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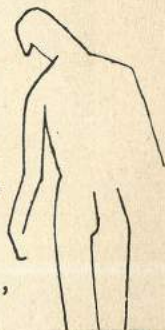
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of brotherhood
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Carlyle

The Homosexual Magazine

Volume IV

Number 6

August-September 1956

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EDITORIAL

The first announcements that there was to be a publication called ONE were mailed in the fall of 1952. The first check from out-side Los Angeles for a subscription came from a man whose achievements, sympathies and support have endeared him to us permanently. The check was signed: Alfred C. Kinsey.

Our last of numerous meetings with Dr. Kinsey was in the spring when he invited the staff to meet with him to discuss the lawsuit of ONE vs. the Postmaster of Los Angeles. For several hours, during a leisurely breakfast and numberless cups of coffee, he gave us counsel, encouragement, and conclusions drawn from his own long-standing difficulties with the U.S. Customs officials, who were preventing material being sent from other countries to his research institute. You have read something about this in the press, but the stories have been incomplete, even misleading.

As a scientist whose work was purposed to benefit all mankind, he was deeply concerned. He seemed to regard it with the deepest gravity as a threat against freedom of inquiry, hence a threat to freedom of thought. He told us he was quite prepared to close the Institute for a period, if necessary, in order to devote all time and money to winning this battle for scientific freedom. "This issue," he declared, "is the big issue of the twentieth century; the freedom of scientific investigation must be won once and for all."

Dr. Kinsey talked with us at length about ONE; he expressed his wish to visit our library on his next trip West; he spoke of our obligations to the homophile, and to society as a whole, explaining how he had carefully watched ONE's growth since its beginning. By implication he paid us the compliment of indicating that by ONE's courage in resisting postal interference we were winning our spurs and the right to stand side by side as brothers with those fighting the same cause for truth, for honesty, for simple justice.

We shall always be grateful for the legacy that he left to us and to all who insist upon sexual freedom.

Each of us is richer for having seen and known a truly great man.

ONE, Incorporated
Board of Directors

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A Tribute to Dr. Kinsey

by Lyn Pedersen

August 25th, 8 A.M.: Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, aged 62, died at Bloomington, Indiana, in a coma from a heart ailment and pneumonia. His wife (once his zoology student) was with him when he died. He also was survived by two daughters, a son, and the Institute for Sex Research which he had founded. Dr. Kinsey had begun in 1938 the historic project which made him famous (teaching a marital problems class, he'd been appalled at the lack of scientific sex data) although as late as 1948, when *SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN MALE* appeared, his name was known only to other zoologists as the leading authority on gall wasps, a study of importance to recent genetics developments.

His name has long since become a byword. Preachers have called him amoral. Smut magazines headlined: "Homosexuals Hide Behind Kinsey." *TIME* snidely called him a "fascinating moral symbol of his age." Many have termed his work epoch making. To the general public he was "Mister Sex." To the staff and the readers of ONE, his death is an immeasurable loss, deeply and personally felt. Here was a precise, yet bold scientist, daring the fury of those committed to antiquated bias, adding more light to the sex question than any predecessor, yet one who'd barely begun the work he outlined --- to have included volumes on sex laws and their effect, homosexuality, sex in ancient Peru, European behavior, infant sexuality, sex in prison and animal habits.

I met Dr. Kinsey recently and was quite overwhelmed with the man. He was not the dull pedant I had somehow expected, but rather packed an astonishingly lively and varied conversation into two hours. We discussed the aims and problems of ONE and other homosexual organizations, censorship, legal defense and reforms, why homosexuals remain in hostile communities, and his own publishing plans, his travels and his constant battle with postal and customs censors. Much of his Institute for Sex Research's budget was consumed, he said, trying to defend in court the right of scientists to receive materials necessary to their studies. A major customs case was pending when he died regarding large shipments from Europe which customs officials classed as lewd. His books also have been subject to litigations here and abroad.

He was most disturbed by those who felt scientists ought to "gloss over" conclusions which might disturb the holy status quo. Many critics thought his studies were well enough so long as the results weren't publicized.

His information seemed unlimited. If I slipped up on details about a new Iowa law, a Miami vice raid, or some obscure name or quote, he corrected me, not professorially, but as if concerned that his own information was perhaps incorrect. Anyone who has ever talked with him must laugh at the charge that "only immoral people or exhibitionists would admit the sort of things Kinsey reported." Within minutes he could surely have charmed the most reticent spinster to speak frankly of things she'd seldom even allowed in her thoughts.

Society's debt to Kinsey is immeasurable. Despite the free talk about sex in recent decades, it remained for Kinsey and associates fully to expose the hollowness of current mores. He proved to a reluctant audience that its notions of normal behavior were nonsense, that the secret sins that harried sensitive souls were often general practice.

Homosexuals, above all, are deeply indebted. Many

heterosexuals, not adverse to bragging about private infidelities, resented his exposure of them as a class, but resented more his revelation of the astonishing generality of homosexual practices. Counting masturbation and other alleged "abnormal" acts, he showed 95% of American males classed by some codes as "criminal perverts."

As Kinsey's detractors noted, inverters can and do take comfort in these figures. In his pamphlet, CONCEPTS OF NORMALITY AND ABNORMALITY IN SEXUAL BEHAVIOR, Kinsey argued that, precisely because law and custom castigate homosexual acts as "unnatural" or "crimes against nature" (rather than as being harmful -- normal basis for classing acts as criminal) the biologist has the duty to investigate to determine if such acts are indeed unnatural. The bias, he shows, has no basis in nature. Churches and other judges operating from hidden wellsprings of arcane knowledge, may continue to debate whether such acts can be called right or wrong, but only science can judge if they are "natural." In speeches Kinsey challenged antiquated sex laws as an unnecessary danger. He was much responsible for the American Law Institute's recent recommendation that laws on sodomy be revoked.

Recall the first reactions to the book in 1948. Here was the first thorough, scientific study of sex behavior in which conclusions grew out of research, not preceeding it as with the theories that Freudians offer as causal explanation. Here was a work unmarred by the prissy Victorian reservations that enervated some older studies. After Kinsey, it is less easy for rational men to pay lip service to arbitrary, impractical and unscientific sex norms merely because they are traditional.

His critics have been many and loud and not always entirely honest. LIFE called his work "an assault on the family as a basic unit of society, a negation of moral law, a celebration of licentiousness. . . ." Some urged a law against such studies. Barnard College's president felt the reports might have a demoralizing effect on youth. Many authorities attacked his statis-

tical methods and the "relatively small" size of his sample (though others have concocted more elaborate theories from their own intuitions about one or two patients). Dr. Karl Menninger deprecated what a few thousand very talkative and unreliable individuals told Kinsey. Representative Carroll Reese threatened to investigate the Rockefeller Foundation, the National Research Council, etc., for helping finance the studies, and hinted there may have been some subversive motive in all this. Perhaps the most elaborate, though not the most responsible, criticism came from psychiatrist Edmund Bergler and gynecologist William Kroger in their slapdash book, *KINSEY'S MYTH OF FEMALE SEXUALITY*, charging that Kinsey's findings were statistically unreliable, that he was fooled by sex braggarts, that he couldn't distinguish normal from neurotic behavior, that he ignored psychoanalysis, ideals, love, and that Kinsey maintained sex is only for procreation, whereas Bergler-Kroger hasten to state people also have sex for fun. All this is largely nonsense. Kinsey, fully aware of sex bragging, devised snares for liars. Kinsey did not ignore love, but felt some things could be scientifically measured and some not. Far from denying that sex is often had just for pleasure, he emphasized exactly that. Nor was he ignorant of the discoveries of psychoanalysis. In their haste to label him an interloping zoologist, the mind-doctors forgot that Kinsey's first-earned degree was a B.S. in psychology. He turned later to biology. Curiously, Bergler-Kroger's chief complaint was that their book mightn't get as much publicity as Kinsey's. It didn't.

Kinsey had an answer for Freudians. He denied that any significant number of his cases ever passed through the "Freudian stages." He found scant evidence for the choice Freudian theory that homosexuals are victims of immature fixation.

The most pertinent criticism of Kinsey's method is that it is "atomistic," overemphasizing single, unrelated acts, tending to overlook motivation and the "whole personality." Kinsey, however, did not pretend to deal with any more than certain types of acts, subject to statistical analysis. Quaintly, most of those who attacked him on this ground should have looked to themselves. Of course,

to understand the "whole man" we must study him physically, chemically, glandularly, behavioristically, psychologically, ideologically, economically, etc. The loudest noise, however, came less from wholistic Gestaltists (who recognized that Kinsey had filled in a missing part of the picture) than from Marxists, Freudians, traditional moralists and others who themselves try to explain man in single-track terms.

In his second volume, Kinsey traced "The general condemnation of homosexuality in our particular culture . . . to a series of historical circumstances which had little to do with the protection of the individual or the preservation of the social organization of the day. In Hittite, Chaldean and early Jewish codes there were no over-all condemnations of such activity, although there were penalties for homosexual activities between persons of particular social status or blood relationships, or homosexual relationships under other particular circumstances, especially when force was involved." He noted the change in attitude from inclusion of homosexual acts in Jewish religious service to later strictures resulting from the rigid nationalism after the Babylonian captivity. The current legal restrictions developed through Medieval Canon law. (Dr. Bailey in *HOMOSEXUALITY AND THE WESTERN CHRISTIAN TRADITION*, reviewed here Nov. '55, objects to Kinsey's allegation that the Church wilfully perpetuated outworn tribal taboos.)

In our brief talk, Dr. Kinsey was interested in what ONE and other homosexual groups expected to accomplish. He hoped that much might be done along legal lines, providing the organizations acted responsibly. There was a great need, he felt, for counselling homosexuals sensibly, avoiding the damaging guilt feelings, the dogmatic assumption that "cure" was necessary (or possible), and any excess of social defiance, superiority delusions or exhibitionistic flamboyance.

He strongly criticized both ONE and the Mattachine for "your greatest mistake" --- the foolhardy effort of each to take on so many projects none of them are done well. "One little committee can't change everything. You can be effective only if you choose a single, real-

istic task or project and stick to it, without running off on to side issues."

He said such organizations should nurture and shape social responsibility among deviates. While deviates remain under fire, they must learn to police their own ranks.

The question now regarding Dr. Kinsey's work is for the future. What he has already produced will continue working for understanding. But what of the unfinished books, the undigested materials? The Institute for Sex Research at the Indiana University campus, which recently moved into new headquarters, had announced that basic research was complete for thirteen projected books, but that it was undecided which would be next prepared for publication. Dr. Kinsey, in addition to his own study, had apparently built a smooth organization which should be capable of carrying on with the work. It is now up to his collaborators, Pomeroy, Martin, and Gebhard. We can but hope that though Dr. Kinsey no longer is with us, the publication of his Reports has only begun.

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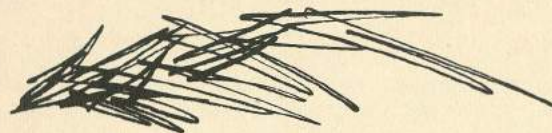
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How To End Hostility Toward Homosexuals

By SAL MAKIS



Yes, I know that title contains a very ambitious promise. Perhaps some of you have suffered so much from public and private hostility that you have almost begun to accept it as an unchangeable condition of life—yet you are allowing your hope to rise anew as you consider that title and begin to read. I recognize my responsibility toward you. I have promised you a method that you can put to practical use immediately, and I shall humbly do my best to fulfill that promise.

Will you, for your part, do this: read on only if you earnestly desire to become aware of such a method. If it would be of little difference to you, I suggest that you read elsewhere for your diversion, for the words that follow will only be pleasant to one who is ready to hear them. Agreed?

Now, if I have thinned down my audience to an attentive few, I'll reward your attention with some definite declarations aimed directly at the heart of the problem. First, I shall state the method; then I'll show *why* it is the method; and next I'll explain to those who believe it would be difficult how they can do it easily.

Here is the method: *The way to end hostility toward homosexuals from heterosexuals is to end the hostile attitude toward heterosexuals from homosexuals FIRST.*

This, you will recognize, is a specific adaptation of the Golden Rule. It is worthy to be called a true law, for it never fails. Lesser rules and customs are always displaced by higher ones, but it is futile to try force or warfare among ideas at the same level. Existing regulations are correctly overcome in only one way: by enforcing codes that are higher and more comprehensive in the scale of mutual consideration.

It has been the tendency for many homosexuals to complain, crusade, and cause constant commotion in the mistaken hope that somehow they could effect a complete change in heterosexual attitudes, thereby leaving a world of sweet brotherly love in which the homosexual would be free to disport himself according to his own preferences without ridicule. Yes, we shall have a world of brotherly love, all right—that is a universal goal which cannot be held back permanently by any amount of misdirected efforts—but whose responsibility is it to be brotherly and loving *first*? I say that the homosexual must take this step first; that the other way around would be out of order and impossible. If you wish to wait for the heterosexual to strew your path with roses, go right ahead; but make yourself comfortable, dear, for you'll have a long, long wait! Better do a little rose strewing yourself instead.

Why must it be this way? Because understanding must always be inspired, generated, and demonstrated from the greater to the lesser. One with a lesser understanding of mathematics, for example, cannot lead one with a greater understanding of mathematics into a better position. It is the responsibility of the greater to take the lead if any progress is to be made. A demand made by one of greater understanding upon one of lesser understanding is as futile as a bird stamping its foot in the air.

Are some of you quivering with either delight or indignation at this point thinking that I have said homosexuals are greater than heterosexuals? Stay calm, then, and get it straight. My statement is precisely this: that one who recognizes himself to be both male and female is at a more advanced stage of unfoldment of understanding, as regards sexuality, than one who considers himself or herself to be a separate and limited sex. This includes no suggestion that anyone's sex habits, which may be entirely calculated to satisfy the opinions of others (and therefore dishonest), are a yardstick for measuring his individual understanding of life itself. Please examine exactly what I said, and that *only*, lest you jump to many ridiculous conclusions.

Perhaps you already know why I evaluate this realm of understanding as higher. If you do not, you have only to look at the world about you and behold the nature of those whose greater understanding enables them to perform creative and artistic deeds demanding a deeper insight both as a man and as a woman. Such individuals provide the greatest quantities and qualities of the world's music, literature, poetry, art, entertainment, and all of those works so above mankind's average accomplishments that we call them Inspiring. Researchers find a greater homosexual percentage at this creative level than at lower levels, and a little investigation into the thinking of the rest of the creative ones will reveal that even though their homosexual experiences are infrequent enough that they are not classed as homosexuals, they certainly do not lack understanding of the ideas involved, nor are they inclined to fear or oppose those ideas.

Much more could be presented to illustrate the higher relative level of the understanding of male-and-female individuals regarding sexuality. The simple fact that they can deal more intimately with both sexes and have the courage to do so is a significant evidence. But this is the moment to present a method, not an argument. You may reason the matter out for yourself and draw a conclusion consistent with either your own fancy or the complete actuality. I'll not attempt to do your work of mental argument for you, lest some careless thinkers assume that my purpose is to encourage an increase of homosexual practices. I've had more stupid responses to much less important statements.

To get back to the method, remember I promised to state it (to end hostility toward homosexuals first end hostility toward heterosexuals), to show *why* it is the method (because understanding must be established from the more comprehensive viewpoint toward the lesser), and to explain how it can be an easy task for those who believe it would be difficult. Before explaining how it can be easy, I'd like to insert a few words for the benefit of those who might be shocked at the suggestion that they, their own pure selves, have ever been so naughty as to entertain even a whisper of a hostile thought toward heterosexuals.

How often have you, in a society of our beloved avant garde artistes, heard the heterosexual referred to as "square" . . . "backwards" . . . or as a "peasant"? How often have you shared or repeated such sentiments? Are you sure that this is the sense you really wish to direct toward your heterosexual brother? Do you, with all your sensitivity, not realize that he, too, is sensitive to such taunts; that

he senses them in your manner toward him whether you speak them or not; that he is much more afraid of sexual issues than you are; and that he can only react in the best way he knows at the moment to preserve his right to his own personal tastes . . . of which you would rob him? All things considered, he usually does a pretty fair job of self control. It is a wonder that he does not behave in an even more hostile manner on many occasions.

I would certainly recommend that you do not dodge the necessary step of honest self-examination and thorough admission of any such attitudes you have allowed in your thinking. None should be allowed to remain. The moment another man looks in your eyes he knows, intuitively, just what you think of him and he behaves accordingly. No surface pretenses, however skillful, can hide what you have in your heart, though he may be very polite in allowing you to think so. So stop ridiculing him, stop criticizing him, stop "pitying" him and "tolerating" him—and stop prevailing upon *him* to be less hostile. Be less hostile yourself and behold the results.

If you like the policy of "live and let live," then *do just that*. I'm sure you'll find it quite gay and delightful to "live"; will it be equally gay and delightful for you to "let live"? The "let live" must come first, you know. You cannot reverse the order or you invalidate the method.

Now we come to the way to make this method easy. Those of you who believe it will be easy for you already may skip this part, for it is only for those few who have that remarkable combination of humility and fearlessness required to admit that there is more than a "whisper of hostile thought" to be changed. This part is for those of you who have dared to let tears fall as you endured long nights in lonely rooms with one cry uppermost in your heart, "God help me to love those whose touch is a blow, whose word is a curse, whose glance is a sting . . . for to love them is beyond my strength!" To you I submit the following plan.

Do not try to empty a barrel of water that is heavier than your immediate strength can handle when the same barrel can be emptied a thimbleful at a time. In other words, empty out each trivial, petty thought of derision or criticism toward heterosexuals as it presents itself to your attention. You will find, as you do this, that your course through this world grows progressively smoother, the barrel (the burden of ill feeling) grows lighter, and you attract less and less derision and criticism toward yourself. Easy enough? Sure.

But what is easy about a continued practice of giving and receiving condemnation? You will find it much easier to use this method than *not* to use it. Continued support of a mutual defamation society is more of a burden than some care to uphold. You may differ on this point if your vanity is sufficiently pleased by an occasional indulgence in remarks like "peasant" or "square."

I have found, after tiring of painful experiences, that such remarks (or thoughts) are too expensive. I have also found the way into a world whose inhabitants do not condemn one another's preferences, whether they pertain to foodstuffs, religions, or bed partners. I leave these comments as a trail marker which reads: "He went thataway."

A much wiser traveller among us once left a better trail marker, however . . . which has been named the Golden Rule.

Watch Your Language

By GEORGE WEAVER



Use of the words *perversion*, *fellatio*, and *cunnilingus* in your various issues prompts the following remarks. It is high time that English and American writers abandoned the Greek and Latin vocabulary of the nineteenth-century Krafft-Ebing, and showed a little *consideratio* for their readers by not referring to *fellatio* as a sexual *aberratio*. Be it known that the English verb is *fellate*, and the noun is *fellation* (cf. Kinsey, *Male Report*, p. 793). This is from the viewpoint of the oral partner; the same act, from the viewpoint of the penile partner, is called *irrumation*. There is no such act as *cunnilingus*, for *cunnilingus* was the Latin word for what we call, in English, a *cunnilinctor*. The act in question is called *cunnilinctus* (cf. Ellis, *Psychology of Sex*, p. 367; also Roger-Maxe de la Glannege, *Orogenitalism*).

Let us abandon ancient Greek and Latin words like *paiderastia* and *paedication*, and let us avoid the common mistake of confusing *pederasty* (the erotic use of a boy by an adult male, in any way; from the Greek word for boy) with *pedication* (rectal coitus, either homosexual or heterosexual; from the Latin word for *rump* or *anus*). If we are going to discuss sexual acts, let us learn the proper English words. The penile partner in *pedication* is called a *pedicator*; the receptive partner, a *pedicant*. No matter what the Law may say (and it has no right to say anything on the subject), the sexologist regards *sodomy* as a synonym for *homosexual pedication*.

Finally, let us remember what Havelock Ellis says, in his *Psychology of Sex*, about the word *perversion*, which, though "still used by those whose ideas are rooted in traditions of the past which they cannot outgrow," is "completely antiquated and mischievous, and should be avoided." The modern word for the non-reproductive sexual acts is *deviation*. (Incidentally, one of the strangest of these sexual deviations, which Freud describes as the contact of the mucous membranes constituting the entrance to the digestive tracts of two persons, may be seen openly portrayed in almost every American motion picture! Curiously enough, it does not seem to be illegal.)

THOUGHTS on FRIENDSHIP

"The stranger could not have been more than twenty-five years of age, and was a little above the ordinary height; had he been a single hair's breadth taller, the matchless symmetry of his form would have been destroyed. His unclad limbs were beautifully formed; whilst the elegant outline of his figure, together with his beardless cheeks, might have entitled him to the distinction of standing for the statue of the Polynesian Apollo; and indeed the oval of his countenance and the regularity of every feature reminded me of an antique bust. But the marble repose of art was supplied by a warmth and liveliness of expression only to be seen in the South Sea Islander under the most favorable developments of nature. . . . When I expressed my surprise (at his venturing among the Typees) he looked at me for a moment as if enjoying my perplexity, and then with his strange vivacity exclaimed -- 'Ah! me taboo -- me go Nukuheva -- me go Tior -- me go Typee -- me go everywhere -- nobody harm me, me taboo.'

"This explanation would have been altogether unintelligible to me, had it not recalled to my mind something I had previously heard concerning a singular custom among these islanders. Though the country is possessed by various tribes, whose mutual hostilities almost wholly preclude any intercourse between them; yet there are instances where a person having ratified friendly relations with some individual belonging to the valley, whose inmates are at war with his own, may under particular restrictions venture with impunity into the country of his friend, where under other circumstances he would have been treated as an enemy. In this light are personal friendships regarded among them, and the individual so protected is said to be 'taboo,' and his person to a certain extent is held as sacred. Thus the stranger informed me he had access to all the valleys in the island."

--- TYPEE, Herman Melville, ch. xviii.

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

Amid the ikon and relic worship (connected with the Freud centenary) at recent American Psychiatric Assn. convention in Chicago, and while most speeches breathed the air of worshipful orthodoxy, several top speakers criticized the notion that analysts have a corner on psychiatric science, and some denied that the methods of psychoanalysis are scientific at all.

Dr. Percival Bailey, University of Illinois neurologist, called the psychoanalytic technique a failure, charging Freud had no patience with scientific method and that his disciples take his writings like Bible dogma. He was not trying to bury Freud, he said, any more than to praise him, but only to guard against his deification. He charged that Freud's writings, far from being scientific treatises, were mere reveries or ruminations, the fantasies of a visionary, but not the labor of a scientist. "The technique of deep therapy seems to be to lead the patient along the very brink of the abyss, hoping that he will not fall in - something like Dulles' diplomacy." Attacking also the brutal and undependable methods of electric shock and lobotomy, he suggested that analysts go back to the asylums and put their theories to real test.

Main emphasis in the convention pointed the hope for further use of drugs to treat mental illness and deviations - another method which ought to be approached with caution.

Fat men are almost never sex slayers, Dr. Hayden Donahue, Oklahoma mental health director, told a police seminar. 90% of sex murderers come from broken homes and the rest have unstable parental backgrounds. Only a few are mentally retarded or have a history of hereditary insanity. They seldom drink, almost never use guns (most common: stabbing in upper chest) and don't usually rape victims. Most cases involve spur-of-the-moment murders, but a dangerous minority repeat attacks, with same weapon and elaborate ritual. Dr. Donahue said a psychiatrist could recognize the symbols in such a murderer's home, but denied present-day medicine can cure such men. Of 400 cases studied, almost all had been led (generally by adults) into abnormal sex acts at age of 10 or 12. He urged stiffer penalties for molesters. Though only 4% of murders are sex murders, he said the latter receive greater publicity.

In later session, Dr. Donahue sounded the alarm against a swelling growth of sex deviates, telling police investigators they must learn traits and habits of deviates. Homosexualism, which caused the fall of Greece, Rome, and the Venetian states, he said, is on increase in Europe and U.S., among women as well. "The deplorable thing about it is the practice is more prevalent among learned people such as college students and businessmen." He admitted homosexuals very seldom become sex criminals. Exhibitionists almost never do. He added the old nonsense that "such perversion can be cured if the victim is sincere and willing."

Dr. Walter Alvarez, who writes one of the few syndicated news columns on medicine and psychiatry that does not have the sound of quackery, noted recently the evidence of common sense and science against the notion held by "a certain group of psychiatrists" that "all unpleasant traits of character and tendencies to psychosis are due to psychic injuries in childhood." Noting effects of breeding on animal temperaments, and the many animals who seem to have characters set from birth, he continues, "If animals can be so different - psychotic and irritable, without sexual traumas in in-

fancy, - why cannot we human beings be a bit odd at times without having suffered an Oedipus complex?"

ODD BITS

Longtime female impersonator Rae (formerly Ray) Bourbon, surgically feminized recently, arrested at Sunset Strip nightspot for impersonating woman. LA County Public Welfare Commission said act "does not comport with the public welfare." No female impersonator in recent years has collected raves like T. C. Jones, hit of NEW FACES OF 1956. Likened to Julian Eltinge, Karyl Norman and Francis Renault of old, and twice seen nationwide (courtesy of Ed Sullivan) he does rare takeoffs on Davis, Bankhead, Hepburn. Husky voiced, crew cut "James" Wadell nabbed on stolen car charge, mentioned being engaged to Indianapolis minister's daughter, later clammed up when found to be a woman. FBI said, "We're only concerned with the auto rap - we're not interested in her love life." Trouble with trousers came even to Marlene Dietrich, bounced at Monte Carlo for improper attire. Judge in Chardon, Ohio, refuses to hear cases of youngsters wearing leather jackets, levis, engineer boots, ducktail haircuts or any other "defiant" manners of dress. Merle Marlow, 25, Denver bricklayer, in six-year prison term at Canon City for wandering streets at night in stolen women's clothes. News-columnist Syd Harris, criticizing Cecil Beaton costumes for MY FAIR LADY, opined that most designers of female fashions are woman-haters - "men in only a technical sense" - who express resentment against women in their work. "Even the women designers are aggressive and defeminized personalities who dislike their own sex." Werner Szcpanek, a postman in Hamburg, Germany, lost appeal for right to wear skirts on duty, based on constitutional provision of equal rights for men and women. East German Communists banned nudist societies to protect working class from disturbance during vacations. Navy brass has sadly abandoned attempt to drop tight pants that many

draftees disliked during war. New pants with sidepockets and zippers just didn't go. As NEWSWEEK said: "new Navy was again a Navy of slim-hipped youngsters, career men, who wanted to look like sailors - who wanted to look 'salty.'" Screen actor Keefe Braselle, asked in divorce proceedings if he hadn't once stayed at same hotel with a certain actress, replied in heat he'd once "stayed at the Waldorf in New York, when Gen. MacArthur was there, but I wasn't going around with him." Republican Convention committee gave fast heave-ho to picture of trio of intertwined nude men that was to have decorated cover of program booklet. Picture was of statue by Rodin of Three Shades at the Gate of Hell, originally captioned, "ABANDON HOPE, ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE." Was it the pessimistic slogan, or the intimate and muscular nudity that shocked the GOP most?

SURVEY

Wichita Falls, Tex.: Airman Roy Hunter, 18, tried in death of Jack Spangler, city tax official. Hunter claimed Spangler had embraced him in latter's car, and he'd grown hysterical (having heard "sex perverts often kill intended victims") and after struggle he accidentally shot older man with gun he just happened to be carrying (feared it might be stolen if left in barracks locker). Taking dead man's car, he falsely represented self as Air Force lieutenant with decoration-studded Korea record. Denied taking ring, other valuables, from dead man, insisting Spangler put ring in glove compartment just before killing. A witness contradicted Hunter, said he'd drunk heavily before fatal ride. Hunter said he went with Spangler only to drink without worry about age. When Defense introduced witness to testify to Spangler's reputed sex deviate, judge overruled objections this was hearsay, tho witness admitted he'd heard this only after slaying; however, pictures were introduced in evidence (identified by Hunter) showing him gazing into face of another man, while they had arms about one another. Doctors testified victim was

badly beaten around head (denied by Hunter) and prosecution argued shooting took place after Spangler was knocked from car. Hunter sentenced to 35 years.

Washington, D.C.: Three teen-aged soldiers arrested on homicide charges in death of Robert L. Freeman, 52. One of trio met Freeman two weeks earlier, had drinks at his apartment, hatched robbery plot with others. Third, who supplied gun and cartridges, got too drunk to go along, but LaValle and Watkins told police they went to apartment for drinks and Freeman allegedly made "improper advances." Righteous indignation led to scuffling. LaValle said he hit Freeman twice with gun butt, at which time (!?) gun accidentally discharged and shot Freeman in back and forehead. Left in hurry, were described by neighbor who heard noise and saw them leave. Arrested shortly after, hitchhiking on Baltimore, Washington parkway. Three held pending grand jury action.

Los Angeles: Police find body of William C. Westcott, 33, wealthy publicist for Hollywood's Greek Theatre, sprawled in Sunset Strip living room. Cast of RED MILL and STUDENT PRINCE and other celebrities questioned. Landlord Frank Horn, secretary to Cary Grant, heard noise of struggle, saw youth leaving with armload of clothes and take off, with difficulty, in Westcott's Lincoln Capri. Entering apartment, Horn found Westcott, apparently savagely bludgeoned to death with gun hidden nearby. Police later found he'd been shot with another gun. Neighbors told of hearing girlish giggling before fight and said Westcott often threw all-male parties. They described young man who'd been hanging around for week. (Surprising how much neighbors observe.) Police found large collection of nude muscle-boy photos and autographed pictures of ballet stars. Hours later, Kingman, Ariz., cops stopped Chicagoan Ray Pastrana, 23, (spotted first by border Fruit Inspector), described as handsome, who admitted having been in Westcott's apartment, but said man named Hernandez, Fernandez, or Martinez gave him keys to expensive car, told him to drive to New York. Two

sailors hitchhiking with him held for questioning. Pastrana, a dishwasher, also had some antique jewelry belonging to Westcott. His name later changed to Rodrigo J. Castro, and his age seemed to fluctuate between 19, 20 and 23. He also acquired an extensive prison record. At one point, after being charged with murder, he charged a group of press photographers, knocked one down.

Castro told cops he'd been picked up at Hollywood and Vine by Westcott, fairly drunk, who bragged about Hollywood big shots he knew. Said they had drinks together while he looked over fancy apartment, then Westcott left room, he said, and returned with two guns, ordered him to strip. Scuffling for guns, Castro said he got one and hit him, "I don't know how many times.... I didn't mean to hurt him....."

Why do all these hustler-murderers seem to be reading from the same script?

Kansas City, Mo.: 41-yr-old Ft. Riley soldier beaten and arrested by two off-duty cops when he allegedly propositioned one in theatre. Soldier treated for scalp lacerations and fined \$150 for "using immoral language in a public place and resisting arrest."

Soldier and 5 civilians arrested in Frisco charged with lewd acts on Presidio property at Baker Beach, after MP's spied with binoculars and telephoto-lens cameras.

Sixteen arrested in Butler, Penna., in what PITTSBURGH POST GAZETTE called most shocking perversion ring in city. Benjamin Cook, first arrested, told of "jam sessions and orgies in his home" leading to arrest of four youths and eleven boys. Latter were taken to George Junior Republic in Grove City.

McKeesport, Penna.: Ex-GI Lavern Leffard finally successful, after three years of red tape, in getting 16-yr-old Kee Wan Jung (Mickey), Korean war orphan who'd been his battery headquarters houseboy, brought to U.S. Leffard had to quit 8-year army career to adopt

boy. Mickey delighted by first sights of Pittsburgh.

New York: Magistrate Anthony Maglio reveals stepup in rounding up "undesirables" in Times Square and Greenwich Village areas. (June, '56) Three to five-hundred patrol-wagon arrests nightly, similar to round-up last August when several thousand were arrested. (If New Yorkers justifiably feel this item should have more space, I would be glad to receive more details.)

RECOMMENDED READING:

Sir Compton MacKenzie's *THIN ICE*, a novel about an unsuccessful politician whose homosexuality parallels his downfall, by Scotland's leading novelist (author of original story for *TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND*.) 13s, 6d, Chatto & Windus.

Francoise Mallet-Joris' *THE RED ROOM*, sequel to *THE ILLUSIONIST* (also called *THE LOVING AND THE DARING*), excellent story of French girl who fell in love with father's mistress. This one perhaps emphasizes homosexuality less. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.50.

The brief *HOMOSEXUAL'S SUICIDE LETTER*, in *LOWDOWN*, Sept. issue.

THE CRY OF THE KITE, Maarten Schiemer, 317 pp., Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.50, an exotic novel of intrigue in Egypt (vaguely paralleling fall of Farouk), with a German homosexual among the villains.

THE TRAIN WAS ON TIME, Heinrich Böll, 142 pp., Criterion, \$3.00, another excellent German war novel with homosexual passages.

EVERYWHERE I HAVE SOUGHT tranquility and have found it nowhere except in a corner with a book.

THOMAS A KEMPS

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.

THEY STAND APART

A *Critical Survey of the Problem of Homosexuality* Edited by J. Tudor Rees & H. V. Usill. Contributors: Visc. Hailsham, Dr. W. Lindsay Neustatter, H. A. Hammelmann and the Rev. D. S. Bailey. Macmillan, London and New York, 1955. \$3.75, 220 pp.

Unfortunately, this will probably be the most influential of all the current crop of books on homosexuality, not because it is the best (it isn't) but because it is disguised as a definitive survey of authoritative views on the subject, and is aimed at swaying the Departmental Committee which will largely determine whether or not to amend the English law.

As for impartiality, the editor's words should suffice: ". . . each contributor has been left entirely free to ask whether this thing is a 'cancer of the soul,' a 'twist of the mind,' 'a bodily affliction' or a commixture of them all. . . . Whatever it may be there can be no doubt about the potential evil. . . resulting from the practices associated with homosexuality."

All sides of the homosexual question are presented—except the homosexual side. Still, there is a remarkable amount of disagreement among the contributors, and if only for the resounding clash of authoritative claptrap, the book makes lively reading. And not all is claptrap.

For the student, the book is valuable. The abstracts from Parliamentary debates and the survey of laws in western Europe (why nothing on Russia, the U.S., etc.?) are most thorough, though the bibliography is unbelievably sparse. Drs. Bailey and Neustatter refute much of the trite nonsense of Messrs. Rees and Hailsham, yet as a whole, the book is worse than worthless for the general reader.

Since, however, this presumably represents a compendium of the most authoritative views of the medical, judicial, and clerical professions, more deserves to be said here.

For the late Judge Tudor Rees, known as one of England's kindest justices, the entire subject is clearly a loathsome matter, which he was forced by his position to consider. He was capable of pity (an emotion which conveniently does not dislodge prejudice). His generalizations about homosexuals were based on one or two cases that came before him—he assumed for example that all homosexuals must have an uncanny

and unerring sixth sense for recognizing one another, since a blind man who came before his court was observed soliciting another homosexual in a public urinal. His essay is a display of "understanding" and "fairness" carefully juggled to lead inevitably to a judgement predetermined by bias. All the arguments are loaded. The predictable conclusions are that homosexuals are that way because they don't exercise will power; that all their loathsome acts are socially dangerous; that prison (or some substitute form thereof) is the only answer.

Viscount Hailsham's contribution makes less attempt to mask prejudice with sweet reason. He blandly assumes that increased police prosecution of homosexuals reflects a spread of homosexuality itself, and concludes from this that inversion is like a proselytizing religion. Paying lip service to the widening English notion that it is not so evil to "be homosexual" so long as one doesn't "act" the part, he concedes that many (non-practicing) inverters may be noble, talented and all that, adding even that "romantic affections of a homosexual kind" may not always be evil, but, of course, such affections (and such talents) are possible only in the complete absence of physical intimacy. Homosexuals, he says, are invariably corruptors of youth ("The normal attraction of the adult male homosexual is to the young male adolescent. . .to the exclusion of others.") Lesbians, he feels, are not dangerous that way—the true lesbian being invariably fully feminine. He, like Judge Rees, declares strongly against any liberalizing of the law.

Both seem assured that though all men are naturally and intensely repelled by homosexuality, all men would gladly take up its exclusive practice if ever the legal bans should fall. Both these writers, men of real integrity, wrote out of obviously warm sympathies, but were restricted by their unexamined bias and the conceit of their authoritative ignorance. The reviewer in the *New Statesman and Nation* caustically said that "It might not unreasonably be suggested that reform in the handling of this question should include not only the law but also the mentality of some who practice and administer it."

Dr. Bailey comes as a relief, though his wishful views of human motivation and interactions are somewhat etherial. Summarizing what he had previously said in the Interim Report of the Church of England Moral Welfare Council and in his own book, *Homosexuality and the Western Christian Tradition* (reviewed here, Nov.'55) he denies that the homosexual is inherently evil, or that homosexual acts constitute a greater danger than other sins. Still, he sticks to the notion that homosexuals should abstain for life—no hint that the ensuing frustration might have worse consequences than the acts themselves, which he admits aren't really very big sins. He further holds that by the nature of the homosexual condition, many homosexual acts may be sinful, but not blameworthy. This reviewer would be less inclined to write off this symposium as a total loss for the average reader if Dr. Bailey's own book were not available.

The longest essay in the book almost compensates for the rest.

Dr. Neustatter, a psychiatrist, challenges the foregoing writers (implicitly) in his second sentence: "Much of the (prejudice) is founded on ignorance and misconceptions, as the belief that homosexuality is simply a form of vice which could be controlled at will." In a clear and competent survey of medical and psychiatric theories on the cause and care of various grades of homosexuality, he points up the basic disagreements running throughout the arguments by authorities, generally discredits most of the "cure" claims and criticizes the legal sanctions against "consenting adults." He emphasizes also that acts with children, while serious, seldom

turn them into active homosexuals unless strong predisposition existed.

I must now bend over double and insist that, poor as this book may be for the casual reader, it is a valuable reference work. Any student who can't obtain Dr. Bailey's volume or the British Medical Association report, can find an adequate substitute in the Bailey and Neustatter chapters here. And Dr. Hammelmann's very competent survey of the law in Western Europe, including estimates of the comparative degree of enforcement, is not to my knowledge duplicated in any other publication.

Lyn Pedersen

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by Clarkson Crane

THE END OF IT ALL

The two women were sitting side by side on stools in the neighborhood bar and looking at themselves and each other in the mirror behind the bottles.

"Ha!" said Mollie, the one with heavy make-up and hair dyed red. "You look like you was going places."

"Hospital," said Arlene. "To see Papa."

"How is Pete?" asked Mac, the old, tired-looking bartender, as he shoved a beer toward me.

"Poor guy," said Arlene. She sniffled.

"Take it easy, honey," said Mollie.

Arlene's hair was dyed black; her lavender hat gave her face a purplish tint. She turned vague eyes in my direction, but I doubt whether she saw me.

"He's a fine man," she said. "Papa's a fine man."

"You couldn't've married a better one, honey," said Mollie.



"To think of a guy like Papa laying there day after day," said Arlene. "It does something to me. You know that, Mac? It does something to me."

"Tough all right," said Mac.

"It does something to me right here," Arlene went on, a wrinkled hand on her breast. "Right here. You know what I mean, Mac? A guy like him. Never sick a day in his life."

"What does the doc say?" asked Mac. Tears welled in Arlene's eyes.

"Look, honey," said Mollie, "never mind what the doc says.

They don't know everything. Give her another shot, Mac. She needs it."

Mollie fumbled in her purse and laid fifty cents on the bar. Arlene tossed off the whisky.

"You remember him in the old days," she said to Mac. "Mac remembers Papa in the old days," she said, turning to me. "Isn't that right, Mac?"

"Hell, yes," said Mac. "First job I had was with Pete. The old place on Mission Street. Just after the Fire. You was living in that flat on Twenty-first Street."

"Pete was a man all right," said Mollie wistfully.

"I'll say he was a man," said Arlene. "I remember the time he got in with that Oakland floozie. I knew something was going on. But I didn't say a word. I says to myself 'Arlene, if you can't keep your man, it's your fault,' I says. I knew where she lived. Thursday was his day off and I went there. I found 'em all right. I picked up a chair and broke it over 'em. That night Pete says to me 'Never again', and he never did. When he said something, he meant it."

"Pete was a square shooter all right," said Mac.

"I'll say," said Arlene, sniffing once more.

"My husband never gave me no trouble like that," said Mollie. "It was something else."

"I never see anyone handle a drunk like Pete could," said Mac. "Why, I've seen him with a guy three times his size. And the guy went right out on his tail."

"That's right," said Arlene.

"He wouldn't take nothing from nobody."

"My husband wasn't no fighter," said Mollie. "Give me another shot, Mac. Her too." She put a dollar on the bar. "How about you, Mister?" she asked me.

I said I'd stick to beer.

"Okay, give him a beer, Mac," she said. "It's on me, Mister."

"Pete's just laying there," said Arlene.

"Look, honey," said Mollie, "I know how you feel. Sure, it's tough, like Mac says. But you've got a lot to be thankful for. You and Pete both. How long you been married? Twenty-five, thirty years?"

"Forty-three next month," said Arlene.

"Well, that's what I mean. Haven't they got a lot to be thankful for, Mac?"

"Sure," said Mac. "Forty-three years is a long time."

"Give me another shot, Mac," said Mollie.

"Look, Mollie, hadn't you better take it easy?" said Mac.

"What the hell for?" said Mollie. "I never met a nicer guy than my husband. But what did it get me?"

"When did he die, dearie?" asked Arlene.

"He didn't die. He walked out on me."

"Say, now," said Mac. "That's too bad."

"Yeah, see what I mean?" said Mollie. "See what I mean, Mac, when I tell Arlene she and Pete've got something to be thankful for?"

She drank her whisky.

"Ed was all right," she said. "Nicest guy you could find. Only he was a queer."

"Ah, now," said Mac.

"Yeah, I'm telling you," said Mollie. "Ed was a queer."

"No foolin'," said Arlene.

"Nicest looking guy you ever see," said Mollie. "How did I know? I couldn't tell. He didn't look no queerer than you, Mac. You know what? There's lots of queers that don't look queer. Ed was a big guy. He wasn't no pansy. You know what? Anybody might be a queer. For all I know, Mister, you might be a queer," she said, turning to me.

"Now, look, Mollie," said Mac, "don't go insulting the customers."

"I'm not insulting no customers! All I said was he might be a queer. He don't look like no queer. Why, anybody might be a queer for all you can tell. Anybody. Abraham Lincoln. George Washington. How the hell do I know? I don't mean they was. I just said you can't tell. Anyway, I don't consider it no insult to say a man's a queer. You couldn't find a nicer guy than Ed."

"Papa's no queer," said Arlene.

"I'll say he isn't," said Mollie. "Give me another shot, Mac."

"Aw now, Mollie, you didn't ought to drink no more."

"Look, Mac," said Mollie, "I know damn well when I've had enough. How about you, Mister?"

"This one's on me," I said. "How about another, Arlene?"

"You could've knocked me over with a feather the first time,"

said Mollie. "Hell, I thought everything was okay. Ed had this friend, but how did I know? He looked like anyone else to me. He ran a service station and Ed used to buy gas from him. One day I came home and there they was."

"You don't say," said Mac.

"What did you do?" asked Arlene.

"Do? What could I do? I didn't do nothing."

"I'd've taken a chair to 'em," said Arlene.

"You can't do that," said Mollie. "Two big men. Besides I loved the guy."

"I loved Pete," said Arlene. "That's why I hit him."

"This one's on the house," said Mac, filling the glasses.

"I need it," said Mollie. "Look, Mister, did you ever meet a queer?"

"You never know," I said.

"That's what I mean," said Mollie. "You can't tell. Why even after I found 'em that way, I didn't believe it. I thought maybe they'd had one too many and was just fooling round. Like the gentleman here says, you never know."

"One of 'em come in here a while back," said Mac. "I could've told him a mile off."

"Sure, some of them," said Mollie. "But not Ed."

"Say, listen," said Arlene, "I got to go to the hospital. Pete don't even know me. He just lays there."

"Anyway," said Mollie, "I didn't do nothing then. I didn't even say nothing. Like I said,

I didn't even know for sure. We just went along like nothing had happened. Then this cop shows up."

"Cop?" said Arlene. "To pinch Ed?"

"Hell, no," said Mollie, "Not to pinch him."

"Well, what do you know!" said Mac.

"He was a big guy too," said Mollie. "I seen him last year. He was driving a truck."

"Pete's been laying there two months," said Arlene. "He don't know nobody."

"Well, hell," said Mollie, "I guess I was dumb all right. Even then I didn't think nothing much. But one day I came home again. 'Look Ed,' I says, 'what is all this? Who is this copper?' Ed said he was just a pal. But he didn't look like no pal to me. Ed was real nice. I guess I took on some and said a lot. You know how it is. I loved the guy. He said 'Haven't I been a good husband to you, Mollie? This apartment and all? That chesterfield cost two hundred dollars and I got you a new refrigerator last month.' That's right, he did! He was a good husband. I couldn't've asked for a nicer man. Maybe I shouldn't've said what I did. Maybe I shouldn't."

Tears rolled down Mollie's made-up cheeks.

"Now, now, Mollie," said Mac.

"Maybe I shouldn't've told him off. Maybe I should've just gone on. Ed was a nice guy. I didn't know nothing about queers."

Arlene stood up, holding on to the bar. Her handbag fell

down. I picked it up for her. She took it without looking at me and started toward the door, weaving a little.

"Pete won't know me," she said. "He just lays there. Pete won't know me."

"Take it easy, Arlene," called Mac, as she tottered out onto the sidewalk.

"You think I should've told him off, Mac?" said Mollie. "You think I should've? What do you think, Mister?"

"I guess you did what seemed right then," I said.

"Mac," said Mollie, "give me another shot."

"Now, Mollie," said Mac. "Be a good girl. You've had enough."

"You give me another shot, Mac," she said. "You give me another shot." She began to pound the bottom of her glass on the bar. "I want a shot. If I hadn't told him off, maybe he wouldn't've walked out on me. I loved the guy. I want Ed!" The tears were loosening the paint on her cheeks. She went on pounding the bar. "I want Ed! I want Ed back!" Her hat was crooked on her red hair. "You couldn't find a nicer guy. Come on, Mac, fill it up. For Christ's sake, Mac, I want a shot!"

Her cheeks were smeared; her hands, trembling. She pounded on the bar. Mac reached for the bottle and filled her glass. She half-emptied it, then sat clutching it, while the tears oozed from her eyes. Now and then she sniffled. Mac rinsed Arlene's glass and dried it. Then he wiped off the bar and began to rearrange some bottles in front of the mirror.

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women

THE WINNER by Marlin Prentiss

(Continued from page 39, first column, last issue)

In the general uproar, no one had noticed the big, lanky youngster with the tousled mop of oddly streaked hair lounging in the doorway taking in the scene with obvious glee. She was wearing Bermuda shorts in defiance of the unwritten law governing proper attire for professional golfers, and her spiked shoes in defiance of the sign on the door. There was a wide grin on her bold-featured but oddly attractive face and her narrow, wide-set eyes twinkled.

"Lower your voices, puh-leeze!" she said with mock dismay. "Remember, we are GUESTS here! You are shocking the imported-from-France panties right off the clientele of this glamorous dump!"

There was an abrupt silence, but no visible embarrassment. Toni continued to scowl blackly and Phyllis flounced out in the direction of the bar, shoulders stiff and nose in the air.

Then, suddenly, the tension dissolved.

The newcomer stood in the middle of the room, feet apart,

face flushed and glistening with the heat and glowing with an inner excitement. "I got news for all you champs," she announced, obviously pleased as punch with herself. "I—Neva Kovac (known to the sports writers as 'Torchy' Kovac), that unheralded but promising kid from Dubuque, have just lived up to my home town press notices and shot a blazing 57, no less!"

The congratulations were loud, profuse and completely sincere. Even Kathy Johannsen came dripping from the shower room to add her voice to the din.

Torchy pounded on one of the fragile vanities with her big fist, upsetting a bottle of cologne which filled the room with a sudden, sharp fragrance.

"Order!" she called. "I'm not finished." She waited for the others to quiet down. "Which," she continued, "in spite of that unmentionable 75 yesterday, places me at least within spitting distance of one of those pretty pink checks for the first time in my short but brilliant career!"

"The line forms to the right,

kid," Jean Fredricks said drily. "Except for our invincible Farrell, here, who has just renewed her lease on top spot by no less than four big fat strokes, practically the whole damn field is tied for second place. Incidentally, how did the other half of your two-some make out—you were paired with Clare Emerson today, weren't you?"

"Oh, her!" Torchy said scornfully. "Say, who is she, anyway? Local talent, I heard, but I never saw any of these home town amateurs shoot a game like that before."

"Good?"

"Yeah, or else shot with luck. Wound up with a 72. But what a lousy disposition! All the time bitching about something. If I'd been her caddy, I'd have let her have a five iron right in the teeth. And you'd have thought we were playing a match, she was watching my score closer than she was her own. And when she saw she couldn't catch me, I thought there for a minute she was going to snap her snood! Still—she's pretty good. For an amateur, that is," Torchy added condescendingly.

Betty Dobson dipped her fingers into the spilled cologne and dabbed it daintily behind her ears. "She's no amateur, kid. She was collecting those pretty pink checks when you were still playing jacks."

"So were all the rest of you old bags—that's why I'm shooting 57s today and you're not," Torchy chortled gleefully. "You all might just as well retire to your rockin' chairs and rest your creaking bones tomorrow, on account of I am going to beat the cotton-pickin' pants off the whole bunch

of you—for the honor of dear old Dubuque and all the Kovacs in Poland! And the money, of course."

"Oh, for God's sake!" Toni groaned. "Come on, girls, let's get out of here before we get mired in the stuff! I'll see if I can snare us a table in the bar, Dana."

Dana stood in the shower a long time, letting the hot needles of spray beat against the fatigue in her strong body. She smiled as she heard Torchy Kovac's lusty baritone rendition of The Halls of Montezuma over the rush of water in their adjoining showers.

The irrespressible 19-year-old fresh from the not-very-stiff corn country competition where she had been something of a sensation, was a great favorite. Her bubbling vitality and unfailing high spirits had the effect of a fresh spring breeze in the jaded, cynical atmosphere of tension-frayed nerves and ancient feuds. Dana wished with all her heart that Torchy would make good her outrageous boast but she knew that there was very little chance of it. The youngster was still very erratic, cheerfully mixing eagles with double-bogies, usually managing to come in about tenth.

But of all the youngsters Dana had seen come and go (or stay) in the past ten years, Torchy Kovac was the only one she felt might someday hold the unique position she now held. However, it would take several more years of seasoning before Torchy would be collecting those pretty pink checks with any regularity.

I wonder how much of that exuberance will be left in ten years, Dana thought. She knew that most of it would be gone long before

that, and the thought saddened her. Maybe you'll make it, Torchy, she thought, I'll be very surprised if you don't. But it won't be the way you think it will be now. What is it they say—"Uneasy rests the head that wears the crown"? That crown is a fine thing to share, Torchy—to win and lose and fight for and win and lose again—but it is a terrible thing to own. Because when it is yours for the taking, it begins to own YOU. It sets you apart in a lonely place, and there you must stay, because you can't give it back, Torchy. It must be taken from you and you will fight to the death to keep it, even though you have long since come to hate it. It glitters, Torchy, and it must be very valuable because it costs a very great deal—but it is very heavy.

Dana turned off the water. Mingled with the steam, she could smell the sharp, sweet scent of the spilled cologne.

Toni was waiting for her in the bar, she knew, but Dana took the doorway that led to the "patio" of the Riverdale Country Club and paused in the shadow of a potted palm to light a cigarette. The patio was deserted, for the heat was stifling and everyone was drawn irresistibly to the air-conditioned coolness inside.

Dana Farrell looked very clean and fine in fawn-colored gabardine slacks, white silk shirt with the cuffs turned back at the strong wrists, crisp, short-cropped dark hair brushed damp and smooth. She was still bone-tired but the sharp, aching edge of fatigue had been washed away, and most of the tension had ebbed from her body.

She smoked slowly, her mind as nearly blank as she could make

it, savoring this moment of solitude before joining the noisy crush in the bar. She did not hear the young man approach and his quiet voice startled her.

"Miss Farrell?"

"Yes?"

"My name is Carter Harrison. I wonder if I might speak to you for a moment."

Carter Harrison. The name was vaguely familiar, but—. Yes, of course. The nice, family-approved guy with lots of money and an important name to whom Clare Emerson was engaged. Now, why in the world should he wish to speak to her?

She followed him to a wrought-iron table under a gaily striped umbrella and they sat down. She waited for him to speak but he was silent for a long time, obviously ill at ease and obviously unaccustomed to being ill at ease.

He lit a cigarette nervously and finally spoke. "I hardly know how to begin—but I felt I had to—"

Dana wanted to help him. He was very good looking without being quite handsome. Dark, wavy hair, nice eyes and teeth, features a little too fine, perhaps. His sports jacket and slacks were beautifully tailored and he had a great deal of that indefinable quality called breeding.

"Is it about Clare?" she asked.

"Yes. Since you know that, you must know that we are engaged to be married. She—I'm worried about Clare. Since this tournament began—before that—since it was conceived—she has been behaving very strangely—and very badly, I might add. I don't know what it is all about, but I do

know that her—well, almost hysterical—behavior is in some way connected with you. I was hoping that you might be able to shed some light on the matter so that I could—so that—well, if I understood I might be able to help her in some way. I wouldn't have come to you like this Miss Farrell, believe me, unless I were desperate. Clare is—I feel that I don't even know her anymore."

Dana felt intensely sorry for the young man. She knew that this was probably the most painful conversation he had ever undertaken and she wanted very much to help him, but how could she?

"I don't understand it anymore than you do, Mr. Harrison," she said, not quite truthfully. "I knew Clare when she was playing professional golf, of course, but I haven't seen her, nor heard from her, since the day she left until the day before yesterday. And we were not enemies when she left, on the contrary, we were on the best of terms."

"This—this overwhelming obsession she has that she must win. It's as though the world would end if she didn't. But it isn't just winning—it's winning over you. So far as Clare is concerned, there is no one else in this tournament but you—and herself." The young man paused and dried his perspiring face with a handkerchief. "I'm explaining it very badly—"

"No. I've been aware of it, Mr. Harrison, but I don't understand it."

"I'm sure you must also be aware of some of the things she's said. Miss Farrell, I apologize for her, if she were herself, she never

would have—"

"Never mind that, it isn't important." Dana wanted the conversation to end; she was becoming as uneasy as Carter Harrison. She made a move to rise but he caught her wrist.

"Miss Farrell. I hope you won't misunderstand my motives but please listen to me. I have a theory about all this and I'd like your opinion. I knew Clare had played professional golf, but she always spoke of it as something of a lark, something she just "took up" the way other girls take up art or the theatre to be doing something, but never seriously, as a career. Now I wonder if that is true. I have a feeling that perhaps she was very serious about it, that perhaps it was the most important thing in her life, but she gave it up because—with you there—she could never hope to become the best in her profession. Clare is a perfectionist. Whatever she does, or has, must be best. So if what I suspect is true, it would explain her deplorable attitude toward you and her hysterical compulsion that she must triumph over you. It is the only way I can explain it."

Dana looked at the young man with new respect. It was quite possible that he was right, at least it was a better explanation than she had been able to think of. But what of it? Either Clare would win tomorrow or she wouldn't (it was almost certain that she wouldn't) and that would be that. Or was this extremely correct and embarrassed young man foolishly about to attempt to arrange a discreet fix?

"You may be right," Dana said warily. "But, so what?"

"Miss Farrell, you win almost every tournament you enter and it appears that this one will be no exception. Would it—"

"You'd better stop right there, Mr. Harrison," Dana said coldly, "Or you are going to hate yourself in the morning."

"But if Clare doesn't win—"

"Mr. Harrison, Clare Emerson is not GOING to win. In spite of what she might think, in spite of two fairly good rounds which have kept her in the running, Clare Emerson never had an outside chance of winning this—or any other—top flight tournament. There are too many others playing, besides me, who outclass her so badly she shouldn't even be competing."

"You're wrong, Miss Farrell. God knows, I wish you were right. If I never heard the word 'golf' again as long as I live, I couldn't be happier.. But you're wrong. Clare has played this course almost daily for five years. For the past three months she has almost lived on it. She knows it like the palm of her hand. She has a very good chance of winning, and she knows it."

"Then let her take her chance with the rest of us, Mr. Harrison. Although, believe me, she does not have a very good chance; she has almost no chance. But, for the sake of argument, suppose she did win. What then, Mr. Harrison?"

"Then I think she would forget this—obsession—and maybe even the whole damned game of golf!"

"Do you? I think that would be much more likely if she were beaten so badly she'd never want to see a golf course again. If

she were to win over the great Dana Farrell, I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see her back in the pro circuit again. Which, if your theory is correct, is what she's really wanted all along."

The young man stood up, his fine-boned face pasty under his nice tan. "Please forgive me, Miss Farrell," he said stiffly. "I will, as you say, hate myself in the morning."

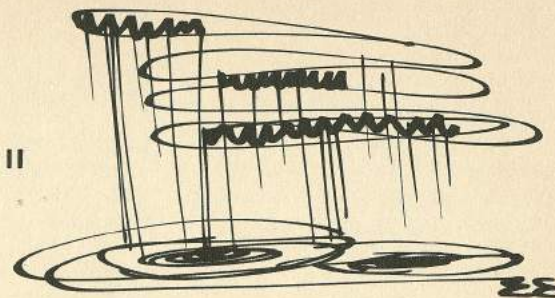
He turned swiftly on his heel and disappeared in the direction of the parking lot.

Dana watched him go, her face extremely thoughtful. She lit another cigarette and let the match burn down until it singed her fingers. My God, she thought, isn't this racket tough enough without having to contend with the local variety of neurotics, yet?

What, in the name of heaven, DID Clare Emerson want? She'd had her chance at professional golf and thrown it away because she couldn't stand the pressure. She'd chosen this way of life of her own free will, and seemed to have acquired everything she could possibly desire.

Nobody can have everything, Dana thought angrily. She ground out her cigarette, remembering Carter Harrison's troubled face, remembering Toni Carver's distress --and remembering Clare Emerson as she had been five years ago, and as she was now. She looked around at the pretentious grounds of the Riverdale Country Club and a glimmer of understanding touched her. "All this and heaven, too," she murmured. "Clare—Clare—it just can't be done!"

Part II



Saturday morning dawned hot and clear, but by ten o'clock there were purple thunderheads low in the west and the blue of the sky had been dimmed by a thin, hazy overcast. The heat was appalling. Not a leaf stirred in the leaden, dead-still air.

It appeared that every golf enthusiast in the state had turned out to see the professional women play. The parking lot of the Riverdale Country Club had been full since early morning and cars were parked along both sides of the road as far as the eye could reach. The gallery was larger than the ones which had turned out for the State Tournaments, or Sam Snead's exhibition match the year before. The spectators, uncomfortable in the dismal and oppressive heat, were noisy and uncooperative; by the time Dana Farrell and Clare Emerson were due to tee off, the groundskeepers were already employing ropes to keep the crowd in check.

Clare Emerson stood behind No. 1 tee, swinging her driver nervously, silently cursing the twosome ahead for its dawdling slowness. Due to the cumbersome gallery and the inevitable tardiness of some of the early start-

ers, they were twenty minutes behind the scheduled starting time already. For the tenth time in as many minutes she glanced apprehensively at the threatening sky. All I need, she thought grimly, is to have to play this thing in a thunderstorm! Her head ached dully and it seemed she could almost taste the electricity in the air. She beckoned to her caddy and once more dried her sweating hands on the towel he held ready.

Her eyes darted over the noisy, milling throng of spectators, hating them, hating every coughing, throat-clearing, loud-talking, paper-rattling one of them! And where was Carter? He wouldn't dare not show up, even though she'd told him last night she never wanted to see him again. She meant it, too. She never wanted to see him, or any of the rest of these dull, pompous, self-satisfied stuffed shirts again. Nevertheless, he'd better be here, or she'd make him regret it!

She looked at Dana Farrell standing near the starter's table, relaxed, smoking a cigarette and talking quietly to a slim, black-haired girl whom Clare recognized instantly.

The first time she had seen Dana Farrell and Toni Carver together the day the Tournament opened, she had known immediately that this dark, attractive youngster now held the place in Dana's affections that had once been hers. And she had not been in the least prepared for the surge of anguish that had engulfed her at the knowledge. She had hidden the pain under a cloak of scorn and ridicule, spreading gossip about the pair with a reckless disregard of discretion. But, strangely enough, her malicious remarks had neither amused nor interested her normally gossip-loving friends. More than once she had seen eyes shift and faces color with embarrassment and contempt for her public exhibition of viciousness and bad taste, and this had served to deepen the pain and add fuel to the fire of her hatred.

Now, as she watched the slim, dark girl smile up at her tall companion, and saw the smile returned, the pain within her ballooned to an agony almost beyond bearing, and to her utter horror, Clare Emerson found herself very close to tears. Her relief was indescribable when the metallic voice of the starter boomed over the loudspeaker.

"Miss Farrell—tee off on one, please."

As soon as she hit her first ball, Dana knew that this was to be one of her rare off days. There would be no apparent reason for it. There would be nothing wrong with her stance or her grip or her swing; it was just one of those days when the fine edge was gone from her game. Well-hit drives would suddenly, inexplicably

fade, perfectly played fairway shots would unerringly find sand traps and bunkers, putts would hang on the lip of the cup instead of dropping. Dana had known few such days in recent years, but without a doubt, this was to be one of them. No, she would not be shooting any 70s today.

She managed to par the first three holes (two of which she had birdied easily the day before) but she had to scramble to do it. On the fourth tee there was another short wait and she dried her wet face and hands on the towel and took the always ready lighted cigarette from her caddy.

Most caddies are partisan to the golfers for whom they are working, but this 16-year-old local boy, working his first important tournament, carried his partisanship almost to the point of adoration. He seldom spoke to Dana, but his earnest, freckled face mirrored his opinion of every stroke.

On the fourth tee his worry overcame his deference and he whispered to her, "Let's start shavin' par, it ain't so easy on the back nine. And this Emerson character is startin' out like a ball of fire."

Dana smiled and patted his shoulder, then glanced thoughtfully at Clare Emerson. Clare, her face drawn and rigid with tension, stood back of the tee, viciously swinging her driver in its grooved arc—back and forth, back and forth, the clubhead whistling.

She was indeed starting out like a ball of fire. Never particularly noted for her long game, she had, twice in the last three holes, outdriven Dana—and Dana

Farrell was the undisputed possessor of the longest ball in women's professional golf. She's hitting that ball as though she were committing murder, Dana thought, and she was not at all amused by the analogy. Maybe I was a little hasty in telling that Harrison boy she couldn't win, Dana thought wryly. She studied the grimly set face and blazing eyes intently, and suddenly felt a chill of apprehension that was strongly mixed with pity. And all at once she knew with absolute certainty that, for her own sake, Clare Emerson must not win. She could not have said how she knew, but there was not the slightest doubt in her mind that she must retain her invincibility in the eyes of this confused girl, or the results might be disastrous beyond imagining.

As Dana stepped up to the tee, for the first time within memory the gallery bothered her. It was a narrow fairway, and the people were lined solidly along its edges all the way to the green, some of them standing yards within its boundaries. She waited, nervously, while a woman chased a small boy directly across her line of flight. When she finally took her stance and hit the ball, she knew immediately that it was a bad one. It was. She watched with horror as it took off like a bullet and hooked sharply into the crowd.

When she reached the scene she could not see what had happened because of the dense crowd, but after much pushing and swearing, the groundskeepers managed to shove the people back. A slight, leggy child of about fourteen lay

on the ground, her thin face very white and her eyes glazed with shock, while several spectators fussed over her. One of them held a bloody handkerchief to the side of the small blonde head.

Dana, her heart pounding, knelt beside the child, aware that she was shaking badly. "I'm sorry," she murmured. "I'm so very sorry!"

The child looked up at her with dazed eyes and tried to smile. "It's alright, Miss Farrell," she whispered. "It was my fault for standing so close. I know you didn't mean to."

Dana stood up, trying without success to quiet her trembling. She watched them carry the child away and push the crowd, sullen and muttering now, back into the rough.

They never did find the ball.

As they came up to No. 10 tee, Clare Emerson was trying desperately to extricate herself from a bewildering tangle of emotions. She should have been exultant, for since that accident on No. 4, Dana Farrell's game had gone to hell in a handbasket. The disastrous 7 she had taken on that par-4 hole and two additional bogies had not only cancelled out her 4-stroke advantage but had placed Clare, who had continued to play brilliantly, ahead by two comfortable strokes.

But she was not exultant, nor even pleased. Instead, she was the victim of a feeling of disappointment so acute it almost amounted to outrage. She felt cheated, somehow, and furious at herself for feeling that way. And worst of all, when she looked at Dana now, she could no longer

summon up the burning hatred which had been her motivating force. Now she felt only annoyance and disappointment, as though Dana had, in some unexplainable way, let her down. And there was still another emotion, suppressed as yet, but struggling for release, that was dangerously close to sympathy for the foundering champion.

Never, in all their years together in the pros, had she seen the great Dana Farrell stripped of her poise, unprotected by that impenetrable barrier of remote concentration, vulnerable and torn by the same emotions and pressures and irritations that beset them all. And from the beginning, the desire to see her so, to see her pulled down to the level of all the rest of them, had been a burning, twisting ache that never ceased. It had been this constant, frustrated, gnawing passion, grown at last to unbearable proportions, that had driven her out of the pros. It had become so all-consuming that in the end it had ruined her own game, and she had no choice but to quit.

And now it had happened. Best of all, it had happened here, just as it had so many times in her dreams. Right here in her own home town, before all these people who had never really believed that she could have stayed in the pros if she'd wished, who had never really believed that she was capable of beating the great Dana Farrell, who had to be **shown** before life in this place—or any other place—would be bearable.

And now they were being shown. The very thing for which she had yearned and hoped and prayed and

tortured herself almost to the brink of madness to bring about had finally happened. Where, then, was the exultation—the sleek and glowing satisfaction—the end of the fierce, aching frustration, of which she had dreamed? Why, then, this maddening sense of disappointment—this weird feeling of being cheated—this empty throb of sadness and loss?

Thoroughly confused and disgusted with herself, Clare stepped up to the tee and drove. It was a poor drive; of the weak, ineffectual variety generally termed “ladylike” by the club members.

As she waited for Dana to take her stance, the steaming heat seemed suddenly to close in on her. For a moment she felt sick and faint and it was very difficult to breathe. She fought the vertigo with the sheer force of her will. It seemed a very long time before it passed but when it was over she realized that not more than a few seconds had elapsed, for Dana was just now taking her place on the tee. To her utter astonishment, Clare found herself hoping wildly that Dana would blast one of those 300 yard screamers for which she was so famous.

Dana obliged. With that matchless form which was a little like music in motion, she put every ounce of the power in her strong body behind the drive. With a report like a pistol shot the ball took off low and began to climb, heading straight for the distant green as though it had eyes. It was still climbing when it passed the 200 yard marker.

Clare felt a thrill of pure joy pierce her like an arrow and she had to restrain herself to

keep from joining in the applause of the spectators on the tee. She smiled benevolently at Dana, as though in some strange way, her faith had been restored. And she was pleased by the sudden surge of warmth she felt as Dana, after a moment of startled hesitation, smiled in return.

As they went into fifteen, Clare still held her 2-stroke edge but only because of fantastic luck—the sinking of an approach shot on eleven and holing out a 30-foot putt on fourteen. While Dana was still fighting grimly every inch of the way in sharp contrast to her usual stoic, effortless game, she had settled down now, and her consummate skill was beginning to tell.

They were approaching the fifteenth tee when there was a sudden stir in the gallery. Excited voices rose until the sound from the milling throng was a muffled roar. Then a great many spectators suddenly deserted the Emerson-Farrell twosome and streamed back toward the tenth tee.

Clare saw Dana's caddy talking to her excitedly, saw Dana's look of surprise and then her sudden, heart-tugging smile. She summoned her own caddy.

“What in the hell is going on?” she asked sharply.

“That Kovac kid you played with yesterday,” he said, “she's burnin' up the course. Just heard she turned in a 32 on the front nine, with an eagle 3 on nine.”

“A 32! My God—that isn't possible!”

“That's the word.”

Clare chewed at her lower lip nervously. “She'll fall off.

Those kids always do.”

“She didn't yesterday,” the caddy reminded her drily, “and she'd have to drop dead not to take this one. The rest of you dames are playing like you was in a Sunday afternoon mixed foursome.”

“But she can't!” Clare whispered tensely. “She just can't!”

To win over Dana Farrell only to be beaten by an unknown Polish kid from Dubuque would be an irony of fate too cruel to be endured. If she must be beaten (and for the first time she consciously admitted that she might be) let it be by Dana Farrell. Dana, she entreated silently, don't let this happen! I need you now, Dana, maybe I have always—her thoughts faltered, but she pushed them forward with a sudden cold, pitiless honesty. Yes, Dana, I've always needed you. You were my idol—not my nemesis. I only made you that to mask my own inferiority. You were all I ever hoped to be and knew in my heart that I never could be, but I could not bear to admit it. And nothing has changed, Dana, except my blindness. Don't let me down now—I couldn't bear it if you let me down now!

As soon as Dana heard the news of Torchy's unbelievable feat, her nervousness disappeared. She forgot about Clare Emerson and her problems, she forgot her own miserable showing, she forgot everything but the immediate shot to be played. The familiar and comforting wall of concentration closed about her again and she began to play golf. She birdied the next two holes with no effort at all.

On the seventeenth tee Dana's caddy approached her without hesitation, the careful reserve completely broken now by his intense personal interest.

"Kovac just sewed it up," he told her, "and if she don't fall off, she's going to crack the course record. All you gotta do now is par these last two and you're in like Flynn for second money. Looks like Emerson has had it and nobody else even close."

Dana looked over at Clare and felt a quick throb of pity. The girl indeed looked as though she had "had it." She looked tired to the point of exhaustion, but more than that, the fight seemed to have gone out of her and the abrupt change from the former driving aggressiveness to this subdued acceptance of defeat was somehow pathetic. Then, as she caught Dana's glance, she did something that filled Dana with amazement and a quite irrational joy. With a faint smile, Clare raised one hand with thumb and forefinger making a circle in the familiar gesture of approval and applause.

After the few seconds it took Dana to fully comprehend the meaning of the gesture, she returned it, then grinned down at her caddy, feeling more nearly jubilant than she had in a very long time.

"Jimmy," she said, "what do you say we finish this thing up in a blaze of glory? Instead of those pars, how would a pair of birds suit you?"

"A pair of eagles would suit me better," he replied, quite seriously.

Dana laughed and it felt good.

"You don't want much, do you? Alright, let's see what we can do."

She didn't get a pair of eagles, but she got one. And when her card was checked, she found that she had, unbelievably, scored an even 70. She had also matched Torchy Kovac's 32 on the much more difficult back nine.

After the formal presentation ceremonies and banquet that night, some of the visiting pros decided to throw a private party for Torchy Kovac at a dimly-lit roadhouse a mile down the road from the Country Club. As all such parties do, it turned out to be a noisy and somewhat drunken affair with a great many "toasts" and an unlimited supply of free drinks provided by the house and the local customers who were invariably swept into the festivities. Sometime during the evening the blaring juke box, the noisy voices, the dense smoke and the heat began to grate on Dana's nerves. She was also feeling the effects of too many highballs too fast and she stepped outside for a breath of fresh air.

The storm which had been threatening all day was about to break. Jagged flashes of lightning split the angry, low-hanging, slow-boiling clouds and thunder rolled in a constant, ominous growl. A blessedly cool wind had sprung up and the smell of rain to come was very sharp and sweet.

Dana strolled toward the big, battered and dusty convertible that she and Toni owned jointly, to put the top up before the deluge. She worked leisurely, and when she had finished and was rolling up the windows, she heard her name called softly from a

nearby car.

She knew who it was before she turned, and paused to light a cigarette before she approached the other car.

"Hello, Clare," she said quietly.

"Hello, Dana. I was hoping you'd come out. I've been waiting a long time."

"Why didn't you come in? You'd have been welcome."

"No. No, I wouldn't have. And I was afraid—"

"Afraid, Clare?"

"Afraid that if I did go in, I'd never come out."

Dana drew deeply on her cigarette and stared at the flashes of lightning. Then she rested her arms on the open window of the car, her lean face close to Clare's.

"It's that bad?" she asked softly.

Clare rubbed her hands over her face wearily. "No, not really. Not after today. Dana, I—I wanted to see you before I left. I wanted to thank you for—"

"Don't, Clare. I'm only sorry I didn't understand sooner. If I had, maybe I could have—"

"Beaten Kovac for me, too? Maybe you could have, at that. But Kovac doesn't matter, Dana. Not now—not the way it turned out."

"No, Kovac doesn't matter. I'm still—where are you going, Clare?"

"I don't know. That doesn't matter, either. The coast, maybe." Clare turned her head and her lips rested against Dana's cheek very lightly. "I think I ought to be able to find someone like

Toni on the coast, don't you?" she whispered huskily against the dark, warm skin.

Dana did not move at all, she felt as though one of the jagged forks of lightning had pinned her to the ground.

She hadn't understood. She hadn't even begun to understand. And it had all been so simple.

With a tenderness that had nothing at all to do with Clare Emerson, she took the familiar and once loved face between her big hands and kissed the trembling lips.

"Yes," she said gently, "I think you'll be able to find someone like Toni on the coast."

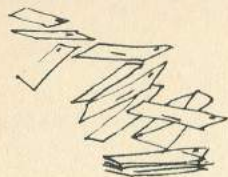
Dana had barely reached the doorway of the roadhouse when the rain came down in wind-whipped torrents. She stood for a moment looking out into it, watching the blurred lights of Clare's car fade swiftly down the road. When she could no longer see them she became aware of the blue nostalgia of an old song being played on the juke box inside. The noisy voices had stopped, and for a moment there was only the sound of the haunting old melody and the pelting rush of the rain. Toni Carver appeared beside her.

"Never mind, Dana, you can't win them all," she said.

Dana put her arm around the girl's slim waist and drew her close. She looked down at the dark face and her heart turned over as it always did when she looked at this girl.

"No, Toni, you can't win them all," she said. "But someone always wins. And sometimes, strangely enough, quite a number of people do."

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.

No doubt you receive all the various magazines from Germany and include those that purport to give the names of the different "gay bars." I think that readers in America should be advised that these lists are dangerous. I speak now from my knowledge of Germany and one should be very careful when visiting these places. In Der Kreis for November 1955 on Page 7 will be found a letter from a German writer which confirms what I know.

Mr. C.
London, Eng.

A big cheer for Dr. Manfred Guttmacher of Baltimore (One, March, 1956) whose observations on the Star panel seem to me to be the only ones showing any real intelligence. I am sick of all these experts who give their own prejudices the weight of official utterance.

Mr. R.
Waco, Texas

My most proud possession is my One Honorary Membership. Thanks to you and the Board. I'm very touched by the gesture.

Mr. B.
London, England

Your March issue of One proved Terrific. Enjoy the Letters to the Editor and Tangents. Occasionally One is too literary. . . let us live in the present and print more of the present. Don't get me wrong, the past does prove beneficial, helping me understand myself a little more.

Mr. N.
Detroit, Michigan

Enjoyed your article "Miami's New Type Witchhunt."

Really nothing to what is happening here in Key West.

Everyone who is suspected of being a deviate has been warned to leave town. The usual hue and cry was raised by the Chief of Police.

Many have been arrested and charged with "vagrancy" which carries a fine of from \$10.00 to and including \$150.00. This charge has been placed against the native-born, employed, and wealthy, as well as against visitors.

It is hardly safe for a deviate (male or female) to be seen on the street, not to mention the bars or restaurants.

Mr. F.
Key West, Fla.

If it were possible to publish in the magazine proof that the mailing list or, rather, the subscription list could not be used by authorities or confiscated for such action I am sure that the increase in subscriptions would be noticeable. That is the major objection of many persons I have spoken with about the subject.

Mr. A.
Mobile, Ala.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following discussion concerning the circulation records appeared in the first ONE CONFIDENTIAL:

"In the early days these were pretty casual: slips of paper, a corner torn from an envelope, but at no time has there been anything casual about the security provided for subscriber's names and addresses. This is a matter which has always been of paramount importance to the Corporation.

"In the Rumely case (1953) the U.S. Supreme Court denied the right of the Government to have access to a publisher's lists. Part of this great decision reads: 'Once the Government can demand of a publisher the names of the purchasers of his publications, the free press as we know it disappears. Then the specter of a Government agent will look over the shoulder of everyone who reads.'

"No one, not the President, the F.B.I., or any other 'authority' may have ONE's lists for any reason whatever. The Corporation has never overlooked the chance however, that some Government agent might grab first and talk about the Supreme Court afterward.

"For such reasons ONE's subscription lists 'do not exist.' Their whereabouts are unknown, also continually changing. . . ."

Returned from the Far East yesterday. . . . Outside of Tokyo in a smaller town I met with intelligent Japanese homosexuals who told me that the percentage is quite large, that the Japanese take a sensible attitude, and, for the most part, with the exception of commercials, stay away from European type of gay bars, having their own quiet gathering places everywhere, including Tokyo, where there are perhaps close to 70 or 80 tea-houses (not to be confused) where they meet, discuss and/or make arrangements in their own quiet way. A number of the decent sort would like to meet decent Americans or other foreign nationals but don't know quite how, since they avoid the well-known gay bars. . . .

Mr. S.
Long Island, N.Y.

. . . I am twenty-two years old, slightly mixed up, but may I take this opportunity to say that your magazine has given me a lot of confidence.

Mr. J.
Miami, Florida

Please reserve me a copy of **Homosexuals Today**. Send when available, and you may include my name and address as a homosexual, in fact, please do include it!

Mr. H.
Watertown, Wisconsin

Holiday Offering EXTRA LARGE PECANS.

New crop nuts direct from Grower in Dixie -- no middlemen!

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Jos. Abernathy - Grower -
Barnesville, Georgia U. S. A.



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one

AN OPEN LETTER:-

*Grapho
Analysis*

For more than twenty-five years, grapho analysis, or the science of analyzing handwriting, has been helping people. Strangely, I do not think that true homosexuals need the "help" that is foisted on them. But I have found them as clients unsure of themselves, and many times hiding ability under a bushel. It takes a day to dictate a complete analysis from pages of handwriting, and the fee ranges from \$50 to \$100. However, a shorter analysis has frequently uncovered ability, spotted weaknesses that the writer, once aware of them, has overcome or avoided. For this single month I am authorizing ONE Magazine to accept orders for General Analyses at \$5. Of this amount \$3 will be retained by the magazine. The remaining \$2 will be sent to the International Grapho Analysis Society, Inc., Springfield, Mo., where the analyst will prepare the analysis.

Your sex inclinations have no bearing. They will not be discussed, and the only record kept in Springfield will be your name, address, and when your analysis was mailed. The Society publishes two of my books, "Secrets Your Handwriting Reveals About You," and "You Too Can Analyze Handwriting," which retail together. If you wish the books, both for \$2.00, send your order to