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**The
Homosexual
Magazine**

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

Carlyle

The Homosexual Magazine

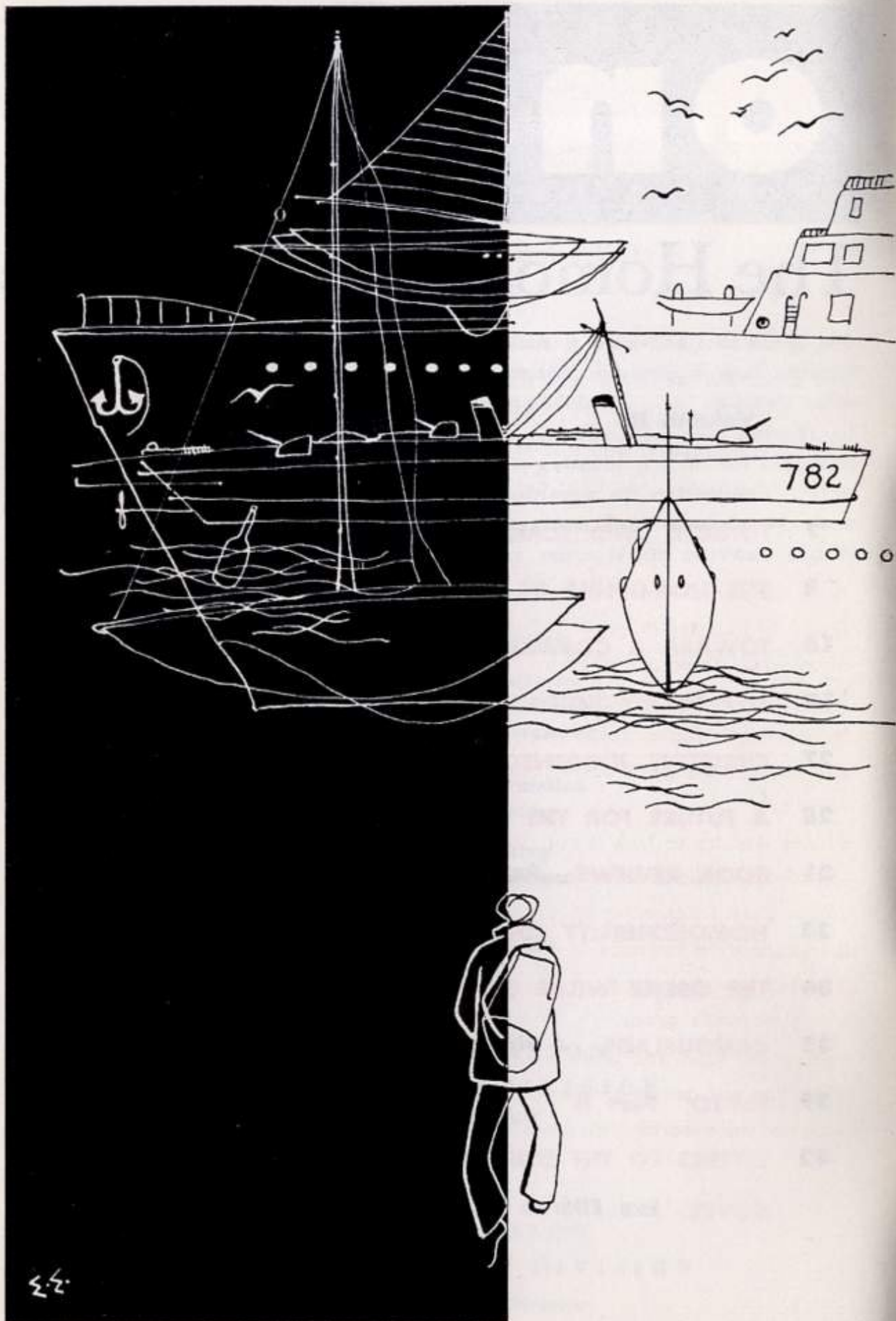
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t tonight and tomorrow

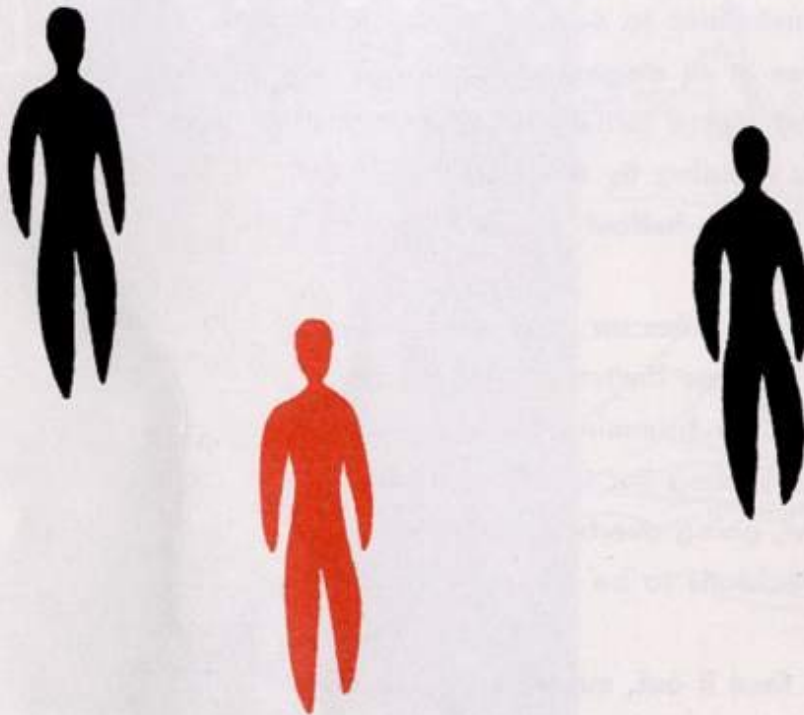
for us the ears and eyes compile a momentary list
and catalog of sensibilities to pass in tree-arcaded park:
a fishingboat comes in all elegant with colored lamps
a small, whitehatted figure turning off in moonburned path
empty quartbottles standing by the soiled bathtub
a sleeping floosie lolling halfout her awry-spotted bed

in us the consciousness piles up in another undertow
dread of disaster in some invitational false smile
experience abjures, the brimming gland conjures
always the hope of finding our true "other half"
by lastnight's flight, going overboard again—almost
and forever the decisions to be made: whether to go

or stay and try to face it out. money's the umpire
already prejudiced in an unequal fight
catlike seamen crawling back to their drab rooms
lovers clasping furiously in rose-neon dance of clowns
blue tensions mounting . . . then gone lax . . . some man in port at last
in woman's grace

from us the fears and phobias now drop away and all at once
when you say goodnight (which means "goodbye"), write a few letters,
pack up. go in morning downwaterside again. and another ship will take you out.

THE **h**OMOPHILE IN SOCIETY



The 1955 Mid-winter Institute, sponsored by ONE, Inc., and held in Los Angeles' Biltmore Hotel on Saturday, Jan. 29, featured three major addresses dealing with various aspects of the general theme—The Homosexual in Modern Society. ONE, Inc., is proud to report to its readers one of these addresses—a paper entitled "The Homophile In Society" delivered in its original form to The International Congress for Sexual Equality at its 1953 session in Amsterdam by its author, Prof. G. Th. Kempe, PhD. of Utrecht, Holland. A condensed translation of Dr. Kempe's paper was read to the Mid-winter Institute audience by Mr. Robert Gregory, of ONE's Editorial Staff.

Every society within the sphere of western culture includes a number of men and women who—at least nowadays—call themselves *homophiles*, whereas their fellow-citizens describe them by the fairly neutral, but not quite colorless name, *homosexuals*, or other terms more affectively charged with feelings of derision, aversion, loathing, disgust or even hate.

One of the most remarkable aspects of this phenomenon lies in the fact that those showing the homophile such striking aversion, often tacitly, and sometimes explicitly, presuppose that those homophiles all know each other—or at least recognize each other at first glance—and that they are linked with each other in some mysterious way which implies a threat to their fellow-members of society. Experience teaches us that with certain political groups, who see a possibility of exploiting the fear thus described for the attainment of their aims, the possibility of fanning this smoldering fear into a violent flame of hatred against "the homosexual" is a very real one.

No better safeguard exists against fear, prejudice, hatred, and all that may result from them, than an answer to the dispassionate question, how may we describe the homophile members of society from a sociological point of view?

They certainly form no mass. One may speak of masses only when (accidentally or incidentally) a comparatively large number of persons has flocked together without any mutual bond, except that they are, for a short time, enthralled by the same event, and concentrate their attention on it.

Should we then speak rather of a community of homophiles within the larger community of which they form a part? A community is characterized by the fact that it rests upon common, collective cultural possessions, in many ways typical precisely of the community in question, and formed in the course of time (sometimes during many centuries) into what we may call its typical "way of life". In spite of the fact that the world has known homophiles for many centuries, it would be hardly possible to make us believe that a communal cultural treasure, characteristic of them, had been created. A specifically homophile culture does not exist.

If a community from its cultural possessions, develops organizational forms of its own, it then takes the character of a society, the citizens of which know they have to observe rules, laid down and maintained by authorities, with sanctions, in case of non-observance. One might be tempted to believe in the existence of a mysterious homophile "society", were it not that, even on rapid investigation, all these fairy tales prove to have sprung from the florid imaginations of the fearful . . .

Therefore, our only conclusion can be that the homophiles are a group, the members of which feel themselves strongly and permanently linked together by the circumstance of being predominantly attracted to persons of their own sex. And it is this very permanency which distinguishes the group from the mass.

Now it appears to me that this consciousness of belonging together is so important for the homophiles, and is experienced by themselves as a fact of such importance, that it fully justifies our maintaining the existence of a group of homophiles. This can be completely endorsed by anyone who has once witnessed how deeply young people are moved by the realization that, with their deviation of personality structure, they do not stand alone in a hostile world. This is not meant to be anything more than a statement of a sociological fact.

Although we now have come somewhat closer to defining the homophile group, we still miss a very important element, of great significance for our further exposition, because in a high degree it determines the position of the homophile in society. This element is the fact that homophiles form a minority group.

Every minority group has to face the existence of a majority, with which in some way or other it has to live, lest it be destroyed. The rest of this exposition will therefore be devoted to the question of how each of the two groups meets this necessity for living with the other.

It has been observed that, since time immemorial, homophile people have lived on earth. Yet, even though practically every person knows about the existence of the group, it is generally not acknowledged. As soon as this group is mentioned, it is ignored—silence reigns. The subject simply does not exist as a meeting-ground, or point of contact. It would take me too long to consider in detail this strange picture, which amazes the man of science over and over again.

There seems to be no doubt of the fact that, in our time, the average heterophile cannot bring himself to conceded human recognition of his homophile fellow, even lacks the capacity to do so, with often terrible consequences for the homophile. Within the group of homophiles, also, the real significance of this tragic problem is only too often underestimated. Those who believe that, with the acquiring of a certain degree of social recognition and "acceptance", the position of the homophile would cease to be a problem, are mistaken. Such recognition would be no more than a first step, however important it may be in itself.

the entire position of being known, but not recognized; of being known as a personality type, but not being met as a person, may cause unbearable tension within the individual. It is a well-known fact that the reaction to this situation is fairly often an excessive, clearly over-compensatory ambition and self-assertiveness. Under these circumstances, what I term a centrifugal tendency may become predominant. A centrifugal force, as you may know, is a force which takes moving objects away from their class, group, or common centre. Thus some homophiles will try, with more or less success, to deny their belonging to the group of homophiles. Above all things they want to be recognized as a member of the majority.

Ambition need not always be the driving power when choosing a centrifugal solution. One could imagine that this solution might be chosen with a heavy heart, not because of personal ambition, but because a social interest of a higher order demands this personal sacrifice. Also, the grounds for the choice may lie in the actual impossibility of choosing a different one, on penalty of social ruin.

Practice teaches us that in most cases in which the individual chooses the centrifugal solution of denial, an extremely complex and differentiated set of factors has contributed to his decision. We may find pathological factors present, as where heavy frustrations in making contact with others (often on a masochistic basis) help develop the picture of the dissembler-at-all-cost, who may react with vehement aggression to every approach from fellow-homophiles.

In other cases, conditions described lead to the development of opposite, centripetal tendencies, causing the individual to confess, more or less emphatically, his belonging to the group. One could, for instance, very well imagine that the very difficulty of the social and psychological status of the homophile induces some of them to give themselves, with all their talents and abilities, to the furtherance of the group and its interests, in full consciousness of thereby losing great personal opportunities.

However, we may come upon others whom the choice of the centripetal solution has not been free and independent, but because they were not able to do otherwise, either on account of fear of loneliness, or because they could no longer deny their nature to society, even if they wished to do so.

One may also mention those who, because their capacities are not quite sufficient to achieve great success in society at large, try to establish a more satisfying position in the smaller group of homophiles.

Let us now consider how, in the light of present conditions, the homophile group feels about its position as a minority; how it gives expression to this feeling; how the majority group reacts, in turn.

However understandable it may be, the unwillingness (or should we say, incapacity?) of the majority to accord recognition to the minority-group is received by many of the latter with a similar unwillingness to understand the conscious and unconscious inner tensions which prevent the majority from taking an objective attitude regarding these problems.

At times this disinclination of the minority is expressed aggressively, thereby provoking equally aggressive reactions from the majority, recalling the well-known proverb: "where two quarrel, two are guilty." More often, we meet with the less aggressive, but essentially more dangerous reaction, which shrugs it all off with the statement, "we *are* different anyhow," meaning, we abandon all claim upon the other's understanding, being thereby relieved of trying to understand them.

I am convinced that this attitude greatly hampers endeavors at rapprochement, and completely ignores the possibility of different forms and levels of communal humanity, mutually recognizing and respecting each other.

Even the most superficial spectator will see that such attitudes, when taken by the homophile, produce very marked effects within the group itself. Every tendency toward exclusivism, and the putting up of barriers, inevitably leads to loss of spontaneity, and produces strain, or even more serious, a dangerous overrating of the importance of the group as such. We often observe the development of an understandable, but fatally dangerous tendency, to consider the group as nucleus of the chosen, finding its complete justification in itself and entitled to ignore the existence of a larger world. What disappointments follow as they discover that, even in this chosen world of their own, kindness, courage and pity flourish concurrently with unreliability, cowardice and lovelessness, just like everywhere else.

It is more than a supposition that "the dissimulant," the one who chooses to fly apart from his group, unless he is an extremely integrated personality, lives under the stress of great inner tensions, because of the position he has chosen, but which he often maintains only with the greatest effort. This fact is established every time we meet a dissimulant, whose burden has become too heavy for him to bear, and who either reveals himself to a confidante, or collides with the law under tragic circumstances.

It appears to me that the often-expressed opinion that the homophile is more intelligent than the heterophile is partly based upon the achievements of certain dissimulants. Whether the average intellectual capacity of the homophile is indeed larger, in my opinion would be difficult to prove, if only because, in the present crisis of psychology, it becomes almost impossible to define what really should be understood by "intellectual capacity."

The non-dissimulant part of the minority generally determines its attitude toward the dissimulant in a rather complicated manner, varying from casting him out as a "traitor," to showing a certain degree of understanding. If he performs achievements of outstanding importance, this may rise to respect, and we may presume a certain group-pride, because "one of us" is putting society under great obligation.

Yet, in my opinion, this does not apply in cases where the dissimulant goes so far as to completely deny the group to which he belongs, either in developing aggressive contempt, or more indirectly by concluding a marriage, with the aim of being accepted as a heterophile.

Those (the non-dissimulants), who, of their own free will and knowing the consequences, commit themselves openly to the homophile group, having deliberately taken such a far-reaching decision, thereby may be assumed to possess a more mature personality. Even then, however, there are differentiating factors. For instance, a man whose financial position is unassailable will make such a decision more easily than he who hazards serious social troubles. In such cases the decision may require a degree of mature, stable courage and deep conviction as will be found with only a few, be they homophile or heterophile.

These may represent a very important positive value for the group, as they, for the sake of conscience and with inward serenity, shoulder difficult conditions as they present themselves. One sometimes gets the impression that these individuals besides possessing serenity, patience, helpfulness and true love for their fellow-homophiles, are able also to have a comprehension of the nature and origin of the often appallingly unfair judgments and condemnations generally prevailing in the circles of the majority.

I suppose they realize, more than their comrades, how such attitudes are built up of a very complex set of factors, among which conscious malignity plays a less important part than is often presumed, whereas what is really present is usually stupidity, obtuse ignorance, lovelessness, and above all attitudes in man about which we know more today than we did at the beginning of the century. It is the well balanced homophile, living his often very difficult life, who can afford broadness of vision, precisely because he has made his deliberate final choice and knows where he stands.

One cannot escape the impression that the stronger homophiles, who are conscious of their self-reliance and responsibilities, need even more patience and humanity in dealing with some of their own group, than with members of the majority. As we have already seen, an extremely heavy task is resting on their

shoulders and its achievement is guaranteed only if they possess a well-balanced strength.

How does the majority react to all this? Very seldom with real acceptance. We have already seen how often the successful dissimulant is "left out in the cold" psychologically, even though he may need great sincerity to admit this to himself. Yet the non-dissimulant, who quietly goes his way, not wanting to deny his belonging to the group, and whose work compels admiration, can at best hope for a more or less peevish acknowledgment.

Before trying, in the last section of this paper, to have a look into the future over the mountains of difficulties today, let us summarize the situations as they have been described up to this point: in the minority group, there are a number of socially and psychologically determined attitudes, ranging from the dangerous and basically tragic defiance of weak personalities, who cling desperately to the exclusivism of the group, to quiet, well-balanced self-reliant positions, combining great courage and mental strength. Between these two extremes, lie all other imaginable reaction patterns.

With the majority, about the best we see is an appreciation which applies more to the achievements than to the person, changing at worst to scoffing and indignant contempt.

The picture is not an encouraging one, but has been drawn with as much justice as I have been able to command, with an attempt to stay on the level of sociology and social psychology.

from time to time individuals emerge from both camps who have the capacity to contact each other, and thereby bridge seemingly unbridgeable chasms. Allow me, therefore, in closing this survey, to point out to you some changes, which are already taking place.

Sociology, inaugurated by Comte at the beginning of the 19th century, as a more or less positive philosophy, became nearly submerged in the sands of abstract rationalistic speculations on "man as a social being"—also by ideologies such as the Marxist and the Roman Catholic. But the sociologist is now becoming gradually aware that numerous facts concerning man have not so far received from him the attention they deserve.

The new viewpoints open vistas for the development of a new sociology, efficient for action, and with widened critical attitudes toward certain scientific problems. Notably the American sociology, being matter-of-fact and realistic, with little interest in Western European philosophical disputes, is generally taking an increasingly critical attitude toward the society which it is studying.

It is hardly surprising that minority problems should attract so much attention. How could it be otherwise, in a country where the Negro question is one of the most burning social problems, in which every member of the national community is involved. Consequently, quite a number of recent American publications are giving attention to the minority problem. Nearly without exception, under the surface of the most able and expert treatises, they reveal, as a kind of emotional

under-current, deep concern about conditions which are known to be wrong and to be in need of reform, if justice is to be done to the sense of humanity.

This is indicated in our field, by the publication of the well-known work of Donald Webster Cory, and a similar sociological study in England by Gordon Westwood, with an introduction by Glover, one of the most prominent English psychopathologists.

The epoch-making work by Kinsey, Martin, and Pomeroy is an impressive example of the way in which modern biology, using means which originate with the old schools, but handling them in a completely unorthodox way, turn us directly to man as a biological being, living in a world in which he has to make use of biological conditions as a very important aspect of his design of existence.

Both psychology and psychopathology have for years been in a state of slow but most radical revolution. Naturalistic philosophy had finally driven these sciences into a deadlock out of which they could be liberated only by a completely new choice of position. Among many innovations is the tendency to broaden the views on "man" and "woman", which up until now have been only descriptive, into a consideration of "male and female elements in man", as phenomena approached today in entirely new ways. The process of entering into living contact with the psychological totality, the total individual, as this new psychology tries to do, seems to promise better results than afforded by an analytical study of component parts. We are also beginning to realize that the importance of the totality qualitatively exceeds the sum of the components.

New vistas are revealed to psychopathology, also along therapeutic lines. These would not have been possible without the discoveries made by Freud and his followers, although too strong a domination of psychology by the doctrines of natural sciences, finally became a hindrance.

Since about 1930 revolutionary changes have taken place in psychiatric thinking, largely through the epoch-making work of the Swiss School. One of the most important fields of such change has been in the theory (and therapy) of so-called "sexual deviations." Until the appearance of the phenomenological or "deseins-analytical" psychiatry, psychiatry hardly knew what to do with these phenomena, so "curious" in the estimation of many people. The attempt had previously been made to look upon particular forms of sexual and erotic life as deviations from a certain standard, but not as phenomena in their own right. For the "deseins-analytical" school such a starting point was bound to be unacceptable, this school laying stress upon the physician's duty (whether in treating the patient, or in reporting on a sex delinquent) for contacting the patient's own world, i.e., a world in which the patient experiences himself as facing the world in his own individual way.

Careful studies based on this approach led to conclusions, highly surprising to many, that the classification and diagnosis of "sexual deviations" is a meaningless business, because we are dealing simply with a series of exceptional ways by which the individual tries to realize his own love-reality. It is for this reason that the view of "normal versus abnormal," which inhibits all deeper probing, is gradually being supplanted by a more differentiated approach, treating particular forms of erotic and sexual life as being "different", but having common aims. The fact that these forms are sometimes socially unacceptable (sadism, paedophilia, certain forms of fetichism, etc.) in no way detracts from the enormous value of this view, which has so deepened our understanding of these forms.

It is difficult to put into words how much this means in therapy. Whereas

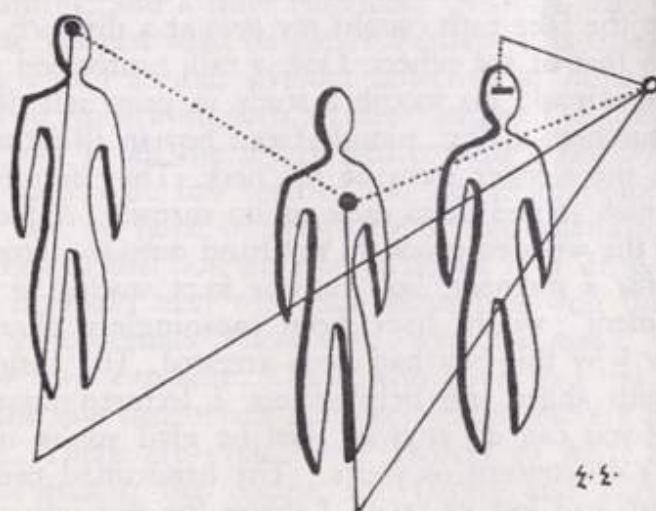
older schools of psychopathology, up to and including psychoanalysis, restricted themselves to methods of suggestion and training, or, whenever possible, to a complete reconstruction of the urges, modern psychotherapy tends to hold that in these cases we are never dealing with partial deviations, "queerness", or "disturbances", but that the special forms of erotic and sexual life constitute certain modes of human existence.

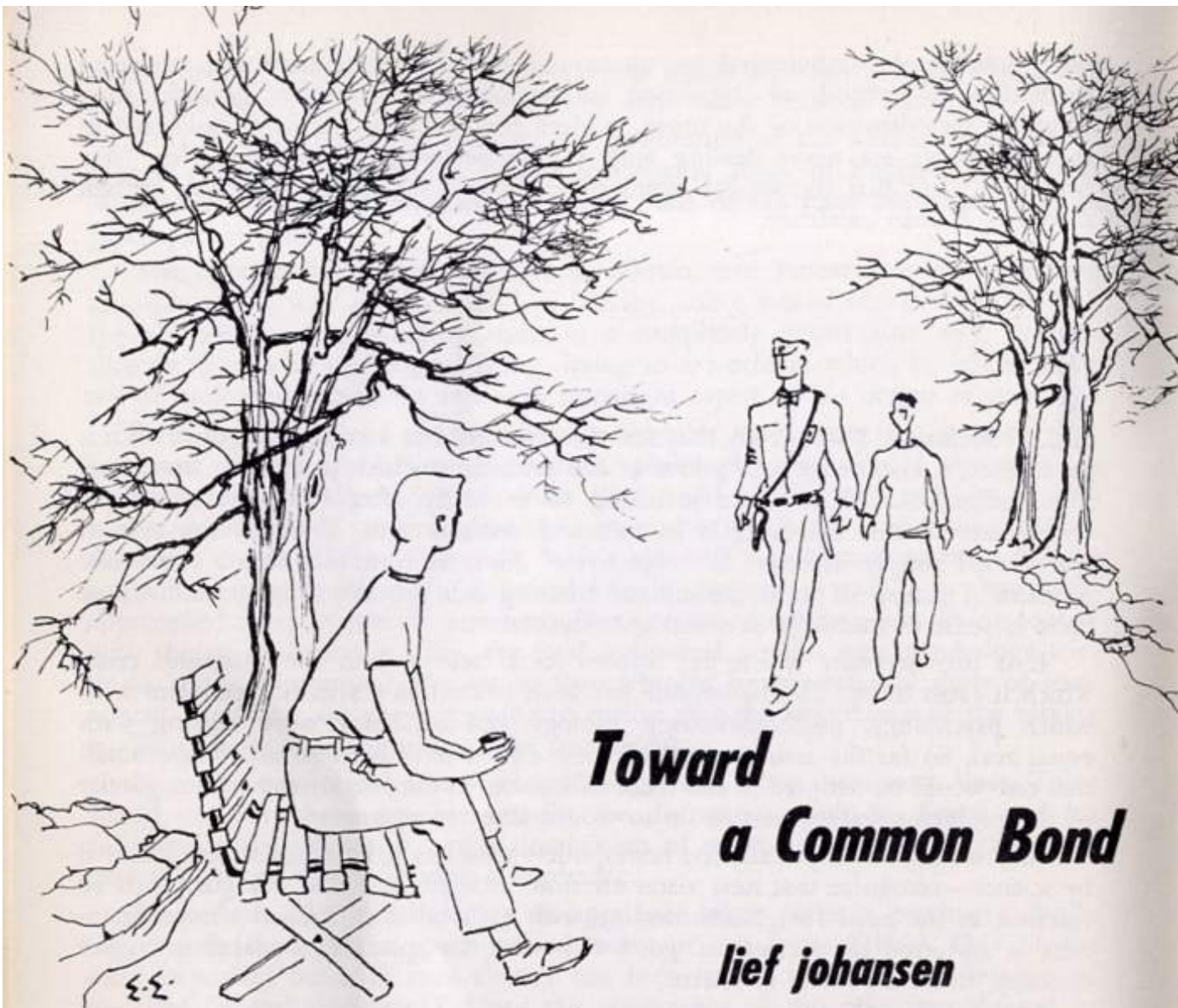
In conclusion, I would say that scientific thought has searched for truth with a persistence, a knowledge and a love of the profession which justify our most profound admiration. Yet, while searching so fervently after truth, we must not forget that all this searching is in vain and remains vain, if our fellow-man is approached simply in order to "objectivate" him, or turn him into a "scientific problem", instead of with the aim of meeting him on the only ground where there is sense in meeting: in a real communication.

It is this necessity which has thrown social science into the enormous crisis which it faces today. The homophile has been treated as a scientific problem with which psychology, psychopathology, biology and sociology were dealing with equal zeal. So far the results of all of these efforts have been so alarmingly small that one would be tempted to call them ridiculous, in the face of the serious gravity of the problems, except that to do so would attest to rashness.

May we all, and especially the homophile—who has so often been disappointed by science—recognize that new vistas are now in sight, and that our goals will be reached, as the need for communicating with each other in mutual human openness is admitted by persons of good-will—and, in spite of appearances to the contrary, there are many of these.

Then, and only then, can the truth about man be discovered, unlocked with the key of true and unselfish humaneness. Though we may not yet have reached such a point, may I quote, as a final conclusion to this paper, words written by one of the greatest minds of the 19th century, "Truth is on the march, and nothing can stop it!"





Toward a Common Bond

lief johansen

The city lay still in the hot summer evening, as if waiting for the first stir of a cool breeze off the ocean. On a park bench under the dim light of a street lamp, I sat eating a pint of chocolate ice cream for supper. People sauntered by now and then, their rumpled, damp look a reminder of the day's blistering sunshine.

A pair coming up the lake path caught my eyes at a distance, for their bearing contrasted oddly with that of the others. One, a tall, uniformed policeman, strode purposefully, his face a mask, his mouth a study in grim self-righteousness. Half a step behind him stumbled a thin, pimply-faced boy in ill-fitting levis, his head swinging slightly on the slender stem of his neck. They seemed so mismatched that the handcuffs which joined them came as no surprise. A blob of half-melted ice cream slipped off the wooden spoon in my hand onto the ground. The officer's eyes and mine met for a moment, but the boy kept staring at his feet. "Police decoy" and "entrapment" would have been meaningless phrases to me then, but somehow I knew why this boy had been arrested. The rush of blood to my head was charged with anger and helplessness. I lectured myself, "Don't be a fool; there's nothing you can do anyway. Just be glad you're not so obvious as that kid. Besides, he's no concern of yours." The handcuffed pair passed into the shadows. My ice cream had lost its savor. I threw the rest into a trash can.

That park, the hot night, and the boy in handcuffs faded from my memory long ago, only to come vividly to mind once more when I picked up a recent copy of ONE. In it was Lyn Pedersen's appalling news story of the groups who are exploiting homosexuals for their own selfish ends in an American city. I saw the one boy in jail grow into a hundred, a thousand.

Perhaps some readers of the same article will write to ask why ONE goes out of its way to publicize such happenings. "Prejudice will fade away by itself if we don't make things worse by fighting it," I hear them say. Or, more directly, "For God's sake, don't rock the boat." I, for one, do not believe that attacks stop simply if those attacked remain quiet and agreeable. Most homosexuals have little enough self-pride without following such a course. Perhaps there is room for the Uncle Tom attitude in part of the homosexual population, but what we surely need are movers and doers. What about the frightened kid on the wrong end of a pair of handcuffs? Are some of us ever going to have the courage to come across the road to give him a hand?

We homosexuals are a small minority, bound together whether we like it or not by the attitudes of the Outside, attitudes we all too often reflect in our own, unconscious self-evaluation. We are different from most minorities because we have none of the supports and comforts by which other groups make their lives easier. As yet, for example, we have no tradition in which to take pride, we have no common voice, we invoke no bonds which draw us together, we have no group of sympathetic outsiders willing to go to bat for us, we have no heroes of our own. Many of us fail to understand our own existence, or to find any motivation for our lives.

ONE is the frail but brave beginning of a homosexual voice. Through it we may develop knowledge, bonds of understanding, sympathetic interest, perhaps even the beginnings of a homosexual tradition in which we may take pride. The almost pathetic eagerness with which some readers pledge support to ONE is an inarticulate expression of the promise they see.

For those of us who are homosexuals ourselves, the temptation to go by on the other side, so far as the boy in the park is concerned, is very great. We are satisfied to have him dealt with in such a way as will reflect on us as little as possible. We say angrily, and a little fearfully, "Anyone who makes such a spectacle of himself deserves just what he gets!" Perhaps it is true, for the life he has come to lead is ugly and sordid, without objective or hope. But surely we can see that no one would embark on such a career, exposed to the jeers and contempt of most people, a prey to all the injury which those from whom he seeks satisfaction can inflict, unless he has reached the desperate point where he has no feeling of security and no hope of sympathy or understanding from outside his own meager resources. If this boy were an alcoholic or a drug addict there would be those to whom he could turn who had themselves won through on the same battle. Not so with homosexuals. Those who "wear the mask," as Cory phrases it, are fearful of their own exposure. Those who have had the mask ripped away are frequently so unstable themselves that they could scarcely be expected to give stability to another. There are even fewer sources of help beyond our group: the psychiatrist, the pastor, the doctor, the family and friends are frequently ignorant, and much more frequently frightened and therefore angry.

This brings me to one of the essential goals which we as the homosexual minority must gain before we can hope to assist those of our group who fail to make the grade as whole, normal homosexual human beings. That need is to discover within our ranks individuals whom we can admire for their good qualities *as homosexuals*, and not *in spite of* their homosexuality. This is a basic distinction. For want of a better phrase, I would designate such a person a "minority hero" in the sense employed by the European sociologists Max Weber and George Simmel. We have a tendency to laugh at the idea of heroes these days. Heroes come with boxtops this year, and a proper, modern hero employs publicity agents and gets a crack at a cigarette endorsement. But it is not these pulp paper heroes we homosexuals need; we can get that variety at a dime a dozen in any physique magazine. We need the person who has had such courage and ability in facing up to the realities of himself that he can afford to be concerned with the welfare of others. Such a person can serve as a support and an example to those who have never met him. The boy in the park is a study in personal disintegration, not far removed from the wards of a mental hospital. He has never learned that it is possible for persons with the same basic orientation as his to achieve a self-mastery that lets their outlook stretch far beyond the search for gross sexual satisfaction or even the effort to hold down a job. In the heterosexual mind, no homosexual would help another unless he were hoping to get some sexual benefit in return. It is about time that homosexuals themselves, at any rate, get away from such a damning concept.

Who, one may well ask, is potentially a "minority hero?" It is easier to suggest those who would *not* fill the role. The sexual athlete, the male Cleopatra, would not qualify. Neither would the bi-sexual whose chief distinction is that he marries, has children, and hides his identity by never, never appearing in public with homosexual friends. Nor can we choose the man who has reduced his entire existence to the simple terms of a hasty, single-minded pilgrimage from one lumpy mattress to another. These people may be in equilibrium and therefore "well-adjusted" in the current psychoanalytic sense. They may enjoy the type of public acceptance one may achieve by never making an issue of his homosexuality. But they are of no help to those of us who find it most difficult to find a sense of worth as members of the homosexual brotherhood. Who *can* help, then? The best present answer I can give is to mention a few individuals who produce evidence that heroism runs naturally in their veins. There is, for instance, the man who stood up in court and stated that he was a homosexual, without fear or apology, and challenged the court to find in this anything intrinsically or morally wrong. There is the fellow who appeared on a television program about the homosexual "problem" because he hoped that his example might help other homosexuals understand themselves. He knew he would lose his job and some of his friends, but he did not hesitate. There is the man who became implicated with a fellow-worker because of the accusations of a third (ironically homosexual also and jealous) who managed to shift the entire blame onto himself so as to spare his friend. These are men who deserve our admiration. They have sufficient fortitude and a sense of responsibility to their own people to step forward when the times require it.

JOY TO MY YOUTH

rick davis



Ad Deum, Qui laetificat juventutem meam
(To God, Who giveth joy to my youth)



THE ball floated back on a direct pass from center to the left halfback, deep man in the single wing formation. Starting slowly to the right, he gave his blocking time to form ahead of him; then as he reached the line in the off-tackle slant, he saw a small opening and cut back sharply to the left to avoid the pileup of blockers. As he broke through the defensive line into the secondary, he stiff-armed the linebacker coming over to wreck the play and cut back to the outside again, fading with the halfback charging over to nail him. He faded until he picked up a key block and cut back to the left, carrying on for thirty yards before the safety man brought him down with a shoestring tackle. The whistle blew, and the coach called the offensive and defensive teams in to review the play. The ball carrier got to his feet and took off his helmet revealing close-cut black hair. He glanced toward the sidelines and saw a friend there. His attractive features lit up in a warm, friendly grin, and laughter crinkled at the corners of his eyes.

The kid, watching the scrimmage from the sidelines, turned to the old boy who was acting as guide for the small group of new students. "Who was that carrying the ball?" he asked.

"Ronnie Blevin, all-state last year, captain of our team, monitor and first classman," was the old boy's reply.

"Thanks a lot," the kid said, and he thought to himself that surely nothing could be finer than to have Ronnie Blevin smile at him as he had smiled there on the field. The kid, fifteen, had selected his school hero on this the very first day of school.

As the days passed, the kid fell into the regular school routine: classes in the morning, physical education in the afternoon and study hall in the evening. He saw little of his hero since they were in different classes and had different groups of friends due to the disparity in their ages and interests. For the kid, the high spot of each day was the time when he was dismissed from practice with the junior football squad; then he would stop by the varsity practice field and watch his hero run plays with the varsity. After a short wait, the varsity would be dismissed, and the kid would follow his idol to the locker room. Sometimes, on days which became special to him, the kid would find himself in the shower room when Ronnie came in, and he could admire his trim, well-muscled hero and hear the happy voice laughing and joking with his teammates.

The third Saturday of school brought the first football game of the season. It was a beautiful autumn afternoon, and the entire student body turned out to watch the team in the initial defense of their state championship. The kid sat in the bleachers with his young fourth classmates and friends and cheered the team throughout the short afternoon. Ronnie Blevin ran and passed the team to a 27-6 victory, and when the coach took him out of the game shortly before the final whistle, the whole student body rose to its feet as one man and gave him a thundering ovation. A few minutes later the game ended, and the kid ran to the bench and, breathless at his own temerity, asked his hero reverently: "Can I carry your helmet for you, Ronnie?" Adulation shone from his eyes.

"Sure, kid," said Ronnie, noticing the slim, fair-haired boy for the first time. "Take good care of it for me, now."

"Oh! Sure I will!" said the kid, clasping the sweaty prize tightly in his arms.

Ronnie smiled down at him and tousled the soft fair hair playfully. "I know you will, kid."

The kid felt a surge of happiness and well-being rise within him, and he accompanied his hero to the door of the locker room as if he were floating on a cloud. All the way to the locker room, hands slapped at Ronnie, and excited voices shouted congratulations to him. The kid felt that he, too, had accomplished great deeds that afternoon. At the door to the locker room, he reluctantly surrendered the treasure to the star halfback.

"Thanks a lot, Ronnie," he said.

"Thank YOU, kid," said Ronnie; then reading the hero-worship in the kid's eyes, he added, "How about me appointing you as my official helmet bearer for our home games for the rest of the season? Suit you?" He looked down at the kid, and once more his face broke into that sunny grin.

"Oh! Gee! Yes! Thanks again, Ronnie!" Ecstatically happy, the kid ran to tell his young friends of the honor conferred on him by none other than Ronnie Blevin.

The following Monday, the kid stopped as usual to watch the varsity squad after the juniors had been dismissed. When the coach let the varsity go, Ronnie caught sight of the kid on the sidelines and walked over to him smiling.

"Hi, kid," he said, "so you're a football player, too?"

"Aw, Ronnie," the kid said, embarrassed, "I'm not good like you—I just play at the game."

Ronnie threw his arm around the kid's shoulders and started to the locker room with him. "You never can tell, kid. Maybe if you grow enough and work hard enough, you'll be good—a lot better than I can ever hope to be. If not, it doesn't make a lot of difference. It's a lot of fun to be good at the game, but that's all it is—just a game. Always remember that."

"Sure, Ronnie," said the kid, pretending to understand. He wondered, though, what could be finer or more important in life than to be the best left halfback in the state and have all the popularity that goes with it and hear the crowd shouting your name every Saturday.

As they reached the door to the locker room, Ronnie stopped a moment. "Say, what's your name, kid? I can't keep running into you all over school without having a name for you," he said.

"I'd rather you call me Kid," the kid said wistfully, "my real name's Abner Dillard."

"Yeah, I like Kid better, too. Then it's Kid Dillard. Right?"

"Right."

"What dorm you on?"

"I room up on North-Three."

"Oh, Jim Wilks your monitor?"

"That's right."

"Well—I might drop in on you some night when I come up to see Jim, if you'd like me to."

"Gee, I'd like that a lot—if you only would."

"Okay, Kid, then I'll drop up to see you one of these first nights. See you around."

"Okay, Ronnie. See you."

The next couple of days, the kid didn't get a chance to talk to Ronnie. He waited at football practice and saw him when he came in, but Ronnie only smiled and waved at him and walked in with the other guys on the varsity.

Then came Saturday and the second home game. Once more Ronnie was the whole offensive show for the home team as he ran and passed them to a 26-12 win. After the game, the kid ran to the bench to carry the hero's helmet.

"Gosh, Ronnie, you were great!" the kid said.

"Thanks, Kid. Hey! I thought you would have forgotten about the helmet. Glad you didn't, though."

"I couldn't ever forget that," the kid said simply. Then he was lost in the crowd of shouting back-slappers that surrounded the star.



THE following Tuesday, shortly after the lights out bell sounded at ten o'clock, the kid heard a knock at his door.

"Come in," he said.

The door opened and Ronnie walked in. "Hi, Kid," he said. "Had to come up to see Jim Wilks a minute and thought I might as well check by to see where you roomed."

"That's swell, Ronnie," said the kid, enormously flattered that the school big shot was interested in where he, a new boy and lowly fourth classman, roomed. "Come on in and have a seat."

"Can't. Came up to get Jim for a monitor's meeting tonight, and I've got to get back down for the meeting myself. Say, you didn't say you were in a single room up here. Isn't it kind of lonesome rooming alone?"

"My folks asked the school to put me in a single room—thought I'd study better by myself, I guess. It gets pretty lonesome sometimes, but I'm getting more used to it now."

"Well, I've gotta run, Kid. I'll come back some other night when I've got a little time to visit. Good night."

"Good night, Ronnie." The kid went to sleep happy that night.

Sure enough, the demigod returned for the promised visit two nights later.

"Come in," said the kid in response to the knock on his door.

"Hi, Kid," Ronnie said as he walked in and sat down, "how are things with you?"

"Swell, Ronnie," the kid replied. How could things be other than swell when THE big shot of the school pays you a visit? "How about you?"

"'Bout the same as usual, I guess."

The eighteen year old and the fifteen year old sparred conversationally for a few minutes, the kid trying desperately to establish some bond of common interest between them as a basis for friendship. He was too young and inexperienced to know that his own hero-worship for the older boy was, in itself, what had brought them together in the first place and would be enough to keep interest alive until genuine friendship could be established or the admiration died out of itself. Ronnie's admiration of the kid was based on the kid's admiration for him. Youth is so very simple and at the same time, so terribly complex. Each boy aroused the interest of the other, and as long as the mutual bond of interest remained, the possibility of friendship was there.

After a short visit, Ronnie had to leave. "I gotta go, Kid. I'm in training, you know, and I'm supposed to be in bed by ten-thirty."

"Yeah, that's right. But you'll come back again, won't you, Ron? It gets sort of lonely up here with nobody to talk to, and I can hear the other guys talking and laughing in their rooms at night."

"Sure, I'll be back, Kid. By the way, we play our next three games away from home. I'll make a touchdown for you Saturday," Ronnie promised, feeling a touch of sympathy tinged with friendship for the kid.

"Gee—How fine!" said the kid, immensely pleased and flattered.

"Good night, Kid."

"Good night, Ron. Thanks a lot for coming by."

ON Saturday morning the student body gathered at the bus to give the team a big send off; then they waited anxiously through the brief fall afternoon for the message which would signify victory or defeat. At last

the call came through. The game had been won on a long touchdown in the closing minutes by Ronnie Blevin. It had been a close 18-13 conference triumph.

The school was given late permission for a torchlight rally to welcome the team home. New boys were recruited for various last minute tasks, and the kid found himself wiring scraps of burlap to sticks to be dipped in kerosene and used as torches.

The team finally arrived, and the student body cheered the team collectively and each man individually—the longest and loudest cheer, of course, going to Ronnie Blevin, once more the hero of the day. Finally the light from the last torch smoldered and died, and weary students filed off to their dorm rooms and bed.

As the kid switched off his light and crawled under the covers, his door opened and a head stuck in through the opening.

"I made that touchdown I promised you, Kid. Just wanted to tell you before you went to sleep. Good night. See you tomorrow."

"Good night, Ron, and—thanks a lot."

"Aw, forget it, Kid."

The kid fell asleep with a smile of happiness on his face and a warm glow of well-being inside him. For him life held nothing but joy this night.

THE following Saturday's game was a breather even though it was away from home. Still the kid sweated it out until the call came through reporting a 32-0 win for the team with Ronnie Blevin making three of the touchdowns. After the traditional torchlight welcome for the returning victors, Ronnie again stopped by the kid's room.

"All three of my T.D.'s were for you, Kid. Hell, you bring me luck," Ronnie said.

The kid wriggled happily. "Say—Ron—Gee! that's swell of you to say that. Sit down and tell me all about it, huh?" He sat up in the bed, excited.

"There's not much to tell," Ronnie said, sitting down. "They didn't have very much. First time we got the ball, we ran that off-tackle slant from our own thirty-eight yard line. The boys knocked them over like tenpins. Zip—nothing to it—62 yards for the touchdown. The rest was just as simple. I was lucky enough to make two more: one from 24 yards out, one from 7. Didn't play but about half the game."

"Aw, Ron, you're too modest. You make it sound too easy."

"It was easy today, but from here on out, it's going to be pretty tough."

"You'll make it look easy, Ron," the kid said softly.

"Flattery will get you nowhere," Ron said, looking at the slight figure on the bed. Then, abruptly he stood up and walked to the door, disturbed. "Good night, Kid," he said in a hoarse voice.

"Good night, Ron," was the soft reply. "Come back, please."

Thursday night Ronnie came back by the kid's room just after lights out and walked in without knocking. "Hi, Kid," he said.

"Hello, Ron. I've missed you." The kid sat up in the bed and said, "Have a seat."

"I've been kind of busy, and—well, maybe I've been coming up here to see you too much."

"I don't get what you're driving at."

"Oh, forget it. This week's our last game away from home; after that, we've got two home games, and the season's over."

"You going to make a touchdown for me this week end, Ron?"

"That's what I came up to tell you, Kid. I'm sure going to try. If I make one, it'll be for you."

"What's wrong, Ronnie? Did I do something to make you mad at me or something?"

"No—what put that idea in your head?"

"Well, you're acting so funny and stand-offish tonight that I thought maybe I said or did something that made you mad."

"No, Kid, there's nothing wrong with you. It's me."

"What's wrong?"

"Wrong time of month, I guess. I'll get over it.—And, Kid—I'll make that touchdown for you Saturday."

"And you'll come up and tell me all about it Saturday night?"

"I didn't say that."

"But you will?"

"Yes," Ronnie said unhappily, "I will." He got up and walked blindly from the room without answering the kid's soft good night. Neither Ronnie nor the kid slept well that night.

LATE Saturday afternoon, the anxious students could breathe easily once more. Their team had won a close one, 19-14. After the opponents had gone ahead 14-13 midway of the fourth quarter, Ronnie Blevin took the ensuing kickoff back seventy-eight yards for the winning touchdown.

After the wild torchlight celebration of the hard-won victory, Ronnie came by the kid's room. The kid was waiting for him. Ronnie stood silent in the doorway.

"Hey, Ron, I've been waiting for you. Come on in."

"I better not. But I promised I'd come by and tell you; I made that touchdown for you, Kid."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Then why don't you come on in and tell me about it?"

Ronnie came into the room reluctantly, closing the door behind him.

"Aw, Ron, come on. Sit down, why don't you?"

"All right," Ronnie said with an air of resignation. He walked over and sat down.

"Now—tell me all about the game."

"It was a pretty tough game, Kid. I got off a lucky long pass early in the first quarter for a touchdown. They tied it up at the beginning of the second quarter; then in the third quarter, Ed Adams scored on the end around, and we went out front 13-7. When they scored near the middle of the last quarter to go out in front 14-13, I realized that there wouldn't be many more chances to get that touchdown I promised you. I caught the ball on our 22 yard line and got a couple of key blocks; then I cut to the sidelines and took off. That was the game."

"Say, Ron?"

"Yeah?"

"What's wrong between you and me?"

"Nothing, Kid. Why?"

"Well, the other night, you said you'd been coming up here to see me too much; then you didn't answer me when I said good night, and tonight you didn't want to come in and talk to me. What's wrong? Aren't you and I buddies any more?"

"Sure, Kid, we're buddies. I like you, all right. I guess that's the trouble. I like you too damned much."

"There's nothing wrong with your liking me, is there? I don't think you could like me too much—not too much for me, anyway."

"You're swell, Kid," Ronnie whispered.

It was late when Ronnie left the kid's room that night.

DURING the following week, Ronnie went out of his way to avoid the kid. When they would accidentally meet in the corridor, Ronnie would turn his head to avoid looking the kid in the eye. It was a pretty terrible week for both boys.

Saturday came at last and with it the next to the last football game of the season. It was pretty awful. Ronnie received the opening kickoff and fumbled on his own 27 yard line with Thomas Prep recovering. On the first play after the recovery, the Thomas left end got in behind Ronnie and caught a touchdown pass. They converted to go ahead 7-0. After the quick touchdown, the two teams see-sawed up and down the field with neither being able to score. It was three downs and kick—over and over. Ronnie's usual accurate passing was sadly off, and he was unable to get off on one of his long sure-footed spectacular runs. He was flat. Finally in the last quarter, Ed Adams got away on the end around for 54 yards and a touchdown, but they missed the point, and that's the way the game ended—7-6 favor of Thomas Prep.

After the game, the members of the varsity started disconsolately for the dressing room. The kid ran from the stands and caught up with the dejected figure of the fallen hero as he trudged along, dangling his helmet from listless fingers. The kid took the helmet from him.

"Don't you remember? I'm supposed to carry this for you. I'm your helmet bearer."

Ronnie looked at the kid with disbelieving eyes. "What are you doing talking to me?"

"We're buddies, aren't we?"

"After what happened?"

"Hell, Ronnie, anybody can have a bad day. Don't you remember telling me not to worry—it's just a game."

"That's not what I was talking about."

"Nothing else happened that we didn't want to happen, did it, Ron?"

A great weight lifted from Ronnie's shoulders. "Kid, you're All-American! Wait for me after supper, will you? We'll go to town and celebrate. Suit you?"

"Nothing could be finer," said the kid, happy to be back in the good graces of his hero once more. He scampered off happily to wait for Ronnie.

THE next week was a happy one for the two boys. Ronnie visited the kid several nights during the week, and he promised the kid that the team would beat their traditional rival, Babbitt Prep, for the state prep title.

They had to defeat Babbitt to win the title, because Babbitt and Thomas had played to a tie, and Thomas had lost an early season game.

And they won. It was a hard bruising game, but Ronnie furnished the spark for the victory. He ran 31 yards for one touchdown and passed for the other. He didn't want to take any chances on having the extra point tries blocked, so he ran for both extra points. Babbitt missed one of their extra points, and that was the ball game—14-13.

After the game, Ronnie was waiting for the kid. "You brought me luck, Kid. All eight of those points are your responsibility just the same as if you had scored them."

The kid took the helmet and smiled up at his buddy happily as the students took Ronnie on their shoulders for a ride to the gym.

That night, the students were still exhilarated over the victory over their old rivals. The excitement still had them restless. When Ronnie came up to visit the kid after lights out, many of the boys were still up and talking. Occasionally a shout echoed through the halls, but Ronnie and the kid were oblivious to the noise.

Suddenly the kid's door flew open, and the beam of a flashlight flooded the room.

"What are you doing in here, Blevin?" a harsh voice demanded. It was one of the masters who had come around to quiet the students in the dormitories. "I shall have to report this to the headmaster in the morning of course. Go to your room, Blevin."

"Yes, sir. Good night, Kid. Keep your chin up."

"Okay, Ron. Good night," the kid said sadly.

Neither of the boys slept that night. At breakfast next morning it was announced that the headmaster wanted to see Blevin and Dillard in his office immediately breakfast was over. Ronnie caught the kid's eye, smiled and lifted his own chin with his finger as if to say "keep your chin up, buddy." The kid, unafraid, smiled back at his buddy.

Ronnie was waiting for him at the dining room door. They walked in to the headmaster's office and stood side by side before his desk.

"Whitfield School cannot tolerate what you boys have done," the headmaster said coldly. "Have either of you anything to say at this time?"

"It's all my fault, sir," said Ronnie.

"It's a funny thing," said the kid quietly, "but it seems that if you do something that other people don't want to do themselves or don't think you ought to do, you're either punished or thought to be sick. I'm leaving this school, sir."

"You certainly are—both of you are! You will each be accompanied by a master while you pack your belongings preparatory to being shipped. After you have finished packing, the master will see you off on your train. You have two hours to pack and catch your train, Blevin. Dillard, you have three and one-half hours. Your parents will be notified by telegram that you have been shipped. Your names will be erased from the school records so thoroughly that there will be no trace you ever attended Whitfield. That is all. You may go."

The headmaster was wrong. Ronnie was named honorary captain and unanimous choice for left halfback on the all-state eleven representing Whitfield.

Abner Dillard was called "Kid" for many years.

The two boys never saw each other again.

science

Homosexuality & the sex variant: what anthropology, economics, medicine, psychology, sociology and other sciences say. Original articles and reprints or abstracts from material published elsewhere. ONE regards this department as a continuing seminar in the field of socio-sexual research and holds no brief for or against the views expressed by various scientific workers. Readers, as "students", are urged to pursue their own further study.

Reflections on the CHRISTINE JORGENSEN Case

by Carlotta, Baronin von Curtius

THE startling news in the American newspapers about two years ago, concerning the sex transformation of a former G.I., seemed to cause sensation and controversy amongst all sorts of people. However, as we all know, there is nothing new under the sun. Miss Jorgenson was neither the first, nor will she be the last, to undergo such an operation.

During my long association with Prof. Hirschfeld and the "Institut für Sexualwissenschaften" in Berlin, I have, between 1925 and the closing of the Institute in 1935 (at which time I left Berlin), witnessed four such "sex changes." Three of the patients were Germans, the fourth a well-known Danish painter, by the name of Einar Wegener, who, after the "change", became Mme. Lilly Elbe,

in honor of the city of Dresden-on-the-Elbe, where the operation was performed by the prominent surgeon, Prof. Warnecross.

The others were Albert Richter, born in Karlsbad, Bohemia, who became Dora Richter. As she is an excellent cook, she soon became the owner of a small restaurant in the city of her birth. Then we have Herbert Haase, who, as Hertha Haase, turned out to be quite a fashionable dressmaker; and last but not least, is Arno Engel, who, as Arna Engel, is even today one of Germany's leading portraitists.

The last three mentioned were operated on at the "Tiergarten Klinik", the hospital attached to the Institute. The surgeon, in all three cases, was Prof. Ghorband, of the "Urban Krankenhaus" in Berlin.

These are cases personally known to me. However, according to Prof. Hirschfeld, sex changes were well known to the ancients. The "Hetaerae" of the Greeks were, according to the great sexologist, very feminine boys who, as they grew older, could not accept the duties and burdens of manhood, and were therefore changed into sexless beings, wearing the garb of the sex they most resembled.

In the 18th Century, we have the famous case of the "Chevaliere D'Eon", who, after having changed sex from the male to the female, became Ambassador to the court of Katherine of Russia. And how many more were, and are there, of whom we know nothing?

One thing is quite certain, however. None of these persons, living or dead, were "heterosexual Transvestites". A complete resexation can be carried out only on those whose sex life, emotionally, is that of the sex they strive to be. Such is the case of the feminine homosexual male, whose desire is for the man. But if the psychiatrist, who is always consulted first, discovers that the person desiring the change

has normal or even only slightly normal sexual desires, he will not authorize an operation.

Mlle. Jorgenson has done a thing which, in my opinion, every so-called "intermediate" should. The only thing she should not have done is to advertise a very private matter, therefore ruining her chances to lead a satisfactory life in her new role. Whether Mlle. Jorgenson can have, or desire, a sex life, depends entirely upon the surgical skill of Prof. Hamberger, as well as upon her own emotions. The fact remains that plastic surgery has helped her to balance her life without appearing ridiculous in the eyes of the world. That alone should have been worth more to her than all the money she may have accumulated.

A special word of gratitude should be said for the so-understanding American Ambassador in Copenhagen, who enabled her to have the name "Christine" legalized. All authorities should follow her example. I remember how hard it was for the German patients to make their government understand that they were no longer members of the male sex.



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- 
- Where do you come from?
 - What use, if any are you?
 - What, if anything, do you point to?
- 



A FUTURE

for the ISOPHYL

D. B. Vest

The chief charge made against isophyls has been that they are "unnatural" (merely private jaded behavior.) This is not true. Every known species of mammal produces intergrades. Further, with man, isophylia is commoner, because man's rapid advance has been due to his retaining unspecialized youthfulness longer than any other species.

With play, curiosity, wonder and creativity (largely lost by other adult animals) man retains psychosomatic generalization, that panaesthetic response, that need for caress and fondling, which is gay, exploratory and stimulant, but purely erotic rather than specifically sexual, for it is pre-productive.

Modern society faces two demands. The first is Malthus' Devil, brooding again over mankind: we must realize man breeds faster than he can produce food. When such societies as the Achaean Greeks — or the nomads on their failing grasslands — found population pressures threatening disaster, they seemed to alter their mores regarding isophylia, and produced increasing proportions of those to whom this way of life was satisfying and inspiring.

When certain breeding-changes are necessary to the race, biological modifications do seem to occur. After a war, male births increase, tending to readjust the male-female ration. Thus isophylia is Nature's response to the population pressures on the food supply.

• • •

Never before have human societies approached such elaboration, or changed at such unsettling speed. Taylor, pioneer in scientific management, discovered that the invention of a new machine requires a new type of machine-mind. Western economy can only escape fission and collapse if served by experts who must be concerned with and feel loyalty to the entire accelerating process. They must retain the brave curiosity of the child.

All highly developed social creatures — bees, ants, termites — produce worker types, specific mutations to fit the elaborate socio-economic structure. As human society grows complex and interlocked, man too produces a type to serve the need.

• • •

In advanced societies, the isophylic type, relieved of breeding, is produced and so specialized as to run the elaborate organizations. The increasingly complex social structure demands a type less restricted to the small pattern of the family than the heterosexual.

These are the two uses of the isophyl. One is outside his control — willy nilly he serves the biological purpose of Nature. The other is more a promise than an assignation. Human society is still in a more rudimentary state than that of the more advanced creatures.

We have outgrown the family: the community educates the rising generation. Parenthood is increasingly confined to reproduction and parturition. But the community remains largely incoherent, a heterogeneous mixture of disputing creeds and conflicting social heredities. It will require much social planning before a scientifically designed society, its psychology balanced with its economy, will emerge.

This can only happen when society and the isophyl understand one another. Where other highly developed societies have created an apparently unchanging social structure, best served by specialized types, (derived by atrophy of specific sex structure) human society is essentially mobile, progressive. This type therefore, instead of atrophying, retains youthful unspecialization into the stage of adult awareness and responsibility.

The isophyl is a further development of that human power to put off "settling down" — the resiliency which makes man civilizable. If our society is to progress (being mobile, it must progress, or crash) it must be manned by at least some members who because they can keep young, have two essentials:

Emotionally, they retain the generalized response and out-goingness of children, which our loyalty-governed community must have to avoid moral bankruptcy. Intellectually, they keep that curiosity, also a quickly lost characteristic of youth, which our changing community also needs to use its new powers creatively. An open mind is more important than a high I.Q. By nature is suited to develop emotionally and intellectually. He needs but realize that to equip himself for the services which will establish beyond doubt his value to this age.

When any species, under the struggle to survive, reproduced bisexually, the two sexes come to be excessively differentiated. The male gorilla may be twice the size of the female. Neanderthal woman was first mistaken as a different species from Neanderthal man, so great were the differences. As conditions became easier, the climate more genial, the sexes tend again to approximate.

The interpretives, administrative types (priest, prophet, artist) tend to rise among the intergrades. A balanced mixture of the "andric" and "gynic" factors seem to be the endocrine poise which best combines the exploratory urge with the compositional desire. Hence such a type is most likely to arrive at profoundly new insights.

Analysis of the creative process has today become one of the great concerns of education. The open mind was never so necessary. All research into the mind shows that further evolution depends on retaining resilience. The isophyl has the mind-body makeup which makes possible the openness of heart and mind without which toleration disappears, progress is arrested, and society declines into tyranny.

If mankind is to retain its liberties, rid itself of war and social violence, and advance, two factors will establish themselves:

The andric-gynic blend will be established as the characteristic poise of the progressive type. Natural Selection will favor this, as prejudice proves an increasingly high security risk. An atavistic mind endangers an accelerating community.

Our radical inventions call for minds of unusual openness. Our unprecedented awareness of other cultures, which we can no longer hope to deform to our prejudice, compel us to be anthropologically minded. The isophyl, retaining the child's uncrafty geniality and trusting friendliness, is most suited to negotiate with other social heredities. His future seems to be in the intellectual services he can render in exploring the further frontiers of the mind, and in the diplomatic or anthropological services working toward the federalization of mankind.





BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS

Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.



THE HEART IN EXILE

Rodney Garland

First American Edition, Coward-McCann, Inc., New York . . . 1954

This novel will, without doubt, rank among the foremost modern contributions to homosexual literature. It presents, in a sympathetic and touching fictional form, the same profound problems and the same diversified situations and types as are presented, by expository and critical methods, in Cory's *THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA*. These two books, in fact, complement each other in many remarkable ways.

The author, writing in the first person, represents himself as a homosexual psychiatrist who, for various personal reasons, takes it upon himself to investigate the suicide of Julian Leclerc, his one-time lover and an acquaintance of many years. The plot unfolds with several ingenious twists of circumstance, which take the reader from the most opulent salons and clubs of London into the most tawdry hangouts of the homosexual "underworld". In an unexpected denouement, the psychiatrist finally discovers the person most immediately responsible for Leclerc's self-destruction.

Two or three important features make this book much more than just an interesting story. First of all, it ends happily, which is quite a shock to anyone familiar with conventional treatments of the homosexual theme. Secondly, it contains many very keen psychological observations of homosexual behavior, which are introduced unassumingly, and which are unconfused by technical language. Thirdly, it reflects sound philosophical and moral attitudes, which, stated against the background of much worldly knowledge and experience, are plainly free from hypocrisy and insincerity. The author, evidently too wise to regard homosexuality, per se, as a disease, does not bore the reader by harping upon "cures." Of the homoerotic attachment, he concludes that "It isn't its barrenness and sterility that kills it in the end, but the hostility and condemnation of a minority which for all we know may turn out to be smaller even than the (homosexual) underground. The real normal world is as neutral towards us as nature itself."

Whether homoerotic attachments are necessarily "barren and sterile", except on the physiological level, is a point which *THE HEART IN EXILE* does not resolve. The general tone of the book suggests that they are not—rather, that homoerotic inclinations and behavior can become a means of much spiritual productivity and usefulness on the part of those to whom homoeroticism is necessary.

—ROBERT GREGORY

THE ALCOHOLIC WOMAN.....

Benjamin Karpman, M.D.

The Linacre Press, Washington, D. C., 1948

This book presents three case histories of alcoholic women, in all of which psycho-sexual maladjustments beginning in early childhood strike a familiar theme. Traces of homosexuality appear in the histories of the first two. In the third, homosexuality is thoroughly dominant, and in this particular instance, the patient's dread or fear of her own homosexuality drives her not only to alcoholism, but also to extremes of heterosexual promiscuity.

All three cases form extremely interesting studies, well fortified by the careful interpretations of the author. Presented together, as they are, they are a happy choice for purposes of comparison. Studied together, they tend to suggest rather clearly that both heterosexual and homosexual maladjustments arise from so nearly a common origin, in terms of environmental circumstances, that the two cannot be fairly judged by two different and unrelated moral standards.

—Robert Gregory

HYPNOSIS & THE HOMOSEXUAL

ONE calls the attention of its readers to an article bearing the above title which appears in the March 1955 issue of HYPNOSIS MAGAZINE. The article is written by Henry D. Spalding, who has had much practical experience in the use of hypnotherapy for the homosexual. In it, he explains his treatments for the correction of unwanted mannerisms, and also explores the possibilities of inducing or strengthening heterosexual responses. HYPNOSIS MAGAZINE, a semi-technical professional journal, is published from its headquarters at 17 Martin Place, Irvington, N. J.

THE MATTACHINE REVIEW

The Mattachine Society, Inc. has produced a publication that should prove indispensable with, and an integral part of, the work they are doing today. Its first issue (Jan.-Feb. '55) has presented a neat, well-programmed format that should be of value to anyone interested in this field. Another milestone to the understanding of mankind!

Comprising the magazine is a thought-provoking article by Los Angeles attorney Henry Silver; a sympathetic article by James Barr, author of "Quatrefoil" and others . . . articles airing the empirical injustices that come as a result of gross ignorance on the subject of homosexuality.

The MATTACHINE REVIEW, in all its brand-spanking-newness, is an organ that looks promising in its appeal to the uninformed.

G.G.

INTERNATIONAL

News from other countries; translations and selections from homo-file magazines abroad.

HOMOSEXUALITY ON H. M. S. VANGUARD AN ALARMING CASE

By A. J.

In the issue of the „News of the World“ of 17th Oct. there is a report of Courts Martial, held at Devonport, when 5 sailors from the HMS Vanguard were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment and dismissal from the Service, and to terms of detention for having committed acts of impropriety. Only one of the sailors was 21. The others were 19 & 20. There can be little doubt none of the men had any previous convictions.

Since the cases were dealt with by Courts Martial, information must have been laid, in the first place, by members of the crew of the ship (at least it is difficult to imagine anything else), which means these men were „given away“ by their pals. (So-called: pals). That men of the Senior Service could stoop to such loathsome methods is appalling. But it is not surprising, if one remembers the shocking Witch Hunt that is going on all over Britain to-day, in regard to anything of a homosexual nature.

Fathers are spying on their sons, sons on their fathers, sisters on their brothers, and, as for neighbours! They do nothing else but spy on all and sundry.

It is often said these methods were employed by the Nazis. They probably were: they certainly are employed, wholesale, in regard to all things homosexual in Britain to-day. And, in a little less degree, to everything and anything of a sexual nature.

„Snooping“ and „Pimping“, in Britain, now are encouraged. Pimps and snoops, once thought of as being beneath contempt are now encouraged by the powers that be.

And this is not the end of the story.

About three years ago, a homosexual, living in the West End of London, was visited by a number of Guardsmen. One used to bring the other.

Once one of these soldiers approached another soldier and invited him to go to see this man.

He gave an evasive reply, and later reported what had happened to his superiors. Then an NCO got busy, and got into touch with Scotland Yard who interviewed a great number of the men who were supposed to have visited this man. In the end a Scotland Yard Officer AND this wretched NCO went together to watch the man's flat. The result of this pimping was that the man, and three or four of the Guardsmen, were arrested and got various terms of imprisonment.

So it seems this odious spying is not confined to members of the Royal Navy, but has spread into other services, as well.

One wonders what Nelson and Wellington would have had to say to such vermin? One knows the reply of Napoleon when one of his officers reported that a common soldier was having intercourse with his mare: „Well: do you expect *me* to take an interest in his love affairs“?

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE OSCAR WILDE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

By *Anatole James.*

Just lately, to mark the centenary of the birth of Oscar Wilde there have been quite a few celebrations of one sort and another.

There was a large and important Luncheon given in London during the last week, at which many well-known people, including Wilde's only surviving son, were present, and a plaque has been affixed outside Wilde's house, in Tite Street, Chelsea, to mark the place where he lived for so long. And there have been several talks, and references to Wilde given by the BBC. And quite a lot of references to him in many papers, which have been favourable, and even flattering. Even the „Daily Telegraph“ has devoted space to praise his memory, which is interesting when one recalls the outpourings of smugness and humbug this paper indulged in at the time of the trial, as anyone can see by turning up the numbers in the reading room at the British Museum.

All this recent reference to Wilde is good, so far as it goes, but I think it is apt to be very misleading. One is led to imagine there has been much change in the outlook regarding homosexuality, the male variety, (the female variety seems to be, at the worst, merely regarded as a venial sin, at the best, as an amiable weakness to be tolerated), by the vast majority of the British population.

Last night, 16th Oct, in the BBC third programme, Mr. Graham Hough gave a talk on Wilde in which he said he supposed there were few people to-day who approved by the severe sentence passed on Wilde in 1895.

I profoundly disagree with this statement. I think the vast majority of people to day thoroughly approve of that sentence, and regret it was not far more severe.

It must be remembered the law to-day is FAR stricter in regard to male homosexuality than it was in Wilde's time, even now there are very many people who think it ought to be made still stricter.

The disgraceful publicity given of the recent case of the young Lord Montagu, by very many newspapers, is indicative of present-day opinion, as is the attempted hounding out of public life of Sir John Gielgud after his recent conviction.

In the case of the M. P. Field, he, of course, HAD to clear out, which, according to many opinions I heard, was a „jolly good thing, too, you know“!

No. Among most people male homosexuality is still regarded as being worse than murder, in spite of the fact that there is a very small minority of enlightened public opinion which is trying to get the law amended so as to bring it into line with that of most civilized countries.

REPRINTED FROM »VENNEN«

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women



CAMOUFLAGE

Georgiana Blaker

She wished he had not insisted on coming with her tonight. Leone had wanted to come by herself—to sit here in the new opera house their city had just finished building a few months ago, and hear Marianne.

But the man who was Leone's husband had reminded her that although he hated opera and was not interested even that her dearest friend was singing the leading feminine role in *FAUST*, still Leone was too far along in her pregnancy to be going anywhere alone now.

He hadn't even wanted her to come with an escort. "But, if you insist on taking the risk of having our son born in an opera house," Paul had said, "then it's best that I go along with you!"

Our son! Paul had said but her own heart was saying, *Our daughter!* It's going to be a girl!

While the orchestra was tuning up for the Overture, Paul gave her a final farewell look like the one an early Christian about to be tossed to the lions might have given his beloved. Then he whispered a few honest comments.

"Why did you have to choose seats in the very first row? I'm not complaining about the price we paid for them, but to be this close to the stage is enough to twist one's neck forever out of joint!"

But I want to be close to Marianne, Leone thought—as close as I can get. For after tonight I may never see or hear her again. Marianne did not know Leone was here or that it still mattered to her to be close to her. She had stopped writing to Marianne after her marriage to Paul. So Marianne had gone on alone with her singing until now the whole world worshipped her and wanted her.

I know a celebrity, Leone thought proudly, but she had been proud of Marianne long before her voice had won recognition.

Unlike Leone, Marianne Foster had always been certain of herself even in high school days when most of the girls didn't know whether they wanted a career or marriage. But if you chose a career the admiration of your friends was not so frequent as their pity.

"She couldn't get a man, so the poor dear had to get herself a job!"

But Marianne had fooled them. She had won more male admirers than any other girl in the Senior class, and only Leone had known that she wasn't "boy crazy" like the rest of them. But Marianne let people believe anything they wanted to believe. Only to Leone, her best friend, had she suddenly and shockingly revealed her heart.

"I wish we could live together—you and I," she said once when they were alone, with her usual impulsive gaiety. "You like me a lot, don't you, Leone?"

Slowly, Leone had nodded her blonde head.

"You like me even better than any boy here at school, don't you?"

But then Leone had been afraid to answer for her heart was ready to agree. Only what would people say about them if they knew Leone didn't really love a boy either? She was horribly afraid of being laughed at or pitied because only women who had "sick minds" would feel anything deeper than a casual friendship for another woman. That was what she had heard one of their school teachers say—the one who gave the course in Sex Education. Only men and women had the right to love each other. If you felt any other kind of love there was something wrong with you!

And that was exactly the way Paul, her husband felt. If he knew that she had worshipped Marianne and still wanted to be close to her—he would say her mind was sick. That she was unnatural—emotionally retarded or worse, a degenerate!

Leone gave Paul a quick worried glance to see whether her thoughts could be showing visibly as on a TV screen. But her husband's cautious grey eyes were closed and the program his long restless fingers had made into a fan, lay perilously on the edge of his lap.

But when the curtain went up on Act 1 of FAUST, he opened his eyes again for a brief moment. Impatiently, Leone waited for the vision of Marguerite at her spinning wheel. She longed to see Marianne and hear her again as Faust was impatient for the gift of youth.

If Paul should know—if he should ever know this about her? Yet, why should she be made to feel ashamed of the most beautiful emotion she had ever felt? She had married Paul not for love but for social approval. I'm accepted now, she thought, by everyone except the person who matters most to me! She offered me her love, but I chose *his* because I was afraid of what people might say about two women who wanted each other. I've camouflaged my life to please other people—I'm living only what *they* want me to live, so that no one will ever call me a "queer"—an unnatural woman! Yet how many others were there like herself who were camouflaging their hearts—pretending to be what they were afraid not to be?

Suddenly Leone caught her breath and gripped the arms of the green plush covered chair in which she was sitting. A sudden sharp pain surged through her body reminding her again of their child—her's and Paul's. But at the same moment she saw Marianne with the long golden braids of Marguerite—a wig that covered the short brown hair which had never needed a permanent. Marianne

singing "THE KING OF THULE", and sitting at Marguerite's spinning wheel. And Faust eagerly promising his soul to the devil if thereby he could win her love. Incredibly lovely as Marianne looked now, Leone would have offered her own soul for a single kiss!

Did she only imagine that Marianne's dark eyes for one brief moment had looked into her own with the same tenderness as before?

When the curtain went down on the first act Paul groaned. "Four more acts to sit through!"

And Leone thought—I won't see her any more after this is over. She glanced again at the beloved name on the program. Marguerite—Marianne Foster, and then at the less familiar name of the woman who was playing the part of Seibel—a man's part. Was there—could there be more between them than their part in an opera together? It was possible that Marianne had found someone else now who wanted her. Someone who shared her interests.

But during the opera Leone was Faust, she was Seibel—she was everyone who loved Marguerite!

During the second intermission Paul made the remark:

"Why did they give the role of Seibel to a woman? How can anyone expect one woman to make love to another?"

"But," Leone argued, angry at him. "Seibel's part has always been sung by a woman."

And then another tremendous pain shook her body. She shouldn't stay here any longer—even if the baby wasn't due for another month yet. She stifled any sound that would betray her suffering and since the lights were out again Paul hadn't been able to see her face. She must stay close to Marianne as long as she could. She might never see her again or be close to her.

The remaining acts of the opera passed too quickly, and Leone knew that after the final curtain calls she must join the host of other admirers who would try to get to Marianne's dressing room. Reverent fingers eager to touch the dress she wore. Bold young voices demanding her autograph. Vicious tongues ready to gossip about her latest affair with some leading tenor or—. And she, Leone, knowing that Marianne made engagements only to break them—that her life too, had become a camouflage.

She thought again of the child she and Paul were going to have. To some parents it wouldn't matter if their offspring happened to be a son or a daughter but to each of them it mattered. Maybe this other unrecognized desire was in every woman who wanted a girl baby more than a boy—in every man who was disappointed when his wife presented him with a daughter instead of a son, Sappho had had a husband and a cherished daughter and yet she had loved women! Had her life too been a camouflage?

And now there was the applause that seemed as if it never would end, and the long series of "Bravas" for Marianne. And then another warning pain. Her own child would be a girl and she would name it not after anyone in Paul's family or in her own, but after the woman she loved!

Her husband woke up suddenly. "It's all over now," he sighed glancing at the stage with unconcealed relief.

But no, it wasn't all over. It never could be really. Not this feeling she had for the Marianne she had known off the stage or Marianne the gracious star who threw kisses to her lusty cheering audience. Marianne had become a goddess whom the whole world worshipped. Could she still be human as well?

After the last curtain call, Leone touched her husband's arm. She felt violently ill—yet she smiled, trying to keep panic from her eyes.

"I want to say a few words to Marianne," she said with effort "Let's go to her dressing room."

She saw him start to protest.

"Leone, you look ill! I'm going to take you home!"

"Marianne is my dearest friend," Leone reminded him, and she started to follow the others who were less interested in missing streetcars and busses than in catching one glimpse of a woman who received at least a thousand dollars a performance for her singing.

But there were so many people ahead of them and behind. Pushing, shoving people in whom no human love was visible. Elbows that dug into the tender parts of your body—cheap perfumes that mingled unfavorably with their owner's heavy perspiration. Leone tried to move along with them. She must reach Marianne!

"I don't care who she is!" Paul grumbled, "let's get out of here."

They were the last words Leone heard him say before she screamed—unable to suppress this pain any longer, and all the people were swallowed up by the blackness.

When Leone saw people around her again they weren't the same nor were there half so many of them.

"You have a little girl!" the nurse said hesitantly, as if she wondered whether an apology were necessary.

Leone smiled. It had to be a girl. For her, it had to be a girl! She went back to sleep, content.

When she opened her eyes again there was Paul standing by her pillow and saying over and over.

"Are you all right, Leone?"

"It isn't a son," she said—feeling a little sorry for him. "I want to name her Marianne!"

"You have another visitor today," the small red haired nurse announced importantly, adjusting her bi-focals.

And then Leone looked beyond Paul—beyond everyone else in the room. She saw what she had wanted to see—the "vision of Marguerite"—the quick smile of Marianne, and she felt as Faust had felt, that even if the devil demanded her soul, she must tell Marianne "I love you!" and that she was no longer afraid or ashamed of her love.



out of the past

Reprints from the classics; biographies of famous homosexuals. ONE believes that the public as a whole is quite unaware of the great and decisive contributions made to civilization by homosexual men and women in every age, as a result of much suppression of the truth, distortion of facts and ignorance indulged by certain critics, historians and biographers.

PLATO

PART II

(Those who missed the first in this series of extracts, appearing in the February, 1955 issue, will find therein a short introduction by a member of the Editorial Staff, as well as a brief note by the translator.)

A CONTINUATION OF THE SPEECH BY PAUSANIAS:

"If men were forbidden by law, as they should be, to form connections with the merest of youths, they would be saved from laying out immense pains for a quite uncertain return; nothing is more unpredictable than whether such a youth will turn out spiritually and physically perfect, or the reverse. As things are, good men impose this rule voluntarily on themselves, and it would be a good thing if a similar restriction were laid upon the common sort of lovers; it would be a correlative of the attempt which we already make to forbid them to form connections with free-born women. It is men like these who bring love into disrepute, and encourage some people to say that it is disgraceful to yield to a lover; it is their lack of discretion and self-control that gives rise to such strictures, for there is no action whatever that deserves to be reprobated if it is performed in a decent and regular way.

"If we go on to consider what men's code of behaviour prescribes in the matter of love, we shall find that, whereas in other cities principles are laid down in black and white and are thus easily comprehensible, ours are more complicated. In Elis and Boeotia and Sparta and wherever men are unready of speech the code states quite simply that it is good to gratify a lover, and no one, young or old, would say that it is disgraceful . . . In many parts of Ionia, on the other hand, and elsewhere under Persian rule, the state of affairs is quite the reverse. The reason why such love, together with love of intellectual and physical achievement,

is condemned by the Persians is to be found in the absolute nature of their empire; it does not suit the interest of the government that a generous spirit and strong friendships and attachments should spring up among their subjects, and these are effects which love has an especial tendency to produce. The truth of this was actually experienced by our tyrants at Athens; it was the love of Aristogiton and the strong affection of Harmodius which destroyed their power. We may conclude then that where such love has been condemned it is the poor character of the people—greed for power in the rulers and cowardice in the subjects—which lies behind such condemnation; but that where it has been thought to be unreservedly and necessarily good, this is due to mental indolence in the legislators.

"Our institutions are far nobler than these, but, as I said, are not easily comprehensible. On the one hand, a love which courts no concealment is reckoned among us nobler than a love which shuns observation, and the love of those who are most eminent by birth or merit, even though they may be inferior in looks, is held in the highest esteem.

". . . The truth of the matter I believe to be this. There is, as I stated at first, no absolute right and wrong in love; but everything depends upon the circumstances; to yield to a bad man in a bad way is wrong, but to yield to a worthy man in a right way is right. The bad man is the common, or vulgar lover, who is in love with the body rather than the soul; he is not constant because what he loves is not constant; as soon as the flower of physical beauty, which is what he loves, begins to fade, he is gone 'even as a dream', and all his professions and promises are as nothing. But the lover of a noble nature remains its lover for life, because the thing to which he cleaves is constant. The object of our custom, then, is to subject lovers to a thorough test . . . to determine to which kind lover and beloved respectively belong. This is the motive which lies behind our general feeling that two things are discreditable, first, to give in quickly to a lover—time, which is the best test of most things, must be allowed to elapse—second, to give in on account of his wealth or power, either because one is frightened and cannot hold out under the hardships which he inflicts, or because one cannot resist the material and political advantages which he confers; none of these things is stable or constant, quite apart from the fact that no noble friendship can be founded upon them.

"According to our principles, there is only one way in which lovers can honorably enjoy the possession of one another. We hold that, just as a lover may submit to any form of servitude to his beloved without shameful servility, so there is one, and only one, other form of voluntary servitude which brings with it no dishonour, and that is servitude which has for its object the acquisition of excellence. If a person likes to place himself at the disposal of another because he believes that in this way he can improve himself in some department of knowledge, or in some other excellent quality, such a voluntary submission involves, by our standards, no taint of disgrace or servility . . . (Thus) when lovers come together, each in conformity with the principles appropriate to him—which are that the lover is justified in performing any service whatever in return for the favours of his beloved, and that the latter is justified in any act of compliance to one who can make him wise and good; that the one is able to contribute towards wisdom and excellence, while the other is anxious to improve his education and knowledge

in general—then and then only, when these two principles coincide, and in no other circumstances, is it honourable for a man to yield to his lover. In these circumstances, too, there is no disgrace in being deceived, whereas in all others he is disgraced even if he has been deceived. Suppose that he grants favors to a lover believing him to be rich, and is then disappointed of his hope of gain by the lover turning out to be poor; he is disgraced none the less, because he has shown himself to be the sort of person who would do any service to anybody for money. But by the same reasoning if he grants favours to a lover believing the latter to be a good man and that he himself will be improved by association with him, and is disappointed because the lover turns out to be bad and devoid of merit, it does him credit to have been so deceived; he, also, has revealed his true nature, which is to be willing to do anything for anybody who can help him attain excellence and improve himself, and nothing can be more honourable than that. So we conclude that it is in all cases honourable to comply with a lover to attain excellence. This is the Heavenly Love which is associated with the Heavenly Goddess, and which is valuable both to states and to individuals because it entails upon both lover and beloved self-discipline for the attainment of excellence. All other forms of love belong to the other Goddess, the Common Aphrodite. This is the best contribution that I can improvise for you, Phaedrus, on the subject of love."

(CONCLUSION OF THE SPEECH BY PAUSANIAS)



EDITOR'S NOTE:

The Greek conception of the homoerotic relationship was involved almost exclusively with the teacher-pupil, father-son, man-boy images, or "complexes." The relationship was considered (at least by those adhering to the ideas of Pausanias) as basically an educative-aesthetic relationship between an older and a younger man, the former demonstrating mature knowledge and ideals, the latter aspiring to these for the perfection of his own character. The more intimate and erotic aspects of the relationship appear to have been thought of as an acceptable channel for the basic process of character-development. Though such a relationship is by no means uncommon in the modern homoerotic "tradition", it is far from being typical, as it was in the ancient Greek tradition. Therefore some minor liberties have been taken with the translator's text, so as to de-emphasize the age differential, and to bring the Greek conception into greater consistence with modern conditions, wherein attachments between equally-independent persons are not infrequent. No changes have been made which after the basic, qualitative sense of the Dialogue.

LETTERS

The views expressed here are those of the writers. ONE's readers cover a wide range of geographical, economic, age, and educational status. This department aims to express this diversity.

Dear ONE:

The article, SODOM (Jan., by far the best issue yet!) has spurred me to work even faster on what began as a paper, but is fast becoming a book on the subject of Christianity and homosexuality. Crowther likewise "hits many nails on the head" (and just as squarely as Mailer), but I couldn't go so far as to say he has a "new idea" (Ed's tribute to Mailer). Nonetheless, both Crowther and ONE deserve everlasting thanks for again "making old things new," which is precisely what TRUE Christianity does in *every* area of human existence. I wish I could afford to place ONE in the library of every clergyman and seminary in the United States.

A California Minister (m)

Dear Friends:

Congratulations on your January issue! It was fine. The article on SODOM seemed especially good . . .

Washington, D.C. (m)

Dear Sir:

I recently received a copy of ONE from a friend and I do believe that it is the greatest thing that has ever been attempted in our cause.

I am glad to see that you are trying to chase out some of those vile superstitions that exist about us.

Chicago, Ill. (m)

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your January issue. Best yet!! With such articles and material, you can't lose!

Newport, Calif. (m)

Gentlemen:

I just today managed to get your January issue, and want to tell you how fine it seems to me. Norman Mailer's and David Freeman's articles are very stimulating . . . I hope very much that Mr. Freeman's constructive criticism will result in some literature, "sincere, honest, and realistic," showing the "worth and potential of the homosexual in particular."

San Diego, Calif. (f)

Dear ONE:

There are many of us who have little use for the gay bars, for the thrill-seeking crowd whose entire orientation is on the physical . . . I prefer to believe that the gay bar crowd is the mere lunatic fringe element, warped and at least partially useless in any battle for social acceptance. I know that this attitude would anger many of my acquaintances, but I cannot retract it . . . Most of the gay crowd whom I have met thus far are superficially intellectual, with a veneer based on the false assumption that it creates an aura of sophistication. But how hollow it is under any sort of close inspection, and how pathetic. How

much more enjoyable is the company of the thinking homosexual whose mind is not constantly racing erratically along the groove of an evening's pleasure. I do not mean to be irrevocably condemnatory of the gay bar element. But I prefer others for my friends or companions.

New York City (m)

Dear ONE:

Good God, who in hell picks the "poetry"? In contrast to the prose, it appears as if left to a highly sentimental female contingent . . .

Stockton, Calif. (m)

Dear ONE:

SODOM . . .?? Ugh! Religious guys give me a pain in the neck. Or is he a guy?

Salt Lake City, Utah (f)

Gentlemen:

I should like to quote, for your information and possible use, from page 169 of the book entitled "Break Down the Walls" by John Bartlow Martin, published by Ballantine Books, Inc., 404 Fifth Ave., New York 18, N. Y.:

"Thoughtful leaders of the bench

and bar believe that an overhauling of the criminal code and its administration is long overdue. Currently, the American Law Institute is preparing a model penal code which will reclassify and redefine crimes. And a special committee of the American Bar Association under the leadership of Robert H. Jackson, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, has undertaken a three-year study of the administration of criminal justice which will encompass all police, prosecutive, and judicial procedures and practices, including a number of things of special interest to us—police brutality, disparate sentences, indeterminate sentences, the death penalty. These studies promise to produce documents that will be landmarks in American legal history and may result in far-reaching changes in the laws and its administration."

I believe the significance of this work should prompt ONE to investigate the committee's concern with legal treatment of the American homosexual. I'm also sure you will want to give deserved publicity to an official undertaking for which we've long hoped, and which ONE has advocated so forcefully.

Seattle, Wash. (m)

LETTER FROM MIAMI:

Due to the recent ruling by the city commission making it illegal to serve alcoholic beverages to homosexuals or to allow 2 or more of them to congregate in a business establishment, one bar owner found it necessary to present the enclosed form to prospective customers.

We are trying to retain a sense of humor although the situation here is depressing, and the need for a martyr to test the constitutionality of current laws grows greater every day.

Sincerely,
J.K.



RULES AND REGULATIONS GOVERNING THE BEHAVIOR OF OUR CUSTOMERS

First of all—remember that the customer is never right.

Before drinking each beer customer is to repeat six times "Customer is never right."

When customer wishes to go to the restroom—please raise hand and barmaid will direct you to proper door.

Mother and daughter customers are not allowed to hold hands, kiss or pat each other on back. On week-ends they are not allowed to even talk to each other.

No after-shave lotion or talcum powder allowed on men customers.

Women must wear make-up—false eyelashes and beauty marks will be provided at the bar for those women customers who have just come from the beach and don't have their make-up kits with them.

Men may wear only stiff shirts and tails.

Any male customer caught buying a beer for another male customer will have to buy a beer for the barmaid too so that the management will know that the man customer is of high moral character and not one of those characters.

Female customers may not talk at all—they are required to walk around the bar at least once every five minutes, dropping handkerchiefs and swooning at the far turn.

Male customers may NOT wave at friends or relatives passing by in the street because we'll have none of those gestures in this place, my dear.

Lady customers may smoke only if male customer lights cigarette for them.

Lady customers may smoke only cigarettes with ivory tips, jewelled pipes or Between the Acts cigars.

Male customers must have hair on the chest—if you have none—please bring along another chest with the required hair on it. (We will gladly refrigerate it for you while you're here).

Male customers are required to spit periodically. Since we have no spittoons please use the guy next to you.

Please do not be offended if we do not serve you. Here are but a few of the people we could not serve if they were able to patronize us: Socrates, Wilde, Proust, Da Vinci, Michelangelo, Queen Christina, Amy Lowell, Lord Tennyson, etc., etc. and far on into the night.

QUESTIONNAIRE TO BE FILLED IN BY PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMER BEFORE SELLING 15c BEER

Name..... Address.....
 Age..... Occupation..... Boss's Name.....
 Home Phone..... Business Phone.....
 Weight..... Height..... Color of Eyes..... Race.....
 Religion..... Political Denomination..... SEX.....
 References—(Please give names and addresses of five business or personal friends who can testify to your carcter. No relatives please.)

Mother's Maiden Name..... Father's Name.....
 Place of Birth..... Weight at Birth.....
 Please answer the following questions in the space provided:
 Do you have any children?..... Did you have parents?.....
 Were they married?..... If so, to whom.....
 Where they happy?.....
 In the following spaces, please give names and addresses of five business or personal friends of your parents and their wives or husbands. (No relatives please).

This space
for short
people

Have you ever been examined by a psychiatrist?.....
 Has your psychiatrist ever been examined by a psychiatrist?.....
 Did they have fun?..... Do you?..... Why?.....
 Witnesses..... Signed.....
 Notary Public.....

Please do not write in this space. This space is for the barmaid.

APPROVED ☐

DISAPPROVED ☐



DIRECTORY of ORGANIZATIONS and PUBLICATIONS

Belgium

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

Denmark

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. Ausser 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, Cothenburg
(No Publications)

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

Switzerland

Der Kreis/Le Cercle, Postfach 547, Fraumunster, Zurich 22

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

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

NEWSLETTERS: Southern Area, P. O. Box 1925, Los Angeles 53; Northern Area, P. O. Box 259, San Francisco 1; Long Beach, P. O. Box 1232; Chicago, Merchandise Mart, P. O. Box 3513.

MATTACHINE REVIEW (six times a year) articles, poetry, news about Mattachine Society; \$2.50 yearly, first class. P. O. Box 259, San Francisco 1; Calif.

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

National Ass'n For Sexual Research, P.O. Box 750, Los Angeles 28
(No publications)

Address all changes

and corrections

to Editorial Board, ONE.

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