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A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants, and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.

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We wish to thank our many friends all over the world who have contributed so generously in money, other gifts, and new memberships during the Christmas season. The response to our recent appeal for funds has been so far gratifying, though still far short of our needed goal.

Among the gifts of equipment have been a number of files for which we have been greatly in need, as well as typewriters, office chairs, a mimeograph, and other items, all of which will help us improve our services to the public, and catch up in our publications schedule during the coming year.

Again, our thanks to all, and our best wishes for 1957.

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

Carlyle

The Homosexual Magazine

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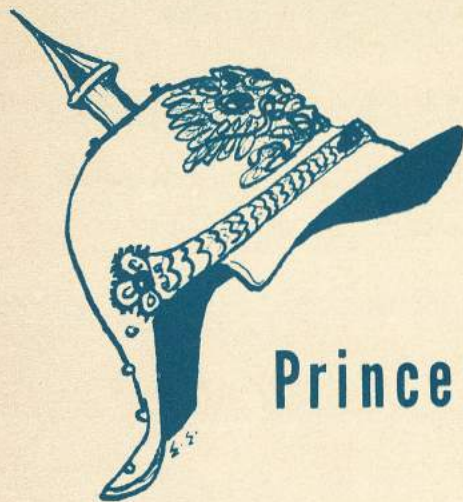
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PART TWO:

In the last issue, we sketched the background and onset of the trials involving the Kaiser's friend, Philip Eulenberg...



THE ORDEAL of Prince Eulenberg

by Lyn Pedersen

The LOS ANGELES EXAMINER, May 9, 1909, reported:

BERLIN, May 8: Prince zu Eulenberg is under arrest. Following the testimony of two men yesterday, he was placed under custody today in his castle at Liebenberg and hurried to the Charity Hospital, forty miles away, in an automobile. There he is held, while the investigation of the perjury charges against him is being pushed. Although he has been under surveillance for weeks, his arrest is the most sensational development since the trial of Maximilian Harden, editor of DIE ZUKUNFT.

Five years after the retirement of the aging, bedridden Philip Eulenberg, closest friend and adviser of German Emperor Wilhelm II, journalist Harden had charged in his ZUKUNFT that Eulenberg and others "of abnormal temperament" formed a tight circle around the Kaiser, so that they, rather than Germany's constitutional officials, determined imperial policy.

Kuno von Moltke, Commandant of Berlin and nephew of the great Moltke, named as one of the "Liebenberg Circle," sued Harden for libel, and lost. In several confusing trials, the verdict shifted from one side to the other. Eulenberg, having sworn his innocence of any homosexual acts, now faced perjury action on the testimony of two fishermen who swore to such acts with him twenty-five years before.

Eulenberg suffered a heart attack the day after his imprisonment. He suffered constantly from severe bronchial and digestive ailments. Two armed guards blocked the door of his hospital room. Lawyers, judges, police officials, doctors, wife and children paraded in and out — but few of his powerful friends.

In his journal, he wrote:

MAY 12. My own dear Augusta's birthday — a terribly sad one; she is like an angel, soothing my pain. I awoke after a good night, but I felt very tired. I sent Emmanuel with flowers and a little present to Augusta. Then arrived Kraus and Streyer. A long talk, which upset me. I stayed in bed nearly all day. The air in this little room is not good! I can take about eight paces in it — like a caged hyena. God knows how long this will last! Soon after 12 came my darling Augusta. At one o'clock the dear children — the three boys and dear sweet little Tora. God bless her! And so we kept the birthday here, united in love. In the afternoon I tried to sleep. At 5 came Wronker. Things look bad for me. The preliminary inquiry will last some time longer. Harder daily sends bundles of denunciations. About 140 (!!) witnesses are to be heard. What will be the end of it?

A few days later he was confronted by additional witnesses who said they'd had sex with him — but on meeting him, both denied seeing him before. "I can't bear this any longer," he wrote, "What will happen if such men swear they DO know me? I am in the power of terrible forces." Other witnesses were faced. The number of accusers fell from 145 to 12.

Field Marshall Hahnke, a week later, requested the return, "for safekeeping," of Eulenberg's Order of the Black Eagle, since he was "in no position to wear the decoration." Eulenberg had all his Orders and medals returned.

The proceedings before the jury at Moabit Prison opened June 29th. All his past relationships were made to look their worst. Had any of his Foreign Office associates especially liked him, or disliked him? Had he employed his former orderly as a forester? Had he made a business loan to a Berlin hairdresser? Had he ever shared a hotel suite with his escort, a servant? But the "evidence" was reduced finally to the word of the two fishermen, one a convicted perjurer and blackmailer. Much was made of friendly letters (annual Christmas greetings) from the Prince to the other fisherman, long his employee. The supposed "police records" in Munich and Berlin identifying Eulenberg as a suspected homosexual turned out to be unsolicited and unsupported statements (discredited by Munich's police chief) by nameless informers (in one case, actually Baron Holstein).

At the start of the trial, the Prince had somewhat recovered his stamina, but as the torture dragged on, his condition worsened. His right leg was dangerously swollen. He attended court on a stretcher and had fainting spells. On June 14th, the doctors forbade him to be moved. The court adjourned to the hospital.

At this stage, the press published an angry letter from Prince Dohna accusing Eulenberg, his cousin, of having maliciously disturbed Dohna's management of the Court Theater. The Crown Prosecutor threatened to use this in evidence, but balked at calling the Kaiser as a witness. The proceedings were adjourned a few days later when the defendant contracted pneumonia. Two months after, he was released on high bail (the government suddenly demanded payment a few months later) on recommendation of the Charite doctors and permitted to return to Liebenberg, where his condition improved.

The case reopened July 7, 1909, but a heart attack struck the Prince within an hour. The Judge had accused him of faking illness, but all the doctors in court now urged an end to the proceedings. The court adjourned, "sine die."

He returned to Liebenberg and for a decade was periodically examined by police doctors, who continued to report him unfit to stand trial. Ultimately, the case was dropped, long after the Empire and Eulenberg's world faded into history.

Four men had been broken: Major Count Lynar, a horse captain, at whose villa wild orgies had supposedly occurred; General Count Hohenau, son of

Prince Albert; Kuno Moltke, nephew and cousin of the two Field Marshalls von Moltke; and Philip Eulenberg, former Ambassador to Vienna.

Had Harden and his counsel, Bernstein, aimed at larger game? Lynar, Hohenau and Moltke were unimportant, though Hohenau was of the royal family and Moltke had connections. Eulenberg had been of more importance before his infirmity. Helmuth von Moltke the younger was aimed at (Harden used his name often, without quite suggesting he shared the alleged vice of Kuno and Eulenberg, his supposed sponsor). The Kaiser and Chancellor Bulow (actually a Eulenberg protege) were aimed at, but were too high to allow direct hits, though damaging gossip about their associates might hurt them.

Maximilian Harden (really Witkowski) had become first prominent with his attacks on Caprivi, the second Imperial Chancellor, while Bismarck's return was still widely hoped for. It is said Harden demanded money from Prince Bismarck (no stranger to bribery) for his journalistic support, threatening an equally vigorous attack if not paid. Caprivi fell, replaced by Hohenlowe and later by Bulow. No journalist blasted them more than Harden, for the betrayal of Bismarck's policies (doubtful if Bismarck would have approved Harden's later policies) and the crude mismanagement of foreign affairs. His paper screamed chauvinistic nationalism, trumpeted the glories of Greater Germany, threatened all the world, denounced the "conciliatory" foreign office. In every crisis, if the army did not attack, if Germany did not acquire new territory, the Empire was being betrayed by the namby-pamby "Camarilla" around the Kaiser.

For a long time Fritz von Holstein, the secretive man who actually ran the Foreign Office, bore the brunt of these attacks. Harden's first slam at the "Camarilla" was against Holstein, Eulenberg and Kiderlin (legate in Bucharest). Then came the day of Holstein's unexpected fall from office. Holstein met with Harden. Harden altered his tone and launched the attack on Eulenberg, whom Holstein considered responsible for his dismissal.

HIS EXCELLENCY — THE SPECTRE

Like Eulenberg, Prussian Baron Fritz von Holstein was a Bismarck protege. Years before, Bismarck had sent Holstein to Paris to spy on his rival, the Ambassador, Count von Arnim. Holstein dutifully got the evidence (later given in court) which led to Arnim's arrest and banishment and to Holstein's social ostracism. The informer was escorted out of his club, snubbed on the streets and in restaurants. In no home but Bismarck's was he welcome. Bismarck repaid him by making him undersecretary of the Foreign Office.

For twenty-five years Holstein, an unbelievably hard worker with an uncanny memory, arrived before anyone else at the Wilhelmstrasse Office, worked in his cubbyhole till late at night, stopped secretly at his special restaurant (where choice dishes were prepared under his supervision) then home to the spartan apartment where he lived with his housekeeper.

His superiors hated him but could not do without him. Underlings feared him, but vied for his favor, which came suddenly, like fitful romances. He helped unseat Bismarck by putting the secret Russian treaty (unknown even to the Kaiser) into Wilhelm's hands. He disdained social invitations from Chancellor or Kaiser with the reply: "Geheimrat von Holstein begs to be excused. He does not possess court dress." He was intimate only with Geheimrat von Lebbin, of the Ministry of the Interior, and his widow, Frau von Lebbin, inheritor of the Holstein papers.

His extensive secret correspondence with Ambassadors and their underlings elaborated a "foreign policy" of his own, often at odds with the government. He had known Eulenberg for years and long tried to use Philip's influence with the young Emperor. But he was incapable of keeping up the amenities of friendship, which might have effected his ends with Eulenberg. He was forever hinting that he might resort to blackmail if Philip didn't come to heel. Holstein had once sought refuge from a sudden rain in a beerhall and reputedly saw Eulenberg and Bulow, painted and dressed as sailors. Holstein dropped

hints. While Hohenlowe was Chancellor, Holstein discovered Eulenberg had been subjected to blackmail by a Munich bathhouse operator. He got this information to the Chancellor and had it inserted in the Berlin police records, but continued his personal intimacy with Eulenberg. Philip gradually learned to keep his distance.

Berlin was filled with rumors about the Geheimrat. "The man with the hyena eyes," he was called, or "the spectre." Described as womanish, long suspected of homosexuality (chiefly for his brief passions for minor clerks) he was reputed to be engaged in shady stock-market deals, to be blackmailing every other man in the government. Caprivi hated and feared him. Hohenlowe used him. Bulow fell completely under his spell — stories were common that blackmail formed the base of their relationship. The Kaiser despised him.

His hysterical conviction that everyone about him was plotting a Bismarck comeback, his pathological hatred of England and his antipathy for individual Austrian moderates constantly ensnared Imperial policy.

The first Morocco crisis was his handiwork. He was convinced England would back down, isolating France and leaving Germany free for a big grab in Africa. When the scheme backfired, the furore in Germany almost toppled Bulow and the Throne itself. At this point the Emperor gladly accepted Holstein's resignation, and Holstein teamed up with Harden for revenge.

ABOUT THE CHARGES

As in most cases of men publicly accused of homosexuality, all the evidence sifts down to very little real proof. One cannot be sure Eulenberg ever committed the acts which he specifically denied. His position in German politics invited such charges, true or not. He was of an artistic temperament, and for many in Prussia, that was proof enough. He was devoted to the company of men, but Prussian society made this common. His denial, if false, was surely motivated by the desire to save his family, to which he was sincerely devoted. (Bulow claimed that a decade before his own fall, Eulenberg was so horrified at the homosexual charges made about his brother, Fritz, during divorce proceedings, that he broke off with his brother.)

He was also labelled a spiritualist and Christian Scientist (hardly the same thing) who put such nonsense in the Emperor's ear. Spiritualism was then in tremendous vogue in Europe and America and Eulenberg did have some interest in such matters, though he scrupulously avoided trying to interest the Kaiser. Some joking on the subject passed between them.

Except for charges in Bulow's MEMOIRS (where the case is stacked heavily against Eulenberg) there is scant ground for the charge that Eulenberg helped unseat either Bismarck or Holstein.

That he frequently influenced the Kaiser (often at the instigation of those who later attacked him for it) is obvious. Many groups around Wilhelm attempted that, and on the whole, the Militarists were more successful. But Philip's influence was more desirable than most — moderating and within the bounds of propriety. He was not, unfortunately, a democrat — none of those ever got near the Kaiser — but he had less of absolutism or "Byzantinism" about him than other advisers. The charge about a "Liebenberg Round Table" was nonsense, particularly five years after his illness and retirement. The charges all reflect the bitterness of Holstein, speaking through Harden.

Some later writers unfairly saddle Eulenberg with blame for Germany's march to war, but this guilt belongs more to Holstein, Bulow and Harden, even more than to the Kaiser. In a few years, Harden was to boast of the war just begun:

"Not against our will as a nation taken by surprise did we hurl ourselves into this gigantic venture. We willed it. We had to will it. We do not stand before the judgment seat of Europe. We acknowledge no such jurisdiction. Our might shall create a new law in Europe. It is Germany that strikes! When she has conquered new domains for her genius then the priesthoods of all the gods will praise the God of War."

Harden had seen the cultured and cautious Eulenberg as a threat to the "coming war" for which the sabre-rattling Kaiser had little heart.

KAISER AND CHANCELLOR

Can we say if William Hohenzollern, who surrounded himself with men of supposedly homosexual temperament, was himself innocent? He distinctly preferred male company, yet there is no evidence he ever committed, or would have tolerated, homosexual acts. His manner resembled the aggressive masculinity of the house-master in *TEA & SYMPATHY*. Regarding the scandal, he was more upset by the possible political consequences than by moral indignation about men of such character. Coming on top of the Morocco and Bjorko messes, and along with the fantastic *DAILY TELEGRAPH* interview, the scandal nearly upset the Throne. The war lust had gripped Germany and the vacillating Kaiser began to look like an obstacle in Germany's Path to Glory. He made it too obvious for all his bluster and love of war games that he really didn't want war. Germany did. She longed for a new Bismarck to lead her to greater glories.

German feeling against the Kaiser ran so high for a time that Bulow advised against any public appearances. Wilhelm, distraught, sought entertainment. At one of these diversions, General Hulsén, a stubby, stocky Junker with grey crewcut and walrus mustache, did his famed ballet, almost nude, painted, in a skirt. As he finished, he tossed a flower at the Kaiser, and dropped dead. This incident did little to soothe the impressions of the Eulenberg scandal.

What of Bernard von Bulow, once so intimate with Eulenberg? In his *MEMOIRS*, he pretends he'd never suspected Eulenberg of "those vices," yet labors to paint Eulenberg the pansy. The evidence would as well convict Bulow as Eulenberg. Harden hinted strongly at this, but dared not say it openly. Brand, who said it openly, was quickly imprisoned.

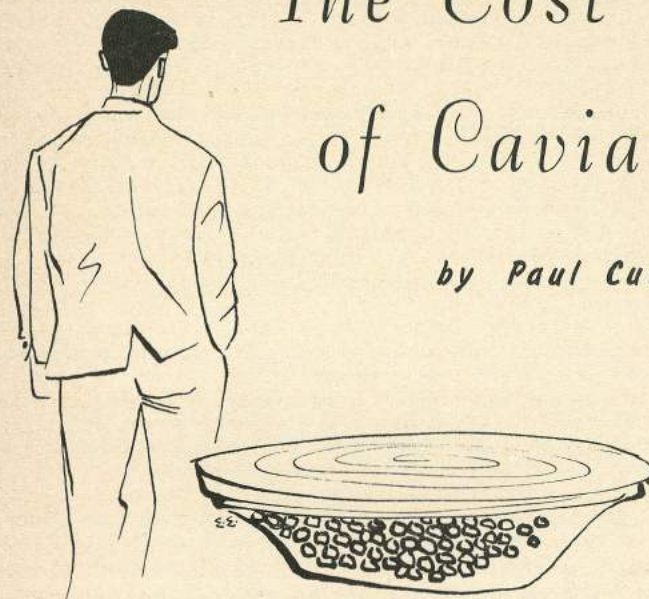
Bulow had fallen out with his friend and sponsor by the time of the trials, and he probably connived at Eulenberg's (and Holstein's) fall. He didn't lift a finger to help his once-close friend, but actually worked behind the scenes to hamper the defense.

Bulow soon fell from favor and was out of office by the end of 1909. The degeneration of German politics continued apace. Nationalistic insanity had gripped the nation. The Militarist clique closed ranks about the Kaiser, with no one left to oppose them. England, France and Russia were solidly linked for the war that had now become inevitable. Yet as late as 1914, Bulow could fatuously assume, as did all Germany, that the Alliance would never join arms against the invincible Central Powers. It was largely against such suicidal diplomatic illusions that Eulenberg had sought to use his "influence." The tragedy is that his influence was snuffed out by Harden's vicious (and possibly false) charge of homosexuality.

The story is far from complete. The current editors of Holstein's long-secret *MEMOIRS* feel their work may force a revised estimate of Holstein's alleged villainy. They haven't yet proven their case, though it is possible Germans tried to lay too much war-blame on Holstein. Eulenberg's exact position remains a mystery. He supported Imperial authority at a time when some Germans unrealistically hoped to curb it in favor of more decidedly constitutional arrangements. He was a moderating influence, but some say he encouraged the Kaiser's vacillations. He was certainly a sincere and talented man, pilloried by insane jealousy and paid informers. Whether or not he was actually homosexual, he became, as Gide said, one of the chief martyrs to that cause. His personal tragedy was also Germany's, and the world's. The notion that the first World War became inevitable when Wilhelm ascended the throne does not hold up to serious study. But after Eulenberg's trial, the War was inevitable. The causes of that War cannot be well understood by any historian who leaves Eulenberg out of account.

The Cost of Caviar

by Paul Cullen



Frank sat down at the dinner table to read his mail before turning to the evening's paper. The habitual glass of sherry stood before him to whet his appetite to the size of which the comfortable paunch of easy and successful middle age bore ample witness.

Helen, as usual, was lighting the tall white tapers before she, too, sat down opposite him. There was no mail at one side of her plate, nor was there a folded paper at the other. Rather, in place of what Frank considered as important as silverware to the enjoyment of his meal, she had lain a book at an angle which seemed at variance with the otherwise orderly appointments of the room in general and of the table which stood at its center in particular. To mark the place where she had stopped reading she had inserted a letter which was still in its distinctive blue envelope and caused a slight bulge in the book.

As she sat down, Frank shuffled through the small pile of letters, but, finding none sufficiently interesting, reached for his glass of sherry with one hand while he flipped the paper over to look at the rest of the headline. As he did so, his glance fell upon the plate of hors d'oeuvres which Helen had placed near at hand. He looked up at her rather shortly with the same sort of look that a bull might assume when suddenly confronted with a red flag. His wife, however, was calmly reading her book. He had had a typically "hard day at the office" and was still slightly flushed from the day's battles. As he looked at her, his glance lost some of its severity. There was no reason to take out the day's irritations on her. "What," he asked in a somewhat milder tone than his ruffled feelings might otherwise have led him to use, "is that?"

Helen's eyes travelled an inch or two over the page she was reading. "Hmmm?" she asked, raising her eyebrows, as her head rose slowly from the book. When her eyes met his he nodded curtly at the plate.

"That," he said.

"Oh," she said, shrugging her shoulders slightly. "Why, just some caviar hors d'oeuvres. I saw it at the supermarket this afternoon and I thought it might be fun to have some for a change."

"Caviar is it? Quite a change," he said, in a tone of righteous indignation.

"Now, really, Frank. I only bought a small jar of it. It's all right there in front of you."

Frank reached out for one of the black-coated crackers and bit into it. He crunched thoughtfully for a moment mocking the attitude of an epicure passing judgment. He swallowed and rinsed his throat with sherry. "Doesn't go very well with this wine," he said as if to pronounce his considered judgment.

"I doubt that you would have wanted me to buy a bottle of champagne to go with it. Then you would have had to dress for dinner and you know how you hate to do that." The sarcasm in her voice was obvious.

"Nonsense. But you're beginning to make this sound like something of a celebration."

She was beginning to feel somewhat exasperated. "I swear to you, Frank," she said turning her head and eyes upward and to the right as she put her left hand out partly in the manner of taking an oath and partly as if to block an unpleasant thought, "as God is my witness, I will never, never buy another jar of caviar." With each accented syllable, she pushed her hand against the air for emphasis. Then, dropping her hand to the table she nodded her head vigorously as if to give a note of finality to the whole proceeding and said, "There, I hope you're mollified now."

"Really, Helen, you don't have to make such a production out of it. I only...." He stopped short and began to redden, not from embarrassment (although that did seem to be part of it) but from anger. "Making a production" of something had been one of their son's common phrases and now the very thought of that son was prohibited in this quiet house.

Helen had not noticed this "slip" until she saw him redden. She, too, remembered the phrase and, wishing to smooth over the unpleasantness for her husband, closed her book and said, "I'll get the salad." She rose from her chair and disappeared into the kitchen.

She walked to the counter on which she had placed the lettuce and the salad bowls. The rays of the sinking sun lit up the room with an intense orange hue. As she busied herself preparing the salad she heard the sound of whistling. She peered out the window to see the boy next door silhouetted against the sun. She sighed, not so much because he reminded her of her own son but because he was for her a kind of symbol. She looked at him. On this warm summer afternoon he was simply dressed in a pair of khakis and tennis shoes; he wore no shirt. She looked at his bare chest and arms and thought of the change that had come over him. On Saturday she had seen a different boy whose lithe and sun-tanned body had begun to harden but who still retained here and there the soft tenderness of his late adolescence. On Saturday he had still been the type of the innocent youth and as such symbolized for her her son when he had been that age and older.

Saturday night she had heard the neighbor's car drive up later than usual. On Sunday, in the blinding light and heat of the afternoon she had looked out this same window to see a changed boy. There was a swagger in his step that had not been there before; now he was conscious of his maleness. Her symbol had gone; John had never swaggered that suddenly.

As she picked up the wooden salad bowls and started back to the dining room, she heard Frank shout her name. She frowned, regretting that her quiet reverie should have been thus disturbed and also because she hated to have Frank shout, and backed through the swinging door. She turned to face him. "Whatever it is, Frank," she said as she put one bowl of salad in front of him

and placed the other before her as she resumed her seat.

"What is the meaning of all this?"

"Of all what, Frank? I don't understand."

"Of all this. The caviar, and that letter in your book. It's from John, isn't it? He always did use blue stationery. Isn't it from John?"

She flushed slightly as she glanced down at the envelope. She put her hand to her forehead and rubbed her head slowly against it. "Yes," she answered quietly, "it's from John."



"What are you doing? Carrying on a secret correspondence with that snivelling . . . ?"

"Frank," she interrupted him sharply, "I'm not carrying on a secret correspondence with John. There's nothing secret about it. You never asked me if I were in touch with him, and I never mentioned it to you because I knew it would only make you as angry as you are now. After all, Frank, you disowned John, I didn't, and you can't deny me the right to . . ."

"I'm not denying you one single thing, Helen. But I don't suppose that you might just happen to realize what day this is, do you?"

"What day?" She looked at him quizzically. "Why, it's the twenty-seventh . . ." She stopped, her eyes widening, and looked at him, her mouth slightly agape.

"Yes, Helen," he smiled sarcastically, "today is the twenty-seventh of July. Has it by any chance dawned on you now what happened a year ago today? As if you didn't know."

"Oh, Frank, Frank, please believe me. I didn't know, I didn't even think of it . . ."

"Not much you didn't. What do you mean by flaunting his letters around, defying me to say anything. Splurging on caviar and wine. Making a real celebration out of it, aren't you? What do you want me to do, drink a toast? I'll drink a toast all right." He picked up his glass, made a mock salute, and then

hurled the glass against the wall. He glowered at her.

Helen, startled, looked at the shattered glass and the widening plum-colored stains on the table cloth. "Please, Frank, you needn't . . ."

But he was enjoying the venting of his rage too much to stop now, and, although smashing the glass had served to dispel some of his fury, most of it remained. "You should have reminded me this morning, my dear. I would have picked up an anniversary present to send to the brides or grooms or whatever you want to call them. Why didn't you invite them to dinner? We could have had a real celebration."

Helen had taken all that she could take and still remain silent. She had hoped to weather the storm, but Frank was all too obviously bent on taking out the frustrations and pent-up hate of the last year on her. She cursed her folly for being so careless about the letter, but there was nothing that could be done about it now. She wondered how she could stop the diatribe before Frank became ill. She decided to be passive: it might madden him still more but at the very least it would surprise him. Picking up her fork, she began to eat her salad. Frank was thoroughly taken aback by this display of calm before his storm.

"Are you listening to me?" he said, indignant and incredulous.

Helen stopped munching on her salad, swallowed slowly, and said quite calmly, "You have been shouting so loudly, Frank, that I could not but help hear you. But you shouldn't let yourself go like that. You know how upset you get."

"Damn my blood pressure. You're the cause of it," he shouted.

"Frank," she said with the sorrowful attitude of a professor gently reproofing a dull student, "surely you must know me better than that. I quite innocently and quite inadvertently used the letter as a bookmark. I told you why I bought the caviar — it was just a silly whim. And as for the date, I had forgotten that today was the anniversary, as you call it. Funny that I should forget that."

"I think the whole thing is 'funny.' Fishy is more like it."

"Oh, Frank. Why must you assume that a few perfectly innocent coincidences add up to a plot? Very well, if you insist," she said resignedly. Adopting a forced, masklike expression and looking at the wall, she continued, "Yes, I bought the caviar deliberately because I knew you would comment on it. Yes, I didn't buy the champagne because I knew that that would make it too obvious. Yes, I deliberately brought the letter to the table because I knew you would notice it. And yes, I turned the paper so that you would notice the date."

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw him jerk his head slightly. He hadn't noticed that. Had the paper been turned up to the date? He was about to say something but the sarcastic note in her voice stopped him.

"But then, I always turn the paper that way," she went on. "Really, Frank, can you believe that I would deliberately do all of these things out of a sheer sadistic joy of seeing you have an apoplectic fit?"

"I'm sorry, Helen. I suppose I was exaggerating a bit."

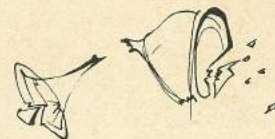
Her plan had worked; he had spent most of his energy and was beginning to realize that he had done her an injustice. "You certainly were. And what have you to show for it? A perfectly clean tablecloth messed up, shattered glass all over the room, and I hate to think how high your blood pressure must be." Taking advantage of his momentary contriteness for having accused her of plotting against him, she dropped her sarcastic tone and continued earnestly. "I really would like to talk to you about John, Frank, but I don't consider this towering rage of yours to be quite the sort of thing I want to contend with. And furthermore, the dinner table is not the place to discuss the matter. You can't talk about our son . . . or my son," she corrected herself as if the slip were only a minor one, "the same way you talked about the caviar."

Frank, embarrassed now, and quite ill at ease, fidgeted with his paper, pecking at it with his fingers. She was quite right. He shouldn't let himself become so irrationally upset. A year ago he had nearly had a heart attack when

he discovered what his son had become. In a way (although he refused to let himself really consciously think this way), to let himself become violently upset again at the memory of that night on this, the first "anniversary" of that night, was to admit that he had not completely severed all relations with his son. He had disowned him, yes, but he could not erase him. How long would it take before the acid-etched image that appeared before him whenever he thought of John would fade and eventually disappear? If only he had not opened the door. But he had opened it. It was not his fault that he saw what he did. It was John's fault. How could he? How dared he? He became aware that Helen was still talking to, or rather at, him.

"You seem so anxious to get back to your paper, Frank," she said acridly. She knew that he had not been listening to her and wondered what he had been thinking. "We'll talk about it some other time." Frank nodded and picked up his paper, more firmly now. He was in control of himself now and his firm grasp on the solid mass of the paper helped somewhat to calm him almost to the same level at which he had been when first he picked up his paper earlier that evening.

Helen rose and went into the kitchen. She returned with the main courses and a fresh glass for Frank. She made no move to clean up the broken glass. Frank blushed slightly and rustled his paper a bit as she set the new glass before him and filled it.



Dinner proceeded without further incident, neither wishing to revive the argument, until coffee. Frank finished his inattentive perusal of the paper and lit a cigarette. He glanced at Helen. She was still reading the book, slowly turning the pages as her eyes rapidly moved across the lines. As the smoke from his cigarette reached her, she looked up at him, raising one eyebrow as she did so as if to say, "Well?"

Frank was somewhat flustered. "Oh, I'm sorry, dear," he said, "would you like a cigarette?" Would she like a cigarette. Of course she would like a cigarette. She always had a cigarette with her coffee.

"Yes, thank you," she said, in a tone which indicated that he knew perfectly well that she wanted a cigarette, as she extracted one from the pack which he extended to her. He reached over the table and raised one of the candles to her cigarette. She inhaled and then blew a long steady stream of smoke directly at him.

"Thank you," she said and returned to her book. As the smoke enveloped his head, Frank coughed slightly and began rubbing his eyes. Helen looked up. "Oh, I am sorry, dear," she said.

"Nothing, nothing at all," — 'Now we're even,' he thought.

"What are you reading?" he asked in an attempt to mollify her by making her feel that he was interested but also to satisfy his curiosity.

"Oh, just a novel," she said in a tone which indicated that the book was a mere trifle and nothing that need concern him.

"Oh," he said, noncommittally. He rose from the table and began to collect the dishes. Helen closed her book and got up.

"Don't bother with those, dear. I don't think you should exert yourself any more tonight. Why don't you go into the living room and listen to the radio? I can easily wash these. There aren't very many."

"Perhaps you are right. I think I will go into the other room." His wife's tone was distant, almost unfriendly. He was glad that she had provided him with the opportunity to be alone for a while.

He went into the living room, sat down in his favorite chair, and turned on the radio. He thought of listening to the news but decided against it. He often became upset when he listened to the reports of other men's follies and he had just finished reading the paper, or at least moving his eyes along the lines of print. He flicked the dial to a station which specialized in 'mood music' and slipped down to a comfortable position. Tonight, however, comfort was impossible. The rushing of his blood was too disquieting to make him feel at peace and the thoughts dredged forth this evening were too vivid and insistent to be put down and away easily. He could not drive them from his mind; he decided to fight them by thinking them. This idea acquired a growing, almost clinical, interest. He always considered himself to be an orderly man by force of habit; he decided to review the events leading up to last year's catastrophe.

He had wanted a son; he had been given a son. His attempts at further progeny were permanently frustrated by the near-fatal miscarriage that attended the aborted birth of the second child. He had wanted another son to be a companion to John. He would have been content with two sons — Helen could have a girl later if they had to have another child. Ironically, he was left with no son at all, for John had grown up a stranger to his father. He was his mother's child. In the light of last year's events, he reflected bitterly that Helen had had her daughter after all. What had his son been like? Where had he 'gone wrong'? He could not answer.

Impulsively, he rose from his chair and went into the dining room. The book still lay on the table. He was about to open it and remove the letter, but he paused long enough to look at the jacket; a green jacket with a four-petalled leaf and a line-drawn face, author, title, 'A Modern Novel.' He lifted the cover to read the blurb. Helen often bought books which he considered to be obscure and which were beyond his limited tastes; he rarely inquired about them. But Helen had not bought this book. There on the flyleaf was his son's signature in the familiar firm hand. He glanced at the blurb. So. His son was now sending propaganda to his mother. He wanted to pick up the book and throw it, letter and all, into the fireplace. When he heard Helen closing the cupboards in the kitchen, he realized that she would be coming through the door any moment, and he retreated into the living room to sink back again in his chair, for he did not want her to know that he had been looking at the book, had almost read the letter. He would draw her out about the book when she returned. Yet he was ashamed that he had wanted to look at the letter. If he had been consistent, he would not have cared about it.

Helen came into the room bearing the book and sat down in her favorite chair, a firm yet comfortable chair quite unlike the almost slovenly, softly enveloping chair which Frank favored. She opened the book as Frank watched her. He wondered what she would do with the letter. She placed it on the table at her side. Then, naturally and yet obviously, she picked up the letter again and placed it between the endpapers of the book.

Frank was glad that she had made this gesture because it meant that she was aware that she was being watched and it gave him an opportunity to reopen their conversation. "What are you reading, dear?" he asked again in the most casual manner he could manage.

She raised her eyes to look at him but did not lift her head. "Hmmm? Oh, just a novel. Nothing that would interest you, dear."

"Just get it today?" He all but leered. He enjoyed playing the cat.

"Yes, I did."

"You didn't tell me you were in town today."

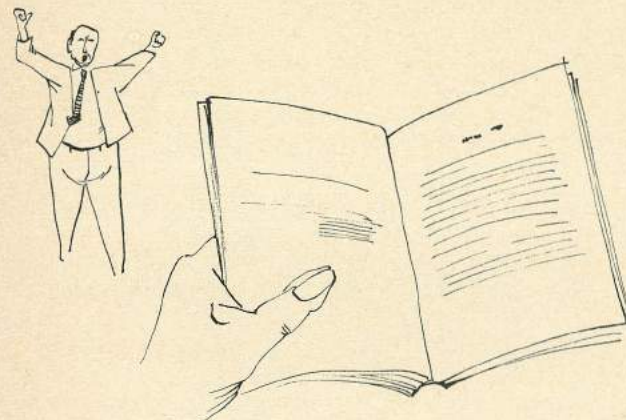
"I wasn't. It came in the mail."

"Oh," He dropped his casual tone; he had caught his mouse. "Did John send it to you?"

She paused. "Yes, Frank, he did." She closed the book; she knew that this was to be the beginning. "I know you don't approve of my corresponding with my son, but he is my son and I have no desire or intention of losing him."

"I don't think that is being very loyal to me, Helen. After all, I am the one who has suffered because of him." Frank had made the mistake of being pompous when he should have expressed merely wounded dignity.

Angry now, Helen turned on him. "For God's sake, what have you suffered? Who went around putting ads in the paper disowning his son and telling all of his friends that his son was no son of his? Who threw him out of his home? Did I? No, Frank, any misery you may have suffered on that account was of your own doing. Not mine and not John's for that matter."



Helen had wounded his dignity now and there was no need for pretense. "My doing! What do you mean 'my doing'? I welcomed home what I thought was a hero. My son, the son I had wanted but never really knew, was coming home and he had proved himself worthy of being called my son. But what did I find? There on the doorstep was John — and Ralph. I welcomed Ralph into my home for he was the boy who had saved my son's life and I thought I owed him an eternal debt of gratitude. But I wish to God that when Ralph went out to that plane and helped John escape from it that it had exploded then and not later."

"Frank!"

"Does that surprise you, Helen? Are you shocked? Yes, I wish they had died then. Then I could hold up my head and say, 'My son died a hero's death.' I would rather have had him dead than have had this disgrace brought down upon this house."

"What disgrace? What had he done to disgrace you?"

"What disgrace?" he asked incredulously. "Can you have slept so soundly that night that you did not hear the noises? What can you call it but a disgrace when I flung open the door to find my son, MY SON, betraying me, betraying his manhood, mocking God, mocking my fatherhood before my very eyes? There's never been anything like that in my family before. Can you expect me to tolerate it now?"

Deadly in her calm, Helen faced him. "There's never been anything like it in my family either. Frank, you cannot deny your fatherhood that easily. He is our son, we bore him and we raised him, and all the screaming aloud to the world that he is not your son and that you will have nothing further to do with him will not absolve you and me of our failure. All those people you complained about so bitterly because you thought that they were laughing at you behind your back, they knew this. But you would not, do not, see it. I

tried to stop you, Frank, I honestly tried because I knew that no matter how much you hurt John — and me — when you disowned him, in the end you would be the one to be hurt the most. And you are, Frank. You're practically trembling right now because you think that you are the one who has been hurt. I warned you not to get upset. I don't think we should talk about this any more tonight. Go upstairs, Frank. Go upstairs to bed. Perhaps you can get some sleep."

Frank wanted to answer her, wanted to shout down her accusation that he had failed his son. But he could not; he felt too ill. He wished that he could stay in his chair, comfortably slumped over, and rest a while. But Helen was looking at him in a way that made him feel that she was not asking him to leave, but rather that she was telling him to leave. What had come over her? She seemed to have acquired an air of authority and sureness which he had always considered to be his prerogative.

He struggled up from his chair. "I don't think that you should put the blame for what John became quite so squarely on my shoulders, Helen," he said in a tone so conciliatory that he was surprised by it. "After all, you admit that John's actions that night were deliberate, that he meant us to hear them carrying on like that. I don't care why he did it. He could at least have had the decency to conceal that from us." Shaking his head slightly, he said, "He could have moved into town with Ralph and we might never have known that anything was 'irregular' about their relationship."

"From what John has told me, Frank, he really is not too sure himself why he did it. He said that Ralph was violently against it but that he had practically forced Ralph to go through with it."

"But why, Helen, why?" He slumped down on the arm of the chair.

"I think it was because of what happened at dinner that night. You were so proud of John and so thankful to Ralph, asking them all sorts of questions about Korea and the crash, and all that happened after that. But then you began making remarks about getting married, settling down, raising a family. Didn't you notice how restless John was? How Ralph just sat there, not saying a word?"

"I think John wanted to let you know that he and Ralph were as married as they ever would be. You couldn't see that and I suppose John felt that he had to make you see it; but you got on your high moral horse and condemned your son without the feeblest attempt to understand him."

"I'm used to making decisions, Helen. Sometimes they are hasty decisions but I'm usually right. Even if I admit that I was too short with John you will have to admit that after what he said to me before he left, I was right to decide as I did. What kind of a son is it who denies that he owes anything to his father? We gave him his life. We raised him as well as we could. And then he says that he owes us nothing? 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' What kind of honoring is that?"

"It's perfectly all right for you to lean on 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' Frank, but remember that that command was laid down because otherwise there would be no necessity to honor them. The child cannot be asked if he wants to be born. He doesn't really owe anything to his parents."

"Now really, Helen. You can't believe that. Why, what would happen to the human . . ."

"I know, Frank, I know," she said as if to say 'What kind of a fool do you think I am?' "But John feels that way. He thinks that any love or gratitude he may show us is freely given; it is not something that he owes us. You haven't thought about that at all, Frank. I doubt that you even sensed it and yet you yourself said that you were a stranger to him. Can you blame him for that? Just think back a minute."

"You know that John is a light sleeper. You know he has trouble falling asleep. Perhaps you don't know that John sensed that I could never have another child. I doubt that he himself consciously knew that. I think he may only have felt it. Be that as it may, think of all the nights he must have lain

awake and listened. All those nights when you were so insistent. Can you blame him for feeling that he is nothing more than a by-product of your lust? Can you honestly blame him for saying that he owes you nothing?"

No, he had never thought of that. He wasn't sure that she was right. She might have been saying all these things just to confuse him, to make him back down, perhaps even to make a fool of him. He didn't know what to think. He rose. "I don't want to think about it now, Helen. I think I'll go to bed."

"Yes, Frank, you had better go to bed. Good night."

"Good night."

When he had gone, Helen sighed and picked up her book. She read rapidly and soon finished reading it. She closed the book and sat thinking for a moment. Then, putting the book on the table next to her chair, she rose, switched off the radio and the lights, and went to her bedroom. As she passed Frank's closed door, she noticed that the light was off.

Frank lay quietly on the bed but could not sleep. His heart seemed to pound almost audibly and he felt dizzy. For a year he had firmly blocked any thoughts of his son. Now, suddenly, everything he had stifled rushed into his mind and he could not stop the flow. He wanted desperately to sleep, but could not. It seemed as if he was to atone in this one night for all the peaceful nights of the last twelve months.

He sat up, swinging his legs over the side of the bed, and fished for his slippers. Slipping into them, he got up and went to the door; for some strange reason, the sleeping pills were in the kitchen, and there was nothing for him to do but go down to get one of them.

Helen was buttoning her nightgown when Frank's door opened and instinctively her head turned to her own closed door. Then she heard Frank go downstairs.

Frank switched on the living room light and walked on into the kitchen. He found the bottle of sleeping pills in the cabinet, opened it, and shook out one of the capsules. He decided to wash it down with a glass of milk. When he had filled a glass, he put it in one hand and the pill in the other, flicked off the light with his closed fist and went back into the living room. He saw the book lying on the table, but the letter was nowhere in sight. Without really even thinking about it, he picked up the book. Tucking it under his arm, he switched off the light and returned to his room.

Putting the milk and the pill on the night table, he opened this 'Modern Novel.' Throughout the chaos of this night, the one thing that had puzzled him more than all of Helen's arguments was the extraordinary firmness she had displayed. She had never been weak by any means, but throughout their married life, she had always deferred to his authority. Perhaps this book would help him to find a reason. She had had it with her all afternoon and most of the evening. Perhaps here there would be a clue

Helen awoke earlier than usual the next morning. She had completely forgotten to tell Frank that she would be going into town with him. She wondered if she could tell him that she was to meet John. Well, why not? If he was still upset, it would not matter very much; and if he weren't, it might be just as well to keep him alive to the subject for more than only one night. In the long run, only good could come of it.

She dressed rapidly. As she did so, she realized that she had not heard Frank turn off his alarm. When she was ready, she left the room, walked down the hall, and quietly opened his door. Frank was sound asleep. On the table beside his bed lay the book, an empty glass, and a sleeping pill. She closed the door, being careful not to make any noise. As she went downstairs to prepare breakfast, she smiled faintly.

Frank, very sleepy, came into the kitchen. As always, the smell of fresh strong coffee had succeeded where the alarm clock had not. He mumbled a greeting to which Helen replied very cheerfully, and sagged into his chair at the breakfast table. Awakening slowly, he looked at her.

"Why, Helen. Why are you all dressed up?" he asked.
 "I forgot to tell you, dear, I'm riding into town with you this morning. I have some shopping to do."
 "Oh. Well, that's fine." He wanted to ask her if she were planning to see John, but she had already told him her purpose in going to town. He knew her well enough to know that she would not have volunteered her reason if she weren't going to see him.

Breakfast passed without further conversation. Both were too busy trying to get things straightened up so that they would not miss the train to revive last night's argument.

On the way out of the house, they passed through the living room. Helen's book lay where she had placed it the previous evening. They left the house and drove to the station in silence. Frank bought a paper and gave one section to Helen. They did not have to wait long; the train pulled in before they had time to begin reading. They climbed on to the train and found an empty pair of seats. Smoothly the train rolled away from the station. They said nothing, either from a desire to remain silent or to find out what else had happened in the world last night. Each decided that, in Frank's world of finance, and in Helen's world at large, their several worlds had been relatively peaceful compared to their experience of the night before.

When the train reached the terminal, they descended and took up the hurrying step of the commuter. They entered the great vaulted waiting room and stopped to say goodbye.

"Are you taking the 5:07, dear?" she asked.

"Yes. I don't think I'll be delayed today."

"Fine. I'll meet you and we can ride home together." Helen's eyes searched his face, looking for some sign that would tell her that the scenes of the previous evening had not been wasted. She knew that he was in a hurry to get away, yet he seemed to linger, as if unwilling to leave just yet.

Frank did not want to look at her, but he raised his eyes from the polished floor to meet hers briefly. When he had confirmed the fact that her face was tense with eager questioning, he lowered his head to look at the paper held close to his chest. "Helen," he said but did not look at her. He paused. "Say 'Hello' to John for me, will you?"

She handed her section of the paper to him, and, placing her hand tenderly on his arm, said, "Of course, Frank. Of course, I will."

He started to turn away from her and then, looking across the vast room, said, "I really didn't mean what I said about wanting John to die in that crash."

"Of course you didn't, dear. We all say things we don't mean when we're excited and hurt," she said with a happy compassion in her voice. "We may not always like learning something we do not want to know about our children but we must accept the truth no matter how much we do not like it."

As if he had not been listening to her, Frank continued, "I'm glad he lived through that."

Impulsively, Helen stood on the tips of her toes and brushed her lips against his cheek. "I'm glad you both did."

Nodding slowly, Frank completed his turn, and walked off into the crowd of hurrying people.

Helen watched him go for a moment and then looked around for a telephone booth. Spying a row of them at one side of the room, she walked briskly towards them. She entered one of the booths ranged along the wall and dialed her number.

"Hello. Hello, John . . . ?"

"Yes, dear, it's mother"

"Just fine. And you . . . ?"

"Yes, I did. And your father read it, too"

"How? Oh, that's a woman's secret, dear. But I'll give you a hint. I did it with a jar of caviar."

Sex Offenses Under Study; Will It Alter Legal Codes?

By Robert S. Kleckner

Sun-Times Staff Correspondent

BLOOMINGTON, Ind. — A comprehensive study of sex offenders and sex offenses under way at Indiana University may have great impact on future codes.

Just what is a sex "offense" and how prevalent are practices so designated under present laws? How many persons are violators of sex codes at one time or another? If the proportion is high should certain things now frowned upon be considered within the law?

Push Kinsey's Work

These are some of the things under careful scientific study at Indian University's Institute for Sex Research, formerly headed by the noted Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, who died Aug. 25 at 63.

The institute is now headed by Dr. Paul H. Gebhard as executive director and Dr. Wardell B. Pomeroy as director of field research. Along with Clyde E. Martin, the institute's statistician, they were close associates of Kinsey and are continuing the studies he mapped out along with many other facets they feel should be investigated.

Gebhard and Pomeroy told a Sun-Times reporter of the work and goals of the institute.

Gone was the mystery that surrounded the institute's activities and plans under Kinsey, who could be grim or humorous in turns but who often was hesitant to talk to newsmen about his work.

Studies Discussed

It wasn't that Kinsey didn't like people—it was that he feared "leaks" of piecemeal information might result in premature and inaccurate publication in the lay press of the work he felt should be made known only in technical books and journals.

Gebhard and Pomeroy, naturally, follow the ethical code of the scientists—that technical information go first to the scientific books and journals, but they are not afraid of the press.

Sipping coffee and puffing on a cigaret, Gebhard said:

"For 18 years the team here has been collecting information, interviewing about 18,000 persons almost evenly divided between males and females.

"Each was asked a series of some 250 questions in confidential interviews and the results tabulated in 180,000 IBM cards.

"Over the years there had been time to analyze and classify details for only two books, one on the sexual behavior of males and the other on females, and a few minor articles.

"For some time to come, the emphasis will be on the study of the massive amounts of information we now have."

Sex Offenses Surveyed

Particularly in the last five years the interviews had concentrated on adult sex offenders now in prisons and various so-called sex offenses.

One of the next books will deal with that material.

tangents

news & views
by dal mcintire

Elvis the Pelvis hardly impresses me, neither his singing, his sideburns nor his shimmy — which I've never witnessed. But the hue & cry raised against him & against rock & roll, as part of the arrant nonsense bandied about regarding juvenile delinquency, raises serious dangers. To blame Presley for delinquency (as officials have in many communities) is stupid. To bar his appearance in certain cities because there are some rowdies among his fans (aside from the dubious legality of such action) surely does nothing to make rebellious youth more docile. The prurient charge that Elvis' hip movements are sexy is a "projection" by parents, not much shared by the kids, who merely see him as "real cool." If rock & roll is cheap, vulgar, often brutal & savage, these aren't new qualities in our culture. Gutter music, suggestive lyrics, barbaric rhythms have long been with us, & taken alone, are hardly enough to sabotage national morals.

At least one news columnist, AP's Hal Boyle, takes lighter view of Presley, feeling that day of "sex bomb" approach in entertainment is due for fall & that Presley, by reducing it to utter nonsense, may mark end of day when press agents gauge "personality" & "beauty" with tape measure & public thinks charm stems from particular brands of dentifrice. . . . Farfetched. . . . ?

I don't minimize dangers of delinquency, tho not convinced it's on rise to degree some say. Police statistics showing that it is, as often reflect stiffer enforcement as actual increase in juvenile crime. Youth are prosecuted & stigmatized for many things their parents used to consider good, clean fun. Explosive qualities of situation in which youth now finds itself can't be denied, but should be faced with more cool thinking.

Investigating committees headed by

Senators anxious for publicity don't help much. Nor does testy action of Wilmington, N.C., judge who after fining youth \$25 for reckless driving was so irritated by his "flatfoot & pegged trousers" & "brash attitude," he added a vindictive "6 months on the roads." . . . 52 Romeo, Mich., hi-school youths threatened with expulsion unless they trimmed haircuts supposedly imitative of Presley. . . Chardon, O., Juvenile Judge Ford refusing to hear any cases (even minor charges) involving youths wearing what he calls "costumes of youthful defiance" — fancy hairdos, levis, engineer boots, metal-studded leather jackets, etc. He orders costumes & haircuts removed before he'll hear case, & both parents may face contempt proceedings if compliance is slow. Is it judge's prerogative to enforce own notion of proper clothing styles? Attitude of many authorities ultimately even more dangerous than youthful defiance, which isn't disposed of that easily.

Jacksonville Juvenile Court Judge Gooding says nation needs more "Carrie Nation types" to hew hard & fast line between good & evil, & to emphasize correct example parents must set for their children. Deplores introducing debutantes at cocktail parties: "Just like taking your daughter down to the corner saloon."

Santa Ana, Calif., Parents object to "secret dossiers" kept on children thru-out school careers, containing "material which might be significant to employers" made up not only of grades & school reports, but also unverified opinions from teachers & outside sources regarding "significant habits, views, weaknesses, & tendencies" & regarding home backgrounds. School authorities admit dossiers contain "some unverified reports concerning such students, which, if repeated often enough, form a pattern of suspicion as to what he is like," but said so-called "Cume Cards" were almost identical with

forms used thru-out Calif. schools. Atty. Edw. Shattuck recently told Sertoma Club a test now appears feasible to "reveal potential delinquents" among 5-7 year olds. . . . Newshen Inez Robb quotes Lester Rand of Youth Research Inst. saying teenage boys go with girls, not because they really like them, but to appear manly.

HE MADE ADVANCES

Prattville, Ala.: Convict Willie Griffin Moye, 23, on trial in brutal 1954 murder of ex-Alabama State Industrial Relations Department employee, James Cleveland Stamp, whose body was found near state highway. Deeply stabbed in several places, he'd been run over twice afterward by car. Moye charged with murder, & confessed, after other convicts reported him saying he'd gotten thrill from stabbing. During trial, blond, crewcut youth not put on stand because Defense felt his long record of burglary, larceny, assault & escape would look bad. He made no denial of the killing, tho the plea was "not guilty" & "not guilty by reason of insanity." Said Stamp picked him up (in car borrowed from Stamp's brother-in-law) so they could pull robbery, but drove past appointed place & began "making advances." Fight ensued & Moye said he drew knife (borrowed from his father) to protect self against pipe wielded by Stamp. Moye admitted being drunk. After stabbing Stamp several times, he said he left, came back with two buddies to see if Stamp was dead. Then they ditched car. Defense made much of Coroner's testimony - death came from being crushed by car, not from stabbing. Prosecution made lurid description of Moye's alleged thrill-reaction to stabbing. Two other convicts (Prosecution called one Stamp's lover) testified to Stamp's reputation as pervert. Other witnesses spoke of his good repute. During trial, the lanky, jaunty youth, wearing green baseball cap, loud argyles & black suede shoes with prison uniform, was frequently comforted by family, friends & well-wishers. He showed no remorse, felt nervous sitting in court, "in front of all those people," but enjoyed telling

his story privately to anyone. A chain smoker, Moye had been dismissed from Navy for extreme nervousness. His father, a long distance truck driver, disconsolately told reporters it was all his fault for not being home more to look after son. Found guilty, Moye drew 20 years.

OTHER LANDS

Nina Epton, reporting on swains in Spain for lurid British paper, NEWS OF THE WORLD, says, ". . . Spanish boys and girls mature much earlier than their British counterparts. Some Spanish fathers fear that their sons may develop homosexual tendencies if they are repressed at this stage. They also believe repression may be bad for the boys' health. . . . So they aren't shocked if their sons go off to brothels while they are still in their teens. Women, equally passionate by nature, are taught to control themselves, as every good woman should."

Ronald Clark in THE PEOPLE (London) complains that for himself at least, Swedish experiment in sex-freedom & education has taken all the mystery out of that three-letter word. Admitting that "Sweden has removed many morbid fears & worries about sexual development from minds of its adolescents," he still opines "the essentially romantic nation is emotionally starved," adding, "perhaps I'm just a typically prudish product of the 'decadent West,'" goes on to say: "I deplore the open acceptance of homosexuality and the deliberate campaign which is at present in full swing to reduce the age of homosexual consent. Fortunately, many healthy Swedes share my abhorrence of those gentlemen who openly wear a badge which flaunts their unnatural inclinations. And equally fortunately there are thousands who find the mincing-voiced chairman of the 'National League for Sex Equality' just as revolting as I did. For Hr. Ove Ahlstrom is a man who openly boasts of the League's 400-membership figure for Stockholm alone. And, as he was careful to explain, Lesbians are also eligible for membership in what I regard as his weird and horrifying League of the

Damned. This desire for unnatural love seems to be spreading in Sweden. 'Most of our members are middle class,' says Mr. Ahlstrom. 'We have Government officials, business men and members of the Armed Forces. Ahlstrom and his bunch of perverts symbolize the darkest side of the Swedish sex experiment. History teaches one vivid lesson. Sexual perversion of this description invariably indicates a nation on the brink of decadence... Liberty does not mean license.'

Dutch much upset at rumors about Queen Juliana's strange friendship for Greete Hoffmans, faith healer who moved in with Queen & crowded Prince Bernhard out. Mention of affair taboo in Dutch press, but "female Rasputin's" influence over Queen worried politicians who seem to have forced Miss Hoffmans out, & effected shaky public reconciliation with Prince. Talk of abdication.

Man released from short jail term in Turin, Italy, rushed home to surprise spouse, found in nearby hotel room with another man, both nude. He beat & threw out interloper, landed back in jail charged with immoral acts for forcing naked man to seek refuge in public place... Pope Pius recently attacked "books that emphasize vice" and called for most severe legal penalties against such. Earlier, the Pontiff warned Rome's housemaids to beware temptations of city; "You may not even imagine what shadows are hidden behind the brilliance of some lights; what mire is ready to engulf you while you stand astonished before the offer of certain flowers."

Now that Russ are knocking Uncle Joe, Krushchev has been quoted saying Stalin was subject to "sexual aberrations and obsessions," that he kept growing harem of ever-younger girls. An ex-Soviet secretcop has called Stalin homosexual. Wonder how soon we get the "dope" on Krushchev's aberrations?

Chinese Nationalist soldier now woman after three operations. Army checkup 2 years ago revealed Hsieh

Chien-hsun had characteristics of both sexes.

Aussie authorities seriously worried by woman shortage. Too many male immigrants since war. Preponderance of unwed males leading to "all sorts of troubles" Sydney: Shocked detectives find 2 "girls" swaggering along Falcon St. Crow's Nest, were boys, aged 13 & 14 from respectable homes. Apprehended & charged with "being neglected children exposed to moral danger" Claude Wagner, 22, fined 20 Pounds for cruelty on complaint of British film star Ursula Jeans, for strapping live Bantam to headress he wore as "Claudia"—belle of Movie Ball. Chicken didn't mind till it was seized & handed about after Ursula's complaint. . . . Newsfoto showed Wagner with Bantam, as very attractive woman. Police found much female apparel in Wagner's apartment, extorted confession he'd stolen certain small items from store he worked at two years earlier.

New Tunisia Premier modernized marriage & divorce laws, outlawed polygamy & child brides... Writers on Mau Mau in Kenya still boost horror-value by describing homosexual & "other degenerate" elements in alleged Mau Mau oaths & ceremonies. We read not long back of whole villages of whites slaughtered by rebels. Now seems that in 3 years, only 35 dead were whites, against about ten thousand (10,000) natives, mostly Mau Mau... South Africa press criticizing Govt's heavyhanded censorship policy on imported books; illegal to buy, sell, show or own any book or magazine listed each week in Govt GAZETTE. But few read GAZETTE & Govt keeps no cumulative list, brushes off all requests as to which books are on or off. Works of Rabelais, and children's story BLACK BEAUTY (suspicious title) have been on and off lists. De Maupassant, Zola, Nicholas Montserrat, James Farrell, Karl Marx & Stalin are on, plus variety of nude picture books, American Negro periodicals, nudist magazines & straight pornography. Some courts have thrown out cases where

there was no binding proof books were actually imported.

MIDNIGHT, a Montreal smut sheet, says they "hear that a certain member of the limp-wrist set is making an attempt to organize a 'protection association' for the 'boys.'"

Lee Mortimer's crude AROUND THE WORLD CONFIDENTIAL (Putnam) found homosexuality & "other debauchery" in all quarters.

ARTS & SUCH

Who saw THE OPEN MIND on TV Sept. 22? "Homosexuality, The Psychological Approach," WRCA-TV, New York, Aug. 8 VARIETY reviewed earlier program in same series, produced & moderated by Richard Heffner. Panel with Dr. Robt. Laidlaw, NY psychiatrist; Arthur Swift, New School dean of Politics; Florence Kelley of the Legal Aid Society. VARIETY praised show, but said was too cut & dried, skirted controversial points... Kraft TV's MURDER OF A SAND FLEA had tough Marine Sarg say, "Sure, you're a hill-billy, just like Owens over here is a queer... and I HATE queers." Columnist Ruth Millett says normal people, fed up with TV dramas about abnormals, criminals & freaks would like to see more plays about drama of everyday living.

Claude Buzick, Legionnaire from Mankato, Minn., miffed to find Los Angeles law kept him from marching "in drag" in Legion parade as he'd done for 8 years... After tiff with local censors, Miss Rae Bourbon, (Mr. before Mexican operation) opened at Hollywood's Ivar in revue called "She Lost It In Juarez"?... L.A. Animal Allies prexy suggested number of stray dogs might be cut by requiring \$25 license fee before stray bitches could whelp. Animal Regulations Dept manager thinks rule unenforceable since "dogs have hard time reading fine print in city ordinances."

Chicago's Mayor Daley, "whose roots go back to Ireland" was given a bust of G. B. Shaw, ditched it after hearing playwright had been "anti-Irish."

Largely because of scene with 2 men embracing, England's stage censor, the Lord Chamberlain, banned Arthur Miller's View From The Bridge. Miller hoped for "private club" production this fall. (Ditto for CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF.)

Earl Wilson, some time ago, interviewing aging painter, Thomas Hart Benton, told how Benton, after few drinks once in NYC, had "lashed out at art museum directors whose masculinity he questioned." Benton was canned by art institute where he was teaching, but said museums in question quickly began buying his work.

Philip Wylie, writer much preoccupied by masculinity (and fascinated by lesbianism) recently said of Liberace: "When he came to Miami, I was going to round up every guy with any masculinity and we were going to stone that guy to death with marshmallows."... In England recently, the so-called pianist was met by hostile reporters. One asked, "Do you lead a normal sex life?" Smiling, Liberace said softly, "Yes. Do you?"

RECOMMENDED READING

IN THE WINTER OF CITIES, Tennessee Williams, 117 pp., New Directions, \$3.50, intimate collection of his best poetry.

THE GIRL WITH THE SWANS DOWN SEAT, Cyril Pearl, 263 pp., Bobbs Merrill, \$3.95. Wide-eyed account of behind-the-scenes morals of eminent Victorians. They weren't so pure?

THE MALEFACTORS, by Caroline Gordon, 312 pp., Harcourt Brace, \$3.95, fictionalized binge ending in arms of Church. Story of "lost generation" intellectuals, with strong parallel of Hart Crane. Homosexuality seen as symbolic of search for God.

THE IRON KING, Maurice Druon, 269 pp., Scribner, \$3.50, lusty, realistic novel about Philip IV of France with strong bits about homosexuality of England's Edward II and sodomy charges in trials of Templars.

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.

NEW TITLES

BOOK SERVICE

HOMOSEXUALS TODAY - Organizations & Publications. ONE, Inc. \$3.00
A guide to more than twenty organizations and publications for homosexuals — an unprecedented volume giving names, addresses, memberships, fields of emphasis, and biographical data (where available). This unique venture in the history of homosexual publishing will include information never before presented in any systematic compilation.

GIOVANNI'S ROOM, by James Baldwin, Dial \$3.00
An example of elegant & sound workmanship by the author of last year's success, *GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN*.

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE TWO, by Jay Little, Pageant Press \$4.50
This new novel does not fulfill the expectations aroused by Mr. Little's first book, *MAYBE TOMORROW*. However, it is completely daring and spicy.

THIN ICE, by Compton Mackenzie, Chatto & Windus, London \$3.00
A psychological novel of greatest interest — a brilliant political and social study — should be read by everyone.

ACTIVE BACK TITLES

THE SPANISH GARDENER, by A. J. Cronin, Little Brown \$3.00
A haunting book, with overtones of both beauty and tragedy.

WIND WOMAN, by Carol Hales \$3.00
A rehash of the lesbian theme from the psychiatrist's couch, in a series of flashbacks.

DEATH OF THE SCHARNHORST & OTHER POEMS \$2.50
by A. Alfred McKillen ----- Vantage
A volume of impressive poetry. No obscurity of meaning here. The sharpness and simplicity of style, the clarity of thought, leave no doubt in the reader's mind of the author's intent.

HOMOSEXUALITY, by Donald Webster Cory, Julian \$5.00
The author of *THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA* has selected key writings out of the wealth of the past, as well as recent yesterdays and today's; the first book which intelligently explores the subject of homosexuality from the historic world of Plato's Greece to the hard realities of Kinsey's America.

THEY STAND APART, by Hon. Judge Tudor Rees, ed., MacMillan \$3.75
A thorough-going book on the subject of homosexuality. Every aspect is carefully dealt with — social, moral, legal and medical — and by contributors who are eminent in their fields.

► Remittance must accompany all orders. Add 20 cents for shipping costs, tax in California.

Address ONE Inc., Book Dept., 232 So. Hill Street, Los Angeles 12, California.

one

THE GUTTER IN THE SKY Jean Genet
Andre Levy, Philadelphia — 1955

(With preparatory notes on an unknown sexuality by Jean Cocteau. Translation of the French *NOTRE DAME DES FLEURS*.)

"This is not the first time that thieves, murderers, pimps, and whores have invested the pages of the novel." With these words begins the publisher's advertisement which prefaces the text of this novel. And it is true that many novelists have peopled their works from the sub-strata of society, but never in quite the fashion which provides this novel's fascination. For these criminals and degenerates all have one factor in common: homosexuality.

As well, according to the publisher's introductory words, this is one of the best selling pieces of fiction in Europe today, and there can be no difficulty in understanding why. The book would undoubtedly appeal to the sensation-seeker as well as to the avant-garde reader, but its lasting interest would arise only in the minds of those who were open enough intellectually to accept its utterly unorthodox cosmology.

There is little here, be it of character development, or of incident, which would strike a common chord in the average reader. Genet, who went from a lifetime of imprisonment to literary fame, writes feelingly and compassionately of his perverts and inverts, his pimps and whores, his psychopaths and neurotics. And it is these who form the complete population of his fictional world, filling it with a strange fascination, the lure of the unspoken. Many readers would call this novel unadulterated pornography and throw it down in disgust, but its unquestioned literary value cannot be readily denied.

Genet writes of his homosexuals with a frankness which has been rarely equalled this side of the Atlantic outside of the works of Nelson Algren. If one were to place Algren's *A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE* next to this novel, one would find many points of similarity in treatment of theme. They both deal with sex from the animal point of view, and both are concerned with the half-forgotten, half-ignored lower levels of our society, those marginal individuals whose life is neither seen nor understood by the average person who lives and works in comparative normality.

But, oddly enough, the reader who might turn to this novel for a thrill would probably stop reading quickly. Sex is there in frank terms, but never for the mere purpose of sensation. Because Genet deals with individuals whose emotional focus is upon the animal side of life, he treats their sexual behavior with startling openness. His characters have never progressed emotionally beyond the early Freudian stages, and this psychological stunting allows them only to concentrate on their sexuality and its immediate gratification. But this frankness is always expressed in a strangely involuted, impressionistic style which gives the language an esoteric beauty rarely found in writing today. At times the novel seems to dart momentarily into a prose-poetry which evokes vivid emotional imagery in the mind of the reader.

Genet's homosexuals live in a world which all homosexuals know, either through experience or hearsay, but they live it more violently than in any other fictionalized portrayal in my memory. This is the world of the drag queens, the costume ball with its flirtations and jealous tiffs, the gay bars and the one-night stands. But the milieu has been portrayed here with a colour and sensuality which sets it apart in a world of its own, divorced from commonplace reality. Ostensibly it is the gay world of Paris today, or at least a perverted segment of it, but Genet manages to give it a life which shimmers and dances with its own strange fascination, despite the tawdriness and despair which are a large part of it.

Perhaps many homosexuals would find this novel uncomfortable reading. Genet has an uncanny ability to uncover the suppressed desires and needs

which are inherent in all of us, albeit carefully covered up by our social-protection veneer. None of us could afford to own up to sensations akin to those evidenced in *Divine* and *Mimosa* for fear of destroying himself in the eyes of those around him. But each of us experiences, I am sure, the unsocial and even anti-social emotions which Genet has made concrete in his characters. He has peopled his novel with the half-hidden phantasies and forgotten nightmares which all of us have known, giving them a wild life of their own. And his style again aids in this creation of a sublimated microcosm, expressing as it does the convoluted emotionality which exists in each of us.

Every one of his characters wears a nickname, a mask which he flaunts like a plume or jewel, and which sets him apart from all the others. But under each of these masks exists a pair of individuals: the person of the outwardly masculine childhood at first, and, superimposed upon that, the pseudo-woman of the present. This latter is dazzling in her dream life, but sordid and despairing in reality. Her lot is the unending hunt for the perfect mate, the search which always ends in a bitter fight over petty nothings, only to be followed by another affair differing from its predecessor only in name. Genet has captured all too vividly the duality of much of homosexual life; this contrast between the carefully treasured moment of ecstasy and the hopelessness of actuality. Granted that not all homosexuals live like this, but the seed is there somewhere in each of us. It is only that his characters never had the opportunity or the intellect to go beyond the limitations of their psychological development. They are not pretty people, and many readers may find identification with them impossible, but they do attain a reality through this brilliant style and this acute insight.

It is this combination of acute psychological understanding and stylistic skill which gives *THE GUTTER IN THE SKY* its fascination. Although the novel deals with the sordid life and warped individuals who inhabit a minority segment of the homosexual world, as a novel it rises far above most fictional treatments of the invert. It is not attractive, nor is its outlook happy, but it is unquestionably the work of a literary genius, and thus worthy of thoughtful reading by anyone who values good writing, regardless of subject matter. I heartily recommend it.

— ROBB MCKENZIE



THE UNIVERSAL MAN

a review of

HUMBOLDT, The Life and Times of Alexander von Humboldt, 1769-1859, Explorer, Naturalist & Humanist, by Helmut de Terra, Knopf, New York, 1955, 386 pp, \$5.75.

There occasionally appears in history a man so much the master of the knowledge of his time as to seem as if he were the incarnate mind of his age, and so much ahead of his time as to seem a prophet—like Aristotle, Leonardo, Bacon—a man who, as Emerson said of Humboldt, “was one of those wonders of the world . . . to show us the possibilities of the human mind, the force and range of the faculties, a universal man.”

Humboldt was certainly such a man. Raised in the court of Frederick the Great, resisting his mother's urging toward an official career, he soon made a

name for himself as a boldly innovating mining engineer and spare-time botanist. He then seemed to leap from science to science (it was still possible) making generous contributions to physiology, electro-magnetism, astronomy, meteorology, anthropology, oceanography and geophysics. He was largely the founder of modern geography, coining many terms still in use, getting the question of how mountains originated out of the philosophers' chambers and correlating for the first time altitudes, latitudes and types of rocks and soils with varieties of flora and fauna. An indefatigable collector and cataloguer, map maker and mountain climber, sketch artist, lecturer, letter writer and conversationalist, his friends included Goethe, the Mendelssohns, Mme. de Stael and Schiller, Jefferson, Madison, Peale, Gallatin and Fremont, Bolivar, Metternich, Chateaubriand, Guizot and the Empress Josephine, Volta, Laplace, Lyell, Cuvier and Gauss and many others, famed or forgotten. He invented safety devices still used by miners, tested electrical effects on his own skin, campaigned for labor reforms and attacked slavery with a scathing economic analysis, traded insults with Napoleon and with Hegel, collected and classified millions of plant specimens, observed and recorded tides, stars, soils, temperatures and the customs of American primitives, made major corrections in the maps of the Americas and took time out to serve, like his also famous brother, as a diplomat.

So varied was his experience that such a brief review as this may sound like a mere catalogue. However, de Terra's fine biography traces with breathless warmth the frail youth's development and early fame, the ambitious exploratory trip through the Americas that established his basic reputation (and fixed his name on counties and towns, mountains and ocean currents) and his return to the salons of a Europe torn by the Napoleonic wars. The same wars cut off the Baron's economic independence, severely hampering the publication of his studies and ultimately reducing the outspoken democrat to the hated role of a courtier and intellectual front-man for Frederick William, King of Prussia.

In a sense, Humboldt's life was tragic. A Faustian character seemingly capable of being all things, doing all things, knowing all things, a man of tremendous energies and even greater ambitions—as he aged, his accomplishments seemed dwarfed by incompleting undertakings, and his declining years became a desperate race to finish the better portion of the great work he had undertaken (literally a compendium of scientific knowledge) and a long niggling struggle with printers, publishers and co-editors to bring the thousands of pages of manuscripts to final form.

He barely missed the historical fame of better remembered contemporaries by not propounding a single revolutionary new theory (though such as Agassiz, Morse and Darwin were inspired and assisted by the old man) but he laid much of the groundwork of modern science. Latin Americans still consider him the giant of 19th Century science. His encyclopediac writings, long immensely popular, have now become chiefly passe, but he was regarded as a hero in his old age, both for his research and popularization of science, and for his championship of democracy.

The biographer discusses plainly Humboldt's homosexuality and his friendships, and, though some critics protest that this is gratuitous assumption of de Terra's part, this reviewer feels the evidence is conclusive and quite relevant to Humboldt's work and historical importance. Humboldt, like Aristotle, Bacon and Da Vinci, drew from his sexual nature much of the impetus that made him “a universal man.”

Lyn Pedersen



Some Observations On Sexual Ethics

By R. H. CROWTHER

Man's sexual instincts are set in such a wide scale of emotional affinities, esthetic preferences, and intellectual and philosophical estimates of life, that problems of sexual ethics are far from being as simple as they might appear.

The most primitive sexual ethic, worthy of the name, is one which places sexual behavior between persons on the basis of mutual consent. This element, by itself, eliminates the factor of physical violence. It does not, however, eliminate factors of public disorder, undue mental suasion, deception, refined cruelties of an intellectual order, care of progeny (in the case of heterosexual relationships), or age differentials among the persons involved. Neither does it involve any of the elements of personal self-discipline by which intelligent persons try to relate (or even subordinate) the sexual instincts to a much wider and more social sphere of interests. It is with these latter problems, problems of a social and psychological nature, that sexual ethics in modern society is chiefly concerned.

Modern language distinguishes between many nuances of feeling and behavior, many or all of which may, at times, involve sexuality. We speak forthrightly, for example, of sex when we wish to refer directly to the activity of the reproductive organs. But when we come to terms such as affection, romance, infatuation, love, etc., we bring in a much wider range of experience; and the very fact that such words exist in our language demonstrates that our minds are capable of distinguishing the bare notion of sex from the many emotional and intellectual factors with which sex is so often associated.

Among homosexuals, there is perhaps less standardization (and more confusion) of thought along these lines, than among heterosexuals. As a whole, society still believes, fortunately, in a tradition of romance in which heterosexual morality has its natural setting. This tradition of romance is inseparably bound up with ideals of male and female—with the protectiveness of the male (or female), the purity of the female (or male), the obligations of fatherhood and motherhood, the advantages of conjugal fidelity in promoting the peace and security of the family unit. We tend to scoff, nowadays, at such ideals, but it is difficult to imagine anything but complete social collapse without them, and it is from such a web of ideal conditions and relationships that modern standards of heterosexual behavior are largely determined.

With the increasing complexity of modern life, problems of ethics become increasingly involved, and more difficult to solve in practical ways. Among primitive cultures, where the responsibilities of individuals are basic and few, ethical problems are correspondingly simple, and of ready solution. But in 20th Century America, for example, a person of even average education and talent, and of only moderate interests in social and cultural productivity, finds himself

committed in scores of different ways. These commitments, their demands on time, and the responsibilities which they incur make for increasing difficulty in relating personal attachments of any sort, sexual or otherwise, to the many other demands of modern living. We tend to blame the deterioration of modern sexual mores on these factors, and not without reason, as the strained pace of contemporary civilization is far from conducive to deep, harmonious, and lasting personal relationships. The homosexual, more than others, having no established social ideals to follow except those borrowed (in some respects rather incongruously) from the romantic heterosexual tradition, is often at sea, and prone to desert even the most elementary standards of prudent behavior in his search for emotional and sexual satisfaction.

In the heterosexual world there are externally-derived reasons and a logic to sexual mores to which the heterosexual, however dubiously or unwillingly, usually gives his assent, for the sake of home and family on the one hand, or for the sake of presenting an outward show of decency on the other. For the homosexual, who is generally presumed to be indecent by his very character, and for whom no open standards of social decency have yet been objectively established, any reasonableness and logic to sexual morality appears to be non-existent. There is a tendency to take the elements of mutual consent, privacy, and age (quite satisfactory merely as a basis for public legislation) as if these were the be-all and end-all of the personal ethics involved—and this in the teeth of the fact that heterosexual ethics and mores could not possibly rest upon such a slender foundation. The difficulty (and also the supremely challenging opportunity) for the homosexual lies in the fact that there are no external, social conditions from which to derive a logic and an ethic for his relationships. Whatever logic and ethic there is to be derived must somehow be forged and brought out from inner conditions of well-being and character which have only an indirect (even though highly significant) social outcome.

The term "ethics" refers to a standard of behavior, and this, with further reference to a defined set of conditions and circumstances. The nature of this context of conditions and circumstances describes the sphere of life in which ethics is to be studied and understood. We speak, for example, of professional ethics, political ethics, business ethics, etc., and because we habitually do this we often suppose that these fields of ethical values are without any central relationships. However, a little examination is sufficient to show that these seemingly different kinds of ethics are merely different applications of the same basic ethical principles which are universal for human nature and its capacities for thought and action.

Sexual instincts, as we have before observed, are so interrelated with our varied abilities for thought, sensation, and emotion that an ethic for sexual behavior may be sought in many different contexts of experience. Naturally, the wider the context, the more likely it will be that our ethical conclusions will prove adequate to any and all circumstances. "Sexual Ethics," in its most limited sense, could refer merely to mutual consideration between parties in a sexual act. In a wider context, it could refer also to the conditions of courtship—the motives from which courtship was paid and accepted, and, in addition, a considerable sequence of personal relationships and experience-values which are quite independent of sexual values. These would include economic relationships, and the intimate personal relationships of family, home, and parenthood, if this were involved. In the still larger context of spiritual and cultural values, "sexual ethics" loses a great deal of its sexual importance, as sexuality itself becomes a

comparatively insignificant portion of much greater conditions of thought, aspiration, and personal and social ideals which form the permanent bonds between persons, and are the only bases for lasting personal affinities and attachments. In this last field, ethics is recognized in its universal character, and it can be safely presumed that no rational sexual ethic can be developed which is not derived from the basic ethical principles characteristic of this field.

During the past fifty years or so, European thinkers have had a great deal to say about sexual ethics, and much brilliant research has been done in this area of thought. However, little has been so far established in the realm of sexual ethics beyond the considered opinion that sexual inclinations other than those leading to procreation are not unnatural, and that their expression—while it may be considered amoral—is not, per se, immoral in the absolute or even the relative sense of the term. For sexual deviants, such scientifically-established opinion is valuable as far as it goes, since it at least leaves room for ethical considerations. But the main task still remains of establishing a positive ethic which will have a practical value in regulating the actual circumstances of one's life. The ethical elements of mutual consent, privacy, and age, are a step in the right direction, but can be considered as little more than the first step towards our ethical goals.

A theory of ethical conduct may of course be preconceived in advance of actual experience. But actual ethics is a practice, a discipline, a way of life. A young person of heterosexual leanings may enter actual sexual experience with some previous idea of the ethical principles, the "sexual ethic," involved. But such a person cannot actually appropriate these ethical values into his or her habits of life except by plunging into the circumstances which require their application. Only in the crucible of conjugal, domestic and family relationships can the character be molded in conformity with ethical behavior in this field, so that the person will become, in fact, an ethical person. If a person fails to conform to ethical principles in this area of life, it would surely indicate no more than his own incapacity to grasp and apply ethical values. As concerns the sexual deviant, of which class the homosexual comprises by far the largest group, very much the same situation applies, except that there are not the natural external circumstances which stimulate and in fact require ethical evaluations. Thus the homophile tends to be thrown heavily, if not exclusively upon metaphysical ideas and resources if he is to solve his ethical problems satisfactorily.

A homosexual who is unfortunate enough to find his way into "gay" life via bars and public places is likely to conclude that ethics in the homosexual world is non-existent. He remembers the pretenses, the affectations, the lies, the broken commitments, the hollow promises, the transient relationships—all of which indicate a gross want of ethical appreciation on the part of those who practice them. We are, of course, aware that our reputation in society as a whole is also based on these same, most unfavorable aspects of homosexual behavior. However, there are many homosexuals who, being inwardly dedicated to an ethical life, find it unthinkable to disregard the application of ethical principles in the field of homophily. Such application requires not only the general qualities of trustworthiness, social reliability and consideration, but also the determination to bring these qualities to bear upon every phase of homophile experience. It is only when and as this element of homosexual life can appear openly in a position of leadership and in partnership with heterosexuals of similar ideals, that headway will be made in applying general ethical principles, finally and conclusively, to the field of human sexuality.

As for me...

The "gay" world is continually striving to achieve a balance between itself and the heterosexual world. This is an important aim, and the desire, I think, is basic in all of us. None of us like to feel that we are outcasts or that we are rejected by the society in which we live. And if the facts are examined closely, we find that the cause is not dying, but rather is moving forward and before too long that balance will be achieved.

What many of us fail to take into consideration is that before we can expect to fit into the space which someday will be ours in society, we must work on our group as a whole, and bring about a more complete union in ourselves.

Most of us homosexual males have the tendency to push the feminine side of our society into a dark corner of our mind and ignore it. We concentrate too much upon ourselves and our male problems and tend to forget that the women have the exact same fight that we ourselves have. We men need support . . . and so do the women.

I'm in the Military Service and my life is nearly the same as any other homosexual's, except that I have to be more careful and I live a tighter, more restrained life than do civilians.

Many times in my search for companionship I become depressed and begin to look upon the world as a dark pit in which there is no help, no salvation. I, like many other homosexuals in the service, find wholesome, comforting companionship in the company of the Lesbians who are also in the service. One in particular, a Wave, is my pet. We understand each other completely and actually seek each other's company. To the rest of the world it appears that we're "normal" and very much in love. In a sense we are in love. Just being together brings each of us onto a more level sense of values and helps to brighten our outlook on life and the world. There is most definitely an attraction even though it is not a physical one.

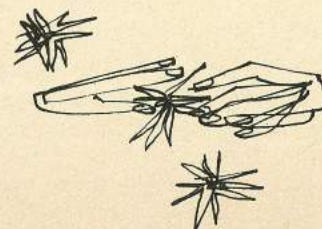
During the hours after she and I have been together, I think seriously about the relationship which exists between us and how we both feel stronger and more proud of what we are. It helps us to stand a little taller and look the rest of the world square in the eyes and smile.

From the other Lesbians that I've been acquainted with, I've found that they all feel about the same way.

It seems strange until the problem is studied for awhile that in the homosexual world there is even greater need for an understanding relationship between the men and the women than there is in the heterosexual aspect of this society. And this understanding is so easy to achieve that it's almost ridiculous.

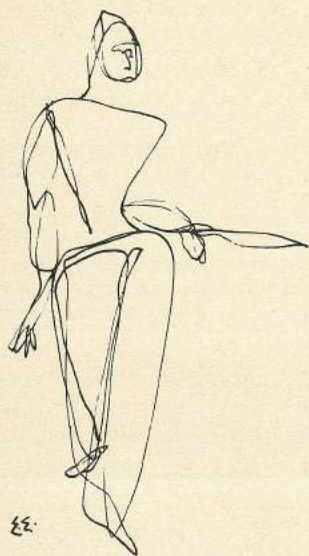
In most places of homosexual activity and life, there are both men and women. Become acquainted with the gals! You'll find that they can add a lot to a life that frequently becomes tedious and exasperating. And believe me, you'll find that the old expression: "It needs a woman's touch" is more fact than fiction.

- - L'K.G., Chicago, Ill.



THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women



Quel Dommage

a story by Carle

"Let's put down the bayonets," I said.

I see her face blanche "bayonets . . . you have the bayonets not I. I've been breaking my neck to cooperate."

But her soul stands naked and flutters like a butterfly.

I have seen her and I knew and I know now. But still she is afraid of me because she does not know what I know. She does not know I know. Laughable.

Vous etes une belle fille.

Last week she wore a hat and it hid almost all her fair hair. It was a white hat with a pink veil and it made her look like a bridesmaid and for a moment I thought, perhaps not. But now her soul stands naked.

I have captured her smile and so I know. She has smiled at me and yet her smile has not been one of the lips for her lips are nervous and her eyes are hard. She is afraid. She is afraid of me.

We practiced tennis all morning because we are partners. We practiced tennis and are partners but we competed. I am not even sure of what the quarrel was. This is a college and we are Juniors, the tournament is near and she is nervous, but more than that she hates me. How wonderful it is to be her partner.

I have always turned my face away in the locker room. I do not wish to take advantage. And yet I have caught glimpses of her pale skin and I have blushed because I know how shy she is of me. And now I am certain of it. She is shy of me.

Her rage was not from her head but from her body and her trembling was more than rage. It burned and still burns with desire.

Tu m'aimes, ma petite.

How cruel it is that I can never tell her. A boy can tell her. Any boy can tell her. While I must remain her enemy because she desires me. I cannot say to her "I feel the same. I am like you." What if I were wrong about her and what if I were wrong. But I am not wrong and the world will have to change.

Yet her desire is so deep that it has indeed all turned to hatred. I have seen the hardness in her eyes and I am certain. What if I held out my arms and said "child come to me, I am older than you for I am in-

structed and aware." Dear me goodbye to my degree, and to hers. . . yes even to hers for who knows who to blame and so put blame on both and purge the school. Away with all the queers queer or not. Some women I know have told a friend and this is how it ended and now they sit in bars and warn me. They have suffered. But I refuse to suffer and we'll have to change the laws.

"Let's put down the bayonets."

I have tried to make peace. I have tried to turn her hatred into affection. There would have been hope then. She would have been drawn to me and we would have a friendship that allows for confidences and some day I would be able to walk down a street holding her hand. And I could be her roof and she my walls and we would have built a house of love.

But she is afraid of herself. Because she does not know. Her trembling forces her to swing the racket too hard and she makes error after error and she says to herself and to others that she cannot bear me.

Turn, turn away and let her find herself alone. Do not embarrass her by showing the other cheek. I have found my world and I am happy. I can see but she cannot. Pity.

And she is so fair. Pity.





the lock and the key

by Diane Franklin

"Here is your desk, Miss Ricci, and this is Miss Brand. She'll help you if you need someone to listen." I looked into blue-gold eyes and caught a quick smile. We shook hands; the supervisor moved away, her duty discharged. Automatically I found the divided drawer with paper, set up the lead sheet headed FINAL SUMMARY with its three onionskin carbons and flicked on the ediphone. A weird electronic garble attuned became the lazy voice of the doctor. Pause, listen, type. Would I never escape hospitals? I seemed to be forever surrounded by pale green walls — as a patient, a student nurse, a doctor's girlfriend, a medical secretary. I pressed the repeater nervously. What an accent! Turning, I saw the eyes meet mine instantly.

"Stuck?"

"Afraid so!" I slipped the earplugs off and Miss Brand was beside me clipping them on; she bent over my shoulder, staring concentratedly ahead.

"Eccentropies — pressure from inside, I think."

"Never heard of it — but thanks." She remained beside me for a moment, slim and small in her mocassins and glen plaid suit.

"First hospital job?"

"Lord, no, the fourth — but don't tell." Again the quick smile.

"She wouldn't care. Not many stay long for this salary." I began transcribing mechanically, considering these transient co-workers. The office was laid out in an H-pattern with Miss Brand and I at the tip of one vertical. The most rapid and efficient of the group was in her late forties. She sat earphoned pecking like a chicken, lips pursed, eager for the next fatal symptom. In front of her sat a woman whose closed, tired, reaching face suggested long-accustomed blindness. Personnel had mentioned her as having been with the Record Room for eight years. Next, a tall, sleepy, untidy girl, nearly thirty, sullen but equally industrious. A brunette in her late twenties wandered about the room rather absently, searching for a pencil sharpener. The color combination of her clothes suggested something missing in addition to the sharpener. A glamorous but vacant looking Chinese girl and a stocky, tough teen-ager giggled over the files. Two idle typewriters suggested part-time late-arriving

housewife copy typists. "The kind of girls you like to rub elbows with," personnel had burred. I resigned myself to solitary lunches and endless evenings at home reading, unless Miss Brand... I shut the thought off and typed expertly for almost an hour before turning again. The high cheekbones and tanned coloring suggested Indian blood, but her hair was golden brown lit with new grey. She wore it off the forehead, brushed back like flattened wings on each side. I admired the slender curved mouth clean of lipstick and the childish perfect nose. "Do we have a coffee break?"

"A whole fifteen minutes." Did she ever do more than reply?

"May I go with you?" She nodded, rising.

"There's a place next door," she smiled with her odd direct look. Turning off the machine I felt hot and self-conscious. She's probably married to some engineer with his mother home minding the children. Then inexplicably, "I hope she doesn't have children." Silent I waited for her to open the outside door and saw the narrow gold band. She was questioning me.

"From Boston?"

"No, Hartford. I was in training here and had to resign, so I just stayed." I won't ask, I won't! We entered the luncheonette alive with jukebox melody, and thick with self-pleased male medical students from across the street.

"My name is Kay — yours?"

"Joan." I dove. "How long have you been married?"

"Me? I'm not married."

"But the ring —" I exclaimed too emphatically.

"Oh — I just wear that." I felt stupid and glad, and hoped she wouldn't notice. We drank the lukewarm coffee and she punched "Mood Indigo" on the booth selector. "Do you live nearby?" I named a street rather notorious for its bohemian element.

"It was all I could afford," I added before she had a chance to comment. "Two and a half rooms, kitchen and bath for fifty-five a month."

"I have a room on the hill and it's pretty bleak. Have to eat out." We grew talkative with money problems. Her salary went mainly for food, while mine was lost in rent. The joy of complaining led to my confession of few friends. She seemed to deliberate. Then, "Haven't you met any interesting people here?"

"Not especially," I countered. "When I was married I —"

"Married? Then you should be wearing a ring!"

"He didn't get around to giving me one. We were divorced on our first anniversary." My head dropped involuntarily. I always felt ashamed when referring to that sorry year — so hopeful yet so lacerating. "He wouldn't work — or couldn't, I suppose." Kay's eyes were discreetly lowered, but in the rhythm of the record player I thought I could feel the pulse of her sudden caring. We met each other's gaze. Kay's voice was so boyishly low I had to bend forward to hear, and felt her breath warm against my cheek.

"I'm sorry you were hurt." We started back.

"Nearly three years at the hospital — I'm in a rut. I guess I need you to give me a push," Kay finished softly. We were pulled up to the smoky fireplace in my apartment, our toes on the brass andirons. In the dim orange light the black of the picture frames against the white white of the walls always pleased me. Extreme opposites — opposites attract — I am attracted, she knows it. Five days together — five coffee breaks — five lunches, three dinners, one movie — our hands linked warmed each other. (You hold hands so that you won't be hurt by those hands," said the doctor. "I hold hands because it is wonderful not to be alone," I shouted back.) And too, with the smallest pressure one can say 'I love you.' Stop — not again — remember Mary, "Nothing will ever separate us, dear," — remember Paul, "We'll make a go of this marriage in spite of what they say."

Kay's past, like our medical histories, could be summarized in a few case-

book sentences. Her father's suicide, her mother's financial and emotional dependence, the lack of money for a much-wanted college education that went to her brother, the five-year friend who left her for another, the attempts to break away by working in other cities, that senseless futile half year in Florida, the loneliness for a confidante, the trial friendships and short-lived affairs with rebellious, city-freed, semi-alcoholic girls, until tonight. And mine — the too critical divorced mother, the impossible ideals after a leg-shattering accident, the seven-month consuming, bewildering first love for a passive, religious girl studying art, only to rush, an adolescent still, into a penitential convent followed by the hopelessness of trying to adjust to the very material competitive world when nunhood became mentally and physically impossible. The disillusioning but strengthening six months with a psychiatrist, the short, sickly marriage to a boy approaching womanhood more than manhood — what future could we offer each other with such backgrounds? Kay's Nordic-Indian face was lovely in the shadows — the thirty-six years of accepting somehow softening like water does a leaf. Mine was only a sad-angry mask of twenty-four years of "Why?" — the unmanageable mixture of Swedish superiority and Italian impulsiveness.

"Do you know it's nearly 1:00 A.M.?" Kay groaned.

"I've a long walk. . . ." Our hands tightened.

"Won't you stay over? I'll lend you a blouse tomorrow." The long happy wordless pause.

"Are you sure you want me to?"

"Of course — why not?" We both tried to rise, unsteady, sleepy. "Don't lean forward on that — " An awful clatter as I grabbed for her — but Kay and chair in the ashes. "Damn that chair!! I meant to warn you." And in that amber-lit room each others' arms. "No — it's silly between us — we're only friends," and excited I escaped into the bright bath, away from what I most wanted.

The little blue convertible, hood down, bobbed out of traffic. I saw Kay behind the wheel, proud and a little possessive as she opened the door.

"Hi, darling." I jumped in.

"Hi — do you belong to me?"

"No one else."

"Home?"

"Home. There's a new poster in the subway. 'Your best guarantee is a good Brand.'" Kay's nose wrinkled at the pun.

"You're crazy."

"You know what a fellow at the office asked me today?"

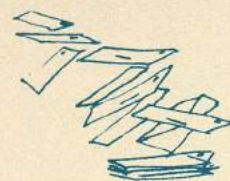
"'Are you a lesbian, hey?'"

"Certainly not — government employees are very tactful. He asked me why I wore this ring." I stuck my hand under her nose, and the wide silver band shone in the late summer sun. Kay bit it.

"Well, did you answer him?"

"He caught me by surprise. I think I said, 'Why does anyone wear a ring?' Then he looked rather at a loss and said he thought it might have some special meaning." Kay, regarding an identical band on her own hand, looked very wise. Bound in that shining circlet were two years of loving, of furious monthly fifteen-minute quarrels, of generous compromises. The temperamental, sexual, religious differences equalized, the lack of friends, time and sometimes money, accepted; all were melted into that little symbol of marriage. "Shall we" and "Can we," doubting but very desirous, had long since become a wondrous "Did we?" At last we had the peace that comes of finding one's place in another and in the world. Hands joined, not the striker and the fearful, but the lock and the key. "You know," I said suddenly, "I didn't mind being unable to tell him."

LETTERS



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

Dear Editors of ONE:

May God bless you and help you to continue with ONE and make it grow and stand as a beacon light for all who are seeking for truth and understanding!

Believe me when I say I appreciate all you have done and are doing to keep ONE alive! I hope and pray you will continue and keep a variety of thoughts, ideas and stories in our magazine! ONE has improved greatly since its birth and I believe it shall continue to grow bigger and better in the future. I can't find words to express my feelings towards all of you who have done so much to give us a "voice"! About all I can add is THANKS from the bottom of my heart and I hope my little contribution will help in its small way to keep our voice heard!

MR. C.
Reading, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

ONE carries a series called TANGENTS. Almost entirely, this is made up of unfortunate incidents about homophiles gathered from anywhere. Sure it is interesting. But one wonders what must go on in the minds of the casual observer who picks up a copy of ONE and reads what we have been doing or been connected with, which was, in the eyes of the law, wrong. Where there is smoke there is fire. And if the connection of the homophile is ordinarily attached to things wrong, it gradually builds up an unfortunate conclusion. I happen to think it is a bad column.

How much more fortunate if TANGENTS concerned itself only with

very worthy accomplishments of the homophile group. No, it is not good to close our eyes entirely to the sordid, if we are connected with it. But such emphasis on questionable events is damning.

It is nice to have ONE around. And I must say that it seems to grow in stature issue after issue.

MR. F.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

If, by and large, things have improved somewhat for the homosexual in the past half-century, it is mostly due to the efforts of the intellectuals in the sciences and the arts. People with ideas like those of Mr. R. of Texas, whose letter you printed in the March issue, certainly haven't helped any.

Homosexuals are asking for broad-mindedness, tolerance and understanding from the heterosexual world. That means asking (it) to think and ponder about this problem, to study it and inquire into it from all the angles, and to have a change of mind and heart about us. If we ask this of the heterosexual world, then certainly we owe it to society to be well-informed, to think things out honestly and thoroughly ourselves, to become as familiar with the points of view of the 'normal' people as we would like them to be with ours, to meet their doubts and objections to us with sound, honest answers, if we can do so. We cannot demand that the heterosexuals wrestle with this question in all its difficulties and complexities if we, for our part, intellectually lie down on the job.

MR. L.
Baltimore, Md.

Dear friends:

Since I first started buying ONE, I have found a good bit of consolation, some fine entertainment, and, at times some much needed enlightenment. But until I read the article, "How to End Hostility Towards Homosexuals" by Sal Makis, I had never been inspired.

Without a single doubt, Sal Makis has touched deep in all our hearts. To follow a path such as he says would be hard, for I have and am trying.

MR. J.
Marietta, Georgia

Dear ONE:

Sometime, how about a little biographical sketch on Eve Elloree. Lots of people here comment on her drawings.

MR. T.
New York, N. Y.

Dear ONE:

... ONE should be a world of Art & Literature — not a police station and crime clinic. We get enough of the latter from our regular press and expect ONE to be an oasis in this desert of futility.

MR. J.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear ONE:

In looking through a Catholic Newspaper not so long ago, I was struck by a curious stylization. When the press generally (that is, non-catholic) is concerned with the via crucis of Papal adherents in China, they say "catholic". But when the Catholic TIDINGS writes about the same incident, they say "Catholic". When Ike is rejecting another peace proposal by Russia, the press snickers about the soviets. But when UNESCO prints a broadside, it refers to them as Soviets. South Africa passed the apartheid laws to control the colored. But when the National Council for African Affairs fights back it demands equal rights of citizenship for the Colored. It would seem that whenever and wherever national, cultural, or social minorities aspire to, or are granted, the stature of pride and dignity equated with the best in social maturity

achievable by society, they are accorded by those who champion them and/or respect their endeavor, the accolade of the Capitalized initial letter.

You may have noticed that I personally always write Homosexual, Homophile, Lesbian, etc., with the Capitalized initial. In so doing I am only attempting to familiarize my correspondents with the dignity to which I feel I am entitled. The more, for instance, I look at your broadside in current and choice book-titles available - AND SEE MYSELF IN SMALL LETTERS - the less I am likely to comprehend my minority as a significant social element capable of unique potentials of community values in coalition or infellowship with other groups similarly discriminated against.

Let us, then, in counter-offensive, hoist ourselves by our own petards from lower to Uppercase. Let us feel that, in so doing, we are re-establishing an honorable historical category (and social identification) not only for our contiguously ancestral Name-heroes but to that even more illustrious, though nameless, legion who in selfless devotion contributed so much to the progress of human consciousness.

Yours for the capital "H" uber alles,

MR. H.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear ONE:

In the Aug.-Sept. 1956 issue, the high quality of writing was marred by the sophomoric views and style of Sal Makis on "How to End Hostility to Homos." His entire case could and should have been summed up in a sentence or at most a paragraph. His manner was petulant. While preaching tolerance, his tone was accusing, shrill and nagging — completely negative — also condescending and repetitive.

One ridiculous article like this can lose forever many readers who are all too eager to think of ONE's staff and writers as foot-stamping, curl-tossing, precious, vapid protestants.

MR. A.
New York City

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