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'Tomorrow then,' Jim declared as the trees of Central Park seemed to close over the taxi. It appeared as though Tom and he were the only people awake at this small hour of the morning. 'Tomorrow at seven, for dinner . . .'

He felt happy and light and it had all gone too fast . . . It was good to have a jacket now that it had turned almost chilly.

'What is home, Tom?'

'You won't believe it, but I'm from Tobago, British West Indies, a little island north of Trinidad. I must show you the paintings I did of Tobago. I hope you'll like them.'

'I'm sure I will,' Jim said. 'I like everything about Tobago.'

## OUR VALUES

As far as *our values* are concerned, our sense of what the things of this life are really worth, I am sure that we overestimate masculine strength and beauty, and underestimate ourselves. In one sense our homosexual idealism is like that of a boy of ten, hero-worshipping the strength and beauty and glamor of a big boy in the upper forms. Which do you really believe in, the virtue of a handsome lad you may pick up, or the virtue of a Goethe, a Mozart, a Botticelli or Titian? It is not an either/or proposition. It is a question of where you rank these things in your scale of values. I think we overestimate fantastically the virtue of the husky, healthy, nonentities we fall for. Physically, they are the symbols of our ideal. Spiritually, inwardly, in their selves, they are more likely to be mental and moral sobs. And I am writing this from the midst of a nation which worships youth more extravagantly than it ever seems to have been worshipped before.

You and I are not kids any more. And yet, in our spirits we can certainly remain vigorous and young almost until we draw our dying breath. It is the physical sort of man who grows hopelessly old. He lives by and for his body, and his spirit is a shriveled, atrophied little thing. His whole self sickens as his body sickens. His entire being grows weak and flaccid as his body does. His body is damn near all he is. When that fails him he has nothing left.

The value of the handsome lad or young man to you and me is just this: he arouses and brings forth something from within ourselves. The beauty resides in us, rather than in him. He is valuable in that he brings out the creative vision from within ourselves. But do not make the mistake of believing that the handsome young man *is* our vision, that he embodies our dream and our ideal. He is the movie screen. We are the projector and the film.

So take these young fellows for what they are worth. Give them their fair deal, yes. Reciprocity is always in order. But do not give them credit for possessing the beauty, the meaning, which you yourself lend to them. And do not underestimate yourself, for what you see in them is really you, it is the product of the union of your own spirit and your own soul.

L. A., USA (*from a letter*).

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**Dänemark:** 'Förbundet af 1948' — Postbox 1023, Kopenhagen K.  
Zeitschrift «PAN». Klubversammlung jeden Freitag:  
Admiralkroen, Boldhusgade 2, Kopenhagen.

**Deutschland:** Es wird uns mitgeteilt, dass die Gesellschaft für Menschenrechte seit dem 31. Dezember 1955 aufgelöst ist. Die Kameraden werden gebeten, *keine Mitgliedsbeiträge mehr auf das Postcheckkonto der GfM zu überweisen und von Briefsendungen abzusehen.*

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**Norwegen:** Det Norske Forbundet av 1948, boks 1305, Oslo.

**Schweden:** «Riksförbundet för sexuellt likaberättigande», Box 850, Stockholm 1  
(Bund für sexuelle Gleichberechtigung)

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«MATTACHINE SOCIETY», Post Office Box 1925, Main Post Office,  
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