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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

FIFTY CENTS



ROLF

editor of *Der Kreis*



one incorporated

FOUNDED 1952

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



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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

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

Carlyle

Volume V

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Aug-Sept. 1957

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ONE salutes Rolf & Der Kreis

In October, DER KREIS, oldest of homophile publications, celebrates the 25th anniversary of its founding. Issued monthly from Zurich, Switzerland, with text in German, French and English, DER KREIS publishes stories, articles, poetry, news items, book reviews as well as announcements of its own other activities such as regular meetings and festivities. Lists of other homophile publications and meetings and extensive bibliographical items are regularly included.

The remarkable achievement of 25 years of successful conduct of a publication devoted to the interests of homosexuals arouses such natural questions as: What have been their aims and policies? Who are those responsible for such a remarkable achievement? How has it been financed?

Exerpts from an interview with Rolf, Editor-in-Chief of DER KREIS, conducted by Norbert Weissenhagen of the International Committee for Sexual Equality (ICSE) of Amsterdam, Holland, give illuminating answers to these and many other questions. The translation from the German is by Joe Bush.

Rolf emphasized that DER KREIS is not formally organized, and has no officers. It is, rather, "a very loose association of subscribers." The workers on the staff publish the magazine, keep necessary office records, read the manuscripts, answer letters and constitute a committee for "staging the regular meetings and the bigger events . . . without formal titles. Each one helps where he is needed."

EARLY STRUGGLES

When first issued in 1932, the magazine was titled, "Freundschafts-Banner," Organ of the Swiss Friendship Movement. Editor and Publisher was Fredy-Torrero. It consisted of but eight typewritten pages.

In 1933 the name was changed to "Schweizerische Freundschafts-Banner, the official organ of the Swiss Friendship Society in Zurich." The new editor was Mammina. "This brave woman held the magazine above water for several years with great personal sacrifice."

Rolf began to work with her in 1935. In 1938 a new name was adopted, "Menschenrecht, Magazine

for Dispelling Proscription and Prejudice," which continued as its title until 1943 when the name DER KREIS became official. Rolf had become editor the year before.

Meanwhile, "In 1939 the Swiss Friendship Society was disbanded because of constant dissension and moreover because of the financial unreliability of the members . . . We decided to abstain for all time from the reestablishment of any kind of 'Friendship Society,' because we have no desire to relive those painful experiences and above all because we want to spare the magazine from the pettiness which seems to characterize such societies. We are, and will remain, a loose association of subscribers who are given an accounting of their funds but who have no say as to the constitution of the magazine."

Regarding earlier conditions as regards punishment of homosexuals in Switzerland, "before 1939 each Canton (there are 22 of these, or 26 if you count the Half-Cantons) had its own criminal code. The advocacy of a unified criminal code began in the

1929-31 session of the Bundesrat in Berne.

"Two Swiss scientists, the great professor of criminal law, Dr. Ernst Hafter, and the great psychiatrist, Professor Eugen Bleuler, were responsible for drafting those portions of the new criminal code having to do with the freeing of men over 20 from the provision of the law. In the elections of 1939 the new criminal code was passed by a large majority." Rolf stated that the section dealing with homosexuality was but a small portion of the entire revised code and that had it stood alone it could not possibly have been passed.

PUBLIC RELATIONS POLICIES

The policy of "The earlier society, as is the case at present, is to remain unknown to outsiders . . . avoiding public attention . . . so that no one could accuse us of publicly trying to influence youths under age. Mammina had, in earlier years, undergone severe harrassment from the proprietors of the adjoining premises. Twice she lost her job and she was, as later was her co-worker Rolf, the target of obscure scandal sheets then in vogue. She was charged with and convicted of 'pandering,' but upon appeal was set free. Even so, the vice squad gave her no trouble at all regarding the publication of the magazine.

"Today we have no official recognition, instead we have toleration. The vice squad are constantly bombarded by letters and phone calls from persons and groups seeking to forbid 'the immoral, youth-corrupting KREIS,' but no intrusions have been made into our Wednesday evening meetings or our big events. The officials receive a copy of each magazine after publication.

"In 1942 there were about 200 subscribers. Today there are 1,900. Readers are given cards admitting them to the regular Wednesday meetings in Zurich. No one under 20 is permitted to attend. Those from other countries who cannot produce unquestionable credentials (such as passport) are refused admittance. Visitors, when sponsored by a member may attend four meetings only, after which they must subscribe or receive no further permission to attend. What we do here is solely for our comrades. For homosexuals who seek only to profit from us and who will do nothing for our cause, we have no time."

EDITORIAL POLICY

DER KREIS has been called conservative in editorial policy. To this Rolf replied, "There is only one policy that any periodical can adopt: to be open-minded about all of life. With us that includes exploring each aspect of the homophile, the negative and the positive. If we are thereby called conservative, that bothers us little. We remember that each issue must address the worker, the scholar, the farmer, the artist. There are hundreds of magazines and newspapers in Switzerland for the so-called normals. The homophiles have but one.

The mailing of copies of DER KREIS to scientists, libraries, officials or newspapers making attacks has not been notably successful, Rolf stated, about 50 copies a month going for that purpose. "Apparently it is the attitude of these gentlemen: you have your new law, so be satisfied with it. Swiss officials who could do us nothing but harm naturally receive no issues. Legal toleration does not imply that we can enjoy each and every right we should have. That we must never forget."

Rolf said that if an attempt were to

be made to have the age of consent for men lowered to conform with that for women "DER KREIS would be hunted down with an unparalleled fury. We have no desire to undertake hopeless campaigns. To so order one's life so as not to offend even the narrow-minded appears better to us than any campaign that couldn't possibly achieve its goals. We abstain from even the smallest debate in the Town Council, and our policy has proven wise. Ignoring such things helps more than do all loud attacks."

LACK OF OUTSIDE ENCOURAGEMENT

In regard to cooperation with doctors and prominent psychiatrists, Rolf replied, "What scientists do you know of in Switzerland who concern themselves with homosexuality. For example, the son of Prof. Dr. Forel asked us not to send him any more magazines, since he was over-burdened with scientific labor. Who are these prominent scientists? Two years ago the Jung Institute held a seminar on homosexuality. A psychiatrist, and reader of DER KREIS, who attended reported that the seminar died in childbirth. He reported that Rolf knew more about homosexuality and its literature than did all of these scientifically upholstered lecturers. He observed that only the poet could explain the attraction found between those of the same sex, that so far all scientific formulations remain but half-truths, and that scientists must learn to deal with homosexuality as a fundamental phenomenon of nature."

Readers of DER KREIS, Rolf stated, "are only an insignificant portion of the homoerotics in Switzerland. In Zurich alone there must be 30,000. It remains the sad truth that most homosexuals wait for others to pull their chestnuts out of the fire, ex-

pect to profit thereby, and yet contribute nothing. This is a character trait that would warrant an intensive investigation!"

SOCIAL EVENTS

Questioned regarding the festivals of DER KREIS and the rumor that vice squad officers examined the cards of those entering, Rolf stated that this was untrue, that it was a uniformed doorman who verified the cards of those eligible to enter but that a vice squad officer "in plain clothes arrives shortly before the program, looks around until about the middle, and then leaves."

"At Shrovetide we celebrate our Masked Ball which draws many fantastic costumes. A big Autumn Festival includes a serious one-act play and a gay cabaret or vaudeville performance. At Christmas we have our own holiday party, with no guests allowed—songs, music, and for several years a Christmas play in which women's roles are taken by female impersonators, an experiment which has been enthusiastically received. The profits from these festivals are used to meet the deficits in our publication costs.

The big festivals have been attended by up to 600 persons. Our regular Wednesday evening meetings attract from 60 to 100 at which we have movies, travelogues, readings of homoerotic fiction or poetry, and dancing. The younger subscribers love most the sociable dances, which we look upon as a happy and healthy recreation for many."

Rolf reported that a counterpart of the Zurich meetings has recently been started in Basel by a subscriber of many years. He felt that with the exception of Berne, other Swiss cities would not be likely to develop such facilities.

SWISS LAW AND CONDITIONS TODAY

In answer to questions concerning the present status of Swiss law concerning homosexual acts, the criminal code was quoted verbatim, providing imprisonment for seduction of minors, the use of force and homosexual prostitution. However, it appears that the definition of "minor" is not clear. Rolf said, "Were we to make an outcry about this, which would necessarily have to be submitted to popular vote, it would be doomed to failure. These things can only be fostered by doctors, psychiatrists and jurists—but even then the thing would be hopeless . . . To try to alter laws that have been on the books for only fifteen years would be unwise."

An interesting sidelight on conditions in a country enjoying no legal prosecution of homosexual acts between consenting adults is that all members of the staff employ pseudonyms: Rolf, Editor-in-Chief (German); Charles, Editor (French); Rudolph, Editor (English); Andre, bookkeeper. In addition an anonymous committee of six oversees arrangements for the various meetings. Approximately two-thirds of the readers are from Switzerland and Germany.

Apparently DER KREIS had undertaken some work for the benefit of the homophiles of Germany, Austria and made contributions for Hungarian relief, through the University of Zurich and for some individuals. He drolly added, "Unfortunately, we did not come through this experience without great disillusionment."

Rolf discouraged all thought of holding an ICSE Congress in Zurich, saying, "To hold a Congress in Zurich would not be possible. First, we have neither the means nor resources to sponsor such a thing. Second, we lack the time necessary for making ar-

rangements. We do not have ties with local scientists and scholars, furthermore, this town is too small to tolerate such a public display without provoking subsequent resentment, which none of us would wish. To do what we can is our aim. More than that you cannot expect from such a group as DER KREIS. We will continue to follow the work of the ICSE with interest and each year make such contribution as lies within our capacities."

* * *

Americans cannot fail to note with envy the legal freedoms now enjoyed by homosexuals in Switzerland, as well as such social diversions as weekly dances held without fear of interference.

On the other hand they cannot also overlook the freedoms they themselves enjoy which are not available to those in Switzerland. For instance, American homosexuals have had long-standing and generous cooperation from many eminent scientists. Nor in America is it necessary to be so careful about avoiding public attention. Since 1950 literally hundreds of meetings have been openly held in cities from coast-to-coast under homosexual auspices to discuss and consider homophobic questions. Reports of such meetings are sent to the press, even though seldom published. Radio and TV programs on the subject have been entirely successful, and a number of public forums held. Both ONE Magazine and the Mattachine Review are publicly sold from large numbers of newsstands in many cities.

These freedoms, differing as they do from one side of the Atlantic to the other, show that much yet remains to be done before homophiles, men and women anywhere, attain the civil and social liberties taken for granted by other segments of society. It is undeniable that in the forefront, pointing the way to such goals have been Rolf and DER KREIS.

"It just isn't natural"

By Jim Kepner

One of the most common charges against homosexuality—and one that the critic seems to feel is devastating and unanswerable—is that homosexuality is unnatural, or, as phrased in many laws, a **crime against nature**. To the homosexual, it may seem hard to understand how such harmless acts can be considered crimes at all—particularly against Nature. Yet even the otherwise tolerant person will come up with that old canard, "But really, it just isn't natural."

Judges, clergymen, psycho-analysts and the gutter press have set themselves up each as holy arbiters of what is and what is not "Natural." The late Dr. Kinsey had an apt warning for them. He said (in his monograph, **CONCEPTS OF NORMALITY AND ABNORMALITY IN SEXUAL BEHAVIOR**) that judgments about what is natural and what is not should be left to those whose business it is to study Nature. If the moralists need biological terminology to lend authority to their prejudice, then someone ought to look at the biological evidence and see if such usage is justifiable.

What is natural to man? What is not? This depends in very large part on what man's nature is. Without becoming sidetracked into theological quibbles, we can generally agree that whether or not man has a spirit, he surely has flesh, and that is, to say the least, rather fundamental to his nature—his nature is at bottom biological,

like the birds and the bees and the flowers. (Of course, there are in society several educated *layers* topping that basic animal nature.) The major Christian sects would hardly think of denying that man is flesh like other animals (but with spirit added) but still, some readers with religious bent are squeamish about calling man an animal, even so far as the flesh is concerned. It doesn't matter. Our object here is to get to the root of this notion of *natural* and *unnatural* acts. Even the most other-worldly must concede these terms do refer to the world of Nature—to the plant and animal kingdoms and their environs. A thing commonly found in Nature is, per se, natural. Even if some may still want to judge it immoral, they can't logically call it unnatural.

Our liberal critic doesn't want to concede so easily. He admits it's a shame homosexuals are mistreated, but is disturbed about the alleged *purposes of nature*. "Homosexuality," he says, "is unnatural because it is against the purposes of nature." This concept is most popular with those who have the least real acquaintance with Nature. If our critic would open his eyes and investigate the birds and the bees and the flowers *before* generalizing about them, he might be a bit more cautious.

One philosopher may say, for example, that Self-Preservation is the chief of these purposes operating in nature and inherent in every creature. An

experienced biologist could dispense quickly with this argument. Self-preservation is of course extremely important to many creatures, and all-important to a few—but extreme self-sacrifice is about as common in Nature. In hundreds of species, it is natural for an individual to destroy itself to produce the next generation.

"But, ah, the next generation," our critic will say. "That's just what I meant in the first place. Homosexuality is unnatural exactly because the chief purpose of Nature—surely you won't try to deny this?—is for every creature to reproduce itself. The purpose of Nature is the preservation of the species. We're right back to the birds and the bees and flowers."

Actually, our critic has a bit to learn about the birds and the bees and the flowers, though it's hard to imagine he can be so ill-informed about the bees at least. Preservation, or reproduction of the species simply does not require that every individual must procreate, or even try to. Every schoolboy knows that in a hive swarming with thousands of bees, only the queen and a few shortlived drones (of no further use to the community) are even capable of sex and reproduction. The rest have other allotted tasks. Like man, the social insects have learned the advantages of division of labor, and each job, including reproduction, is left to specialists (though in the start of an ant colony, as in early human societies, the reproducer must be a jill-of-all-trades until the colony is large enough to permit division of labor. Then she becomes a mere egg-laying machine.) This should be emphasized. We don't expect every man to be farmer, carpenter, lawyer and all at once. We tend to feel that one good job is about enough for each man or woman. Food is a basic need for all humans (more so than sex) but we no longer expect

everyone to grow their own. Why expect everyone to have children?

Most birds don't push the division of labor very far (not having developed efficient social forms) but it would still be wrong to say that all birds reproduce. Far from it. In many species only a small percentage of male birds actually mate. One rooster can serve a goodly flock of hens—and insists on his domain. What do the other roosters do? The same thing that two hens will also frequently be found doing whenever the cock-of-the-walk is safely out of the way. But does this homosexual activity among chickens interfere with *nature's purpose* in preserving the species? Of course not. It merely lets off some excess energy which Nature has everywhere supplied in such prodigal quantity. And is this barnyard behavior unnatural? At least it has disturbed the moral composure of many a shy country parson to discover his fowl (who being in a state of innocence are therefore incapable of sin) engaged in actions which our good parson thought were invented by the men of Sodom.

Birds like the prairie chicken are interesting examples. Early in the season, males occupy an ancestral *booming ground*, each staking out his spot where he struts and flirts and fights with other males, until the hens arrive in a flock. The hens tour the arena and choose a male whose display is particularly impressive. They have intercourse with him, then go on their way, perhaps to another lucky male, or to their individual nestings. Year after year, the same few males, with the most spectacular displays, are likely to receive all the hens' attentions. The rest are left to one another. With colorful variety, this story is repeated among several species of birds. Some fowl do follow the idealized pattern of lifelong or seasonal monogamy—but they are an exception. And homosex-

uality is pronounced among both sexes in several species—certainly in all domestic fowl.

According to the storybooks, the monogamous family seemed well established throughout nature, carrying with it the same sex roles our society considers proper—the male as a good provider and protector of the family and the female having all the maternal instinct—and blessed fidelity. Actually, examples of this idyllic picture are somewhat rare—a few birds and such disreputable animals as the wolf, the fox and the weasel.

Paternal instincts are so far from being universal as to be quite the exception. Mother love is more common, but not universal. Among ostriches, seahorses and others, the father serves the “natural” maternal role and females have nothing to do with hatching, nursing or childcare.

As for homosexuality, we find it cropping up throughout nature, not perhaps in every species, but certainly in every other one, and very pronounced in many (as our Biological Survey Course at ONE INSTITUTE illustrates). The fact that a heavy incidence of homosexuality is reported among almost every sort of domesticated animal could indicate that closer observation would turn up even more evidence in the wild breeds. Gide noted, in CORYDON (an excellent, though somewhat dated essay on this subject) that every breeder seemed quite astonished to discover homosexuality among his animals, few suspecting that the story is similar whether one raises ducks or pigeons, goats or cows.

Male frogs in heat often embrace other males, but observers suppose this is because bullfrogs aren't very adept at recognizing the sex of a prospective partner. With fireflies it's more definite, and quite a sight since the males have all the fire, and sometimes

gather by the thousands in glittering orgiastic stag parties.

It could be argued that homosexuality proceeded heterosexuality in evolution, since the Copromonas and other one-celled Paramecia which alternate sexual reproduction with simple cell division form a union of like individuals. (In other Paramecia, apparently a later development, sex differentiation occurs, and the individuals who unite sexually are distinctly different—comparable to the sperm and ova of higher creatures.) Nor is sex change or hermaphroditism at all rare among animals.

What we discover in the long run, and the evidence is overwhelming, is that nature is infinitely more varied, more “tolerant” than those moralists who so glibly use the terms *natural* and *unnatural*.

Ford and Beach, in their PATTERNS OF SEXUAL BEHAVIOR maintain that, “When it is realized that 100 per cent of the males in certain societies engage in homosexual as well as heterosexual alliances, and when it is understood that many men and women in our own society are equally capable of relations with partners of the same or opposite sex, and finally, when it is recognized that this same situation obtains in many species of subhuman primates, then it should be clear that one cannot classify homosexual and heterosexual tendencies as being mutually exclusive or even opposed to each other.” Also, “The cross-cultural and cross-species comparisons . . . combine to suggest that a biological tendency for inversion of sexual behavior is inherent in most if not all mammals including the human species.”

Finding homosexuality (and other variant sex patterns) so widespread in nature, we need no longer permit it to be labelled *unnatural*. Homosexuality is a distinct part (if perhaps minor) of the natural pattern of things.

“But does that make it right?” our critic asks. “Just because some monkeys and dogs and chickens occasionally . . .”

But that is another question, though it clears the air. Our critic has abandoned his *unnatural* line and is now talking only about local human notions of right and wrong. We'll have to find what he bases his ideas on—and possibly we'll find him retreating again as soon as we get down to cases.

But perhaps he isn't ready fully to abandon the appeal to Nature. “Isn't reproduction the natural function of sex?” he asks. “Homosexuality is functionally unnatural.”

Where does that get us? As far as the species is concerned, sex sometimes results in progeny, and was probably *invented* for the purpose. But do individuals necessarily copulate to have offspring? Isn't it true that in most cases, they copulate for pleasure or release, with offspring as an accidental byproduct? (Some primitive humans, and most animals no doubt, don't even know there's a connection.) Really, how often do people ever say, “Let's go in the other room and make a baby?” Even the Church of Rome approves the pleasure principle tacitly by allowing the “rhythm method” (sex while the woman is *safe*).

This is only half the answer. Sex is a very complicated matter as Freudians say. Nature frequently produces curious by-products, and throughout Nature, sexual energies are commonly diverted to non-procreative uses. So if we can discover that homosexuals are sometimes useful to society, we needn't be unduly apologetic about the waste of a certain amount of sperm or ova. Nature produces both in fantastic abundance and most of it goes to waste under the best of conditions.

Our critic is persistent: “But homosexuality uses the organs for purposes

they weren't designed for.” Well, we haven't seen the blueprints, but putting things to new uses is only human. Everything civilized about man is functionally unnatural. Education is a process of reshaping or distorting the “natural clay.” We weren't designed to fly. Our hands weren't designed for typewriters or paint brushes. Who worries? We buried Rousseau's “Noble Savage” a generation ago. **It is man's nature to change his nature. It is natural for man to be unnatural.**

Our critic may interject at this point that homosexuality attempts to foil the universal law of Nature that opposites attract and likes repel. This may be a universal law of electromagnetism, but it is far from being true in Biology. If it were so we would expect to find lions trying to mate with mice. It is almost always erroneous to take a law derived from one science and arbitrarily try to superimpose it on another science. In many species, male and female are so alike that a male in rut apparently can't tell another male from a female except by smell. Many recent psychological studies have shown that among humans at least, like attracts like in the great majority of cases. And again, a reference to those Copromonas where sexual congress takes place between sexually undifferentiated identical twins.

“But,” our critic comes back, on a different tack, “Heterosexuality is wholesome and beautiful, while homosexuality is degenerate, sickly and vulgar.”

Another old argument. But, pray tell, what was degenerate or vulgar about Johnathan's love for David, described in the Bible as “surpassing the love of woman.” If perhaps the proportion of degeneracy among homosexuals in our present society seems high, it is because society forces most homosexuals into that role. The

names of Ruth and Naomi, Plato, Sappho, Erasmus, Michaelangelo, Tennyson, Florence Nightengale, Carpenter and Gide are testimonials to the fact that homosexuality is not synonymous with degeneracy. Nor do homosexuals monopolize degeneracy. Any newspaper is daily witness to the degeneracy, vulgarity and sickness of much of contemporary heterosexuality. And that idealized picture of happy heterosexual life is a bit more common in story books than in real life.

One last word from our critic, "But everyone has a duty to reproduce himself."

Whatever for?

The population of the United States and the world is increasing at an alarming rate. Not a single state in the U. S. is prepared for the deluge of children entering already overcrowded, understaffed schools. We need a lower, not a higher, birthrate. One would think that a handful of people who shirked this duty would be congratulated. And in some countries suffering from fantastic population explosions, giving birth to more children is socially immoral.

Society needs to face the fact that not everyone is fit to be a parent. Many homosexuals certainly would

not make good parents (most heterosexuals are bad enough.) Why force the creation of families that are only too likely to be maladjusted.

Instead, why not use homosexuals in those functions of modern society where a family is a drawback? Many scientific jobs run the serious risk of genetic damage. Why not reserve those jobs for men and women whose habits insure against the tragedy of monstrous offspring? Many jobs require a nomadic existence. Why wreck or strain families by putting heterosexuals in such jobs? There are many other occupations for which homosexuals show talent. Instead of trying to fit round pegs in square holes, society would benefit by learning to make full and tolerant use of the talents possessed by homosexuals. Ancient Greece found rich dividends in such policy. It could pay off again today.

If only our society would learn to accept Nature at face value (and not only in regard to homosexuality) and lay off the counterfeit . . . for this must be clear: the sex mores of our society are counterfeit. They are unnatural—against Nature. And every day we read in the papers the shocking price our society must pay for its rigid and unnatural attitudes.

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women

The women's club

Though it was apparently a local call the voice seemed far away. That was not so either. The voice was grating; almost loud. It was the thought, the thing conveyed, that seemed remote—almost mythical.

"But, Mrs. . . . Mrs. . . . Who is this? What do you want?" When Fran hung up the phone she turned slowly, as though on a turntable, to Sue. Instinctively Sue glanced up from the script she had been studying. "What . . ."

"I don't know," Fran said. "I just don't know." With thumb and forefinger she pinched her lower lip. "What do you make of it?"

"Make of what?" Sue said.

"That woman." Fran pointed to the telephone. "She . . . she threatened us."

"Threatened us! But who? How come? For petesake, tell me, Fran."

"I don't know why," Fran said. "She said something about if I joined the club she'd expose us."



diana sterling

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"The club?" Sue slipped the script off her lap onto the middle sofa-cushion next to her. "Oh, the Business and Professional Women's thing. So what." Sue shrugged. "Then just don't."

"Don't join!" This was characteristic of Sue and though Fran was prepared for it she wasn't prepared for the anger that wanted to shake Sue conscious of the indignity that had been suggested.

"Please," Sue entreated, "don't look as if I'd proposed something nasty. If some people want to make it complicated then just let's forget it. We can live without them."

"If we don't meet the challenge we're reduced to nothing." Fran let the thought out cautiously as though picking them out from harsher ones.

"Nuts," Sue said, "tailor-made words. If they want to give us trouble, to hell with them."

"But who are 'they'?" Fran said. "Who . . ."

"What'd Miss Butinskie say?"

"Say?" Fran's thinking used the word like a sinking man would use a floating object on a turbulent sea. "She said if I dared to show my face at the club she'd simply expose us, that's all."

"Well then," Sue said, crossing her arms resolutely and as though righting a wrong, "don't go."

"But I *must*," Fran said.

"To hell with it." Sue lit a cigarette. "What evidence have they anyway."

"Don't you see?" Fran said, "if we ignore this we *allow* it."

"Then *do* it. Or don't. I don't know. Why all the fuss?"

"Because it's not that simple, that's why," Fran said.

They fell silent. Raindrops came like rubber pebbles on the roof.

"Why not just say you've got so much to do with the bookshop and the reading at night that you can't . . ."

"No!" Fran ripped off her reading glasses and tossed them onto the couch. "Can't you *understand*! To save us is only part of it. The other part is . . . is so much more than you and me—it's thousands . . . millions of us! I can dismiss the whole thing, sure; make it easy for us, but what of the others? People like us? What of them!"

Sue pushed a slab of chewing gum slowly into her mouth. At the first sugary taste of it she was smiling; by the time she had it all in her mouth a frown had superseded the smile. "What kind of woman is this that contrives miseries!" Sue rose, uncurling her feet from under her and marched to the fireplace, tossing the gum wrapper into the dark, inanimate hearth. Despite her sincerity there was a show of histrionics in her outburst. Fran had to smile in spite of herself.

It was so characteristic for Sue to be impressionable. And, again, so unlike her—this sudden unexpected understanding. Usually it was Sue's custom to unravel parchments of other people's thoughts . . . thoughts that she would snatch hurriedly at busy moments . . . so that she could take them and examine them again in her own time; take the wrinkles and creases out of these little wads and revise the syntax of biased ideas and phrases.

"Why pretend," Sue said, "you've been right all along. I put my hands in slings and I got no fractures. But I just . . . just don't want us to get into any trouble. It's been good up to now, regardless of some of the ups and downs." She sat heavily, wearily into the chair. "Oh why must we be subject to . . . to things other happily married people aren't?"

"They've got their share," Fran said. "But we mustn't be vulnerable. By submitting needlessly," she said, "we are vulnerable. No. I know what I've got to do. I'm going to that meeting Monday night." And, answering the sudden pallor on Sue's face, "If I didn't we'd lose our authenticity and the very right to recover it. I venture to say our old age would find us a couple of fretting and morose old spinsters."

"But what will become of us?" Sue said. Her usual bent for levity was missing in these words.

* * *

Sue wondered what might be happening to Fran at the meeting this very moment. She tucked her sandled feet closer beneath her. With thumb and finger she circled her ankle. Her left hand was occupied with the script on her lap—the two first fingers clamping the upper left corner of it. Sue was aware of the watch on her wrist. Throwing her feet out from under her, she jumped to the floor and strode across the room to the cabinet by the bay window. She drew out a bottle of sherry and poured herself a drink. At intervals she'd glance at her watch until the script reading and the lighting of a cigarette and the pouring of a glass of sherry became the intervals themselves and the glancing at the time became an almost uninterrupted watching. She was doing just that when Fran came in after the meeting.

"Well?" Sue said.

Fran's reply was silence. She hung her brown tweed coat in the front closet and put the contents of its pockets on the mantle, meticulously as usual. "My dearest," Fran said laconically.

"Well! what!" Sue didn't like the endearing words; although she wasn't consciously thinking of it, the tone was reminiscent of a doctor to his dying patient. "I've been waiting for you half the night! For godsake *tell* me!"

"You know, Sue, darling," Fran tapped the cigarette tip on her thumbnail, "I think it's everybody and *nobody*."

"What?"

"Everyone looked suspect to me at first. 'Them'," she said. "Don't you see? It was the 'they' of whom we were afraid."

"Everyone and no one," Sue said in a low mocking undertone. "What kind of reasoning's that? I suppose that phone call last night was just a figment of your imagination; that those threats were simply imaginings to while away the time, a pleasantry to dynamite the ennui. You wanted to feel unbearably frightened in order to . . ."

"It's the proverbial skeleton in the closet," Fran said. "When a person feels like that closet's going to be opened he chooses a scapegoat to divert attention from . . ."

"The closet? But why *us*?"

"Why not us?" Fran said. "We're the most likely because we haven't a skeleton to be dug up—ours is more immediate, more accessible. Ours is the flesh and blood of the now. Who ever made that phone call was desperate. She either knew about us or suspected . . ."

"Who!"

"I don't know. Yet. Nothing happened."

"Why the cagey silence? Don't you think she'll do you in next time? What guarantee have you that she won't cry wolf?"

"None," Fran said, "but I think that whatever'd frightened her to make that threat is gone now."

"You're theorizing," Sue said, "what if the woman just wasn't at that meeting tonight. Maybe something came up; she couldn't make it."

"It really doesn't matter now," Fran said, "I was scared before and all of a sudden I know I'm not scared anymore. I guess it's a lot like the rookie who hears the rumble and roar of fighting up front and who anticipates with excruciating fear advancing and being in the thick of it." Fran put a burning match to the cigarette she'd been holding and drew long and slow on it. "But when he finally gets there he finds the enemy's," she drew in again, "retreated and there he is on the very spot that made him almost petrified with fright. In the next encounter, being in the middle of it comes easy. He can even die without that initial agonizing fear." With a flick of her wrist Fran had the match at once out and sailing through the air toward the fireplace.

"You think it's simple as that?"

"Yes. I think so," said Fran. "You see, just *being* there I had the 'coign of vantage.' It's not so hard to die if we live in a mature way," she said. "The present's what we must endure and make durable. We mustn't obscure it with a fear of the tomorrows or the 'here', with a fear of the 'there', or the 'we', with a fear of the 'they'."

The phone ring divided the silence like a wall; Fran and Sue both seemed to be peering up over it at each other. "You . . . you'd better get that," Sue said. Fran advanced slowly with an almost studied walk to the phone. "Wait!" Sue said stoutly. "Let me. Let *me* answer it!"

Fran smiled at Sue and a sense of protectiveness was cradled in that smile. "Hello," Sue said to the little black object in her hand.

Throughout Sue's noddings and yesses to the phone, Fran watched her face so intently she didn't blink. Then Sue put the phone down carefully, as though it would break. "It . . . it was the President of your Club," she said. "Something to do about a dramatic sketch for sometime this fall and they want you to organize it. She said she wants you to be thinking about it, and to let her know at the next meeting."

"Whew!" Fran closed her eyes for a long moment.

"Oh, and she mentioned that a Mrs. Hoffman resigned tonight. She said it was good riddance of a malicious gossip."

Both fell silent for a moment and then they began to laugh and cry at once.

About Our Authors

DIANA STERLING, author of WOMEN'S CLUB, is a regular contributor to ONE. Readers will remember her stories "Young Actress" and "An Incident." Miss Sterling resides in Arizona and is 29 years of age.

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

Sept. 4—London—After a 3-year study of homosexuality and prostitution, the British government committee on "vice" today recommended easing the law on homosexuality. Having heard opinions of clergy, judges and doctors, the committee of 12 men and 3 women urged that homosexual acts in private between consenting adults no longer be a criminal offense.

"We do not think it is proper for the law to concern itself with what a man does in private unless it can be shown to be so contrary to the public good that the law ought to intervene in its function as guardian of the public good."

The group headed by Sir John Wolfenden, Vice-chancellor of Reading University, made its recommendations to Home Secretary R. A. Butler. It is expected that suitable legislation will be submitted in Parliament. The committee was appointed by former Home Secretary Sir David Maxwell Fyfe after the widely publicized arrests of Sir John Gielgud, Lord Montagu, Peter Wildeblood, Rupert Croft-Cooke and others on homosexual charges (see ONE, May 1954 et seq.) The report denied the popular notion that homosexuality leads historically to demoralization and decay of civilizations. Better sex education was suggested as a possible

means of lowering the incidence of homosexuality.

This brings to a climax, if not quite to an end, a struggle that dates from 1885 when Henry Labouchere attached a rider to a bill on white slavery, for the first time making homosexual acts committed **in private** a criminal offense.

CONFIDENTIAL

As this is written, the CONFIDENTIAL trial is still making headlines, with the papers hoping for scandals even juicier than those printed by the smut-and-slander mags. The gutter mags made a profitable thing of hinting at nasty affairs they couldn't quite describe. The more "respectable" dailies have now made a bigger sensation out of the image of hundreds of film stars quaking in fear that the court might elicit confessions even spicier than the misdeeds alleged in CONFIDENTIAL.

We've never liked the peeping-Tom filth and fake puritanism of CONFIDENTIAL and its ilk. But the cure, we fear, may prove worse than the disease. Freedom of the press is firmly grounded on the right of even that which is repugnant to the majority to be published. Procedure in this trial has been highly irregular, and much as we sympathize with those who

have been viciously slandered, the issues in such a prosecution ought to have been more clearly drawn...

MATTACHINE

The 4th Annual Mattachine Convention at Frisco's swank Palace Hotel over Labor Day opened with some sharp advice from Atty. Kenneth Zwerin for those who place a too-naïve faith in fine pamphlets about citizens' rights-in-case-of-arrest. Most police have more respect for their billy clubs than for citizens' rights. Dr. Harry Benjamin, leading off a panel on whether the individual homosexual must be rejected in our time, said current laws must stand indicted by science and common decency—but public opinion has to change before the law can. He emphasized multiple causation of homosexuality. Psychologist Leo Zeff suggested the subject would better be discussed by a panel of homosexuals. He felt general acceptance would come slow, warned that most homosexuals court rejection. Social workers Julia Coleman and William Baker pointed out the terrible price society pays for rejecting homosexuals, and noted the talents homosexuals offer. Dr. Alfred Auerback of the Calif. Committee on Mental Health, mentioned public anxiety about manliness as a cause of anti-homosexuality, and said people will change if not pushed too hard or forced to think about things they don't understand. Most of the panel agreed that "swishes" cause much of the prejudice and that "swishes" will disappear if legal discrimination stops—yet, in ancient Greece, where homosexuality was respected and almost universal, "swishes" were as common as today and twice as obvious.

Dr. Benjamin also described the

homophile education and research done in the early 1900's by Dr. Magnus Hirshfield's famed Institute for Sexual Science in Berlin, with its professional staff, library, museum, lecture halls, living quarters and therapy rooms. At the awards banquet, Chief Psychiatrist David Schmidt of San Quentin told how most inmates were at first contemptuous of homosexuals till gradually some young prisoner would come to look like "the girl they left outside." Finally and almost invariably they would become fully homosexuals—for the duration at least. He also described in unnerving detail the thousands of experiments carried out on prisoners (prostatotomy, castration, insulin and electric shock, hormonal treatment—and on to psychoanalysis and group therapy—one prisoner, after a castration "by consent," howled, "I thought they were just going to take my tonsils out") in a vain attempt to cure sex deviation. The next day, representatives of the Daughters of Bilitis (over 40 members in Frisco), ONE, Inc., Mattachine Society and Pan-Graphic Press compared their various programs.... Average attendance was about 45, including delegates from Los Angeles, Denver and the amazingly active group in New York. Newsletters from the various areas were bound together into a fat Convention-issue of the MATTACHINE REVIEW.

ODDMENTS

Lee Mortimer reports a Gay Street in Greenwich Village. Just one? ... London scandal sheet, The PEOPLE, revealed that German high-jumper Dora Ratjen, who set woman's world record 19 years ago, was not a real woman. "For the glory and honor of Nazi Ger-

man," officials had ordered young Herman Ratjen to pose as girl. "I had to let my hair grow and was given injections to stop the growth of hair on my face and chest. For years I lived the life of a girl. It was most dull." Herman is now completely masculine, says The PEOPLE. He works as a waiter in Bremen and is a good democrat. ... A new magazine with the original title, CONFIDENTIAL LIFE, expected on stands, with pertinent material on homosexuality. ... L. A. EXAMINER, bored by warnings we are drifting towards society of he-women and she-men, recently editorialized, "There is something of woman in every man, and vice versa, due perhaps to the fact that all mortals have women for mothers and men for fathers." ... Revivals on New York stage: OSCAR WILDE, smash 1938 play by Leslie and Sewell Stokes, and THE CAPTIVE, Edouard Bourdet's play about love between women, which cops closed in 1926. ... Leading Hollywooders say bursting bosoms are on way out. The gals with fantastic measurements have nothing more to show. Said designer Edith Head, "Hollywood has too long been serving bosom on the half-shell. Even the men are tiring of it." Now other parts of the female anatomy are to be exposed. ... May 10: Federal Constitutional Court of West Germany rejected case brought against Article 175 (Nazi law against homosexual

acts) pleading that law penalizing acts by males only infringes the Constitutional principle of equality of men and women. Court denied argument since men and women are "biologically different," also rejected argument that the law restricted right to develop one's personality, saying homosexual acts are judged by public opinion as an infringement of the Moral Law ... A Berlin newspaper commenting on 25 unsolved murders in West Berlin, of which 6 were in homosexual circles, said: "Particular difficulties are presented when murders in homosexual circles have to be solved; there are mostly cases of murder with robbery. Witnesses are very reluctant for well known reasons. ..." One FRANKFURTER NACHTAUSGABE columnist, discussing such murders, blamed them on "that Article" in the penal code which particularly exposes homosexuals to blackmailers, saying the "murderous" Article was responsible for 3 Frankfurt murders in 2 years. ... Dutch psychiatrist, Dr. F. J. Tolsma, who had previously written on religious aspects of homosexuality, recently published report based on police records and interviews with 99 homosexual "seducers" and 133 who had been "seduced." All but 8 of "seduced" had subsequently married, showing no traumatic effects nor any continued homosexual activity. Rest analyzed as latent homosexuals at time of seduction.

ARCADIE

Monthly magazine in French; literary and scientific, infrequent photos and drawings. \$9. yearly.

162 Rue Jeanne d'Arc, Paris XIII, France.

roger



By Geoffrey Wright

Roger stared sightlessly out the kitchen window during his mother's tirade, his brown eyes soft with a weary patience. "... whatever's between you and Theodore is unnatural, monstrous..." Each syllable hissed out between clenched jaws and trembling lips. "I heard all about him right after he came to live with us." She paused, rattling breakfast dishes in the sink. "It would have been better for him if he had never left Dunesville... he and that artist friend of his..."

Roger's lips moved, shaping words he would not say, while Anna stormed on. "Well... he's out of the house now, and out for good! And if I ever hear of you having anything more to do with him, it'll be a bad day for you. I'll turn you out like I did him, and don't think I can't arrange it! My first son grew up a MAN

... too bad he was the one who had to die." Anna glared venomously at Roger, and stamped from the kitchen.

In the living room, Roger sank into the nearest chair, bent on recollecting the events leading up to that morning. For weeks, he had known that something was going wrong... his mother's quick, suspicious looks at him and Ted when she would find them talking... the furious glances at Ted when they would walk into the house together, Ted's arm around his shoulder. For that first time he began to realize how his life had changed in the six months that Ted had lived with them.

A distant cousin, Ted had previously been living with his grandmother in Dunesville, a small fishing town on the Gulf Coast. He had arrived at the inland village of Kent exactly a year from the day when Roger's older brother had died of pneumonia. Anna's husband had deserted the family long ago, when Roger was just reaching his teens and his older brother was about twenty. Thus for many years, Roger had been living in what was, to all intents and purposes, a fatherless home. When Theodore's grandmother had begun writing Anna, asking if Ted might come to live with them, Anna was at first torn between wanting someone to take her first son's place about the house, and her desire to possess Roger as completely as possible.

"Theodore's a good boy, Anna, no matter what you may have heard," the grandmother had written in her first letter. "He's just gotten out of step with things here in Dunesville. It would be good for him to settle in a different town, where people don't hold things against him..."

The other version, Aunt Martha's version, of Ted's life in Dunesville had not reached Kent until a month after Ted had moved in with them, as the climax of a long series of imploring letters to Anna. Looking back, Roger could clearly remember the afternoon when his aunt's letter had arrived.

"Well, a letter from Martha," his mother had remarked in her sharp, mirthless way, as she brought the letter in from the mailbox. "First time I ever did hear from her except at Christmas." Ted's face had darkened as he watched the letter torn from its envelope. "Hmm-m, let's see... 'Dear Anna... I just now heard about the... new... addition to your household, and I have been wondering... how you could be... so stu...'" Anna's voice sank to a whisper, then stopped as her eye leaped ahead to the ensuing sentences. Roger was watching Ted then, and had been startled by the suddenly downcast glance, knotted eyebrows, and blanched face. There was a strained hush. Then... "I... I can hardly make out the writing," Anna had mumbled, folding the letter and taking it hurriedly upstairs. It was from that moment, Roger recalled, that his mother had changed toward Ted, and finally toward them both. He leaned forward in his chair intently. His mind suddenly clearing, he began to think over the memories of his relationship with Ted.

Although he, Roger, was reaching twenty-one, he had spent all his life the virtual prisoner of his family and of his small community; while Theodore, a tall, spare, prepossessing twenty-five, had spent his early manhood in extensive travels with his family. Ted's lean, chiselled face radiated good-natured charm and quiet self-confidence. He had seemed to want Roger's company from the first, in a manner that was vital... intense, and at the same time oddly distant and careful. During the past month or so, Roger had come to feel far closer to him than to his dead brother, and until this morning had often wondered at the curious blend of warmth and reserve that Ted usually displayed toward him.

He rose uneasily from his chair and began to pace the living room. He caught

a reflection from the large mirror that overhung the mantel, and stopped to survey himself. It was not a handsome face that looked back at him. Even though the eyes were clear and straightforward, and the chin strong, the other features were irregular—unruly hair, smudged eyebrows, a lop-sided nose, thin, compressed lips, and a complexion badly scarred by a childhood infection of smallpox. But the figure, of medium height, was arresting, with powerful back, chest, and arms that spoke of his earlier years of devotion to gymnastics and outdoor sports. He carried this muscled bulk with an easy grace, yet unassumingly, almost humbly, as if a superb body were nothing for which he expected credit. He thought of Ted, who had so often seemed to admire his strength, whose hands had so often rested upon his shoulders. Now, with a wrench, he forced himself to review the events of this morning . . . the shock, the tenderness, the hurt that had been packed so tightly together during the past four hours.

It was Sunday, and he had awakened early. Only partly dressed, he had knocked softly on Ted's bedroom door to arouse him. They were planning a day of sailing along one of the nearby lagoons, and had reserved a boat for nine o'clock. It was now after eight.

"Yup . . . I'm awake . . . come in . . ." Ted's sleepy, muffled voice reached him through the closed door. Roger entered, and partly reclosed the door. "Out of bed, you . . . !" Roger lowered his voice so as not to waken his mother, who slept in an adjoining room. "We're behind schedule already." Ted, still in bed, was yawning and stretching prodigiously, as Roger, standing near the bedstead, alternately buttoned his shirt and ran fingers through his rumpled hair.

The bedroom door creaked faintly, and a moment later, loudly. Roger turned. His mother was standing in the doorway, clutching a shapeless wrapper tightly about her. Roger opened his mouth to say good morning, but was stopped by her grim expression, the glitter in her pale, sleep-wrinkled eyes.

"This is all I need . . . !" Her harsh voice grated through the silence. "And I mean you, Mr. Ted!" Ted raised himself in bed and turned to face her, pale and serious.

"Go on," he said, quietly.

"You bet I'll go on . . ." Her tones carried all the pent-up bitterness of long, husbandless, lonely years. "Seduce my son, will you! Turn him into a . . . a freak like yourself, will you!" She was by the bed now, spitting at Ted like an outraged cat. Ted had gotten out from the other side of the bed, and was throwing on his clothes.

"Oh . . . I was just waiting to see how long it would be before you'd have him spending the night with you! Don't bother to whitewash yourself . . . it's all plain enough. Now get out of this house!" Roger's head had begun to spin under the lies, the strange accusations that he was unable to understand. He blushed scarlet that his friend should have to endure such a tongue-lashing at his mother's hands. Now Ted was standing by them, confronting Anna squarely, looking down at her with calm, steady eyes.

"For the record," he began in a low, even voice, "none of the things you have just said are true. I . . . Roger . . ." his voice shook a little . . . "Roger has been like a twin brother to me." Anna smirked, but he ignored this. "I think I know," he continued, "what Martha must have said in the letter that came that afternoon—the letter you wouldn't finish reading." He glanced away, with eyes hollowed by strain and unhappiness. "I was hoping . . ." he stopped to pass a hand across his face . . . "I was hoping that you would come to me, Anna, long ago, so we could

straighten things out. It's too bad that . . . that now it's too late."

Anna sniffed at both of them contemptuously, with curling lips, as Roger clasped and unclasped his hands, helplessly. Frozen-faced, Ted stalked to the closet, hauled his empty suitcase to the middle of the floor, and prepared to pack.

"Come downstairs with me, Roger," Anna demanded.

"In a minute, mother. Let me help Ted with his things."

"NOW!" Anna's eyes were two gleaming slits, her voice imperious.

"In a minute, mother," Roger whispered huskily, holding his ground. His lips were white, his glance desperate, as the duel of wills proceeded silently. Ted, stuffing his luggage, kept his back to them, wondering who would turn out victor. Seconds passed. Then came Anna's angry steps, fading out the door and down the stairs, alone.

Ted dreaded to look at his friend. Was Roger wounded? . . . offended? . . . angry? He concentrated furiously upon his packing, and tried not to think.

Finally out of a corner of his eye, he glimpsed Roger standing at a window with his back toward the room, arms up and outstretched, hands gripping the window-frames. Outwardly his silhouette was composed, statuesque, magnificent against the pale morning sky; but inwardly a profound metamorphosis was transforming him. Loose fragments, made of the stuff of dreams, of hopes, of loves stirred urgently within his heart and before his mind, demanding to be given an object, a common center. The image of Ted was among them too, at first disconnected and somewhat dim. But as Roger pondered, the confusion cleared away. The strong, undirected urges of his manhood—his friendship with Ted—the image of Ted—all of these things slowly crystallized into one as he stood looking out into the sky. Now he knew . . . he understood himself, and exulted in his heart. He had never heard of those who would take such a love, and turn it into a shameful, creeping thing. At last he turned to Ted quickly, with a radiant look.

Across the room, Ted sensed the look, and rose, and swung around. His lips moved, his eyes became wet as he saw Roger's expression, as the invisible current of feeling surged between them. Neither moved from his place, yet the two seemed to strain perceptibly toward one another. Hesitantly, almost shyly, Roger took a couple of steps forward. Ted stretched out his hands. But Roger stopped, and for a moment seemed to be looking at some secret thought; then he shook his head. Ted's hands fell back at his sides.

"There's something I want you to take with you, Ted. Just a minute. I'll be right back." Roger hurried from the room and down to the first floor, and then Ted heard him going into the basement, where he kept a small workshop, with a lathe and other woodworking tools. In a moment he was racing back upstairs and into the room, holding an irregular object.

"I was going to have this ready to give you on your birthday, Ted. It's a tie-rack, but it's not quite done. I haven't had a chance to finish the wood, but . . . but take it, Ted. I don't know when I'll . . . when we'll be seeing each other again." He placed it in Ted's hands, looking slightly aside, as if unsure of meeting Ted's eyes at such close range. Ted examined the gift and made several ineffective efforts to speak.

Finally . . . "Thanks, Rodge, boy . . ." His voice was roughly tender. He cleared his throat. "Say, Roger . . ." he surveyed one corner of the room, where stood an easel, surrounded by a clutter of sketches, half-finished oils, a few water-colors. He supported himself on a small inheritance from his dead father, and was aiming toward a career in art. "I'll take the easel, but would you pack my

sketches and paintings until I can tell you where to send them? Right now I have no idea of where I'll be going . . ."

"Sure, Ted . . ."

Ted grasped Roger's shoulders and held him off at arm's length, the muscles of his jaws flexing. "Go downstairs, Roger. I'll never get my packing done, with you so near . . . and Roger . . . I won't write you here. You might never get the letter anyway, and it would just make things more difficult for you. But you'll hear from me, some way, some time. Now, let's say goodbye." Roger's head was bent very low. He was at the point of tears, and he did not want Ted to see him cry. His "Goodbye, Ted," was almost inaudible as he turned and left the room.

Back in his own room, he had closed the door and thrown himself upon his bed. From Ted's quarters, he could hear the rattle of coat hangers, and finally the sharp click of trunk fastenings. He heard Ted make one trip down the stairs and out the front door to his roadster, and then another. On the third trip down, Ted's footsteps paused outside his door for a moment. This must be the final leave-taking, he thought. The footsteps went on and down the stairs, Roger's heart following them. He heard the engine start, with its familiar chug. With straining ears, he followed the sound of the motor down the street, until it diminished into silence.

Roger's reflections began emerging into the present. He had gone downstairs and found his mother in the kitchen. The memory of her strident words still floated through his imagination. ". . . unnatural . . . monstrous . . . put you out like I did him . . ." He focussed again on his reflection in the mirror. He thought of his mother back in the old days when his father had been with them . . . a pretty, affectionate woman . . . but now so unlovely and unlovable. The years had turned him into a dutiful son, neither loving nor hating. He sighed and went out the back door into the yard. The afternoon sun was hot, and he squatted in the shade of a tree. For many minutes he was lost in reveries of the past . . . in uncertain visions of the future.

"Roger . . . the ashes! . . . don't forget they must go to the dump tomorrow." Anna's voice knifed its way painfully into his dreams. It conveyed its usual mood of possessiveness, and now, almost a note of triumph. Ashes—he thought, dully. He heaved himself to his feet and stumbled toward the backyard incinerator. He stripped off his shirt and hung it over a fence. The powerful muscles of his back rippled as he seized a shovel and began filling a huge ash can. Blowing ashes sifted in flecks of gray upon his bronzed skin . . . he spluttered and coughed as the wind swept them into his face.

* * *

It was the end of summer, and two months since Ted had left. Roger had received no word. A kind of panic had taken possession of him. He wondered whether this brief, unfulfilled love, which had touched him into such passionate tenderness, might wither and vanish. Every day, like an automaton, he went to his job at the town's general store. Every day he watched for the mail. He had thought at first that Ted might write him at the store. He had even told the postman, whom he knew well, to be on the lookout for a letter for him, but no letter came. The panic had finally turned into a kind of resigned despair. No. Ted would not write, he told himself. Ted was trying to forget. Perhaps HE had better try to forget. Recently his mother had become civil to him, he thought, almost kind. Generous in his own nature, he could not realize that she was merely becoming complacent and secure in her victory.

One Saturday morning he made his usual visit to the bank. He exchanged a little banter with Al, the cashier, whose jovial face smiled at him through the teller's window. Through with his business, he was turning to leave when Al stopped him.

"Hey, Roger, almost forgot . . . something here with your name on it." Roger took the plain envelope which Al reached toward him. It bore his name in Ted's unforgettable script. His face was a mask, but his heart raced wildly as something inside it began bursting back into life. Al's face had an air of curiosity, but Roger volunteered no explanations. "Much obliged, Al," was all he said as he strode to the street, stuffing the letter inside his shirt.

Instead of going home, as he had planned, he walked to the edge of town. In a secluded spot beyond the outskirts, he sat down on the ground, and reached for the letter. He held it in his hands for a moment, tortured by suspense, then he slowly tore the flap. On the single sheet of writing paper were a few hastily written lines. "Roger," they said, "I'm back in Dunesville. Things are going OK here now. I'll be staying through the winter. Come if you can. Bring the paintings. Yours, Ted." Roger's hands caressed the paper, as he read the words over and over again. Intensely, his mind projected itself toward Dunesville, toward Ted. He could support himself easily there, he thought, repairing boats and engines along the town's busy wharves. What could keep him from going . . . except his mother. She would be left alone. He buried his face in his hands. A half-hour passed. He had not moved, and was as far from a decision as ever. He stood up heavily, and stretched, and put the letter back in its place of concealment. He could feel the paper crinkle reassuringly against his skin, as he slowly walked toward home.

At his front door, he heard steps approaching swiftly from within. The door was flung open in his face.

"Roger . . . !" The old acidity was back in his mother's voice. "Where have you been?"

"I just took a little walk, mother."

"You were supposed to come right home from the bank to do some errands. Remember?"

"I'm sorry . . . I must have forgotten . . ."

"You're always forgetting lately. Ruth, Edna and Jane are coming over this afternoon for dinner and cards. Get this list of groceries from the store right away. After that, you've got to mow the lawn and pick up the litter from the back yard. It looks awful. Then you've got to move furniture so I can clean up downstairs. They're coming at five, and it's two now, so you haven't much time. Hurry." She thrust a sizeable shopping list in his hands, and closed the door. He had barely reached the street when the front door reopened. ". . . and don't forget, if you expect to eat with us, you've got to change out of those filthy work clothes, and dress presentably." The door slammed shut.

As he hastened toward town, he was aware for the first time of a feeling of indignation, of hostility for his mother. It deepened and became more terrible with each stride. To her he was no son, he thought bitterly, only a slightly privileged houseboy. Silently he returned under a heavy burden of packages, and went about the chores. He did not change his clothes. At five, he retired to his workshop. At nine, he tiptoed into the kitchen and gulped some leftovers from supper. From the front rooms came a murmur of voices as his mother and her cronies sat at bridge. At ten, he was lying on his bed, asleep, still dressed, Ted's letter crushed between his hands.

The dawn was cold on the day after New Year's. Daylight had just begun to show through a heavy, overcast sky. Ted sat at the extreme end of the pier, legs swinging over the side. He had been wading aimlessly in the surf, and his feet were still bare, with trousers rolled up above his knees. The weeks had lagged slowly and more slowly since the day he had mailed his message to Roger. His paintings and sketches had arrived two months before, securely crated, but so far this was the only indication that Roger had gotten his note. He had little heart left for painting and had taken to sleeping days, and roaming the empty beaches alone at night.

On this morning he felt that he could stand such a life no longer . . . something would have to change. Unspeakably miserable, he stared out over the Gulf. As far as his eye could see, wreaths of gray mist curled out of the calm black water, twisting and writhing endlessly upward to a gray and endless sky. He watched the spiralling coils until he seemed to be spinning with them. He closed his eyes against the sudden dizziness. For a while the only sound was the soft lapping of water against the pilings below. Time ceased.

A series of splashes opened his eyes. To the east, just off the pier, a school of fish was leaping, each belly gleaming briefly white against the dark swells. Here was the sea, he thought, teeming with strange, remote life—and his own world so desolate and dead. He thought of Anton, his artist friend whom he had not seen for over a year. Where was he now? Poor Anton . . . they had met at art school two years before, and there had been nothing between them, even at Dunesville, except a deep understanding of each other and a knowledge of the world. But Anton had persisted in wearing his rakish black beret, and smoking cigarettes from a long, carved-ivory holder. This had been the sole basis for the provincial scorn, and later on, the vicious gossip that had driven both him and Anton on separate ways from Dunesville. He sickened at the memories, and looked back at the water.

As his eyes sought the black depths, they seemed to invite him with invisible, beckoning arms. He might be better off down there. He fought a swimming sensation in his head, but to no avail. Forward, farther and still farther he leaned, as if leaden weights were pulling at his neck. On the point of toppling, he made a final, desperate effort to resist this spell, and came to his senses with a start. He threw himself back full length upon the pier, and struck himself hard—once, twice—across the face. He turned over, with face pressed down against the cold, damp boards. Sweat poured from him, in spite of the chill. It trickled and dripped from his temples; his whole body steamed. He felt drowsy. A nap would be good, he thought, and he began to drift toward oblivion.

Minutes passed, how many he never knew. Through the stupor he felt the boards beneath him vibrate slightly, and he came unwillingly back into the world. Someone else was on the pier, he thought, and he stirred uneasily at the prospect of being discovered there. The footsteps kept coming toward him, faster, heavier, until the wooden beams shook and rattled. Resignedly he looked up, as the intruder seemed almost upon him.

"Ted! . . . TED! . . ."

It was Roger's voice shouting. It was Roger kneeling over him, pummeling his back with his fists, beaming into his face with a smile Ted had never seen before. Ted was beyond speech. Each searched the other's eyes for a long, eager moment, and each found the same answer to the months of questioning and suspense. Then Roger sat down cross-legged on the pier, and drew Ted to lean back against him, their faces close, both looking out to sea.

"I sent your paintings as soon as I could." Roger's voice was very low and a little unsteady. "I know you wanted them. But I didn't know then what to tell you about me, so I didn't say anything."

"When . . . how long have you been here, Rodge?" Ted turned to look at his friend, with an air of wonderment still upon his face.

"Since this morning at five; it was still dark. I took the bus from Kent last night . . . I knew that I had to see you again. I had to be sure."

"I didn't even say goodbye to anyone, just left a note for mother. I told her I was going away, and didn't know when I'd be back. As soon as I got here I went to your house. I guess I woke your grandmother up. It was a bad thing to do, but after she knew who I was she seemed glad to see me. She told me where I might find you." His voice sunk to a husky whisper, "Lucky I tried the pier first!"

They looked into the misted distance for a long time. Unpredictably the clouds began to part slightly, to the southeast, low toward the horizon—first a rift of pale blue, turning to pink and then to blazing gold as the sun's rays streamed through. The dull waters came to life, dancing and shimmering with a thousand azure and roseate hues. Ted looked at Roger as if it were a miracle, a sign, and the two drew closer together. But the splendid pageant of light and color faded as swiftly as it had begun, and the gray closed in once more.

Ted groaned softly, and Roger smiled down at him. "Don't worry, Ted. The sun will shine again! Let's get back home." Ted began putting on his socks and shoes. A moment later, arm-in-arm, they were walking back toward shore.

The little house was ablaze with lights as they approached. Ted's grandmother came downstairs to greet them when they entered. She was an aged woman, yet slender and erect, with the lined, regal face of an ancient goddess, and dark, deep-set, glowing eyes that seemed to have seen and understood all things. The three stood together, close, in the warm radiance of the living room.

"How long can you be with us, Roger?" She smiled at him. Her voice was old and mellow.

"As long as Ted . . . as long as you want, ma'am." He ducked his head, with a shy grin. He felt Ted's fingers dig deeply into his arm.

"I can't imagine not wanting you with us, Roger. Theodore has missed you badly ever since he came back. Welcome to our home." She clasped his hand, and looked from one shining face into the other. A comradeship born of understanding enfolded them all. The room was full of light, and contentment, and peace.

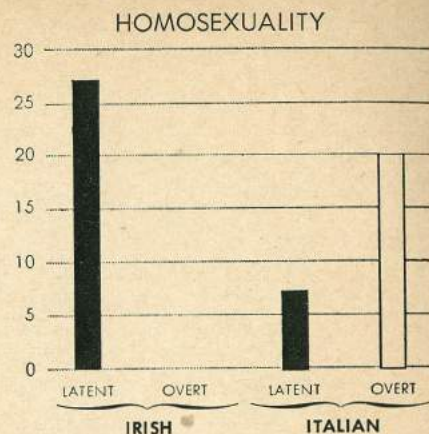
BOOK NEWS: Just published in England is "**The Plastic Fabric**" by Martyn Goff (\$3.50). In this country Dr. Jeanette Foster has compiled an exhaustive bibliography "**Sex Variant Women in Literature**" describing over 300 titles (\$5.00). **SPECIAL:** We have acquired a limited quantity of the long out-of-print paperbound version of "**The Better Angel**" by Richard Meeker (\$1.95). **BULLETIN:** "**Derricks**" by James Barr will be reprinted this year. Add 15c per book postage.

For further information on the above and other books, write for our regular lists of novels, plays, and poetry on homosexual themes. Note we are also constant buyers of books.

Village Theater Center Bookshop
116 CHRISTOPHER STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

A STUDY OF SEX REPRESSIONS: ITALIAN & IRISH

By Jack Roust



Psychiatrists have looked for a correlation between homosexuality and schizophrenia (split-personality) for over forty years. Some feel that latent or repressed homosexual drives play a significant part in causing schizophrenia (particularly, paranoid type), while others are of the opinion that it is merely one of the many stages of a schizophrenic break.

One psychiatrist, Dr. Marvin K. Opler, recently made a comparison at Franklin D. Roosevelt Veterans Administration Hospital in Montrose, New York, of the difference between schizophrenic patients of different cultures and ethnic background. Thirty Irish and thirty Italian patients were selected who compared well with regard to age, education, I.Q., length of hospitalization, economic level, and marital status (most were unmarried). All were either immigrants or the sons or grandsons of immigrants. The Irish came originally from the southwest counties, and the Italians from Sicily or southern Italy.

The following charts illustrate the significant findings in three areas:

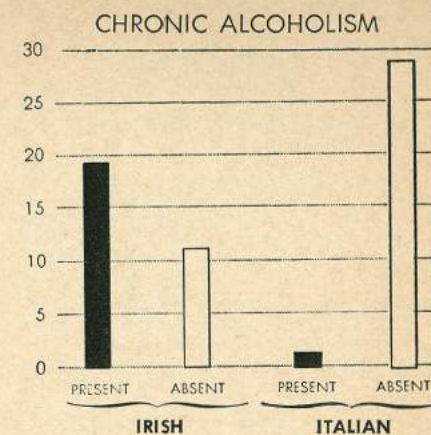
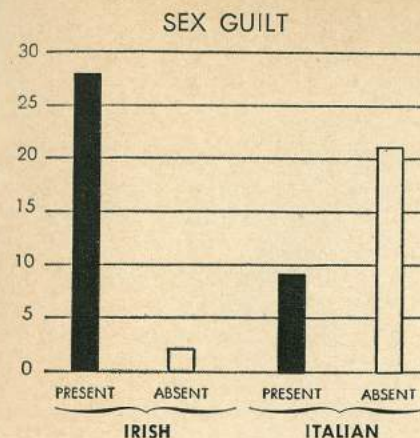
Opler attributed the differences to the family patterns of the two groups. He found that in the Irish families the mother assumes most of the major re-

sponsibilities and treats her sons as "forever boys and burdens." The father, he claims, is often a weak and shadowy figure. Active expression of emotions are discouraged in the Irish homes, while sexual feelings are confused with conceptions of sin. The study found the Irish male to be quiet, repressed and shy or fearful of women.

Contrasted with this is Opler's assessment of the Italian family: the dominant figure is the father, ruling the family with a sometimes benevolent, sometimes rough hand. Emotions and passions are permitted free expression, with little or no sin attached to sex. He found the Italian male highly excitable, given to open expression of his emotions, and sometimes hostile to his father or older brothers.

The significance of the findings, if any, lies in the fact that the occurrence of homosexuality was the same for both groups (27 cases each), but that the expression of those drives remained latent in the relatively inhibited Irish and found overt outlet in the relatively uninhibited Italian.

Further information on this study can be found in the August *Scientific American*, or *Culture, Psychiatry and Human Values*, by Marvin K. Opler.



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VRIENDSCHAP

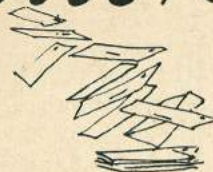
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Letters



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

Dear Editors:

I bet your newsstand sales soared with the May 1957 issue! That wonderful cover! And the drawings! The article, "Something about Sailors," was excellent! More power to you!

Mr. B.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is a check for twenty-five dollars for One's Legal Fund, in its fight to abolish post office censorship for all its issues.

Too bad that Angelenos, who can afford to pay \$250 fines with monotonous regularity, cannot spare an extra buck to support their own publication.

Mr. E.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed **Homosexuals Today** very much. The book is a credit to ONE, Inc. and to all homosexuals.

Mr. S.
KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

Dear Friends:

I suppose that most of us sit back and read ONE Magazine with great interest. And if there is something about it that we don't like we write a letter of complaint or criticism. And those of us who are quite pleased with the magazine have kept our mouths shut. Well, I am sorry. I want you to know that I am enthusiastically behind your work.

There was a time—before I had read and studied your magazine with care that I was ashamed of the fact that I was a homosexual. It seemed to me to be something of which a man should be ashamed. And, in fact, homosexuality and manliness seemed to be incompatible and contradictory. Thanks for setting me straight on that. And for the good fiction and research items. I like the more intellectual approach.

I am firmly convinced that if we are to make an impression (favorable) upon the non-homosexual population of the country we have best to make that impression on an intellectual approach. I am sure that ONE Magazine is making a favorable impression. It has helped shape many of my own views, and in turn I have been able to help shape views of my friends.

Mr. H.
NEWARK, N. J.

Gentlemen:

... Perhaps the time is drawing close when we must all stand up against whatever it is that keeps us in the Twilight. Stand up and make a universal shout that will be heard everywhere on the face of the earth. Regardless of the consequences, to us, to our families, or lives or our positions. If union will make the Homosexual strong, then why not unite under one common cause. Equality! If the Jew and the Negro can do it to gain their own ends, then why not the Homosexual. Only as individuals do we exist as prey to the ruthless exploiter, the self-opinionated do-good-er and the ignorant. Under a common bond of union the Homosexual would stand so strong that not even the highest power in the land would infringe upon their equality of rights. In many cities and states the Homosexual vote alone is strong enough to make or break a Mayor or Congressman. If our politicians make it part of their platform to seek the vote of the various minority groups, then let them also seek our vote. Not as one vote here and one there but as a large powerful block. When these politicians become aware of the value of the Homosexual vote, they will also become aware of the legislation that is essential to our existence.

If enough of us believe that there is no shame in what we are, then perhaps will the shame vanish and pride will take its place. Sure, it might be a risky business for

some to stick their necks out so far but very little has ever been gained without some element of risk. It may take some courage to stand up and be counted. It may mean public ridicule and discredit or even worse. However, for everyone that goes down trying one more will always come up to take his place. If we do this, we can stand up and without hesitation say, "Yes, I am a Homosexual!" Well, perhaps then we will all be able to walk a lot taller than we do now.

Mr. R.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Editors:

I think . . . Tangents . . . the most valuable part of your publication. It serves as an "intelligence service" as it were. From the sociological angle, and as something of the nature of "case history" it is quite valuable.

Mr. B.
BERKELEY, CALIF.

Dear ONE:

... Saw a copy of "Cassanova"—a new magazine that had a story called "Black Madonna of Greenwich Village"—by the time I came back to buy the copy (50c) the next day, it was gone. Searched everywhere, but no luck. One newsdealer told me it was a magazine that had produced only one issue last year (1956), closing down. It was billed as "Sapphic Love" in the contents.

Miss D.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Can any of the readers give info on this magazine?

Dear Sirs:

I should like to take this opportunity of saying how greatly I appreciate your work in dispelling the fog of ignorance and prejudice that for so long has obscured the whole subject of human sexuality. Even more valuable is your education of the homosexual himself, who, at last, is being helped to take a sane realistic view of his particular sexual orientation, free of the guilt, shame and self-pity that have oppressed too many for too long.

Everyone, not merely the homosexual, owes a debt of gratitude to ONE.

Mr. G.
ROMFORD, ESSEX, ENGLAND

Dear ONES:

Your MAY issue your best since the all-fiction issue. I enjoyed the poem *Strange Son* by David Cornell DeJong, the two "As For Me" letters (happy to see the women

represented in them) and your article **Something About Sailors**. Wish more women would write letters to you—there are all too few in the letter column.

Miss S.
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Editors:

Your art work is by far the best of any magazine on the stands today. I've been an Eve Ellore fan since the magazine first came to my knowledge 3 years ago. Believe I wrote to you once stating I purchased the magazine for the art work. That has changed tho, for now I enjoy the contents as well. I'm happy to see that Miss Ellore has an assistant in the art department and wish here to congratulate D. F. on her work. I can't say enough about ONE and I'll keep saying all I can to everyone I meet.

Mr. J.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Dear Friends:

Can you possibly get Miss J. (As For Me, May 1957) to write again? I'm sure she could do some marvelous articles for the *Feminine Viewpoint*, or fiction, or poetry. She speaks for so many of us. I'd like to know that I could look forward to seeing Miss J. in ONE again.

Miss W.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

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