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Lewd Material in Los Angeles Mail Charged

WASHINGTON. (P) Senator Wiley (R-Wis.), said today present anti-pornography laws are "shockingly inadequate" and that he plans to introduce legislation in the next Congress to tighten them.

"Present statutes barring lewd material from the mails are grossly inadequate to protect our youngsters," he said.

* * *

AS AN ILLUSTRATION, Wiley cited to a reporter a recent letter he received from the Post Office Department stating it did not have a legal basis to bar a magazine published at Los Angeles devoted to homosexuals.

Wiley earlier in the year had written Postmaster General Summerfield protesting against use of the mails to transmit the magazine.

In the reply to Wiley's letter, Abe M. Goff, solicitor of the Post Office Department, said the postmaster at Los Angeles had sent in specimen copies of the magazine that were not sent as sealed first class mail.

* * *

GOFF SAID the issues were devoted to the legal and social position of homosexuals and added:

"They have not contained matter of an obscene, lewd, lascivious or filthy character within the meaning of the said section of the law as those terms have been defined by the courts.

"Therefore, there is no legal basis for excluding the magazine from the mails and the postmaster has been instructed accordingly."

one

MIAMI

HURRICANE

one

NOVEMBER 1954
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

*** ONE is a non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view ... 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 the current moral and social standards.**

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

Carlyle

The Homosexual Magazine

Volume Two

Number Nine

November 1954

CONTENTS

Miami Hurricane	Lynn Pedersen	4
Research Council Progress Report		9
Fete, a poem	Clifford Alexander	11
A Gentleman's Pleasure	James Barr	12
The Snare, a story	Jody Shotwell	14
"FROM HERE TO ETERNITY" HURTS HOMOSEXUALS	Gilbert Williams	18
The Length of a Match, a poem	Alden Kirby	19
The Homosexual	D. Mauroc	20
Lenny's Hideaway	Jane Arriety	23
Letters		24

Managing Editor

Ann Carl Reid

Associate Editors

Lyn Pedersen—Research

Robert Gregory—Fiction

Kay Reynard—Women's Dept.

Armando Quezon—International

Bureau of Public Information

Marvin Cutler

Contributing Editors

James Barr

Donald Webster Cory

Don Slater

Art Director

Eve Elloree

Circulation Manager

David L. Freeman

Business Manager

William Lambert

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MIAMI HURRICANE

by lyn pedersen

Aug. 3, '54: Man's body found on "Lover's Lane" near U. S. 1 in North Miami, Fla. Yellow convertible nearby—seat bloodstained—.22 caliber shell on floor.

August and September hurricanes known familiarly as Barbara, Carol, Dolly and Edna twisted by Miami, did their damage elsewhere. Not so the trumped-up twister that rose from William Simpson's death and raged forth in conjunction with the unbridled ambitions of several Florida politicians.

Simpson, an Eastern Air Line steward, had flown from Detroit the night before. He shared a downtown Miami room with another unmarried EAL steward. His landlady called him a "nice quiet boy."

Baffled police in neighborhood check come up with charge Simpson was homosexual—and that a colony of homosexuals inhabited the neighborhood—and of course, such colonies are ruled by a queen.

"Was Simpson the queen?" police asked.

"No. The queen is . . ." (prominent citizen named.)

"How many of you are there? Twenty or forty?"

"Oh, more than that."

"A hundred?"

one

"Make it closer to five hundred."

Putting two and twaddle together, detectives guessed if Simpson hadn't been the queen, perhaps he'd been a sort of royal pretender, killed by his rival.

Someone mentioned seeing a youth often hitchhiking on Biscayne Blvd., trailed by another youth in a green Chevy. A racket?

The fatal shell came from an Italian Beretta. Such a pistol was registered to 19-year-old Charles Lawrence, identified as the suspicious hitchhiker. He said he'd shot Simpson in self defense against improper advances. Story full of contradictions. His friend Richard Lewis Killen, age 20, owner of the green Chevrolet, was picked up and confessed that Charlie would hitch rides from homosexuals, whom they would rob. Both youths carried guns. Taken to the murder scene, they proudly described the escapade.

Simpson had allegedly picked up Lawrence, bought him a coke and driven to a spot where a sex act was performed. Lawrence then shot Simpson in the side, ordered the man from the car, took his keys and wallet and let him stagger away fatally wounded. (Stories conflict on where Killen was at time of shooting.) They buried the Beretta nearby in Biscayne Bay.

... A STANDING JOKE ...

Later, Simpson might have seemed the criminal and those pretty youths his victims. Killen's wife, in a lacrimose interview: "Miami did this to us—Louis always read his Bible—Louis didn't plan it—I never cared for Charlie—scared of him." Contradicting her husband, she said he was in on Charlie's racket only that one fatal time. "Why don't they clean this place up? Ask any kid and they'll tell you if you want money, just go down to Bayfront Park where such people are. It's a standing joke."

... THE BIG BLOW ...

A hurricane is a rare congress of winds. They blow hot and cold. In Florida politics, hot and cold air is a common by-product. Some say the prime product is kept in pork barrels. To twist the metaphor further, grafty politics welcomes a big blowout such as witchhunt.

... QUOTES ...

MIAMI DAILY NEWS: "A 1952 city ordinance banned the femmics" (female impersonators) "in attempt to discourage congregation of sex perverts. Another attempt last winter to rid community of these undesirables . . . Time for Dade County Grand Jury to investigate . . ."

POLICE LT. CHESTER ELDREDGE: "Estimate of 5,000 perverts in Greater Miami too conservative—closer to 6,000 or 8,000. Fortunate there have been no more violent crimes involving them. The sex pervert or deviate is an individual who has reached the age of reason, yet knowingly disregards the idea of reproduction . . . The sexual criminal almost without exception is product of either bad heredity or poor environment . . . deviate found not alone among poor and illiterate, but among well educated and so-called blue-bloods of society . . . Perhaps an attempt should be made to awake respect for God, parents, property, authority and our fellowman in general . . . only reliable method of combatting development of homosexuals is education . . . if we had a psychiatric hospital with proper facilities . . ."

MIAMI HERALD: "Shoulder-shrugging by police is cause of Miami's reputation as comfortable haven for homosexuals . . . A publication claiming to speak for them actually commended Chief Headley last December 'for your refusal to wholeheartedly support current hysteria' . . . Powder Puff Lane has become equivalent of old red light district."

DR. PAUL KELLS, interviewed in **MIAMI NEWS:** "Little hope for returning the established homosexual to a socially acceptable sexual pattern." Warned against group hysteria; distinguished between homosexuals and sex psychopaths, and also between proselytizers and those who have "a sense of social responsibility and will go to great extremes to conceal their plight." Denied normal homosexuals could be spotted by physical characteristics. Denied men with feminine qualities tended to be homosexual. Interview so worded and headlined as to give almost the opposite impression of the actual quotes.

JACK ROBERTS, **MIAMI NEWS:** "Is Greater Miami in danger of becoming a favorite gathering spot for homosexuals and sexual psychopaths? . . . California homosexuals have organized to resist interference by police, established their own magazine and are constantly crusading for recognition as a normal group, a so-called third sex. In January issue of their magazine Chief Romeo Shepard was

roasted to a turn for a raid . . . The cover showed young man in bathing trunks facing Biscayne Bay. Beside figure was heading: 'Miami Junks The Constitution'."

COMMISSIONER RANDALL CHRISTMAS: "Unfortunate that we cannot pick up these people without valid complaints or until they have committed some crime . . ."

ROBERTS, again: "The latter day emperors of Rome were perverts. Their deeds have been recorded for history, but are too sordid to recount here. Considerable evidence the top men in Hitler's Third Reich were perverts. The modern day homosexual points to the fact that Socrates was of their nature. But they fail to point out that Greece was in the throes of moral degeneration when Rome took over." ((And that eminent historian, Jack W. Roberts, fails to point out Socrates had been dead 253 years when Rome took over. The news, perhaps, hasn't reached him yet.—L.P.))

Letter to MIAMI HERALD: "Term Pervert, as applied to dead people, should have to be proven before being bandied about. Seems all a murderer has to do in our city these days is to piously proclaim his victim a pervert and have all the sob sisters weeping on his shoulder."

MIAMI POLICE CHIEF WALTER HEADLEY: "If I ran all the homosexuals out of town, members of some of the best families would lead the parade."



... THE CASE OF THE SNICKERING COPS ...

Fri., Aug. 13: Miami Beach Police Chief Romeo Shepard personally led a "flying squad of raiders" who fearlessly "swooped down on the public bathing area at 22nd street and the ocean and herded 35 males to headquarters for questioning." Two headed for the deep sea but were pulled in by lifeguards . . . "The raid was executed with all the advance planning and secrecy of an amphibious landing" . . . Romeo explained there'd been "numerous complaints" of "males who act mighty like girls." Six were booked for disorderly conduct for failing to give a good account of themselves. (What does that mean? A cash transaction, perhaps?—L.P.) The rest released after questioning. Charges later dropped against all but two, who were fined \$10 each. Some had worn bathing suits "that caused snickers from police"—bikinis and such, "shocking pink, daring cerise and a leopard skin pattern."

That night Sheriff Tom Kelly led a surprise raid with 44 deputies on 11 Miami and Beach bars. The bruiser boys were given floor plans of each bar, but warned against the use of any "unnecessary rough stuff . . . They are still protected by laws, and the Constitution is still in effect in Dade County." (Complaining or apologizing, Sheriff?—L.P.) 53 persons seized and 19 booked, including one minor and one "fighting barmaid" charged with "striking a deputy and interfering with the raiders." Ostensible purpose of the raids: to check venereal disease. All but one of 19 held for weekend, released Monday (but for two) on \$500 bail apiece. Attorneys protest VD law had not before been used as pretext for keeping suspects in jail (excepting prostitutes.) Kelly said any found to have VD would be kept in jail till cured!

Two days later, eight Beach detectives, "clad only in bathing suits," found beaches "crowded, but not with perverts." Again, our Romeo personally led the intrepid sleuths.

... OTHER VOICES IN THE WIND ...

Capt. Louis Allen, Miami Police Juvenile Aid Bureau: "Not more than 5% of homosexuals are psychotic or potential child molesters . . . Parents must face problem . . . of teen-age boys going out looking for homosexuals, to roll them, or submit for money."

College student Bill Kofoed wrote in MIAMI HERALD of being thrice propositioned in "infamous Bayfront Park." "The second fella who moved over to my seat, a big football player type" got suspicious and Mr. Kofoed, who allowed he was outweighed by 50 pounds, decided to withdraw quickly to a spot closer to uniformed patrolmen.

Man convicted of homosexual offense suddenly withdrew counter charge against man who'd "led him on" and turned him over to police. Several law officers testified in behalf of Leonard Odom, whom Judge Cecil Curry characterized as "just as guilty" as man he entrapped.

... THE GOVERNOR IN A HURRY ...

Acting Gov. Charlie Johns (former State Senate head, who succeeded to governorship when popular Dan McCarty died last year, and who lost May primaries to LeRoy Collins who'll take office in January) rumored planning to bounce Sheriff Kelly on charge Kelly permits gambling and perversion in Dade. Miamians seemed to feel this was a cheap political move and that some of the evidence was "slightly doctored."

Bouncing officials is a main feature of Johns' administration—he recently dramatically replaced several top Game Commissioners, while others resigned, charging undue political pressure by Johns (to cancel policies and give business to friends at added cost of \$3,000) and "pork-barrel appointments."

Meantime Gov.-Nominee Collins successfully tied up in courts Charlie Johns' pet "bobcat turnpike" project which Collins said would obstruct statelength turnpike. (Cost estimates for "bobcat" mysteriously hiked 43% to \$89 million after Johns fired turnpike authority members appointed by McCarty.)

Sept. 9: Johns appointed a young attorney Morey Rayman to "coordinate Miami campaign against perverts." Rayman should be busy—member of Miami boxing commission and Johns also gave him charge of workmen's compensation claims in area.

Rayman urged caution: "Mistake to think Miami has some special responsibility to launch drive against perverts in general. Embarrassing questions asked of law-abiding citizens could give city bad name, and false arrest could lead to expensive court actions."

Charlie Johns seemed concerned with using issue to hit at political opponents. He was pushing a County-Unit Voting proposal for Florida giving each county same voting ratio. By such a system he'd have won the May primaries.

In radio address he complained "Certain newspapers tried to sabotage my program of strict law enforcement by continually publishing false and untrue statements that no gambling and vice existed in certain counties. Apparently they were trying to cover up for some of their pet officials." Also called some papers "tax dodgers."

... WHAT I READ IN THE PAPERS ...

Despite talk of homosexual crime wave, actual scandals in this hectic period seemed respectably heterosexual (except Simpson's murder and a story imported from New Zealand.)

Samples: Man killed wife; another killed wife's lover; bawdy house raided; San Salvadorean stripper found Courts lenient when she snarled traffic by stripping near highway to skincolor bikini and going wading; again when she and another woman brawled outside a bar;

Orlando contractor tried for plotting murder of man and two wealthy women; rapist held in secret jail; diving instructor charged with molesting young girl;

Martha Raye and woman bashed with rum bottle by Coral Gables contractor who objected to Miss Raye objecting to his calling waiter "stinky";

17-year-old boy suicide (father's charge of homosexual murder discounted by police) roped at ankles and neck between two trees, nearly nude and with "girlie magazine" clutched in hand. Officials suggest cutting down trees in area.

... THE MAYOR AND THE POLICE CHIEF ...

A sharp politician likes to know how the wind blows. In a forum on homosexuality (see ONE, Feb., 1954 pg. 4) Mayor Abe Aronovitz opined that homosexuals should not be persecuted or hounded—"They need kindly understanding." He added heavy qualifications, such as statement he knew nothing about the matter. But that was before the matter became a juicy political football.

While Chief Headley and City Manager E. A. Evans were on vacation, the Mayor cut loose with radio blast charging coddling of homosexuals. Attacking Headley's policy of permitting homosexuals in certain bars "so police can watch them," Aronovitz threatened to fire Evans and Headley if all homosexual bars were not closed. He asked city attorney J. W. Watson, Jr., to draft new city ordinances (to class homosexuals as vagrants; to outlaw selling liquor to them, etc.) He later complained "crackpots and perverts" were upsetting his wife by "threatening and insulting phone calls."

Headley promised cooperation within the law, but couldn't go around arresting people just because they looked like homosexuals. If the Mayor would get a law against looking like that . . .

John Orr, Rep.-nominee, noted it would cost taxpayers plenty to deal properly with problem without infringing on anyone's constitutional rights. "I know you can't legislate that people must act as normal human beings."

City Manager Evans, back from Canada, seemed uncertain how to act, sided first with Headley, then ordered all-out police harassment against bars catering to homosexuals. After Sept. 2nd, police hit each bar on list several times nightly, looking for any minor violations. Most of the bars closed "for lack of customers"—others almost deserted. A bartender arrested for "noisy jukebox," another for serving a drunk, two others for serving a 20-year-old Marine (turned over to M.P.s). Six women picked up in lesbian bar and four men "vagged" in Bayfront Park.

Aronovitz suddenly flays other Commissioners for blocking his "beneficial legislation."

Sept. 10: Acting Solicitor Allsworth of Fort Lauderdale opened "his war on perverts" by setting up complete file on all who've been arrested in Florida. Received bulky files from Dade County and the F.B.I. Planned to press for legislation to hospitalize all deviates who want to be cured, and imprison all others, whether or not they've been convicted of crimes.

... THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO US—? ...

Many readers not living in Southern California have been admonishing ONE's editors to talk less about unfair treatment of homosexuals (they assure us there are no problems except in Los Angeles.) Since most of us on ONE have lived elsewhere, we know that vice-squad malpractices and badly written laws and such evils are roughly nationwide, and a problem ONE cannot ignore. Nor do we feel that other members of society, interested in protecting their own civil rights can much longer afford to ignore the flagrant infringement of civil rights of persons who happen to be homosexual.

The Miami story illustrates what trumped up hysteria can do in a few weeks to any city in the United States. Corrupt politicians and opportunistic demagogues can endanger any community that permits itself to be herded into pogrom. It is possible that national policy nowadays makes Negroes and Jews less likely targets for such hate-organizations in the United States. (Open-season still, of course, on Communists, but with so crowded a field, its hard for a new man to get a stake here.)

And one begins to realize that by all the requirements, the fantastically large minority of homosexuals is perhaps the top candidate for any new and large scale witch hunt in America.

Now that homosexuality has become mentionable in polite society, the social balance can be seen quickly shifting, as society tries to decide what new attitude it must take to the problem. It seems certain to this author that the shift will be fast, and the new attitude drastic, and that it will determine in large part the extent to which this nation remains a free and open society.

RESEARCH COUNCIL PROGRESS REPORT

Its Articles of Incorporation authorize ONE "to stimulate, sponsor, aid, supervise and conduct research of every kind and description pertaining to socio-sexual behavior." Numerous items of literary and historical research have appeared in the magazine during its first two years. From time to time, and as more material becomes available, abstracts and monographs will be issued covering important aspects of literature and history that many of the so-called "standard" critics, biographers and historians have either glossed over, ignored, or suppressed entirely.

In the first issue of the magazine there was a scholarly analysis, prepared by an attorney, of the legal term "Entrapment." Items of authoritative legal research have regularly appeared since that date. It is hoped that ONE's files may become a valuable source of information for attorneys and others interested in laws affecting homosexuals.

In the social and biological sciences, as well as in the field of medicine, serious research workers are painfully aware of the extremely tentative and conjectural nature of the larger part of past "scientific" study of socio-sexual behavior. Warring schools of psychology, psychoanalysis, endocrinology, and others have fired salvos of theories, hypotheses, "analyses," and badly digested, or inaccurate laboratory experimentation back and forth with a reckless abandon which might be sardonically amusing to those concerned, were it not that sinister and tragic action and attacks have sometimes found justification in "science."

ONE's readers need no reminders as to the fevered legislative hearings held in many states; of the inhumane and unjust laws adopted, perpetuated or extended; of "legalized" castrations; of the indefinite institutional commitments of unfortunate victims on "shotgun" scientific dicta; of the suicides or ruined lives resulting from ignorance of socio-sexual realities.

ONE's Research Council cooperates with individuals, institutions and organizations studying socio-sexual problems. It also conducts independent research projects of its own.

The first cooperative project, with Don Slater representing ONE, was started in the spring of 1953, by a team of three psychologists who had become interested in making a study of the well-adjusted homosexual woman. Studies of Lesbians in prisons, hospitals, or those seeking psychiatric and medical help had previously been made, but the literature concerning the average, employed, socially-adjusted female homosexual has been noticeably limited. Some social scientists even seemed to have assumed that such individuals were non-existent.

ONE (with a few cases supplied from other sources) has continued to furnish the research team with eligible subjects on a volunteer basis. Although these studies are still continuing, and no material is yet ready for publication, two of the scientists, Virginia Armon, graduate student in clinical psychology (currently at work on her doctorate) and Howard Russell, graduate in educational psychology, have supplied ONE with a "Review of the Oedipal Complex", extracts from which are here included. Their summary of this well-worn subject, which has been so widely used by the incautious as a peg from which to hang theories of homosexuality, brings a good common-sense reappraisal of the whole topic and should help many whose reading in current psychological literature may have been limited to keep abreast of some current trends in the social sciences, as well as to let the general public know something about the work of ONE's Research Council.

A REVIEW OF THE OEDIPAL COMPLEX

By V. Armon & H. Russell

Freud's concept of the Oedipal complex was based on observations of a very limited number of individuals from a particular class, culture and time, and no doubt the most convincing material from one individual, himself. Nevertheless he assumed a universal validity for his theory. The general nature of this phase of development, and the preeminent importance of this nuclear conflict, applied to man everywhere. If universal, then why not innate? To account for the universality, Freud spun another theory: there are primal phantasies which are a phylogenetic possession, memory traces of the experiences of former generations. "Ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny," and in the ontogenetic process calls forth those relevant memories which give form and direction to Oedipal strivings. He developed an ethnological fantasy, that of the primal horde as the origin of society.

Let us trace the stark outlines of Freud's theory of psychosexual development, particularly as it applies to the male. Freud postulated a libidinal drive or energy, which included all strivings for somatic pleasure sensations, but differed from other physiological drives in its modifiability of expression. In the infant, incipient sexual gratifications are connected with the taking of nourishment, with the accompaniment of pleasurable physical gratification from stimulation of the entire body but particularly the erogenous zones. Aside from breathing, a possible exception, all biological needs and their pleasure components must be consummated in interaction with the environment, principally through the intermediating person of the mother. As the child develops the ability to have a concept of the mother as an object aside from himself, she becomes for him the principal object through which he seeks relief of his tensions and gratification of his needs. As mental and physical development proceed to around the

4th and 5th year of life he becomes more aware of the social environment and distinguishes other rivals to uninterrupted access to the mother. Moreover the libidinous strivings take on a more familiar sexual coloring with the increasing intensification and selective identification of genital sensations. Now it is possible for his wishes to become focused upon genital gratification from the mother, and to better comprehend the privileged position of the father, whom he then wishes to displace. Such wishes arouse fear of punishment from his rivals and are doomed to disappointment, so that the child must work out some sort of adjustment to the inevitable frustration. The way in which he works out this adjustment is of crucial importance in the development of his concept of himself, his relations with people of his own sex and of the opposite sex, and the degree of anxiety and guilt with which he must struggle.

It has come to pass that Freud's concepts are household words, and while glib verbal usage does not always mean real understanding, there is no doubt that the Freudian movement culminated in a real revolution in many ideas and attitudes. While "Oedipal Complex" has become a byword, what is the status of this most controversial of all Freudian concepts? One can notice that in psychoanalytic fields the term Oedipal complex is rarely employed, while much discussion is still given to the Oedipal phase or conflict. The former term has too specific and narrow a meaning, while the latter is a useful way of referring to a vast and intricate constellation of psychological events. Most essentially these are concerned with the working out of relationships with the parents, which are the prototypes of all future adjustments to people, to the relinquishing of the omnivorous egocentric demands of infancy for a socialized adjustment to the real world, and to the organization of the

real world, and to the organization of the personality around a concept of the self as an individual.

Psychoanalytic theorists since Freud have changed the staging, complicated the plot, and built up some of the minor roles in the Oedipal drama. The role of the parents in creating an overly erotic tie with the child, because of their own unconscious, unsatisfied needs, has been convincingly elaborated. Strong inferiority feelings may cause the child to maintain an overemotional investment in the parent and avoid reaching out to others. A striving for superiority may direct the child to emulate and attempt to outdo the strongest figure in his environment, resulting in a quasi-sexual competition. Establishing autonomy and striving for self-realization have been presented as the central process to which any sexual needs are subordinate. Throughout, controversy has primarily concerned the nature and importance of sexual drives in development and adjustment to the social world. Some Neo-Freudians do not consider childhood sexual impulses significant in personality development. However, there is considerable evidence that children of 4 and 5 show an intensified interest in an awareness of the genitals, that they frequently express awareness of specific genital sensations, accompanied by emotional expression of excitement and of fear of

the newness and strangeness of these sensations, and that if permitted, they engage in sexual play with others. The child's egocentricity at this age is such that physical experiences have a psychological magnitude often uncomprehended by the adult. Therefore these inner drives do pose an important problem for the child, and must be coped with on a perceptual level as well as on the level of physical tension-systems. In our present day understanding of the conflicts of the Oedipal period, we do not minimize the role of sexual forces, but we better appreciate the importance of other needs and influences, and the total complex interplay of forces in the development of the unique pattern of each life.

Sociologists and anthropologists have by this time demonstrated that the Oedipal Complex is not universal, but occurs only in certain kinds of cultures and varies with the particular social setting. It requires a small, close family unit in a culture which imposes considerable inhibition on sexual expression from early childhood. Such chaff as innate basis, phylogenetic traces, and primal horde theories has easily been blown away, but a rich harvest has accrued. We recognize that there is no more direct route to the understanding of the self and of others, than rediscovering the intense experiences with the first objects of love.

Fete

I was the odd one at the dinner table—

(A lack of planning, perhaps, or a sudden illness)

Six men, six women, and me.

We ate an oyster cocktail,

And talked of love and conquests,

And I was the odd one.

—clifford alexander

A Gentleman's Pleasure

by

James Barr

I cannot speak for my fellow American homosexuals on the Montagu Case in England last March for I do not know what they think of those three unlucky gentlemen who were convicted and imprisoned for having had unnatural relations with two Royal Air Force members. In the first place, other than a few senile titterings from Walter Winchell, a New York columnist with a large, scandal loving following, our newspapers over here gave the case very little space. Secondly, for months at a time, while writing or living in the heart of my family, I am completely isolated from all homosexual contacts other than short business letters to and from publishers on the subject. Such is the case at this time. I speak, therefore, only for myself, and what I've read in the British newspapers.

I believe, with their jury, that Montagu, Wildeblood and probably Pitt-Rivers were guilty as accused in spite of their denials and the logical explanations for their actions. As a homosexual and a writer I have deliberately sought out many people on several social levels other than my own for information and even companionship. Usually intimacies did not occur. Wildeblood was right in saying that writers must know all sorts of people as a part of their trade. That goes almost without saying. He was also correct in stating that some writers, as well as homosexuals, are very lonely people. Why this is true I don't know, but tragically it is. Perhaps, used to manipulating fictional characters as we are, we withdraw from flesh and blood that refuses to be molded as easily to our purposes. This cuts our roster of friends as well as the effectiveness and authenticity of our work dangerously and our loneliness grows by what it feeds on. So far Mr. Wildeblood's excuse for knowing the airmen is acceptable to any unprejudiced jury. Whether or not intimacies occurred is still very much a matter for conjecture at this point in his testimony. But the next point made by the prosecution was a telling one. Why were extremely affectionate letters exchanged by Wildeblood and Airman McNally? Or Montagu, or Pitt-Rivers, and Airman Reynolds? Now I have written love letters that I'd give a lot today to know were beyond the hands of those State employed puppets who officially tear a passion to tatters during such times as the Montagu trial, and to my own possible damnation as well as imprisonment, I must admit that I felt there was a good reason for every expression of affection I set down in writing at the time. Wildeblood's statement that he had been incapable of any physical manifestation of desire for three years makes a good defense against his letters, but it also makes his expressions of tenderness for the serviceman so ironic as to appear ludicrous. Obviously, the prosecution, representing a blue-nosed society, had a fete to the horror of every homosexual who followed the controversy. (And the coincidental appearance of the name, Mc Carthy,

among the inquisitors must have brought forth fresh twinges of revulsion from many present day Americans.)

The situation now must seem to the world to be this: three accused men gambled for their futures and the pride of their families, friends and class by trying to bluff their way past the tenets of an outmoded and unfair law. The price of their loss was the additional weight of possible perjury to their original guilt upon conviction. Now the question is, was it worth it? If these three men were guilty from the beginning, what would have been their punishment had they admitted their true behavior at the time of their arrest? How would the trial have been conducted if each had revealed honestly his guilt to the court? Who would have benefitted the most, homosexuality's friends or its enemies, progressive or reactionary society? It is asking much of men in their positions to admit to sexual irregularities before the world, but isn't it also asking too much for any man to brand himself a liar in order to save an already questionable respect and position in present day society?

Only last year Sir John Gielgud was brought before a British magistrate for soliciting the attentions of other men. His defense was simple, admitting guilt, pleading fatigue and intoxication. His sentence was a fine, a reprimand and an order to see a doctor.

The cases have their similarities and I, for one, believe Gielgud chose the wiser course. This terrible decision may face you or me before the day you read this article ends. Naturally, any of us should seek legal advice first, but then what do we do? To confess is to put ourselves at the mercy of our enemies. To fight may give us temporary freedom. But to deliberately lie may bring forth not only an additional wrath and contempt from our peers, but the disgust of our own consciences. There, I should think, is the gravest danger. For myself, when that time comes, and I believe it will, I think I will make a clean breast of the whole thing and take a chance on the understanding of my fellow citizens, for it is my belief that honesty will do more to win mass respect for our plight than anything else. One day recognition and equality shall be ours if the world does not revert to the moral follies of the hide-bound, church-ridden past. Will adding ethical insult to moral injury hasten, or delay, the process?

Peter Wildeblood's message to his mother in the recent Montague trial, before sentence was passed:

"The jury are out now. But whatever they decide I do not want you to be ashamed of anything I have done. Be glad, rather, that at last a little light has been cast on this dark territory in which, through no fault of their own, many thousands of other men are condemned to live in loneliness and fear!"

Reprinted from DER KREIS/LE CERCLE
May 1954

the snare

jody shotwell

Don hesitated a few seconds in the hotel lobby before going into the bar. Pitted against all of the reasons he should not go in, there was only one argument; he wanted to. He couldn't afford it. Even beer cost twice as much here as it did at the **Town Tavern**. He would stay out later than he should, and he had to get up early. These were the practical reasons. They were not the most important. The most important reason he should not go in was, damnably enough, the very reason he felt compelled to . . . Ken was behind the bar.

When Don moved back here, three years ago, to this small town of his birth, he came with a feeling of renunciation. He was getting on toward the sad side of middle-age. He was tired of the city, of the bars, the one-night-stand conquests. He was bored with the new crop of upstarts in the places he had frequented for years.

"I don't know," he found himself echoing endlessly, "there just don't seem to be any interesting people around any more. Was a time you could walk the length of this bar and there wouldn't be one who didn't at least have **something** to recommend him: Either he was a writer, or a painter, you know. Now they're machines. Nothing but machines."

So, he had given up his job, his apartment, and that phase of his life, and had come home. He boiled when old friends accused him of "taking the veil" but it was true. He rented a little gate-house which was part of an estate that had once belonged to his great-grandfather. He had a garden and he tended it passionately. He got a job in the local stationery store and made just enough to pay the small rent, keep him fed, clothed, and occasionally wined. Once in awhile he was called upon to paint a mural in one of the stores, or a portrait of someone's child. This provided him with oils, canvasses, records and books.

And he "played it straight." In a province like this, where everybody knew everybody else's business, he would have had to, even if he hadn't planned to. There were still people here who had known him as a child. He had relatives scattered about the countryside. All of them, friends and relations alike, had long ago accepted him as an eccentric. He painted, played the piano, and when he was eighteen he had run off to New York and "play-acted." But he was Judge Kimball's grandson, so he had been condoned.

And he had been happy and complacent in this new life. He felt he had escaped the fate that hung over the heads of all aging homosexuals . . . no one would ever call him an "old auntie." But now he had met Ken, and he was no longer complacent, and no longer sure.

He had seen Ken on the streets in town, but had turned his eyes and his thoughts away as he did from all young men now. It was the night his old friend Clyde came out to visit him for the first time since he moved, that he actually met the youth. Clyde had money and insisted upon going to the best bar available. They went to the hotel. They sat at the bar, and when Ken took their order and went up-bar to fill it, Clyde raised his eyebrows and said, "What's **that** doing buried out here in Siberia?"

"Take it easy," Don pleaded. "I'm not noticing any more. This is home base for me now, remember?"

The young bartender brought the drinks and picked up Clyde's money with a friendly smile.

"What're you drinking?" Clyde asked, invitingly.

"The same as you . . . if we were allowed." Ken's face took on the rueful look of a child denied his third ice-cream cone. Then he spread his arms in mock despair, said "C'est la rules!" and executed a few dance steps down the bar to another customer.

"Charming!" sighed Clyde. "I'll be out to see you often, my dear."

"No!" Don exclaimed. "Oh, I don't mean for you not to come, but for God's sake, play it straight!"

But Clyde didn't come out again for a long time, and meanwhile Don battled his desire to go again to the hotel bar. He drank at Harry's and the Tavern, and forced himself to conversation with the fight-fiends there. When fat and friendly Angelo served him his beer, the image of Ken's fascinating face swam before his eyes.

Now, three weeks later, he had succumbed. He went in. The man behind the bar was not Ken. The relief he felt left him weak. Now he could have one drink and go. The place was dull tonight. The other patrons talked quietly and there was none of the rollicking spirit of an old English inn that had prevailed the first time. Don realized that it was Ken who had created it. He was a clown. He had danced, sung, carried naughty jokes from one end of the bar to the other, until everybody was laughing together.

He drained his glass and turned to leave when someone swung onto the stool beside him.

"Where's your friend?" asked Ken. Don felt his heart sink.

"Oh, hello," he managed to say casually. "What's this, a busman's holiday?"

"Yup. I always come here on my night off . . . to drink those drinks I have to refuse when I'm working." He flashed that smile again.

"Well, in that case, let me buy you the one my friend offered."

"I accept with thanks . . . to your friend." Did Don imagine a trace of mockery about the young man's mouth? If it was there, it didn't stay long enough for him to be sure.

The atmosphere of the room changed magically with Ken's arrival. Don stayed until closing. He had a wonderful time. They left together, walking tipsily down the darkened streets. They were within two blocks of Don's house when it came to him with a jolt that Ken had accompanied him as naturally as though he had been asked.

"Where do you live?" Don asked.

"What's the difference," Ken replied. "I'm coming with you." Don stopped dead.

"Wa-ait a minute," he said. "It's late. I don't think that would be a good idea."

"I've gotta come with you," Ken argued, as though Don were suddenly responsible for him. "I can't go home now. My wife'll murder me."

They were walking again, slowly. Don deliberately turned a wrong corner, to delay the arrival at his door. He needed time to think this thing out.

"I didn't realize you were married," he said. "You're awfully young."

"I'm twenty-six."

"And I'm nearly fifty." Don had to say that. He felt the necessity to throw every weapon at hand at the terrible compulsion that beset him. They were passing the park now and Don suggested that they sit for awhile on a bench.

"Let's talk this thing over," he said.

So they sat, and Ken told him about getting a girl in trouble last year and having to marry her.

"She's a nice kid," he said. "But she's a dope. I've got a swell little boy, though!" He said this defensively although Don had offered no comment at all.

"Go home," he urged. "I'm sure it will be all right. I'll even walk you home if you want."

"Have you got anything to drink at your place?" Ken demanded. Don answered truthfully before he could stop himself.

"I have a bottle of sherry."

"Well let's go, I gotta have a drink."

What's wrong with giving the kid a drink, Don debated with himself. Give him a drink and let him talk his troubles away.

"Okay" he sighed. "Let's go."

Ken was enchanted with the little house. He snapped out of his dejection the moment he entered, and became a third person; no longer the clown or the troubled boy, but now a wide-eyed child in a wonderland. He exclaimed

over the paintings on the wall, marveled at the hundreds of books, examined the shell collection. Don poured a sherry for each of them and sat down in school-masterly fashion at his table.

His tour over, Ken sat and sipped his drink.

"I knew there was something different about you," he said.

"What do you mean?" replied Don, warily. Ken drained his glass. He blew a few smoke rings before replying.

"All this. I never saw a place like this before. It's interesting . . . you're interesting." His voice died into a whisper, and his hand that held the cigarette dropped to his side. Don jumped up and took the cigarette before it could burn the persian-printed spread. Ken was asleep.

After that night, Don went no more to the hotel bar. He didn't have to, because Ken came to him. He came to Don when, as he put it, he was "filled up to here" with ordinary people and things. Don never knew when he would come or why he came. He might stay away for weeks, then suddenly be there, reading or sleeping on the bed when Don came home from work. He had told Don the second time he came that he knew he was "that way." Don had been shaken. He had made no advances, and when he asked how he knew, Ken just shrugged his shoulders and replied that he had met "a lot of them" in the Navy.

"And how do you feel about people like me?" Don had asked.

"When they're like you, fine." Ken evaded, and Don questioned no more.

He couldn't help himself. He was completely bewitched with this many-faceted youngster. His resolutions were all shot to hell. He was comforted only in the thought that Ken sought him out and needed him, yet made no advances. They never met in public, except accidentally, and then they behaved like casual friends. Don felt resurrected. There was new meaning to his days. It was a joy to him to give this boy the things he had missed; the poetry, the music, the books.

What happened seemed to happen suddenly, but in retrospect, Don realized it had been coming on over a period of weeks. Angelo, at Harry's bar, was not as cordial as he used to be. Don thought it was because he went there seldomly now and that Angelo suspected him of patronizing a rival place. Here and there, in stores, and on the street, a few people looked at him curiously and then looked away. And once, when he passed by a group of youths outside of the drugstore, he heard some snickers and a low wolf-whistle. But there were a couple of young girls behind him and he thought nothing of it.

Then, one night, when he came home from working overtime, he saw a light in his house. When he let himself in, it was not Ken. A young man whom Don knew only slightly was sitting in his armchair, drinking his wine. Don knew they called him Chuck and hadn't ever spoken more than a "Hi!" to him. His jaw dropped.

"What are you doing here!" he demanded. His heart was pounding with indignation. Chuck grinned abashedly, and his face reddened.

"I-I'm sorry," he stammered. "B-but Ken said he knew it would be all right with you. . ."

"Did Ken give you the key to my house?"

"Yes. But he said you wouldn't mind. He wanted me to meet you."

Now that Don saw that the chap was nervous and shy, his anger abated a little.

"Well it's a hell of a way to introduce people," he snapped. "Ken had no right to give you or anybody else my key. Why'd he want you to meet me?"

"Well, we're sort of buddies, you know," Chuck explained. "He told me what an interesting place you have here, and all." Don felt a fear growing within him. He poured himself a glass of wine and turned his back so that the young man would not see his shaking hands.

"And all what?" he asked, facing Chuck, still standing.

"Well, what good company you are, and how swell you treat him. He . . . he said you would . . . like me." Chuck was rolling his wine glass between his hands and his eyes were turned floorward.

"I see," said Don. He sat down and really looked at Chuck for the first time. He was attractive, in a gauche way, tall and sandy-haired. Certainly not an object for terror.

"Do y'mind if I have another wine?" Chuck asked.

"Help yourself. Well, now that you're here, you might as well tell me about yourself."

By the next time he saw Ken his reprimands were only half-hearted. He had meant to give him a mighty blasting, to point out the danger of his action. But Chuck was so nice, so simple and likeable, that Don almost felt a kind of gratitude toward Ken. All he said was, "What do you think I'm running here, a flop house?"

Chuck was more predictable than the mercurial bartender. After an evening with Ken, evenings which somehow now became fewer, Don welcomed Chuck's relaxing dullness. He didn't respond much to the music and the poetry read aloud, and after a couple of weeks Don met Chuck openly, spending hours with him in bars, anesthetized to the furtive gossip that accompanied their appearance.

His relations with Ken and Chuck were innocent, he told himself. He had no physical contact with either. He had done nothing to be ashamed of. Yet . . .

Only when he awoke from deep sleep, his defences down, did he begin to feel the faint prickles of doubt and apprehension. When an evening of music, or drinking in the bars was finished and Chuck was gone, Don was aware of a bitterness toward Ken for casting the spell that had reopened closed doors, reawakened desires he did not want to feel. The disenchantment had been gradual and painless, but he felt weak against the necessity of ever closing the doors again. He had never questioned Ken's withdrawal, sensing, without actually knowing, that the answer might destroy him. Also, in these defenceless moments, he could not explain Chuck to himself. Ken, despite his complexity, or perhaps because of it, had been easier to equivocate. He had secret needs and reaches beyond his mundane life. Chuck had not need for the music, the talk of books and art.

But, in the light of morning, when his mind had reset and reorganized its barricades, he arose and went off to work, humming in pleasurable anticipation of meeting Chuck for dinner at six.

One night, five weeks later, Don read until midnight, then gave up waiting for Chuck to appear. He went to bed but couldn't sleep. He had just switched on the light and reached for a cigarette when someone knocked at the door.

An enormous young man smiled at him drunkenly and said "Hi! I'm a friend of Chuck's. Is 'e here?"

"No he's not here," Don replied, annoyed. "I was in bed." The young man swayed forward and braced himself against the door-frame.

"Oh," he said, "I thought maybe he was here."

"Well, he's not, and if you don't mind," said Don, starting to close the door, "I'd like to go back to bed."

"Wait a minute, honey," said the other, an ugly note creeping into his voice. "Don't be like that. Can't you ask a fellow in for a little while?"

Don was frightened as he had never been in his life before. He was no possible match for this alcohol-emboldened brute. Sparring for time, he said, "I don't know you, do I? What's your name?"

"Jus' call me Duke. Never mind about the rest. C'mon, let me in, huh? I'm not feelin' so good. He swayed again, and Don, fortified by desperation, lunged at him and pushed him clear of the door, closed, and locked it. Then he stood there, his head pounding and the perspiration dripping down his body.

On the outside, Duke slammed his fist against the door once and shouted, "For a goddamned queer you're pretty goddamned snooty!" Then Don heard the crunch of gravel under receding footsteps.

Stumbling blindly across the room, he fell on the bed and wept.

"FROM HERE TO ETERNITY"

HURTS HOMOSEXUALS

The New York Film Critics' Award was given to a movie that has been seen by many moviegoers who found it enjoyable entertainment and — if they haven't done so — will want to read the book. The movie version obeyed the Hollywood Code of censorship and deleted what was objectionable in the book from the picture, but a minority group of readers — the homosexuals, for the most part — view with alarm the manner in which the author, James Jones, in his novel, "From Here to Eternity," handled the subject of homosexuality, and they are disturbed that countless more people are going to read a book that seems so harmless on the screen.

The homosexuals maintain that Mr. Jones promotes, in a subtle way, the profession known as "Playing the queers." If there has been an increase* in "The Vilest of the Rackets," as Esquire magazines in a series of articles several years ago referred to blackmail, jackrolling, and other criminal practices, some instigation of it might well stem from those who read the book and "got ideas," as it certainly maps out a blueprint for preying on this unfortunately defenseless and weak group of citizens.

Quite a sizeable portion of the story is devoted to discussion of "the queers," as the soldiers refer to them. This of course makes sensational reading in a book that is full of the sensational — "Boldest book of our times" they say — but it is rather hard on those that are put in such a bad light.

In one chapter in particular of "From Here to Eternity" we are told of the trick used by the heroes Prew and Maggio to roll their host of his money. Winning the confidence of Hal and Tommy, the two homosexuals, and enjoying their host's liquor and hospitality, the soldiers then proceed to frighten Hal into paying off.

He offers \$5, \$10, \$20, \$30, and finally \$40 before Prew will agree to leave the place and keep his accomplice, Maggio, from being picked up by the military police. They felt quite pleased at earning a little money in such an easy way.

Many readers will go along with Prew, convinced that he and Maggio, and other army men had a right to take anything they could get away from these "abnormal people." The general attitude seemed to be that most servicemen endorsed and approved this open robbery. Are we to believe that they would also sanction exploiting cripples, the blind, or mentally ill individuals?

It is true that the two unhappy men, one of which was victimized, Hal and Tommy, were unattractive, anti-social, negative personalities — a sort that most homosexuals themselves would dislike — but as Dr. Kinsey pointed out so well in "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male," these obvious homosexuals constitute only a small portion. Why then cause an entire lot, which would include many of the better behaved, more presentable inverts, additional social ostracism?

As long as the subject was handled in this way by the novelist, it comes as a great relief to the movie-goer to know that the Hollywood Code has for many years strictly avoided homosexuality and in this film there is not the slightest reference to it. It is not difficult to imagine how uncomfortable, not only for Kinsey's 6% to 10% (or perhaps even a larger percentage in our big cities) who would be exclusively in this classification, but perhaps a third of the male movie audience might be embarrassed should Hollywood ever discard such a code and follow this or some similar book. That is, if we are to believe that one out of three men have had some such experience during his lifetime.

Why, it is asked, did Mr. Jones have Prew recall his first homosexual contact in such a reflection that this portion of the population cannot help but suffer? When twelve, a fifty year old Jocker, as Prew thinks of him, with the aid of another, seduced and raped Prew in a moving boxcar. Later, at fifteen, Prew killed another Jocker. Mr. Jones doesn't elaborate on this, so it is left to the reader's imagination to decide whether Prew did it to roll him for his money, to defend his manly virtue, or just on general principle — like the taxi-driver in the story who says he hates "queers" so much he'd like to kill every one he sees.

Such things unfortunately do happen, but why attach the *worst* possible act to those already thought of as bad. Isn't it

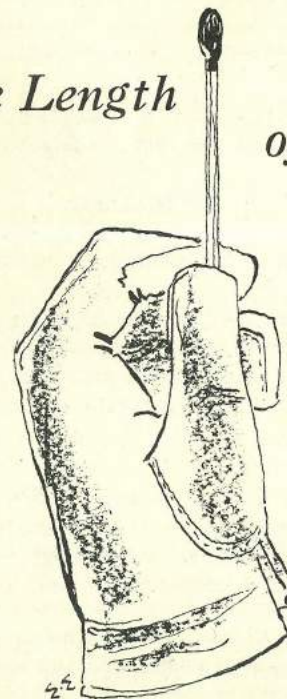
just as logical to claim that because some negroes carry knives, we are to assume this is typical of the entire race? Or because some Jews are Shylocks, all are? Why should thousands of readers be led to believe that all homosexuals are rich — or was this just the army men's idea in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor? As a matter of fact, earning a living is probably a bigger problem with them, than it is with others.

It may seem a little late to complain of a book that has now been read by thousands but the picture has been given the Academy Award as the best of this year and a good many more people will read the novel on this recommendation.

GILBERT WILLIAMS

Alden Kirby

The Length of a Match



*Have you got a light
for a cigarette
in a corner of the dark
by the deeper protection
of some strange door
borrowed for the moment
— the length of a match —
until the torch of reassurance
is, in silence, passed on
to extinguish the night
before her darkness descends
like the fingers
of a young gloved hand?*

the Homosexual

by D. Mauroc

Since the homosexual of the 20th Century stands in revolt against the Christian-bourgeois morality based upon Biblical concepts of family and sin, by what contradiction is ostracized by so-called progressive movements more so than during the most reactionary period? I might reverse the question and inquire by what aberration today's progressives, who condemn homosexuality as free union, have come to inherit such philosophical and social prejudices, but it is not my purpose to talk politics...

The one sure fact is that, in relation to the revolution of the 20th Century, the homosexual remains the only permanent element of disintegration among the Catholic bourgeoisie, and at the same time the most rebellious resistant to the socialistic collectivism which claims to succeed it.

An aristocrat by his individualism, a revolutionary against all societies, the homosexual is both the Jew and Negro of our world, the precurse and the unassimilable, the terrorist and the *raffiné*. Successively even simultaneously, he is accused of fascism in spite of Nazi camps and rose stars and of bourgeois decadence despite the growing censure of church and state. Nevertheless he remains at the people's side like a gangrene, which may be a growth on the decomposing body or the very cause of its contamination.

Isolation is impossible. A society gets the homosexuals it deserves! But it is equally difficult to avoid a suggestive comparison between ancient Greece and modern France, for example... a comparison which is not to France's credit.

Homosexuality is a courageous and terrible choice, engaging a conduct no less difficult. No one today would dream of pleading the playful vice of Nero or Henry III. In the long run, the only real choice for the homosexual is between his redemption as a free man or his own annihilation.

* * *

It is this idea of the free man that I should like to consider. In "Les Chemins de la Liberté" Sartre indicates the tragic resemblance between he who hides and he who dons a caricatural death-mask (his own or the woman's) — the case of the homosexual in suicide and the "respectful prostitute".

With complete consciousness, without shame and without exhibitionism, wholly adhering to his tastes and attitudes, the homosexual

feels obliged to react against the society which oppresses him on every possible level with equal passion. Is it not this same disgust, this same passion, which provoked his initial revolt against the law of the sexes, even to the point where motives are abandoned?

I would not reject the explanations of psycho-analysis. Undoubtedly childhood complexes and early education are determining factors; it is impossible to remove complexes and education from their social context. Psycho-analysis is helpless before an intelligent subject who makes his own free choice, assuming his condition with all the consequences involved, and which in their turn become determining factors. A specialist whom I know would reply to consulting patients, "Your illness is nothing more than a belief. Once you understand that you have no malady, that you are not *sick*, you will be cured."

There is no other logic. Homosexuality is not a sickness unless one accepts the prejudice of society, if one considers the pretended normality of others as the unique morality, even at the expense of one's own. How precarious is this "normality" which believes itself constantly menaced and to brandish incessantly a standard! The bourgeois played the piedpiper of Hameln to charm the mice into the sea with his flute, but they too followed him (which the legend does not say). Irony is the enchantment of order; fateful the mania to dance..... The guilty, a sage might say, will judge one another.

* * *

My "fervor" is ardent for M. André Gide. For the poet. With the author of "Corydon" I dispute.....

I shall leave to one side his strange biological speculations. M. Gide, after artificially classifying homosexuals as pederasts, sodomists and invert, proposes for them a counter-morality just as rigorous as any other — a new morality which could only succeed in the consolidation of a majority group. Genêt adopts a similar line of thought with an apology of sexual terrorism at the risk of rebuffing even the most lucid. I should like to find somewhere freer calmer assertions — an affirmation for the homosexual as there is one for the heterosexual. When Kinsey establishes that 33 % of the American males have practiced homosexuality, the problem takes on a new significance not found in the pages of Proust. The number conditions the situation. But is it possible to label as homosexuality the prep school or army accident, which results from sheer physiological necessity? And should one not qualify its nature as a physical expression of the libido...

Personally, I should estimate 3 % males exclusively homosexual, who compose an incontestable minority. A minority can have no other morality than that of its own existence, no pretension if not aristocratic — and revolutionary insofar as it remains oppressed.

The faded fairies of the Parisian bars continually invoke Socrates, Michel Angelo, Shakespeare... and André Gide. I should invoke them with contrary intent. Michel Angelo counseled the practice of homosexuality to his pupils in order to sharpen their sensitivity; he saw therein a struggle of the artist towards his own image, a form of introspection, the complement and equivalence of beauty and the endeavor of research which develop in the homosexual an ultimate refinement. A ware and receptive being. Madame Simone de Beauvoir, in a chapter of "Le Deuxième Sexe" devoted to lesbianism, points out the possessive ardour of the homosexual, who experiences twofold physical and spiritual emotion — his own through the passion of his mate. In short, he is molded on suffering by unstable loves, but however worn by this suffering, remains in constant search for youth, for re-creation.

If this be true, that the homosexual is poet, sensitive like woman, but with the power of creative expression that she lacks, he is all the more so an "enfant terrible" of humanity. It is on the brink of imminent catastrophe that "enfants terribles" appear..... should we then be astonished that our era favours their assertion? Let us rather wonder at our astonishment!

*Quoted with permission of the author from
"Id—Janus" 1953*

Reprinted from the NEWSLETTER

*of the International Committee for Sex Equality
January-February 1954*

PENNY-A-DAY FUND

Since this fund was first established, as result of an article in the September 1953 issue, small contributions have come in, but the total has not amounted to \$100. Nevertheless, the Fund has been used to send single copies and a few subscriptions to: editors, ministers, lawyers, judges and other public officials. It has provided the postage for many letters which have been written regarding the rights of homosexual American citizens to both friendly and unfriendly organizations and individuals. If ONE's readers are genuinely interested and show it by active support of the Fund, secretarial help can be employed and a larger program attempted.

Bureau of Public Information

Lenny's Hideaway

jane arriety

You know she's waiting. So you take a walk through the village. You pass the gaudy neon lights and pastel colored fronts of redecorated restaurants which have lost their quaintness, and you move on into the side streets. Here the summer night rests more quietly. Your high heels click past single rows of cars parked half on the sidewalk and half on cobblestones of the narrow street. Then you turn into Tenth Street where West Fourth Street peeks around the corner to surprise you. Soon you enter a narrow doorway and go down steep, dimly lit stairs that lead to the small, square-shaped room called **Lenny's Hideaway**.

Here, just as you left it, is the borderline world. You give your eyes a few moments to focus into smoke filled candlelight, and your ears time to absorb the hum of masculine and feminine voices mixing with strains of "So In Love" from **Kiss Me, Kate!** and the clinking of wet glasses. As you stand hesitating by the doorway, some figures have turned to stare at you, while others are as unaware of your existence as a mechanical toy is unconscious of being wound. How delicate is the line: eyes that search for other eyes; meanings without words; an outward display of merriment undercurrented by a sadness that hurriedly refills the emptying glasses.

You search the room for the familiar face: your glance sweeps past the tiny bar at the end of the room where Joe is mixing martinis with the shaky precision of a drunken tightrope walker; past the side tables where heads lower, and arms gesticulate in drunken talk; you look across the walls plastered with foreign travel posters inviting you to visit quaint towns and provincial beaches; and finally your eyes rest upon a small corner table where three empty beer bottles stand guard over a filled glass that is lifted up and then replaced a moment later with an added beer-ring. Her face, looking down at the glass, makes you think of many things: the Egyptian Nephritite dressed in a modern corded suit, of delicate carvings in ivory, the sail of a ship on a calm summer day, but most often she reminds you of Virginia Woolf's **Orlando**. The hands that hold the glass are the hands of the mythical artist, strong yet delicate fingers, sensitive with nerves that make them seem in continual motion. They release the glass, wave out over the crowd toward the open doorway. You walk slowly past the others and toward the seated figure always surrounded by newly-met admirers, and you merge with the others in the borderline world of **Lenny's Hideaway**.

LETTERS •

Dear Editors:

I'm particularly grateful to you for Crowther's article in the current issue. For the first time I understand the difference between ethics and morals and how they affect me.

In an area where it is so easy to hate, to be vindictive, narrow minded and intolerant, this article shines forth with a cool, clear logic and underlying goodwill that is a healing force for people who are trying to see honestly both sides of the homosexual situation.

Sooner or later—perhaps after we are long dead and forgotten—society will learn how to treat homosexuality and all sexuality in an adult, mature and humane way. You and your group should feel proud that you are making that way possible.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. m

Dear Sirs:

A friend of mine has just mailed me your July "ONE" with its statements to the effect that the Poet Walt Whitman was some kind of a "homosexual" "deviant," or a person with some kind of unnatural and/or abnormal sex habits! I first heard that (Dirty) charge against the old man in 1932 from the "literary" critic, Ludwig Lewisohn but he admitted to me he had NO PROOF, NO RELIABLE EVIDENCE; NO TESTIMONY FROM ANY INTELLIGENT MAN OR WOMAN THAT IT WAS THE TRUTH. If you can give me any reliable evidence, or any real TESTIMONY that Walt Whitman was a pervert in any sense, (outside the evil imaginations of those who may wish he were as, perhaps, they are),—then I will gladly send you a copy of my book on Whitman which I hope to have published by 1955 covering more than 20 years study of the man, his works and friends.

PASADENA, CALIF. m

P.S. Even the drawing you have of W.W. is false. This is not W.W.!

Editor's Note: Thanks for saving us the trouble of reviewing your book, dear reader.

Dear Sirs:

The illustrations by E. E. for the Whitman article measure up to the bigness of the man!!

HOLICONG, PA. m

Dear Friends:

Thanks for the pictures of friends of mine in your last issue—October—(The Gay Menagerie). Send me 10 more copies IMMEDIATELY!

MOSCOW, IDAHO m

Hi, Gang:

Belated, but here goes!—The June issue is probably your dullest, best, most valuable and controversial so far. Who is Arthur B. Krell? Obviously he's one of the more ahemic of the West Coast creeps, but who high-pressured you into printing seven pages of his dried slobberings on God and Sex and Me? What I find most objectionable is the treadmill this quasi-intellectual idiot has set your feet upon! If you want to believe in, or live by what he preaches—while . . . (DELETED) . . . as the tears slip silently from his tightly-closed eyes—why find any fault with organized religion, power politics or any of our other presently established horrors in all their blind rottenness? Evidently what this guy is trying to do is to turn you around and lead you into Church backwards! If we have to be laughed at, let's be laughed at as a gang of rowdy iconoclasts, rather than a ring of monks surprised at . . . (DELETED).

Have you read Aldous Huxley's "Point Counterpoint"? Arthur B. Krell made both of us shout at the same time, "Denis Burlap!" I hope you see the parallel for it is quite important that we all do. The homosexual patient ONE is supposed to be attending is dying. Mr. Krell is offering the patient a sugar-tit when several large shots of penicillin are most urgently required. Once again I ask, who in the name of The Great I Am is Arthur B. Krell? And how did he learn where you'd hidden the body?

GREAT BEND, KANSAS m

Dear ONE

Your October issue—hmmm—I'm unimpressed.

COLUMBUS, OHIO f

Dear Editor:

The cover for your October was terrific—homey, natural, should appeal to anyone anywhere! Let's have more of this type ART cover!

NEW YORK CITY f

(No salutation)

I just saw some of your thrash (sic). Don't dare send any more of this rubbish to my home you dirty bums all your kind ought to be tarred & feathered.

NEW YORK CITY m

Editors note: Please include your name and address with your next note so that we may cancel your subscription. And thanks so much for writing.

ABOUT THOSE ADS

Dear One:

Although I find your magazine a brave new venture and admire (please accept this weakness) your courage, I can't see why you besmirch your format with an ad such as you have on the inside of the last cover . . . "moon glow" "black magic" "dream." Why ridicule the ad with these words?

They are a perfect target for mockery! This is not coming from the pen of the squeamish. I approve the tastes of any type, but I cannot appreciate the flaunting meretricious.

Mr. Barr's commendable letter says on Page 11 (Oct. issue) that there were "no berets, no pink fur ascots, no carved ivory cigarette holders" . . . then why give a phony impression on Page 31? Forgive me if I seem difficult. (I have always been).

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. m

Dear One:

The rhinestones inside the back cover make me sure I do not love you at all this month. Your judgment blew a fuse when you printed that.

HARRISBURG, PA. m

Dear Editors:

I have been a subscriber of ONE for several months and have looked forward to and enjoyed each issue. I received the July issue and wish to congratulate you and the staff on a very interesting magazine.

While patting you on the back, I now have a knock and that is: the advertisement appearing on Page 31 (Win-Mor of California). The feminine attire worn by the male model, I find disgusting and against every principal of your fine work.

I realize that the advertisements aid financially in furthering your good work but I am certain any normal person would look upon it and surely cry "fairy." I know a few male and female homosexuals who are in full agreement and we know that ONE would survive without that type of ad.

Please be assured we are behind you in your every effort and I personally would be happy to be of assistance in any way possible.

I do not think it is necessary to advertise the feminine attire that could be purchased in a ladies lingerie shop or that the boys could make themselves if they cared to go out in "drag."

Your work in furthering understanding is a wonderful goal and any reading ONE could not condemn your magazine until they reached the last page and then all your fine material is ruined. I trust I make myself clear and I imagine other boys will be in favor of such ads but what about our so called "normal society"? Do you really think they would appreciate it? I have shown ONE to many normal people and we have discussed it intelligently and you would be amazed how your work helps them understand. Don't spoil it by cheap pictures and ads.

Wishing you continued success, I remain with sincere good wishes.

WEST HAVEN, CONN. m

May we offer a little parable: The world as a whole hates homosexuals, because it neither understands nor wishes to understand them. Therefore it behooves homosexuals to hate (or at least look down upon) anyone whom they do not understand, nor wish to understand, for instance, lovers of rhinestones. Isn't this logical? Or, is it?

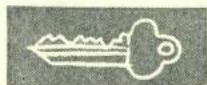
We find it significant that for the first time in two years of our existence a genuine, commercial, bill-paying advertiser has appeared voluntarily and likes our advertising response, because large numbers of ONE's readers are sending in checks for his product, some with, some without rhinestones.

It may be the day will come when those of us who do not care for rhinestones will become a little less self-conscious about those who do, and less ready to feel ashamed of them. As for ourselves, we are unable to find either a moral or a social issue in jeweled garments for men.

ONE is, and must continue to be, dedicated to tolerance.

ONE, Inc.

DIRECTORY of ORGANIZATIONS and PUBLICATIONS



Belgium Denmark

Centre Cultural Belge, Postbox 30, Ixelles 1, Brussels
(No Publications)

Forbundet, Postbox 1023, Copenhagen
PAN (monthly) address as above

Ganymedes Samfundet, Postbox 848, Copenhagen
(No Publications)

Internationalt Forbund for Sexual Lighed, Postbox 242, Copenhagen. (No Publications)

Vennen, Homofil Organization, Postbox 809, Copenhagen
VENNEN (monthly) in Scandinavian languages, also a few pages in German and English; photos; \$3.50 yearly, first-class sealed \$4.50. Postbox 108, Copenhagen (may be ordered through ONE)

France

Cercle de France, 162 Rue Jeanne d'Arc, Paris 13
ARCADIE (monthly) literary and scientific, drawings, photos; \$9.00 yearly, address as above; (may be ordered through ONE)

Germany

Gesellschaft Für Menschenrechte, Neustadter Strasse 48, Hamburg 36. **HELLAS** (monthly) photos; address as above
HUMANITAS (monthly) address as above

I.F.O. Auszer der Scheifmühle 67, Bremen
DER WEG (monthly) photos; Colonnaden 5, Hamburg 36

Verein Für Humanitare Lebensgestaltung, Arndstrasse 3, Frankfurt am Main. **DEI GEFAHRTEN** (monthly) address as above
Independent Publications:

DEIN FREUND (monthly) Kleine Freiheit 25, Hamburg-Altona

Holland

Cultur en Ontspanningscentrum, Postbox 542, Amsterdam
VRIENDSCHAP (monthly) drawings and photos, also articles about women; \$4.00 yearly; address as above; (may be ordered through ONE)

International Committee for Sex Equality, Postbox 542 Amsterdam
NEWSLETTER (every other month) articles in English, French and German (no translation-duplications) \$3.00 yearly; (may be ordered through ONE)

Norway

Det Norske Forbundet Av 1948, Postbox 1305, Oslo
(No Publications)

Sweden

Friends-Club, Box 1710, Gothenburg
(No Publications)

Riksförbundet För Sexuellt Likaberättigande, Postbox 850, Stockholm. (No Publications)

Switzerland

Der Kreis/Le Cercle, Postbox 547, Zurich 22, Fraumünster
DER KREIS/LE CERCLE (monthly) published since 1936, in German; also articles in French and English (no translation duplications) drawings and photos; \$7.00 yearly, first-class sealed \$10; address as above. (May be ordered through ONE)

United States

George W. Henry Foundation "Psychiatric treatment, counselling, or help"; 184 Eldredge Street, New York 2, N. Y.
ANNUAL REPORTS, address as above.

Mattachine Society, P. O. Box 1925, Los Angeles 53

SOUTHERN AREA NEWSLETTER

NORTHERN AREA NEWSLETTER

LONG BEACH NEWSLETTER

CHICAGO NEWSLETTER

ONE, Incorporated; Education, publishing, social service; 232 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 12

ONE (monthly) The Homosexual Magazine; address as above

GAY (occasional) Pictorial supplement; cartoons, fiction

T.W.O. (occasional for the present) News supplement

Address all changes and corrections to Editorial Board, ONE

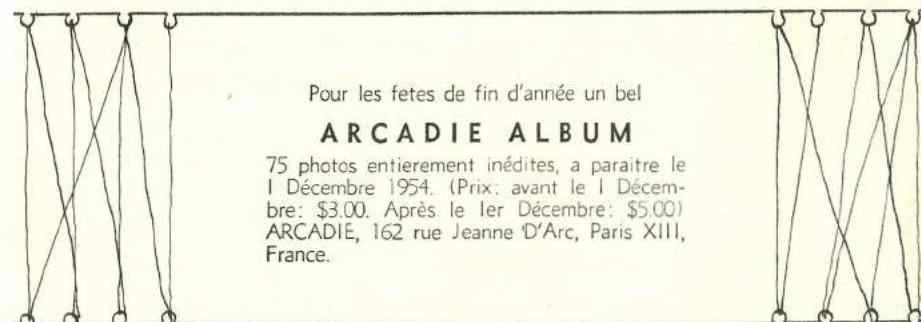
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ARCADIE, 162 rue Jeanne D'Arc, Paris XIII, France.

NOTICE! TO THOSE LIVING IN STERLING COUNTRIES:

Some of our readers have been able to solve the currency-exchange problem through American banks having overseas branches. We have received funds through: International Department, Bank of America, 12 Nicholas Lane, London, E. C. 4.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please allow a period of one month for address changes and all other requests involving alteration of our records. Changing addresses or type of subscription entails a number of different processes and requires the careful attention of numerous people. Remember, ONE has no full-time staff, and even big publications with thousands of employees insist on a month to make address changes.



ONE REGRETS that it cannot accept subscriptions on a "bill me later" basis. We know this would be convenient for many people, but ONE has neither the administrative apparatus nor the capital to operate this way. Please send check or money order with your subscription blank!

New subscriptions will begin with the oldest issue available unless we are specifically instructed otherwise. This decision is the result of many requests from our subscribers.

ONE DOES NOT solicit subscriptions from minors, and if any are received from individuals known to be under legal age, the subscription must be refused.



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