. After two more wives, a couple of schools, four or five jobs and all the usual rigamarole, things were looking up. I was doing a little writing and some of my things were getting published. I began to imagine a name for myself. So we all lived out our days for a few years. And then one day Cornball remembered Josie. He decided he'd been madly in love with her all the time. I had a letter from Josie telling me Cornball was there, courting her.

Josie wanted me to come and take him away, or send him back to his wife and syrup, or do anything with him. I procrastinated for a few weeks and then I didn't have to do anything at all.

Josie, you see, was by then quite happy. True, she was finding her happiness with her own sex, not the other, but I thought, "They're happy? Let 'em be happy." The other girl was considerate and Josie had turned into something

inoffensive and kittenishly plump. Let them be, I thought.

But what about Cornball? How would his genteel arrogance take all this? Well, fortunately Josie and her girl friend tried to consider Cornball's feelings. The two of them behaved like simple roommates. They had Cornball to dinner, entertained him, kept things neutral. Cornball couldn't see the light but he was getting upset because he couldn't get closer to Josie. The conviction was so firm in his own mind by then that he loved Josie, that he couldn't help but believe that Josie loved him. She had to love him.

In the end, there was really nothing the two girls could do but open the door. Since Cornball couldn't take the least hint, they'd given him the fullest. That's when Cornball decided to renew our lapsed correspondence. There were some things I needed to know.

He went back to Toronto and took up the syrup business again and sat down and wrote me a long, informative letter. I ignored it. Then when Cornball saw that the stern, moralistic approach wasn't going to get him anywhere, he realized it wasn't moralism he wanted at all or even love, but life. He wanted me to tell him about my life. My life. Well, hell, what could I say? I put him off, and then put him off some more. But every month or so the letter would come.

—Did I know what a hell of a thing it was to live in the suburbs and sell syrup?—Yes, in my imaginative eye I did. At least I knew what it was to live in the suburbs; and that wasn't news. —Well, then, I couldn't let him down; if I'd just write him a little, even once a month would do.

So I wrote him and talked about what was on my mind. It happened to be books. It had been years since he'd read much, but he wanted me to send him something. I don't like to let books out of my library, but I sent him some. He didn't like them. He wanted me to explain a few passages. I didn't care to explain the passages; I may not even have understood them myself. Instead I asked him, if he was so damn unhappy why didn't he go back to music? —It was too late for that, didn't I understand? He had a wife and kids.

I realized soon that his letters not only did not interest me, they irritated me. They almost repelled me. Why, I wondered? Why does he bother me so much? Why, especially, when his letters, his style, had gradually taken on the form of a literary curiosity. He wrote in formal periods; there was a pathetic staunchness to his sentences. Their structure was both bold and apologetic; his tone showed that he was a person just finding his mind or just losing it. He spoke forwardly, personally, but thought reticently: "... If I may be permitted one last nostalgic thought. . . ." But above all he was tiresome.

He was tiresome when he dropped the book bit and the reading kick and went back to the subject of Josie.—What a loss she had been for him! I couldn't let that pass; I had to lecture him on his sentimental attachments, on his habit of always living in the past. I suggested whiskey as a more forthright remedy, and I expected him to tell me to go to hell. He did, but in his own way.

"... That Josie is plump, and, if I may put it this way, 'revolutionized,' is a *post facto* irrelevancy. That we would have lived a fuller, happier life than we now experience is a conviction I believe, perhaps immodestly, is futilely held mutually."

I found myself asking with feelings of superiority what a "*post facto* irrelevancy" was? And what was it to be "futilely held mutually?" And what, in any case, was "a fuller, happier life?" And though I asked the questions to

myself, thinking of their author in an impatient and even cruel frame of mind, I soon realized on what dangerous ground I stood. Were we so different, was I so much more the success that I was free from his infection?

But the stronger the language I used against him, the more ruthlessly I pointed out his flaws, the more he appealed. Then he would hit me with something like this: "... Actually I've become a monster; insensible, indifferent and ignorant of the nuances of life which are its essence." You see, a man matures, even Cornball matures. Even suppose that he didn't know what he was saying; suppose that he was just reaching again for the phrase that would touch me; even so, I knew what he was saying. There was the danger. I had to quit it, quit him, quit the letters. I wanted to cry "Stop! that's enough. Do you want me to have to start looking at myself?"

Well, that was a revelation I refused to allow him. I wasn't going to give him the pleasure, if pleasure it would have been, to see the inside of "his correspondent." So I stopped. But his letters kept coming with their stale turns of phrase, the sort of thing a person can pluck by the armful from the slick magazines:

"... Of cheerier note is my expanding capacity for Bacchus' balm,"—and then he went on: "... which, while its therapeutic rather than its somnolent effect is more keenly felt, heralds the death of the malaise which has plagued me these many years and my new birth of freedom to destroy myself completely." Oh, the pathetic epithets and twisted constructions!

I kept reading his letters because I expected every one to be the last. I thought he must finally give it up, and I wanted to know how he'd do it. It was bruising my own flesh to read him, but on I went. I even tried a different tactic to silence him once and for all. I sent him a post card with one sentence on it: "I am too busy to write." Surely a sentence like that would be more vicious, in its effect on him, than anything else I could say? But with a sudden clear vision of matters, he replied immediately:

"... How could you possibly be too busy to write? Writing being your crust and disposable bottle."

There was something in this last that made me wonder if he weren't in fact toying with me. Was it possible that he knew more about my condition than I thought he did? What did he mean, "my disposable bottle"? Did he know, at last, some way of reaching me, of really reaching me? Was he being sly rather than stupid, and were all his idiotic, affected phrases calculated?

It seemed that perhaps they were. It seemed, even that he'd taken up a thickly ironic tone with me.

"... For a fact, so few persons would appreciate the nuances so fundamental to the matter so well as you that I disdain all ears except yours. Or are you frightened of monsters?"

But then he let up for a moment, again, without explanation, and turned to the subject of Josie. He wanted her latest address; he appeared willing to let me off the hook. I could have gotten off completely, I suppose, if I'd just given him the damn thing. Why didn't I do it then? I could have just as well as not. As a matter of fact, she'd been living alone for some time then. Why couldn't I apply my "happiness" formula to Cornball? "Let them be happy." I may have thought it, I don't know, but I didn't write. I did nothing at all. I wanted him to fall through the earth.

Once again he wrote and tried to pass all his life in review. He came to the

part about Josie and tried to tell me how it had really been. The account was slightly different from what I'd heard and imagined, but I had no reason to believe, now, that his version was the correct one. The episode was as far from him as it was from me. Or was it? Perhaps it didn't matter whether it was or wasn't. Perhaps he was finally going to let me go, to drop the subject, to disappear. He concluded abruptly:

"... But I see you have no time to waste being a psychological whore so I won't bother you further."

*

There was no cause for anyone to be delirious about it. I didn't take it as a compliment. And any feeling of freedom I received did not last long.

There was a time at first when I didn't think about Cornball, but his last sentence kept coming back to mind. I couldn't understand why he said "psychological whore." Oh, the words were familiar enough, and I understood his meaning vaguely. But not thoroughly. I was certain that the term was inappropriate and yet, from the curious way he had of grabbing half hold of a thing, I suspected the words might be concealing a different meaning. He probably meant not "whore" but "pimp," I decided. I accepted it; if he would let me alone, I accepted it. There was considerable justice to it. But I still couldn't make the "psychological" work. He might not have meant it to work, there was that possibility. He might have had two entirely unrelated thoughts that just got joined together that way like a case of miscegenation. He might have. Yet I had to admit to myself that there was perhaps more sense than I could find.

Then the answer, being fairly obvious, finally occurred to me. He simply meant I had shown myself unwilling to sell my "psychology" to him—my mind, my thought, my words. But why "whore," in that case? Yes, of course, because he was going to pay, had paid, was ready to continue paying. And of course I had been receiving.

He was paying with himself, or rather he was paying with his life's story if I would only continue to take it. Take it as payment in full for an intent to live? An intent which I was as far from fulfilling as he? Was that it?

Was that it? If it was, then what a real monster he'd been, to make me look so far, not into him, but into myself. *Quid pro quo*. The original law of barter. Well, he had got his something in exchange. Me for Cornball; my life for his, or my life through his, whoring it.

Was the man a genius after all? When I thought of the exchange, I paused at that question. Once again I had to ask myself why his letters had bothered me so. And I knew that it was because the exchange had been about equal.

*

The world is an oyster, to be sure. But not as it's eaten, but from the outside, hammering at the impervious shell to get in. And then what a tiny, insignificant mouthful it is, in the end.

All the past seems wrapped around me like a huge ball of knotted twine—not quite heavy enough to completely immobilize me, but already too thick to cut through. I've even thought I wanted to write Cornball again. And I've given in to the impulse. But evidently more than two years has passed since his last move; the Post Office has no record of a forwarding address any longer. I only wrote to him asking him to write. I said it didn't matter anymore what he wanted to say. Write me, I'd said; write.



Shall creeping Time creep up on me
And hoarsely whisper "old man!"
Before I have tasted all the senses may?
For the fruit of woman's softness
And of clean-limbed men,
Sought by my searching eyes and hands,
Shall I, one awesome day,
Feel no sustaining hunger?
Will the mind (body and blood
Having become insensible
To Nature's fierce decree)
Find other fruit?
As luscious, as imperative?

Does age look back with tired envy,
Or with the glad perception
That this symbolic hunger
Has spoken of some eternal Bread?

Jim White

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

The wave of innuendo, oafish punditry and crude lies about the alleged homosexuality of those mathematicians who skedaddled to Russia may be just the start of a long, vicious airing of the homosexual question. There's scant evidence that either Bernon Mitchell or William Martin really is homosexual. But everyone's saying so—and they're in no position to sue for slander. They were brilliant mathematician-codemen working for the oh-so-secret National Security Agency. They may have had access to, and stolen, top-secret materials. On this, as on other points, Pentagonians have snarled themselves in a mass of lies and counterlies. They were bachelors, long-time close friends, and not the get-along-fine-with-everybody sort. They left the U. S. in mid-summer and turned up in Moscow in Sept. In a press conference, they said they were sick of American duplicity in the cold war. They had left behind a letter explaining their plans and motives—which the Pentagon tried to cover up.

Public response, furious at their treason, and further irked by official switches in the account, has been wildly irrational over the accusation that at least one of them was homosexual. Eisenhower made pale insinuations, and said security regulations had to be tightened. Max Lerner and David Lawrence, and

many others yet, emitted pompous analyses. The Sta. Monica OUTLOOK bleated for a new McCarthy—and Rep. Francis Walter (Dem., Pa.) tried hard to fill the bill, but had competition from other congressmen anxious to get into the act. The Hearst papers, old lovers of the blatherings of Rep. Walter and his Un-Americans, repeatedly featured his charges about 1,000 homosexuals in State and Defense Depts.

Ironical if homosexuality had prompted Martin and Mitchell to go Russiaward, where laws on that subject are even more vicious than in most of these United States. Nor does the charge that the Russ discovered their deviation and blackmailed them fit with their actual behavior. Walter, Sokolsky, Lerner, Lawrence and company keep repeating this old slander: that the homosexual is a security risk because he is subject to blackmail. There is no single case on record where this is known to have happened. Of literally thousands of defectors from the West since the War, only these two and England's pair have ever been accused of being homosexual!

Hard to say what effect this will have on American homosexuals. If it gives the subject a full and ultimately fair airing—good for the long run. The liberal English discussion of recent years started with hysterical press coverage of the Burgess-Maclean affair and several nasty morals trials . . .

A MONUMENTAL DECISION

There are two approaches to law reform: thru legislative bodies, or thru the courts. Appeal to the courts to test the legitimacy of an unfair law may be the faster and sounder way, tho less used by reform groups. What Wolfenden and the Homosexual Law Reform Society have

been urging in England has now been accomplished in Washington, D. C.—perhaps for the entire United States.

Hearing from probation authorities that one Calvin Rittenour was supposedly homosexual, vice cop Robert Arscott phoned Mr. R., pretending to be a transient who'd heard Mr. R might put him up for the nite. Going to Mr. R.'s apartment (while officer Louis Fochett waited outside) Arscott said the defendant made "advances," and arrested him.

On August 19, the D. C. Municipal Court of Appeals reversed Muni. Judge Mildred Reeves, and declared that **prosecution of an individual for "lewd, obscene or indecent" acts performed in private was not consistent with common law.** As in the Appeals Court's Vallerga opinion, the Court said that an act of Congress which penalized acts in private **could not** have meant that, since that was contrary to common law. In effect the Court denied that Congress or any legislative body could pass such a law or that such a law could be valid!

They added, citing the 1956 Guarro decision, that the officer had tended to solicit the defendant's action. "Basically and essentially appellant was arrested, tried and convicted on a charge of being a homosexual; but under our law homosexuality is not a crime."

The Washington POST, which earlier had chided the British for dropping the Wolfenden proposals, editorialized: "The Municipal Court of Appeals rendered a service to common sense and common decency when it ruled the other day that a homosexual act is not a crime if performed in privacy between two consenting adults. Such an act is, of course, offensive to the morals and mores of Western civilization, but in attempting to deal with it as a

crime, the police have been led into another form of immorality . . . In making its ruling, the Court of Appeals reversed a conviction obtained by a common—and contemptible—police practice involving something very like provocation and entrapment . . ."

This was not the first reversal for the arresting officers. Fochett has been severely reprimanded by D. C. judges for improper conduct of cases where he'd seemed to do more than necessary to encourage acts for which he made arrests. And Arscott was lately victim of a nasty vice-squad sideline. D. C. cops have reportedly encouraged gangs of hustlers who prey on homosexuals in Lafayette Park, but one nite, officer Arscott, dressed like a choice morsel, was mistaken for a homosexual and severely beaten by 5 young toughs . . .

QUIS CUSTODIET IPSOS CUSTODES?

Further D. C. news: In June, Beat poet Richard Dabney was acquitted of charges he sold marijuana to undercover narcotics agent Jose Estrada, after he testified and Estrada largely admitted, the officer had spent weeks urging on Dabney the joys of the weed, which Dabney after much pleading, consented to obtain for Estrada . . . Officer Edw. Merward faced trial board charges that he'd posed for provocative fotos with a pro strip teaser . . . 4 cops acquitted (lack of evidence and unreliability of the witness-victim) of rape and sodomy with 31-yr-old woman—but still face fitness hearings . . . Veteran D. C. cop (father of 2) charged with sodomy in Arlington parking lot with a musician . . . "Who polices the police?" editorialized the POST.

First of two-part tangents to be concluded next issue.

BOOKS

SODOMA PIDE FUERO (Sodomy Flouts the Law), by F. Ferrer Torrents and Joan d'Oc, Mexico, D.F., 1959.

I have just finished reading the most preposterous book it has been given to me to read in a long long while—"Sodomy Flouts the Law," by Ferrer Torrents and Joan d'Oc. It is doubtful that many, if any, of ONE's readers will feel any desire to read this book or ever even have any occasion to do so though it is not unentertaining. The book which was, apparently, privately published by the authors, is, of course, written in Spanish and it is unlikely that it will ever be translated though stranger things have happened. It is being reviewed here only because it is hard to believe that such balderdash could be written in this second half of the twentieth century.

The book has as its point of departure and inspiration a statement in Donald Webster Cory's "The Homosexual in America" that, based on figures supplied by the Kinsey Report, there are over twenty million homosexuals in America. Most critics of Kinsey and his methods, or of any apologist for homosexuality, immediately feel it essential to prove that any figures given are much too high. Señor d'Oc is quite, to the contrary, only too willing to accept these figures at face value. What shocks him and fills him with abomination is that Cory should have been so presumptuous as to have entitled his book "The Homosexual in America"—and this is a point on which Latin Americans are somewhat touchy—rather than "The Homosexual in North America," or even more specifically, since "North America" includes Mexico

and Canada, "The Homosexual in the United States." Joan d'Oc bitterly resents any implication that conditions as described by Mr. Cory might exist elsewhere. "In all countries of the world," he writes, "there are homosexuals, but the type of homosexual one finds in the United States who pretends to have overcome the hypocrisy of civilization in his filthiness, who flouts the law, who hopes to attain a position of respectability from which the better to carry on his proselytizing, who feels himself to be not the victim of his own abnormality but the victim of a society which despises him and for whose scorn he should be grateful since it provides the goad to make the effort to set himself aright . . . this type does not exist in the Latin world."

This book, which falls more or less naturally in two parts, is primarily the work of Joan d'Oc, a hypnotist, with the collaboration in the second part of the book of Dr. Francisco Ferrer Torrents. The collaboration of Dr. Torrents is quite noticeable in that the style, figures of speech, and even vocabulary of the latter part of the book differ markedly from that of the first.

The first section of the book, no matter what else it purports to be, is primarily a diatribe against the United States. All the traditional animosities of Latin America for the "colossus of the North" come tumbling out one after the other with fulminations against its ill-advised and harmful political policies, its iniquitous economic exploitation of Latin America, and its crass, materialistic, obscene and frivolous social behavior.

In this area Señor d'Oc plays both ends against the middle: what other kind of behavior can be expected of a country which nurtures twenty million homosexuals in its

bosom? And is it surprising that a country lacking in human maturity and unsure of itself, teeming with racial prejudice, whose inhabitants spend four million dollars every day on movie tickets, and who, while making up only seven percent of the world's population yet have fifty-four percent of all the telephones in the world and ninety-two percent of all the bathtubs, whose inhabitants change automobiles every year, a country where pornography in the form of lascivious movies, filthy postcards (I have always felt that filthy postcards were rather closely associated with a certain Latin country), and nude chorus girls is rampant—is it in any way surprising that such a country should have twenty million homosexuals among its citizens?

Señor d'Oc believes that all homosexuality is a form of neurosis created by environment, education and behavior: the United States, as exemplified by all the things enumerated above, is a country of neurotics—its stubborn refusal to abandon an antiquated and impractical system of weights and measures in favor of the more efficient metric system is but an example of a neurotic complex—and consequently is working overtime, with all the touted efficiency of its industrial system, to turn out a nation of homosexuals.

If homosexuality is a neurosis by specific factors these authors say it can be cured—by hypnotism if by no other means (Señor d'Oc, as already noted is a hypnotist and as such has an ax to grind, but it must, in all fairness, be pointed out that he does not labor this point). The greatest crime of the United States against itself as a nation and against its people as a society is its failure to recognize that homosexuality can be cured and to force its deviates to be cured. Penal legislation as a corrective measure has proved a failure,

they admit, but they would make it even more oppressive. It is, in their opinion, a crime to be content with merely giving homosexuals in the armed services a dishonorable discharge, or dismissing homosexual employees from government service, and leave them free to corrupt their associates and spread contagion, for Señor d'Oc considers every homosexual either as a kind of "typhoid Mary" unconsciously infecting everyone with whom he comes in contact, or as a veritable disciple of the devil sworn to seduce, corrupt and induct into his abominable fraternity as many of God's creatures as he possibly can in one lifetime. Every homosexual should, then, be isolated from any contact with his fellowmen, incarcerated and forced to undergo treatment. The law, at least as it is written now, and even the church have failed to extirpate this blight on humanity; now we must turn to science:

"What is the solution? There is one and only one, and this is my word of encouragement. It matters little whether we believe in the effectiveness of psychoanalysis, nor need we have any confidence in hypnotism; shock treatment may be ineffective as may be endocrinology. Where one branch of science fails another will succeed. In saying that science must come to the aid of the wretched people of the United States it is not our desire to single out one profession nor one group of specialists as being uniquely effective. We must begin in the home and then in the schools, sweep out the streets, and the public squares, clean up the movies, the stage and all publications, purge the army and the navy, disinfect government offices and penetrate even into private enterprise.... We will need doctors, psychologists, sociologists, pedagogues, statisticians, chemists, sexologists.... In other terms we

must call upon all the sciences to alleviate this problem.... This mobilization must systematically exclude politicians, witch-doctors and quacks."

Could these be the instructions of a Louis XIV to his "Chambre Ardente?"

Señor d'Oc admits that such a program would be expensive, but he reasons that a country which can spend billions in an attempt to reach the moon—only no doubt to spread homosexuality over its now innocent face can well afford such a program. He does admit that there might be some difficulty in finding enough analysts, psychiatrists, and hypnotists to treat the twenty million people.

In the last analysis, say Señor d'Oc and Dr. Torrents the easiest and most spontaneous cure for homosexuality would be abstention and sublimation. "Those who are not interested in or who are afraid of the opposite sex should not because of this take refuge in homosexuality. Abstention and, if there is no other way, masturbation are easier, less complicated, and less compromising routes than sexual inversion."

Most of the second portion of this book purports to be an objective and scientific discussion of homosexuality with a consideration of its causes, descriptions of homosexual types, treatment and cure, etc. While I am by no means an authority on the literature of homosexuality, I seem to have read all of this before. Although Señor d'Oc claims to have interviewed and studied hundreds of homosexuals, and, presumably, Dr. Torrents has also, their examples of homosexual types are classic, being drawn from other writers, Kraft-Ebbing, et al. But the authors cannot long refrain from moralizing. Thus in their chapter on "Homosexual Love": "Homosexuals do a great deal of talking about this love for each

other. They confuse love with desire. Between persons of the same sex there cannot exist that undefinable feeling of complimenting each other, of uniting to form a single being which we call love, the material and tangible result of which is children." "Between two individuals of the same sex love is impossible, because love is a natural feeling and homosexuality is not natural. A normal feeling cannot be formed of an abnormal impulse."

If what I have already written has left any doubt as to a complete lack of the objectivity and scientific detachment which the authors profess, let me point out that their very language would quickly remove the last shred. As frequently as not any mention of the words "homosexual" or "homosexuality" is preceded (or followed) by those adjectives most likely to arouse a feeling of revulsion in any reader: abominable, filthy, execrable, repulsive, detestable, hateful, unnatural, vicious—a veritable glossary of derogation. References to or descriptions of the mechanics of homosexual relations stripped of some semblance of scientific verbiage would be unprintable here; and to the point of monotony do these gentlemen seek to establish some analogy between homosexuality and coprography.

The last two chapters of this book are, however, interesting and amusing as a "tour de force" if nothing else. I wish it were possible to reproduce them in their entirety, but their length as well as the copyright make this impossible. The first of these two chapters is entitled "How Homosexuals Would Like To Be Considered And Treated." Here are some excerpts:

"How do homosexuals wish to be treated?... The majority wish to be treated as normal persons despite the fact that they are not. They say that

they are as normal as the majority (dope addicts, alcoholics and paranoiacs say the same thing)." "The homosexual wants the right to be considered harmless when in reality he is a danger—a source of contagion and perversion." "The homosexual wants the right to mingle freely in society without causing aversion and repugnance and without discrimination. But the aversion which a normal person feels for a homosexual is a natural instinct and he has a right to be repelled; to expect him to feel otherwise is to ask him to abrogate his rights in favor of the homosexual."

The second of these two chapters is entitled "What to Do About It." Here are some excerpts: "We have treated the problem of homosexuality in North America with the greatest objectivity. Assuming that there are causes, the suppression of those causes would do away with the effects. For that reason we turn our attention now to its prevention." Here follows a very simple plan: eliminate pornography, and this can be done by not allowing any woman to appear on the street, on the stage, in the movies, or in any picture with one bit more of her anatomy exposed than some austere senator or worthy president would allow his wife or daughters to expose in public. "Such immodest exhibitions cheapen women and contribute to the spread of homosexuality." (I had not thought of it before but I have seen a few chorus lines that might indeed make any man turn his head—the other way.) If the United States will take a stand against pornography half the battle will be won.

Parents must be educated and instructed: they should never kiss their children on the mouth, "a kiss on the mouth is erotic and should be used only between lovers. Between parents and children it is an affront to mod-

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esty and can lead only to sexual aberration." Children's games should be constantly controlled and supervised. Parents should always conduct themselves with utmost propriety before their children and neither one nor the other should be more lenient or indulgent nor attempt to seek greater favor or affection from the children. Parents should abstain from any expression of marital disagreement or discord for "to place the child in the position of a judge, even though no sentence is requested of him, is to send him down paths which will affect his future conduct." "If parents cannot avoid leading a dissolute life, the children must never be allowed to know it."

Boys must be treated and brought up like boys; girls like girls. Children must be given a "sane and healthy sex education by a responsible and well educated person." Sometimes the physician may be invaluable but one must be very careful that the doctor is himself "healthy." "A homosexual physician is a veritable calamity." Children must be carefully isolated from any contact with adult homosexuals.

And then, having prevented the creation of any new homosexuals the old ones must be "cured or corrected, whether or not they wish to be cured. We must force them to want to be cured."

I really do wonder if there would be any such thing as homosexuality in Utopia—or would there be any sex at all?

R. H. I.

The Gentle Deception

neill summers

It began the day that Kip opened his mailbox to find a letter and a package addressed to him but as Reverend Arthur Baumgartner. "Didn't know you wore a backward collar," teased the postal clerk as the young man walked out without a backward glance.

When Kip reached home, he opened the letter first which explained what was in the package and why this book had not been included in the shipment from the church publishing house. It was signed by a member of the editorial staff, a Mr. Randolph Swanson. Suddenly the new title seemed funny to Kip, and the longer he thought about it, the more he grinned with an idea. His dark eyes twinkled as he seated himself before his typewriter with a sheet of paper in hand. Two can play also at the game, he decided, and started hammering the words out.

My dear Mrs. Swanson,

When final shipment is made of my entire order, send it to MISTER Arthur (Kip) Baumgartner, not to his Reverend Lordship. Postoffices in small towns examine everything; simply everyone knows about everyone. It would seem as I asked for my package, they were waiting for my papal blessing!

I've received ads to Mrs. Arthur B. That gets me razzings too, 'cause I've been an eligible bachelor for ten years, and all the maids over thirty bake cakes, say rosaries for me, trap me into basket socials, and look at me when they catch bridal bouquets, sighing 'I do,' if I unregardingly sit by them at concerts or in pew. While stained-glass sunlight seems to enhance my curly eyelashes and black wavy hair, quite the contrary, I am able to see more clearly on them the ocean of fuzz on their upper lips; skin aging from lack of hormones; liquid glances from their eyes which seem to chorus: "Gather rosebuds while ye may," or "Abandon cold virginity." But I'm impervious to their arrowed advances. Women are, alas, lovely decorative pieces, but I never wanted a piece. Just peace. Know what I mean? Probably not; you've got cribs of young'uns at your home sweet home. Pity! that herd instinct makes a dull majority. Do you think the Beatniks have a chance?

I went to our church college in Minnesota last year. How can you stand a country that's so flat? Come smell my mountain streams and hike to the summits and gaze on sunsets and sunrises unparalleled.

Good luck in all your typing adventures . . . and errors. Les erreurs n'est pas de riguerur!

Sincerely,

Arthur (Kip) Baumgartner

A week later Kip received a light-hearted reply from Mr. Swanson who signed himself as Randy.

. . . yours received on Monday morning. I don't know when in a year of just existing I laughed so uproariously at anything, or felt such a keen uplift on a day I expected to be like the others . . . I'll bet you're a delight to know in person. I bet I'd be forever entertained . . . you sound

like an actor, not a theologian. Currently playing a Beatnik, are you? . . . my mom surrounds me with debutantes . . . escort them to plays, movies, concerts, luncheons and she constantly works on a wedding list. Don't you hate being pushed into the marriage bed? And maidenheads are so scarce this century! Since you are so teasingly frank, I'll just be Randy and say I DO KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! Getting the proverbial piece leaves me—ah, unmoved. But this season my analyst is beat with business . . . I'm his next patient. Being different can be fun, ya know. Wish you'd sent a snapshot so I could see what I called a 'reverend.'

And these were the sentences, the lines that Kip read over and over to himself. Someone seemed to want to correspond with him, and Kip wanted to. Besides, what harm could possibly come of it?

So letters arrived and departed, one being written each week. The exchange of snapshots accelerated correspondence. Randy wrote how much he loved Kip's haughty Latin face and handsome large-boned body. Kip sat dreaming and musing at Randy's photograph. Randy seemed to have such a fresh face and sensual mouth—full lower lip whose upper attempted to conceal itself beneath a thinly curved mustache. Randy appeared slender, graceful, and it was easy to see why he had won cups at swimming and tennis meets. Randy seemed to be living a glittering life as an only child in a wealthy family. Probably he had his own reasons for working in a publishing house. Their letters conveyed the barings of the soul which described their share of promiscuity and short lived affairs while they searched for the same elusive things which no lover had yet satisfied.

Then the letters increased from two, to three, to four a week. Then one day came when Randy wrote, "I love you. The wonderfully impossible, at last seems possible with you."

Kip read this, pondered on it the whole day through, even allowing himself a second day to convince himself of his reply. After returning from walking beneath starlight, he placed a sheet of paper in the typewriter and commenced his thoughts, letting his fingers fly over the keys.

. . . I love the others still for my own reason and in my own way. I gave myself completely to their happiness. But I am a demanding chap, too; I give freely until I can give no more without something back to nourish my soul. No one has ever made a fuss over me as you have. I keep hoping they will out of gratitude or a miraculous reaction catch afire from my happiness. Yet, I am loved or cherished, I guess, according to their rules. But what is it that I want? It's wanting something that won't come or can't be reached; won't budge the door that asks the password, 'Open Sesame!'

I see you sailing to me, a sturdy but slender sail boat, a bark coming into view across the blue distance. It is a distance I gaze on from which a few very precious barks have sailed *away from me*, not finding in my port their ideas of eat, drink, be merry for I die. There's not any death in my port.

Similar to what God once created, I, too, have created a special tree of life, which, if eaten, instead of tended and cherished, destroys the Paradise I plan too idealistically.

Disembarking you say the password and I let down the Flaming Sword and there is the Paradise waiting so long. I stand there in my loneliness, waiting for you to share the garden, designed uniquely for only one other person to complete when the blueprint is known.

Open Sesame! and the petals unfurl and though I've been pillaged before by careless insects, when you dip into me, no nectar could ever compare with what I know I can give, for you will drink only of me, and not buzz on soon to another in the garden of the world. You will stay to nourish, so the flower will never really die, or the fountain of nectar go dry. I will know that I have been waiting for this moment in our destiny. Ashamed, I doubted my garden would ever be found, my treasures fully appreciated; that for every bee there is one special flower, for every flower one special worshipper. I make this too much a fairy tale ending. Our letters are the bees which have carried a special pollen from the anthers of each of us to the flower that is the other and impregnated us with a knowledge too sweet and idealistic to be realizable anywhere except in a garden known only by ourselves . . . I've wrestled like Jacob and the Angel for the proper blessing and I must come to you. I'm catching a plane tomorrow for Minneapolis. See you Tuesday.

* * *

When Kip phoned the publishing house, Randy was not there. With Randy's address to guide him, Kip scanned the phonebook and then put in a call to his home. "Randy's not receiving callers today," answered a cool, feminine voice.

"But I'm Kip; I've flown from Montana. He's expecting me."

The voice softened. "Oh yes, the dear friend he's been writing. Where are you? I'll drive to you so we can . . . talk. You see, he's only been out of the V.A. hospital a few months. We are grateful to you. Your wonderful friendship has given us back a glimpse of the once carefree Randy who had been so handsome and physically whole. It wasn't exactly wise of you to have come."

He frowned into the receiver. "He never told me."

The woman voiced no explanation, but insisted that Kip tell her where he was at so she could come to him.

When Kip hung up, his thoughts were churning, and yet, it was only minutes before a woman, whom he gathered to be Mrs. Swanson, drove up in her Mercedes-Benz white convertible. She slowed at the curb long enough for him to toss his bag over the seat and hop in beside her. She spoke his name and told him hers, and then they chatted for several minutes, inconsequentially. Kip felt he could no longer hide what he wanted to say. At a red light, she leaned toward him and indicated he should light his unlit cigarette from the glowing end of hers. He smelled expensive perfume and noticed her green eyes as they regarded him with a cunning expression. He felt a shiver of presentiment. "Was he badly wounded?"

"Yes," she answered, staring at the road ahead of her. "He lost a leg and was badly burned along one side of his body, a hand and across one cheek. For two years he's been in the hospital, apathetic, unwilling to rejoin the living you might say. He moves the leg reasonably well. He took the job under coercion; and the staff has been extremely nice to him. But progress was brief until he began corresponding with you."

"Then the pictures he sent of himself were before he went to Korea, and all the plays and concerts he's been seeing with debutantes are from a long time ago?"

"I imagine that is so, but actually, he has ventured to concerts and movies even unattended since he began writing to you."

"So he told me these things just to have something to say. My letters were so full of my own pursuits . . . oh, God, and to think he hasn't been living at all for so long." Kip looked up. "Say, we're back at the airport, what gives?" He looked over at the woman with shock.

Her eyes glittered at him. "But don't you see, you'll spoil everything."

"Spoil? Spoil!" he cried angrily.

"Yes. He's been sick and withdrawn since yesterday. I couldn't understand the reason why till you mentioned, 'He's expecting me,' and I knew then what you'd done, what you had no right to do."

But Kip insisted, "I must see him, Mrs. Swanson, to tell him that it doesn't matter, that I will be his friend forever and never leave him."

"You fool!" She was angry. "Don't you see your pity will destroy him."

"Pity?" Ah, damn, he thought. I'm not gonna say 'die' now. "I love him!" There now, it was out, but no matter, keep going. "Don't you see the son he used to be? I see the person he presented to me. He needs me and I need to be needed."

Her mouth was unyielding. "You can't see him and that's final."

When the car pulled up in front of the terminal, Kip flung open the door, grabbed his bag, and ran toward the parked cab in front of them. He gave the address to the driver with the remark of making it worth his while if he could get there as fast as possible. Backing up this remark, he left the taxi before the house, sighing with relief at not seeing the convertible on the scene yet. He raced up the stone steps and banged the knocker. When the maid opened the door, he shoved past her, for Mrs. Swanson's tires were already grinding gravel in the drive.

"Randy, RANDY!" he shouted, flinging open doors on both sides of him. The maid was yelling at him and trying to pull him back by his coat. The next door Kip shoved open led into the library and as he poked his head in to take a quick glance he saw an isolated figure on a window seat. The figure saw him too at about the same time, and with a groan, flung up his arms in an attempt to hide his face.

Mrs. Swanson hurried to the library and saw Kip kneeling with Randy's legs in his embrace. His face was lifted earnestly and there was a soft hum of indistinct words. Her son saw her and said huskily but certainly, "Go now, Mom; since he's here I'll ask his forgiveness before he goes."

She shrugged and went out, waving her cigarette at the astonished maid.

Randy looked down into the worshipping face. "I didn't have the courage not to deceive you. I didn't know what a deadly game my childishness was playing."

"You knew this wouldn't make any difference," he said, stroking the imitation leg.

"Rubbing or kissing it isn't going to put life back into it," he answered bitterly.

Kip lifted twinkling eyes. "Oh, I wouldn't say that, ole sport."

Randy suddenly hugged Kip to him, exclaiming, "I knew you would make me smile again, I knew it. But I wanted to have plastic surgery done before you came. I don't want your pity; and I'll always be a burden. We can't dance or swim together, or hike to the summits you spoke of, or . . ." Sobs overtook the resolute face. "Please, please go away and let me die. Why didn't I die? Being a homosexual almost took my lust for life from me. Maybe God punished me because I was finally glad I was one. And he punished me by letting me dream for a moment I could have you, too."

"Rubbish on such talk. I love you. YOU. 'Member Roxanne's words to Cyrano whom no one had ever loved because of his ugliness. She said, 'It was you! The letters, the dear, foolish words . . . and . . . the Soul . . . that was you . . . you shall die! I love you.'"

Randy rallied and turned his scarred cheek to the light with the words. "That's not the story. You remember when Beauty said, 'I love you,' to the Beast that was the fairy prince, his ugliness changed and dissolved, like magic . . . But you see, I'm still the same."

Kip leapt up. "Come, stand beside me." He did not offer a hand, but watched Randy twist on the seat and rise up with a pivoting of himself. When Kip's arm encircled Randy's waist, he said, "Are we not the same soul? Give me your gloved hand. Let my strong hand be its life. Feel my thigh beside your own, let my leg beyond it be your leg. I need your need of me. Would you bring death into my garden where I have given only a place for life?"

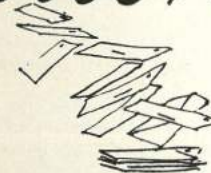
He turned from staring out the window. "Oh, no," and put both arms about Kip's neck. "Nothing will stop us from being together, *nothing!*"

Eventually they parted and Kip spoke. "How did it happen? Did a man with a power mower run over you?"

Randy answered with laughter. "Damn right, as he said, 'It won't be long now.'"

An incredulous Mrs. Swanson came to the doorway at the sound of laughter, and the sudden rush of tears to her eyes changed the landscape of her bitter grief into a Paradise of promise.

Letters



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

AGAINST THE LAW

Dear Editor:

An organization like ours is unique in many ways. We can write about ourselves, discuss our plans and hopes for the future, but we cannot meet each other by exchanging our addresses and phone numbers. It is against the law! How can we grow? Get to know each other? Build some kind of future? The answer is simple. We can't.

You're the Editor. You should come up with the right answers. So far the answers have been anything but right. My problem is so simple. Last spring I got carried away and saw this little old house. Next to the water of course. And so acquired a big mortgage, and a house with a cathedral ceiling and all sorts of work projects. Well, the work got done, and I am tired of looking at the ceiling, of staring alone into the fireplace. Even the dog knows something is missing.

Mature, with a good sense of humor. Like the outdoors, and would give so much to meet a companion to share this with. Not for one

minute would I even pretend that it would be for the purpose of indulging in a poetry session, or because I am a great lover of music or art. Or even that I am an avid movie fan and want to exchange photographs.

Not at all! There is only one object. Matrimony! Tennis anybody?

Mr. B.
Long Island, N. Y.

Sirs:

I would like to say that I am in full agreement with ONE's present stand concerning addresses and sincerely hope that you continue to follow this policy. Please understand that I support any progress towards better understanding and try to conduct myself in a manner to further this.

It seems to me that anyone wishing to enlarge his "social" contacts by mail or otherwise can find some other medium and not try to degrade and use ONE in this manner. I'm sure the Post Office Department would love it and lose no time in trying to get the whole organization. Let's not give them this chance, please!

Mr. C.
San Gabriel, Calif.

Dear ONE's:

Explain fully to our readers that there is no future in Pen Pals. So many of the so-called Pen Pals are too lazy to write and also very fuzzy after they have your picture, or they demand to know what you like in a very personal way. When it's not what they like they drop you like hot-cakes. Also, if some are not gay they can blackmail you for what you've written. There are many such stinkers. Even worse, after a period of correspondence you invite them as guests and the whole thing turns out to be nothing but headaches and heartaches until you get rid of them.

This is why ONE should not do this setup. You need to benefit us by articles, stories and the news of what's going on in the homo world. I love those stories that you've included lately, but sure wish you could put more love-making into them and how feelings are evolved. But of course I know it's asking for the impossible.

The better way is to see people at meetings, conventions and so forth and have a good understanding of each other, and not by sight unseen by mail whereby there can be fireworks which are not worth it.

Take care of yourselves and please don't ever give up the work you've all been doing during these past years. Remember, there's thousands of us who need you and try to help if we can. In spite of the fact that you don't hear much from us and we don't give enough or help enough we all love you and thank you.

Mr. L.
Chicago, Ill.

PEPPER AND SALT

Dear Friends:

We use this opportunity to ask you to bring Eve Elloree our best wishes. We think Eve's drawings are excellent and that they give ONE a splendid personal touch. Her layouts are just great!

E. NIELSEN, Editor and
Editorial Board EOS
Copenhagen, Denmark

Dear Sirs:

The August issue of ONE was one of the best I have seen, "The Merchant and Student" being most delightfully gay. The cover was very arresting and provoking, to say the least. In the future let's hear more about Fire Island and its inhabitants.

Mr. B.
North Adams, Mass.

Dear Friends:

Thoroughly enjoyed Sten Russell's article (July, 1960) and more power to her. Have often wondered why all those designations were put up with, and why any woman wants to look and act like a man is quite beyond me. As Miss Russell so aptly puts it, if I wanted a man I'd marry one! One question I wish she'd answer—why the objection to the term "lesbian" in some circles? This is news to me. I have always felt if we must have a label this is the best one. Perhaps we really should have a gay dictionary.

I see the Pen Pal controversy is still very much alive. I still vote "no" on that one.

Miss H.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear William Lambert:

Your discussion of the word "viewpoint" (August, 1960) made me determine to find out why the word seemed wrongly used to me. I found out in my "Manual and Models for College Composition," copyright, 1928—this definitely dates me (although the text was already a few years old when we used it!).

Under "words to watch" the Manual lists "viewpoint: not yet the best form; prefer standpoint or point of view." I remember my instructor permitted the use of viewpoint to designate a geographical location, but not an opinion, at attitude, a conviction, a way of life. The word is certainly widely used in that sense now and is no doubt completely acceptable; but "the homosexual viewpoint" troubles me as "the homosexual point of view" does not.

Mr. G.
—, Calif.

Dear ONE:

The change of caption to "The Homosexual Viewpoint" I have found to be quite sound. The syntax is much clearer. As for boldness what has boldness to do with it? If a magazine has a prejudiced "viewpoint" why shouldn't this be honestly proclaimed in the masthead?

The "Homosexual Draftee" (August, 1960) was of special interest to me because I have long wanted to gather this material together myself. Mr. Gregory's approach is quite different from that I might have employed, but well developed and strongly concluded. As I have often said before, military service is a right and privilege of citizenship. The homosexual individual must decide for himself whether he is able to exercise this right.

Mr. Ambo's gay little tale of Mi-Chi-Gan was a delightful bit of froth. Gay stories should be gay and happy, sometimes. We aren't all sad and tearful. Not that escape fiction should be the function of ONE.

I say bravo for the letter from Lt. A. I should like to shake his hand. All of the Burgess and McLeans would never have had to bolt had conditions been better. Witness the current flight of Mitchell and Martin.

Mr. D.
Spokane, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Arcades Ambo has thrilled my soul with his perfectly delightful fairy tale. Perhaps it is a sign of immaturity on my part, but it certainly was a relief to read a story such as that. Even Don Rife should be satisfied with the August cover. I like the idea of carrying a dominant theme throughout most of the Magazine and indicating it on the cover. I notice the ATLANTIC and other larger magazines do the same.

I thumbed through the Magazine about four times without having read anything but the Editorial, looking for something but not sure just what. It wasn't there! You know what I'm talking about. I hope maybe this is just the month for Dal McIntire's vacation, or something like that.

Mr. J.
Sharon, Pa.

TOIL AND TROUBLE, CONTINUED

Dear Sir:

Having stopped in New York City for a weekend I found most of the Gay Bars closed or under surveillance. Why the purge? What is happening to this wonderful country of ours?

Are we that bad and so different that we should be put in cages to be looked upon by people that have no right to sit on the judge's bench? Why not circulate word of this situation and have more discussions to see if there isn't an alternative, so that we can preserve our civil and personal rights?

Mr. R.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Slater:

I don't trust our Post Office because we New Yorkers are going now through a "decency wave." Therefore the Post Office may open anything, examine it and throw it in the waste basket, if they feel like it.

As regards New Yorkers, let me say that they are narrow-minded, stubborn and appallingly misinformed. They may ignore a lot of things and yet utter sharp opinions on such things. They make awkward statements about things they do not know at all. They assume they are always right.

New York should be the most cosmopolitan city in the world, but it is not. It should be the most tolerant city in the world, but it is not. It is a conglomeration of "small towns" with all their gossiping, witch-hunting, bigotry, etc. Not even the United Nations headquarters have been able to make New Yorkers more worldly. Xenophobia in New York is a fact.

They do not want to understand. A few months ago I was listening to the radio station of the New York Times, when I heard Mr. Abram Chasins, musical director (and noted pianist) say that the best Spanish music has been written not by Spaniards but by foreign composers, completely ignoring Turina, Granados, de Falla and many others! When a person who holds such a job acts so, what can you expect from plain, ordinary people?

New York is controlled by women. They are very powerful here. Men are afraid of them. Women have instilled into their heads the notion that intelligence is a feminine quality. Therefore, knowledge is for the exclusive use

of women. Since intelligence and knowledge mean femininity every man pretends desperately to be ignorant and stupid.

Conversation here is expected to be shallow and nonsensical, kept alive by a succession of empty sentences without connection with each other. To have a personal opinion is considered anti-social. To think is a crime. Only women can think.

At work we have to control our emotions all the time. If we act warmly; if we are slightly demonstrative; if we are, by nature, friendly, we become suspect. In every place there is somebody who claims to be an "expert" at detecting these things. Needless to say that the "expert" is always either a repressed homosexual or one that, for obvious reasons, cannot attract anybody. The latter is the most dangerous type.

Mr. I.
New York, N. Y.

P.S.: (1) I love New York; (2) I don't hate women.

Dear ONE:

Now that you've covered homosexuality in the Services so nicely you might plan an issue devoted to homosexuality among the police.

A few weeks ago I was sitting in a small park on a bench under a strong light talking to someone when all of a sudden the park filled up with plain-clothesmen, coming in from all four sides. The crew surrounded the two of us. The leader was most boisterous and sarcastic with me. He looked at my identification and then fairly shouted, "Well you can go on now, but don'tcha ever let me catch ya in this park again or I'll throw the book at you!"

Mr. L.
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Friends:

Enclose an article from last night's paper about arrests for homosexual acts in a public park. I imagine this article will lead to demands for a general crackdown on all parks by "righteously outraged" citizens.

Mr. B.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sir:

Will you have someone report the Chester Burge trial? You may already have information regarding his indictment for murder of his wife. He was alleged to have slipped from his room at a hospital where he was recovering from an operation, returned to his home and strangled his wife in a triangle-affair involving his own alleged homosexual relations with his colored chauffeur.

Mr. A.
Macon, Ga.