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*"A mystic bond of
brotherhood makes
all men one."*

—THOMAS CARLYLE

The Homosexual Magazine

Volume V

Number 2

February 1957



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flash!

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Appears on
Panel Program !

LOS ANGELES, Calif., Feb. 9, 1957: "The Homosexual Neurosis?" was the topic of discussion for a highly-interested group of panelists and questioners at the exclusive Clarion Club in Hollywood last Monday evening.

Sponsored by THE SEARCHERS - a "non-profit, non-partisan, cooperative, educational activity . . . dedicated to the search for knowledge and understanding of science, philosophy, psychology, literature, and the arts" - this panel discussion (one among a continuing series on differing subjects) included views on homosexuality represented by psychology, religion, law and philosophy.

ONE, Inc. was represented and identified on the panel by one of its own members, and presented at some length its own programme on behalf of American homophiles. ONE attacked Freudianism as the sole basis for the interpretation of homosexuality, and defended the social and moral rights of the homosexual to "work out his own salvation" within the context of homosexuality.

The panel members consisted of: Dr. R. H. Lord, Moderator (and Director of THE SEARCHERS); Dr. Robert W. Deobler, Psychologist; Dr. Arthur E. Briggs, Ethical Culture leader and Dean of Law; Rev. Herbert Snyder, of the Liberal Church; Dr. N. D. Tabachnick, Psychiatrist; William D. Lambert of ONE, Inc., Director of ONE's Division of Education; and Messrs. Herbert Selwyn and Haskell Shapiro, Attorneys.

This was ONE's first appearance on a program in which it publicly identified itself and presented its views to an audience convoked by a heterosexual organization. Audience interest reached such a keen pitch that the same panel has been scheduled for another appearance, to a much larger gathering, later in February.

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EDITORIAL

Frequently a community becomes inflamed by a particularly brutal sex murder of the psychopathic variety. Police, press and the general public tend to panic and make wildly irrational attempts to root out all sex deviates from the community — on the preposterous assumption (encouraged by unethical scare headlines) that every sexually-unorthodox person is a potential sex murderer, that homosexuality is synonymous with sex psychopathy.

The recent sordid Nash case in California is an example. Likewise the 1955 slaying of three Chicago boys, which has led to continued police harassment of homosexuals (as alleged suspects) throughout the Midwest, with flagrant publicity attending the arrests on what are actually routine "morals charges."

Stephen Nash, a Skid Row character, admitted strangling a young boy under a pier at Santa Monica beach, and bragged that he had killed many men — some, apparent homosexuals who had befriended him, and others chosen casually — a terrible personal vendetta. This case lent fuel to Santa Monica's anti-homosexual witch-hunt, with police "round-ups" continuing after Nash's arrest, and with the threatened demolition of "Muscle Beach" and several buildings housing alleged "pervert hangouts."

Perhaps the murder of the Chicago boys was homosexually motivated — Chicago authorities tend to discount this. In the Nash case some of the victims seem to have been homosexual. And two-bit psychologizers have conjectured in the press that Nash himself was driven by explosively repressed homosexual desires. But this is to blame the irrational and unhealthy repression — not the homosexuality.

Homosexuals generally have no more in common with Stephen Nash than the average heterosexual has in common with men who dissect their wives with axes. There is no sense to persecuting a large minority group for one harried man's meaningless violence — unless society wishes to increase the burden of frustration which might possibly drive more homosexuals to that sort of vindictive insanity.

This is not to say that Nash is homosexual, any more than one could reasonably describe any alcoholic or paranoid as homosexual merely because some psychiatrists theorize that their troubles stem from the repression of the homosexual side of their natures. Stephen Nash was driven by fantastic hatred for his fellow men. Homosexuality is love of man for man. There may be some psychic connection between love and hate, but it is dangerously foolish to blame love for the works of hate. The problems relating to the normal homosexual must not be confused with the problems of rapists, molesters, sex murderers and sadists.

ONE, in calling for fairness and freedom for the normal homosexual, is not winking at those sex crimes that really are crimes. Each matter is serious, calling for honesty, bold new thinking, and real scientific research. But the two must not be confused.

— L. P.



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HOW HOMOSEXUALS can combat ANTI-HOMOSEXUALISM

—Albert Ellis, Ph. D.

(A paper specially prepared by Dr. Ellis for presentation at ONE's Midwinter Institute, January 26, 1957.)

I think it may be said without fear of contradiction that in the United States we now live in an exceptionally anti-homosexual culture. Although, as a heterosexual, I am not personally adversely affected by this anti-homosexuality, I nonetheless deplore it, just as I deplore anti-Semitism, anti-Negroism, or any similar kind of group discrimination. I have therefore given much thought, and not a little action, to the problem of how to fight prejudice against homosexuals.

In summing up my recent thinking in this area, I have come to the conclusion that there are two main ways in which homosexuals may most effectively combat anti-homosexuality: one on a somewhat superficial but immediate and practical basis; and the other on a more profound but futuristic and partly utopian basis. I shall now discuss these two methods of preventing anti-homosexual sentiment and action, and list several appropriate sub-methods under each major heading.

The first means of reducing anti-homosexual bigotry may be called the palliative method. The theoretical assumptions that underlie this method are (a) that socio-sexual conditions will continue to exist in this country for the next few decades pretty much as they are today; (b) that under these conditions a large minority of exclusive homosexuals and persistent ambisexuals will continue to exist; and that (c) many or most heterosexuals will tend to despise, condemn, and try to penalize these homosexuals and ambisexuals.

Under these circumstances, what can be done by homosexuals in particular to ameliorate the prejudice and legal sanctions that are now usually levelled against them? The palliative program that I would suggest is along the following lines:

1. Homosexuals should do their best to remain law-abiding, responsible citizens who will go out of their way to set a good example for heterosexual residents of their community.

2. They should abhor all feelings and actions which would tend to show others that they, the homosexuals, consider themselves in any way superior to or better than non-homosexuals.

3. They should try to refrain from flaunting their homosexual tendencies in public, and should reserve their use of other-sex dress, mannerisms, vocal inflections, etc. to private gatherings.

4. They should avoid being over-clannish and should mingle freely with heterosexual individuals, preferably on an honest and above-board basis, and in their associations with these "straight" individuals should act as reliable, sincere, worthwhile human beings.

5. They should resist in-group favoritism and refuse to help other homo-

sexuals economically, socially, vocationally, or otherwise JUST because these others are inverts.

6. They should avoid undue sentimentalism, super-romanticism, and self-pity and should accept the realities of everyday living. By the same token, they should avoid exaggerated cynicism and despair and grant reality its valid, if at times sombre, due.

7. They should try to do some policing of their own ranks and discourage exploitative, rash, and patently illegal behavior by other homosexuals.

8. They should try, in a dignified manner, and with the help of as many reputable heterosexuals as they can enlist, to effect changes in statutes that clearly and arbitrarily discriminate against and penalize homosexuals.

9. They should strive, in as many public ways as possible, to express their viewpoints and their protests against discrimination not merely to each other, but particularly to the large public which is quite misinformed about homosexuality and which greatly needs enlightenment.

10. They should try to be as open-minded and undogmatic as possible about their own views of homosexuality and, instead of jumping to quick conclusions from their own limited sex-love experience, should try to keep up with recent scientific and clinical findings regarding homosexuality and be able to accept facts that controvert their own pro-homosexual prejudices.

The foregoing rules, and several of a similar ilk which I am sure could be added to them, constitute what I call the palliative method whereby homosexuals can combat anti-homosexuality. Even though this method, if it were widely adopted by American inverts, would almost certainly, in my opinion, result in a considerable reduction in existing antagonism to homosexuals, I cannot delude myself that it would work perfectly or would even lead to a maximum decrease in anti-homosexuality.

Such a maximum reduction in heterosexual prejudice against homosexuals can only, I am afraid, be effected by what I call the curative method of attacking this problem. This method, in essence, would entail a real revision of sex attitudes and behavior on the part of the entire American populace, including both the homosexual and the heterosexual elements of this populace. It would mean that Americans as a whole would have to become unusually unpuritanical, unrepressed, objective, and scientific in regard to ALL their sex practices; and that, becoming so, they would automatically be as unprejudiced toward homosexual or ambisexual acts as they would be toward any other sex acts which did not specifically result in one individual's needlessly and deliberately harming another adult who voluntarily had sex relations with him or her.

As I admitted at the start of this paper, the curative method of combatting anti-homosexuality is undoubtedly a futuristic and utopian method when considered in the light of today's grim anti-sexual realities. Even if it takes centuries, however, the day will eventually come, I firmly predict, when Americans (as well as other citizens of this world) will look upon sex aberrations and criminal offenses just as they now often look upon non-sexual abnormalities and crimes. When that day comes, people will view fixed homosexuality or ambisexuality as, at worst, an indication of emotional fixation or neurosis. They may then pity the poor homosexual who under no circumstances finds it possible to take vital joy in having sex relations with members of the other sex — as, personally, I think they should pity such a neurotically limited human being. But they will not, at that time, scorn, persecute, or jail the homosexual simply because he is sexually inflexible.

Admitting, therefore, that the most effective, and truly curative method of combatting anti-homosexuality is as yet futuristic and utopian in scope, I still would very much like to see today's homosexuals begin to think about and plan toward the execution of this ultimate method. More concretely, some of the things which homosexuals can now do in this connection are as follows:

1. They can begin to combat puritanism and antisexuality of ALL types, instead of taking over, as I have elsewhere pointed out, many heterosexual sex

restrictions and attitudes themselves.

2. They can accept and promulgate scientific knowledge and attitudes in general and scientific sex viewpoints in particular. They can encourage and sponsor considerable research in sexual areas which ultimately, by confronting fictionalized beliefs with unadulterated facts, will most effectively dispel non-scientific prejudices.

3. Above all — and I am afraid that my many homosexual friends are going to like this recommendation least of all — homosexuals can combat the highly unfair and unethical sanctions that heterosexuals now levy against them by ruthlessly attacking their own unscientific attitudes towards their exclusive inversion. They should frankly and firmly admit, privately and publicly, that they who are totally unable to desire and enjoy heterosexual (as well as homosexual) relations are not born that way; have unfortunately learned to become sexually fixated by some combination of circumstances (of which there are many possibilities); are, in view of their sexual fetishism and inflexibility, at least to some degree emotionally disturbed; and definitely, in most instances, can be cured of their exclusive homosexuality (that is, helped to obtain much more heterosexual satisfaction) if they will cooperatively work with a competent psychotherapist.

I am saying, in other words, that the most basic and thoroughgoing cure for anti-homosexuality will be attained when many or most homosexuals accept their exclusive, fixated inversion as a form (sometimes light and often serious) of emotional disturbance or neurosis, and when they stop being defensively, aggressively, and chauvinistically pro-homosexual instead of, as I think all sane humans should be, simply pro-sexual. If this be utopian, make the most of it.

To return to my opening statement, I believe that there are two main methods of combatting anti-homosexuality; first, the palliative but practical, and, second, the curative but utopian method. I hope that homosexuals will firmly resolve to take the first of these methods, and that they will at least give serious consideration to the second.

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1. Ellis, Albert. ARE HOMOSEXUALS NECESSARILY NEUROTIC? ONE, 1955, 3, No. 4, 8-12. Reprinted in Cory, Donald Webster (Ed.), HOMOSEXUALITY: A Cross Cultural Approach. New York: Julian Press, 1956.
2. Ellis, Albert. THE INFLUENCE OF HETEROSEXUAL CULTURE ON THE ATTITUDES OF HOMOSEXUALS. Internat. J. of Sexology, 1951, 5, 77-79. Reprinted in the Mattachine Rev., 1955, 1, No. 5, 11-14 and in Cory, D. W., Ibid.

one uses any form of short story: — experimental — science-fiction — mystery, etc.; poem: — free-verse or traditional — subjective, objective — esthetic, didactic, etc.; articles from personal experiences or point of view — book reviews — art work — all must be in good taste. Homosexual or non-homosexual may contribute — pro or con. Realism, not obscenity, wanted here — mawkishness to be avoided. The purpose of ONE presents a challenge to the free thinking and imaginative individual; to everyone interested in the problem of civil rights and equality for all peoples and minorities.

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1957 MIDWINTER INSTITUTE & 5th Annual Meeting

Setting an all-time attendance record at each of the five sessions, ONE's annual midwinter meetings closed on Sunday afternoon, January 27, with the performance by one of Hollywood's Little Theater Groups of highlights from a new and unpublished play by James Barr. Applause for this exciting story of conflicts between a domineering mother and a homosexual son was spontaneous and long.

Among the interesting papers read at the other sessions was Dr. Albert Ellis' "How Homosexuals Can Combat Anti-homosexuality," to be printed in full in ONE Magazine. Henry Hay, folklore specialist, gave an introduction to the anthropological studies he has been making of the place of the homosexual in various early societies. J. B. Tietz, attorney, of the American Civil Liberties Union, Southern California Branch, enumerated the various California sex laws and described their application by the courts, appeal cases tried, and enforcement practices of various police forces in the State.

One entire session was devoted to the work of ONE INSTITUTE, announced at last year's sessions and now in operation. Don Slater, Vice Chairman, gave the official statement of the Corporation in setting up what is believed to be the first university-level institution of its kind anywhere. Following an amusing, entertaining and most illuminating tape-recording, "Cross Fire from the Critics," prepared from the most zany remarks and writings of various clergymen, judges, police chiefs and other public officials, as well as choice excerpts from the books of Drs. Bergler, Caprio & Henry, a student-faculty panel gave ONE INSTITUTE'S answers to such aberrations. The student questions and faculty replies were framed to cover such questions as: Why have an institution devoted specifically to the study of homosexuality? What good can come of such study? What will it do for the student? Does the faculty know what it's talking about? What are the special courses of study at the INSTITUTE?

Portions of this panel-discussion will be published to allow those who were not present to judge for themselves on these points.

At the Annual Banquet, given in an old-time restaurant, long famous for its French cuisine, Dr. Blanche M. Baker, San Francisco psychiatrist, charmed her audience with frank and earthy accounts of her rich and varied practice, as she had done in previous INSTITUTE sessions, and introduced Mr. Gavin Arthur, of San Francisco. Mr. Arthur's cyclical theory, "The Circle of Sex," presented a picture of male and female sex habits quite different from the "straight-line" theories which picture gradations from heterosexual to homosexual as being between polar opposites. His talk, spiced with many personal references to friends and acquaintances among the great and near-great in many lands, will be long remembered by those who filled the banquet room.

At the Annual Meeting of the Corporation, open only to Members and the "Friends of ONE," reports from every division and department were given, and business of the Corporation was transacted, including the election to Voting Membership of five men and women who have devoted long and faithful effort to the work of ONE. Also elected were Directors to serve for the next three years. Full reports of this meeting will appear only in ONE Confidential.

It behooves every man who values liberty of conscience for himself, to resist invasion of it in the case of others.

Thomas Jefferson, 1803



What is a weed? A plant whose virtues have not yet been discovered.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

The most dangerous enemy to truth and freedom amongst us is the compact majority.

Henrik Ibsen



Hurt no heart, and do whatever thee pleaseth; for there is no other sin in our religious canon.

al Hafiz - (Moslem mystic)

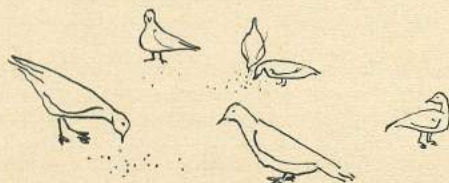
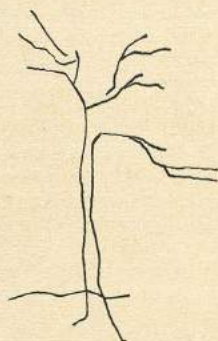
The body travels more easily than the mind, and until we have limbered up our imagination we continue to think as though we had stayed home. We have not really budged a step until we take up residence in someone else's point of view.

John Erskine

THE SQUARE

by

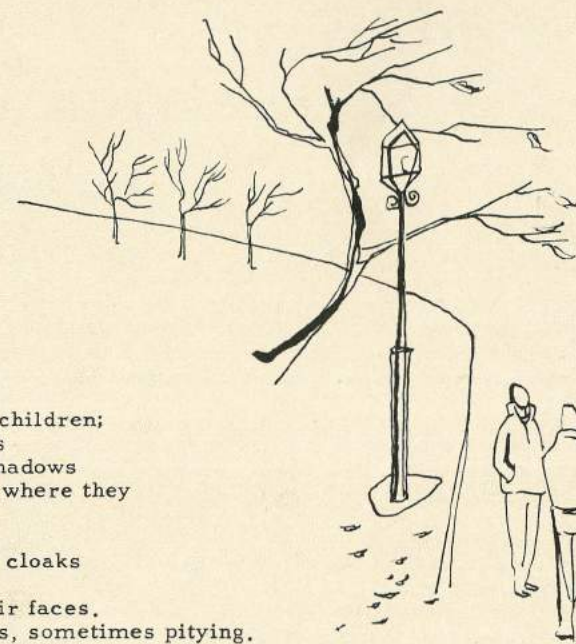
MISS JAY HOWARD



The sun loves Rittenhouse . . .
In through the leaves of trees
It winds, and falls in streaks here
And in splashes there.
Up and down the walks
And on the green-turning lawns.
It scatters on the marble-encased pool
And on the heads of children playing there.

Children of the rich.
Curly-haired and bright-haired children,
With shining toys and beautiful manners,
With mademoiselles and frauleins
On benches, watching.
The pigeons flutter about boldly,
And the tiniest child holds out its arms
To receive a bird's caress.
They are not afraid, these children,
Of Rittenhouse.
They have played there long enough
To learn that pigeons are gentle.
What a lesson! The children I know
Play in city streets and learn that
Automobiles kill!

The moon, too, loves Rittenhouse.
On early Spring evenings
It lingers on the tops of trees
And coats the paths with silver.



Molten streams of light
Pour upon Shadowland's children;
And for those brief hours
They emerge from the shadows
And rejoice in the world where they
Are outcasts.

Wealth passes in ermine cloaks
And glances sideways.
Moonbeams dance on their faces,
Jeering faces, sometimes, sometimes pitying.
But the shadows do not care.
Or pretend not to care.
They carry on their wild bacchanal;
They trade their wares . . . often sad wares
And worthless.
Or they quietly take their stands
For the sake of comradeship and
Moonlit air.
But they are invincible.
They are the soul of Rittenhouse
And the constitution.
They are the legend of Rittenhouse
And the open secret.
Its heart, the core of its fascination.

And still Rittenhouse is beautiful
And the children of the rich play there
In the sun.



Young Actress

by Miss Diana Sterling

Laughter crept through the darkness unsteadily.

Beverly knew it was the kind of laughter meant to insulate his hurt ego and so she was neither angry nor hurt that he laughed. She was disappointed. "If you're going to die laughing, Laird, go right ahead," she said, "but don't die trying!"

"But RONDY, Bev," he said, "Rondy's a WOMAN. You can't possibly be in love with a woman." He lifted the last word out so that it came singly into a high crescendo of sound and Beverly was not sure whether he had uttered a statement or put a question to her.

"I thought you'd understand, Laird," she said. "I told you because I thought we were good friends."

"Friends!" He looked at her incredulous.

"Then why do you come here," she said.

He climbed the three steps up to where she was and kissed her. His mouth pressed up to hers. His face was covered with sharp little hairs and her face was covered with the sharp little ache of them. And this was all the feeling Beverly had. She closed her eyes, with the intensity of a gypsy over a crystal ball, trying to summon that spirit she had never known with the kiss of a man. After the kiss she held him close. "O, Laird, Laird," she said, feeling infinitely sorry for him: a sorrow that substituted the thing that was no longer hope.

"Marry me, Bev," he said, mistaking her cry for love.

She drew quickly away from him. He had not understood. There was so much to consider, she thought. "Let me think, Laird. Give me time. Tomorrow night. Come back tomorrow night and I may be able to answer you better then."

When he was out of sight past the hedge, she closed the door softly behind her and stood in the hallway alone. "That you, Bev?"

"Yes, mom." She turned her belt so that the silver buckle was facing front, and walked into the living room. "Hi, Walt," she said, dropping her purse onto the chair he was startled out of.

"Oh, it's you," he said. "Whyn't you say something? Thought you were old lady Parker coming in for Sund'y night tea."

"Scared of her?" Beverly picked a cookie from a crazed dish on the bridge table and plunked herself into an easy chair.

"Scared hell!" he said. "You know how she is. She catches you drinking a beer and the look you get would make you think you were in the wrong house." He sat down again.

"Well?" Beverly bit hard into the cookie.

Her mother put the magazine she had been reading down. "You trying to badger us again?" Woman twenty-three years old should be working steady like everybody else 'stead of throwing snide remarks."

"Oh, mom, I didn't mean . . ."

"You didn't mean. You didn't mean! That's what's wrong with you. What

DO you mean to do anyway? Depend on us all your life? be a leech?"

Beverly slipped her thumb under her belt across the front half-circle, wondering, as she did, how the conversation always managed to slip to this topic. "How many times I've got to tell you? It's Dad's money. He sends it to me. You know I've been using it for my drama coaching. And I'm going to go on using it till I'm through."

"Through! Through with what? Through with being yourself? Drama coaching!" her mother scoffed, "a pretty way of saying you're throwing your money away on learning how to be somebody else; do somebody else's crying, somebody else's laughing."

"Ha!" Walt's expletive was like a nod. Beverly turned to him. "MY kind of laughing," she said. "You do your kind and I'll do mine!"

"Well now . . ." Walt leaned forward, put his beer glass down carefully.

"Let me finish, Walt," she said. "You're not my father and you don't live here. Not much you don't anyway. When Dad gave me the money for my coaching it was because he BELIEVED in me."

"You don't know your father," Beverly's mother said, letting the words slide out low.

"Well, I'm going to make use of it," Beverly said heedlessly. "And if there ever was a parasite . . ." She completed her statement with a look that made Walt fumble with the newspaper. "Oh, what's the use. You play your part and I'll play mine!" Turning to her mother, she said, "I've something important to tell you, mom. Laird has asked me . . ."

"Why do I tell you?" Her mother stalked out of the room, throwing her voice behind her. "ALWAYS turn the light off when you're not using it! Electricity costs MONEY!"

Beverly watched her mother re-enter the room from the dark hallway after she had snapped the light-switch off. It came to her that she could not remember her mother any other way, but enclosed by the dim light in her own immediate little area.

The next night was warm. Laird came early. They sipped iced tea on the front porch. "Well," he said, "when do we get married?"

Beverly looked squarely into his grey eyes. She said, "Laird, have you ever thought of morals? given them serious consideration, I mean?"

"Certainly," he said, "that's why I think what you said last night was all bosh. You're too fine a person to go wrong. You're honest; upstanding."

"I'll be presumptuous enough to go with your description," she said, "but as for going wrong . . . I'd be neither honest nor upstanding if I married you. If I go according to my nature I won't be wrong."

"What exactly do you mean?"

"I mean I can't marry you, Laird. In all decency and fairness to you — AND to me. I've had years to think of it," she said. "It isn't as if I've decided over night. My integrity's at stake. My responsibility to others."

He laughed — a sound of relief enveloping his mirth.

"THERE, you've said it! your responsibility to others."

"You don't understand," she said, "our individual responsibilities are our own and they are principally to ourselves. We must first be honest to be whole and we must be whole if we are to contribute an iota of anything to others. No, Laird," she said, "I can't marry you. I wouldn't be true." He looked at her: eyes turning sharply toward her. "Oh, not untrue that way. I mean true to what I am. I'd be like Walt holding a can of beer and trying to hide it from the Parkers. Walt's scared to death of running into one of the church clique with a beer in his hand. His potential buyers, you know. Not hypocrisy, he says, diplomacy."

"I'm not proposing to a salesman," Laird said. "Other women want husbands, want a home to prepare for him. Are you comparing your situation to a can of beer? and a Walt who doesn't amount to a can of beans?"

"I'm comparing my situation to them only as an example," she said. "There are better ones."

"Well, it's ridiculous," he said. "If ever there would be need of subterfuge it would be in living the life of a lesbian."

In the silence she watched his face by the street light on the corner. "I suppose you think so because when a man and woman find love there's the old cliché, 'now I am a man,' or 'now I am a woman.' When what is really meant is, 'now I am ME.' Before I knew Rondy, Laird, I went through unspeakable terror and agonies, knowing what I was. Now I'm alive and I see things more clearly. It's not only knowing, it's BEING. It's the people OUTSIDE the minority people who intensify the distinction to ridiculous proportions. The distinction is developed with fear and ignorance, and that's why most of us, like me, keep our preferences hidden. Not through shame, Laird, but — well, we don't teach children in the beginning by presenting them with a total and then presenting the integers that made it."

"That's bait for argument, Bev," Laird said.

"The truth," she said. "First of all we both of us need the truth."

"The truth is I love you!" he said. "Isn't that enough?"

"No," she said, "not quite. I don't love you. Not that way."

"Then this is the end, Bev. If I leave here now with this answer, I'm never coming back."

She didn't turn her head till he had passed the hedge and was out of sight.

She re-entered the house, arms folded behind her back. Walt was in the kitchen getting a beer. Her mother was upstairs. Beverly sat heavily into a chair. She squinted through a package of book matches, holding them with thumb and finger; then dropped her hand into her lap and got up quickly from the chair, going directly, resolutely upstairs to her mother's room. She was at the mirror, putting last minute touches to her face: a face fiftyish but feminine.

"I've got something to tell you, mom."

"Not now, Bev, can't you see I'm getting ready? Walt's waiting for me. Come to the show with us. We'll have a bite to eat somewhere and we can talk then."

"Yes, now! Mom."

Walt came into the room. "You heard your mother," he said. "Edith, where're my suspenders?"

"Closet." She pulled a lipstick tube apart with a hollow click.

"Mom," Beverly said, "I'm leaving here, for good."

Her mother held her lipstick to the corner of her mouth with an almost imperceptible pause as she looked at Beverly through the mirror over her shoulder.

"Laird has asked me to marry him but I've decided to share the apartment with Rondy instead. You know Ron . . ."

"Don't come to your mother for money, if you do," Walt said, his voice muffled in the closet. "Your mother's told you a million times if she's told you once that loving out's no cinch. If you find the money your father sends you don't meet with the prices your mother'll let you come back till you up and marry . . . otherwise you'll just have to do the best you can."

"Please let my mother speak for herself," Beverly said.

"Still got your mind on the stage," her mother said and sighed. "One of these days you're gonna wake up."

"Find out life's not so rosy," Walt said. "Edith," he turned to her mother, "what tie to I wear? This one just don't go. And don't say we didn't tell you, Bev," he said.

Words panicked across her mind; scrambled in their desire to reach out.

"Like Walt says," her mother said, "don't come to me crying for money. And unless you're going to say something, PLEASE close your mouth."

"But, mom . . ."

"Sh . . . sh! Listen," her mother said, her words wrapped in the gauze of whispering, "someone's coming! See if that's Mrs. Parker. I could swear that's Mrs. Parker by her walk. Keep quiet, Walt. I don't want her to know you're here."

In the land of the white elephant, where pagodas rear their gilded spires to the cloudless sky, and myriads of fireflies light the shrubs and trees at night, one would expect nature to be consistent in her dispensation of beauty, and she is, for Siamese boys are unusually handsome, nor do the years that lengthen them into men lessen their fluid grace or defile the clean beauty of their warm brown bodies with hair.

A tourist like Horace Dobbs finds it painfully difficult to keep his eyes off them, especially when he's accompanied by his wife, which Horace was.

"It's outrageous the way those boys run around naked," Bertha snapped between her loose dentures. "But what can you expect when their fathers go around in those sleazy outfits that don't hide anything. Believe me, in Kansas they wouldn't get away with it."

Horace said nothing. He was reminiscing happily over the hotel clerk's remark after he finished signing the register: "Should Mr. Dobbs ever desire a boy or a girl, a room will be available." Horace thanked him and wondered how long it would be before Bertha got her usual dysentery. At the moment, she was absorbed in a guide book's description of the famed emerald Buddha and his three changes of clothing for which the King himself did the honors. The first of very thin gold served for hot weather, for the monsoon season the gold was a trifle thicker, for the winter it was very thick.

"There's so much to see I think we better get a guide. I'll call Cooks," she suggested.

"I already have one, a young chap with a car. He's quite handsome, speaks excellent English. I'm sure you will like him. His name is Burana."

And Bertha did, principally because something about him reminded her of Nick, the young secretary Horace always took with him on his long business trips.

Burana called after breakfast and took them to the ancient temple grounds. In Siam, broken china is never consigned to the dumps. It sparkles in jewelled mosaics on the roofs and in the brilliant coatings of steeples. An eye-dazzling array of gigantic prisms Bertha found fascinating, and hopeful of finding a familiar pattern on a fragment of china she avidly examined each mosaic. Horace sighed and looked for a place to sit down. There was none. Finally, catching Burana's eye, he shrugged and spread his hands. Burana, smiling, nodded. He turned to Bertha, "We'll have to spend less time at one place if you're to see everything. I don't want Madam to miss anything." Nor was it by accident he led them behind the temple to a large phallus of rose-colored marble mounted on a stone platform. "It's the most ancient of all our religious symbols," he explained, his sultry black eyes on Horace's strong, heavily veined neck.

Horace smiled but Bertha shook her head. The guide books hadn't mentioned it, nor were there any carvings on it to explain what it was. She was about to turn away when she saw five young women approach, then surround it. Horrified, she watched them lift their robes and rub their naked pelvises against it. They closed their eyes, their hands together in an attitude of prayer, they bowed their heads. Bertha's thin nose wrinkled with disgust. She wanted to explode, but Burana's gentle manner stopped her. "What's all that nonsense about?" she asked.

"Nonsense?" Burana shrugged. "They wish to be fertile when they marry." As the girls were leaving, a group of young men came out of a pagoda and, like the girls, arranged themselves around the marble.

Burana took Bertha by the arm and turned her toward the temple. "Perhaps it would be better if Madam saw the emerald Buddha now," he suggested.

Alone, Horace watched the youths strip and one by one hug the phallus, their brown nakedness alive and sensuous against the cold stone. Horace

mopped his face with his handkerchief and ran his finger under his collar. He waited until they dressed and disappeared through a gate before he joined his wife and Burana in the temple. He was relieved to see Bertha busily making notes about the tea cups and brass spittoons for the betel-nut chewers scattered over the richly carpeted floor, and Burana out of hearing distance of Bertha. He went over to him. "What was the reason for those chaps rubbing against it?" he asked.

Burana looked at him through half-closed eyes. He took Horace's hand and squeezed it.

For lunch at the hotel, the Dobbs were served duck cooked with bamboo shoots and flavored with curry and kapick — a spoiled fish. Bertha had an extra helping. "It's simply delicious," she drooled at the waiter. "I've got to know what's in it. I must have the recipe."

"That is impossible, Madam, I am sorry," he replied with a deep bow.

At five that afternoon, Burana drove the Dobbs to the Rajadamnern Stadium — Bangkok's lavish boxing auditorium. Bertha hated boxing but after hearing two men in the lobby describe the orchestra that accompanied the fighters and mention the possibility of the King himself being present, she slipped a package of milk of magnesia tablets in her purse — the duck was making its presence known — and changed to her best dress. At the Stadium Horace discovered the programs were printed in Siamese. He quickly found Burana and brought him in and seated him beside him. Furtively his eyes went to the youth's strong, clean hands and the hard muscles of his thighs under his thin trousers.

"I have seen many of your fighters in the cinema. They are so different from ours," Burana said. He pointed to a column on the right side of the program. "It says here the contest is five rounds and that Suraska whom you will see in the red corner weighs 135 pounds. It says he is the highlight of the Barbos Camp, that he is a tough, crashing cauliflower with dangerous kicks in ferocity. He preferably attacks and surprises his opponents with punches and elbow kicks which provide sensations for the fans to their hearts' content." He pointed to the column on the opposite side. "Silachai will be in the blue corner. He weighs one pound less than Suraska. It says that he is the terrible star of the Sorndaeng Camp, that he is a tough kicking artist who loves to use his special knowledge of high kicks to work in either offensive or counter attack methods and gives the referee to do in singing 'One, two . . . ten' into the opponents' ears while they dream happily."

An attendant entered the arena and sprinkled the floor with jasmine-scented water. There was a momentary lull in the music, then a single flute. Suraska, robed in red and gold brocade, came in and stood at the foot of the steps leading to the arena. Again the flute. Silachai's robe was of silver and blue brocade. He walked around the platform to the steps on the opposite side. At an eerie wail from all the flutes, the fighters dropped to their knees. They spread their hands on the steps and bowed their heads. Another wail. Both men rose and entered the arena and stripped off their robes and handed them to their attendants. Suraska's very brief, red silk trunks adhered to his slender hips with skin tight tension. Silachai's concealed little.

The Buddhist ritual that followed to the accompaniment of the low, throbbing drums was as languorous and controlled as the subsequent fighting was wild and violent. It was only when Suraska kicked the breath out of Silachai and he fell prone to the floor that it stopped. Attendants brought in a carved teakwood stretcher on which they placed Silachai. Before they carried him away, Suraska bent over and kissed him on the cheek, then placed a spray of orchids on his chest.

Mrs. Dobbs turned to Burana. "Get the car as quickly as you can. I don't feel too well."

Horace dined alone. After dinner he stopped at the desk and informed the clerk that Mrs. Dobbs had a stomach disorder and he would need another room for a few days, then he went outside where the taxis were parked.

AN EVENING'S DISCOURSE

by Barrett Shannon Cooper



"Oh man . . . man . . . this is good stuff, but it burns . . . geez . . ."

"Take it slow."

"Um . . . um. No. Nayo. Nay hosie. I wanta get high tonight."

"Say whydoncher get a job or something . . . must be hell, seventeen an' still takin' an allowance from your old man . . ."

"I don't want no job man. Why should I work? I mean . . . what's the point? Gimme that bottle. Ah . . . um . . . argh . . . crazy! Whew-w-w! Am I gon' fly tonight! Man, I swear . . . I'm gonna rip it up! WOW!"

"Sh-h! Don't talk so loud."

"Aw don't be a square. Relax, stag. Say . . . you know . . . you know why I don't wanta work . . . you know why?"

"Oh man . . ."

"You know why?"

"You're drooling man."

"Say . . . no, listen. Really. The reason I don't wanta work is because I don't LIKE work. Izzat good reason? I mean . . . there's really no other reason. I don't even like school work. Who wants THAT, huh? You like it? I don't . . . I think it's crud, man . . . specially that crummy sociology. Ay-y, isn't that a bitch man?"

"Yeah . . . I don't like it either."

"Why? Here . . . have a drink. Go on . . . we inna alley . . . nobody watch, nobody hear. Ah-h, atsa boy. Now . . . come on. Tell. Tell me why you don't like it."

"Ah-h."

"Don't shrug me off. Come on. Izzit the teacher? Hah? Izzit the teacher?"

"Well . . ."

"Sure . . . sure itsa teacher. Sure it is. Know why? Know why? Huh? I know. But do you?"

"Yeah . . . yeah."

"Look at me man . . . whatsa matter? You ashamed or sumthin'?"

"Aw-w-w."

"LOOK at me man . . . stop starin' at that goddamn garbage can . . ."

"Shut up, will ya!"

"Aw-w . . . you stinkin' square . . . gimme that bottle . . . gimme it! Yeah."

Argh . . . geez this stuff burns . . . ss-s-s . . . Listen . . . now just listen to me . . . that teacher . . . that Mister Whoozis or whatever his name is . . . is a lousy crummy queer. You KNOW?"

"You don't know that for sure."

"Yeah? I don't? Say where are you when he's given the class huh? You asleep or sumthin'? The way he talks about that crummy ancient Greece and all . . . THAT'S got nothin' to do with sociology . . . the way them guys were. You know what he says, you stupid slob."

"Yeah . . . so what. He's just explainin' an era . . . that's all."

"He's queer. An' it don't have nothin' to do with explainin' no era. He's queer. I hate queers, man. An' I can spot those crummy bastards a mile away. Lissen . . . I was ten years old . . . hitch-hikin' home from a movie one night. It was cold an' real dark. Kinda like this. Only worse. I wasn't dressed warm an' my teeth were kinda chatterin'. Well I'm hitch-hikin' an' gettin' no place fast when this car pulls up. Caddy, y'know . . . new an' nice lookin'. Well there's this guy sittin' there see an' he says get in. So . . . I gets in. An' we drive a few blocks an' he asks me if I think it's cold enough. I says yeah. He says cigarette? I says thanks. So he gives me a cigarette. He says that'll warm ya up I'll bet. I laugh. You know he seems like a nice guy . . . givin' me a ride and a cigarette an' all. I don't think anything's comin' off. We talk. School an' all. He said he was a projectionist or sumthin'. Then he says would I like to see some pictures. I says sure. So he reaches in the glove compartment, see . . . an' he pulls out this envelope. Open it up he says. Next thing I know we've parked on some crummy deserted street an' the light goes on. He says look 'em over, I'll take ya home in a few minutes. So I still don't know what's comin' off. I look at the pictures an' they're all guys an' girls an' . . . argh . . . I need a drink. Crummy bum, lousy, stinkin' queer. He . . . man . . . I got outa that car an' I ran. I kept on runnin' till I came to the boulevard. I got home. I was scared . . . an' hurt."

"What'd he do?"

"SHUT UP!"

"Then why tell me about it if you ain't goin' to finish it?"

"What . . . what'd you say? Huh? What? Finish it? What ya want, the gory details or sumthin'? What . . . ?"

"Skip it then. Let's . . . let's skip it an' get high."

"No . . . no. Wait a minnut here. Let's just wait a minnut . . ."

"Look . . ."

"No, buddy . . . no . . . I won't look. YOU look, man. You look. What are YOU . . . huh? Huh? You all of a sudden wanta hear what this crumb did to ME. You don't wanta talk about th' teacher now . . . an' he's so queer he stinks. It ain't just his Greek talk . . . it's who he likes in the class an' those 'advisory sessions' after school an' those 'parties' at his home. I know about those things man . . . I make it my BUSINESS to know, see. I HATE queers an' this guy IS queer but you don't wanta talk about HIM . . . no. An' earlier when I ast you why you don't make out with the dames an' you give me some crummy excuse . . . some REALLY crummy excuse, boy . . . you wanted to get off the subject both times. But when I start talkin' 'bout what happened to me . . . man . . . you're all ears. Yeah."

"Y'know boy . . . I always wondered about you. You always acted kinda funny . . . y'know . . . yeah, yeah, yeah . . . this is real crazy . . . I'm high but I can see this real clear . . . yeah. You use cat words, dontcha. You act like a cat. Like a real rough kitty . . . but ya know . . . you ain't. No, you ain't. You never was really one a' us . . . you was always apart kinda. Yeah."

"You . . . !"

"Don't . . . don't say it man. Don't talk now. Now . . . y'know . . . us cats, us REAL cats . . . were kinda the majority at that school. Y'know? It's like ya knew it an' you was kinda scared a' us so ya . . . kinda rather 'n' be pointed out . . . JOIN us, huh?"

"Look . . . I've had . . . I've had it, see. I'm leavin'. You're drunk man."

Crazy drunk. Now I'm goin'. Now . . . now. Good night. You can finish the bottle yourself."

"Oh no poppa . . . oh no man . . . no, no, daddyo . . . you wait see . . . right here . . . just stay, see . . . cause I gotta shiv . . . !"

"For God's sake man . . . grow up . . . put that . . ."

"No man . . . no, I ain't gonna put it away . . . I'm real good with it too, pops. I can cut your eyeballs out before you know it . . . just . . . just stay there . . . this point is real sharp . . ."

"All right . . ."

"Sit down huh? On the garbage can . . . that's good . . . better if you sit down, yeah. Y'know . . . kinda had me wonderin' 'bout you . . . you always kin'a looked at me kin'a funny like in school . . . an' those sideburns of yours, they're so lousy . . . put on . . . you don't know how to keep them neat. You're a mess man . . . you call me up on the phone tonight . . . you say let's get high . . . so we get booze . . . just you an' me . . . now that's just cozy . . . so we wind up in an alley . . . real cool. You really got this planned didn' you dad. Get me in here all high, you . . ."

"That did it!"



"Why you . . . ! Get back!"

"You don't even know how to hold the knife you damn kid . . . I can kick it right outa your hand."

"Yeah? Like hell you . . . Get back dad! I'm . . . Ow-w-w . . . !"

"Yeah . . . so I can see . . . so now I got the knife. You . . . you talk about being a cat . . . you don't know anything about a knife so who you tryin' to snow? You had me wonderin' there for a minute because I ain't had a knife pulled on me in two years . . . and that joker was an expert . . . but I got the knife now and you're scared as hell . . . look at ya! Well . . . just relax buddy . . . I'm not gonna use it so there's no call for you to shake your boots off. But you're gonna listen to sumthin' before I call it a night . . ."

"I . . ."

"Shut up. YOU can sit on the garbage can now. Go ON . . . all right . . . smoke a cigarette or sumthin' but listen . . . listen to what I have to say . . . It's hard because I haven't told anybody this for a long time. I've NEVER told anybody like you . . . but . . . all right, here it is . . ."

"My parents were killed in an auto accident on New Year's Eve. It was my old man's fault . . . he had too much and he thought he could drive. I was eight years old. I went to live with my aunt and I was all mixed up. She put me through grammar school. Then when I was out she said I was old enough to work for what I wanted. She sorta put me on my own. Well . . . I was scared at first and clumsy as hell but after a while I began to catch on. I sorta liked it. I didn't feel like a baby . . . I didn't feel . . . mixed up any more. I started in high school workin' afterwards each night. Few months went by . . . I didn't feel nothin' towards those girls . . . they sorta turned my stomach in a way . . . silly like . . . cheap almost. Well, I went to movies a lot by myself an' I started readin' . . . just junk at first . . . then the good stuff."

"Then one day I saw this novel about queers . . . I don't know . . . that interested me somehow . . . I had the money . . . I could 'a bought the book . . . I know I wanted to . . . but I was scared. Because all I knew about queers was the weird-lookin' guys I'd seen on the street an' a coupla ugly lookin' creeps who tried to pick me up in a movie . . . and a' course there were some fluttery jerks at the school . . . I was scared. I didn't want that bookseller to think I was one a' those guys. I felt yellow and I went outa that place lookin' down at the sidewalk. Well . . . that made me mad so that night I went back and I bought that book . . . and that bookseller looked at me kinda funny but I looked him right in the eye . . . because I didn't give a damn what he thought . . . in fact I was gettin' sick of carin' what anybody thought. I walked outa that bookstore with my head so high I bumped into an old man on the street . . . and I laughed about that."

"Well, I sat up the whole evening and half the morning readin' that book, an' it was great because the guys in the book weren't ugly or swishy . . . they were young and strong. I was halfway through that book and I knew right then that that was what I wanted . . . I got to thinkin' back to when I was a little kid and later how I felt lookin' at some of the guys at high school . . . and how girls had somehow never interested me and how I didn't care for any 'older woman' either . . . I knew then . . . that was what I wanted. That was me."

"Only that book loused up at the end . . . it started gettin' real morbid an' hopeless . . . and this guy was suddenly sayin' 'It's wrong . . . it's wrong.' So he jumps outa a twelve-story window and the other guy gets soused and drowns himself in a lake. So for over half the book it's talkin' how great it is and then it ends up like that. That got me. That got me all fouled up. I . . . I didn't know what to think . . . somehow that endin' just didn't make sense."

"I got hold of another book . . . an' it's goin' along fine too . . . only one guy gives it up and goes back home an' the other one goes out an' rapes a kid because he's so confused. Well the cops catch him an' he hangs himself in his cell . . . Great! I was sayin' are they all gonna end up like this? I was about to jump outa a window myself, those books had me so fouled up. 'Cause

they both made bein' queer seem so great at first, then they turn around and say it's no damn good and kill everybody off. Big, bad sin . . . they said . . . those guys got to be punished. That's the way it hit me an' I knew that in real life anybody I talked to about 'em said queers were lousy and nuts and that it was a bad thing . . . so I didn't know what to think . . . I felt ashamed. Some queer guys try to pick me up but they're like lizards . . . I don't want to mess with them. So I get to thinkin' . . . bein' queer is no good . . . people hate you, they beat you up . . . they write crummy jokes about you on bathroom walls. No queers are happy . . . bein' queer is nowhere. Besides . . . it's wrong."

"But I AM queer and I know it, an' I still want what I see . . . and . . . I feel ashamed about THAT."

"But I see this guy in a cafeteria down town one night . . . and he's about my age . . . manly . . . and . . . I can't stand it. I follow him out but I don't know what to say when I go up to him . . . so I start talkin' about a movie I saw . . . casual . . . and he looks at me with funny eyes . . . Cloud 9 only I didn't know it then . . . an' he's real friendly. We hit a dark side street an' I'm excited as hell. I talk real fast an' I'm hopin', prayin' . . . so I tell him. And dammit . . . he shoves me back an' calls me every four-letter word he knows an' pulls a switch-blade on me . . . he's the one I was tellin' you about. He cut my arm an' he was comin' in for the kill but I kicked out and he doubled up . . . I shouldn'ta kicked him there I know . . . but it wasn't serious . . . and there wasn't much else I could do . . ."

"LOOK, man . . ."

"Shut up! Will you SHUT UP! Don't interrupt me. Just . . . just listen. Well . . . so after that I went home . . . and I knew I'd better not try anything like that again. I felt lousy . . . I cried . . . and I really did want to knock myself off. What I wanted was wrong . . . I could get killed for it . . . I couldn't get it . . . so why go on living."

"I went to school, I kept on working . . . but I didn't feel any satisfaction in it . . . I tried going for the girls, but it just didn't seem natural for me . . . it didn't seem like it was me. So I gave it up . . . I still saw guys I wanted to know . . . at school and around . . . but I knew it was stupid to think of them. I went around in a black cloud . . . till . . ."

"One day . . . a new guy came to work in the shipping department . . . he was a damn good-looking guy . . . young, in his first year of college. I couldn't help looking at him whenever I saw him. He was something . . . and nothing girly about him either . . . only there was something . . . sensitive about him, something that made him in a class just by himself."

"I had to talk to him. I knew he might kill me but I had to take the chance. After work I saw him at the bus stop . . . I . . . went up to him. He turned and looked at me . . . and I saw something in him and he saw it in me too. And I talked to him . . . and I . . . wasn't afraid to. We had coffee in a little one-arm joint after we got off the bus, and I knew then that it was all right."

"Damn, we were happy. He taught me that it didn't have to be tragedy — that two guys who felt towards each other as we did didn't have to bump themselves off. I told him that I never thought I could get the one I wanted . . . and he looked at me and smiled and he said, 'You can if you look long enough.' I knew it was true . . ."

"He had his own little apartment on the west side. I used to spend weekends with him. We went to movies, a coupla plays, even a few concerts . . . he taught me not to be afraid of good music. I was gonna move in with him, then Mister Whiskers sent him his draft notice. He didn't want to go but . . . well . . . they pulled him in and he didn't say anything about his being queer, because he said that didn't have a damn thing to do with a guy bein' a good soldier."

"So he's been gone a year now . . . and he writes me every week. He says he's found some army buddies, but that it hasn't changed his feeling for me. He says with us there's something lasting, real . . . more than just sex. Well, sure . . . maybe it sounds like a snow job . . . but the more I've kicked it around the more I've known it isn't. I know him . . . he wouldn't con me . . ."

he means what he says. I remember . . . he even said for me not to deny myself just because we're apart, so long as I did not get into promiscuity or sordidness. Better to act out one's inclinations . . . he said . . . than to throttle them or indulge in fantasies. If our feelings for each other are true and real, they will stand comparison with other, lesser loves . . . and still remain alive. There's more to love . . . he told me . . . more to true love, than the flesh.

"That's what he's said, exactly . . . I can't forget it. Sounds corny? Maybe it is . . . but I don't think so. It . . . made sense to me. I'm still all for him and I'll be here when he gets back. Oh yeah . . . I've been out once or twice with other guys, but like he says, it's not the same.

"So, anyway . . . I was still going to school an' I noticed how all of a sudden a bunch of cats and roughs were fillin' up the place . . . seemed like there was more of 'em than I'd ever seen before. They made it pretty rough on guys who weren't like them . . . specially some guys who acted like they were queer. But these were pansies and I didn't have any interest in them . . . but those crummy roughs . . . they beat 'em up an' hit 'em with chains . . . sent two of 'em to the hospital. Those guys were queer . . . sure, and maybe I thought they were silly the way they tried to act like girls, but they wasn't hurtin' anybody . . . any one a' 'em was smarter than a whole handful of those crummy roughs . . . an' I think those roughs knew it too . . .

"Matter of fact . . . I think most of those ROUGHS were queer . . . only they were afraid of what their crummy buddies would think . . . so they hid it an' acted rough an' beat up queers . . ."

"Look man . . . you lousy punk . . . !"

"You sit down before I make mush outa your lip! I can fight, buddy . . . don't think I can't. All right . . . that's better now . . . just relax. Oh so . . . so where was I . . . oh yeah. Those 'roughs' . . . like you . . . well . . . I wasn't afraid of 'em by themselves. But they were always in twos or with a bunch of their buddies . . . they were never alone . . . and the hell of it was they almost had the whole school sewed up. Nobody seemed to do anything about it . . . the teachers . . . parents . . . cops . . . nobody. They had it made. An' they made it hell on anybody that wasn't like them . . . well, I was takin' my English class real serious . . . I was sick a' talkin' like this. It made me feel so damned stupid when I couldn't express myself any better than I did. I HATED talkin' like this.

"But those damned roughs . . . those crummy cats . . . they were all over, lookin' at everybody funny-like if they didn't jive-talk . . . and these clothes, T-shirt, cycle jacket, boots . . . I don't like clothes like this . . . I think they're corny . . . but I'm wearin' 'em . . . an' these crummy levis are so tight I can hardly breathe in 'em . . . but I'm wearin' levis. An' I'm talkin' like a dumb slob . . . yeah . . . I gave in. I played it safe . . . I became a 'cat,' a 'rough' . . . I wore these stinkin' clothes an' these lousy sideburns. I talked rough . . . but I didn't take out any girls an' I didn't stop lookin' at guys . . . I kept somethin' that was me. So . . . weeks went by . . . long weeks. Then I saw you . . ."

"Man, you've HAD it!"

"Yeah? Well . . . so don't just stand there . . . shakin' your fists at me. Come on . . . I won't use the damn knife. Come ON. If we're gonna 'go', let's get it over with . . ."

"Ah-h-h . . . nuts . . ."

"So sit down, then . . ."

"So you saw me then, huh. Oh man, are you gonna regret that!"

"Sit down!"

"Okay . . . finish it. I'm sittin'. Go on . . . finish it off. I'll wait. My time will come. You'll wish you were never born, dad. I mean it. You're gonna dance, daddyo. Um-m-m, um! Yes, you're gonna dance! Go on pops. Finish it."

" . . . there's nothing else to say . . . except I liked you . . . even though you were a 'rough.' I thought I saw somethin' decent in you . . . I don't think

I was wrong . . . but you're not ready . . . yet."

"Ready for what?"

"Ready to get out of your lousy, stinkin' rut."

"You . . . ! Oh man . . . all I got to say is this . . . you're done son. You're ALL THROUGH!"

"Maybe . . . but I got tired of puttin' on for you guys. You . . . I thought you might be different. But I see I made a mistake. Now I'll tell you somethin'. You weren't any ten years old when that guy picked you up. You were older . . . fifteen . . . sixteen, maybe. An' you didn't RUN out of his car . . . you stayed an' he dropped you off a few blocks from your home. You know somethin' else? You liked it . . ."

"MAN . . . !"

"But you got scared later on see . . . because of what the other guys would think . . . so you twisted it around in your head so that it was just that other guy's fault an' not yours. You even changed your age so you could tell everybody. Then they couldn't say, 'Well, why didn't you pop 'im one if you didn't like it?' Yeah. You were real clever . . . real psycho about it. Anybody . . . listen . . . anybody that makes it their business to keep tabs on queers like you do . . . IS a queer himself . . . an' sometimes he don't know it. But you know somethin'? . . . I think you do."

"You . . . ! You're real sly, aren't you dad? You're real sly . . . you think I'm queer, eh? Well . . ."

"Don't waste time sayin' you aren't. We both know you are. You try too hard to be rough. You're afraid you'll turn into a pansy if you let go. Well, you will if you keep this up. But . . . you'll keep it up! They got you hamstrung . . . Well, man . . . I got this one thing to say, an' then will you please go! Just listen now . . ."

"No . . . now wait! First I wanta ask you somethin' . . . after tellin' me all this . . . are you still gonna go to that school?"

"Yeah."

"Well . . . dad . . . I'll tell you . . . You'll wish you didn't."

"Yeah?"

"We're gonna pile up on you, boy!"

"Will you?"

"You can count on it man."

"You are, eh?"

"Oh-h-h you're gonna be so broken up. Oh man, you'll wish you never looked at nobody."

"Well what are you gonna prove by that, eh? . . . that I'm wrong about you? It'll only prove I'm right."

"Huh . . . ?"

"Figure it out. You got SOME brains. I'll tell you this, though . . . I'm tired a' puttin' on . . . I don't give a damn what your buddies think. I'm gonna be myself at that school from now on. I'm gonna wear the clothes I like. I'm gonna learn English and talk like somebody that's got a LITTLE brains. An' I'm gonna get rid a' these sideburns an' get a crew cut . . . see? I'm gonna be myself . . . an' if your buddies don't like it an' I get jumped . . . well, I'll get some a' them too before I hit the floor . . ."

"Well, now, you're real brave, aren't you . . . a real crazy hero. Now you're just talkin' . . . you know that, man . . ."

"No . . . I'm not. But you are an' you know it. Well . . . it's late . . . I got a test tomorrow so I'm goin'."

"You . . . you better not come in tomorrow buddy . . ."

"I told you . . . I got a test tomorrow . . . in English as a matter of fact. I'm comin' in. That's all."

"You'll get clobbered man. I'll see to it. I mean it man . . . I . . . I'll see you clobbered."

"Might as well have yourself clobbered then . . . well goodnight kid . . . I'm sorry."

"I . . . goodnight . . . man . . ."

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

Big news this time was the success and atmosphere of our recent Midwinter Institute (unlike anything seen in over 5 years of meetings in L.A.) and initiation of our Educational Program. More about this elsewhere. Speaking of new spirit in L.A., the local Mattachine Newsletter has blossomed forth into a beautiful and informative monthly. Mattachineites have challenged my report of their declining membership (I didn't make it up - got it from their publication, INTERIM); they say membership is now up a bit in Frisco. To readers who ask why the difference between MATTACHINE and ONE, I can say, whatever tiffs there may have been in past, relations have never been more cordial than now. 'Nother reader complains we use some of same stories covered in REVIEW. This is inevitable. Both need to cover news for their own readers (many don't see both mags) in their own way, just as 2 papers in same town must deal with same news. If ONE & REVIEW, not published in consultation, duplicate one another a bit, forgive us, & consider readers who don't see both. We'll try to keep our approach individual. Judge Stanley Barnes, chief member of panel-of-three judging ONE's still-pending Post Office case, now under fire from Congress because of alleged stock deals while he was in antitrust division of Dept. of Justice. L.A. Postmaster Otto K. Olesen, our antagonist in case, in recent pow-wow with House Subcommittee & local U.S. Atty., Laughlin Waters (prematurely getting credit while back for banning ONE from mails - also famed for the intrepid Finn twins' attempt to "citizens' arrest" him) to discuss means of stemming local flow of indecent literature. In their spare time, they also touched on need for

better postal service in this booming area. Recently announced: CORY BOOK SERVICE reactivated as WINSTON BOOK SERVICE, 250 Fulton Ave., Hempstead, Long Island, New York, after year's lapse following death of previous owner (not writer of Cory books).

SURVEY

Citing recent Guarro case (in which US Court of Appeals disapproved action by vice officers enticing men to indecent approach) Judge Milton Kronheim squashed charge against Army Lieutenant because vicecop Louis Foschett (also reprimanded in Guarro and other cases) had looked at his victim "in a manner that amounted to a flirtation". Judge Thomas Troland of Hartford, Conn., Superior Court, urged special & serious consideration of sex offender cases. Said he could not recall a criminal session so heavy with such cases, especially those involving molesting of small children. Mentioning a conference on sentencing sponsored by N. Y. U. School of Law, he said thought is crystallizing on such matters, & authorities are favoring the 1-day-to-life indeterminate sentence, and establishment of special institutions, rather than dumping sex deviates into prison. "Throwing the book at these people" doesn't help. Emphasis, he feels, should be on rape and molestation cases, and judges should avoid sentences that are out of proportion to the offense. New Hampshire youth convicted of sodomy in York County Superior Court in Maine, said he'd spent 8 weeks in jail, over \$1000 in costs, had had bad publicity in both states, would like a chance now for a new start - instead got two year prison sentence. Chicago Army Staff Sgt.

with five battle stars (vet of Inchon landings and Manchurian border retreat) has sued New York transit authority for \$1.5 million for false arrest, charging he was falsely accused of perversion in subway washroom last year. Convicted in felony court, subsequently cleared by two Army boards and in felony court rehearing (where Transit-cop Rudolph Skeete admitted his previous testimony was false). Charlestown, W. Va. vicecop got pinned beneath bed he was hiding under in order to pinch two men and woman on morals charges. Following his acquittal on a trumped-up morals charge, prophet Jones, Dominion Ruler of Church of Universal Triumph & his heir presumptive, Prince Roger, have left Detroit for Philly. Few faithful still meet in Detroit, but the Domain there is being taken over by Sweet Daddy Grace, a long-haired cultist with red-white-&-blue finger nails up to six inches long. Often hear complaints about Government competition with private enterprise - but, when Internal Revenueurs in Milwaukee agreed to accept percentage of future income in return for back taxes owed by operator of a bawdy-house. well.! 35-yr-old Fond du Lac, Wisc. bookkeeper pleaded guilty to counts of sodomy & embezzlement, while youth who received over \$20,000 from him pleaded guilty to sodomy charges but denied extortion. Joplin, Mo. NEWS HERALD carried following: "A 106-yr-old Bachelor Attributes His Long Life to A Lack of Interest in Women. Does He Mean Now or 80 Years Ago?" Race-baiter John Wilson Hamilton, head of St. Louis' National Citizens' Protective Assn. and Editor of THE WHITE SENTINEL, was arrested & charged with sodomy, molesting and contributing to delinquency of minor, in connection with 15-yr-old boy with whom he registered in hotel room. Hotel clerk, identifying Hamilton, said he was frequent visitor with male companions. Two YMCA residents recently arrested in Spokane, Wash. on morals charges. One was additionally charged with setting 59 fires around country. Some politicians out to "clean up

the city." Certain places reported "hot." Psychology Dept at one nearby school reportedly had to drop study of "The Adjustment of the Homosexual to Society" after protests. Salinas, Calif. Parole Board (in which Sheriff and TopCop comprised a majority) criticized for paroling a 20-yr-old sex "offender" after he'd served only 8 days of 150 day sentence, which the sentencing judge testily said was imposed to "rid the community of sex deviates." The officers said Monterey County had no facilities to treat such persons. A Congressman recently told a Frisco constituent, "We transact more legislation in the privacy of the men's room than we do on the floor of Congress." With Justice Carter dissenting, Calif. Supreme Court ruled that presence of 2 men in car parked in "lover's lane" is sufficient cause for police investigation. Justice Carter characterized this as "Gestapo" method. "Since when," he asked, "has there been a curfew for adults? Since when has it been illegal for two men to converse at night in a parked automobile?" Such methods, he said, would destroy the right of privacy. The Calif. Dist. Court of Appeal ruled that a guest in an apartment is entitled to the same constitutional guarantees against unreasonable search & seizure as its tenant. Long Beach beauty college student found stabbed to death, blond curly wig beside the body. Roderigo Castro, 19, (alleged killer of Hollywood publicist William Westcott) pronounced insane, as result of murder & trial. Committed to Atascadero. Court proceedings temporarily suspended.

ARTS & SUCH

Actor Kirk Douglas, replying to Scripps-Howard film critic who felt his portrayal of artist Van Gogh lacked virility: "Dear Miss Hodel: I have just seen your review and I found it extremely interesting. In regard to my performance you say, 'It is a competent, even compelling performance at times, but for some reason, it lacks virility - to the point where it becomes embarrassing.' You have hit upon the

core of Van Gogh's problem as a man - a tremendous homosexual problem. This was what I attempted to show, with some taste and delicacy, in my portrayal of Van Gogh. Obviously I succeeded with you because as a woman, you found it embarrassing for 'some odd reason.' I wanted you to know what that reason was.... The greatest thing an actor can do is to portray a character so that the audience sees only the character and not the actor himself. Here in Hollywood, when you attain a reputation based on a certain type of character such as I played in CHAMPION, 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, etc. it becomes very difficult to break away from the mold. As an actor, I enjoy breaking away - or trying to - now and then. Believe me, I am most sincere when I thank you for your discernment in picking out one of the subtleties I tried to inject in my portrayal of Van Gogh. Kirk Douglas."

A boy recently requested some pin-ups from a Des Moines theater. Offered a picture of Lolobrigida, he asked instead for some of "them monsters that you had in the picture last week." NYC Board of Regents banned French film version of LADY CHATTERLY'S LOVER (with Danielle Darrieux) calling it immoral, glorifying adultery and presenting it as a "desirable, acceptable and proper pattern of behavior." Critics raving over SUSANNAH, NYC Opera Company's production of first opera by South Carolinian Carlisle Floyd, who promises to be another Menotti. Floyd says his text (from the story of Susannah and the Elders) points the moral that "Puritan heritage has conditioned us to suspect anyone who is a little different, to equate non-conformity with wrongdoing and evil." L.A. entertainment critic Dick Williams complained of so-called off-color material in Jerry Lewis' new Las Vegas show. He said the Aristocrats' singing and dancing was marred by "smutty material with an emphasis on homosexuality. It is neither amusing nor diverting and irritated every female onlooker I talked to." He said the pansy theme "all too popular" in Las Vegas - completely

dominated Jack Carter's New Frontier show. Williams has also complained loudly about homosexual implications in such films as CRIME IN THE STREETS..... Between acts in her beefcake show lately, old sex-dilettante Mae West put in a kind word for censors - "Why, if it wasn't for censors, there'd be more and more wickedness on the stage, and finally complete depravity. Shocking!"..... Few months back: Juvenile authorities at mass meeting of theatre personnel told ushers et al to watch for patrons who enter theatres alone, change seats, or carry a newspaper or topcoat over an arm to cloak possible indecencies..... In commemoration of last year's Whitman Centenary, the Library of Congress & the Gertrude Clark Whittall Fund present on 5 L.P.'s three lectures (by Gay Wilson Allen, Mark Van Doren and David Daiches) on the poet and readings from the poems by Arnold Moss. The lectures can be obtained from the Government Printing Office for 25¢ in brochure form..... Oct. '56 TRACE, a periodical survey of "little magazines," deals with problems familiar enough to ONE (or any other small, non-subsidized magazine). They describe bulging files of letters from readers calling them indispensable, yet TRACE itself is always on the verge of going under from shortage of time or money, and that if these very readers could just do a bit to get a few new subscribers!..... After a citizen complained to cop, Beverly Hills Top Cop Anderson had an art store remove from its window as "obscene, indecent, etc.", a \$325 replica of Michaelangelo's statue of David and a \$1000 figurine of Giam-bologna's Rape of the Sabines. The shop owner protested that Europeans bring their children hundreds of miles to see these statues, which stand in the streets. At least Michaelangelo was unavailable for prosecution by the righteous Beverly Hills cops. ACLU lawyers, contesting case, said it was unprecedented in California for officials to claim that nudity per se was obscene. Police argued that an indecent statue doesn't become less obscene because done by a great artist. The Judges of the Superior Court

issued an injunction to prevent B.H. police from interfering with the display in the art store window..... Three officials of the risqué magazine, MODERN MAN, were fined \$50 each in Chicago for desecration of the flag by publishing a photo of a nude partially flagdraped. They were found not guilty of selling obscene literature. They argued that their nude photos were comparable to those painted by old masters, and would not disturb normal minds.....

OTHER VOICES

Alan Canty, director of Detroit's recorder-court psychiatric clinic says only well-adjusted applicants should be selected for police jobs, since some become policemen to act out aggressions, or to use job as outlet for hostility against society Bishop Sheen in his newspaper column recently criticized those who are calling for expanded mental health facilities, said that tensions are a normal part of living, emotional disturbance not necessarily a sign of mental disease..... George Washington University's Dr. Dora Nicholson demonstrated that alcohol-consuming guinea pigs produced about 90% abnormal births, backing up her theory that abnormalities are most frequent in humans at the extremities of the social scale, where heavy drinking is most common.... Judge Lewis Drucker, locally recently told State Bar that too many sex offenders are being released by mental hospitals without any safeguards as to their future actions. He said they should be sent to prison so they would be under probationary authority when they came out..... Auxiliary Bishop Marling (R.C.) of Kansas City recently

emphasized (in AMER. ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW) the Church's need of psychiatrists' scientific knowledge particularly in analysis of such matters as mystical phenomena, priestly vocation, sexual aberrations, the validity of marriage contract assent, & neurotic motivations in the history of many saints.....

RECOMMENDED READING

Peter Wildeblood's second book, A WAY OF LIFE (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 18s) sketches of life in the homosexual underworld and an appeal for understanding.

Rupert Croft-Cooke's TANGERINE HOUSE, humorous sketch of new home he's made for self (after imprisonment on homosexual charge) in Spanish villa in Tangier. Macmillan, London, 21s.

The AMERICAN SEX REVOLUTION, a blast of hot air from Harvard Sociologist Pitirim Sorokin, who has stirred up dust with his contention America is going sex mad and heading for destruction.

THE FIELD OF VISION, Wright Morris, 251 pp, Harcourt Brace, \$3.50, another novel with one invert (this time, a transvestite) as one of several oddly mixed characters, each finding his "moment of truth" at a bullfight.

DEATH IN ROME, Wolfgang Koepfen, Widenfeld & Nicolsen, an esoteric impressionistic novel of guilt-ridden but unrepentant Nazis in post-war Rome (one a homosexual composer) 13s 5d.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS:

All material (including art work) becomes the property of ONE and shall not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed return envelope bearing sufficient return postage.

As for me ...

Some of us wonder, sometimes, whether the words of ONE accurately hit that target for which they are aimed: the common understanding. It is gratifying to us to have received and to print the following letter:

To ONE Magazine and its readers:

Where to begin and what to say? Perhaps at the beginning and tell the whole story.

I'm not homosexual and don't ever expect to be. I started buying your magazine for laughs. I'm a bartender in a small town on L. I., and I used to read passages out of ONE and got a real charge out of the laughter I'd receive. Yeah, I was a real clown.

I'm writing this letter to say how sorry I am. To apologize and beg your understanding as you have begged mine. What brought this on is the article in the June-July issue of ONE entitled, "I PASS."

Perhaps I don't have to explain any further - but I want you folks to try and understand how hard it was and is for me to stop - and start thinking and finally to realize - what to say next? I don't know you and that is probably my fault. But one thing keeps floating around in my head is, "They (you folks) can't be all bad, all corrupt, all evil." I didn't have the chance to hold up to ridicule any seemingly "funny" statements in the bar tonight. It's been raining like hell here and I closed early.

I went to the diner for my usual cup of coffee and except for the cook, that too was left bare of people because of the rain. I thumb through ONE's pages looking for anything to catch my eye which might prove to be a laugh, when I started to read "I PASS."

Perhaps it was the rain or the long hair junk on the radio, or both, or even just the beer I drank tonight. I don't know - all I remember is the salty tears and realizing that I, me myself was crying and feeling sorry for some nigger queer I didn't even know - or worse yet maybe I did know him.

How horrible to stop and be made to think, "If this guy is passing as white and straight he could be any one of the Boys from the bar and I never knew." The nigger jokes I've told and the queer jokes I've told don't seem funny anymore.

It was then I decided to write this letter and while I've been writing it I keep feeling, Don't send it. The spelling's bad, my writing's bad, perhaps they won't understand you and a couple of other excuses. You're going to get the first draft because if I stop to read it over or change the way I've said something I might chicken out and not care if I say I'm sorry or not.

I am sorry. I want you folks to know that. I'm still sorry now, two hours after I first felt sorry. Perhaps I won't be sorry tomorrow. I might even tell some queer jokes again sometime without thinking or caring who it hurts. But just right now I'm sorry and I think it important that you should know that for a couple of hours, some straight guy, on Long Island, in the middle of the night, felt sorry. It might ease the pain or hurt or fear, or lift your chin up a little. And now because I'm trying to try to be your friend and keep my own friends, I pass.

Your friend,

L. J. H.

Dear Joe:

I thought you would buy ONE.

You can't resist a magazine published by homosexuals, for homosexuals - if you are pulled in that direction yourself.

Reassuring it is to find an organization which proposes to increase the public understanding of homosexuality, to promote research and legal reform, to fight for truth, for honesty, for simple justice.

But, wait a minute, Joe. If you had TB or cancer to whom would you go for advice: to another victim or to a doctor? Of course, you would get more sympathy from another victim; but a doctor would do you more good.

If you think there is the slightest chance that the object of your affections can be changed; if you think you have gone too far and you can't go back; if you think it is impossible for you to decide one way or the other - see a doctor, a psychiatrist or a psychologist, a good one who is not personally involved in the problem.

A thousand forces have made you what you are, forces which are understood, in part, by modern science. The degree is uncertain, but you can be helped to understand yourself, to control yourself, to change yourself.

The articles in ONE have a scientific tone, I know. But isn't a confirmed homosexual likely to pick from the scientific menu only those items which happen to agree with him?

You are young, Joe. Up to a point, you can chart your future. Do it in the light of facts - not wishful thinking.

To be sure, the homosexual writer brands as "nonsense" the idea that a homosexual can be cured if he is sincere and willing.

But it has been done.

You would hardly think so - not from the homosexual literature, pulp to scientific.

But it must be done. For you, Joe. Otherwise, you will spell life s-e-x. Elemental pleasures will lose their savor. Your life will be one relentless search. For what? For love that you had and lost ... a love that you never had ... a father ... a brother ... a son ... what?

See a doctor, Joe.

You may want to punch him in the nose. Don't. You listen to him.

Why?

I can think of one good reason - a sufficient reason: this is not a homosexual world.

The ancient Greeks wrote on shells the names of citizens to be banished from all social fellowship. OSTRIKON is the Greek word for a shell; hence our word ostracize. Joe, the vote is in. You may be good or evil, wise or foolish, talented or untalented, worthy or unworthy; all that doesn't matter. You are ostracized, if you accept homosexuality. The vote was in before you were born.

"But I can go to New York, to Chicago, to Los Angeles"

When you see that doctor, Joe, ask him how many happy homosexuals he has known — wherever they came from, wherever they went. Get the facts.

But can't society's attitude be changed? Yes. When men no longer crave to feel superior one to the other, when prejudice and hate and guilt and ignorance no longer plague mankind, when "a mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one."

You should live so long?

Society may change, but don't wait for it; start to work on yourself.

And, Joe, you remember that stuff about it makes no difference whether you win or lose; it's all how you play the game? Forget it. You fight your homosexual tendencies, you lose — who cares?

But if you lose, let's be honest about this thing. Admit that homosexuality is a stop this side of maturity.

Don't argue that the homosexual is normal, that science has vindicated him, that heredity predestined his fate, that his only problem is to convince society to accept him as he is.

Abnormality is a "deviation from the norm." Either the heterosexual or the homosexual is abnormal. Which?

To argue that homosexuality is found throughout nature, and is therefore natural, overlooks the fact that nature can be freakish.

Quote Freud and Kinsey, if you like. But, Joe, do you live next door to Freud? Do you work for Kinsey?

. . . . By now you must wonder why I'm sounding off like this, how I got my information.

It wasn't easy. I didn't study the disease; I have it.

Yes, Joe, I have seen you in public rest rooms, sat by you in theaters, followed you down the street. I desired you for a moment of pleasure; but I was restrained — I like to believe — by a love which "doth not behave itself unseemly."

Passion drove me to you; but love held me back.

That's why I write this — to say that I love you, to say that I'm fighting it, to ask you to join the minority within the minority. It's more painful, yes, but the future is brighter. We walk alone today . . . in the hope that tomorrow we can find a love of which we are not ashamed.

You should know what lies down the other road . . .

. . . hopeless days when you think of ending it all, and sleepless nights when you wish you had; wearing a mask, and fearing it will be yanked off; growing apart from other people, and pretending to be interested in the same things they are . . . and all the while you are haunted by the person you might have been.

Now you know — and I have wanted so desperately for you to know — the futility of our search, and I hope you will do something about it, before it is too late. Time does not work in your favor: the farther you go, the longer the road back.

I would that I could talk with you, listen to your story, sympathize with you . . .

I would help me.

But, ironically, the best thing that I can do for you is nothing. That's the hell of our affliction.

See a doctor, Joe.

Anonymous yours,

END

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.

FOR OTHER BOOKS AVAILABLE THROUGH ONE'S BOOK SERVICE, SEE LISTINGS ELSEWHERE. FOR COMPLETE LISTING, WRITE THE BOOK DEPARTMENT OF ONE, INC.

THE LAST OF THE WINE by Mary Renault
Pantheon Books, Inc., New York, 1956 \$4.50

(Condensed from a book review by Luther Allen, published in DER KREIS for September, 1956.)

THE LAST OF THE WINE is the story of Athens during the last years of the Peloponnesian War as seen through the eyes of Alexias, a youth of good family who grows to manhood during that troubled period. Alexias is an admirer of Socrates, a school-mate of Plato and Xenophon and a friend of other members of the Socratic circle, including the unhappy Phaedo. In his teens he is a celebrated — but not TOO celebrated — beauty with many suitors. He is a superior athlete. He becomes the beloved and comrade at arms of the noble Lysis and before he is out of his teens he fights beside Lysis in defense of Athens. His father is lost in the disaster at Syracuse and Alexias assumes the responsibilities of head of the family just as he reaches man's estate. He and Lysis serve several years as sea-warriors under the generalship of Alcibiades. They starve with the rest of Athens during its long siege by the Spartans. Alexias is an enemy of Kritias, the most ruthless of the Oligarchs who rule Athens for a time after her capitulation to Sparta, and he and Lysis become leaders of the democratic revolt which overthrows the tyrants. This young man, then, is no mere bystander. He is thoroughly engaged in the manifold life of Athens and in her struggles. Alexias is the hero of this novel, enamored of another hero, Lysis, but the story does, nevertheless, possess a heroine: she is Athens.

It is good to read a book which, permeated through and through with homosexual emotion, yet far transcends a narrow preoccupation with sexual love to the exclusion of all other human values, issues and concerns. In the LAST OF THE WINE there is no question of a schizoid "homosexual way of life" existing in isolation from the culture in which it is embedded. Instead we are given a convincing picture of homosexual love integrated with and contributing to a highly developed civilization. . . . Mary Renault gives us (the) full, clear picture . . . as it was lived in its day-to-day details, as it ripened over the years. She displays its nuances. She shows us how it all worked out in actual practice.

We envy the candor and liberty of the Greek lovers. We envy the spontaneity which was permitted them. Lovers did much of their courting in public and it was taken for granted that they should. Lovers walked the streets arm in arm if they felt like doing so and nobody objected. Lovers embraced in public places when they met and it was considered quite proper. When a youth announced to his family with sweet solemnity that he had accepted a lover the news was received with gravity and respect, his father's only concern being for the status and character of his son's friend. Nevertheless, partners in a young friendship seriously debated how much sexual liberty they ought to permit themselves, much as engaged heterosexual youngsters debate the same

question today.

It has taken this novel to make me realize that what I have hitherto considered to be contradictory tendencies in the Greek attitude towards homosexual love are little more than the ambiguities of ordinary life. Although the Greeks frequently praised sexual passion they also counseled chastity. While every youth, the scholars tell us, considered it a disgrace not to have a lover, yet the boys were strictly chaperoned by their tutors. . . . It seems to me, after reading *THE LAST OF THE WINE*, that the only way the modern mind can understand the ancients' thinking about homosexuality is to construct a Hegelian triad with sexual love as one's thesis, chastity as the antithesis, and with a highly individualized and sensitively-variable synthesis of the two as outcome or end result. Be that as it may, Mary Renault is the first writer of our era, so far as I know, to take us into the lives and minds and hearts of Greek lovers, to show them to us in their natural habitat, and to make their experience fully and concretely understandable and plausible to us.

By focussing entirely on the homosexual side of Greek emotional life I have created an imbalance which is not true either to the Greeks or to the novel I am reviewing. One of the most appealing features of *THE LAST OF THE WINE* is the picture it gives us of a society based upon the fact of human bisexuality, showing forth the possibility of a sensitive, harmonious balance between the heterosexual and homosexual components of human nature, and the artificiality, the crudity of the view which insists that a man must either be the one thing or the other, either a lover of men or of women, when the truth about him is that the completest man is he who freely and with sincerity loves both. At the same time, Mary Renault shows us a world in which both exclusive heterosexuality and exclusive homosexuality were tolerated and respected. It was not supposed that the sexual needs and tastes of all men were, or ought to be, the same. In the second place, the quality of a man and the quality of his beloved mattered more than the sex of the individuals.

The most dubious thing about the homosexual cause is that it is forced to defend sex-for-sex's-sake with no qualitative distinctions between honorable and dishonorable modes of loving, with no distinction between the self-respecting and the gutless, with no distinction between devotion and mere sensuality. Those wrapped up in the homosexual cause tend to lose sight of such distinctions, I believe. It is at least ridiculous to find oneself a "crusader" for kinds of love which are irresponsible and sordid as well as for love which is charitable and good. *THE LAST OF THE WINE* confronts us with such qualitative, ethical distinctions in such a way that few of us, perhaps, will be able to put the book down without a rather shamed realization of how far we have strayed from the standards of our youth while, at the same time, it restores our confidence in those standards and inspires us to rededicate ourselves to them.

I suppose I ought to mention the novel's few slight faults. They are relative faults which would not be apparent at all if the book were not so extraordinarily good. Well, Alexias seems to have too orderly a grasp, too clear a perspective of Athenian political and military affairs for a boy of fifteen. The relationship between Alexias and Lysis sometimes seems a little too noble to be true. When Lysis marries, Alexias conquers his quite understandable jealousy much too easily. . . . It is said that love needs something to forgive. *THE LAST OF THE WINE* is a novel which it would be impossible not to love. It is easy to forgive faults which are only those of a fond parent who slightly over-idealizes her children.



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.

Gentlemen:

ONE is doing a magnificent job and I wish to extend my heartfelt thanks. Yours was the first homosexual magazine I ever read, and through it I found *Mattachine Review* and through them the *Daughters of Bilitis*. Prior to that time I had never read anything of an explanatory or affirmative nature on the problem except what I had found in *Kinsey*. Repressed, fearful and uncertain, I suffered both mentally and physically, yet knew of no solution to my "shameful problem" as I vaguely termed it.

Then I found *ONE Magazine*, and discovered that there were many others like myself, and, what was even more important to me, they were intelligent, sincere, worthwhile human beings, not silly, vaguely masculine or feminine shadows, and they were working on their problems, confused and troubled by it, even as I was. What a revelation!

Now my life has taken on a direction and purpose and I have found strength that I did not know I had. It is as though I had suddenly "jelled" into a human being, after a lifetime of trying ineffectually to be something I was not . . . a heterosexual in a heterosexual world. After a lifetime of agreeing with the biased and hypocritical people of this world, saying "I guess you're right" or "I suppose so," now I can say "No, I don't agree with you!" because, you see, now I KNOW. And if the time ever comes when I can do so without hurting people who are very near and dear to me, I am willing to stand and be counted.

Keep up the wonderful articles and stories that mean so much to us. Surely ignorance and bias cannot exist for long when intelligent, thoughtful people like yourselves are working so hard to overcome it.

MR. A.
SAN JOSE, CALIF.

Dear ONE;

After reading the views of a writer from Mexico City on page 7 of the April-May ONE concerning human values, I was reminded of some reading I have done, more or less on the same subject. These books have enabled me to gain some understanding of the world in general and of my place in it. I wish I had known of them years ago. On the chance that somebody might find them helpful I would like to mention the following: any book by or about Albert Schweitzer, the writings of Erich Fromm, "The Origins of Love and Hate" by Ian D. Suttie, "Man and God" by Victor Gollancz, "The Family of Man" published for the Museum of Modern Art, New York, by Maco, and many, many books and booklets listed in the free catalog of the Beacon Press, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

These, plus the more specialized information in ONE and in some of the books on its lists have been of great value to me and I am deeply appreciative.

MISS M.
HAMDEN, CONN.

Dear ONE:

Enclosed find very small contribution. I do wish it were more but for the past year I have been training to be a Medical Technologist and have received only room and board as pay.

At present I am looking for a job and hope to find one in Los Angeles. At that time I will be able to offer my services as well as financial aid.

Thank you very much for all that you have done for us. Here is hoping that you continue to grow until you can take the place in the world that you deserve.

MISS J.
COLORADO SPRINGS
COLO.



Gentlemen:

I have just finished reading a book which I feel would be of interest to our people, though only a page or two, out of more than four hundred, is about homosexuality; but the author is a man of such breadth and nobleness of mind that his reflections on world affairs, politics, and religion are richly rewarding reading for us whose problems touch upon many of these areas.

The book is "My Dear Timothy," an autobiographical letter to his grandson, by Victor Gollancz, well-known British publisher and humanitarian. I would like to quote two of his remarks on homosexuality:-

"Condemnation of people for the way they are made, and in which they must accordingly express themselves, is both contemptible and blasphemous."

"... I wonder whether homosexual love may not sometimes be purer (purer in heart) than average heterosexual love; and whether to give everything and demand nothing, after the fashion of chivalry, may not more commonly be the mark of it."

These are generous words, indeed, from a heterosexual; let us try to emulate his magnanimity; let us try to deserve it.

MR. A.
DETROIT, MICH.

Dear ONE:

... some psychiatrists have a little piece of paper saying, "John Doe attended school." I believe this is necessary because how would we know. They try to make us believe that homosexual people have a very unusual mental development. One part of the brain is capable of grasping the greatest of all thoughts but the other part is so infantile it can't grasp even the simplest fundamental thought. I wonder why such odd people as we are don't have a skull arrangement, sort of expanded on one side and bashed in on the other. Some day maybe Eve Elloree will draw a picture with this type of skull. A doctor could be standing beside him with a hammer explaining how he could hammer in the overdeveloped part

and it would bulge out where it was bashed in. That might have a lot of humor. Then again maybe we would get the medical men mad. How very difficult, trying to keep everybody in good humor!

MISS J.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Dear ONE;

At Cherry Grove (Fire Island), this last weekend, I had the fun of inventing a new cocktail, made the same as a "Pink Lady," but substituting vodka for gin, and called a "Lesbia." (She's still a lady, but tantalizingly different.)

The ingredients, incidentally, require rebalancing, to taste. If, after testing the recipe, you like it, why not print it in ONE?

"Greta"
N.Y.C.

Hi, Friends:

Thanks for 2nd Issue of ONE Confidential. I liked the human interest letters most, and hope you can add some more next issue. That is an important service and I hope you have found someone who can find time to answer them.

The August-September issue is very good, especially the fine tribute to Kinsey.

Enclosed is a small contribution to the Legal Fund - or other pressing needs.

Hope you add more pages of letters in issues of ONE, too, for I bet everyone reads those.

MR. B.
SAN FRANCISCO

Gentlemen:

"The Winner" by Marlin Prentiss is one of the best pieces of fiction you have had yet. I hope you will have many more by this author.

MR. R.
YAKIMA, WASH.



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CHANGE URGED IN SEX LAWS

ROMAN CATHOLIC PROPOSAL

DAILY TELEGRAPH REPORTER

A report of a Roman Catholic committee commissioned by the late Cardinal Griffin to make recommendations to the Home Office departmental committee now examining the law on homosexual offences and prostitution proposes an amendment of the criminal law.

Consensual acts done in private by adult males should be excluded, says the committee. But it recommends the retention "to the full extent" of penal sanctions to restrain offences against minors, offences against public decency, and exploitation of vice for the purpose of gain.

The report adds: "The existing law does not effectively distinguish between sin, which is a matter of private morals, and crime, which is an offence against the State, having anti-social consequences.

"In matters of sex this distinction may not always be easy to draw, but it is certainly ignored by Section II of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1885, which, for the first time, imposed penal sanctions in respect of acts of gross indecency done by adult consenting males in private.

MINORITY OF OFFENDERS

"Under the existing law criminal proceedings against adult male persons in respect of consensual homosexual acts in private inevitably fall upon a small minority of offenders and often upon those least deserving of punishment." The committee reaches these conclusions:

1. imprisonment is largely ineffectual to reorientate persons with homosexual tendencies and usually has a deleterious effect on them; and 2. a satisfactory solution of the problem is not likely to be found in places of confinement exclusively reserved for homosexuals.

No positive recommendation is, therefore, made as to the method of detention.

The committee, whose report is unanimous, accepts the use, under medical supervision, of drugs to suppress sexual desire and activity, with the consent of the patient. It holds that such treatment is permissible where serious pathological

conditions obtain and when other remedies have failed.

PROTECTION OF WOMEN

On prostitution "no particular recommendations" are made. "From the point of view of moral theology the same principles apply as in connection with homosexuality; the distinction between sin and crime is equally valid regarding prostitution." The State had a duty to protect women from exploitation and to preserve public order.

"We do, however, suggest that the existing practice of what may be called automatic prosecution for solicitation and importuning followed by trivial fines serves no useful purpose and is indefensible on any grounds, and should be discontinued.

"Prosecutions should not be initiated except in cases where satisfactory evidence is available to establish the charge. In such cases, the courts should be empowered to inflict suitable penalties, including the power to make probation orders where it is desirable, with or without a condition of residence."

Commenting on these recommendations, the committee states that while every sympathy must be shown towards homosexual persons, they must not be led to believe that they are doing no wrong. It is not the business of the State to intervene in the purely private sphere, but to act solely as defender of the common good.

STATE INTERVENTION

"Morally, evil things so far as they do not affect the common good are not the concern of the human legislator. Attempts by the State to enlarge its authority and invade the individual conscience, however high-minded, always fail and frequently do positive harm.

"It should accordingly be clearly stated that penal sanctions are not justified for the purpose of attempting to restrain sins against sexual morality committed in private by responsible adults."

Such sanctions involve severities out of proportion to the offence committed. They undoubtedly give scope for blackmail and other forms of corruption. The members of the committee were:

Mr. G. A. TOMLINSON, chairman, chaplain to London University Roman Catholic students; Prof. J. McDONALD, St. Edmund's College, Ware; Rev. JOHN FREEDY, Englefield Green, Surrey; Mr. B. S. MCFIE, psychiatric social worker; Mr. C. M. JENNER, probation officer; Dr. E. B. STRAUSS, psychiatrist; and Mr. RICHARD ELWES, Q.C., Recorder of Northampton.

LONDON, England: Jan. 10, 1956

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ABOUT OUR AUTHORS - - - -

Educated in California, DIANA STERLING has been published before; says she's an "idealistic realist." Lives in Arizona with her spouse, a cat, and a dog.

BARRETT SHANNON COOPER resides in Southern California, his first literary appearance is in this issue of ONE. He hopes eventually to write screenplays.

HARRY OTIS has been a choreographer, dancer, and teacher of subnormal children. He has appeared in the New York Sun, Christian Science Monitor, The Dance Magazine, Theatre Arts, Denver Post, American Mercury, and the TIMES of India. He plans to compile in book form short stories concerning "homosexuals I have known." An entire issue could be devoted to his biographical sketch. Were he to retrace his travels, he would again go to Hong Kong, Bali, Siam, Jordan, India, Luxor Egypt.

MISS JAY HOWARD now lives in Pennsylvania, and has appeared in the New York Daily News & ONE, her many other appearances in ONE under another name. She states as her hobby, " - study of Life on the Planet Earth." Miss Howard is at present working on a novel, writing short stories, and has just completed a children's book.