

one

JANUARY 1965
FIFTY CENTS

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT



13th Year

one incorporated

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.



founded 1952

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ONE Magazine is published monthly at fifty cents a copy, plus ten cents for mailing. Subscriptions, one year only, in United States, Canada and Mexico, seven dollars first-class sealed; no renewal; no airmail; rates to all overseas subscribers eight dollars a year. Publication offices, 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles 6, California. Copyright 1965 by ONE, Incorporated, Los Angeles, California. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, unless self-addressed envelope and return postage are enclosed.

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

Carlyle

magazine

Volume XIII

Number 1

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editorial

Homophiles have been present in each generation down through history. In each era we have had our influence. And a study of our contributions can make nobody ashamed of them.

We believe that not only should homophiles be conscious of and take pride in our past but also the present and—just as important—the future.

In this trinity of the past, the present, and the future, in normal people the future is evoked by “living on through one’s children.”

We are not the norm. And just as that fact has not kept us from influencing and contributing to society in the past and present, so that fact need not keep us from having a sense of the future, of participating vicariously in the future, of influencing the future.

What of the next generation of homophiles, and the one after that? You and I will be dead, but another generation of homophiles will be here. Will they have as difficult a time as we did? What contributions to society will be made by them? Will the organized group fight against discrimination made by a homophile organization, which can be the only effective fight, still be carried on?

That it will be carried on after I am dead is a concept that is tremendously exciting to me, and to help insure it, I have, as I knew others had, written my will toward that end. Perhaps my contribution will be but a drop in the bucket compared to the large amount needed by a homophile organization. But collectively, legacies can provide in the future that extra something necessary in the matters of lasting importance, such as ONE’s expensive but winning battle through the courts all the way to the U. S. Supreme Court. ONE has been extremely fortunate in the calibre of attorneys attracted to our cause, brilliant men sympathetic solely from the intellectual and civil rights viewpoint. If you do not already have a sympathetic attorney to make your will, a referral can be made.

I don’t know where I’ll be after I am dead. Both places have disadvantages and advantages. They say Heaven for climate, but Hell for company. But if from either place I can look and see homophiles still upsetting society by daring to fight for their rights, I’ll laugh and know the money was well spent.

K. O. Neal

"The Gravest Danger"

by Marcel Martin

In a recent issue of ARCADIE, the French homophile magazine, there appeared an editorial entitled "The Gravest Danger." I have translated this article, and it is reprinted below for reasons which I shall make clear in the comments which will follow it.

Etiemble, in a sensational recent work, *Parlez-vous franglais?*, has drawn the attention of the French public to a danger, the manifestations of which have been multiplying since the last war—the invasion of Europe, and especially France, by the language, customs and manner of thought of the Americans.

The world being what it is in this year 1964, everything which comes from beyond the Atlantic is invested with an extreme importance—an excessive importance if one but reflects that the United States, is, after all, inhabited by only six per cent of the world's population. The financial and technical resources, the military and economic power which the United States has at its disposal sometimes lead one to accept as being universal that which is really only an American

phenomenon. Now, American society is a sick society—recent events should have served to recall this fact to those who have forgotten it, and to convince those who might hitherto have doubted it. And we European homosexuals, unless we state plainly and unequivocally our complete disagreement with the aims and methods of some of the United States' homophile movements, are in grave danger of suffering the consequences of that sickness.

American society is, by definition, a badly integrated society. It does not exist as a coherent unit. It is composed of a large number of groups and sub-groups, the existence of which seems so natural to the sociologists on the other side of the Atlantic that they tend to think of every society in terms of majority or minority "cultures." Recent events in Harlem and Rochester show clearly where this leads.

The historical origins of this situation are clear. They lie in the fact that the United States is not "a" people but a mosaic of peoples of

widely different origins, who, from a very recent date, have been living together, but who have kept alive their own racial individuality. The Negroes are only a particularly conspicuous example of a minority group; there are other groups who are, but less obviously so, equally minorities—the Italians of New York, the Swedes of Chicago, the Chinese of San Francisco. For these peoples, recognition of their status as a minority group is a condition of their survival. The day when American society will be completely unified (as is French society in which Bretons, Provençals, Auvergnats, and Picards are completely integrated within the national body) will come when American minority groups will have become completely absorbed.

In the meantime, these groups exist, and their existence conditions the American concept of society. And our homosexual brothers in America, within this framework, are directing their efforts towards recognition of themselves as a minority group. Sociological studies on the group behavior of homosexuals grow more numerous every day. The editorials of *One* and the *Mattachine Review* point out on every possible occasion that homosexuality is a "sub-culture"—that is, a culture separate and distinct from that of the nation as a whole. Emphasis is deliberately placed on the differences between homosexuals and heterosexuals as a result of the Americans' thinking being conditioned by the segregation of society into different groups.

The newspapers are now taking up this idea. A report of the American Medical Association uses the expression of a homosexual "subculture." *The New York Times* and other important daily and weekly periodicals are popularizing it. The issue of *Life* for the 27th of last July (comparable in circulation to our *Match* but with a broader distribution proportionate to

the universality of the English language) attempts to put the matter back into its proper perspective but without any clear idea of what to propose in its place.

Now, in the very manner of the encroachment denounced by Etiemble, the European press begins to echo these theories from across the sea. *L'Express*, accepting in good faith the pronouncements of its American counterparts, writes in its issue of the 23rd of July, 1964, that American homosexuals are in process of creating a society apart, a "closed" world (this being the title of the article), with their own bars, their own restaurants, their own stores, their own movie theaters, and it expresses astonishment that Anglo-Saxon puritanism has not rebelled. But why should it? It's just another example of a typically American phenomenon—the birth of but still another minority group, nothing more, nothing less.

Have you read *Ebony*? It's an illustrated slick-paper magazine in the same class as *Match* and *Jours de France*, with magnificent photographs, and pages and pages of various interesting items, and so forth—but it's all directed to the Negro minority. Everything in *Ebony* is black—there's not a single photo of a white man. From an ad for beer X or automobile Z to a serious article on art or literature, everything is about Negroes. This is a "subculture," American style. And it is this sort of thing that some responsible leaders of American homophile movements dream of—a little artificial world, restricted, stifling, in which everything would be homosexual—not only bars, restaurants and movie houses, but also homes, streets (already in New York there are several streets inhabited almost exclusively by homosexuals), and districts like the Negro districts of Harlem and Brooklyn. A world in which one could live his entire life without

seeing anyone other than homosexuals, without knowing anything except homosexuality.

In Europe we call this a ghetto, and we violently reject the very idea of such a thing. We have nothing in common with this, and we hate this false, morbid and grotesque concept of homosexuality. We don't want anyone to imagine that we have any desire to be considered a "minority group," for this we are not. We are not even a "group" at all. We are citizens who happen to have in common certain sexual preferences and certain problems of an emotional and personal nature, all of which are grossly exaggerated by popular prejudices. Just one point in common, and that's all.

On the psychological level, as well as on the intellectual, social, family and physiological levels, we defy anyone to find among homophiles any "common denominator" other than their sexual tastes.

We have, to be sure, our own magazine *Arcadie*, and our club on the Rue Beranger. Hunters and philatelists also have their magazines, their meeting places as do the Auvergnats living in Paris and the Berichons in Marseille. But, this in no way makes them minority groups nor sets them apart from society as a whole. *Arcadie* and our club do not have the aim of separating us from other men who have different tastes in emotional and sexual matters. They were conceived and created to inform homosexuals about their own interests and to defend their right to be treated exactly like everybody else. This is exactly the opposite of a campaign for minority status.

When we fight, when we raise our voices, it is because laws and public opinion do not treat homosexual love in the same way they do the other kind of love. When we shall have obtained that absolute equality which is, moreover, not out of line with

the traditional liberalism of our civil codes, we will have nothing more to fight for—certainly not for the creation of a marginal homosexual society. The very idea fills us with horror.

What happens on the other side of the Atlantic affects us too keenly—whether in matters of politics, economics or the status of homosexuality—for us not to react to the peril which is taking shape over there. A few articles like that in *Life* and, by some kind of osmosis, the European press will begin to be infiltrated in turn. And, of course, this American phenomenon will be imported intact to our countries in the same way that we have, for the last twenty years, been importing the fads and gadgets from the banks of the Hudson and the Potomac. The article in *L'Express* should sound in our ears like an air-raid alarm.

We know very well that the leaders of the American homophile movements are acting in the best interests of their cause, or, at least, what they believe to be the best interests. If in their eyes the attainment of a minority status constitutes an enviable goal for the homosexuals of their country, let them have it. It's their business. But we do not wish to be caught up in its tide.

Here, in Europe, it's our duty to cry: "No!"

Our ideal is to bring about the complete integration of homosexual love into society on all levels. We must emphasize those elements which unite homosexuals with non-homosexuals, not those which separate them. It would be criminal on our part to create artificially a feeling of isolation among homosexuals and to give them, in spite of themselves, the false impression of belonging to a world by themselves.

It is to be hoped that the responsible members of the other European homophile movements, *Le Cercle*,

Vennen, Vriendschap, the Belgian C.C.L. and the C.O.C. in Amsterdam, will rally to our banner and that they will, in turn, state their position in regard to this incipient danger—the gravest danger, perhaps, which faces us today.

The editorial has been reprinted in its entirety for three reasons. First of all, I find it interesting in itself, containing as it does a point of view which deserves to be read by as wide an audience as possible. Second, and more important, however, I feel that the article demonstrates the existence of a serious cross-cultural misunderstanding which, in the interests of homophile unity, someone should attempt to clarify. Third, I feel this article provides me with a point of departure for the discussion of certain ideas of my own regarding what constitutes the real danger facing homosexuals today.

At the outset I should like to state as clearly as I know how that I agree completely with *Arcadie's* views as to the undesirability of a segregated homosexual society. What really puzzles me, however, is to know how *Arcadie* was ever led to believe in the first place that the creation of such a society is the goal of American homophile groups or their leaders. That *Arcadie* believes this to be the case is self-evident. That *Arcadie* is mistaken, I state, for myself, at least, and, I hope, for ONE, categorically. I hopefully suggest that I can make the same statement for all other homophile groups in the United States. Somewhere there has been a breakdown in communications, or this erroneous conclusion has been arrived at as the result of the often dangerous practice of trying to interpret the behavior of another culture in terms of one's own, and which often leads to what I have described above as a "cross-cultural misunderstanding."

On two occasions that I recall, ONE

has published items in which there was proposed the establishment of some kind of exclusively homosexual group. One of these items was in the form of an article in which the author discussed the feasibility of establishing a homosexual monastery; the other was in the form of a letter to the editors in which the writer stated that he would like to recruit a group of male homosexuals to live on and operate a working ranch. So far as ONE is concerned these items were published on the same basis as are any other articles or letters submitted by its readers—as expressions of individual opinion and for whatever interest they might have to some or all of ONE's readers. The letter might have been completely serious; the monastery article obviously bordered on fantasy and, I'm sure, was intended to be interpreted as such. I can think of no other items in ONE's pages which have ever suggested such an idea.

While the idea that homosexuals constitute a minority group is not new, it is certainly true that the two terms have been linked together with increasing frequency in recent years. I, myself, in a recent editorial written for ONE (Sept., 1964) based much of what I had to say on a comparison of the conditions which face homosexuals as a group and those problems which have faced other minorities. Possibly (although *Arcadie* does not say so) this editorial may have been instrumental in touching off the *Arcadie* article.

Now, 'minority' in a dictionary sense is nothing more nor less than the state of being fewer in number. Lines separating the fewer from the more can be drawn wherever one chooses to put them with the result that minorities of some kind exist everywhere, changing from place to place, from day to day, and from situation to situation. Ordinarily, however, we think of minorities only in

terms of major demarcations, and linguistic usage has largely limited the term to matters of politics, race, religion, or economics. But even within this limited usage, minorities exist in France, I am sure, just as they do everywhere else. It may be true that France is so well integrated that racial problems as such do not exist there, but, life being what it is, somewhere in France—and throughout all of Europe—there are groups of people to whom the word 'minority' can properly be applied. As a matter of fact, each and everyone of us is a member of some minority group if only by reason of being left-handed instead of right-handed, or by preferring catsup to maple syrup on his breakfast hot cakes. The fact is, however, that we do not ordinarily apply the term to such arbitrarily restricted groups, and rarely is the term, in the sense that we use it here, applied to any group whose rights, privileges and prerogatives have not in some manner been restricted by a majority. So strong is this connotation that the term 'minority', in some situations as to the Negroes in Mississippi, can well be applied to a group which has an actual numerical majority.

Viewed in this light it is ridiculous to compare the Auvergnats in Paris or the Berrichons in Marseille with what we call a true minority group. These peoples have not had their rights or privileges abridged by the other citizens of their adopted homes. If they had, the situation might be quite different. It is also ridiculous to make a comparison between France and the United States on this level; every large American city has its "back home" clubs and societies, but no one thinks of these groups as being minorities either.

Minorities, in the sense that we are accustomed to using the word, are created by historical accident, and I very much doubt that they ever have

been or ever can be created by deliberate action from within the group itself. Minorities do not create themselves; they are created whenever the majority draws lines, and then either through fear or distaste, creates barriers, whether by law or by social or economic sanctions, for the very purpose of preventing the integration of the minority. There are, to be sure, groups which in terms of numbers belong to a minority and who are interested in preserving their distinction as a minority—but these are not groups whose rights have been abridged. Quite the contrary; they are groups which for one reason or another enjoy rights and privileges not enjoyed by the majority. It may be only a matter of semantics, but we do not apply the word 'minority' to such groups as these. The word we use then instead is the emotionally charged word 'exclusive.'

Finally, minorities which are content to exist quietly, to accept with resignation the conditions which chance, fate, or the majority have imposed upon them are scarcely ever thought of as minorities. Certainly, they are not a "minority problem." It is only when a minority becomes aware of its status and is no longer willing to accept that status, only when it decides to destroy its identity as a minority and attempts to become an integrated part of the society which surrounds it, only when it dares to demand equality with others living in the same environment, that the group attracts attention as a minority. Certainly only then does it become a "minority problem."

It is for all these reasons that I, for one, have chosen to speak of American homosexuals as a minority group. When I do so, it is not because I want to create an all-homosexual society with its own bars, restaurants, movie houses, homes, streets, and districts, but because I want to

eliminate the need for them. I want homosexuals and heterosexuals alike to realize that there already is a homosexual minority, and I hope to cause society to realize that it is society's own discriminatory laws and attitudes which give us our identity as a "minority group." And, there is no other way of looking at it; that is what we are—a minority group created by accident of birth and made up of individuals whose rights as individuals and as citizens are abridged by an unthinking and uncomprehending majority. Our gravest danger is not that we should call ourselves a minority, but that we should fail to realize our status, and that we should continue meekly to accept that status.

The right to sexual expression is so basic, so taken for granted, that it is not even mentioned in our Bill of Rights nor in our various constitutions. No legislator, no jurist, no religious leader today has the temerity to attempt to abridge this right except to forbid the use of force or violence against an unwilling partner and to condemn relations with minors. Even these are often condoned, or at least not condemned, if the sex act takes place under the religious aura or within the legal sanctity of marriage. Even the man who begets children he does not want or cannot support and is, consequently, a real detriment to society, cannot, provided he has a willing wife or partner, be restrained from the sex act itself. Yet the heterosexual majority does not hesitate to tell the homosexual that he must "do it our way, do without, or face the consequences." If the right to sexual expression is a basic human right, then the homosexual's right to that expression should be limited only on the same basis as is that of the heterosexual. This is, however, not the case, and hence we are a minority discriminated against by the prejudices of a majority.

Arcadie, at one point in the editorial I have quoted, boldly says: "We are not even a 'group' at all. We are citizens who happen to have in common certain sexual preferences etc." Herein lies a grievous misstatement. The fact is that we are not citizens at all. It is true that we may hope we are citizens, we may pass as citizens, but we are citizens only to the extent that we succeed in pretending to be heterosexuals, but as homosexuals we are not citizens. As homosexuals we are expelled or forced to resign from the armed forces, as homosexuals we are deprived of the right to work in any government job on any level, we may be deprived of the right to work at any trade, occupation or profession licensed by the state, and, to all practical purposes, we may be deprived of the right to work at all. We cannot, as homosexuals, even depend on the honest protection of the police or of the courts. Even in a civil action, if we appear as a known or admitted homosexual, we may well expect to encounter prejudice. We may, ordinarily, retain our right to vote, but even this is tenuous since there is always the possibility of a felony conviction which could deprive us of this last vestige of citizenship. There is an even greater injustice. Even the most flagrant law-breaker can be deprived of his rights as a citizen only after trial for and conviction of a specific crime, whereas the homosexual, more often than not, may be deprived of some or all of his rights on suspicion alone or for the mere presumption that he has committed or may some day commit a crime.

From one point of view it is fortunate, and from another perhaps most unfortunate, that the average homosexual is able to pass as a citizen. Unlike many minorities, the homosexual is unmarked by color, by facial or other physical characteristics, or by language or speech, and consequently

he can, and almost always does in varying degree, succeed in living and functioning as an integrated part of society. He is not unlike the white "Negro" who tries to cross the color line; both can pass if they are willing to pay the price. To the extent that the homosexual can either suppress a basic instinct, or, indulging it, keep his activities hidden, to the extent that he can forego association with friends and those of similar tastes and interests, to the extent that he can pretend and dissimulate and still live with himself, to the extent that he can live with the apprehension that the merest chance, the slightest slip, may destroy him, the homosexual can pass as a citizen. How unnecessary this should be!

Perhaps it is really unfortunate that the homosexual does not have some immediately recognizable feature. If he had, his ghetto would probably long since have been constructed for him. Unpleasant as such a thought may be, it might well have focused attention on the magnitude and true nature of our problem long ago, and perhaps, just perhaps, society would already have recognized the futility and injustice of trying to suppress a basic human instinct by prejudice and discrimination.

Like you, *Arcadie*, we have no interest in creating a world of and for homosexuals. Like you, we would like to see the homosexual become simply another component of what is already a tremendously varied society. A first step toward this goal then is our own realization of our true position in present-day society. The second step is to make society equally aware of it.

There always have been injustices, and no doubt there always will be, yet from time to time society does correct some of them. At the moment the world at large is critically aware of the efforts of minority groups everywhere to achieve equality, and in

general society is sympathetic to that struggle. Why should we not take advantage of this predisposition toward justice, and endeavor to remove homosexuality from the realm of crime or sin or morals and place it where it truly belongs: in the realm of social and legal discrimination?

MINDS ARE LIKE PARACHUTES THEY FUNCTION ONLY WHEN OPEN

A bit trite, perhaps, but true nonetheless. When did you last whet your mind on a controversial, new **idea**? Why don't you see if you're still "up to snuff" and can either assimilate OR challenge a unique concept in a die-stamped 20th Century? . . . Or are you afraid to let your mind step out of line once in a while?

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Reflections at One a. m.

by Bob Waltrip

He is lying beside me in all his twenty-one years of collected glory. It's late at night, and there's a dog barking somewhere outside. Maddened by lust, a tom cat screams. The boy is asleep, snoring a little. He is lying on his back, with his right arm across his stomach, his left arm thrown up and outward at his side, in a pose of pure grace. I touch the fingers of his left hand. Oh God help me. The feel of them. The tenderness so sharp that I could cry.

"Fn-arr-gh," he says, and I poke his side to make him quit it. He rubs his nose with his right hand and stops snoring. The hand is on his chest now.

This bed. This room. An old desk, covered by my typewriter and manuscripts and rejection slips and apple cores. Baltimores. Who's your friend? Honey, I ain't got none.

I once had a crush on Ludwig Erhard.

I am instantly mistrustful of people who talk about their bowel movements and their sex life.

Vice squad cops have wet dreams, I'll bet.

If you play with frogs you'll get warts, and if you masturbate you'll grow a long hair in your palm.

While talking with old, distinguished people I have an abnormal fear that I'll break wind loudly and unexpectedly.

Chopin was born in 1810. Not that anybody cares.

I like cats and little kids who climb up into my lap and cuddle up to me. I like little stringy-haired girls with runny noses who squat in the yard and watch ants working; little boys who endlessly kill each other with wooden swords; baby kittens who piss in zinnia beds and cover it up with one elegant paw.

This boy is sleeping, and I am at peace. This son of ever responding kisses, after performing the most intimate acts of love, is now entrusting himself to me by sleeping at my side. I want to do something to show my gratitude. I kiss his chest, but it isn't enough. It doesn't suffice. I should pour ashes over my head, or make a speech. I should carve a little statue of him and make him my little local god, and offer burnt sacrifices to him daily.

How strange and warm it is with him here. I can feel the heat of his body in this bed that has seen only sterile sheets before. White percale offers little comfort to a man insane with loneliness and despair. But now? Oh. Ahh. Mmmmm. Security. Instead of a million tons of shattered-glass aloneness in my gut, I now have the mellifluous dawn of contentment. He is here, and I am with him now. It's like getting out of jail.

And all the complexity of waking life is removed. Right now he's not talking about girls (still making half-hearted protestations of heterosexuality that neither of us appreciate), or drinking beer out of the bottle, or telling me about baseball games or cars. No wrestling matches and bruised arms now. It is reduced to this elemental thing. One man in bed with one boy, and so relieved and happy that he cannot sleep. Tomorrow the boy will be James Adam Hughes, but right now he's my sleeping lover.

Whitman had the right idea. He wanted to be remembered as the gentlest lover. Hell, I just want a chance to *be* a gentle lover once in awhile. What's wrong with that?

I hum poetry to myself.

"I see the young men come and go
Talking of Michaelangelo
Flinging phalli to and fro
Shouting 'hey nonnie, nonnie'."

Who wrote that about the women and Michaelangelo? Eliot? It doesn't really matter, I suppose. Chopin really was born in 1810, you know. Poor thing. George Sand was an old bitch who treated him horribly. And even her kids kicked him around.

The boy—the lover—starts snoring again. I let him go to it. He could scream in his sleep and I wouldn't care.

"Shhhh—pooh," he whispers. I answer with a little intimate nod of approval. He's naked. I touch his skin. Oh Christ. Oh God. What if I had this peace every night? What if I were always as happy as I am now? There would be no end to the things I could do. I could write great works, do fine deeds and grab God Almighty by the shirt-tail and shake him down out of heaven. What if I didn't have to act all day?

"Hey, Dale. When ya gonna get married?"

"Oh I don't know. When I have to, I guess."

"Har, Har, Har."

Oh the hell with you. Women are all right, I guess. But I'm afraid of them. I admit it. And I believe in vampires and werewolves, too. I've never seen any in real life, but I've seen them in movies. And they're damn well bloody awful. And I believe in them. And I'm afraid of them, too. You put me alone in an old house by a graveyard in full moonlight and see how fast I go to pieces.

"Sgnaah-fhttr," he says now. I need you boy. I need this every night of my life. I want to be with you for always and always.

Sex? Well, I like it, but intimacy is more important. You'll need one as much as the other. It seems to me that the boys who cruise the city streets are looking less for sex than for a chance to touch and be near another man. They want to love them and hug them and be tender with them. They want to be at peace. I'm at peace now. My lover reclines at my side, and I kiss the fingers of his hand, and compose odes to his magnificence. He is warm, he is firm, he is gentle and powerful and here.

You know what I saw once? A great, muscular farmer, with a loving wife and six fat kids, leaning on a hoe handle in the middle of a field of cotton while a butterfly perched on his forefinger. And if he knew that I saw him then he would be ashamed. But he shouldn't be. I've always wanted to tell him that.

Children are the only real people. A little boy pulls up a little girl's dress and is enchanted by what he finds. A child of three has her hand slapped over a cookie jar and screams a war cry of pure selfishness. A puppy dies, and its four-year-old master has his first encounter with absolute finality.

Something happened to me once. A straight boy and I were out in the yard, doing nothing in particular. He whispered something into my ear (I've forgotten what, but it was something like "Let's swipe some of my dad's whiskey"). Anyway, after he got through whispering he kissed me lightly on

the cheek. That was all. But I've never forgotten it. He did it without thinking. Just a moment of intimate conspiracy, and he dropped his false guard for a second and became human.

Everyone is ashamed of intimacy and gentle things. Men don't even like to shake hands. Except maybe in France. Goddamn it, people should go around all the time kissing and hugging each other. My father kissed me once, when I was ill. I swear to God, if he had kissed me again some other time I'd be straight today.

Don't you see what I mean? What could be better than grabbing a big old fat laundry woman and giving her a good hug—just for the hell of it. Just to show her you care. People don't care enough in this world.

I'll probably go to sleep after awhile, and be aware of my lover's body even in sleep. I'll awake once in awhile to pull the covers up over him merely as an excuse for touching him. In the morning he'll wake up and get out of bed and put on his clothes and his false face. Then what I have right now will be no more, and I'll have to get by with merely remembering it. Maybe he'll come again some other time. We see each other often. He lives down the block.

Oh the beauty of him. I could cry. I honestly could.

He stops snoring.

Forgetting myself, I gather him into my arms and hug him.

"Hey," he says, waking.

"Hey yourself."

Message to Joe

Larry looked at you, Joe,

And although his eyes turned back to me

He never really saw me again

Christian Lowell

As for me...

Dear Editor,

Once again ONE's editor has touched on a matter of tremendous significance to the homosexual community; namely, the importance of a positive attitude toward oneself and other homosexuals.

While we may find the homosexual disgusting who discriminates against his own people, he should be dismissed with the thought that his sole accomplishment is to detract from the lives of himself and others of his kind.

For maximum personal satisfaction homosexuals should regard their peculiarity in the same way they regard their left-handedness, or their brown or black hair as the case may be. Neither as something to be ashamed or proud of, merely as one of many personality traits.

Once that degree of maturity is achieved, the homosexual may become aware that he has something in common with others of his inclination which is not shared by the majority. He may find that when he meets another homosexual they need not be strangers for they share a way of life, even a whole world which outsiders scarcely know exists. He shares a strong sub-culture with all of its rewards and advantages, yet is able to "pass" unnoticed in the dominant society. In a sense he can "have his cake and eat it too."

But what are the rewards and advantages of the homosexual way of life? For one thing, a guy can stop for a beer or two and quickly get to know a handful of people; with any luck he can pick up an interesting bed partner at no expense whom he can forget about in the

morning if he wishes. He can "shack up" with a lover who may pay half of the expenses, and with whom he can part company any time he wishes without further obligation.

Is this not more satisfactory to many people than committing one's self for life and being forced to feed two or more mouths, being forced to live with and confine one's sexual contacts to one person "for better or worse." Men are naturally promiscuous and the "fidelity" demanded of husbands is often very frustrating.

Again, the homosexual can "have his cake and eat it too." He can, if he is mature and lucky, enjoy a relationship as rich and meaningful as any. And he can do so without the harsh restrictions, commitments, and responsibilities heterosexuals usually submit to.

The homosexual is all too prone to dwell on the ostracism, discrimination, and prosecution he is often subjected to. But here again let's take another look. The discreet homosexual rarely if ever is subjected to unpleasantness if for no other reason than the fact that he is not usually "obvious." It is not good judgment to manifest one's sexual proclivities, whatever they are, in situations where the consequences are undesirable. It is usually apeing women, propositioning heterosexuals, indulging in sex in public places or similar foolish acts which cause trouble and not the condition of homosexuality itself.

It is the responsible homosexual who earns and demands respect and who selects his friends wisely who respects the rights of others not to associate with him if they choose. He knows that the acceptance or approval which is offered heterosexuals

only is unhealthy and he does not value it.

We all hear disparaging or contemptuous remarks about "fairies," "Niggers," and Jews, etc. which are offensive. But we should consider the source and nature of these expressions of hostility. If people really feel that minorities are inferior to them would they have any motive for repeatedly asserting their beliefs without provocation? No, they would not. Actually superior people do not call it to other's attention because they have no motive for doing so. Unprovoked hostility is a symptom of inadequacy or more specifically frustration. The person who "looks down" on others does so because he wants to; he is trying to prove something. When another person is condescending or hostile without adequate justification the mature person merely views him as an offensive person with a problem but does not learn to dislike himself as a result.

While the lot of the minority person has traditionally been hard, is the position of the members of the dom-

inant group always enviable? When a man faces a woman in court isn't she usually right and he usually wrong? Isn't he usually guilty of whatever she wishes to accuse him of? Is there something wrong with feeling lucky when reading about the millions of guys who pay alimony and child support, and the thousands who go to jail or prison for non-support or desertion. Is the guy so bad off who never has to worry about unwanted pregnancies, divorce courts, or stifling family responsibilities? Discrimination: What about the thousands of guys who get 5 years for statutory rape because of being seduced by minor girls, even prostitutes? What about the guy who gets 20 years for crossing the state line with a woman who was willing and may have even suggested the idea.

Finally, homosexual, think of your host of happy memories, of the joys shared, and the priceless friendships you have and hold. Would you have all of these if you were not what you are?

Aubrey Bailey

tangents

news & views

SEX IN THE MAGAZINES

Harper's Magazine has had several issues lately in which noteworthy articles have appeared. The October issue contained an important article on how much "news" is reported by the "news" magazines. We already knew how much they mishandled articles concerning homosexuality, but it seems that this inaccuracy is typical of most of their reporting. And

Harper's for Dec. has done what no scientific journal has been brave enough to do in reporting the results of a scientific investigation into the sex knowledge and attitudes of medical students. No wonder the general public is so misinformed! The January issue of **Harper's** has an article titled "Sex and the Law" by Harriet F. Pilpel, who has spoken for ONE and writes for **Publishers' Weekly**.

Playboy continues its series on sex with the printing of the radio show on which Hugh Hefner, Editor, appeared with 3 religious spokesmen. December **Playboy** also has a science fiction story in which homosexuality plays a part,

also some interesting ads, such as the humorous "After Six" one and a not so humorous "Brut" one. This latter ad deserves some thought because its implications are such that moral homosexuals would not like to support such snickery, childish businesses.

The November **Ladies Home Journal** had two most interesting articles, one on birth control and the poverty question by Marya Mannes, and the other by Pearl Buck on illegitimate children fathered by heterosexual servicemen overseas during the wars and their effect on the moral image of the U.S.

It seems that magazines are having trouble making money. The **Saturday Evening Post** has printed controversial subjects this past year, but has failed to discuss homosexuality. In an attempt to keep going the **Post** will print only half the number of issues it had planned in 1965. **Show Magazine** has been sold; it wasn't making it financially under H. H.

CHURCHES ON CHANGE IN N.Y.

Appearing before a legislative commission considering changes in the penal code on matters of sex, Charles Tobin of the New York Catholic Welfare Society opposed any change that might ease pressures against homosexual activity. He cited the old wife's tale that homosexuals prey on youngsters, and feared that if homosexual acts are permitted the family will be threatened and everyone will become gay. So little faith! However, John V. P. Lasso, Jr., Director of the Diocesan Dept. of Christian Social Relations, Episcopal, advocated exempting homosexuality from criminal sanction (that is, between consenting competent adults

in private) and said, "There is no need to restate here the 'modern sociological and psychiatric principles' that led the commission to suggest this change . . . Obviously we accept (these principles) as part of God's continuing and progressive revelation about man's nature, and it is clear that they have done much to reshape a view once held by religious groups."

THE TEST THAT FAILS TO TEST

Dr. Stefan T. Possony of Stanford University's Hoover Institute is an intelligence expert who prepared a report for the House Government Operations Committee. He says in his Report that the lie detector, in use for pre-employment clearance by the CIA and other such agencies, not only fails to detect homosexuals, but actually encourages the hiring of homosexuals. Why? Because, in his opinion, most homosexuals are not ashamed of their sex life, and are proud to answer questions about it and thus have no emotional strain that the machine registers. The homosexual passes while the more "virile" men fail, because they have been reared in the tradition that sex is a private matter and thus are uneasy when talking about it.

HAPPENINGS HERE & THERE

The New York County Bar Association has called for changes in the state laws governing sexual behavior. Revised code would recommend that adultery would no longer be a crime, homosexual acts between consenting adults would not be a crime, the age of consent for women in laws dealing with sex offenses would be lowered from 18 to 16. Basis of the recommendations is "the supposition that sexual behavior of the

individual is a moral rather than a legal problem."

A 3 year program of family planning (birth control) was announced for parts of Brooklyn, Queens and the Bronx by Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, President of Planned Parenthood-World Population. Chicago, with 40,000 families already on Aid to Dependent Children relief programs also hopes to initiate a bold new program for birth control next year. The information and devices will be given to both married and unwed mothers.

The Checkmate Bar, 17 East 31st St. and the 227 York Restaurant (Brooklyn) were closed by the SLA, the former for allowing homosexuals to "conduct themselves in an indecent manner on the premises," and the latter for allegedly refusing to allow a policeman to inspect the premises. Another cop, Patrolman Victor Velez, 25, of Atlantic Ave. station was identified by 2 women as the man who "indecently exposed himself" to them.

The American Social Health Association, a crusading group that has opposed red light districts, urges a uniform law to make customers as well as the prostitute guilty. Proposed penalties: jail for not less than 15 days and fines of not more than \$250. Crusaders always do keep us on our toes.

In Bridgeport, Connecticut, Circuit Judge J. Allen O'Connor, Jr., was arrested on breach of the peace charges with two counts of indecent assault against Richard Spiro, 25, of Westport, who had appeared before O'Connor as a defendant on a theft charge.

HOMOSEXUALS AND OTHERS

In DeKalb County, Georgia, the County grand jury indicted 14 persons on charges of sodomy. Solicitor

Gen. Richard Bell said all 14 had been arrested by county police at a "rest room in a neighborhood shopping center." The newspapers proceeded to print the names and addresses of all 14 men. It goes without saying that none of these 14 men were subscribers to ONE, because, they would say, "I can't afford to have my name on the mailing list of a homosexual organization." So, instead of being on a mailing list that is protected by law, they are listed as practicing homosexuals in the paper for all their friends and employers to see.

Others in trouble around the globe include the Rev. Russell D. Horsburgh, 44, pastor of the Park St. United Church in Chatham, Ontario, Canada, who has been convicted of contributing to the (heterosexual) delinquency of teen-age parishioners who testified that he encouraged them to engage in sex in the parish house.

An all-woman Arizona jury found Douglas McDonald guilty of the death of Scottsdale music teacher Dale McConnell (see September Tangents). McDonald admitted that he had shot McConnell, after the victim allegedly made improper advances.

A substitute music teacher was being held on \$1500 bail in Philadelphia on charges of indecent assault and corrupting the morals of a 9 year old student at Darrah School, 17th and Folsom Sts. Arthur Webb, 40, of Tioga St. was immediately suspended by the Board, the 4th person involved in such charges in a year. The others were Robert Whiting, 46, Harold Cohen, 25 and Nathaniel Davis, 40.

Aid Rev. Raymond C. Broshears, 29, of Belleville, Ill., CORE chapter was sentenced to six

months in the state penal farm at Vandalia after pleading guilty to a morals charge involving a 17 year old boy.

Saul Landau, a social worker at San Francisco General Hospital was fired, he says, because he sponsored the showing of the Jean Genet movie based on **Our Lady of the Flowers**, "Un Chant d'Amour." The film was confiscated but charges against the film were dropped. It is reported that when anyone attempted to show the film, the S.F. health officials visited them and found reasons for closing down the building in which the film was shown.

In Sweden a new style for men was televised: painted lips, powdered faces and waved hair and bows in the hair. 75% of girls asked, approved the style.

IN ENGLAND

The **Daily Mail** (London) of October 21 article "The Law and The Homosexual" by Monica Furlong contained the following. "So far, no doctor has ever been able to diagnose homosexuality by physical examination." "Another profound fear is that homosexuals are corrupters of young boys yet here again it seems that ignorance has betrayed us and the majority of homosexuals, like the majority of heterosexual men would prefer a relationship with an adult." "The Book of Leviticus, which was so harsh in its judgment on homosexuals, also suggested that those who committed adultery ought to be stoned—a practice which no one but a barbarian would advocate today. And, of course, many homosexuals never practice sodomy." Referring to the appalling practice of aversion treatment, "What baffles me is that people do not consider this process in-

finitely more immoral, more damaging to everyone who takes part in it, than the condition it sets out to cure. That brainwashing, as a treatment can be seriously entertained suggests how unhealthy and unbalanced our thinking on this whole subject has become. It is clear that we need not only new laws but also a whole new climate of thought and understanding." Antony Grey, of the Homosexual Law Reform Society is quoted in the article.

The **London Sunday Times Magazine** (October 4), in "Portrait Gallery," by Francis Wyndham with photographs by Duffy, includes Danny LaRue, female impersonator. In **The People**, August 16, was "Polluted" a report by Michael Knight on the "evil" of Trafalgar Square, where homosexuals cruise. Although he professes to fear for homosexuals who might get robbed and blackmailed, Knight is probably trying to get publicity. He should read the following:

SEX IS GOOD

The UCLA **Daily Bruin** reports that the Rev. Frederick G. Wood, of Goucher College, told his congregation that "Sexuality itself is good. There is nothing bad or dirty or perverted about it." Laurie Harris, Bruin staff reporter quotes Rev. Wood as saying "And this means that there are no laws attached to sex. I repeat—absolutely no laws." When asked to comment on the words of Rev. Wood, pastors who compose the University Christian Mission said, "So what else is new!"

DEW FALLS

Dew vs. Halaby (Tangents, July '63) has been settled out of court. Dew has been reinstated in his former job as an air control file clerk at \$7,070 a year plus back

pay of \$12,000 plus accumulated pension rights (around \$12,000). But there is rumor that the department has assured certain inquirers that Dew will not control anything. Ironically, the White Memorandum changing Government policy so that Dew could be reinstated was written by Walter Jenkins.

Apparently the Civil Service Commission and the Department of Justice felt that the very agreement of the Supreme Court to review the case indicated that there was a good chance that the lower court decisions would be reversed. These two agencies may also feel that by admitting that a former "homosexual" who forsakes his way of sin and becomes a "heterosexual" is no longer unsuitable for government employment, the government will be in a better position to attack moral transgressors in related cases.

Jenkins prompted a most intelligent editorial in the **Nation**, November 2nd. It pointed out that there would be no fear of blackmail if the sex laws were altered and that a man's sex life is his own private business. And in a letter to **Time** Magazine concerning its excellent coverage of the Jenkins case Richard A. Eastburn, director of adult program at Philadelphia YMCA stated that his organization was actually studying homosexuality, rather than merely repeating ancient unproven myths. Anyway, security risks are still being fired under Executive Order 9835 of 1953 as amended by Executive Order 10450, which broadens it.

IN PRESS & ON TV & RADIO

The **Washington Post** has maintained a remarkable average of being right and printing factual

information. And it is up to usual standards in replying editorially to an absurd self-advertising letter from George W. Lindberg, a polygraph expert, who suggests modestly that everyone be forced to submit to polygraph tests just to be sure that no one has had any homosexual acts in childhood. The **Post** pointed out that this sort of witch hunting is not acceptable behavior for government officials who are hired as servants to serve the people, not to judge the people's sex lives.

ONE Magazine Editor Don Slater recently spoke to an over-flow crowd of more than 400 students at the new campus of California State College at Los Angeles. Despite the fact that Paul Coates, local newspaper columnist of the opportunist variety, tried to pressure the college and some childish students threatened to picket the speech with signs demanding equal time for heterosexuals, the College approved the speech, sponsored by the student American Civil Liberties Union, and the student body acted like mature adults.

Pacifica Foundation station KPFK-FM recorded the speech and aired it December 5th. The program will be rebroadcast Jan. 15. ONE readers in San Francisco and New York who wish the Pacifica stations there to broadcast the speech should write them (see **Tangents** December, 1963, for address).

New L.A. DA (former Judge Evelle Younger) has given a most intelligent interview to **Los Angeles Magazine** (December) in which he says that there is some doubt as to the propriety of the DA office handling censorship questions and that, although sick, homosexuals do have rights.

Gay Tour Triumphs

In an expanding program to increase the benefits available to Associate Members of ONE (those who contribute at least fifty dollars per year to its work), ONE has successfully launched a program of escorted tours to various points of interest in the world.

Fifteen members returned from the first "Gay Tour of Europe," Nov. 1st. The trip included visits to Denmark, Holland, England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy.

A Friend of ONE who is a leading travel agent in the United States personally arranged for and escorted the first tour, and offered it to members of ONE at cost, making it the greatest bargain in European travel that is possible.

The highlight of the tour was an opportunity to meet homophile organizations throughout Europe, and in each city visited, the local groups hosted our members at dinners, dances, receptions, and parties in private homes. Many Europeans joined our group for a day to offer personal guidance in their home cities.

The tremendous success of the tour has prompted ONE's Social Service Division to announce a second European tour which will repeat the 1964 itinerary, except that one additional day will be spent in each country to allow more time for individual interests and relaxation. Thus, Italy will be available only as an extension for those who wish to remain beyond the three weeks.

Though available only to Associate Members of ONE, you may wish to learn more about this tour, and so a copy of the itinerary will be mailed to you, upon request. Should you wish to join the tour you must become an Associate Member, and this tour, as well as others in the future, and other advantages, will then be available to you. Other tours, some of them to points closer to home, will be announced soon.

An idea of the bargain which this trip is, can be gauged by the fact that the 1965 tour, again lasting three weeks, will be available at a price even more economical than last year's \$675.00.

No greater testimonial can be indicated than the news that several of the 1964 group plan to repeat the trip in 1965. The membership will be limited to the first 25 applicants.

One participant, from Michigan, wrote: "The gay European tour of 1964 passed all too quickly into history. I wish that I had some adequate means of expressing the appreciation that I feel toward ONE and its Social Service Division for the opportunity of participating in this memorable pioneering jaunt. It sounds rather trite to say that I had an awfully good time and came to know some mighty fine people. Nevertheless this is certainly true. In addition to that, of course, I realized the dream of a lifetime seeing some of the most interesting places in Europe with the very special dividend of meeting gay

friends and being entertained by the homophile organizations in most of the large cities visited.

"I was very much interested in the composition of our group, which represented six states. Not anyone came close to being a real stereotype among us. All seemed to be happily located vocationally and reasonably successful. Many professions were represented: a doctor, a lawyer, several educators, a retired federal government employee, a CPA, a physiotherapist, a restaurant owner, a store manager, an artist, a machinist, a railroad man, to name a few. There were two couples in the group, one of them having been together for 18 years.

"I think we made up as friendly and compatible a group as might be found anywhere, and as usual, with a gay group in which there are no pretenses and status to guard, there was much gay repartee and joking revelry.

"It was a wonderful trip and I am tremendously grateful for having been able to participate in it."

The Colorado member wrote: "The trip was an unforgettable and lovely experience in sightseeing, shopping,

and most of all, the fun of delightful companionship."

Said a California member, "Although it was my fourth trip to Europe, the ONE tour was a new experience. Getting acquainted with the varied personalities within our own group was fascinating. The hospitality extended us by our European friends will be difficult to repay. It was warm and sincere as well as being filled with fun and gaiety. I thank ONE for sponsoring such a successful tour."

Said another member from California, "I found ONE's European tour to be both instructive and entertaining. It was very well organized and directed and was further enhanced by a close association with the people of every country we visited, thanks to the contacts and planning which ONE was able to provide. Though I have been to Europe before, the price of this tour was too reasonable to pass up. It was a tremendous bargain, with accommodations and arrangements comparable to tours which sell for twice the amount."

C. T.

Books



SEX AND THE MATURE MAN

by Louis P. Saxe, M. D. and Noel B. Gerson, New York, Gilbert Press, Inc., 1964, 256 pp., \$5.95.

This book might just as well be called *Mental Hygiene of the Mature Man* as it is a very practical and down-to-earth account of most of the mental ills, tears, weaknesses, maladjustments, both real and mythical, and general frustrations, that the mature man is subject to. Written principally by a well-trained and experienced psychiatrist, in its concrete and specific handling of problems, it almost seems to be a personal counselling directed toward the reader. In harmony with the belief of the late psychologist, G. Stan-

ley Hall, and others that a man's sex is the core of his personality, most of the problems discussed center around a man's sexual adjustment, although that aspect of his life is not unduly exaggerated. Attention is given to depression, fatigue, alcoholism, anxiety, boredom, aging, nutrition, exercise, leisure time activities, retirement, general health habits, and other suitable topics.

In the sex field the two major problems seem to be the decline of the sexual powers and impotence. With notable common sense the authors point out clearly the mythology and superstition that surround both of these topics. There is no magic of specific remedies for these difficulties, but it is heartening to learn that much of the trouble arises from erroneous thinking and wrong attitudes of mind which can be corrected by wise counselling and following wholesome lines of activity. Undoubtedly the extensive advertising and wide use of pills and nostrums is one of the exploiting evils of our times. I am surprised that the authors do not mention the one simple and effective cure for alcoholism which many of us have practiced for years: avoidance of the use of alcohol entirely with no feeling whatsoever that we are being deprived of any real pleasure or losing any social status that we care about. Much is said about a "male crisis or climacteric" with attendant emotional disturbances, but the truth seems to be that it is merely a figment of the imagination with no basis in reality.

It is important to note that in the case of anxiety, depression, tension, etc., a certain amount of such experience is entirely normal. A person who has no feeling in the presence of a real tragedy or calamity is just as abnormal as the one who "goes to pieces" over trifles. In Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities* the women of Paris who during the Revolution, knit in perfect

equanimity while the streets ran with blood but who wept nightly in the theatre over the broken romances of the characters in the play were no better balanced than the official executioners. Life can never be a smooth, placid stream to a person who has real blood in his veins. It would be a terrible bore if such were the case.

The authors expressly avoid the problems of homosexuality, but indirectly deal with some of them since in fact many of them are the same as those of heterosexuality. But they do point out that latent homosexuality is an important cause of impotence. The lesson here would seem to be that each person should come to know himself and accept whatever category he finds inevitable and adjust his life to it. The authors recommend the services of an authentic practitioner where a person cannot resolve his own difficulties, which may be genuinely somatic or may be emotional only, both of which situations they consider equally important and subject to therapeutic measures. This book is a serious, competent work and should be helpful and reassuring to anyone who sees with something of fear and apprehension his youth passing into mature life.

T. M. M.

THE DAY WE WERE MOSTLY BUTTERFLIES by Louise W. King, Doubleday & Co., 1964, \$3.95.

This little outrageous jewel has the looneyishness of *AUNTIE MAME* and is far better written. It is about a Greenwich Village decorator faggot, a nitwittish femme dyke called Miss Moppet, a terror of a bulldyke who is very large in Market Research, and a turtle called Miss Emma Hamlet Woodhouse. Honest. And I would be a fool to try to tell what the stories are about.

This author is no fly-by-night. To

write a camp in such sure high style and sustain it is rare writing indeed, and I suspect Miss King will go far. The only people I wouldn't recommend this gem to are those deadly serious ones who can't see anything

"gay" in the homosexual life and who can't bear to see us caricatured and spoofed. If you are fortunate enough not to be one of those unfortunates, this is your book bargain of the year.
K. O. N.

POPULAR BOOKS AVAILABLE TO ONE'S MEMBERS

The BOOKSERVICE lists below only a few of the books offered for sale. The books are in stock and will be mailed immediately.

JONATHAN TO GIDE by Noel I. Garde is now in stock again. This is must reading for anyone wanting to know a little about famous people in history who were homosexual. Supplements the article in **Quarterly 18** by Magnus Hirschfeld. The review of this book appeared in the September, ONE Magazine last year. The only book of its kind, you will find yourself referring to it often\$10.00

LOST ON TWILIGHT ROAD by James Colton. Anyone who has read James Colton's short stories in ONE Magazine will want to read this short novel which is in stock again. Although in paperback and hidden by a bad cover, this an excellent story about a young teen-ager who awakens to his homosexuality, has experiences, good and bad, and in time meets an older man and finds happiness.\$1.00

A BIOGRAPHY, JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS by Phyllis Grosskurth. The book will be published soon in America under the title **The Woeful Victorian** but we had our British agents get the book for our Members early. This book is important because it is based upon Symonds, suppressed autobiography and frankly discusses his homosexuality and the homosexuality of other important persons, some of whom were only suspected till now.\$12.50

THE WHISTLING ZONE by Herbert Kubly. Herbert Kubly's first novel takes place at a midwestern college. While not primarily homosexual, the sex in this book is not mild, since it includes a "panty raid" and a mass rape. But the important happenings in this fine book are the behind the scenes, no holds barred, events in a university's daily life. The student revolt at the Berkeley campus of the University of California recently came as no surprise to those who have read this biting commentary on today's dehumanized corporate universities and their corrosive effect on teachers, students and the tradition of intellectual and spiritual freedom.\$4.95

THE JEWEL IN THE LOTUS by Allen Edwardes, a historical survey of the sexual culture of the east is still probably the best book of its type. Only a few copies.\$6.50

A SINGLE MAN by Christopher Isherwood\$4.00

The Lesbian in America and The Homosexual and His Society, both by Donald Webster Cory and both\$5.95

The Grapevine (lesbian), \$4.95, and The Sixth Man (male), \$3.95, both by Jess Stearn.

The Homosexual Revolution, \$5.95, and Forbidden Sexual Behavior, \$9.50, both by R. E. L. Masters.

Order these books while they are available. Send your name and address and check to: ONE Bookservice, 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles 6, California. (California residents add 4% sales tax.)



Mano A Mano

by

George Francis

Carlos leant on the balustrade of the balcony and gazed sightlessly over the city in the green valley before him. The sunshine filtered through the heat-haze, and splattered indiscriminately on the white apartment blocks and red-roofed casas below. In the colorless distance the ramshackle slum barrios nuzzled up into the deep-green mountainsides, lowering over the slumbering valley, with the tallest mountain, Avila, topped with that phallic, round, empty Humboldt Hotel, symbolically dominating all.

The city dozed in early siesta, and Carlos paid little heed to the dull murmur of conversation behind him in the shaded hotel room.

A splash from below made him lean over to see who was using the swimming pool at this hour. A crewcut head surfaced in the green sparkling water, and Carlos snorted to himself: "Si—one of those loco norteamericanos—who else?"

He took his hand from the rail to brush back his long hair from his eyes, with fingers slim and delicate and white. He was proud of his white skin, and made sure he kept out of the sun—not like that crazy American with the tanned face and spiky hair.

The clatter of coffee-cups, an echoed "Buenos!" and a closing door—all told Carlos that Don Luis had left. He turned and faced the open french window, his face dark in the shadow. Jose came out on to the balcony, took the youth's pale hand, and gently stroked the long slender fingers.

"Well, say it, mi amor," he murmured. "You don't want me to do it, do you?"

Carlos hesitated. "I didn't say"

"No, but you want to."

"Joselito, my little Jose—please—for my sake." Carlos gripped his friend's hand.

"But I *do* it for your sake, Carlos—I've told you that before; but you can't seem to understand."

"No, I can't. You've made a fortune here in Venezuela alone—and now, just before we're due to go back home, you want to fight again. You've had too many fights already this season. Here," and Carlos made for the telephone in the large cool room, "I'll call Don Luis, and tell him you've changed your mind."

"And have a lawsuit on my hands? Carlos, I've already signed."

The pale young man sank to the bed. "No, Jose, oh no! You don't know what I go through when I hear that trumpet call, and the gate swings open and el toro comes running into the sunshine; and you—you're not a small man,

Jose Maria, but when I see you step out into the ring to face him—you look so small and helpless—and . . . and I'm sick with fear."

"So am I, mi amigo."

"Then why do you do it?"

"I must."

"I couldn't bear it if you got hurt."

"I haven't been yet."

"I imagine Manolete said that too," Carlos replied.

Jose sat on the bed and gazed steadfastly into Carlos' black eyes—the same gaze he used on the bull. "But this is a different corrida."

"Different?"

"Mano a mano."

"Hand to hand?"

"It's a bout, a tournament between Pablo and me," explained Jose. "It was his first appearance here last week, and you know how the crowd loved him—even with me there. So Don Luis dreamed up this old idea—just the two of us—the two most popular heroes—and the plaza de toros will be packed with aficionados eager to see which of us will be the better."

Carlos sat up. "But that will mean *three* bulls each, won't it? No, Joselito, you can't—it's too much, even for you!"

"I'll remind you of that when we're home in Sevilla," laughed the handsome young torero, and lay back on the bed. "Vienes, querido, we don't want to miss our siesta." And he drew his friend to his side.

* * *

Jose awoke early that Sunday morning, and lay quietly, staring at the pattern of light on the ceiling. Carlos lay curled up at his side, and though his eyes were closed and he was breathing deeply, Jose knew that he, too, was awake.

"Next week, on the ship, Carlos," he whispered, "it will be our anniversary. Had you forgotten?"

A murmur: "No."

"Three years ago. I was sitting in the shade of the trees on the Ramblas, sipping my jerez, with an urchin on the cobbles shining my shoes; and a shy slim youth, with straight black hair, white skin, and full, smiling, red lips, his eager black eyes wide and adoring, came by, and asked if he might have the autograph of the up-and-coming matador. I was enormously flattered, Carlos; that's why I asked you to take some wine with me."

"Yes, I know." Carlos stretched out on to his front, so that his right hand lay on Jose's powerful chest, where his fingers played with the curly hairs. "It was only my second corrida—which is a shameful thing for a Spaniard to admit, even though I was only nineteen at the time—but when one is on vacation in Barcelona, one can't leave out the Plaza Monumental."

"And so in three week's time the young Madrilenos was in Sevilla—at his new job as secretary to the great, unknown matador Jose Maria Martinez." Jose chuckled, and Carlos felt his chest heave with the quiet laugh. He propped himself on his left elbow, threw back the single, silken sheet, and roamed his eyes over the Sevillano's olive skin, from the broad shoulders to the taut muscles of his thighs. "Do you know, Carlos," Jose's brown eyes moved from the ceiling, and smiled into his friend's, "from that time on, when you joined me, things have become better and better."

"Now, when you go home," Carlos said, "you'll be acclaimed more than

ever. 'Martinez returns from conquering Spanish America!' the headlines will say."

"I hope so, querido. But there isn't the same all-out, insane adulation of the torero in Espana as there is here. I think it must be this machismo business."

"You've never understood that, Jose, have you?"

"No more you! Why is it that a man must go to such efforts to prove, over and again, his macho, his maleness?"

"And why did you, Jose Maria, want to become a matador?"

"I always did—for as long as I can remember I knew I had to" Carlos rolled back, and looked at the picture of green Isla Margarita on the far wall. Will Jose *never* understand?" he wondered. "Or do I mean, 'Will I never understand Jose?'"

Carlos' confused thoughts ended when the telephone jangled sharply. Jose reached out and answered.

"Buenas dias del Hotel Tamanaco, Don Jose! Son las diez!" the harsh female voice announced. "Quieren a tomar desayuno ahora?"

Jose put his palm over the mouthpiece. "Just coffee for breakfast, amigo?"

* * *

As four o'clock approached, Carlos took his privileged place in his box in the sobrepuestas near the palco presidencia, and to the stirring paso-dobles of the band, surveyed the concrete stands of the sun-filled Nuevo Circo de Caracas, packed with loyal aficionados already in a state close to hysteria. With their banners on display, and their wine-filled botas passing readily from hand to hand, they excitedly awaited the start of the day's sport.

Carlos, alone of Jose Maria's helpers and team, was not allowed any closer, not allowed in the callejon, the passageway around the ring. Si, they all knew that Don Jose had a secretary, but they also knew that he kept very much in the background—Don Jose wanted it that way. After all, what use was a secretario at a corrida?

The band had stopped. Carlos looked at his watch. Ten after four. The trumpet called and the puertas de cuadrillas slowly swung open. The black-cloaked and hatted alguacil advanced proudly on his prancing black charger. Carlos, though, had no eyes for this dignitary. He was searching for his love.

And there he came! His fresh pale-green, gold-encrusted suit easily recognizable, Jose Maria Martinez advanced nobly on to the yellow, clean-raked sand, his head held high, his resplendent ceremonial cloak wrapped carefully about his left arm and powerful shoulders. With his friend and rival, Pablo Rojas, the new young colored matador from Colombia to his left, Jose Maria advanced deliberately to the cheers of the crowd, advanced to the presidencia to pay his respects; and advanced to Carlos, secretly to proclaim his love.

The introductory ceremonies soon over, the bullfighters retired behind the barrera, and the call on the trumpet heralded the first bull—a splendid black beast from Ecuador—which belonged to Pablo, who dealt with him surely and swiftly. But Carlos did not share the enthusiasm of the crowd. He waited only for his querido Joselito, his darling.

His turn was not long in coming; for the second bull now pounded into the sunlight—a tense, vicious creature, charged with hatred, spite and malice, its only desire to kill. Jose surveyed him coolly for no more than a minute, and having sized him up, swallowed, took a deep breath, and stepped out into the ring. A matador is no better than his bull, and this one enabled Jose to display his prowess to the full.

Carlos had never seen his friend perform so well. His initial passes with the pink and yellow capote were brilliant. It wrapped around his body as he swirled gracefully in a daring *chicuelina*. The bull wheeled to charge again, and this time Jose half turned his back to the animal for a series of *faroles*, dropping to his knee for a final spectacular display. The crowd was on its feet and the regularly repeated shouts of *Ole!* echoed in Carlos ears.

Jose retired while the picadores did their grisly work; but not for long—he asked permission of the presidente to dismiss the pikes early, and so further earned the admiration of the crowd, as the bull would not be as weakened as usual. “He must be crazy,” thought Carlos, and his eyes widened in fear when he saw Jose enter the ring clutching a pair of red and blue *banderillas* in his hand. The crowd roared their approval. Seldom did they witness the exciting spectacle of a matador attaching his *own* *banderillas*. As he cited the bull, his hips moved languidly and he swung forward, one foot carefully placed in front of the other. Carlos tingled at the sight, and mentally he could feel the roll of those taut thighs as they pressed against his own.

Ole! And Jose leapt nimbly to one side as the bull thundered past, the barbed sticks tossing up and down. The second pair were inserted just as neatly; but Jose declined to place the third—not a sign that he lacked courage, but that he wanted the bull stronger, and hence more dangerous still.

The third *suerte*, the final act—the one of death—had come. Formally, Jose walked to the presidencia and bowed his respects to the presidente. Then he turned slightly to his left and gazed into the *sobrepuestas*. His eyes met Carlos’, and, as he did every time, he silently dedicated the bull to his amor. All the *senoritas* in the vicinity fluttered and squeaked, thinking the dedication was for them. But only Jose and Carlos knew the truth; and this precious moment had become, strangely and uniquely, in front of twenty thousand people, their most intimate.

Carlos was as ecstatic as the crowd at the perfect passes executed by Jose with the *muleta*, the small red cape. Again and again the *Oles* rang out, as again and again Jose baffled the bull with his wizardry. Finally, the moment of truth came, and with one deep, certain thrust, the brave bull fell to his knees and rolled to his side. With the ears, tail, and one hoof awarded him, the exultant Jose proudly made his triumphant *vuelta* around the ring, to the shouts and applause of the audience, which was in a frenzy of joy. Waving white handkerchiefs, they showered their idol with flowers, hats and wineskins, and joined together to chant to accolade “*To-re-ro! To-re-ro!*” Carlos sat quietly as he watched the scene, his heart aglow with pride—and love.

* * *

In the hour that followed, both Pablo and Jose Maria dealt expertly with their second bulls, and as far as the crowd was concerned both matadores were neck and neck in their contest.

Now, with the sun about to dip down behind the top of the stand, and almost the whole plaza de toros in shadow, Pablo Rojas started the final *suerte* of his last bull of the day. He passed his *muleta* skillfully—too skillfully, Carlos thought. “Is he getting careless in his boldness?” he wondered to himself.

As the bull wheeled and turned in a series of fast *giraldillas*, Pablo, his feet firm in the scuffed sand, his back stiff and straight, raised his brown face to stare at the crowd in supreme confidence, as the bull dashed under the raised cape.

Then it happened!

The torn edge of the muleta caught in the end of one of the banderillas, and Pablo, because he wasn't looking, didn't know—until the force of the animal's charge jerked it and the sword from his hand. He was defenseless. The crowd screamed.

In turning to run—not in fear, but to fetch another cape—the Colombiano tripped and fell. He lay still, his arms over his head, and at once the bull was upon him. Not for long though—for the peones with their capes soon had the beast attracted away—but long enough to be injured; and unconscious, Pablo was carried out.

"Surely Jose will allow the substitute to finish off the bull," thought Carlos. But no, already the pale-green-clad figure had stepped into the ring and was attracting the bull. No dedication. Just a simple matter of killing.

But Jose was not prepared to act too quickly. Surely a little more glory was in order first. And Carlos knew that his friend wanted him to share in that glory, because the torero was skillfully manoeuvring the bull from the far side of the ring to the area right under the presidencia. Three times he led the animal back and forth in a brilliant series of passes, and after the last and most spectacular of all, with Toro hypnotized in furious frozen bafflement, Jose Maria leaned out and ran the sharp tip of his espada gently down el toro's head to his nose; then turned, and with the sword raised in triumphant salute, sauntered in slow, stately steps straight towards Carlos.

The crowd was on its feet in a roar of "Ole-ole-ole," almost drowning the frenetic paeon from the band.

Perhaps it was this excessive noise that caused it—no one will ever know—but the bull seemed to waken from his zombie state. His head slowly rose, and he started forward.

The mob shrieked, but the change in their tone didn't reach Jose. He continued forward, his gaze on Carlos' box, while the bull's charge gathered rapid momentum.

"Joselito!" screamed Carlos.

Too late. The horn caught Jose Maria and tossed him in the air, sending him with a thud against the wooden wall of the callejon. It was this that saved him from being gored; and at once the peones had lured the beast off.

Carlos saw Jose totter to his feet, his jacket rent, but there was no blood. The matador dusted himself off, took a proffered glass of water, then without a pause, selected another sword, and stepped shakily out to face his would-be killer.

The bull was in a frenzy, and straightway charged. He thundered by Jose's feeble pass, wheeled at once, and charged again. Jose, however, was too slow this time to skip aside from the deadly hook of the long, sharp horn, and Carlos stood in mute horror as he watched his torero friend impaled on that horn, and helplessly tossed to and fro at the brute's will. Jose was unable to help himself, only to clutch at that deadly spike, until at last the bull dropped his head, and the matador slid to the sand.

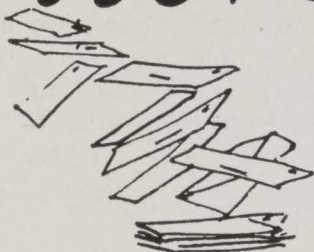
Carlos hurried to the infirmary. Nobody knew him, but in the general melee, he managed to get in and go to the side of the bed.

"Joselito," he whispered.

But Jose Maria, a faint smile on his lips, was already dead.

As Carlos looked down at his love, his eyes welled with tears. "Somehow . . ." he murmured, "somehow or other . . . he did it for me."

Letters



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

Gentlemen:

Some issues ago you reported to your readers on the raid on the Fun Lounge (see July '64 ONE Tangents) in Leyden Township which adjoins Chicago proper. All of the so-called inmates, who were charged with disorderly conduct, were discharged.

The court deemed it insignificant that men were dancing together and held, in substance, that the mere gathering of sexual deviates in a public bar, even though lipstick and powder puffs were being used by some of the patrons, others holding hands, etc., did not in any way constitute a violation of the Statutes of the State of Illinois.

The principals involved including the owner, manager, doorman and bartenders, were charged with more serious offenses, which included among other things, the possession of marijuana, dangerous drugs, selling liquor to a minor, and maintaining a disorderly house.

November 20th, 1964, a complete hearing was had before the Honorable Norman A. Korfist, and all the defendants were discharged on each and every one of the offenses alleged to have been committed. In a very meager manner, just one of the Chicago newspapers printed a ten-line resume, but this time none of the names were printed in the newspapers and the courtroom was completely lacking in the fanfare, television cameras, photographers and newspaper reporters who swarmed down on the proceedings in former sessions, all to the great embarrassment of those involved.

And so we have a complete vindication of our position. Some of our good school teachers and other people who lost their jobs will, I am certain, not get them back. It is certainly a sorry situation when the

press of our country tries these cases long before we get to court.

Paul R. Goldman
Chicago, Illinois

DEVIATE AND LIBERATE

Dahlings:

I don't think it is deliberate, but you are mis-informed, and you're playing right into the dirty hands of the bigots. A person who deviates is a freethinker; deviation itself is an act of free thought. The so-called "religious myth" against deviates was manufactured to discourage free thought (deviation).

Criticism of any sort against deviation is outright criticism of free thought.

When you categorize yourselves as "homosexual" (no such animal exists) you are giving the bigots fuel for their fire. You should immediately cancel the word "homosexual" (with its dirty connotation it becomes just what the bigot ordered) and use the word "deviate" in place of the MISUSE of the word homosexual. And at all times free thought and deviation should be connected.

Bigots loathe free thought above all else; they oppose any thought that does not conform to their realm of bigotry.

Mr. A.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Don:

Another contribution to help bring about the day of "liberation" for all sexual variants. Let's pray that it will be soon!

May I suggest that our group should take a page from the Negro's notebook in the fight for legal recognition—namely, the use of the economic boycott. As you know, there is nothing that so moves the average person today as the tampering with their pocketbook. If we homogenics could (anonymously, of course, alas) spread the word around that we would not buy from anyone who did not support our cause, perhaps we could bring about a change in thinking of the so-called "normal" people who would stop at nothing to make a dollar.

Finally, in my humble opinion, we must in some way, through competent legal counsel, bring about a change in the laws (again just as the Negroes did through the NAACP and their battery of lawyers). Once we have legal recognition, I believe social acceptance will follow.

"Leonardo"
Atlanta, Georgia

LUBRICIOUS AND SUSPICIOUS

Gentlemen:

How very ironical your editorial in the October issue was! You talk on page five of a Reader Service subdivision of a nationally known Directory Service saying this Service "... has for years prospered at the homo-

sexual's expense." You say the Service is now offering lame excuses for discontinuing their pen pal division. Your editorial of October further seems to imply that even to be on the mailing list of this Service is skirting danger. Yet—and here's the rub—I became familiar, got my name on their mailing list, in fact, by answering **their** advertisement in **your** magazine. The advertisement which appeared in your magazines during the summer of 1963 listed a photography guide.

You belittle these organizations as groups operating for a fast buck and not for the homosexual's genuine interest. I agree that many such organizations exist and that we should be warned of them. But I would like to ask you what your motivation was in accepting advertising from such a firm. A fast buck, it would appear; yet, you should have been guiding us away from instead of toward such an organization.

Up to the present, I have always had complete confidence in doing business with any firm that advertised in your pages, simply because I felt that you at least had our interest at heart. It would seem now that one must suspect all of your advertisers, which is exactly what I am doing.

Mr. E.
Baltimore, Maryland

Dear Editor:

Why isn't something done to help the sick, the poor, the deranged, the ignorant, the bigoted, etc., in homophile publications like the prurient body building type? All your hard work is vulgarized, reduced to cheap "carny" and tawdry efforts by such as these mags.

All the orgasms in the world will not cure cancer. All the lubricious, lustful writhings in eternity will not feed a starving baby. All the scatological wordage in the lexicon of pornography will not heal the heartbreak of the bereaved. If homophile actions and writings would survive, they'd better follow Whitman's shade into glory. Or Wilde down insight's sure road. Or da Vinci's Last Supper into spiritual heights artistic. Or Tchaikovsky into the universal language of sublime music.

Mr. S.
Santa Monica, California

GETTING PERSONAL

Dear Mr. Slater:

Just to let you know, that I have been reading newsstand copies of ONE, and I think its pretty good. Someday, I will make my mind up, and subscribe to it.

Why is it that my 'brothers' segregate themselves when cruising? There is one bar, that I like to cruise in, and I always

get funny stares, because I am a man of color. We're all looking for companions, why be hypocritical?

Would anyone care to debate the issue? Why must we segregate amongst ourselves? Let the "straight" people do that.

I fail to give my name because of the complication. Please do not print the city either. If someone wants to get in contact with me, tell them to try the Personal's column in one of the — dailies. I'll take it from there.

Anonymous
— Michigan

Dear Mr. Slater:

As I write this I hope you don't mind me expressing my views. Being new to this publication and organization, it helps my perspective to homosexual life.

I agree with the young man (19 old Calif.) about young fellows having to be discreet although lonely and unrewarded. Green Bay has some discreet, and some otherwise. Pictures are still my outlet.

I enjoyed the article on sex in prisons and of colored people with whites. I met a colored boy on a visit to a large city and we had a pleasant discussion and enjoyed each other in intimate relations. I was ok for him and vice versa. Some white gays think I am a dumb ugly farmer.

Mr. B.
Green Bay, Wisconsin

MATTERS LITERARY & OTHERWISE

Dear Mr. Slater:

I should have learned a long time ago that ONE and I just don't operate on the same wave length. But when I can't even get a Letter to the Editor printed—ye gods!

Actually, that letter would serve as an excellent answer to Mr. A. E. Smith's absurd attempt to prove that a minority group is not a minority group. What unites Negroes, for example, but the fact of their being Negro and the response of others to that fact. And if the homosexual vote is a "myth," is it because homosexuals have no political interests in common or because they have failed, as yet, to be aware of those interests. The Negro and other minority groups also failed to vote as a group until they merged as self-conscious minorities.

Certainly, homosexuals have many interests besides their homosexuality just as Negroes have many interests besides Civil Rights. Bloc voting cannot be defended—except as a defensive tactic by a disadvantage minority. This year's Presidential election presented a clear and definite reason for homosexuals to vote in protection of their interests as homosexuals. As I wrote

you, "... those who are in one way or another different from the majority will find ... that President Johnson's "great society" is a more comfortable place than the moralistic, conformists and confining society envisaged by Senator Goldwater and many of his supporters." The handling of the Jenkins case by the two sides tends to support the views I expressed several weeks before.

I enclose a check covering subscription and contribution.

Mr. H.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Slater:

From time to time things have appeared in ONE which I found reasonably irritating, but I usually forgot them or figured someone else would take the time to object, but I cannot let this latest thing go by, since a correction is essential to the readers (that is, as a service to them).

A. E. S., reviewing Leslie A. Fiedler's **Waiting for the End**, on page 24 of the November issue of ONE Magazine says:

"Who else on earth would ever have found a Lesbian section in an American novel written in the 1790's by Charles Brockden Brown."

May I refer Mr. A. E. S. to the **Checklist: Supplement**, 1962 (a listing of homosexual literature with brief reviews, or annotated bibliography) published and edited by Marion Zimmer Bradley and myself. This appeared in print in early 1962 and thoroughly reviews Mr. Brown's novel, **Ormond or the Secret Witness**, printed by G. Forman for H. Caritat, 1799. I might add that the Lesbian content in **Ormond** has been mentioned in at least two other literary criticisms which pre-date Mr. Fiedler's book, since I found the title in this manner, myself.

Gene Damon
Kansas City, Missouri

Dear Mr. Slater:

"The Moral Decision About Homosexuality," by Iris Murdoch, in your November issue, is rich and rewarding in its content and is most certainly MUST reading for all homosexuals AND heterosexuals.

In your editorial, you say "Jenkins was a homosexual ..." It has always been my understanding that a man who was married, had children and occasionally engaged in a homosexual act, might be referred to as being "bi-sexual," rather than homosexual. Am I wrong?

Richard A. Inman
Atheneum Society of America, Inc.
Miami, Florida

Dear ONE:

Okay fellas, what's that long-haired,

funny-chested critter doin on the September cover!

My interest in biology has been localized among the bacteria (and such) and only the most "gross" aspects of human anatomy. I am a little surprised that the Quarterly is spending much time on the biological aspects of homosexuality. Me thinks that the homophile community is the most heterogenous community in America. And secondly, biological determinants tend to be completely swamped by social factors in an urbanized society (i.e. the Negro community). The notion that homophiles reach puberty at an earlier age than heteros may have some validity (like in my case), but even this is a determinant wholly dependent on a social context. Lastly, in evolutionary theory survival of the fittest is only indirectly concerned with individual survival—reproduction is the goal of life rather than life the goal of reproduction. "A chicken is an egg's way of reproducing" to make a funny. In short, any biological determinant, any genetically ascribed character, which is at odds with reproduction, no matter it's affect on the individual, will disappear from the species.

One more thought, ONE may chuckle about the east coast homophile leadership (personally I wish little Randy Wicker would stay off Chicago tv) but also (methinks) we mid-westerners chuckle a bit over East and West coast politics.

Mr. O.
Chicago

Gentlemen:

Acknowledging your last communications with voting in its center, with grieved heart I'm to ask you today to remove my name from your mailing list.

I am old, live in a great Home for the Aged, expect hospitalization soon.

I have broken my subscription years ago. I felt hurt through your complete silence after I had sent you two short stories, asking your opinion, hardly a hope for publication. The receipt of them never has been acknowledged, several inquiries about them never brought me any answer.

My final request—However you think of them, please don't return them to me and let them be read by readers—remained unanswered.

If they have not been made ashes already, I permit myself to repeat the request with my melancholy taking leave.

With deep esteem for your work, its heads and its cooperators.

Mr. T-D
New York, N. Y.