

MANDRAKE



Mandrake, Vol. 1, No. 4. June 1970 (St. Louis)

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INFORMATION

MANDRAKE

Equalize the status and position of the homosexual with the status and position of the heterosexual by achieving equality under the law, equality of opportunity, and equality in the society of his fellow man, and by eliminating adverse prejudice, both private and official;

To secure for the homosexual the right, as a human being, to develop and achieve his full potential and dignity, and the right, as a citizen, to make his maximum contribution to the society in which he lives;

To inform and enlighten the public about homosexuals and homosexuality;

To assist, protect, and counsel the homosexual in need.

Founded

April, 1969

Meetings

Business meetings (for members and their guests) are held on the 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Special meetings, open to the public, are held on the 1st Wednesday of each month.

Meetings are held at Trinity Episcopal Church, Euclid and Washington Avenues, 8 P.M.

Membership Dues

\$12.00 per year.

Newsletter

Published (more or less) monthly.

Following is a list of policies of this publication. All are effective as of April 10, 1970 and will be adhered to strictly.

1. All material submitted to this publication shall not be returned to the author.
2. All material submitted to this publication shall, upon reviewing by the Publications Committee and the Executive Board of MANDRAKE, be published if written in a responsible manner.
3. No material shall be reworded or otherwise altered or edited so as to reform the views of the article.
4. All material shall be noted, either by the author or by the Publications Committee, as being only the views of the writer.
5. No gratuities shall be awarded for material submitted.
6. Advertising shall be at regular advertising rates. Those rates shall be:
 - a) Full page \$25.50
 - b) Half page \$15.00
 - c) Quarter page \$ 9.00
 - d) Eighth page \$ 5.50
 - e) Smaller classified ads shall be at the rate of thirty cents per line. Each line shall consist of 25 spaces and/or characters. (Above rates are per month. Special rates for longer running advertisements.)

Individual articles within this publication do not necessarily reflect the views, policies, and/or teachings of MANDRAKE SOCIETY.

Vol. /
No. 4

MANDRAKE
PO Box 7213
St Louis, Mo
63177

JUNE 70

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This month I have two special messages I wish to impart to you. The first message is in the capacity of Chairman of the Publications Committee, while the second is from myself to all homosexuals, be they members of MANDRAKE or not. I will add at this point that the second message is not from MANDRAKE, and I do not wish you to feel that the organization is backing me in this appeal. It pertains to our duty as members of our society, regardless of our own personal feelings toward MANDRAKE.

● First, the note from MANDRAKE as an organization. As you have undoubtedly noticed, both in this issue and the one for May of this year, we have succeeded in obtaining advertisements from many of the business establishments in our area. This is perhaps the best show of support for MANDRAKE that they can possibly make. It is through such contributions that we are able to print this newsletter as well as constitutions, flyers, and applications. With these contributions the bar owners, as well as MANDRAKE, can benefit. I feel it our duty then, as members and/or sympathizers of MANDRAKE, to patronize those places of business that are supporting us in this manner.

However, do not jump to the conclusion that only those business establishments advertising should be patronized. Remember, with this issue we have still only printed advertisements for two issues. All of the prospects have not as yet been approached. Save these newsletters for a few months and then you will see who is supporting us and who is losing interest.

● Now comes the item which is my opinion as a homosexual, not as a member of MANDRAKE. Over a year ago A.L. Buchanan, a homosexual, was jailed in Dallas, Texas for two counts of sodomy. On Aug. 9, 1969 a jury found him guilty of both counts and the court set a punishment of five years on each count. In addition the bond was set at \$2500 for each count.

On Jan. 26, 1970 Mr. Buchanan was set free on his own recognizance pending a hearing of a motion filed asking for arrest of judgement.

At the hearing Feb. 5, 1970 Judge Gossett denied the motion, pronounced sentence, and ordered Buchanan back to jail.

The following article is reprinted from the May 13-26, 1970 Advocate of Los Angeles.

"Austen Wade, chairman of the NACHO legal committee, has issued an appeal to all homosexuals across the nation for necessary funds for the cross-appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court in the Buchanan case.

The case has grown in complexity since it started, Wade argues, and in its new phase is now of paramount importance to homosexuals throughout the country.

The North American Conference of Homophile Organizations is now entering the case as amicus curiae (friend of the court). The NACHO brief will be handled, without remuneration, by Prof. Walter E. Barnett of the University of New Mexico Law School. In addition, the American Civil Liberties Union will continue its part in the appeals.

To underline what is at stake in the appeals to the high court, Wade quotes the comments of Prof. Barnett:

"...I realize the tremendous significance of this case for the cause of justice for homosexuals all over the United States. This is the first time in the history of the United States that any successful attack on the sodomy statutes has ever been made in any court on constitutional grounds...

"If, hopefully, the Supreme Court upholds the lower court (and it will be difficult, I think, for it to reverse a unanimous opinion of three lower federal judges), then all of the sodomy statutes of the 48 states that still have them will have been swept away in one fell swoop. Years and maybe decades of laborious effort to get each of the 48 legislatures to repeal these laws, or each of the 48 state Supreme Courts to declare them unconstitutional, will have been avoided.

On the other hand, if the United States Supreme Court reverses this decision and upholds the constitutionality of this statute of Texas, the cause of law reform all over the United States will have been set back for our lifetime.

"I wonder seriously whether the homophile movement has any inkling of what is at stake."

Even with no legal fees, the cost of mounting just one of the two appeals (for Strickland and for Buchanan) is estimated at \$1500, Austen Wade says. "It is imperative that these funds be raised if an appeal is to be mounted," he emphasizes.

At the request of Mr. Wade, the ADVOCATE will act as one collection point for those who wish to contribute money toward the cost of the appeal. Every cent contributed will be forwarded directly to Henry J. McCluskey, the attorney of record in the case. Please make your check payable to HENRY J. MCCLUSKEY and send to The ADVOCATE, Box 714695, Los Angeles, Calif. 90004. (cont. on page 5)

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

In this, my final letter before taking my leave of absence, I'd like to make a few statements.

First: MANDRAKE is not boycotting any of the gay establishments. Nor have I, as President, made any announcements to that effect.

On the contrary, MANDRAKE has always encouraged people to support "gay" establishments in an effort to build GAY POWER and achieve unity among the homosexuals. Only as a unified group working hard together and displaying strength, can the homosexual gain "equal status and position to the heterosexual." It will take all of us working together.

MANDRAKE members are free to patronize any place they choose. MANDRAKE was organized to free the homosexual, not restrict him. Its members have, and will continue to, patronize the places where they feel welcome.

Second: I'd like to point out that we have no membership quota. MANDRAKE will go on as long as there are ten members who will work. But in St. Louis, a metropolitan area of 2-1/2 million people, according to the 1970 census, we should have thousands of members. The more active members MANDRAKE has, the more GAY POWER it will emanate.

The MANDRAKE constitution requires only the qualification that applicants be of "good will". MANDRAKE is open to all homosexuals and anyone else who is sympathetic to the homophile movement. To all of you who are not already members, you do not need an invitation to join MANDRAKE. Girls and Boys, Ladies and Gentlemen, we need you. Please feel welcome to join us.

If you are sympathetic to the purposes of MANDRAKE, but do not feel "safe" in being on the membership roster, contact any MANDRAKE member. We will be happy to have you help anonymously.

Third: There have been reports of marauding straights in the circle in Forest Park. For those of us who frequent the park, this is nothing new. It happens every now and then.

The MANDRAKE newsletter is an attempt to communicate with the homosexuals of the St. Louis area. Part of MANDRAKE'S goals is to make gay life safer. Any time anyone (member or non-member) notices a situation which endangers the well-being of the homosexual, please let us know. A situation such as heavy police surveillance, or marauding straights is dangerous. Notice of these dangers will be posted in the newsletter.

In closing, I'd like to say "goodbye" to all my friends and all MANDRAKE members. I'll have a good time this summer - I know it. But, I'll miss many of you. A special thanks to the members of the Executive Board, and all the members who have worked so hard to make St. Louis better for all of us. I sincerely hope that as they continue their hard work, others will join them to help fulfill the purposes of MANDRAKE.

God be with us.

I think that this appeal is especially important to us, the members of MANDRAKE, as an organization. This is our chance to help someone in need and to demonstrate to the rest of the homophile community that we wish to join them. Let's attempt to show the people of the homophile community that St. Louis is ready to extend the hand of friendship and fellowship to them.

Remember, also, that if this case is won, we have taken one more step towards freedom of sexual preference.

SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS!!

They Support MANDRAKE

THE GOLDEN GATE COFFEE HOUSE

For Fun & Frolic

it's the late-night place to be

3542 Olive St.

Happiness Can Be A Habit

(Or how to make love without really trying in one easy lesson)

I have often thought that you have to learn to live in a happy state. That is, if you weren't trained for it as you were growing up, you had to acquire it - or else you'd be in bad shape. Well, I had to learn; but late and successfully I might add. I mean, when you finally find someone or something that really makes you happy, it doesn't automatically enable you to cope with the situation. Years of fruitless searching, of loneliness, of doubt about whether a love relationship can really exist for you may leave you ill prepared.

Hope always lives, of course, but we have formed an attitude of no expectations, or at least of always expecting the worst. Explicitly or implicitly, there is a resignation to loneliness. That doesn't mean that the search for happiness doesn't continue - no, it may become all the more frantic as we begin to fear permanent deprivation. The ability to offer love and to respond when it is offered, is what I'm talking about.

Some of us search and search, some of us sit back and give up the chase, dedicating ourselves to other pursuits. But we all have one thing in common: we are used to being sad or disappointed. This attitude can give birth to a tragic self-image, making isolation tolerable, possibly even a bit romantic.

We have fallen victim to a romantic illusion which is consoling, yes, but which may also cripple us by setting the stage for inner isolation rather than ushering in a wholesome orientation toward self-assertion and self-fulfillment. By learning to make do with less, we miss out on opportunities for more. Let's not cooperate in this conspiracy to keep us unhappy!

Ok suddenly fate reverses itself and brings us someone to love. Can we rise to the occasion? Can we make it survive? There we are, faced by happiness.

Several things can happen. We can go on a romantic binge and do a complete turnabout in expectations. Expecting nothing before, we now expect everything. All is rosy, and the exaltation is never supposed to end! But, at the first sign of flagging passion, irritability, or tiredness, the old suspicions arise and resignation sets in. Why? Because some people don't look at each other (or themselves) seriously and - most important - as whole human beings deserving of respect and honesty and a bit of forbearance. Giving up a relationship as soon as the first burst of passion is gone prevents the two people from finding out whether or not they could love each other.

What is love? What is happiness? If love is only passion or fascination, then it is superficial. And so is happiness that is comprised mainly of ecstasy or oblivion. It's fool's gold.

But how many people give it an honest try? How many actually are willing to discover whether or not harmony truly exists with a certain person? It takes a commitment, a kind of trust in human relationships, and a confidence in the ability to uphold one's own end of it. In short, one needs a serious and positive attitude toward self and the other person in order to assess compatibility - and talent - for a love relationship.

Love may happen your way, or you may direct it there. But either/or, it won't stay unless you're willing to defend it and to prepare yourself mentally for a happy state of being. It includes not only a sweeping out of your lonely self-image, but helping the other person do the same, so that self-doubt, negativism, and suspicion gradually disappear.

Chris Morgan

PEYTON PLACE

INVITES YOU TO HAVE

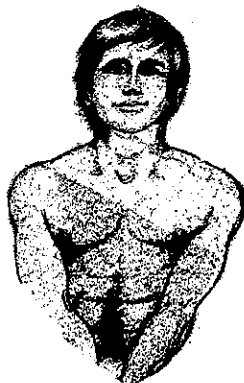
A "GAY" TIME

WITH

THE

Two Tonys

4251 OLIVE ST.



You've spent the weekend in town and you didn't make out once. It's early Sunday morning, and in a couple of hours, you'll be checking out. You've spent the whole night looking and only gave up when they pulled in the streets and then you could have kicked yourself when you got back to this dump. The dark eyed bellhop who took you up in the elevator turned out to be a beauty for any town. His back turned to you, you couldn't help but notice how the pants of his uniform hugged his buns. He reached back and scratched the back of his leg. His dark hair was combed Tony Curtis style, the black wet curls falling over his forehead. His brown hand clutched the lever and pulled it roughly as he reached your floor. You left the elevator and walked the length of the hall to your room. You turned the key in the lock and looked back, and for a moment before the door of the elevator closed, you saw him standing there, his hand laying softly against his leg. Your glance takes in the cheap marbled wallpaper in your room and you reach across the mussed bed for the phone and you ask for room service.

Love With A Stranger

By Daniel M.

Psyche, dressed in deepest mourning, ...sat waiting for she knew not what... A soft, breath of air came to her, ...sweetest and mildest of winds. She felt it lift her up until she lay upon a meadow soft as a bed and fragrant with flowers... When she felt him beside her... she knew without seeing him that there was the lover she had longed and waited for.

("Cupid and Psyche," Edith Hamilton, *Mythology*, pages 122 - 124)

To Steve H.

I hope in you for us.
(Gabriel Marcel, *Mystery of Being*)

My visit home had been hectic. As usual, mother intended to fill me with all sorts of advice. As for my two sisters, their love and admiration had become almost a kind of worship since I lived away. My father remained as usual: silent and contemplative. I went through it all with a smile of resignation --- Thanksgiving supper, talk to relatives, phone calls, church -- all of it without complaints. When Saturday finally came everyone begged me to stay a day longer. It was rude to leave so early, I knew it, but I did not want to miss the party. Not that I expected anything unusual from it; I was just answering the call of that near-mythical force that attracts our kind to any place where bodies, liquor, and merriment are to be found.

Because of our visitors, Mother decided to stay home while my father drove me back to the university. It was late when we arrived, and I realized I had to be swift not to miss the next city bus, so I dropped my luggage on the floor, replaced my jacket by a turtle-neck sweater and rushed out. Not until a few minutes later I realized I was all dressed in black; "the sight of death," I thought. "Ridiculous outfit for this type of party."

The merry gathering was in full animation. My arrival was hardly noticed, and after a while I felt somewhat tired and decided to drop lazily in a solitary corner. I thought of home: the small city, the old high school. After graduation I had ostracized myself from society. For a while the T.V. screen, books, and phone talks seemed to keep me amused. Once in a while a proposition from an old friend. The few acquaintances I had, thinking I was playing hard-to-get very soon ceased to insist. My existence became dull and monotonous. I had to do something! The easiest escape was to go away to college, so I decided to resume my education after almost two years of interruption. Now I did not feel part of my old home anymore. A year away, except for brief visits, and 140 miles of highway had made a great difference. I had changed. Still, enmi was my intimate acquaintance, my only companion. I didn't seem to be able to fit anywhere in life.

The atmosphere was pleasant. A large and cosy living room lighted only by a fireplace served as dance floor. Most of the faces were familiar, a few new to me, none striking or out of the ordinary. Most people had found a partner for the night, and those who had not engaged in either hunting for one or gregariously talking and dancing among themselves. From time to time the door bell would announce a new arrival.

For the sake of being sociable, I danced a few times. After a few martinis, however, I felt transported to that point of intoxication where it is pleasant to sit and observe, but where one wonders whether attempting to move around would be wise. So I went back to my corner.

As I practiced a useless rummage through my pockets looking for a match, a lighter got into my way. All I saw was the small flame and a masculine hand holding the apparatus. The soft notes of an instrumental started to be heard.

"Get up and let's dance," my helper requested, as he practically dragged me to the dance floor. Enervation made it easier not to argue or attempt to resist. I adopted for just leaning against his warm body. My head was lost amid a world of liquor and smoke; closing my eyes and relaxing was the only way to avoid passing out.

His caress became more intimate, producing soon the expected results. My hands felt his soft hair, his damp neck. And, as his mouth brushed my neck slowly, reacting as the most experienced wanton, I pushed his head passionately against my skin. Our lips found each other's. His masculinity steamed against my flesh. I thought of taking a look at his face, but it really did not matter much who he might be or what he might look like. I knew what I was yearning for; there was no use in complicating the situation.

(cont. on page 12)

EVENTS TO COME

The officers and Executive Board of MANDRAKE take great pride in announcing that Mr. Paul R. Goldman has accepted our invitation to be guest speaker on October 7th.

Mr. Goldman was graduated from the University of Illinois and admitted to the Bar in 1929. He has been concerned with the representation of the homophile movement for 42 years. He headed the Illinois delegation concerned with the change of law in Illinois which culminated in its present status. He counseled with the Homosexual Law Reform Society of England resulting in the change there in 1966 to the law patterned after the Illinois statute. He has appeared in almost every state in the United States as well as the Federal Court on the trial level in litigation involving the homophile and administrative hearings in the Immigration Department. He has lectured extensively throughout the country and has chaired many committees relative to the rights of the homophile. Mr. Goldman is presently engaged in extensive litigation in Chicago as well as consultant to lawyers in other jurisdictions.

This is a man well worth hearing and we hope to have 300 or more on that evening. The place of Mr. Goldman's address will be announced later.

Arrangements are being made for a dinner prior to Mr. Goldman's address. This dinner will be open for anyone who wishes to attend and who makes his or her reservation. Final plans are not yet complete, but we feel sure the dinner will cost no more than six dollars, which will include tax and gratuity. The place for the dinner will also be announced at a later date, however, if you wish to make your reservations early you may do so by sending your check or money order to: MANDRAKE SOCIETY, P.O. Box 7213, St. Louis, Missouri 63177.

Please Note: All checks and money orders should be accompanied with a letter or short note stating the reason for the money.

The Vice - President Speaks Out

By the time most of our members and friends have read this article our President will have left St. Louis for an extended vacation which may span three or four months. To him we wish every happiness and look forward to his safe return. While he is traveling we fully expect to be kept well informed of what is happening in similar organizations in other parts of the country.

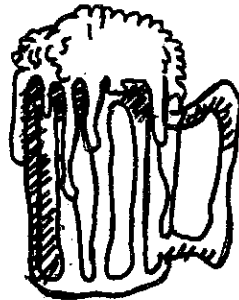
As our Constitution provides in such cases, I will become MANDRAKE'S President "Pro Tem". It is my fondest hope that I will be able to count on and depend heavily upon MANDRAKE'S members and friends for their continued help and support. I do hereby pledge myself to each of you in any manner in which I may be of service or help. My time will be yours for the mere asking.

Our Executive Board has voted in favor of having only one meeting a month during June, July, and August. Such meetings will be on the 1st Wednesday of each month in the Parish Hall of Trinity Episcopal Church. Since we will be having only one meeting each of those months let's try to make them truly outstanding. Let's have a good attendance each time. Let's prove that our organization continues to grow in all seasons. It is my hope that each of our present members will use the summer season to inspire at least one new person to affiliate with MANDRAKE.

Several different suggestions have been made for summer-time activity as a group. As such plans are completed you will be kept informed as to date, time, and place. In closing I should like to stress once again the need for each and every member to do his or her individual part to continue building our organization. Our existence is well known now and it is our indispensable duty to make it an organization to be appreciated and respected in the community. My question to each of you....What are you as a MANDRAKE member doing to help?

It is with sincere regret that we announce that it has come to our attention that one or two persons who own and/or operate business establishments have openly charged that MANDRAKE is trying to damage their business by telling our members to not support them. THIS IS NOT TRUE and we wish it to be made clear that this organization does not tell its members where they may or may not go. This is a matter clearly open for the individual to make his or her own choice. If one is not made to feel welcome in a particular place it is quite possible he or she will not bother to return. MANDRAKE has urged its members to support those businesses which cater to our particular community, and to keep gay dollars in gay places. MANDRAKE also urges its members and friends to support those establishments who advertise in our publication. Clearly, we should take those aforementioned stands.

EVERY WEDNESDAY
Free Food & Sing-a-Long
9 P.M. UNTIL MIDNIGHT



The RED BULL

East St. Louis,
Illinois

EVERY THURSDAY



9 P.M. UNTIL MIDNIGHT

All The Draft Beer You Can Drink --- \$1.00 Per Person

LOVE WITH A STRANGER (cont.)

Thus, when he whispered we should go to his place, it did not occur to me to offer resistance, and he dragged me out much the same way he did it before.

The contact with a soft vinyl seat made me fall asleep. It felt like a matter of seconds, but it must have been longer, for when my senses returned I was lying down in what appeared to be a bed, covered by a silk sheet. A strong hand massaged my shoulders and neck. I recollected the events immediately, and surprisingly fast considered my stage of intoxication, the same sensuousness felt moments earlier took hold of my constitution again. He realized then that I had recovered my senses.

"So you are alive!" His breath felt warm against my ear. I reached over and kissed him, guiding his body until it rested on top of mine. In frantic desire, his lips traveled all over me. My nature craved to be possessed, and, as knowing it, he finally took the decisive step.

His movements, slow and conscious at the beginning, grew gradually faster. I could feel his energetic contortions, and attempting to prove myself strong, I strove with all my might to make the battle of the sexes arduous. He endured more than I expected, for he was not only concerned with his own summit, but with mine as well.

As a recalcitrant soldier, he moved now slowly, now fast, but thoroughly aware of the enemy's reaction. And the enemy felt overwhelmingly defeated by the powerful attack. The climax of that war was held until a dull moan coming from the deepest of me denounced absolute surrender... Tenseness for a few seconds, then complete release, vibrations down to the bones, mental and physical blankness short of lethargy, life itself transmitted from body to body as polycolor sparkles, shining in the darkness of my mind led me to a country of brilliance, beauty, and glory...

I must have slept peacefully for several hours, for when I woke up my mind felt clear and my body relaxed. It was difficult to guess the time of the day by looking at the windows; the gold drapes were too thick to filter enough light. My eyes adapted to the penumbra after a while. Next to me, my companion moved a bit as if he were going to awake, sighed and moved an arm across his torso. I noticed the masculine virility of his hairy chest, his strong arms, his elongated fingers. He was fast asleep, and I took advantage to contemplate him fully and in detail for the first time. His fleshy lips, slightly parted, contrasted with the shadow of his beard. The thickness of his eyebrows and his black hair complemented his face, giving it a distinct quality difficult to translate into words. The thin sheet outlined his physique in all its completeness. A handsome partner had I been with the previous night...

I reclined again and started meditating -- about my life. A clock outside was beginning to toll. How was it all going to end? The one-night stands were becoming as boring as the loneliness of my adolescent years. How would it all end? I felt utterly helpless. There was no visible door of escape, no way of changing.

My companion, meanwhile, had awakened and looked at me grinning sort of sardonically. This was all I needed to reach complete depression.

"What's your name?" His voice sounded so secure, so conceited. I realized we had not exchanged names. What difference did it make? I uttered mine with some disdain and heard his with the same attitude. For some reason I kept on disliking the tone of his voice.

"Now what happens? Don't tell me you're embarrassed?"

"Shut up! Would you, please?" I couldn't stand his mocking tone.

He held my face in his hands and attempted to kiss me, but I resisted. I wanted to leave, to get away. Unless I go to sleep unconsciously, it has never been my practice to stay for the night after an adventure, and much less to be sociable the day after.

"Let me go." I tried to escape his caress.

"Why? Is something that important out there? Please don't go." His voice was acquiring a new tone, a touch of tenderness. "Do you have a lover?"

"Of course not," I answered.

"I need one so much." He sounded meditative. "Someone to wait for me, to keep this joint in order. To cook for me and to care for me. Why don't you stay here? I'll support you. Please, think about it."

I was astonished at this unexpected proposition. I had never heard of such a sudden, direct approach.

"What in the hell are you talking about?" I made every word distinct. "It sounds as though you need a combination of maid and sex aid. Are you some kind of a nut?"

I laughed sarcastically, but encountering his eyes changed my attitude, almost frightened me. A mixture of despair, fury and carnal desire reflected on them. With a violent movement he bent over and bit my lips nearly to the point of bleeding. He held my arms tight with his hands and climbed on top of my body. I fought with all my strength to get rid of the frantic embrace.

"You're not escaping. You're not."

(cont. on page 16)



Birthdays

Anniversaries

Contact CECIL For Party Plans



OUR HATS ARE OFF

.....to the Vice-President of MANDRAKE for the extremely wonderful and successful party given at his home on Sunday, May 17th. Upward of 275 people attended and I am sure all had a very good time...Even those who sampled, against their will and fully clothed, the swimming pool.

I am sure all of those who attended will agree that this was the most elaborate and successful party to date this year.

MANDRAKE: something for the girls

HELL NO!!!

That seems to be the reaction of most girls when approached about MANDRAKE. All right - why?? Because of the rumors and lies that have been spread around and grown out of proportion? Because of fear? Because of disinterest? Speak up to MANDRAKE - not behind its back!

Certainly the item in last month's column about discrimination at one of the bars did nothing to make situations smoother. That item was my personal opinion as a lesbian and a member of MANDRAKE. Many members do not agree with me, but the fact that the article was published at all is a testimony to the freedom of expression allowed the membership of MANDRAKE. The repercussions are still being heard, and we do not know yet if the situation at the bar has changed, but at least a lesbian voice has been heard in the gay community.

That voice may not be heard in the future. The people who have spread the rumors and believed the gossip about MANDRAKE already have a voice, and quite a powerful one. Their voices are powerful enough to prevent people from considering membership in MANDRAKE. Now MANDRAKE wants a voice.

LET'S CLEAR UP A FEW THINGS RIGHT NOW!

First, MANDRAKE has not formed a boycott of any gay establishment, nor a conspiracy to close anyone's business. Each member is free to go any place he wants, and if one member does not go into an establishment, that is his business alone. The situation is unnecessary to begin with, and can be changed by communication - whether it will be remains to be seen.

Next, the purpose of MANDRAKE and of this column is not merely to bring the guys and girls together. Bringing us together is only a means to an end. MANDRAKE was established to benefit the entire homosexual community, a community that consists of both men and women. If we, as women and homosexuals, do not attempt to better our own situation, we lose the respect of society, the gay community in general, and, most important, we lose the respect of ourselves. I feel MANDRAKE offers that respect.

Why bother? Unless we can look beyond our own small world, as it is right now, we needn't bother. The times are changing, values are changing, moral codes are changing, attitudes are changing, and MANDRAKE is trying to be an effective part of those changes. We certainly want things to change for our own benefit, but changes are not brought about by a small handful of people. We must be a part of society with a means to let our needs be known. Not by carrying signs, but by quietly and forcefully stating our right to be recognized as an integral part of an established society. We are not sub-humans - we are real people.

MANDRAKE has begun to set up facilities for the gay community in St. Louis. Since this has never been done before, it is slow, but we are in the process of contacting doctors, lawyers, psychiatrists, and religious personnel who are willing to help us out, not in spite of the fact that we are homosexual, and not because we are homosexual. These people recognize that homosexuals do exist and do have characteristics and problems which haven't been dealt with fairly before. We are also planning a conference and dinner for a very prominent lawyer who has been instrumental in changing the laws regarding homosexuals in both Europe and the United States. This could possibly lead to a change of the outdated laws in our own state.

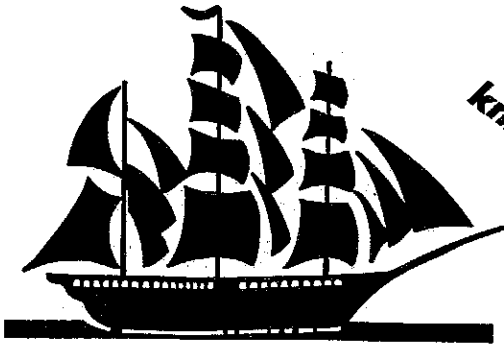
MANDRAKE has not been the petty group of individuals some would make it seem. We do have certain goals, and I feel that they are worthwhile to me as an individual. Whether or not you accept MANDRAKE's goals is up to you. More important, whether or not you participate is up to you.

Apparently, this is beating a dead horse. This column has, so far, brought no positive responses. Some girls are "thinking about" MANDRAKE, some would rather sit around and drink, and exchange gossip. Next month's newsletter will not carry this column unless it brings some kind of response - the effort appears to be approaching futility. If you want a voice, your chance is now - if you don't give a damn you can listen to an echo of the past.

PEACE AND LOVE, LESBIANS!!!!

EXCITING IMPORTS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

curios



knick-knacks

World

BAZAAR

301 NORTHWEST PLAZA

Saint Louis needs Mandrake
and Mandrake needs you!

Love,
Barbara

SMOKEY'S DEN

127 North Fifth St.
Springfield, Ill.



ENTERTAINMENT BY

THE SMOKETTES

Miss Bobbie
Miss Charlotte
&
Tracy Leigh

3 BIG SHOWS EVERY FRIDAY
SATURDAY
SUNDAY

OPEN 7 NITES A WEEK

LOVE WITH A STRANGER (cont.)

Changing his attitude suddenly, he kissed me again delicately, tenderly, while his hands caressed my hair and face. In the same mild way, his body began to move slowly on top of mine... Changing his pace for a moment and to my complete surprise, he suddenly shifted my body and penetrated me in one single movement. I almost fainted. It felt like being torn inside. But just momentarily, for then he ceased to move and I relaxed. I opened myself to him. My mind had never before felt such tranquility. For the first time in my life I felt peace. And for the first time also I faced my naked loneliness and the necessity to open myself to love. Oh, how many times it must have been within my reach and I didn't notice it! It wasn't going to escape me anymore. Yes, I needed him too; much more perhaps than he needed me.

I moved in with him and reduced my schooling to part-time. My life became a scandal in the eyes of my family. They have finally realized what I am, and I have renounced them until the situation is accepted as it is. My two sisters were the last members of the household to visit me to try, in a trite, but understandable way, to convince me that I should marry, have children, and attempt to lead a "normal" life. Should I think they don't understand me? Do I understand my own motives? Who is this mysterious human being I love? What does he do when he isn't here? I know he has a traveling job, but I haven't bothered to investigate how and where he goes. He is never away for more than two days, and every time he comes to me it brings a new experience. His moods change from elation to melancholy and from tenderness to fury. But he is never cruel. I play I ignore him whenever it is commendable, but I am aware of his existence as much as I am of mine.

Does he know about my inner feelings? Who cares? Does he feel any sentiment towards me or am I just part of the landscape necessary for his comfort? I am not sure. I don't attempt to penetrate his soul and thinking. Let him stay a mystery. I wonder how long this relationship will last. Will we ever get tired of each other and depart? I don't know, and I don't care. For my stranger will be with me tonight. THIS IS ALL THAT MATTERS.



don't BAR
yourself from
the BEST!



VISIT

BOB MARTIN'S

12th & Delmar



Let It Be Known

.....that a resolution has been passed that no one will solicit advertisement for this newsletter. Anyone interested in advertising should get in touch either by oral communication or by letter with the organization and we will be more than happy to print advertisement. Neither will we refuse an advertisement from any interested party. We ask only that discretion be used in advertising.

POET'S CORNER

WAR IS DEATH

WHY MUST I DIE
I'VE ALWAYS HAD A THING FOR LIFE
WAR REAKS OF DEATH
AND YET I MUST GO OFF TO DIE.

ALONE AND FRIGHTENED
I LIE STILL AT NIGHT AND WATCH
WAITING FOR DEATH
PRAYING IT WOULD WAIT TO LONG.

IF IT COMES
THEN FEAR AND SUFFERING WILL LEAVE ME
IF IT DOESN'T
I'VE LOST SOMETHING NEVER TO BE RECOVERED.

WAR CHANGES MAN
LIFE ISN'T THE SAME AS IT WAS AT HOME
FAMILIES AREN'T FORGOTTEN
BUT TEMPORARLY LOST IN CONFUSION OF BATTLES.

AT HOME THERE'S LIFE
UNTIL THAT DREADED LETTER FINALLY CAME
THEN HELL BREAKS LOOSE
YOUNG MEN ARE TRAINED TO KILL AND BE KILLED.

ONLY A FEW REMAIN
JUST ENOUGH TO KEEP A POPULATION GOING
SO WAR WON'T DIE
WE FIGHT TO HAVE FREEDOM, BUT NOT PEACE.

-DEL-

JOIN US NOW!

Membership Application

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

PHONE NUMBER _____

AGE _____ SEX _____

RECOMMENDED BY _____

Please use this space to indicate what mailings you are willing to receive _____

PLEASE NOTE: It is the applicant's responsibility to notify the secretary of an address change and to make arrangements for receiving mail if a pseudonym is used.

Signature _____ Date _____