

bars here. We had a nice place where the Gays could dance with other Gays and the police closed it on grounds of obscenity. The others were just forced out of business one-by-one and two-by-two.

The rest of the kids are back out on the streets, which hasn't been going on for nearly six years. We had places to go and we went. We gladly abandoned the streets, the parks, the museums and such. We had places we could go.

The idea, I understand, is to force the Gay people out onto the streets so they can be picked up for loitering, vagrancy, public display of homosexuality, etc. I certainly intend to fight the police and the courts with all I have to fight with, in the legal sense. And why not? What in the hell would I lose? My name would be plastered in the papers and I would automatically lose my job, so why not fight back?

Mr. S.
New Orleans, La.

Dear People:

This evening I glanced at the newsstand as I bought my evening paper and there, clipped among the physique magazines, was the current issue of ONE. I returned a few hours later when the homeward crowd had thinned. Without a word, the dealer gave me a folded issue of the late edition. I knew that when I unfolded the newspaper in my room I would find ONE inside.

And so it has been ever since, a year ago, I first became aware of the Magazine and with a studied casualness scanned through many magazines. Finally in desperation I picked up two or three and snatched a copy of ONE, threw a dollar bill in the direction of the dealer and hurried away.

I slowly read it from cover to cover, returning again and again to the lines which brought me a sense of encouraging "oneness" with the spirit of others like myself.

There have been many occasions when I threw it to the floor unsatisfied, discouraged by the seeming apartness even from those of my own nature. And there were many, many times when I found a kindred spirit who spoke to me. It is a comfort, cold though it may be, to know how many of us there are in the United States. How encouraging to hold in one's hand the visible, tangible evidence that somewhere, someplace there are the few who have the courage and the devotion to face public disapprobation and to reach out with understanding hands to bring solace to the rejected.

In my deeply ingrained pessimism I fear that most of us will never attain peace within ourselves or achieve a positive, realistic solution to our greatest personal needs: Freedom from fear; the right to love; most of all, the right to worship. I want to come and go as I

am. To live proud and free, without smiles and smirks, without compassion from family and friends, without subterfuge and masks. I do not want to accept excuses from anyone or any group, even my own. I want to love, because it is my nature to love deeply. I want to live close to God and in harmony with His ministers and His church. [Already I see the condescending smiles and hear the cynical asides!]

It would seem that among all His servants there must be somewhere the priest, the rabbi, the minister whom He has enlightened and to whom He has given the charge to guide us on our way. We are but men and women, with the same inherent strengths and weaknesses of all men and women. Surely God does not keep His church only for saints.

I have tried to stifle my inclinations, abjure my nature, and I have prayed, but I have not changed. What then must I do? Abandon my soul? Must I sit in a dark corner of the church apart from Him? Must I be left outside?

Thank you for all you have done. Your hope and courage are contagious and have brought me a measure of encouragement and self-acceptance. With all sincerity, and with all my heart, may God bless you and keep you—editors, writers and readers.

Mr. L.
New York, N.Y.

Dear ONE:

I received your Magazine over here and enjoyed it very much. I found out a lot of things I didn't know about homosexual people. Of all the stories the best one was "Fata Morgana" (April, 1960), because it told exactly what happens to the Gay and had feeling in it too. Being overseas a person doesn't meet many people like himself.

Pvt. X.
A.P.O., U.S.A.

PROMOTION DEPARTMENT

Dear Friends:

Reading on the bus, after attending class at ONE Institute, I had a pleasant surprise, one which should give you some free advertising. I found ONE mentioned in TIME (December 5 issue) in the story about Norman Mailer.

Mr. L.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear ONE:

Did the line about ONE in TIME raise any wind?

Mr. P.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

EDITOR'S REPLY

Dear Inquirers:

The answer is no. We think all publications (except ONE) are much over-rated.

one

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

JANUARY 1961

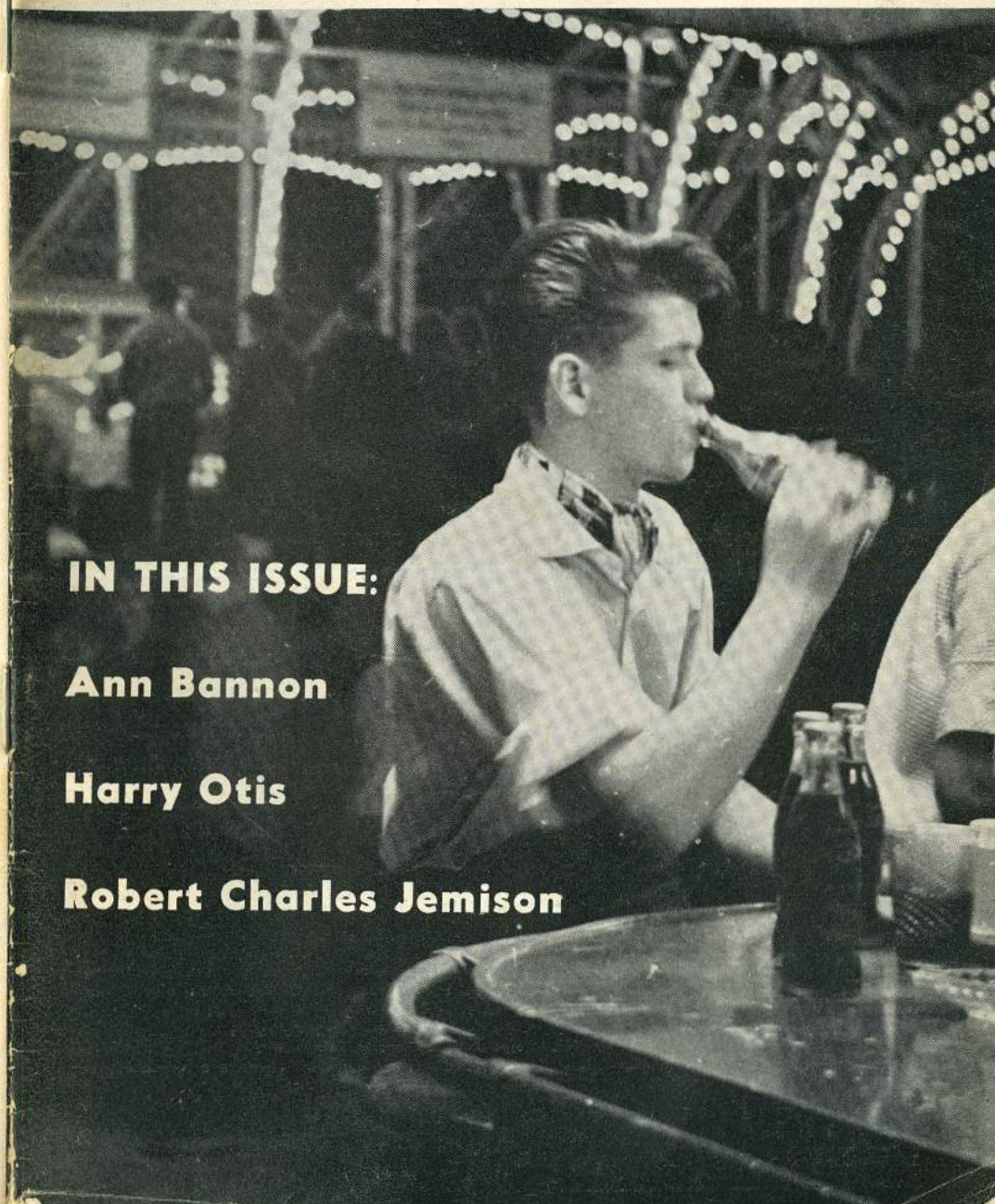
FIFTY CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE:

Ann Bannon

Harry Otis

Robert Charles Jemison



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.



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one



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

Carlyle

magazine

Volume IX

Number 1

January 1961

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COVER PHOTO: K. Ortloff, Germany

EDITORIAL

What is the position of ONE Magazine regarding "physique photographs?" This question has, from time to time, considerably agitated editorial meetings during the years since ONE was founded. From the many discussions it would appear that there are in general two quite opposite views of the question.

One view refers to the idealization of the human figure by artists down through the ages, of the right of each individual to collect and enjoy such types of art as he may prefer, of the immense popularity of physique photos in many American and European publications, and of the great number of photographic services featuring pictures of handsome young men in various stages of undress. Why, it is asked, are male nudes any less acceptable than either "calender art" or than Rubens?

The opposite view cites the many piteous appeals received in ONE's offices from those who have been arrested for having such photographs in their possession, and the countless news clippings about similar occurrences. It apparently is common police and courtroom practice to judge picture collections as being sufficient evidence of a plaintiff's homosexuality and guilt. One of the recent defectors to Russia was labelled as homosexual after some "physique photos" were found in his quarters, it will be remembered.

Other serious difficulties concern the confiscation or seizure of the mailing lists of those dealing in "physique photos," as well as the harassments and arrests of editors and subscribers of some of the European homophile publications which have featured such pictures.

However, the most damning argument is not along such lines, but is phrased in Freudian terms. It is pointed out that a well-adjusted man of heterosexual tastes may perhaps admire a beautiful female nude in sculpture, painting or photography, but that he does not go about amassing collections of such items to pore over. Those who do so are generally discovered to be extremely maladjusted, some of them even dangerously so.

Likewise healthy-minded and well-adjusted individuals of homosexual tastes have neither the time for nor an interest in this peculiar form of scopophilia, which amounts to a perversion, according to Freud, "if, instead of being preparatory to the normal sexual aim, it supplants it," the normal sexual aim, in his view, being the satisfactory completion of the sexual act.

■ If this be the case, strong desires for such pictures among both heterosexuals and homosexuals would be found among those having made unsatisfactory or immature sexual adjustments. Were ONE Magazine to cater to such wishes would be to furnish tacit admission that they were somewhat a part of "The Homosexual Viewpoint," and as if the two were linked in a natural association.

To do so would be a disservice both to the legitimate so-called Muscle Magazines, which vigorously protest any such implications, and to those persons already suffering from the emotional instability fostered by their indulgences.

■ As can readily be seen the whole controversy is a highly charged one. With inquirers, the Editors sometimes dodge the issue by saying that photography is expensive and usually beyond ONE's modest means. However, it is generally their feeling that homosexuals would do well to come down out of the clouds, down from the romantic dream-world of the "physique photo" to start wrestling with the far less glamorous, but considerably more adult job of trying to better their own lot in society.

William Lambert
Associate Editor

WE REGRET TO REPORT

Readers of ONE will be saddened to learn of the passing, December 11, 1960, of Dr. Blanche M. Baker at her home in San Francisco. Her column TOWARD UNDERSTANDING had been a deservedly popular feature in the Magazine since January, 1959. Some of the letters of deep appreciation from those who had profited by her deep and sympathetic approach as a psychiatrist to their questions have been printed in the Letters column of the magazine. Others in our files testify that her loss will be greatly felt by many.

At each Midwinter Institute since 1955 Dr. Blanche's pungent and witty presence lent a particular distinction to the sessions, whether she was scheduled for a formal part of the program or not. We shall greatly miss these contributions. It is hoped that at this forthcoming 1961 Midwinter Institute her husband, William F. Baker, will be present to participate in ONE's plans for appropriate long-term recognition of her unique work in behalf of the homophile.

A later issue of ONE Magazine will carry a more extended biography of Blanche Montgomery Baker, M.D., Ph.D., along with full discussion of the scope and extent of her professional career.

The Editors

KNOW YOUR BARTENDER



by

Robert Charles Jemison

This article is an outgrowth of ten years observation in a metropolitan area now comprising some 800,000 people, localized in a middle class section served by a number of liquor outlets centering in an area of some 25,000 people, a region noted for dismal climate, a slow economy and a population to match.

For some years prior to coming into this region I had been doing public social drinking without any trouble in or around a bar. Never was I refused a drink or ejected from a public drinking place. Perhaps this area is not a typical one. That can best be judged by the reader.

ALLEY CATS AND SQUARES

This is the first region in which I have lived where people whom I have met through normal business, professional and social channels have invited me to become part of a wife-swapping ring. This invitation was extended despite the fact that I am presently single. This ring was engaged in group sex practices exhibiting a variety of sexual activity, excluding the sadistic, which were photographed with a "polaroid" type camera.

I did not accept the invitation to join the group, though friendship did

not cease. I could not, however, dine with them without thinking of a picture the husband showed me of his wife performing fellatio on another man. Perhaps I should not describe the area as being completely inhospitable, as another friend offered his wife to me sexually either for myself or in company with him. I do not question the fact that these good people would be shocked at the mention of homosexuality. As related to bars, I have observed that all too often the attendants and customers have exhibited the moral proclivities of an alley cat so long as they were of a heterosexual nature, while castigating anything which might be construed as an exhibition of homosexuality.

Wherever one may live, public social drinking usually goes on. It can and sometimes does lead to much trouble for certain individuals. On the other hand, it can lead to the formation of worthwhile friends and desirable social contacts. This depends on the type of place and group one selects. Care in selection of a liquor outlet for steady patronage will pay. Much personal difficulty can be caused by trading in the wrong place. On the other hand, at least several long-time, loyal friends of mine were originally met in bars. Several are professional people of considerable status.

BARS ARE BUSINESS

A bar must maintain sufficient patronage to stay in business. This is the first consideration for any owner. If his business is an average one, his Cost of Goods Sold will approximate about 54% of his Gross Income. Occupancy Costs and other expenses will be about 17%. Employees' Wages will amount to about 16%. Owner's Compensation and Net Profit should total about 13%. This is not

a bad "take", even before taxes. Attendants in this area dispensing beer only are known in the trade as "beer-jerks." Their pay amounts to approximately \$11 per shift. A bartender makes \$16 per shift, and in some cases even \$20.

Because of the nature of a bar or tavern business, owners may have difficulty in obtaining or retaining a license to operate.

Regulatory bodies make rules which vary from state to state, but violations of such regulations by an owner may lead to the suspension or revocation of the license. If you have one or more favorite bars, it is well to remember this and do nothing to cause difficulty for a really good operator who is providing a decent place for social gathering and drinking.

Among the reasons for suspension or revocation of a license may be serving liquor to minors, operating disorderly premises, financial irresponsibility, or being a resort for whores and others engaged in vice trades. One club was recently closed for this type of activity. Serving minors is considered to be serious. They are difficult to detect at times because many of them carry false credentials. Recently in this area some minors have attempted to register as voters by falsely swearing as to age in order to have credentials for the purchase of liquor.

In one state there has recently been litigation concerning the revocation of licenses on the grounds that certain bars catered to homosexuals. Any owner or attendant can get into trouble by serving an obviously intoxicated person. On the other hand, it is not always the customer who is at fault. Some drinking establishments may conscientiously be violating laws and regulations. Such places may get into trouble unless they are operating under "the auspices and

patronage of St. Payola."

Normally, a publicly licensed bar is required by law to serve prospective customers without discrimination as to race, creed or color. Other than that, the owner or one of the attendants have virtually arbitrary authority as to service of anyone.

THE OLD "86"

It was at my present location that I had my first experience of being given the "86," or rejected as a patron of a bar. On arrival here, where members of my family had been long time residents, I made it a practice to entertain friends in the very few good places out of the neighborhood. I selected a few places in the neighborhood for lone, "drop-in" patronage for the sake of convenience and accessibility. Usually I went only once or twice a week, having about a half dozen bottles of beer in an evening. Within six months I heard of myself being described as a drunk. Some of the neighborhood customers also were carrying lying tales back to my family. This latter may have been occasioned by the fact that I was usually alone, but basically it was because I hesitated to bring decent people into these places.

Here, I had my first experience with being asked to leave a place as a customer. I had become friendly with the bartender in a casual way. He was a young man, separated from his wife. He frequently told his customers about intercourse with women. I had not thought of him as homosexual.

On meeting him in another spot one night, I found him involved in a fight where the police had been called. He was drunk. I got him out, into his car before the police arrived and to the home of a friend for coffee. On the trip back, he drove

drunkenly, exposed his private parts, and assaulted me. He did not succeed, however. He let me out at my house and promptly wrecked his car by running into a ditch in front of it. I called a tow truck and got him on his way.

I went to his establishment a few more times and was publicly told by him that my patronage was no longer wanted. Whether pique or shame prompted this, I will never know. I was deprived of the best and most convenient place nearby for a year or more until he left. I have never had any trouble there since that time.

ONLY ASSES MAKE PASSES

This incident led me to undertake an informal investigation concerning public drinking in the area. I selected two taverns and a nightclub in the neighborhood. Sandy Jug, with its handsome young bartender, Joe, was one. Little Joe's, with its Kenny was the second. The Western Club, with a variety of attendants and a very informal atmosphere was the third. I began by behaving very circumspectly, never undertaking a sexual advance of any kind, being casually friendly with all people who wished to be, and trying to maintain good if impersonal relations with the bartenders. Usually, but not always, I was alone. Simultaneously, I became a drop-in customer at the most noted Gay bar in town.

Within four months many customers at Sandy Jug assumed that Joe and I were not only the closest of friends, but were living together on a homosexual basis. Joe, himself, decided that I had fallen in love with him and had asked me if this were not true in front of two other male customers. When an intoxicated customer asked me for a lift home one

night, Joe implied publicly, that I was a homosexual.

While this drunk was in the men's room, Joe said, "Well, there's your chance."

I refused the favor to this stranger. Nevertheless, after a period of months of absence and a subsequent return, Joe finally passed an opinion on me. One of his closest friends told me in another tavern that Joe cared for me very deeply, but that he felt that I was a "chippy" and had "been with everything in town." Regardless of how hard I tried, I could not convince many of these customers that my relations with Joe were merely those of customer to bartender, that I never knew his residence address or phone number, and that I had seen him outside his place of business but three times. The experience was very painful to me in many ways. I had thought well of Joe.

Perhaps there was some excuse for his behavior. His broken marriage had produced children. His ex-wife was not beyond having him jailed whenever the child support was a day or so late. He had originally been selected for the particular job because of his looks. He was to be a lure to female trade as well as bartender. He was a good bartender, if a bit lax in the field of customer relations. He once indicated directly to me that he would like a homosexual relation with me. This liaison did not occur. One never knows what to believe around a bar, but the last report I had on Joe was that he had gone into another state, had been involved in an armed robbery and had been sentenced to prison. My supposed love affair with this man was circulated through bar personnel and bar-fly customers for as far away as three miles in one direction to another neighborhood and six miles in another into two or three downtown bars.

THEY'LL KISS AND TELL

In Little Joe's, the situation was different in that Kenny did not declare any love for me. Instead, he did much worse. He had gotten the story of Joe and myself and undertook to ruin my reputation in my own neighborhood. Little Joe's owner stated within my hearing in another tavern that all of his customers thought that Kenny and I were sleeping together. This was not true. Kenny seemed to be fond of young women. Certainly he admitted a number of them into his place who were under 20 years of age. Apparently the policy in Little Joe's was that it should be operated as a "jive joint for people under 30." A number of customers were far and away under 30. I was unaware of this policy at the time.

This may account for the fact that several attendants tried to drive me out. Reports came back that Kenny was telling every customer who would listen that I was "queer." The owner once told me that he discharged Kenny for "what he was doing to me." Kenny on one occasion launched into a tirade about Joe and myself in front of an entire tavern full of people. His statement was to the effect that I should be ashamed to go into bars and taverns and cause male bartenders to fall in love with me, but that Joe did care for me and that it would be all right for me to meet him in Little Joe's at any time I wished. More than one neighborhood acquaintance was present in the place. The owner was present, but nothing was done to stop this disorderly conduct on the part of the bartender on duty. In Little Joe's I had only attempted to be a friendly customer. I had traded there many years without any trouble. Yet, I was scandalized all over the neighborhood because of

the whim of an inconsequential incompetent devoid of any sense of ethics.

In the Western Club, I was more than once accused of being Joe's lover by one or two other bartenders. I passed this off as a joke, however, and continued to trade there. Then one day a new bartender came in who was a total stranger to me. Cassidy introduced himself to me formally. He was so pleasing that I decided to "adopt" him as my personal bartender.

The fourth time I was in I was with a young married friend. We had planned to use the swimming pool connected with the place. I introduced Cassidy to my friend as it was his first time in the Western. After having a drink, we moved down to the station of another bartender who tore himself out of a kissing embrace with a female customer long enough to serve us. We had been there a few minutes when Cassidy came out from behind the bar, attempted to start a fight with my friend who had done nothing, made foul implications as to the morals and intentions of both of us, stated that we could not go into the pool dressing room together and then claimed me as his own personal "boy."

Rather than have a scene, I explained to my friend that Cassidy was a buddy of mine, that he was merely excited and that we should have no trouble.

My friend stated, "That is all right, Bob. I understand how it is. I am married TOO."

If there ever was a time when an apology was in order, that was it. We did not get one. I continued to trade in the place, continued to see Cassidy and he continued to get too personal at times. Finally I had enough.

One night as I was leaving the place at closing time I found Cas-

sidy by the door. Most of the customers had gone. More in sarcasm than anything else I asked Cassidy if he wished me to kiss him good-night. He stated that he did so wish. I asked him if it should be behind the ear.

He stated, "No, on the mouth."

I took this Irish lad into my arms and kissed him. Seldom have I ever received such a passionate response. He really knew how. This was in full sight of his fellow workers of both sexes. He is the only bartender, male or female, I have ever kissed.

THE STRAIGHT ARE NOT SO NARROW

In essence, the situation which I found was that over a period of years I have seen almost every violation possible in bars at one time or another. I have never been a patron of a Gar bar as a regular. I can say that during the same period I did go into the Gar bar previously mentioned fairly frequently without receiving a homosexual proposal. At all times, the behavior of everyone was all that it should be.

The direct opposite has been true in the selected, presumably "straight," neighborhood bars and taverns. In the latter places I have been very frequently "propositioned" by both women and men. I rejected these offers. There have been a number of proposals of homosexual "marriage" from attractive young men who were in no way obvious. I have received such propositions under the direct attention of bartenders. Never has one made a move to eject the "offending party."

In Little Joe's I have been hugged at the urinal. In Sandy Jug I have had a horribly drunk art student attempt to remove his trousers in front of me with a bartender looking on. At the Western, I have had a stranger

approach me from behind and take me in an embrace in front of a bartender.

This chap gasped, "Oh, daddy, I don't know who you are, but I've got to have you."

I refused, so he gave me a very wet kiss on the neck and repaired to the men's room.

When the question of homosexuality has come up in one of the neighborhood places, I have gone out of my way to contact the bartender personally to point out that I was not seeking such attention, nor was I "cruising" as it were. This type of action has never straightened anything out. Instead, it has resulted in the disclosures I have made being spread as gossip through various drinking places and to bartenders, bar-flies, and "bartenders' buddies." In short, none of these steps has had one good effect in dealing with the situation of maintaining a good name in a neighborhood bar. The bartenders and bar owners have but turned it into a dirty joke.

But what has happened to these three neighborhood bars and bartenders I have used as illustrations?

The bartender replacing Joe at the Sandy Jug requested that I not trade there. When I asked why, he stated that he was afraid I would approach one of his friends and he would have to explain. I stayed away for a while. He left the place, a woman took over the bar, and I am again a welcome customer as I had been for about six years previously.

I continued to have some trouble at Little Joe's. After an absence, Kenny returned and managed with a small investment to buy in as a partner. This place, after a long history of suspensions for serving minors and operating disorderly premises, had its license revoked on petition of several hundred people. The revocation was fought through the

courts and the decision of the Liquor Commission was reversed. The state feels that if it can again revoke the license that it might mean that the place could be cleared out of the neighborhood permanently. Rumor is that though the decision was reversed, the trial judge advised Kenny to leave town.

At least one of Little Joe's customers once made the remark to me that he had been with Kenny "that way" and that he was "really wonderful." Another bartender described the lad in my hearing as the "best" in town. I frankly would not know. I still go to the Western occasionally. At times I am welcomed and at times I am not. Apparently this depends on which attendant is at the door. Cassidy is still there, big mouth and all.

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS WRONG

It is distressing that such things happen around public drinking places. My experience is not singular. I know others who have been imposed upon, slandered and abused in one way or another. I know of several women who have had their reputations unjustifiably damaged around bars.

A customer is not entitled to argue with a bartender. If one is actually attacked, he may defend himself only at the risk of getting into trouble with the law unless there is incontrovertible proof as to the aggravating party. As to slander, there is only the doubtful recourse through civil law. For aggravated assault, there is only the recourse through criminal law. To make an accusation of conducting disorderly premises hold against a place requires witnesses who are dependable. Even so, as a state administrator told me, it might not be possible to convince a board or jury against ly-

ing witnesses of the bar-fly and bartenders'-buddies' categories. In case of trouble with a bar attendant or owner, the customer is "always drunk," not "always right." In other words the customer is virtually helpless.

There are several conclusions to be drawn from these observations and interviews concerning public social drinking. Bar personnel may have a friendly "inside-track" with law enforcement agencies. This can militate against a customer even though he is in the right. There is a stronger and closer personal connection, socially and otherwise, among people who are engaged in the liquor dispensing business than the average customer usually realizes. Such connections can result in the spread of undercover slander through various drinking places which will give a customer a bad name in places other than the one where ill-feeling first existed between bartender and customer.

A state administrator told me that such people operate somewhat in the manner of a clique. He stated that there may be a number of good people employed or engaged in the business, but that years of experience had taught him that all too often anyone so employed or engaged might be six feet tall physically and two feet high morally. I don't particularly question this judgment.

THEN WHAT MUST A CUSTOMER DO?

There are several positive things to do. It would, I think apply whether one wishes to become a patron of a "straight" or a Gar bar. Casual trade, trade at luxury and tourists' spots aside, if one wishes to find a friendly tavern or bar, do a little investigating first. Select the desired area. Drop in the places alone a few

times. See if the general run of people are the type you would want in your living room. If not, don't trade there. See if the crowd is friendly or operates as a clique. If the latter, then look elsewhere. If you see abuses of any customer or anything on the part of attendants or management which is out of line, go somewhere else. If the place has a reputation of getting into trouble with the law or control board, or if it has the reputation of harboring "tough customers," boycott it. In brief, before you choose a place, be reasonably sure that the customers are the type of people you would welcome in your home.

If you find a place where these aspects are satisfactory, or at least you think so, then treat it as your "second living room." Don't do anything to damage in any way the name, property, or business of a good drinking establishment, but use it as it is meant to be used.

One of the first rules that a good bartender learns is that undue familiarity with a customer usually leads to trouble. Be friendly, but always impersonal. If you don't know such people socially, don't get personal. This can prevent a lot of grief and trouble. Bartenders are not psychiatrists. Tell your troubles to your friends. They will listen. A bartender might peddle your story all over town. Why, indeed, select such people as friends. They work when other people play. Leave it at that. Speaking from experience, I have had more trouble from Joe and Cassidy than I could ever have had from a dozen temperamental women, though both are reasonably normal, or so I assume.

Do not ask any favor from people in the liquor business. This means, no personal favors, no requests for credit, check-cashing privileges, or anything else which will put you into

any type of obligation to them. Don't ever let one of them get you into his debt in any way whatever. Obviously, never enter a sex relation of any kind with someone responsible for serving you liquor. Just be nice, gentlemen and ladies, and keep liquor dispensing personnel at arm's length. To this not one of them could complain.

Behave circumspectly in bars. Once you have selected the few where you wish to become a "regular" go in with your friends rather than alone, yet remembering that not all bar friends are bad.

KNOW YOUR BARTENDER!—as a bartender, but not socially.

BARS ARE NOT FOR MATING

Now suppose you have been the best of customers and yet, after all precautions and care, you are still mistreated. Yes, you can always change bars, but don't let it go at that. Whether there is proof or not, if you are correct in making a complaint, don't hesitate to make it, first to the management of the place, and to the authorities if necessary. Don't take actual abuse and let it pass for nothing. This only makes it

harder on the next person. A corrected bartender might think twice before getting unnecessarily arbitrary or discourteous with the next man or woman. Just be sure you are right, reasonably in the clear, and then go ahead.

Other than that, you can at least try to boycott the place with the help of your friends, giving them reasons as to why they should not trade in a particular place. Personally, I have found that the more elaborate and high class the establishment, the less likely there is to be trouble, and the more likely it is that any trouble which might arise can be taken care of as it should be.

There is something else to be said regarding sexual assignation of whatever kind. The practice of entering into sex relations with strangers is not advisable. There are times when a casual meeting may lead to something of this sort. If a new acquaintance of whatever sex is unwilling to meet you socially in a bar and give you a phone number or address for future social contact, forget the person. Socializing before sexualizing is the best way. No one is likely to get into trouble that way. Know your fellow customers as well as your bartender.

Hearth A life-betterment ragazine*

published at irregular intervals for individuals interested in Federated Families. If you would like a copy of *Hearth*, or information, write to:

Hearth, Box 71, 844, Los Angeles 1, California

**Not to be confused with magazine.*

TAKE A WALK, MISTER BIG?

First you come on
With mines and mansions;
Clothes and money;
And trips to France - - -
Well, I'm sick of
Your vain expansions:
This is
Somebody else's dance.

What you offered
Was love and laughter
And the whirl
Of a real romance;
All I got was
The morning after - - -
This is
Somebody else's dance.

There's just
No hope:
You have treated me
Like a fool.
Love is still
My dope,
But I'm telling my heart
Keep cool.

Oh, to visit
The green Bahamas
While I'm young
And there's still a chance - - -

Give my love
To Dalai Lamas?
This is
Somebody else's dance.

—Doyle Eugene Livingston

RON'S ZIRCON

by

Harry Otis

There stood Ron in his favorite and most characteristic pose, his left knee slightly bent, his right hand flattened against his chest the better to show the large zircon ring on his little finger. Shyly he glanced at the customers entering and leaving Schwabs Pharmacy on Sunset Boulevard. Such a busy place! He'd never seen anything like it in London. Now he could understand why Gary had talked so much about it and his reason for keeping an apartment nearby. That Gary didn't give him his address was understandable. They knew each other such a short time. They met in a cinema. Ron asked him if he cared to come to his flat and have a spot of tea. Gary squeezed his hand and said, "Great." However, in his flat when he asked him if he preferred his pleasure before or after the tea, Gary gave him an odd look and said the tea itself would be sufficient. Ron couldn't get him out of his mind, and now that he was in Hollywood he hoped they would meet and know each other better.

A square jawed six footer in an adhesive black leather jacket and trousers, his eyes glued to the zircon, approached Ron.

"Some search light you got there," he said half smiling.

Ron beamed. "O, thank you. Everyone thinks it's a real diamond but it isn't." Leather Jacket, silent, continued staring at the zircon.

Ron twisted uncomfortably. "What makes my eyes smart so much?"

"Hollywood gas. There's a lot of it."

"Petrol, did you say?"

"I didn't. I said gas."

Embarrassed, Ron dropped his eyes.

"You looking for a guy to shack up with?" Leather Jacket asked.

"Shack up with? I don't understand."

"Forget it." His eyes on a knitted sport shirt hugging a wispish blond languorously leaning against a building, Leather Jacket strode toward him.

Ron's wrist watch said eight, dinner time. Yet there were no men in dinner jackets, starched shirts and black ties to be seen anywhere. Californians undoubtedly dine later. This was Ron's first evening in California. He checked in at the Knickerbocker Hotel in Hollywood then taxied to Schwabs: a horribly expensive ride he wouldn't repeat again. As he was wondering where he could get a tasty dinner at a reasonable price Jorge, a personable young Mexican came over to him. He put his right hand on his hip and raised his thick black eyebrows. "A diamond, no less. Aren't you the elegant one? How do you do it?"

"Well, I have ways," Ron said with a twist.
"You and Her Royal Highness, Antonia. Where you her bridesmaid or flower girl?"

"What makes you think I'm British?"

"My dear, you're no wop with that accent."

"You speak excellent English. Were you born in this country?"

"In Mexico. I sneaked across the border. A patrol officer caught me. He didn't send me to jail. He got me a small apartment in L.A. then I went to night school. He made me go home and come back legally. He even helped me get my citizenship papers. The hell of it was he was married and had a tough time getting away from his wife. It was wonderful until some low down dog told her about us. She made him stop seeing me. It nearly killed me. His name was Dennis. He was much older than I am but I like older men. They've got more sense. They're a lot kinder than younger guys. I hate cruising but how am I going to get another guy if I don't?"

Ron didn't know. Whenever life in London became dull he put on his zircon and posed. It seemed so useless to waste time looking in windows, pretending to be interested in their displays when all the time you were waiting for the other to make the break. A pose and glances usually turned the trick. Ron carefully smoothed a stray hair back in its orderly place then adjusted his tie. "I liked a big strong guard at Buckingham Palace but he wouldn't even look at me. All of them behave like that; its part of their training. Every time I had a chance I stood near the palace gate with my ring on. Just as I was leaving one day I dropped my card with my name and address on it near him. He came to my flat that night. I'd just bought a gorgeous Venetian lace negligee at a benefit. It had belonged to a duchess. He put it on and paraded around in it. He had me call him Sue. He was so muscular he just didn't look right in it but he wore it every time he came."

Jorge took Ron in his '50 Ford to a restaurant in Old Olvera Street. Ron ate his first tacos and enchiladas and liked them. He told Jorge that the atmosphere made him feel like Carmen. Had Jorge ever known any bull fighters?

"No, but plenty of throwers. Hollywood's filled with them. Yeah, and a lot of rats posing as vice squad officers. They carry badges and use the same technique the real guys use. Should you ever run into one and need help, I'll give you my phone number. You can reach me there any time."

Jorge returned Ron to the Knickerbocker. He hated to leave him alone. He was such a babe in Hollywood's wolf packed woods he could easily lose his shirt. Then what? Luckily he had a round trip ticket.

Ron stayed in his room long enough to powder his thin face and dab Monteil's 'Seduction' behind his ears... He started for Hollywood and Vine but got no farther than the lengthy sidewalk newspaper stand on Las Palmas. Another busy place. Never had he seen so many young men in skin tight levis. He marveled at the frank display of male anatomy. But the women in their tight slacks ran them a close second. A greying, flat chested diesel was berating a giggling blonde for keeping her waiting. Near them a young Hindu, slender and dark in her rose tinted sari, chatted with a Stetson hat, Hollywood cowboy, his spotless suede outfit redolent with Max Factor's Desert Flower. Two blondes, their moon shaped derriers threatening to burst through their knitted slacks and waists piled out of a Lincoln convertible and yelled, "You cheap bastard," at a shining bald head behind the wheel. Nearby in a window cluttered with plas-

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in conjunction with the

NINTH ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING of ONE, INC.

Theme:

"A HOMOSEXUAL BILL OF RIGHTS"

to be held in Los Angeles, January 26-29, 1961

Advance registration will be necessary.

"No. Please! Please!" Ron sobbed.

"Well, what's it worth to you?"

Ron put his hand on the chest for support. He had ten dollars left from a travelers check he'd cashed at the hotel. He handed it to Fred. "That's all I've got on me. My travelers checks are with my passport in the safe at the hotel."

"How many checks you got?"

"About \$300 worth, I think."

"What's your room number?"

"432."

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How he found his way back to the hotel, Ron never knew. He trembled so violently he wondered if he'd ever make it. In his room he saw Jorge's card on the night table—"If you ever need help—" Ron downed two glasses of ice water and two aspirins before he felt quiet enough to phone Jorge. He started to explain what happened but Jorge stopped him. "Phones have big ears. Wait

"A HOMOSEXUAL BILL OF RIGHTS"

Do homosexuals have a right to congregate in public?

Are the present repressive sex laws unconstitutional?

How much sexual freedom do we actually want?

Do the English Wolfenden recommendations go far enough?

Should homosexuals have "the right to swish?"

Ought homosexuals be taxed to pay for heterosexual's children?

Should homosexual "marriage" be legally recognized?

How much discrimination does the homosexual now suffer?

Should police powers be curbed? How much?

Are homosexuals really security risks?

Are they unfit for military service?

By what means should the homosexual demand his rights?

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SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

THURSDAY, January 26. Final Class Fall Semester, ONE Institute.

8-10 PM. "Byzantine Sex Laws and Repressions." Fee \$1.00.

FRIDAY, January 27. WORKSHOP DAY. No admission charge.

10-12 AM. Outline of procedures for framing Bill of Rights.

2-5 PM. Tabulation of questionnaires; briefing on duties.

8-10 PM. Ninth Annual Business Meeting, for Members and Corporation guests only.

The above sessions all held at ONE's offices, entrance 233 South Broadway, Los Angeles. Cost of all following events and meals \$12.50 per person, or \$10.00 per person for couples; single events as listed.

SATURDAY, January 28. BILL OF RIGHTS DAY. For morning and afternoon sessions, and Reception (not including cocktails) \$5.00.

9-12 AM. Examination of questionnaires and proposals.

Noon Buffet luncheon and informal discussion. \$2.50.

2-5 PM. Preparation of outlines of the Bill's five sections.

9 PM.-2 AM. Reception—entertainment, cocktails.

SUNDAY, January 29. ADOPTION DAY. Breakfast and session, \$2.00.

11 AM. Continental breakfast and informal discussion.

1-4 PM. Final drafting of the Bill and adoption.

4:30 PM. **ANNUAL BANQUET.** Speakers, forecasts. \$6.00.

The above sessions (except Reception) all held at New Hotel Clark, 426 South Hill Street, Los Angeles.

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REGISTRATION FORM

All tickets will be mailed if orders are received promptly, or may be picked up at ONE's offices Friday, January 27. The offices will NOT be open on Saturday or Sunday. Address all mail to: ONE Institute, 233 South Broadway, Los Angeles 12. Tel. MA 4-6983.

I enclose to cover registration for the entire Institute, or to cover registration for the following

Name

Street

City Zone State

Recommended reading in preparation for the Institute; may be ordered from ONE's Book Service.

Cory, D. W., **Homosexuality, A Cross Cultural Approach**, \$5.00.

Barr, James, **Game of Fools**, a play, \$4.50.

Kronhausen, E. & H., **Pornography and the Law**, \$5.00.

Lindner, Robert, **Must You Conform**, \$3.00.

ONE Institute Quarterly #8, "The Right of Association," \$4.00.

Wildeblood, Peter, **Against the Law**, \$3.95.

Hyde, E. M., **The Three Trails of Oscar Wilde**, \$5.00

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ter replicas of classic sculpture a leafless Michaelangelo's David caught Ron's eyes. He went over to get a closer view.

"Looks like some artist improved on the original," a throaty voice said behind him.

Ron turned and saw a cross between Charles Heston and Rock hudson: his chest a black mat of hair. Ron's eyelids fluttered. "Its charming. I've never seen one like it before."

"You oughta see mine. It makes this one look sick. You British?"

"Yes. I'm here on a holiday. I arrived this afternoon."

"Where you staying?"

"At the Hotel Knickerbocker."

He offered Ron a cigarette. "My name's Fred. What's yours?"

"Ron."

"You know anyone here?"

"No," Ron lied, afraid if he told him about Jorge he'd have to explain how he met him.

"You must be well heeled to make this trip."

"But I'm not. I work for a publishing company in London."

"How about coming to my apartment to see my David?"

"I'd love to." He looked at his watch. 11.30. "If its not too late."

"Nothings ever too late in Hollywood."

They went through a side street leading up a hill to an old home converted into a rooming house, its windows dark. Light from a dingy brass chandelier lit the hall they entered. Ron followed Fred into a room barren but for a day bed and a delapidated chest of drawers.

"Where's David?" Ron asked, alarmed.

Fred jerked a police badge from inside his coat and shoved it before Ron's eyes. "You're under arrest," he snarled. "You're going to the station with me."

Ron's mouth dropped open. "Oh no, no. What did I do?" he cried, terrified.

"You'll find out when you're booked."

"No. Please! Please!" Ron sobbed.

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till I get there."

Morning: Ron opened his door in answer to a hard knock. Fred burst in and slammed the door behind him. Anger blazed in his hard eyes. "Why didn't you cash those checks like I told you to? You haven't been out of this room," he stormed.

The bathroom door opened. A powerfully built man, a gun in his hand, came out followed by Jorge.

"Reach, Skeets," the man ordered sharply.

Cursing Ron, Skeets' hands shot into the air.

Jorge went through his pockets and took out Ron's watch, his ring and Skeets' wallet containing eight dollars. He opened the door and handed the wallet to a plainclothesman waiting outside.

"Come on, Skeets," the officer growled.

Jorge couldn't get to the Knickerbocker quick enough after Ron phoned him. After he heard Ron's story he phoned Dennis, his friend. Dennis arrived an hour later. He put his arm around Ron's shoulder to quiet him. He told him not to worry; that he wouldn't have to appear against Skeets. Skeets was wanted on a rape charge. He had a long record.

Ron's zircon sparkled on Jorge's finger the morning he drove Ron to the airport. Jorge didn't want to accept it. It had brought him and Dennis together again. They were looking for an apartment. Dennis' wife was divorcing him.

Ron regretted the zircon wasn't a diamond.

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tangents

news & views

by del mcintire

This is the 57th time "tangents" has appeared in ONE Magazine. But it is the first time that it has not been banged out by brother dal—which is no way to begin the year. In the May, 1960, issue, those who follow this column will recall, dal complained of the hopelessly mounting pile of clippings and news reports and hinted at the terrific amount of work required to put this column together. But he ended on an optimistic note with "we hope to roll 'tangets' through the typewriter at least 50 more times. . . ." Well, he made it for 6 more of those times, and now having grown weary of the struggle is taking a much earned rest. I shall attempt in my own way and as often as possible to cover as much of the news as I can in the meanwhile.

CLIPPING THE CENSOR'S CLAWS

1960 has been a busy year for the Vigilantes of the Dirty Mind. Led by that doughty, filth-hunting crusader Arthur Summerfield, who

will soon no longer be publicly dangerous, the censors have been swarming out of every cranny and crossroads in the country. "Fight filth!" they shrill. "Protect the youth of the land." Using existing law as their weapon, they quite willingly raid and intimidate newsdealers in their hysterical zeal. They reject reason entirely and without any real awareness of the nature of pornography, they have been operating in a great many instances virtually with a free hand.

The courts throughout the nation and the world, all through 1960, have been consistently clipping the censor's claws. In retaliation, the Postmaster and friends, and one Chas. H. Keating, national legal counsel for the Citizens for Decent Literature have been trying to galvanize the nation's women's clubs into urging law enforcement agencies and legislators to tighten up censorship of newsstands and to draw up tougher obscenity laws. They've made speeches galore. In

San Francisco, the **Chronicle** editorialized after one such meeting, that "only one copy of a book, presented to a jury, is necessary to determine whether or not it is obscene within the definition of the law. If it is so declared, then, and only then, should books be confiscated and prosecution undertaken. **Wholesale confiscation** in advance of such legal determination is an unwarranted assumption of authority. To declare boycotts on newsstands, to harass their proprietors, is an inhibition of the sale of their reading matter. San Franciscans should not be panicked. . . ."

After a six-day trial in London's Central Criminal Court, the famous Old Bailey, Penguin Books, Ltd., was acquitted on November 2, by a jury of nine men and three women, of having published an obscene book, the unexpurgated edition of **Lady Chatterly's Lover**. The case aroused tremendous interest throughout Great Britain, receiving column after column of almost word-by-word coverage in the leading London newspapers, reporting the testimony of 35 witnesses for the defendants. As the unanimous jury verdict was announced, the jammed courtroom burst into applause. During the trial, each member of the jury was required to read fully a copy of the Penguin paperback edition. Said Sir Allen Lane, managing director of Penguin, after the verdict—"The decision means that it will be extremely doubtful whether there are any future prosecutions of a serious author published by a serious publisher."

Sir Allen immediately ordered the distribution of 200,000 copies of **Lady Chatterly** which had been stored in the firm's warehouse. By the middle of November, the novel, banned in England since its original publication in 1928, was selling

fast, and Penguin readied a 200,-300,000 second printing.

The trial itself revolved around the issue whether, taking the book as a whole, and excepting the fact that it might be shocking or disgusting, it was obscene in the sense that it tended to deprave or corrupt. It became an endless procession of prominent citizens defending D. H. Lawrence and his work. They included some of England's best-known literary, ecclesiastical and scholarly figures: The Bishop of Woolwich, Dr. John Robinson, found the book not depraving "either in intention or in effect" and one which Christians **ought** to read. He said Lawrence was "trying to portray the sex relationship as something sacred." Dame Rebecca West said that a lot of the pages in the book were ludicrous but that it is not without "literary merit." Stephen Potter, among other witnesses, defended the use of four-letter words because Lawrence was "trying to take these words out of the context of the lavatory wall and give them back a dignity and meaning." Norman St. John Stevens, a leading Catholic theologian, found the book unquestionably moral, and one that Catholic priests would "profit" by reading. Some witnesses argued that **Lady Chatterly** actually did the opposite of recommending wickedness or vice, that it proposed a right and full relationship between man and woman.

Mr. Justice Byrne charged that the jurors were to consider the novel not from the viewpoint of the student of literature, but from that of the individual reader who knows nothing about Lawrence or literature, who buys or borrows the book, "and reads it during the lunch-time break at the factory and takes it home in the evening to finish." Just like people do with **ONE Magazine**.

ODDMENTS

There will hardly be a wet eye anywhere in the District of Columbia for the three Morals Division vice cops who were arrested in Lafayette Park by a uniformed officer one joyous night last May—and run in on a suspicion of homosexuality. There they were—quietly minding other people's business — when Park Police Pvt. James E. Thomas asked one of them, Det. Morda what he was doing. Not satisfied with the response, Thomas took Morda into custody. When Morda called his two cronies, Dets. Arscott and Fochet for help, Thomas promptly and efficiently flipped one—Fochet—into the park shrubbery while he bounced the other two onto their backs and into the bushes. Pvt. Thomas began serving a 15-day suspension November 13th as a result of the fracas. Editorialized the **POST** "Two questions spring to mind. In a town where crime is rampant and on the increase, why should 3 detectives of the Police be stationed in Lafayette Park? And why should they be out of uniform? The answer is obvious. The Morals Division clutters up the Park with coveys of detectives whose ugly errand is to entice some unfortunate into making an advance that can be taken as a basis for arresting him. The whole process borders on provocation and entrapment. Why should the simple job of policing Lafayette Park not be done by ordinary policemen—in uniform?"

"Instead of commending Pvt. Thomas for meritorious service to duty, Police Chief Stewart suspended the officer—saying that he showed an 'inability to work harmoniously with other policemen.' In our view, he showed simply a considerable skill at judo and a highly developed sense of decency."

This is not the first monkeyshines involving the contemptable police

practices of Morda, Arscott, and Fochet. Fochet has been severely reprimanded by D. C. judges for improper conduct of cases where he'd seemed too eager to encourage acts for which he made arrests. And Arscott's activities have been amply described before. As reported in an earlier column, D. C. cops have been accused of encouraging gangs of hoodlums to prey on homosexuals in Lafayette Park.

OSTRICH EGGS

As we all know, the French, when they put their minds to it, do things very well. One of the things they have recently done well is the motion picture "The Ostrich Has Two Eggs." This novelty from Paris playing currently around the country, is a well made, dryly amusing little comedy about homosexuality — which is normal fare for Paris. Although the subject has been staple in private and night club entertainment for decades, this seems to be its debut for our public screen which has traditionally treated the subject only as somber drama. One has only to think of "Tea and Sympathy," "Oscar Wilde," and "Suddenly Last Summer." Maybe its appearance is a symptomatic development in cinematic sex mores. Certainly its passing U. S. Customs could not be more sociologically significant.

The story is of a Paris businessman who is shocked to discover that his 17-year-old son is the after-school gigolo of a widowed young Comtesse. He is even more jolted to find out that his older son, a peroxided and bejewelled cheri, is not only a rising young couturier but a confirmed homosexual. Deftly enough both he and his "ami" are kept off camera; but in a few years, we hope they will not be. This ostrich egg should be hatching indeed.

THE NICE KID

This is a scene which explores the end of a gay love affair. It was originally written for my Gold Medal Book, *WOMEN IN THE SHADOWS*, and unfortunately had to be deleted; partly for reasons of space limitation, partly because the primary theme of the novel is Lesbianism.

Jack Mann and Terry have been living together for a couple of years and are now finally on the verge of a break-up. Jack confides many of his troubles with Terry to Laura Landon, a close friend, a Lesbian, and the protagonist of the story.

by Ann Bannon

Terry had been enough to drive a strong man mad. If he had been nasty about things, Jack could have stood it better. He could have preserved his self-respect and he might have had the strength to kick Terry out sooner than he did. But Terry was a nice kid. He was delightful company, he was cooperative. Of course, he was also faithless, he took every cent Jack made as Jack made it, and he was hardly ever home. But...

"But, when he is home he's so goddam irresistible!" Jack had spluttered in frustration to Laura. "He throws his arms around me and starts sweet-talking me, and I'll be damned if he doesn't have me emptying my pockets, handing over all my cash, forgiving him anything, everything, if he'll only stay with me."

"Jack," Laura said, "if you let him walk all over you, that's the quickest way to lose him. You know that. Why do you do it? Are you blind?"

"Yes," he had answered. "Blind drunk and blind stupid. It's killing me, living like this, Laura. But I can't open my eyes and look at it. I'd rather die slowly, by degrees." He had been so tight when he said this that she had trouble making out the words.

In truth, Jack couldn't explain it. He saw clearly enough, in spite of what he said, that Terry needed to be disciplined, controlled, cared for. And on the few occasions when fury or desperation drove him to dominate his young lover, Terry had been perversely contented and he had been faithful. And when the storms abated, those had been their happiest times together.

But they had been few and far spaced. Jack could feel his control slipping and because he didn't know why or how to stop it he would panic and lose it completely. And Terry's respect would go down the drain with Jack's self-control.

"The hell of it is," Jack would say, trying to explain it to Laura—and himself, "that the more he sasses me, the more he humiliates me, the more helpless I get. I get so low there's no way to get back up again, except to hang on to Terry. There I am on my goddamn silly knees. And he hates it and I hate it, but I can't get up again without his help."

"How do you get down there in the first place?" Laura asked.

"I trip."

"On what?"

"On anything," he said. "On a love letter stuck in his dresser drawer, written to him by a stranger. Stuck right in there with his socks, as if he were inviting me to read the thing."

"Which you did."

"Which I did."

"That shouldn't throw you, Jack. Terry's a very handsome boy."

"I know what Terry is, thanks. I find mash notes from his drooling admirers stuck into his sock drawer. I take their phone calls and give him their messages. Next I'll be entertaining them in my own home." He downed a shot and slammed the small glass down on the bar.

"If you put up with all that guff you must like it," Laura said softly, trying to tease some sense into him.

"I must," he said laconically, and for a moment she thought he might come unglued. But he held himself together with a little will power and some leftover pride.

In a way, Jack did like all that guff. The misery of the affair was, that they both did. Terry loved to be over-mastered. So did Jack. Only Jack was far and

away the oldest, in his late thirties, and Terry took it for granted that Jack should run the show. When he didn't, Terry was disappointed and then disillusioned, so that the romance developed long cracks that couldn't be patched.

But he was very fond of Jack. He felt a large easy affection for him.

"If I could just live with you and you wouldn't be so jealous and nosey all the time!" he complained impatiently to Jack.

"Jealous and nosey! Holy God, what am I supposed to do when I come home and find some s.o.b. I've never seen before in my bed with you? Tuck you in?"

"That only happened once." Terry would sit, while he talked, with his feet up on the furniture, eating something—he was always eating something—and laughing at Jack. The more desperate Jack got, the funnier it looked to Terry. He didn't laugh to be mean. He laughed because he was amused; because Jack, with his horn-rims sliding down his nose and his face contorted and his pants open and his angry voice riding the scales, looked funny. But it drove Jack frantic.

"Can't you think of something to do besides sitting there and spitting seeds on the rug and splitting your goddamn sides? Am I *that* funny? Do you enjoy torturing me so much that you just have to laugh?"

"Yes," Terry said. "I just have to." And he chuckled.

Jack couldn't stand it. He turned away with his hands over his face for a minute. Laura would not have recognized this Jack; this tormented man, angrily in love with the wrong person, who stuck to a doomed attachment as if every new shock and every unexpected pain only strengthened his need for the boy. And strangely enough, they did.

The more Terry hurt him, whether unintentionally or not, the tighter Jack clung to him. But there were times when he thought he couldn't bear it.

"Terry, why do you do this to me?" he implored. "You'll destroy me."

"I love you, Jack, but you're too melodramatic," Terry said gently.

"All right, damn it! I'll quit the melodrama if you'll quit the cruising."

Terry popped the last of an orange into his mouth and licked his fingers. "No bargains," he said in a light voice.

Jack felt all the force drain out of him. Terry could get him to the point where he could go no farther; where his anger and shame were swollen so huge they threatened his balance. He couldn't keep shouting and berating the boy. And yet he couldn't let the thing drop and ignore it.

He went to Terry's chair and stood there staring at him, feeling weak and helpless, feeling a strangling need come up inside him; wanting to choke Terry and wanting to kiss him all at the same time. And Terry looked up at him with warm concern and said, "You know what you need, Jackson?"

"What?" Jack asked hoarsely.

Terry picked up another orange. "New frames," he said, waving the fruit at Jack's glasses. "Those things keep sliding down your nose. You look like a damn owl. I don't know how you can stand it."

"You can stand some things better than others, Terry," Jack said, tense all over.

"I should think it would drive you nuts. You need a smaller size."

"Terry," Jack said softly. "I love you." The words burned his tongue, but he got them out.

"I love you too, honey," Terry said, smiling at him. And he meant it. That was the hardest part for Jack to take. It brought him to his knees in tears, his

head in Terry's lap. Terry shifted slightly to accommodate him, rubbing Jack's head soothingly with one sticky hand and feeding himself with the other.

"The trouble with you is, you get too worried over little things," Terry told him in a kind and casual voice.

"Little things!" Jack said in disbelief. "Little things like all the slobs you sleep with and all the money you spend and—" His head had come up and he gripped Terry's thighs in hard angry hands.

"Honey, we're still eating, for Christ's sake. We aren't starving to death. The rent's paid. I don't spend *that* much money."

"The rent's paid because Laura lent me a hundred bucks! Which she can't afford!" Jack shouted at him.

Terry gazed down at him and smiled. "Poor Jack," he said. He bent down and kissed his forehead. "That was nice of Laura," he added. "She's a good kid. Why don't you two get married?"

Jack gaped at him. And at last he asked sourly, "Are you telling me to leave you?"

Terry shook his head with a laugh, and shoved Jack's glasses up his nose with his index finger. "You goofy owl," he said. "I don't want you to leave me. Who'd pay the grocery bills? Besides, I love you, Owl."

"Then why do you treat me like this?"

"I can't help it."

"You could help it," Jack said with such intensity that Terry stopped chewing for a moment. "You could come home once in a while."

"I'm home," Terry protested innocently.

"You could get a job and earn a little money, instead of spending all mine."

"But I don't know how to do anything. Except make love," he grinned. He had a fine smile: charming and honest. The kind mothers love. It had fooled his own mother for twenty-one years.

"You could stay out of other people's beds," Jack said bitterly.

Terry wiggled in his hard grasp. "No, I couldn't," he said. "I need variety, Jack. Some people are just made that way, and I'm one of them."

"God damn you, you little twerp, if you love me why can't I be enough for you?" Jack's voice rose with his words, rough and tormented.

Terry looked him straight in the eye. "I don't know," he said. "I swear I don't. I wish you *were* enough. You think I like to hurt you, but I don't. It hurts me, too."

Jack gazed into his young face, clear-featured and fair, and he knew he was backed against a stone wall. His head went down again into Terry's lap and he wept while Terry finished his orange and comforted him.

It was hopeless. It was a little ridiculous in a pathetic sort of way. Terry loved men—in the plural. He couldn't get enough. But he loved Jack Mann—singular—too. Jack was Terry's home base, his refuge and security. Jack was a friend; something very few of his other lovers had ever been.

Besides, Jack tickled him. It wasn't just his big-eyed bespectacled excesses of temper that looked so comical. It was his mind, his wit. It amused Terry as it did everybody else, and it pleased him to see an angry Jack trounce people with it, even hurt them. Hurting didn't scare Terry; it excited him.

In the back of his mind Terry realized vaguely that he was living a meaningless life. He spoke the truth when he said he didn't know how to do anything but make love. He had a persuasive charm that he could use when he thought

it was worth the trouble. But he was frankly sponging off Jack, and eating and buying his clothes and sharing a pleasant apartment, by Jack's good graces. He knew Jack was in love with him but he didn't expect it would go on forever. He simply used Jack's hospitality and paid for it with his own haphazard presence.

Terry's fondness for Jack was real and reassuring, but it was not thrilling. And Terry thrived on thrills. So he went philandering in search of them. None-the-less, he wanted to stay with Jack; to come home to him. He tried to explain this to Jack and to his surprise found that he only insulted him.

What it amounted to was that Jack was being taken for a royal ride, and no matter how carefully Terry put it, Jack always took it that way and spat it back in his face.

But Jack couldn't let Terry go. He was imprisoned in his desires and as long as he was, Terry was safe with him.

It couldn't last much longer. Terry was affectionate and he wanted to be obedient, but Jack never gave him the right orders. He flashed a few hysterical threats at him, which Terry ignored, and that was it.

So things went along, with never enough money, enough understanding, enough generous love on either side, and with Jack getting far and away the worst of things.

* * *

Until one night in early spring; clear and mild outside, but bad in Jack's apartment. Jack came home unexpectedly and found Terry in his bed with a pickup. It was the second time in the course of their life together that it had happened.

Jack was drunk and so was Terry, slightly, and so was Terry's friend, very. And the friend threw a shoe at Jack and said, "Who the hell d'you think *you* are? Scram, buddy."

Nothing Terry could say or do after that stopped the whirlwind fury that followed.

"Get out of my bed," Jack threatened. "You pansy, get out of my bed."

"You said he wasn't coming home till late," the man reproached Terry.

Terry just looked at Jack, scared and wondering. When Jack had caught him doing this before, it had been over a year ago and Jack had been willing to forget it to keep Terry with him. Now he had turned scarlet and he didn't look funny at all.

Jack strode swiftly across the bedroom and beat the man's face with his hands, two quick blows of the fist that surprised the stranger. And while he was stunned and had only a faltering defense, Jack struck him again, brutally, grunting with the effort. The stranger threw ineffectual ill-aimed blows at him, but he was confused and very efficiently hurt. And when Jack's knee came up with sickening force between his legs he screamed and crumpled into a ball on the bed.

Terry gasped. "That's enough, Jack," he protested, but Jack beat the stranger's head until his nose collapsed and stained his face red. The mess spread satisfyingly over the sheets and pillows. Terry had to drag Jack off, holding him while he glared at the man moaning in pain on the bed.

"God," Terry murmured admiringly. "You really gave it to him." He was unashamedly aroused by what was really a futile and unreasoned piece of violence. Terry loved to see a good fight, especially if it was over him. Jack

had fought for him twice before, but they had been bar brawls and not quite so sinister and painful as this.

Jack's tough, supple body was one of the things Terry liked best about him. Jack was small but he was deceptively strong. He might have walloped Terry if he could have brought himself to do it, and sometimes Terry went begging for it; sometimes he needed it. But Jack had done it just once. That had been the time a year ago when another stranger had turned up in this very bed.

Now Jack faced Terry and Terry knew it was his turn. He was nearly as excited as he was afraid. He backed against the closet door and said, "Jack, let me explain," but he only said it because the room was so quiet and Jack looked at him through eyes that were dark, brooding, almost murderous.

Terry waited, naked and smooth and beautiful as a Greek lad carved in marble, and quivering with—with what? With anticipation, with fear, with impatience.

Jack said, "Get your clothes on and get out." He stood in front of the boy, suffering but immovable.

"What?" Terry exclaimed. He was almost disappointed.

"Get out."

"But Jack! I—" He stared. Was this the end? Really? It couldn't be. "I—I don't want to go," he stammered.

"I don't care. I'm through caring what you want and what you don't want. I'm going to start caring about myself for a change. I've had enough of you, Terry. You're a cheap little punk. You just happen to be a pretty one and you have some charm. But you're nothing for me to risk my sanity over."

"Now get out of my house. Take your lousy friend over there and go have fun on a park bench. I don't care. Just so you don't come back."

Terry enjoyed the bawling out in spite of himself. He would have taken a few slaps without protest, but the bawling out would do—provided it wasn't serious. But it never was. Jack was too much in love with him.

"You still love me, Jack," Terry said softly.

"If I didn't love you I'd be able to keep you, Terry," Jack answered.

It was so odd a thing to say that Terry felt frightened again. "You don't mean it," he said. And he came toward Jack with a frown to caress his shoulders cautiously. "Do you?" he added in a whisper.

Jack stood his ground, mute with fury and humiliation and a recognition of the end. Terry put his arms around him and kissed his lips and rubbed himself against Jack but he might as well have approached pure stone. When he stopped to look at Jack's face in alarm he saw at last what Jack saw: It was all over between them.

Terry went to the closet and got his clothes on. He dressed in a silence broken only by queasy groans from his friend on the bed, looking over his shoulder at Jack now and then.

When he was dressed he turned and asked, "Can I come back for my things tomorrow?"

"You can't come back at all, Terry. Take what you can carry. You and your friend." He spoke with sharp scorn. "I'll take the rest over to Julian's in the morning. You can pick it up there."

"Please don't make me go," Terry pleaded. "Jack, if you'd only—"

"I'm going out," Jack broke in. "I'll be back in an hour. Get your friend out

of here and as much of your stuff as you can. If you aren't gone when I get back I'll kill you both."

Terry's eyes went wide. If Jack hadn't spoken so matter-of-factly; if he had cried or shouted or thrown things; Terry would have taken comfort in the familiar routine. But this was new and weird... and final.

"All right," Terry said, because he had to answer. "Whatever you say." He began to move around the room, picking things up aimlessly, tingling when he had to go near Jack. From the bed, like a mournful theme, came the moaning of the man with the broken nose.

"One more thing," Jack said, turning to face Terry from the bedroom door. "I won't pay any more of your bills. Don't use my name or address any more. I never want to hear from you again, Terry. No calls, no letters. Nothing. Clear?"

Terry straightened up from a dresser drawer—the one with the socks and stray love notes in it—and answered meekly, "Clear."

Jack turned to go, but Terry called, "It's just that—we won't stay apart for long, Jackson. You know that, don't you?" He was standing with bunches of rolled socks in his hands, with the light from the dresser lamp gilding his blond hair. Jack looked hard at him, and remembered him that way in the months that followed. "You know that, Jack," he repeated.

"No. I don't."

"But you love me," said Terry. "We love each other. How can we drop each other for ever?"

"Simple," Jack said, paying in pain for pain. "Drop out that door. And don't ever drop in again."

They looked at each other.

"Goodbye, Terry," he said.

"So long, Jackson," Terry smiled faintly.

Jack had to turn on his heel and leave at once to keep from embracing him and taking it all back.

BOOKS

MEMORIES AND COMMENTARIES, by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft, Doubleday & Co., 1960. \$3.95, 167 pp.

Are there any other balletomanes that to these many years have wondered *exactly* what Nijinsky's costume indiscretion was that scandalized the Russian Dowager Queen?

It was "the tightest tights anyone had ever seen (it fact, an athletic support padded with handkerchiefs) and little else."

It looks as if nobody but Stravinsky is going to write uninhibitedly about the fabulous Diaghlev and his fabulous entourage. This small book is not primarily about that, but the frank and witty asides are more gleanings than a homophile would reap in a year of reading biographies.

Stravinsky has a gift for the pithy personality word picture, and here are Gide, Ravel, Rolland, Cocteau, Auden, among many others.

The homophile element pops up like a chuckle all over the place. For instance, the last phrase of a discussion of Queens he has known is, "These are all the queens (of countries) I have known."

Stravinsky tells amusingly of Dia-

ghlev's convert-attempting harangues at him over the years. (Thank heaven he wasn't interested or we would be hearing none of this.)

A. E. S.

If you are looking for a *cheap* thrill, you should try one of the paperbacks published under the FABIAN or the SABER imprints. ("If you are charged more than 35¢ for this book within the Continental United States, please notify publisher" at 2919 Belmont Avenue, Fresno, California.) Though they are careful to advertise themselves as competitive lines with independent control of editorial policy and sales promotion, both use the same address, a small commercial printing outfit in the older residential district of Fresno.

Happily for the publishers, some of their books are under attack as "unfit for public reading because they deal with sex too intimately." This should bolster sales considerably. One, LONG DECEMBER, has been banned in Los Angeles County by court order, though it is one of the least *intimate*. Another, INCEST FOR RENE, was banned by a court of which it is reported neither the judge nor the jury had read it. Under its new title, RENE, it should now sell like hot cakes.

In addition to the usual advertisements of other titles offered, the publishers include in their slender volumes, notices for missing persons, statements of policy, addresses of sales outlets, autobiographies and philosophical effusions by their authors, and all sorts of promotional material. In the back pages of one SABER book is this provocative statement: "Whether our books are good or bad literature is not the point, of course. The best test of their worth is the market place; if they fill some need, if they will give some pleasure, they will be purchased and read and

not otherwise." Only a few of these books are well written though all of them have interesting and/or titillating stories. Most readers will be little concerned with the uneven literary style. (Uneven means that the ininteresting passages can be skipped without losing the story; the most intimate sections are usually stimulating enough not to require any refinements.)

Some of the titles are of especial interest for homophiles. RENE (formerly titled INCEST FOR RENE) by Kip Madigan is one of the better written offerings. It "treads on problems of male homosexuality, beggary [sic!], love and incest."

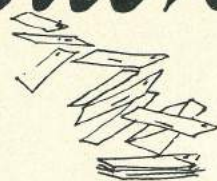
THE STRANGE THREE by Louise Sherman shows that love for both sexes is possible and that what has happened will continue to happen, and that perhaps it was best.

I AM A LESBIAN by Lora Sela "is scheduled to appear under SABER imprint." THE LADY WAS A MAN (formerly SEX GAUNTLET TO MURDER) by Mark Shane is in its fourth printing and has murders in three sexes. SATAN'S HARVEST by Sanford Aday has also had four printings. It has its quota of murder, rape, honest and queer prostitutes, good and bad cops, and of course the girl who "rose above her past."

Like the publishers, we do not recommend any of these books, or others put out by either SABER or FABIAN, as "the impeccably regular kind which a reverend mother could contemplate with equanimity." They do not always accomplish their "attempt to publish honest, true-to-life stories depicting life as it is and not necessarily as it should be"; but "we do not believe that you must have your reading material spoonfed to you by government officials . . . It would seem sensible to say to *each his own* when it comes to anything someone else might want to read. . . ."

Dick Tyner

Letters



Under no circumstances do the Editors forward letters from readers to other persons nor do they answer correspondence making such requests.

TO VOLUME IX AND TO 1961: GREETINGS

Gentlemen:

Several years ago you published the number of your subscribers by states and countries. I was rather shocked by the stunningly low numbers. There must be many, many people who would be interested. Most likely they simply never heard of ONE. I myself came across it by merest chance.

To come to the point, I've been racking my brain for a way of "promotion." Needless to say, I've come up with nothing but straw (aside from the old: pass it on to your friends routine, which I have duly practiced). Should you discover the golden egg in the straw, I would be glad to poach it for you in New York City in my spare time.

**Mr. F.
New York, N. Y.**

Dear Sirs:

I do hope the enclosed two dollars helps toward the expansion of ONE. It isn't much, but I know that every little bit helps. You have a fine Magazine going. I do hope you will be able to continue it.

**Mr. J.
Topeka, Kan.**

Dear Don:

It was with surprise that your news of the impasse in publishing ONE reached me. But what came as a greater surprise was the fact that only 2% of those who purchase the Magazine each month contributed to the Fall Fund Drive.

For what it is worth, my opinion would be that most of the remaining 98% either read ONE for kicks or simply view it as a piece of pulp not worth the price of the hour's reading it affords. If eighty-three readers attempted to prime the pump with an average donation of \$15 are there not others among the Friends of ONE, and well-wishers who are equally concerned? I sincerely hope so.

Otherwise, Kinsey's Report must be further off than many sociologists suspect and the number of those who overtly avow homosexual sympathy, understanding AND practice betrays a complete lack of substance—in the philosophical sense. Their avowals being per accidens.

**Mr. P.
—, Mich.**

Dear ONEs:

A dollar every payday for ONE keeps the wolf away....

**Mr. X.
Los Angeles, Calif.**

Dear Friends:

Here is my share of the "Dollar a Year" Fall Fund Drive campaign. You are not asking too much, believe me! I hope you have had a good response. Carry on with the wonderful work you are doing, and God bless you all.

**Mr. S.
Edmonton, Alberta.**

Dear Friend:

Enclosed is a birthday check. I hope you get many more of them from those "millions of men and women who belong to the homosexual minority." But you won't. Why?

Because the average homosexual doesn't give a damn about other homosexuals, or the minority of which he is supposed to be a member. He despises himself. He despises his kind. He is riddled with a secret dread of being found out. He learns how to conform himself to the behavior of the circles in which he has to move, and, when he comes to feel relatively safe, congratulates himself.

Then, if by any chance, someone crosses his path with talk of the minority rights of homosexuals and with the suggestion that it is time people crawled out of their holes to begin a little agitation, he is at first amused at such eccentricity and so exchanges a few bantering remarks, then ends by dismissing the whole thing with cynical contempt.

In a way you can't blame us. Most people lack courage, and homosexuals are no exception. That's why what you people at ONE have dared to do is a constant source of wonder and amazement to any of us who stop to think about it. Which I often do, believe me. The debt owed you is incalculable, your courage unbelievable.

That is why it is so profoundly discouraging that most homosexuals, even when they come to know about you, won't lift a finger to help and are too fearful even to risk a subscription to the Magazine. You have a long, long way to go. You must know that. How you keep going in the face of the apathy and hostility that are your daily lot I, for one, can't imagine.

**Mr. S.
—, Ohio**

Dear ONE:

Enclosed herewith is a money order for my Membership, as per the application you sent. Being a Friend of ONE is something that everyone interested in the cause should realize. It is for their benefit to join as quickly as possible, so as to help this most worthy cause of their very own.

**Mr. W.
Washington, D. C.**

Dear Bill:

You're probably getting millions of these clippings from New York, but here are a couple more for your collection. I know you're broke but unfortunately so am I. I couldn't squeeze out as much as five dollars this pay period. As soon as my expenses are cut just a bit I'll do better by you.

I've passed on the folders about ONE which you sent and could use a couple more of them. I'd gladly read proof for you if I lived out there. I imagine you have to use cheaper printers who wouldn't necessarily follow up all corrections. Maybe you don't see "foundry". And then again, maybe you're all too rushed and tired and busy to catch everything! I was interested in noting some grammatical errors in the legal briefs (QUARTERLY No. 8)—lawyers I'll bet aren't the best grammarians!

**Miss R.
New York, N. Y.**

Dear Sirs:

The books I ordered were delivered to me yesterday. It has occurred to me that I did not include in my check anything for shipping charges. I am herewith enclosing a dollar bill for the same.

**Mr. S.
Philadelphia, Pa.**

THE VOICES OF U. S. HOMOSEXUALS

Dear Friends:

With the Democrats in power in the White

House for the next four years, how can we win or gain any ground? I would appreciate your personal reply on this before I subscribe or donate to ONE.

**Mr. N.
Kansas City, Mo.**

Dear Mr. Slater:

Bravo to you and to ONE for the recent articles on military service and security risks. They have been quite apt. How distasteful the hypocrisy of our government seems at times. People are commended one day, not much later are condemned. Can a day or a month change their character so greatly? Can the mere fact of being a homosexual change an individual from an honorable to a dishonorable citizen. Not likely!

The covers on your past few issues have been superb, as has been the material printed within, but I do miss Dr. Baker's column. I hope she can soon return to our little group of writers.

**Mr. S.
Washington, D. C.**

Dear Friends:

In the hope of encouraging people to laugh at themselves a little more (we do take ourselves rather too seriously you know) I am sending you a few little touches of whimsy which I hope you will find amusing. I was delighted with the little bit (August, 1960) about Eunuchs . . . Tunics.

"What is the definition of a Gay Cowboy? He's a Prairie Fairy." Or this one, "I think that I shall never see, another auntie queer as me." Now I'll riddle you a riddle, "If I'm one, and you're one, and it takes one to know one; what is ONE?" Please turn to page sixty-nine and stand on your head in front of a mirror, because the answer is printed upside down and backwards. You've probably guessed it, "It's a non-profit Corporation, etc. . . ."

**Mr. W.
Los Angeles, Calif.**

Dear Sirs:

I have recently finished reading and enjoyed, "The Gentle Deception," by Neil Summers (October, 1960). It's a pity that things never happen that way in real life. Show me one gay person that's lived happily ever after. I really love ONE and think it should be made more easily "get-able"—I have to travel twenty-five miles to New York to get it.

**Miss M.
Harrison, N. Y.**

Dear Dal:

Greetings from Old New Orleans! Things are really tight here. We are wondering just how long this will continue. It is getting to the point that they have closed all but four of the